SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of an execution issued out of and under the seal of the district court, in and for the county of Richland and territory of Dakota, upon a judgment rendered and docketed in the said court, on the 9th day of March, A D 1889, in an action wherein C Aultman & Co was plaintiff, and Thore O Wold was defendant, in favor of the said plaintiff and against the said defendant, for the sum of one hundred, nine and 30-100 dollars, which execution was directed and delivered to me as sheriff in and for said county of Richland, I have this 16th day of July, A D 1889, levied upon all the right, title and interest of the said defendant Thore O Wold, in and to the following described personal property, to-wit: One Twine Binder and Harvester

Notice is hereby given, that I, the undersigned as sheriff as aforesaid, will sell the above described personal property to the highest bidder for cash, at public auction, at the village of Abercrombie in the county of Richland and tertory of Dakota, on Saturday the 27th day of July, A D 1889, at 1 o'clock p m of that day, to satisfy the said execution, together with the interest and costs thereon.

Dated July 16th, A D 1889.

J. H. MILLER.
Sheriff of Richland County, Dakota Territory.
(First publication July 18, 1889.)

Farm For Sale.

I will sell my pre-emption quarter section in German settlement. This is good wheat land only half mile from Wild Rice river. It is 10 miles southeast of Mooreton, 4½ miles northeast of Hankinson, 5 miles southeast of Keystone Elevator, 4½ miles southwest of Great Bend. Price $7.50 per acre, time to suit purchaser. Will take in first payment cattle, horses, or city property. Inquire or write for further information. W. M. HOUSE,
17-3 Wahpeton, Dakota.

The Wahpeton Times.

Vol. 11. Wahpeton, Richland Co. North Dakota, Thursday, August 8, 1889. No. 19.

LOCAL NEWS.

Wheat is 78 and 71 cents.

Miss Katie Peterson has returned to Lake City.

Attorney Wolfe of Milnor was in the city two or three days this week.

Col. and Mrs. Hawkes have gone to Hope to visit a daughter.

Mrs. DeKay of Morris and sister of Mrs. Woodward of this city is here visiting.

The new bridge over the Ottertail, north of Breckinridge, is a credit to Wilkin county.

Schuler Brothers have sold four car loads of McCormick twine binders in one week.

W. A. Riddle of Milnor is in the city representing the National Building and Loan association.

Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Ink paid a visit to Bismarck and the National Park returning early this week, very much delighted with their trip.

Jentges says he gets no aid from the county now and that anyone wanting painting or papering done should not fail to give him a call.

Archie McCulloch and family left Wahpeton for Brainerd, Tuesday evening. Mrs. McCulloch's many lady friends are sorry at her departure.

Mine Host Runkel of Milnor has been in the city this week, having returned home this morning. Fred says the crops are not what they should be in Sargent this year.

Miss Florence Brass has returned to her home at Grand Forks, accompanied by Miss Hattie Dunlap, while Miss Ida Brass remains here, the guest of Miss Clara Dunlap.

A large percentage of the grain of the county will have been taken into camp at the close of the present week, and the farmers for the most part say they would not ask for anything better.

A trotting match is arranged for September 4th, between Peterson's Julian and Hanson's Tom for $100 per side and 60 per cent of the gate receipts, best three in five. This will be a good race.

The Swedish Ladies Concert Company of Stockholm, Sweden, under the auspices of the Red Paith Lyceum bureau, will appear in Seely's opera house, September 11th, next, and will give our people a great treat.

Capt. J. W. Cope made a trip to his farm this week and found his man pushing things right along. The captain has a fine stock farm well stocked with blooded animals. His crop this year consists mostly of oats and barley, and will yield well.

Mrs. Edwin Coppin of Hankinson died Wednesday morning of this week, being 58 years of age. Mrs. Coppin leaves her husband, and son and a daughter at Benj. Taylor's and Mrs. L. J. Simpkins, another daughter, of this city to monrn her loss.

Charlie Larrabee played ball with Bismarck the other day against Mandan, and although the latter got the game, Bismarck boys awarded Charlie money and two boxes of cigars on the ground, declaring that had all played like Larrabee Bismarck would not have lost the game.

Veterinary Mottes has been called away on a professional trip, expecting to return about the 15th inst. Dr. Mottes is building up a good reputation among our farmers, having performed many notable operations on horses and on horses' mouths and teeth. The doctor makes a new horse of about every animal he touches. It is surprising at the amonnt of work he finds to do on a horse's mouth, for instance, and the change for the better is at once and no less surprising.

W. H. Willardt removed into his new butcher shop the latter part of last week and is now especially well fixed to accommodate his friends. He has a bright glass office set off in one corner and a large substantial refrigerator in the opposite, where he keeps the finest meats the season affords. By attention to business and hard work, early and late, Mr. Willardt has built up a fine business, and having erected a brick building with beautiful plate glass and iron front, in which to do business, certainly places him well at the front in his line.

It Goes Everywhere.

What goes everywhere? "The Burlington." If it is not known to all the traveling public, it ought to be, that the lines of the great Burlington system reach a greater number of important towns and cities in the West than the lines of any other railroad. Look at this partial list: Chicago, Peoria, Rock Island, Galesburg, Savanna, Beardstown, Galena, Monmouth, Ottawa, Rockford, Quincy, Aurora, Streator, Mendota, and Bushnell, Illinois; Clinton, Burlington, Ottumwa, Des Moines, Davenport, Chariton, Creston, Mt. Pleasant, Keokuk, and Council Bluffs, Iowa; St. Louis, Hannibal, St. Joseph, Kansas City Louisana, Macon and Brookfield, Missouri; Omaha, Lincoln, Hastings, Red Cloud, Kearney, Oxford, and Holdrege, Nebraska; Denver, Colorado; Cheyenne, Wyoming; and numerous places in Kansas. For full information about rates, routes, etc., apply to any agent of the Burlington lines, or address W. J. C. Kenyon, Gen. Pass. Agent, C. B. & N. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

Al. Sunderhauf is in the city this week.

Alderman and Mrs. Schoenborn entertained a number of their friends one evening this week, it being the celebration of Mr. Schoenborn's birthday.

Judge Shippam, Justice Gray, and Messrs. A. J. Formaneck, O. H. Perry, Chas. Bade, Theo. Jurgens, and Wright Orcutt went to Bismarck last Thursday, returning Monday of this week.

Tuesday evening a telegram was sent to Sheriff Miller from Mooreton, asking to have two men arrested for indecent assault. And on the arrival of Deputy Pelham who left here about nine o'clock at night, he learned that two hobos had gone into the house of a citizen there, and having been fed, frightened the lady nearly out of her wits by laying hands on her. They were brought to town and on examination sent up for ten days. It is a pity that some one did not take a club and maul the life nearly out of them, and save the county expense.

Taken up.

Three early spring calves. Description: Two red and white heifers and one brindle steer, latter having a clear white T mark on forehead. The owner will please prove property, pay charges and take same away.
17 ANTON HAFNER.

Married.

RITTENHOUSE—WILLIAMSON—At Minneapolis, Minn., July 18th, 1889, by the Rev. Halman, Mr. C. D. Rittenhouse, of Foreman, Dak., and Miss Mable Williamson, of Ringoes, N. J.

Charlie Rittenhouse has been a good citizen of Sargent county for too long a time not to have a large gathering of friends who will wish him and his bride a goodly measure of happiness and prosperity. Rutland friends and the Journal may be included in the list, Charles.—Rutland Journal.

Put THE TIMES and many Richland county friends down on your list, Mr. Journal.

Gibbet of Public Execration.

The defense citizens of Wahpeton are making through the columns of THE TIMES is in no sense intended to be a mud throwing match with the filthy and unreliable individual having access to the columns of the Globe, but is published more in the sense of resentment and a showing up and a discountenancing of his egotistical swagger, brawl and blackmail which has characterized that disreputable sheet from its inception. We believe it is true that respectable people have for several months been dropping the thing as unworthy of support. Only this week a gentleman who would avoid newspaper controversies, said one could never tell when some outrage on decency would appear in the sheet and that he had quit it weeks ago and would not support it. Why, he said, it is worse than the Police Gazette. It constantly contains worse language and is based on a lower plane, and cited as an instance the uncalled for insult heaped upon so-called "Miss Smith and Col. McHugh" at Bismarck.

The truth is, these gentlemen in THE TIMES are doing the community a service in denouncing the nincompoop's methods and character and when they have thoroughly shown him up—drawn him up on the gibbet of public execration, they will probably leave him there to be cut down and supported by people who approve of his character and methods.

The Thrifty Piggers.

The blind pig at Ransom City was pulled Wednesday. The Courier, Item and Journal may prepare for another howl.—[Teller.

If Peter O'Conner, of Ransom, kept a blind swine, against the peace and dignity of the county, and public inquisitor Bishop "pulled him," we have nothing to say. Peter was no doubt very indiscreet; he should have put in a prescription case, bought a few drugs, a dozen bundles of wall-paper, hung out a drug sign and advertise in the Teller as an apothecary, then he could have sold lightning and the majesty of the law and public inspector Bishop would have closed their eyes, and poor Peter would have waxed very rich. Why don't Mr. Bishop "pull" that Milnor prescription case and summon some of the Milnor people to either testify or perjure themselves? Now friend Smith, the first time you see Mr. Bishop, prod him up to a religious sense of his duty to the cause of temperance. But if this plan should expose any of the Milnor temperance workers don't insist upon his "pulling" anything. It might hurt the case.—[Rutland Journal.

The taxpayers of Sargent county are having thousands of dollars of costs and indebtedness heaped upon them by virtue of the prohibition law, while they have scant products, this year, with which to pay legitimate taxation. In the mean time prohibs have their "law" and the boys have their beverages,—and the apothecary turns a penny.

Call and see Miksche's large stock of clothing. 16

Big stock of clothing just received at Miksche's. 16

Pictures of the late Turners' picnic are on sale at W. C. Hoit's gallery. 19

Regular Meetings.

Sumner Post, G. A. R. meets at Post room in Wahpeton, Dakota, on first and third Wednesday evenings of every month. W. M. HOUSE, Commander.
C. A. MCKEAN, Adjutant.

Notice.

The next meeting of the Richland county Teachers Association will be held at Walcott, Saturday August 24, 1889. All interested in education are earnestly requested to attend. MISS M. HARRIS, Secretary.

JUST RECEIVED.

A large assortment of fancy and heavy fly nets; also a nice lot of lap robes, and I have just completed the largest assortment of light single and double harness ever kept in Wahpeton.
13 H. G. ALBRECHT.

These do not Approve of Filth.

To the "Reform" editor of the Dakota Globe.

The "reform" editor of the Globe calls it a harmless little local when he alludes to good and respectable citizens of this town as being pests that must be swept from town. This shows with what stuff the editor must be saturated. We do not defend the saloons and should they transgress the laws, as the incompetent editor charges we commit them to the tribunal of our home government. Whether we set our names to a lot of lies and otherwise made conspicuous asses of ourselves, we leave to the judgment of the intelligent reader. Mr. Editor, we secondary people of Wahpeton, as you assume to class us, will take no more of your insults without resenting them. We all know your moral as well as your intellectual value and shall regard you accordingly.

MARTIN SCHOTT,
J. BAUER,
MAYER BROS.,
LAMBERT HUPPELER,
HENRY BODSON,
ANTON MIKSCHE,
W. F. ECKES,
FRANK BRAUN,
J. S. PETERSON,
MAT SCHOENBERN,
JACOB SCHOENBORN,
THEODORE JURGENS,
MICHAEL SCHMITT,
FRANK KLINE,
J. SCHWEITZER,
ANTON GILLES.

Nasty, Noisy and Tough.

Another reminder to the "reform" Globe editor.

The editor of the Globe proves beyond the need of further evidence that all of which he is accused is true. No man but a cur and a rowdy could have used such language as the editor of the Globe did in his issue of August first. Mr. Editor, rowdy exclamations never disprove facts. Is it not true that you have been repeatedly seen drunk in this town to such an extent that tramps were ashamed of you? When you were in Milnor could anyone in that town excel you in drinking liquor? Have you ever beheld among men who claim respectability a nastier, noisier, rougher tough before a bar than you yourself? We do not believe you know what you write in your sheet, generally, else you must be ashamed of your own language. And then as to stability, we have the Globe of November 3d, 1887 and the Globe of August 1st, 1889 before us. We cannot comprehend how a man can fluctuate as the editor does without being insane. In his issue of November 3d, 1887, he exercises his highest pitch of editorial eloquence to make the saloons sweet, moral and saintly, while a few days prior thereto he held them up as the reverse of this, and now he goes back to prohibtion. Of course at that time such was his bread and butter. What makes him change his program so quickly now must be a slice from some other direction, for the editor himself has no idea, opinion or principle of his own. It all lies in the direction of his bread and butter. His mind runs in the direction of his gain. One time he defends saloons to the utmost of his ability, and then again he preaches morals and denounces saloons. He came here without means, without moral character, without an opinion except a borrowed one—came estray from Milnor, poor, forlorn and hopeless—begging position and bread of the citizens of this town and after obtaining both, the low lived cur shows his gratitude by stinging his benefactors in the heels. Mr. Editor, the citizens of Wahpeton can well endure to be called liars, libelers and many other things by a man of your grade and standing. Not one word would have been said in connection with you were it not to show you up in your true attire throughout the county.

MARTIN SCHOTT,
MAYER BROS.,
WAGNER & TONN,
MAT SCHOENBORN,
LEO J. MIKSCHE,
JACOB SCHOENBORN,
W. F. ECKES,
H. G. ALBRECHT.

Eastern Excursion Rates.

The Northern Pacific now has on sale round trip tickets to Canada and points east at very low rates. For tickets, fares and information call on or address the undersigned. This is the only line running Pullman sleepers between Wahpeton and St. Paul. D. M. BALDWIN, Agent at Wahpeton.

HORSES FOR SALE.

J. L. LaValley has just returned from below with a car load of fine Percheron mares, which may be found for sale on his stock farm near McCauleyville. Mr. LaVelley knows the wants of our people and has purchased with that view, and will make prices to suit the hard times. 16

SUCCESS IN MARRIAGE.

The Sensible Views of an Extremely Sensible Woman.

On the much mooted question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" a lady writes to the Chicago Inter Ocean some remarks so sensible that we can not but quote them for the benefit of our readers:

A woman makes a failure of marriage unless she makes an effort to do a great deal more than is implied in her marriage contract. It is supposed that the husband supplies the material for the home, and they are very raw materials indeed unless the wife takes hold of those means with the hand of a creator, building up out of them helps and associations loved and needed by both. And a woman must put her soul into her house, or it is a hollow and sounding shell.

As high as we must rate the accomplishment of good housekeeping, it is not all in the making of a home. I know a lady who was a marked failure as a housekeeper who was the idol of her husband, and who graduated to the world a family of accomplished and honored children. And there are women who in pain and weakness are confined to their own rooms, yet who manage to hold the power in an orderly house and fill it full of love-light and happiness sufficient for the comfort of all who cross its threshold.

It is the quality of recognizing and filling need that is the essential quality of success in marriage. Practically, if a man comes home from business with a headache, hungry for a bit of sympathy and love, and a good deal of quiet, and finds his wife in a raging excitement over an elaborate dinner, and is ordered to keep out of the way and amuse the children till the great proceeding is culminated, he is about as unfortunate as the man who brings a college friend home to dinner and finds his wife in wrapper and slippers deep in a French novel. But the woman who spies the coming friend from the window slides out of her wrapper in a twinkle and appears upon the scene in due time with a soul cheering cup of French coffee, is the woman who makes her husband envied among men.

Unfortunately women have hobbies, and ride and ride and never perceive that they are boring their companions to death. There are men who would go to war to be rid of paper flowers, hair flowers, rugs, tidies and what not; and there are men who think art and music are inventions of the evil one to make people miserable. Any one, anywhere, who cultivates a hobby at the expense of other people's comfort is making a failure of life; but true politeness of the heart between friend and friend, man and wife, will obviate the danger of overdone amusements.

It is easier to forgive virtuous excess of zeal, and it is mostly excess of zeal for excellence of some kind that causes some women to be more exclusive housewives than wives of men. The greatest charity should be extended to a woman who makes her house so perfect in detail and polished in appearance that her friends go into it with fear and trembling, for she is afflicted with a virtuous zeal, and has only overdrawn a very good thing. Housekeeping has its fanatics and martyrs as well as any other good cause.

But housekeeping conducted as a means of happiness and comfort, either in a cabin or a palace, is a science that no wife can neglect if she wishes to sustain the law of mutual helpfulness in marriage.

A wife expects her husband upon marriage to begin a course of tolling for her support without remission or any suspension of responsibility, and why should he not expect her to aspire to the greatest excellence in home-making? Just here is where the wedge of dissolution frequently enters. A woman fails to give as much as she receives—that is, she works from compulsion more than from a desire to keep up her side of the partnership with dignity and grace.

But one says: "I work all the time; I work like a slave." Yes, my dear, you do work like a slave—just like a slave, and not like a responsible being seeking an end and not the means. You have braided little Eva's dress up and down and all over, which does not help little Eva, and your husband would have appreciated you more had you spent your evenings with folded hands and happy face in your rocking-chair by his side. You spent hours of time on unnecessary things and forgot the essentials of your partnership, which is to evolve as much peace and comfort as possible out of your materials.

The science of good housekeeping in these days, when we can buy so many conveniences, is not so much superiority in any one thing as a general excellence in every thing. We do not need cooking-schools for girls so much as schools where all branches of home-making are taught, in order to preserve the balance of usefulness in the girl's mind. A man does not want to marry a chef de cuisine, and it is no wonder the papers make fun of cooking-schools. To learn one department of housekeeping to the neglect of everything else is ruinous.

If a woman is to marry, there is nothing so much to be valued as good health and good sense and a very loving heart, and then it will follow that she will adapt herself to the calls upon her ability. When a woman marries for a life of ease and doesn't get it, there is certainly no remedy in her case so long as she forgets that life is a struggle anywhere, and feels that she should be excused from helping to carry the burdens of those by whom she may be surrounded.

The mutual bearance and forbearance of life is as greatly the secret of happiness in marriage as in anything else. We have to tolerate unpleasant things in our companions in any relations of life, and why try to build up a law of marriage in any other way?

Rather Bright, Wasn't It?

Not a thousand miles from Boston dwells a man who has recently wed a third spouse. It was the somewhat eccentric whim of the second wife to have a picture painted wherein she and the first wife were represented as standing together with their arms entwined about each other's waists. When the third wife came into power she was at first somewhat puzzled to know what to do with this extraordinary production of combined affection and art. With genuine woman's wit, however, she hit upon the idea of having the piece worked over, and with what result may be judged from a conversation in regard to the picture which took place between the bride and one of her wedding callers. The visitor inquired if the picture represented relatives of the family.

"No, not relatives," the wife replied. "I believe the originals were distant connection of my husband, but the picture represents 'Faith and Resignation.' It is thought that the figure of Faith resembles a former friend of Mr. Smith, but I cannot tell, as I never saw her."—Boston Transcript.

Englishmen as Husbands.

I wish a few American women could have English husbands for about one month. They would then realize what it means to take all the money that Charles has got, while Charlie laughs at your cuteness and then laughs still more when at midday you call him up on the telephone, ask him if he loves you, tell him you have seen a bonnet that will make him think you are 15 years old, and repeat that delicious day when you first met him, and won't he please send you a check for it?

The English husband is not built this way. His creed is that a women should have as little money as possible, as few desires, and then look as well as women who have more money and gratify all their wishes. The Englishman as a man is most interesting—as a husband he is a failure.—New York Graphic.

Emphasis in Life.

Some people find fault because a few have so much influence in politics, in business, in society and even in church. They seem to forget that it is inevitable and applies even in childhood and youth. In every school and on every playground a few dictate the policy, and lead in fun and hard work, in thought and action, because of the emphasis they place upon what they say and do. It is still in emphasis that usually determines success. If it is known how any one emphasizes life it is easy to estimate the probabilities of success. Emphasis in life is much like emphasis in reading. The first principle in each case is to emphasize ideas, not words. There is a radical difference between the two. Superintendent George Howland of Chicago read "Evangeline" to one of the grammar schools of that city on Friday afternoon a year ago, and I chanced to be present when the pupils read their compositions on the reading. A bright little foreign boy wrote: "I thought so grate a man would read very loud, but he didn't. I thought he would emphasize it lots, but he never emphasized a word; but, oh, my, didn't he picture the story, though! I shall see it as long as I live." This is a vivid illustration of emphasis upon ideas rather than words. This principle holds in life. Success depends upon magnifying essentials. Some people tire us in their talk because they dwell upon minor details about which we care nothing, while others fascinate us by giving the pith of a story so that we do not wish a word omitted. This is a land and age of progress. A man's life must show on the face of it that every word and act tells, and that he has not done the best that he will ever do.—St. Louis Republican.

Remedy For Sunstrokes.

Whatever is to be done in this disease, must be done quickly. Clinical, as well as experimental observations, enforces this doctrine. There should in such cases be no waiting for the doctor. The remedy is so simple, the death so imminent, that the good Samaritan passing by should save his brother. The good Samaritan must, however, have a cool head to be useful. Not every man who falls unconscious on a hot day has a sunstroke. There is fortunately one criterion so easy of application that any one can use it. Go at once to the fallen man, open his shirt bosom and lay the hand upon his chest; if the skin be cool, you may rest assured that whatever is the trouble, it is not sunstroke. If, on the contrary, the skin be burning hot, the case is certainly sunstroke, and no time should be lost. The patient should be carried to the nearest pump or hydrant, stripped to his waist, and bucketful after bucketful of cold water dashed over him until consciousness begins to return, or the intense heat of the surface decidedly abates.—St. Louis Magazine.

Getting Even.

Mr. Hayseed (of Hayseed county)—"Here's a letter from some one in New York city named Blank, and they want to know if it will be convenient to have them and their nine children visit us all summer on the farm. Who is the Blanks, anyway?"

Mrs. Hayseed—"The Blanks? Blanks? Let me see! Oh, them's the city cousins we visited during the Centennial."—New York Weekly.

Where is the Schoolmaster?

There are 125,000 persons who can neither read nor write, all in one state, and it isn't in Texas, either, that we find them. They are in Massachusetts. What is wanted in Massachusetts is a little less culture and a little more readin', writin', 'n' rethmetic; less eye glawss and more eyes; less accent and more education.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

It takes two to make a bargain, and a third party to find out that it wasn't so much of a bargain after all.—Puck.

A Waste of Eggs.

Railway pigs do not always secure happiness for themselves by making their fellow passengers comfortable, writes a Boston correspondent. A friend of your correspondent chanced to witness a melancholy adventure which befell two of the breed on a suburban train the other day. Pig No. 1 was unjustifiably occupying two seats while other persons were compelled to stand for want of sitting room. To keep the second place at his side he had deposited thereon a good-sized paper bag full of something. The train drew up at a station on its way into town and pig No. 2 entered the car with a slam. Pig No. 1 was a selfish pig, whereas pig no two was an aggressive pig. Both varieties are only too familiar. Now ensued a tragedy in one act. Pig No. 2 made his way along the aisle until he came to the bench occupied by pig No. 1. for the accommodation of himself and his paper bag. Then he paused and glared. Doubtless if he had asked pig No. 1. to remove the offending parcel and make room for him, he would have acquiesced and all would have been peaceful and lovely. Pig No. 2, however, did not choose to make any such polite request. He simply spread his coat tails and sat down upon the paper bag with the ponderous emphasis of about 180 pounds, avordupois. Squash! Pigs Nos. 1 and 2 leaped to their feet simultaneously. On the countenance of the former was an expression of pardonable anger, on that of the latter were written emotions of horror and alarm. At the same time, the passengers near by observed that pig No. 2 was literally covered as to his rear with a fluid of chrome yellow tint, which trickled down the legs of his trousers to the floor. The seat he had so suddenly vacated was a puddle of the same.

"Sir! exclaimed pig No. 1, wrathfully, "how dare you smash my eggs?"

"Jackass!" replied pig No. 2, with equal heat, "what do you mean by setting a trap with your infernal hen fruit for decent people to sit down upon?"

"Two dozen and a half, fresh laid," said pig No. 1. "I'll thank you to pay me for them."

"A brand new pair of fourteen dollar pantaloons," rejoined pig No. 2. "Replace them or fight."

It was the brakeman who interfered and put an untimely stop to what promised to be an unusually interesting scrimmage. At the last view the writer's friend had of the combatants, as the train came to a full stop in the Boston depot, pig No. 1 was leaving the car breathing awful threats of action for assault, while pig No. 2 was being wiped off with newspapers by the brakeman aforesaid. Most of the passengers, strange to say, appeared to be grieved that the two had not been unmolested. There are plenty of railroad pigs to spare in these parts.

Old Stories, But Good.

The Rev. Dr. Joshua Peterkin is perennial in humor, as he is in goodness. One of his anecdotes in the Episcopal council was that during a flood in the Ohio Valley a relief boat went to a submerged house and found the thriftless owner penned up in the second story. Supplies were handed in to him through an upper window, when he broke forth: "Thank the Lord; I don't know what I should have done but for this blessed flood." Another was where a good Methodist brother had preached about the benefits of humility and poverty; and when he called on one of his devout flock to lead in prayer the latter turned the doctrine of the sermon on his astonished pastor in this unexpected manner: "Lord, you keep him humble and we'll keep him poor."—Lynchburg Virginian.

The Samoan Treaty.

The conclusion of the Berlin Conference on Samoan affairs is hailed as eminently satisfactory from the American standpoint. The only particular in which our representatives do not appear to have secured what they were disposed to insist upon was with regard to the indemnity claimed for the destruction of German life and property during the disturbances last December on the islands. The demand of the German Commissioners was heavy enough to seriously embarrass the natives, but this our agents would not concede, and the amount was reduced so as to be nominal merely. It ought to be nothing at all. The Samoans certainly had beligerent rights and the Germans should bear losses which they brought upon themselves.

One gratifying feature of the treaty is that it secures governmental autonomy to the natives and obviates the need of any extended interference on our part in affairs with which it was a blunder for us ever to have had anything to do. There is to be an advisory council, composed of representatives of the United States, Germany and England, the Englishman only to have a vote in case of disagreement between the two others. Malietoa is to be reinstated and a constitutional form of government provided for him to preside over. Courts for the settlement of land questions are to be established. No foreign power is to predominate.

Let us hope that the matter is now ended, and that it will be the last time this great big Republic is inveigled by insignificant busybodies into bothering itself in an international controversy about a little patch of land more than five thousand miles away in Polynesia and peopled by a small lot of more or less naked savages.—New York World.

The Swaying of Chimneys.

Observations upon the sway of tall chimneys during high winds show that one 115 in height and four feet in total diameter at the top waved twenty inches during a heavy gale, and another 164 feet high, but with a six and one-half feet diameter of flue, moved through an arc of only six and one-half inches.

Trout That Reasoned and Remembered.

"Some time before the death of Seth Green, the celebrated New York fish culturist and naturalist," said a Philadelphian who takes great interest in piscicultural matters," I paid a visit with him to the fish hatchery of that state at Caledonia. In one of the ponds there at that time there were 5,000 large brook trout, every one of which had been captured with the fly—tied on barbless hooks—in unfrequented brooks in the Adirondack region. These trout, Mr. Green said, had convinced him that fish have reasoning power and memory. When they were hooked he said, and were reeled slowly in by the careful fishermen who were capturing them for the state pond, they had time and opportunity to note the form and character of the tackle that made them prisoners. According to Mr. Green they never forgot that experience. The trout had been in the pond a long time, the females never being allowed to spawn there, and would follow Mr. Green as he walked along the edge of the water, tossing bits of liver into the pond. To show that his theory about the memory and reason was correct he would carry a cane and a fish rod concealed behind his back. If he took the cane from its concealment and held it out over the water the fish paid no attention to it; but the moment he produced the rod with its reel and line attached away the trout scampered like a flash to distant parts of the pond. Mr. Green told me that he would permit anyone to cast a fly in that pond to his heart's content, as he was satisfied that not one of the trout would come near it, so vividly did they remember their enemy of five years ago." Philadelphia Press.

The Health of the World.

The other day I took up a New York newspaper and read: "The dictates of fashion death to health and happiness. The world is cursed with sick people. It is almost impossible to find a well woman, and not a little difficult to find a perfectly well man," and so on. It was all anent the poor, much abused corset, that hapless woman insists on wearing to the grave, but let that pass.

We don't care a button about corsets in Boston, where the women go about looking like bags run through a cylinder press; but what I would like to remark is this: Corset, or no corset, a consideration which ought not to affect the sterner sex, the world is much more healthier than it was 60 or a 100 years ago. It is a deal bigger than then, and the sufferers may be in proportion, but physicians who have reached the good old age of 70 odd affirm that the average of life is greater than in their youth. One of the most thoughtful practitioners here, a man of learning and wide pathological research, says the improvement in the American race, physically, is due to its regard to hygienic laws, better food, less medicine, and the protection science has afforded against the attacks of climate.

Our great-great-grandmothers killed themselves wearing low shoes in midwinter, and died of consumption because they would not cover up their necks and arms, and it was rare in those days to find a New England family that had not lost one or more members by that disease, while now their descendants have almost eradicated its seeds from their constitutions, and look the picture of health in—corsets. Well, you pay your money and so forth, but as to getting frightened by the resounding phrases of dress reform, don't. Perhaps the dear girls, though, are not as healthy as they appear to the appreciative eye of a believer in anti-sloopiness.—Boston Herald.

Where Cars Are Run With Sails.

I was looking at some models, in the National Museum, of curious cars used in the early days of railroading in this country, when Mr. Watkins, the curator, pointed out one particular one that had a mast and sail. Experiments with such cars were made on the Baltimore & Ohio and on the South Carolina road. It was then a serious question whether the motive power on railroads would be sail, horse or steam. The steam locomotive was looked upon as an experiment. Sail cars are used today on a guano railroad on the island of Malden, in the South Pacific. They are, in fact, used nearer home than that, for railroad men at Barnegat Beach, when the wind is favorable, frequently ride over the road on construction cars, sloop-rigged. "The wind has a good deal to do with railroading even to-day," Mr. Watkins said. "If you go to the Board of Intelligence at the Board street station, Philadelphia, and ask if some train, say from New York, is likely to be on time, you may be informed that it is likely to be four or five minutes late because there is a strong wind from the west. Winds make considerable difference in the running time of trains."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Be Good.

Pretty Marie Jansen hasn't very much to do in Francis Wilson's new opera at the Broadway Theatre, New York, but she has certainly created a sensation with her new song entitled Be Good, and a controversy is threatened over the question whether or not the song may not be too suggestive for the kind of audiences which Mr. Wilson in The Oolah has attracted since the opening night. One of the verses in the song describes how a young man carresses his sweetheart and dallies with her tresses, the tresses rhyming with caresses, of course, and the young girl thus tenderly treated remonstrates with him and insists that he must "be good." And Miss Jansen utters the phrase with subtle and humorous suggestiveness that gives to it its fullest possible significance.—Ex.

Swindling at Calais.

There was one fellow in particular whose roguery impressed me by its sheer boldness and nerve. He was a tall, gaunt ruffian, with a broken nose and a goiture like an Italian Swiss. His hat was a dingy old English derby, his shabby dress showed not even the faintest notion of imitating a uniform, and he spoke only a few words of English. Yet he was going around and collecting from all the passengers whom observation showed knew no French, the sum of 6d. for each piece of luggage they had brought over on the steamer. In this he was aided by all the porters, who, because they spoke English, had been employed to carry this luggage. These thieves having satisfied themselves that their particular patron knew no French, would beckon to this chief swindler, and then say: "This is the agent of the steamship company. You must pay him 6d. each for nine pieces of luggage." Of course this sweeping fraud would now and again strike a snag. Some passenger who retained his senses in the tumult and crush would explain that he was not born yesterday. Then the tout would make a pretense of looking at this wise man's luggage ticket, and, with unabashed effrontery, say: "Oh, I see you paid on the other side." To talk to the station-master or train officials about this impudent rascality would be like whistling to the moon. They are all leagued together, from the top to the bottom, and they are the cheekiest crew of villains to be found at the present moment anywhere outside a prison.—Cor. New York Times.

He Got His Bath Free.

A good story is told on Baily Magruder, keeper of a bath house at Sanford, Fla. A boy applied to him for a bath but as he had no money he was told that he could not get one. However, upon reflection, Bailey said to him: "I will tell you what I will do. If you go and get six other boys I will let you have your bath free." The boy agreed to the proposition, and went and got the requisite six boys and all were admitted to the bath room. Mr. Magruder told the attendant of the agreement, and told him not to charge the boy any thing for his bath. After waiting awhile the attendant went in to collect fares. What was his surprise to see the six boys perched upon the benches watching the one boy take his free bath.

The "Yellow Fever in New York

Society has the yellow fever. Not the scourge, but an insatiable taste for the color. The fancy has been raging for some time and still the cry is more. Palms are displayed in windows, corners and hallways, and in nothing but a yellow jardiniere is the beauty of color and foliage so effectively brought out. No cabinet is considered relieved without a bit of yellow porcelain, and a drop lamp or pedestal burner of orange china, with trimmings of blackened iron, is the very acme of artistic taste. Then there is the king's blue candlestick, with the candle of gilded yellow was; and how can you imagine a bunch of mignonette more poetic than when displayed in a smooth bowl of undergladed yellow? These craze colorists, who are a law unto themselves, go so far as to worship the marigold, "that molten thing of beauty," which the florists were obliged to force and which brings as good returns as the queen of flowers, the rose. But think of putting yellow marigolds in a yellow bowl, and then say who dictates in chromatics.—New York Sun.

A Picket Fence Over a Hill.

"R. D. C." asks if it will take more pickets to build a fence through a hill than over it, the pickets to be set two inches apart, and to be two inches wide in both cases. It will depend on how the pickets are set. If in both cases they are set perpendicularly to the plane of the hill the same number will be required in both cases. But if the pickets over the hill are set perpendicularly to the surface of the hill it will require more, but how many more will depend upon the difference in distance over and through the hill. —Chicago News.

Very Amusing.

Second Husband—Are you fond of me as you were of your first husband, dear?

Wife—Yes, indeed, and if you were to die I would be just as fond of my third. I'm not a woman to marry for anything but love.—Omaha World.

The Ungallant Cuthbert.

Sir Cuthbert, that out-and-out woman hater, would have no female creature about his place in Lindsfarne, not suffering even a cow, saying, "Where there was a cow there must be a woman, and where there was a woman there must be mischief.' In the cathedral at Durham, dedicated to him, a black cross in the pavement marked the spot beyond which no woman was allowed to pass. In 1333 Edward III. and his queen went to the priory at Durham where they lodged together. In the middle of the night a monk broke rudely into their room, saying to the queen that St. Cuthbert loved not her sex, and that she must up and go. The queen tumbled out of bed, undressed as she was, and spent the rest of the night in the church, praying for pardon to the patron saint whom she had offended. In 1417 two servant girls dressed themselves as men and "impiously approached the saint's shrine," to be severely handled by the authorities.—Fortnightly Review.

She Would Go.

Miss Gotham—"You'll join our theater party to-night, of course, Miss Wabash?"

Miss Wabash (of Chicago)—"What is the play?"

Miss Gotham—Pygmalion."

Miss Wabash—"Yes, indeed, with pleasure! You know papa is in the pork business."—Epoch.

A Fascinating Man.

Virtue, unfortunately, does not fascinate. The veriest scoundrel that ever drew breath is apt to be a thousand times more magnetic than he, who, having marked out an ethical path for himself, proceeds religiously to follow it. All women like insinuating manners. They represent as it were, what a garniture of truffles represents on an entree. They give flavor as well as artistic beauty. The fascinating man is always a skilled artist. He must assume, if he have it not, a tenderness that never loses sight of itself, and he must continually show an appreciation that presents him always in the light of a suppliant on bended knee, and never as one who demands or expects anything.

Nearly all women are vain, and the man who would fascinate must begin by flattering a woman's vanity. But he must likewise take care that his modus operandi is never discovered or its existence ever suspected. Otherwise he is lost. The courage and independence born of possession unfortunately incite to the reckless expression of absolute truth, and a man who desires to please a woman, should never tell the whole truth. Suggest it, play with it, ignore it entirely, but reveal it never! The Latin races are adepts in the art of fascination. Why? Because they are always lovers, or pretend to be lovers, which in the end amounts to the same thing.

Emerson expressed an unalterable truth when he said: "All the world loves a lover." But in order to be a lover it is not necessary to rush into vulgar protestation of affection. A glance of the eye, a pressure of the hand, the particular curl of the lip in a smile, the hundred trivial courtesies that appeal to the feminine sympathies are embodied in the man who fascinates. And when he has once mastered the secret of feminine inclination and the special qualifications of feminine taste, his way is clearly marked. Be he ugly as Satan, he will not fail in personal magnetism.—Once a Week.

He Was Too Honest.

"I try to be a man of my word," he said, as he entered a Cadillac eating house yesterday, "but I can't always do as I promise."

"What did you want?" asked the proprietor.

"You gave me a square meal on tick two months ago. The bill was forty-five cents. I promised to pay in six weeks, but I am a little late."

"I don't remember the circumstance."

"Perhaps not, as you are a big-hearted man, but I do, and here's your money."

The proprietor pulled in a $2 Canadian bill and flung out the change, rather disgusted with the man's honesty. Ten minutes later, however, this disgust had changed to admiration. In making change he took a closer look at the bill, and on the back he found the stamp: "Suspended 1884."—Detroit Free Press.

How It Feels to Drop 3,000 Feet.

"How does it feel to let go of the balloon when you are two or three thousand feet in the air?" said Thomas F. Grinly, the parachute jumper. I am sure I can not tell. One comes down so rapidly he hardly has time to analyze his feelings. Macclain, my partner, compares the sensation to that of being upset in the river. We cut loose from the balloon almost mechanically, and before we realize we are loose, we have shot down a couple of hundred feet, and thereafter the remainder of the descent is easy. It does not jar you until when you strike the ground, if you strike on your feet. In fact there is less jarring to the system than if you jumped off of a six-foot high fence. Neither is there any appreciable difference in the air to the height which we attain. It is a great deal purer, though, but not as rarified as you would suppose.—Washington Post.

Luminous Numbers Wanted.

Anyone who has been forced to search for a house number after dark will appreciate the words of a Western newspaper man who is at present visiting this city. "A fortune and the gratitude of his fellow men," said he, "await that person who shall discover some practical method of applying phosphorus to the manufacture of luminous street numbers. Comparatively few of the houses of this or any other large cities have the street numbers so placed as to take advantage of the light from the hall gas jet, and there are many houses and buildings where no light is kept burning during the evening. Many of the numbers are on outside doors, and as it seems to be the rule to leave them open, the number is lost to view from the sidewalk. Then, if a man happens to be in search of a particular number after the regulation bedtime, his chances for prowling around for an hour or more, not to mention incidental annoying experiences, are excellent. At such times how much unnecessary profanity might be prevented by some simple illuminative device. It seems strange that some inventive genius don't turn his mind to this subject."—New York Times.

Choosing a Profession.

Pretty Girl—"I have called, sir, to ask if I am beautiful enough for the stage?"

Theatrical Manager (kindly)—"No-o, my child, yours is not a good stage face; but don't despair. You would be a brilliant success as a typewriter."—New York Weekly.

The Man for the Place.

Mr. Oldchap—"Yes, I have concluded to apprentice my son to a barber."

Friend—"Has he a bent that way?"

"Well, no; but I think he'll be popular. He doesn't like onions."—New York Weekly.

Wiggins says, the seas are drying up. They set him a good example—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A Real American.

If the people of England and France were asked to-day to say who is the most characteristic and distinguished representative citizen of the United States that has been seen in Europe in the present generation, they would declare without a murmur of dissent that Buffalo Bill, otherwise Colonel William F. Cody, is the man. If the people of Berlin, Vienna and other capitals had also seen Colonel Bill they would testify to the same fact as the people of London and Paris would do.

The reason for this is simple enough. When the Europeans look upon a representative of the United States they do not expect to see an imitation Englishman, nor do they desire it. An Englishman as such is all right in any country; but a counterfeit article, fabricated out of an American who is ashamed of his nationality, is a pitiful spectacle, and he would not meet with much consideration in Europe if there were not money to be made out of him. Probably no Americans were ever more admired and appreciated abroad than were Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin. They were true representatives of the newest and freest people who could claim a nationality. They were proud of their origin and their quality, and kings and potentates were glad to do them honor. To-day the average American of the Northern States when he goes abroad endeavors to disguise himself so as to look as much as possible like a European, but he is not successful in deceiving anybody but himself.

In this way the Europeans are sickened with these Americans ashamed of their country, and when they see a grand and heroic representative of the New World, of the great Wild West, wild no more—when they see all this in the handsome and dashing figure of Buffalo Bill, they recognize in him an American worthy of America. To be an American to-day is to be more than lord or princeling. It is to be one of a race that has the control of nations and the shaping of the world's history in its keeping.

A people powerful in peace, overwhelming in war and possessing the richest country on the planet, have long ago been recognized by the statesmanship and worldly experience of Europe, and Europeans naturally expect in the men to whom is committed this splendid and tremendous destiny something majestic and noble to an unusual degree; but when they see the average American citizen they see a naturalized foreigner or a native American posing as a bogus foreigner. Naturally this is disappointing. When our American women go abroad they are indeed goddesses, worthy of any heroic race, and there is universal astonishment that the men do not correspond to this splendid type of women. It is only when Buffalo Bill appears that they see an American in whom every grand and heroic possibility is contained.

It is worth while then to be an American and to look like one while visiting Old World countries. It is not necessary, as it is not possible, for every man to pose as a Buffalo Bill, but as he can show by his bearing and behavior that he is not ashamed of his country and is not desirous to pass as a counterfeit foreigner.—New Orleans Picayune.

Precocious Children.

John Philip Baratier was born at Schwobach, in the margravate of Anspach, in 1721. At the age of four, states a writer in Notes and Queries, he conversed with his mother in French, his father in Latin and the servants in German. In his eleventh year he translated "The Travels of the Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela" from Hebrew into French. He was elected a member of the Royal Academy of Science at Berlin, and offered the degree of M. A. at the Halle University, to which he was admitted on drawing up and defending fourteen theses in philosophy and the mathematics (1735). He died at the early age of nineteen.

Another marvelous child was Christain Henry Heinecker, who was born at Lubeck, February 6, 1721—just twenty-seven days after Baratier first saw the light of day. He could recite the principal facts in the "Pentateuch" when but one year old; the entire history of the old and new testament was familiar to him at fourteen months; at two and one-half years he could answer the principal questions in ancient and modern history and at five he died.

Goethe is said to have known German, French, Italian, Latin and Greek before he was eight. On January 20, 1889, the New York Sun gave an account of a little negro—Oscar Moore—who knew all of Appleton's "Encyclopedia" by heart and could recite anything he had ever heard.

The Shell of the Scallop.

The prominence of the scallop in heraldry has been mentioned. It signifies, when found in a coat-of-arms, or carven upon a mortuary monument, that the person has been a crusader to the Holy Land. In the old days it was known as St. James' or St. Jacob's shell, and was worn by pilgrims and crusaders, sewn to their garments or fastened upon their standards. Many legends cluster about it, and allusions to it are frequent in the poetry and romance of the middle ages, while it often plays a significant part in the religious art of that day. Out of this, and its natural beauty of form, has arisen the wide adaptation of this crenulated or "scalloped" shell in decorative designs in both the painters' and sculptors' arts.—Once a Week.

A Sagacious Horse.

A Montgomery (N. Y.) farmer has a colt that has learned to ring the farm bell by catching the rope in his teeth and prancing back and forth. He knows, too, when to ring it—at day break to awaken the farm hands and at noon to call them to dinner, and is never five minutes late or early.

An Iconoclast.

Extract from the diary of a traveler: I crossed over into Stillhope county, Kentucky, and for a time I found deep interest in the contemplation of the scenery. Every turn of the bridle-path presented a new beauty to me; and every heavily timbered slope held a grandeur of landscape, but after awhile I became tired. I wanted to see more evidences of the civilization of man. I wanted to smell a boiling pot. After awhile I came to a house. It was a mean looking structure, built of logs, but the sight of it was most pleasant to me, for I had heard of the hospitality of this wild region, and I knew that I should find no difficulty in getting something to eat. I had dismounted and had tied my horse to a sapling before the house showed any signs of life. Then a man came out. He was lank and wiry-bearded, had a nose that resembled a hawk's bill and wore boots that must have taken into their construction at least half of the hide of an averege steer. He came forward, wiping his hands on his trousers, and I saw that he had been greasing his boots with tallow.

"Mawnin', mawnin'!" he exclaimed, "How are you?"

Just then, discovering a dog, I drew back.

"Come right on; he won't hurt you."

"But he will! Look at him!" I yelled.

"Oh, he'll grab you ef he gits a chance, but his teeth's so bad that he ken only pinch a little. Step right this way."

I did step that way, and I stepped in a lively manner too, for I could see that nothing would do the dog more good than to "pinch me a little."

"Thar ain't nobody at home but me and Zib thar," said the man. Zib was a small boy. "Wife and Nance air down on the branch washin'. We ginerally make it a pint ter wash ever' summer whuther the clothes needs it ur not, water's so powerful cheap an' wood don't cost nothing.' Wife's got a putty good axe, too, an' she's a mighty peart hand in makin' the chips fly."

"I would like to get something to eat," said I.

"Yas, you shall have somethin' too, I've got a pone uv co'n bread in thar, an' we'll git a piece uv midlin' putty soon and fling it here on the fire. What's yo' business?"

"I am not in any business at present."

"Ain't no candidate, I hope."

"No."

"Ain't got no new churn-dasher that would knock butter outen stump water in five minutes."

"No; I have nothing to sell."

"I hope you ain't round buyin' dried fruit with plugged money."

"I am not trying to buy anything."

"Was you ever in any business?"

"I have been a school teacher."

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Come here, Zeb (calling the boy). Come here an' show this gentle*man* how much edycation you've got. Thar ain't no school in this section an' I have been a teachin' uv him myself. Oh, I'm determined that he shan't go out in the world without any edycation. Now, let's hear you spell gun."

"G-u-n."

"Right. Oh, he ken knock the fur offen spellin'. Now spell shoot.

"S-h-u-t-e."

"You are wrong," I struck in.

"What!" the old fellow exclaimed.

"I say he is wrong. S-h-o-o-t is the way."

"Look here, you air a blamed aberlitionist, that's what's the matter with you. Whut! you come here tryin' ter pizen the minds of the young folks? Have you come here ter t'ar down the gre't work that's been built up? Hand me that gun, Zeb."

I do not know whether or not Zeb handed him the gun, but I know that the old dog could not have caught me as I was getting out of the yard.—Arkansaw Traveler.

The Valley of Shadow.

Today the heart of the nation is moved with sympathy for the sufferers by the greatest calamity that has ever yet visited this country, turning a beautiful valley, the abode of industrious thrift and contentment, into a vast charnel house, a valley of shadow The mind stands appalled at the stupendous ruin wrought, and the thousands of lives blotted out from the record of the living by that terrible flood which has devastated the Conemaugh region. Earth has had before its Black Fridays, but henceforth Friday May 31, 1889, will figure in American history as the blackest and gloomiest Friday this continent has ever known.

Time will fix the responsibility for this terrible catastrophe where such responsibility rightfully belongs. The present duty is not so much that of dealing with the cause, as with the effect. The present duty is the sepulture of the dead and the care of the living, and to strengthen the hands of those who have charge of the execution of this duty, money is needed, and is being munificiently supplied. It needs but the cry for help from any section of the country to prove the tie of kinship that binds the heart of the people. Sections may antagonize each other in business rivalry, sectional prejudices may erect a barrier to the freest unity of sentiment, but in the face of a calamitous visitation to any particular section all barriers are swept away, and there is no other rivalry than that of benevolence, a warm-hearted competition for the honor of doing most for the afflicted locality. The sufferers are for the present the nation's wards, and the honor of the country and every sentiment of humanity appeals in their behalf. How well that appeal is being answered the tide of monetary assistance that is setting in toward Johnstown well attests. Boston has always been a prompt and generous city in responding to the needs of every afflicted locality, be it the fever-stricken south, the cyclone or blizzard-swept west, or the cities suffering from earthquake, fire or flood, and that same promptness, that same open-hand benevolence that she has shown so often before, she is showing to-day in behalf of that valley of gloom and shadow, the Conemaugh region.—American Cultivator.

Ten Good Things to Know.

1. That salt will curdle new milk; hence, in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

2. That clear boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent it spreading over the fabric.

3. That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also from the hands.

4. That a tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with white clothes will aid in the whitening process.

5. That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm, salt or gum arabic dissolved.

6. That beeswax and salt will make rusty flatirons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

7. That blue ointment and kerosene mixed in equal proportions and applied to the bedsteads is an unfailing bedbug remedy, as a coat of whitewash is for the walls of a log-house.

8. That kerosene will soften boots and shoes that have been hardened by water, and render them as pliable as new.

9. That kerosene will make tin teakettles as bright as new. Saturate a woollen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from varnished furniture.

10. That cool rain-water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.—The Sanitarium.

The Value of Short Words.

We all know how to talk, and there is a certain quota of words put on the tongue of every man just as the song is given to the canary bird or to the robin. But beyond the song these birds cannot go. And beyond the natural speech, or the words which nature gives to every one, the illiterate human being cannot go. His vocabulary is limited until he becomes a student. Then it begins to widen, and there is no boundary line to its possibilities. The writer who imagines he can give additional emphasis to a composition by the use of large words is greatly mistaken. The economy of the reader's attention is absorbed in understanding and applying these big words, and there is little of the mental energy left with which to digest the idea which these long words contain. The picture which is brought before his mental vision is therefore dim and uncertain. If the writer would give more prominence to the idea and less to the verbal frame; in other words, if he would use simple language, which by contrast would bring out the idea, he would not only economize his reader's mental energy, but would benefit himself by making himself more easily understood. The mind is not able to do more than one thing at a time and do it well. It cannot delve into the mysteries of a many-syllabled word and comprehend the thought in a proper manner at once. Does the man say that he cannot write a book or an article with little words? Then he is very wrong. If he knew how many little words are in the speech of the land he would not say that he cannot find those small words. And it may be said that these small words have more force than the big words, because the soul of the tongue, or it would be more fit to say speeches, is to be found in the short words more than in the long. In this all the men who write on words think as one. They feel that the very life of the thing is shown in the short word. There is no long word that will take the place of buzz, sour, roar, splash, acid, scrape, sough, whiz, bang, rough, smooth, keen, blunt, thin. Each of these words is like the thing which it sets forth, and so it is more strong and helps the brain in its work. —Ex.

A Remedy For Snoring.

Only the man or woman chained to that rest destroying angel, a snoring partner, can appreciate its sinfulness. The wicked emotions aroused in the soul of the sufferer can not be transferred to paper. Could a man or woman preserve their night thoughts of the innocent offender during the entire twenty-four hours, married life would be a bleak, treeless, unwatered waste. For this sort of affliction, if made public, a man or woman gets only the same class of sympathy accorded to malaria—a grinning "That's too bad." There is a remedy for snoring, and that is bitter, too. Scientists have discovered that snorers are invariably great laughers and talkers, who exist principally with their mouths wide open, thereby clogging the breathing apparatus with dust and roughening the delicate chords by contact with crude air. To these good natured and loquacious sleep killers science says: "Shut up; keep your mouth closed; better deprive the world of your cackle and chatter than turn honey into gall and make marriage a failure." If this does not cure snoring, then Bob Burdette's remedy for dandruff is the only resource—chop the head off.—Washington Critic.

We Cheerfully Comply.

A woman writes the following note to this office: "Last Sunday a gentleman and his wife called at my home, and during their stay the wife was so mean to her husband that I resolved to behave myself better in future to my own husband. Please print this for the benefit of other wives who are at times thoughtless and harsh."—Atchison Globe.

SPEED OF A BULLET.

How the Government Learns the Rapidity of a Rifle Ball.

How fast does a bullet travel? If it is in proper shape for traveling Col. Flagler and his officers say it ought to go at a rate of 1,275 feet a second upon leaving a rifle.

This matter of speed is very important, and if a cartridge is five or ten feet too fast or too slow the quantity of power must be changed. This matter of speed is tested in a very interesting way.

At the northern end of the arsenal grounds is a long wooden shed, in which a distance of 100 feet has been carefully marked off, says the Philadelphia Record. At either end of this space is a stand something like a target, with a large circular opening where the bull's-eye would be.

Across each opening is stretched a small electric wire connected with a delicate instrument in another room.

The rifle from which the firing is done is so aimed that the bullet which flies from it cuts both wires. Obviously the difference in time between the cutting of the first and of the second wires will mark the speed of the bullet through 100 feet.

The measurement of this brief space of time is done by an instrument of French invention called the Boulinge chromograph. When the first wire is cut an electric circuit is broken and a rod which is suspended from a magnet falls a short distance, touching in its descent a point which makes a mark on its side.

The breaking of the second wire lets drop a second smaller rod in the same way. By means of the difference in the marks on the rods it is possible to estimate the difference in the time of their falling, and from this the speed of the bullet per second. There is a provision for detecting any error, and nearly absolute accuracy is secured.

If it is found that a bullet has traveled too fast or too slow that means that there is too much or too little powder in the charge, that the compression is wrong, or that the atmospheric conditions are unfavorable.

The charge of powder varies from sixty-nine grains, and is varied by as little as a tenth of a grain to secure just the right speed. The compression may also have to be changed.

The tests of speed are made throughout the day, eight cartridges being fired at a time, and if any error is detected the necessary change is made at once.

If it is found that the speed is all right, then the accuracy of the bullets in hitting an object must be determined. For this purpose they are fired over a 500-yard range at a twelve-foot square target, near the river bank.

By an ingenious device by which the aid of photography is called in the exact point of each bullet is rapidly noted, and the general average of accuracy is afterward obtained.

Accuracy is, of course, absolutely essential in warfare, and the greatest care is taken to see that each bullet will go straight to the mark if the rifle is properly aimed.

A Peculiar Duel.

A very peculiar preliminary to a death sentence, that deserves to be put on record, was that in vogue in Franconia in the fifteenth century—that is, in the days of the ordeal, in which heaven itself was supposed to take a hand in the distribution of justice. In case a woman had been made to suffer in reputation by a man she was at liberty to challenge him to combat, which took place in the following way: A regular ring was formed for spectators, and chairs were placed for the judges. In the middle of the ring was a hole about three feet deep, in which the man armed only with a club, had to defend himself against the woman, who was armed with a stone weighing a pound, tied up in a handkerchief and attached to a slender, willowy stick. The lady had a space measuring ten feet in diamater in which to evolute and to attack.

The rules were as follows: If the man in attempting to strike the woman touched the ground with arm or hand, he made an error. If he made three such, or if the woman succeeded in disarming him, he was declared defeated, and was then delivered over to the executioner to be put to death, which was by being buried in the same hole in which he had vainly attempted to defend himself. But if the man succeeded in thwarting the attacks of the woman, or in disarming her he was declared the victor, and the woman herself was then the victim, and was sentenced to death and buried alive.—New York World.

An Unpopular King.

The subjects of the King of the Netherlands are justly indignant at the conduct of their royal master. He was in a dying condition. The undertaker called at the palace and took the measure of the august personage. The doctors were unanimous that his Royal Highness was as good as dead.

When a king dies in Europe it is a serious matter to all his subjects. In this case more than half of the well-to-do families invested largely in the heavy bereavement and mitigated affliction departments of the dry-goods stores. Immense quantities of black cloth were purchased in which to swaddle the public buildings.

Just at this crisis the king got well mentally and physically. His faithful subjects had to stop working the pump-handle of their emotions, and go down into their garments for money to buy fireworks to celebrate the recovery of their lord and master. The consequence is they are much more depressed, financially and otherwise, than they would have been if the worst had happened.

What that king needs is a couple of New York doctors like those who attended Bishop, the mind reader. They would have seen to it that the king did not come to again.—Texas Siftings.

It Was the Cook.

Percival sat upon a hammock in the back yard of the country boarding-house. His little slippered feet patted the grass gleefully, and the book in his hand hung lazily athwart the gunwales of the swinging net-work of the aerial couch. There was a cynical expression upon his innocent face, and his Titian mustache curled like the tail of a full-blooded pug.

There was a titter. It could not be called a laugh. There was a distinctly audible titter swashing against the leaves of the locust trees above him. It came from the door of the kitchen. No human being in sight; and the parrot had never been taught to titter nor to twitter. The ugly-mouthed bird lazily winked his watery eyes as he stood upon his swinging perch. The titter was not his'n. Percival wondered where the titter came from. He determined to investigate.

Slowly he knocked the ashes from his malodorous cigarette. Gradually he permitted his angular and attenuated form to elevate itself into perpendicular longitudinosity. Carefully adjusting his eye-glasses, as a confirmed detective is wont to do, he ambled gracefully towards the kitchen. Some one was behind the door. He pushed it, said "Peekah-ah-booah," and grasped the embroidered white skirt which protruded. A voice tittered and giggled, and then ejaculated:

"G'way f'um dah, Massa P'siv'l. Ain' you 'shamed flirtin' wid a yallar gal like me?"

Lo, Tillie the cook came forth and clamped two glistening yellow arms about his Adams-apple-throat and glued two watermelon-loving lips to the thin compression of mouth of which Percival was so proud. Just then Blanchie, his fiancee, came across the lawn. Percival has returned to his counter in "The Fair," and will not leave Chicago again during the summer.

Facts About Refrigerators.

One of the most important articles of kitchen furniture is the refrigerator. Every housekeeper must have one, and in a very short time during the hot weather its cost can be saved. Some housekeepers experience trouble in keeping their refrigerators sweet and clean. A practical housekeeper recently told a reporter for the Mail and Express how she kept her refrigerator clean. She said she always selected a cool day for this work, and when the ice is low. All the articles of food are taken out and placed in a cool place, and the ice is wrapped in a woolen cloth. She then takes out the chambers, shelves and ice rack, and washes them thoroughly with soap and water—a little ammonia in the water will soften it. The shelves and rack must be well-wiped dry, and then it is a good thing to place them in the open air. Wash the inside of the refrigerator well with ammonia and water, using a pointed stick to go into the crevices. Wipe every part well with a dry cloth, and leave all the doors and lids open until the inside is perfectly dry. Vinegar and water will take any stains off the zinc. To keep a refrigerator sweet, food that has the least tendency to spoil should not be placed in it. Take care that the inside is well aired and thoroughly dry before replacing the shelves and racks and putting back the ice. Never put anything warm into the refrigerator it is sure to injure some sensitive article of food. Don't let the refrigerator be without ice. Keep it in a cool place away from fire and sun.—New York Mail and Express.

Wouldn't Buy Whisky.

"Simon," said the governor of Mississippi, speaking to an old negro who had nursed him, and who had just asked for fifty cents, "why don't you stop drinking?"

"Wall, I tell you Mars Bob, I would do dat but I'se erfeerd, sah, dat it mout injury my helf."

"Injure your health!" the governor exclaimed.

"Yes, sah, disergree wid my 'ternal gestions."

"You are foolish, Simon. Cold water is the salvation of the human family."

"Dat's whar you're wraung, Mars Bob; dat's zackly where you is wraung. Water is de cause o' er good deal o' de misery o' dis yere worl'. It swep, de country wid er flood way back yander, an' has caused er mighty heep o' 'stress since dat time. Tuther day, sah, it rushed down on dat town way up norf yander, sommers, and killed thousands o' folks. Doan come talkin' ter me erbout water, sah, caze I knows it—knows it frum de beginnin', I does. Ef dar wuz ez-much whisky ez dar is water, w'y it mout cause jest ez much harm, but ez dar ain't, w'y I reckon water has got de bulge. But be dat ez it may, gubner, gim me fifty cents."

"Not to buy whisky with, Simon."

"I sw'ar ter de Lawd, sah, I ain't gwine ter buy whisky wid dat money."

"All right, then, here it is."

"Thankee sir, thankee. Good day (bowing when he had reached the door) none o' dis money doan go fur whisky. Too much o' er generman fur dat. Gwine git gin wid dis money."—Arkansaw Traveler.

He Was Industrious.

It is not literally true that Amos Cummings ate cheese and drank beer while sitting in the speaker's chair last winter, but he was certainly abstracted. He had to write reports of the daily proceedings of the house for the New York Sun. At the same time he was a member of congress from New York. While he was hard at work Speaker Carlisle, merely for wantonness, called Cummings to the chair while he went out for lunch. Amos took the chair, continued writing, and ate his pie at the same time. It was unique.

Disinterested division.—"Did you divide your bon-bons with your little brother, Mollie?" "Yes, mamma; I ate the candy and gave him the mottoes. You know he is awfully fond of reading."—Time.

A Baseless Charge.

A London journal asks if it was Gov. Hill's "appreciation of the value of the Irish vote" which "influenced his decision" in his refusal to surrender Moroney and McDonald, the alleged suspects in the Cronin case, to the Chicago officers. A New York newspaper criticises the Governor's refusal on the ground that the United States Constitution only contemplates "charge" of crime as the basis of interstate surrender, and argues that in such a case there is "no question of asylum, as in the case of a citizen of a foreign country, but only the question of enabling a state to enforce its criminal laws, by reaching beyond its own borders to arrest a fugitive from justice."

The men sent from Chicago failed to identify Moroney and McDonald as the persons who rented and furnished the Carlson cottage where Dr. Cronin was assassinated. This proves the trumpery character of the charge made against these men and fully vindicates the Governor's action.

But the London writer forgets that the Irish in America are divided on the questions supposed to be involved in the Cronin crime, and that every reputable Irishman here desires the punishment of every man implicated in that crime. The New York writer overlooks the fact that the constitutional provision relates to fugitives from justice escaping from their own state into another state. There was a question of "asylum" in the case of Moroney and McDonald, who are citizens of New York, not of Illinois, and entitled to the protection of the governor of their state. They would have been denied their rights under the constitution of their own state if they had been deprived of their liberty and surrendered without "due process of law."

Gov. Hill did his duty in the matter firmly and well.—New York World.

An Extraordinary Railroad.

One of the most interesting achievements in modern engineering is the electric mountain railway recently opened to the public at the Burgenstock, near Lucerne. The rails describe one grand curve formed upon an angle of 112 degrees, and the system is such that the journey is made as steadily and smoothly as upon any of the straight funicular lines. The Burgenstock is almost perpendicular—from the shore of Lake Lucerne to the Burgenstock is 1,330 feet, and it is 2,860 feet above the level of the sea. The total length of the line is 938 metres, and it commences with a gradient of 32 per cent, which is increased to 58 per cent after the first 400 metres, this being maintained for the rest of the journey. A single pair of rails is used throughout, and the motive power, electricity, is generated by two dynamos' each of twenty-five horse power, which are worked by a water wheel of nominally 125 power, erected upon the river Aar at its mouth at Buochs, three miles away, the electric current being conducted by means of insulated copper wires. The loss in transmission is estimated at 25 per cent.—New York Sun.

Cars Run with Sails.

A Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Telegraph was recently looking at some models in the National Museum of curious cars used in the early days of railroading in this country, when Mr. Watkins, the curator, pointed out one particular one that had a mast and sail. Experiments with such cars were made on the Baltimore & Ohio road and on the South Carolina road. It was then a serious question whether the motive power on railroads would be sail, horse or steam. The steam locomotive was still looked upon as an experiment. Sail cars are used to-day on a guano railroad on the island of Malden, in the south Pacific. They are, in fact, used nearer home than that, for railroad men at Barnegat beach, when the wind is favorable, frequently ride over the road on construction cars—sloop-riggid. "The wind has a good deal to do with railroading even to-day," Mr. Watkins said. If you go to the bureau of intelligence at the Broad street station, Philadelphia, and ask whether some train, say from New York, is likely to be on time, you may be informed that it is likely to be four or five minutes late, because there is a strong wind from the west. Winds make considerable difference in the running time of trains.

What They Caught.

Four deluded youngsters
On a summer day,
Just to go a-fishing
Slyly ran away.
Willows, worms and tackle
To their work they brought,
And, if you'll believe me,
This is what they caught.

Tommy caught a wetting,
He was overbold;
Jimmy caught a scolding;
Jonnny caught a cold;
Harry caught a whipping,
Much against his wish,
But with all their trouble,
No one caught a fish!

The Diamond Spark.

Tiny diamond sparks are being used effectively by way of simple ornamentation. They are set in silver, and a single row worn about the throat looks like a continuous line of light. A season's debutante worn at a late dinner dance a costume of tulle, from its peculiar lustrous, silvery quality called moon tulle. A fine strand of diamond sparks encircled her slender white throat, three or four of the same bejeweled silver threads were twisted about her arms; the several small wrought silver combs that caught her dark coils of hair were likewise bediamonded, and wee gems sent their irridescent gleams from the tips of her dainty satin shoes. Debutantes are not supposed to borrow their brilliancy from gems; but so delicately were these sparkles added that they seemed quite in keeping with the weaver's youth and freshness.—Table Talk.

An [illegible]

San Francisco Examiner.

In 1865, when the telegraph was comparatively a new thing in Southern California, the operators of the Los Angeles circuit found their communication suddenly cut off. Linemen were sent out to discover the break and effect repairs, but they returned with the surprising intelligence that the break was a serious one, and called for a lot of supplies.

About a mile of wire and poles had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up. Further search showed no trace of the missing materials, and at considerable expense new ones were furnished, and the line was reconstructed.

Then a detective was employed to investigate the mystery. The country was nothing but a desert, and the detective worked for three weeks without success. At the end of that time, however, he stumbled upon a small ranch, at which he put up for the night.

He found the ground inclosed with a neat wire fence, and in the morning taxed the ranchman with having stolen the telegraph. The man admitted the fact at once.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I've been living here nigh onto three year, and have watched the old telegraph wire all that time. I never see nothing go over it, and reckoned it wasn't used."

There seemed no reason to question the man's sincerity, and the detective contented himself with giving him a lecture on the invisibility of the electric current. The case was reported to headquarters, of course, but no prosecution followed.

Area of Cultivated Land.

Some interesting statements regarding the extension of the area of cultivated land in the United States are presented in the May report of the statistician of the department of agriculture. It appears that the area under the four principal arable crops—corn, wheat, oats and cotton—increased from 128,000,000 acres in 1879 to 159,000,000 acres in 1885. This represents an expansion in nine years of the area under these crops of 31,000,000 acres, or an extent of land more than equaling the entire area of the three northern New England states. The increase in the area under corn, oats and cotton is greater than the total area of the state of Ohio. This striking result leads the statistician to make the further calculation that if the increase in all tilled and grass land has been in the same proportion as that in the four crops mentioned we have now a total area of improved lands in farms of 356,000,000 acres, as compared with 285,000,000 acres in 1878, or an increase almost equal to the surface area of New England, New York and New Jersey, equaling the entire area of improved land in 1880 to the eleven cotton states, with the addition of Delaware and Maryland. The figures of the coming census dealing with the agricultural area should present some interesting comparisons with those of the last census year.—Bradstreet's.

The Sioux Opening.

It is given out that arrangments are being perfected to run excursion trains from the principal points in the East to the Sioux reservation immediately after the issuing of the proclamation by the president declaring the law in force by virtue of the ratification by the Indians. The traveler of the St. Louis paper, who has been writing up the situation, anticipates that in thirty days the good lands will all be taken by the homesteaders. If it is meant that the bulk of the 11,000,000 acres is desirable land, this would presume a rush and scramble suggestive of Oklahoma. No doubt there will be some eagernees to secure claims there, but there are no present indications of such a flocking. The fact that only the homestead feature of the land laws will be operative will check the rush. The urgency for the opening is not so much due to the need of occuping the lands, as it is of opening communication with the Black Hills. The good lands will all be taken in due time without special effort.

Why Congratulation Was Delayed.

Washington Post.

We desire to convey our most humble apologies to the esteemed Maharajah of Bangapore for what may seem to him like an omission of the international amenities on our part. But the fact is, we had not had time to congratulate him on his forty-sixth marriage when the news of his forty-seventh came to us, and we didn't like to send congratulations done up in bunches, like radishes, lest it might seem our heart was not in them. If the Maharajah will let up on marrying for a few moments and give us a chance to catch up, we will try very pleasant little conventional duties.

The old horse-shoes that accumulate on a farm are not past their usefulness. They will do to strengthen a post that has a tendency to split at the rail holes or to make a grape trellis. Nail one side to the side of a post and lay light poles across from one side to the other, resting in the arch of the shoe, which is nailed on upside down. The advantage of this trellis is that a delicate vine can be dropped to the ground and covered with manure in the autumn, by simply taking the poles out of their rests, and in the spring the poles may be replaced and the vine retained.

A poorly-kept hedge is worse than no fence at all, besides being a positive injury to the land.

[illegible] what there is left of it," [illegible] man. "So are my whiskers. [illegible] ago my wife, who is fifteen years younger than I am, took it into her head that her old man ought to spruce himself up a bit. Our daughter was going to get married, and she thought I ought to try and look as peart as possible at the wedding.

"What can I do?" said I.

"Color your hair and whiskers," said she.

"She had read an advertisement in some paper about a wonderful hair dye, and she went to the drug store and bought a bottle of it. I didn't have much faith in it, but just to please her I tried it. I put some on my whiskers and awaited results. The next morning I got up, washed myself, and taking a German silver comb out of my pocket found it turned black. Then I discovered that I had daubed my shirt bosom and cuffs."

"How did your whiskers look?" some one asked.

"There was a streak of black across both knees of my nankeen trousers," continued the old man.

"But the whiskers?"

"Took out my silver watch and that was tarnished."

"Were your whiskers colored? that's what I want to know."

"Had occasion to use a little change. Pulled out some silver pieces from my pocket and hanged if they hadn't turned black, too."

"Your whiskers, were they—"

"A silver pen in my pocket looked as though it had been through a fire."

"Did the hair-dye color your—"

"My finger nails resembled the mourning wafers folks used to use."

"Can't you tell me how your whiskers looked?"

"Found some black spots on the carpet and on the wall paper, and some of the furniture was stained with it."

"Your whiskers were dyed, weren't they?"

"Thunder, no! I had blacked everything else but the whiskers, and they had washed out grayer than ever. I threw the stuff away and have never tried hair-dye since."—Texas Siftings.

Let Women Try if they Want to.

"One of the most absurd arguments used against a girl who wishes to become a physician," said a blue-eyed, fair haired medical student in petticoats the othey day, "is that the disagreeable sights and experiences of the dissecting room, if they do not altogether overpower her fortitude, will coarsen her feelings and destroy her delicacy. Bah, I say, to such mawkish sentimentality. No one thinks it hardens a girl to nurse a sick person, and yet I tell you that in ministering to the sick and the dying and the dead, in the capacity of a nurse, I have seen sights and performed more distasteful and exhausting labor than I would have been called on to do if I had been the physician; and all the time I knew nothing of that keen interest in the scientific part of the work which I now have, which so absorbs my attention and thoughts that what is revolting to others is by me almost unnoticed."—New York Tribune.

Woman Handsomely Reinforced.

Science comes creeping to the front and sheepishly affirms what woman's intuition discerned centuries ago. Science has been bending its back over dusty volumes. It has been studying earth and air, and water and disease. It has reached a conclusion which woman had practically indorsed since the beginning, to-wit: That spring housecleaning is necessary to health; that to this yearly regeneration of the household gods are due the superior health and strength of civilized nations. Men hate housecleaning because they are dull creatures and have only a regard for their present dignity. It galls a man to drink cold tea and eat a cold chop from the corner of the mantel or the kitchen pantry. A man has no imagination; his soul cannot override the kitchen furniture in the front hall, or bars of soap, rusty nails, and tack hammers on his library table, and picture to himself the splendor of the afterglow. But science now proclaims that dangerous disease germs, wicked and infinitessimal, lurk about the habitations of man, dangers for which there is no remedy but soap, and alkali and water, and a woman with a towel on her head and dust-broom in her hand. Science has silenced man.—Washington Post.

Devoted Wife.

Nearly thirty years ago, before he developed his philosophy of life, Count Tolstoi married the daughter of a Moscow physician. She directs, controls, manages everything at the households at Moscow and at Yasnaia Polina. She assumes the whole responsibility of caring for the family, which numbers thirteen children, superintends their education, and teaches them English and music. Her business ability is also shown by the fact that she has sole charge of the sale, circulation and distribution of her husband's books. Nor is she wanting in sympathy for the count's intellectual labors. She is both amanuensis, revisor and translator. Tolstoi's writing is illegible to most readers, and his wife rewrites his manuscripts again and again until they suit his fastidious taste. In this way she copied "War and Peace," from end to end, six times, and his last work "Life," she wrote sixteen times, besides translating it into French.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Miss Beanly (of Boston)—"Don't you think Tannhauser is delightful!" Mr. Porkupine (of Cincinnati, who is not a teetotaler)—"Oh, I don't know. Milwaukee is about as good."—The Owl.

Teacher—"What is an unknown quantity?" Coal dealer's son—"What you get when you buy a ton of coal."—Golden Days.

THE WAHPETON TIMES.

GEO. P. GARRED, Publisher.

WAHPETON, NORTH DAKOTA.

Two hundred and seventy-five ladies are clergymen in the United States and occupy pulpits.

THE yearly sales of Phil Armour's packing-house in Chicago now amount on an average to $55,000,000. They have at times reached as high as $60,000,000 a year.

HENRY Wiles, of Charleston, W. Va., turned over his pillow the other morning and found a rattlesnake coiled up under it and quietly sleeping.

THE "scow," a sea bird, familiar to the Georgia coast, has become so numerous that the boys on the wharfs at Brunswick knock them off the houses with short sticks.

A STINGY hunks of Burlington, Vt., drew up some valuable paper and used ink of his own make to save expense. Recently he found the writing had faded out, involving him in a loss of $7,000.

A PENNSYLVANIA railroad conductor is under arrest for pulling the bell cord of a train on which he was traveling as a passenger in order to stop it at a station where the train did not halt.

AN English law court has decided that a photographer taking a portrait in the usual manner has no right to sell or make any public use of copies of the same, except for delivery to the original.

THERE were 1,258 accidental deaths in the city of New York during the year ending July 2. Of this number only five were caused by electric-light wires, while fourteen were occasioned by illuminating gas.

A TOWER similar in design to the Eiffel tower at Paris is to be built at Eagle Rock, N. J. It will be but 400 feet high, but will be on a lofty summit. The electric light on its top will be visible far out to sea.

IT IS asserted that the act of making paper has reached such a high state of perfection that within thirty-six hours a growing tree may be cut down, made into paper and sent broadcast through the land in a form of a newspaper.

THE field of Appomattox is to be preserved from the inroads of the rude iconoclast by a company organized to purchase and hold the property. The Boston Herald suggests that the government might use some of its surplus funds to worse advantage than to invest in the property.

A CURIOUS theft is reported from Prague. A burglar having gained access to the cabinet of a well-known collector, broke open a small but richly chased steel coffer fort of antique workmanship, and, having taken out its contents (about $150 in Austrian currency), obligingly left the casket, the worth of which at a moderate computation is said to be $1,250.

TWO HORSES in Patriot, Ohio, belonging to Stephen Lucas, were tied together and left grazing in the yard. In their endeavor to escape the animals knocked over several of the beehives, and they were instantly covered with the angry insects. Before they could be rid of them they were both fatally stung. One of the horses lived but one hour, the other about five hours.

THE other afternoon during the thunderstorm a bolt of lightning struck the kitchen of S. S. Waterhouse, near Orlando, Fla., and demolished a leg of the table at which Mrs. Waterhouse was sitting and leaning upon, but, strange to say, she was only slightly shocked. Two negro girls who were in the kitchen also escaped without injury. The bolt then went across the open hallway and into the dwelling ran across the baseboards, tearing pieces of the building off and scattering them in divers directions and injuring the framework.

A MAN who climbed to the top of Pike's peak one July day found the singal service officer melting snow for his water supply, his only resource. The officer said: "Sometimes I stand at the window with my telescope. The wind without is keen and cutting as a knife. I can see the houses of Colorado Srpings, twenty miles away, the visitors sitting in their shirt sleeves sipping iced drinks to keep cool, and ladies walking about in white summer robes. I lower the glass; the summer scene is gone. Green trees, animal life, men and women fade away like creatures in a dream, and I am the only living thing in a world of eternal ice and snow and silence."

RESUME OF THE NEWS

A Condensed Summary of the Important Telegraphic News of the World.

In Washington.

The civil service commissioner has decided to recommend to the president that the civil service rules be so amended as to exempt from examination clerks on river steamboats, who, also at a nominal salary, act as postal clerks.

The Casualty Calendar.

The dam at Belleville, N. J., gave way destroying $200,000 worth of property.

Thirty persons were killed and eighty injured by the recent earthquake on the island of Kiou Siou, China.

The grape crop for miles around Kingston, N. Y., was almost ruined by the recent storms.

Furnace and casting buildings covering three acres of land, belonging to the Diamond Plate Glass works at Kokomo, Ind., were burned. Loss, $30,000; insurance, $20,000.

San Luis, a village near Santiago de Cuba, has been visited by a disastrous fire. Sixty houses were destroyed and two children were burned to death.

At Concord, N. H., during a rain storm and high wind, the arsenal and five houses were unroofed and several destroyed. An elm tree 125 years old was torn up by the roots.

A saw mill boiler exploded at Golden Gate, Ill., instantly killing Frank Peters, a son of the proprietor, and injuring Joe Wallace and William Fox so badly that they cannot recover.

John Huelson, a farmer about fifty-five years of age, living ten miles from Grand Forks, N. D., was run over by a Manitoba stock train. He died from the effects of his injuries in a short time. He leaves a wife and seven children.

Criminal Doings.

L. D. Dimick, who was shot by his wife in a house of ill fame at Rock Island, Ill, has died from the effects of his wounds.

William O'Brien, M. P., has applied for a new trial of his libel suit against Lord Salisbury for slander.

During a riot among Italian laborers near Pittsburg, one man was killed, another mortally wounded and several severely hurt.

At Wakefield, Mich., five loborers grew quarrelsome over a keg of beer when one of the party, name unknown, had his neck broken by a blow from a car pin.

An unknown man hired a boat at Chicago, and after rowing out into the lake a short distance, stood up in the boat and shot himself, the body falling into the water.

Col. John Arkins, editor of the Rocky Mountains News at Denver, was assaulted by a gang of roughs against whom the paper had been waging a vigorous war.

William L. Ross, note teller in the Nevada bank at San Francisco, who embezzled $95,000 in promissory notes, has been captured at Victoria, B. C.

Andrew C. Drumm, who has full charge of the cattle commission business of A. Drumm & Co., at Kansas City, has disappeared, and $15,000 with him.

Abraham Finkbone, aged twenty-six years, accused of setting fire to the Reading Lumber company's property four times, causing $30,000 damage, hanged himself in jail at Reading, Pa.

Mrs. Isabella Everson, an old Norwegian woman, living alone, was found dead in her bed at Everson, Wis., with her neck broken. There is evidence of foul play. A chest containing her money was found pried open and the contents scattered.

A stone mason named McDonald came home to supper in Ashland, Wis., and went to the kitchen, got the family butcher knife and deliberately cut his throat with it. There is little hope that he will survive. The cause for the act is unknown.

Fred O'Hara, a laborer who killed one of his mates at Wakefield, Wis., with a coupling pin, was captured at Thomastown, a small station on the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic. He claims that he did not intend to kill Fenton, and that when he left he had no knowledge that he had caused his death.

The five men accused of complicity in the murder of Dr. Cronin—Coughlin, Beggs, Woodruff, O'Sullivan and Kunze—were arraigned in Judge Horton's court at Chicago. All pleaded not guilty. In the cases of Beggs, Coughlin, Woodruff and Kunze a motion to quash the indictments was made and entered. O. Sullivan's attorney made a motion for a change of venue from Judge Horton's court.

As the limited train on the Soo was pulling out of the depot at Barron, Wis. J. Horeman, with C. W. Hackett Hardware company, and T. J. Burke, with Allen, Moon & Co., St. Paul, had a very narrow escape, some evil disposed individual firing a shot of heavy caliber through the window by the seat occupied by Hoerman, barely grazing his head. At the same time a large stone was hurled through the window where Burke sat, missing his head about a foot. What object there could have been in this dastardly act cannot be imagined. The Sheriff has been unable to get any trace of the perpetrators as yet.

When M. E. Billings, the alleged murderer of Attorney Kingsley at Waverly, charged Lawyer Monaghan with larceny at Gary, S. D. the latter charged Billings with perjury. The sheriff arrested Billings on the Burlington train and brought him back, and the justice adjourned the case until next morning. That night Billings eluded the sheriff and again sailed out. He was seen one night walking toward the creek, and as he had been acting very strangely the past few days, it was thought by some he had committed suicide and the creek and the woods surrounding it were accordingly searched. It is probably that some one assisted him over the state line into Minnesota.

James W. Smith, the man who attempted to kill himself in Judge McConnell's court room at Chicago when he was found guilty of a criminal assault upon a little girl and sentenced to nine years in the penitentiary, will be a free man when he is able to leave his bed in the county hospital. Judge McConnell has been investigating the rumors that there was a conspiracy to send Smith to prison. He sent for the prisoner's wife and had a long and earnest interview with her in his private chamber in the criminal court building. Mrs. Smith, it is said, desired a divorce, and testified against her husband in order that his conviction might give her grounds for the annulment of the marriage contract. Stricken with remorse at his attempted suicide, she now confesses her perfidy to Judge McConnell, and the latter will set aside the verdict on the grounds of conspiracy.

Magnus Johnson, who has resided in Anoka, Minn., thirteen years and for the past three years boarded with Frank Fink, mysteriously disappeared recently. His body was discovered floating in Rum river, a quarter of a mile above the railroad bridge, Johnson was a sober industrious bachelor, with no known enemies, about thirty-five years old. He held a mortgage of $400 on Fink's house, had money in the bank and considerable on his person the day he disappeared. The face was mashed with a club and a bullet hole was in the side of the head. The coroner held an inquest and examined a number of witnesses. Among them was Petsy Swanson. She loved Magnus, but he didn't seem to reciprocate, although she said he told her they would be married soon. Her father determined to help the match out. The jury rendered a verdict that Johnson came to his death by a bullet fired from a revolver by some person unknown.

The court martial investigation going on at Ft. Omaha promises to develop one of the most sensational scandals ever known in military circles. An officer high in rank says that in his 25 years' experience he has never known an affair quite so disgraceful. He said: "Judging from what I have learned there must have been a preconcerted plan formulated to drive Col. Fletcher out of the army. Mrs. McFarland, Col. Fletcher's sister-in-law, is mixed up in the case. Two years ago this summer, at Atlantic City, her husband attempted to shoot a St. Louis traveling man named Clayton. Mrs. McFarland was present when Dr. Henderson assulted Col. Fletcher. That day she came down town, and in various places of business gave to listening crowds of eagerly attentive clerks and shoppers graphic accounts of the eruption. She told how the colonel had treated her dear sister, what an insanely jealous man he was; the many times he had outrageously abused his wife for no just cause, and a whole catalogue of other acts. It was Mrs. McFarland who insisted on Mrs. Fletcher bundling up her effects and leaving for Philadelphia. Now the colonel is apparently basing all hopes of the case on the anticipation that Mrs. McFarland will be forced to come on from her home in the East and go before the court martial. Mrs. McFarland was in Chicago and promised to be on hand tomorrow.

People of Note.

The funeral of Col. A. E. Jones, murdered by his coachman at Cincinnati, occurred and was one of the largest ever held there.

McKean & Appleton, shoe manufacturers at Salem, have assigned to J. Beebe of Boston. The estimated liabilities are from $65,000 to $75,000.

Gov. Francis of St. Louis has returned from New York, and vigorously denies the report that he was there to sell the Merchants' bridge to Jay Gould.

Gov. Beaver has received through the German consul at New York $10,000 from the people of Berlin, and over $1,200 from the mayor and council of Manheim for the Johnstown sufferers.

From Foreign Shores.

Cretan Mussulmans have burned over 100 houses in a village near Canea. The insurgent leaders have appealed to Greece for assistance.

The British bark Mallsgate, from Newcastle, N. S. W., for San Francisco, has been wrecked on Middletown reef. Part of her crew are missing.

Ex-King Milan and Regents Belimarkovich, Grives and Ristics are conferring together at Vranja on the dynastic question and King Alexander's relations to ex-Queen Natalie.

Miscellaneous.

Between 12,000 to 13,000 coal miners in the Connellsville (Pa) district will strike for higher wages.

It is said that an attempt is being made to sell the new Merchants' bridge at St. Louis to Jay Gould.

It is probable that the dominion military system will be extended to the Northwest this year.

The work of the Idaho convention is rapidly nearing an end. The bill of rights was subjected to a general discussion and was finally passed.

The rivers Neisse, Bober and Zacken have again overflowed their banks, and a repetition is feared of the frightful disasters of the 3d of August last.

A syndicate has been formed which has secured the gas rights in Indiana of between 50,000 and 60,000 acres, and will pipe the natural gas to Chicago.

Senator Evarts' law partner, Mr. Beaman, states that he knows that Mr. Evarts did not draft a constitution for the North Dakota constitutional convention as has been reported.

The writs of habeas corpus and certiorari in the Ives and Stayner case were dismissed in supreme court chambers at New York without argument, and the prisoners were returned to Ludlow street jail.

At a meeting of the general committee of the Pennsylvania coke workers arrangements were made to carry on a long struggle. The strikers, numbering over ten thousand, are confident of success.

The statement that the Standard Oil company has bought up all the white lead companies in the United States and pays about $60,000,000 for them, is emphatically denied by President W. P. Thompson, of the national lead trust.

The latest development in trusts is the English syndicate that is trying to corner the enameled and patent leather trade of all America. There are in the United States twenty-six factories. Their total capital is about $5,000,000, and they employ about 4,000 men.

Special Agent M. Krebs, who was sent out to allot the land of the Indians at the Devils Lake reservation, Fort Totten, N. D., has reported to the Indian office that all his efforts have been unsuccessful. He says the Indians are dissatisfied and decline to take lands in severalty. They claim that through some error in boundary lines they have been cheated out of 64,000 acres of land. They all ask that each child be given 160 acres of land, instead of 80 and 40 acres, as is provided for the allotment law. Another objection of the red men to the severalty proposition is that under the new relations they would be called on to pay taxes.

The Markets.

NEW YORK.

Wheat,—No 2 red, 88c.; No 3 red, 83c.; No 1 red, $1@1.00½; No 1 white, 95c.; ungraded red, 74@89½c.; Corn, No 2, 43¼@43½c.; elevator, 44¼@44½c.; Oats, No 2 white, 33½@34c.; mixed western, 26@29c.; do white, 34@40c.; No 2 Chicago, 28½c.; Eggs, western, 13@13½c.; Butter, western dairy, 10@12½c.; do creamery, 11½@17c.; do factory, 8@12½c.; cheese, western, 6½@7½.

CHICAGO.

Cash quotations were as follows: Flour nominally unchanged: No. 2 spring wheat, 82¾c.; No. 3 spring wheat nominal; No. 2 red, 82¾c; No. 2 corn, 34½c; No. 2 oats, 22¼c; No. 2 rye, 42½@43c; No. 2 barley nominal; No. 1 flax seed, $1.33½; prime timothy seed, $1.46; mess pork, per bbl. $11; lard, per 100 lbs, $6.17½@6.20; Butter, fancy creamery, 15½@16¼c.; fine, 13½@14c.; finest dairies, 11½@12c.; fair to good, 9@10. Eggs, dull and unchanged.

MINNEAPOLIS.

WHEAT.—No. 1, northern, 90c@$1; No. 2 Northern, 89@90c; No. 3 Northern, 88@90c. Oats, 26@27c. Hay, $7.25@7.50. Corn, 34@35c. Feed, $13.50@$14. Flax, $1.27; Chicago, $1.33. Flour.—Patents in sacks to local dealers, $5.45@5.65; patents to ship, sacks, car lots, $5.25@5.40; in barrels, $5.45@5.65; delivered at New England points, $6.25@6.40; New Points, $6.15@6.30; delivered at Philadelphia and Baltimore, $6.10@6.25; bakers' here, $3.50@4.15; superfine, $1.90@2.65; red dog, sacks, $1.30@1.50; red dog, barrels, $1.50@1.65.

ST. PAUL.

Prices on incoming trains only: Wheat, No. 1 hard, $1.02@1.03; No. 1 Northern, 95@96c; No. 2 Northern, 82@86c. Corn, No. 2, 34½@35½c; July, 35½c; No. 3, 35c. Oats, No. 2 white, 27½@28½c; July, 20½@28½c; No. 3, 22@25c. Rye, No. 2, 61c. Barley No. 2, 50c bid; No. 3, 35@45c; No. 4, 35@40c. Ground Feed, 14.50. Corn Meal, Unbolted, $14.25 Bran, $8.25. Hay, No. 1 upland prairie, $7.50; No. 1, $7; timothy, $10. Eggs, $3.50@3.75 per case. Flour, Patents, $5.60; straight, $4.90; bakers', $3.50; rye, $2.75@3.20; buckwheat, $3. Butter, Extra creamery, 14@15c; extra dairy, 11@13c; firsts, 9@10c; packing stock, 7@8c; grease, 3@5c.

DULUTH.

Wheat. No. 1 hard cash and July, 90½c; August, 86½c; September, 83c; October, 84c; December, 84c; No. 1 Northern, cash, 93c; No. 2 Northern, cash, 82c. August corn 35½c.

SOON TO BE DECIDED.

The Last Council Held Before Signing Begins at Standing Rock Agency.

STANDING ROCK AGENCY, N. D., Special Telegram, July 31.—The last of the councils for explanation and catechism was held to-day, and the rolls will be opened at the agent's office for signatures. About the same number were present to-day as at the other talks here, and generally the same individuals. Gov. Foster opened the ball with a short talk, in which he hoped no one would attempt his opinion till he had heard the evidence. John Grass, as usual, was spokesman for the Indians. Maj. Warner took the floor to answer the questions and objections of John Grass. He explained the provisions for taking land as laid down in the treaty of 1868, and showed wherein they differed from the present treaty. He also complimented them upon the advancement they had made in agriculture, and assured them that the great father was very proud to see it. Mention was also made of the amount of land each Indian could take under this bill, as well as the amount of money to be received from their lands if even only one-third should be sold. The major concluded in these words: "We are sitting here as judges to weigh the evidence and decide, and a judge who determines a case before he hears the evidence is neither fair nor just." After quite an elaborate explanation from Gov. Foster of the right of eminent domain, and a further question from John Grass, to which Maj. Warner made satisfactory answer, Gen. Crook proceeded to

COVER HIMSELF WITH GLORY

by one of the most impressive talks of the entire series of meetings since the beginning, concluding as follows: "If the chiefs do not accept this new order of things they must give way to those who have brains and vigor to do so. No power can prevent it, for it is the march of progress and must come. We want to explain this to you fully, so that you may provide against the future. You have families whom you love, and I know that your worry is what will become of them when you die. The only safe way is to get your land, have it yours, and then when you die it will belong to your families. Each of you must decide for himself, and the chiefs should remember that they are responsible if their influence leads you astray. You will find that the government is your best friend, both past and in the future. I think you have now heard the bill fully explained and must understand it. The rolls will be opened at 10 o'clock to-morrow in the agent's office, where those who wish may sign." The situation here at this time is unlike anything at the other agencies. The Indians seem to have a more complete and intelligent appreciation of the principal features of the bill and to discuss them with more acumen.

Double Execution.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 31.—Charles Dilger, the murderer of two policemen last August, and Harry Smart, murderer of Meisner Green and wife, were hanged here to-day. When the rope was cut both men shot down through the traps. Smart turned round and probably died instantly, but Dilger slipped through the noose, the rope catching him over the chin at the lower teeth. He was seemingly unhurt, and was drawn up by the rope until his shoulders came through the trap, when the deputies took him by the arms and pulled him upon the scaffold. A new rope was brought into service, and when the noose was adjusted Dilger asked: "What's the matter?" When being told "the rope has slipped its knot," he said: "This shows I should not die." He placed himself upon the trap the second time by making two hops. The drop was again sprung and he strangled to death.

The crime for which Charles Dilger paid the severest penalty of the law was an especially brutal and revolting one, the double murder of two policemen, Thursday, Aug. 16, Officers James W. Jones and Joe Rosenberg were startled by cries of "murder," "help," in a female voice. The cries came from the house No. 98 Lafayette street. The officers ran in and found Charles Dilger in the act of beating Mary Burns, with whom he was living, but what took place in there has never been discovered. A few minutes later Dilger ran down the street with blood streaming from his head. He was arrested two hours later. In the hallway of the landing on the second floor was the dead body of Officer Jones. He had been killed with a knife. In the room occupied by Dilger and the woman Officer Rosenberg was found, insensible from a knife wound on the right temple. He died the next afternoon.

The crime for which Harry Smart was hanged was the murder on the 5th of July, 1888, of Meisner Green and an abandoned woman named Belle Ward. The murder was committed in a row boat and the conviction was upon circumstantial evidence.

Burke to Be Returned.

OTTAWA, Ont., Special Telegram, July 31.—Sir John Thompson lost no time after hearing that the appeal had been refused in issuing his warrant for the extradition of Burke, the Chicago suspect, from Winnipeg, which he signed to-day. The warrant was forwarded to Winnipeg this afternoon.

READY TO RETURN.

WINNIPEG, Special Telegram, July 31.—Chief Hubbard of Chicago arrived to-day for the purpose of escorting Martin Burke back to Chicago. There are now five officers in the city, including the chief and Lieut. Ross, and they will be reinforced at the boundary by three or four others, and an additional force will join at St. Paul. So that the rescuing party that carries off Burke will have to be pretty strong. This afternoon Chief Hubbard had consultation with Mr. Howell on matters relative to the case. Gov. Lawler will take Burke as far as the boundary, and will then transfer him to Chief Hubbard. It is not expected to leave before Saturday, which is the earliest date the extradition order can reach here from Ottawa. State Senator Kennedy returned south to-day to his home at Appleton, Wis. He found himself unable to carry out his purpose of remaining and accompanying Burke south, owing to inability to spare the time. Kennedy had a long talk with Burke in his cell last night, during which no doubt he impressed upon his client the importance of him keeping his mouth shut while on the way to Chicago.

A Bad Smash-Up.

CINCINNATI, July 31.—The fast passenger train that left Hamilton to-night going west collided with a freight train coming east at a bend in the road at Ogleton, two miles east of Oxford. The "pusher" is an engine used to go out with freight trains and assist their engines by pushing at the rear of the train. These pushers go as far as Connersville and then return to Hamilton, sometimes returning with freight cars. It was a pusher running wild, returning from Connersville, that collided with the passenger train. The latter was running at a very high speed. The place is remote from telegraph stations and definite news is hard to obtain. It is known, however, that it was a bad smash-up. Fireman Lee was killed outright, a Mr. Dady is dying, Baggage Master Shimbs was killed, Engineer Dougherty was badly hurt and a Mr. Brannan, a fireman, was severely hurt. Seven of the injured were brought to Hamilton by a relief train late to-night. It is believed that the number of killed and injured will not be greater than twelve or fourteen. This report was obtained by telephone from Hamilton, and the news there at this hour is not very definite.

Another dispatch states that but three or four trainmen were killed and several badly injured, while still another places the list of dead at from six to twenty people. It is impossible to get definite information to-night.

Want Elevator Facilities.

WASHINGTON, Special Telegram, July 31.—The supervising architect of the treasury has received the letter of Postmaster Flynn of Duluth complaining that plans were not satisfactory. The designers planned the best building they could for the money at their disposal, which was only $131,500, after paying $18,500 for the site. They succeeded better than they usually do in such cases; that is, the complaints made are more moderate and the changes asked less material than they are accustomed to when plans for public buildings are submitted to the people who are to occupy them. Some of the changes in the plans suggested by Postmaster Flynn will be made; others are not architecturally practicable. The designers say they have examined a point to make the building as large as possible, so they fear there will be no money available for an elevator. They say, however, that room has been left for an elevator in the hallway, and that it can be put in at any time before or after the building is finished. If there is any money left after putting up the building it will be used for an elevator; if not, the Duluthites must hustle for an appropriation. The designers fully understand that the building is too small for the purpose it is designed to serve, and have so planned it that it can be enlarged at any time by an addition to the back.

Forcing England's Hand.

WASHINGTON, Special Telegram, July 31.—The seizure of a British sealer in Behring sea settles all doubts as to the secret instructions under which the revenue marine gunboats were sent out. The public orders to the vessels have always been the same—to enforce the law and prevent the catching of seal out of season and out of the limits. Many people believe that Mr. Bayard's pacific and waiting policy would be continued by this administration, and that the patrolling of Behring sea would be a mere matter of form. This belief encouraged a large number of piratical sealers to cruise in the sea, and if the policy indicated by the seizure of the Black Diamond is followed up, there will probably be a large number of seizures before the summer is over. It is not unlikely that this policy has been determined upon in order to force Great Britain to consider the proposition for an international agreement. Should a claim for damages be made for the seizure of the Canadian sealer, the resulting negotiations may bring up a discussion of the merits of the case and open a way for the desired understanding. The state department officials do not anticipate any trouble over the seizure of the Black Diamond.

The Next Speaker—Probably.

WASHINGTON, Special Telegram, July 31.—Congressman McKinley, who will be the next speaker, unless all signs fail, is here. He thinks the first duty of the Republican party is to revise the tariff, and he thinks that duty should have been performed before taking up questions of appointments and patronage. Differences and jealousies have arisen over questions of patronage that may prevent the harmonious co-operation of the party in congress with the administration. Maj. McKinley says that in order to command a majority, the bill must be framed in a most liberal spirit, to all interests and must rest on mutual concessions and intelligent compromise, without, of course, surrendering the principle of the protection to home industry. He thinks such a bill would command even Republican vote in the house. Maj. McKinley expects a tariff bill will become a law at the next session. He does not anticipate serious trouble over the organization of the house. The Republican majority is certain though small, and he does not think the Democrats will do anything so ridiculous as to filibuster against the election of a speaker. He favors deferring the attempt to adopt a complicated and complete code of rules.

A Human Trust.

CHICAGO, July 31.—All the ballet girls in the West will soon be under the control of a wealthy English syndicate, which has headquarters and resident partners in Chicago. English capitalists are now looking at the theatrical business of America as well as the beer business, with the view of investing their sovereigns and controlling players and play houses. The intelligence that a New York manager had been offered $500,000 for a two-thirds interest in his houses was hardly received from the wires when a novel and extensive trust was discovered within the walls of Chicago itself. W. H. Morton, of the Columbia theater, is the agent of the British company. Associated with and interested with Mr. Morton in the venture are David Henderson, of the Chicago opera house, and Horace McVicker. It has become so difficult to secure a good ballet that such a scheme was absolutely necessary, to say nothing of the profits as a business enterprise. Mr. Morton has already secured three thousand girls for his trust. Some of them receive a regular salary, others half-pay, but all will be at Mr. Morton's beck and call.

Dire Disaster Averted.

CHICAGO, July 31.—The Transcontinental association to-day finally succeeded in staving off the disaster that has threatened it, and securing an extension of existence for a period of three months at least. The dispute between the Southern Pacific and the Canadian Pacific was settled by a compromise. The latter, though still refusing to abrogate its differentials entirely, agreed to reduce them to the extent of 25 to 35 per cent, which is a greater concession than was offered last week. The Southern Pacific accepted the proposition on trial for ninety days, agreeing to suspend action on its notice of withdrawal during that time. This restores harmony for the time being, and it is not believed that the quarrel will again be revived. The Northern Pacific, which had also given notice of withdrawal on account of its controversy with the Union Pacific, will hold its notice in abeyance pending the negotiations now in progress between the officials of the roads in New York.

Forest Fires.

HELENA, Mont., Special Telegram, July 31.—From Helena west, north and south a great black cloud of smoke hangs over the country, and for six days the sun has not been able to pierce the darkness. Granville Stuart estimates the damage each day the fire continues at $500,000. At Missoula the streets, buildings and sidewalks are covered with ashes. The air is like a blast from a furnace. The atmosphere is filled with crisp embers that have descended like a light fall of snow. It is estimated that the loss in Jefferson county from forest fires will aggregate in the neighborhood of $250,000. Fire is now raging in Boulder canyon, and has been most destructive of property. In the neighborhood of the great mining camp of Philipsburg the damage has been immense, while the town of Granite is in imminent danger of being destroyed. The mountains about the city are almost all ablaze and the heat and stifling smoke are almost unbearable.

Canadian Crops.

WINNIPEG, Special Telegram, July 31.—A crop bulletin issued to-day gives the following highly satisfactory account of the state of the crops throughout Manitoba and the territories: Reports state there has been wonderful improvement in the condition of the crops during the past two weeks at Morden, Glenboro, Cartwright and Deloraine. Wheat and barley harvesting has begun, and if favorable weather continues harvesting will be general about the 10th of August, fully two weeks earlier than former years. A noticeable fact is that samples of wheat which will yield twenty-five bushels to the acre can be obtained in any district in the province or in the territories, and this fact strengthens the opinion of practical farmers that a partial failure of the wheat crop is almost wholly due to bad or careless farming. A thoroughly competent authority estimates the wheat crop at 10,000,000 bushels, and it may possibly go over.

Fooled the Dakota Authorities.

WATERLOO, Iowa, Special Telegram, July 31.—M. E. Billings, who escaped from the sheriff at Gary, S. D., arrived here to-day. He went to the clerk of the court and got a copy of his bail bond, stating that he wanted it so that if the reports from Dakota should make any trouble he could surrender himself on the charge of murder, for which he was held. He said that the trouble in Dakota grew out of a difficulty over an old case in Waverly. This evening a dispatch was received from Gary, instructing the sheriff to arrest and hold him. The officer went after him, but Billings surrendered himself in exoneration of his bond in the case against him for murder, and is now in jail on that charge, and the Dakota authorities are too late.

DAKOTA MENTION.

Condensed Happenings Throughout Both North and South Dakota.

Hay is selling at $15 per ton in South Dakota with the prospect of a good crop.

The proprietor of a gambling saloon at Sioux Falls named Bersey was fined $100 and costs.

An electric street railway company has been organized at Grand Forks, and will build a road.

The Burlington and Missouri railroad is advertising in the Deadwood papers for fifty tie choppers.

Regular Kentucky bluegrass is growing finely in Buffalo county and is two feet high. So says the Gann Valley Chief.

The present season has been unprecedent in the history of the Black Hills for the number of deaths that have occurred from lightning.

Christopher Lewison, living near Lead City, while trying to hold a runaway team, had an arm broken, and was internally injured.

During a recent storm at Spearfish, Frank Shannon, a laborer, was knocked down by lightning, and remained insensible for six hours.

A reward of $50 is offered for the apprehension of James Buckner and Marshal Miner, the menwho are accused of taking valuable property from parties at Ipswich.

Albert Burton, a stone cutter at Rowena, had his left arm badly shattered by a splinter from his hammer being driven into the flesh near the elbow.

A short time ago workmen were engaged all day lathing and plastering a new church being built in Sioux Falls. The press referred to it as a "pleasant little inconsistency."

The large fish pond of A. M. Morse, near Tilford, was washed out during a heavy storm. The pond covered about an acre and was filled with carp. The loss is estimated at $5,000.

The Deadwood Central railroad has increased its rate of fare between Deadwood and Lead City, with the result that a hack line has been put on in opposition to it between those points.

The county commissioners of Rollette county have appealed to the chief executive of Dakota to have him enforce the payment of taxes by the half-breed and Indian farmers living in that section.

During the progress of a court trial at Mandan District Attorney Voss and J. E. Campbell, attorney for the defendant, had an altercation which resulted in Campbell knocking Voss down in open court.

The deal has been inclosed which insures the establishment of cement works in Yankton. Ground has been purchased and work on the building, which will be 75 by 500 feet in size, will commence immediately.

Deadwood Pioneer: An aggregate of $13,000 has been received at the treasurer's office for liquor licenses. As the fee in each case is $250 for the half year, this means fifty-two saloons now doing business in the county. Of the number twenty-one operate in Deadwood.

Sioux Falls Journal: With statehood the Dakotas are bound to grow, and nothing can prevent it. It will not be an unhealthy and unnatural growth, inspired by speculators who skip from one green pasture to another, but an honest, steady and straightforward growth in town and country.

An Aberdeen man, says an exchange, has hit upon a scheme to make a stake in the capital contest. It is to go to each town which is a capital aspirant and make a bet against that town. He will only lose in one and win in all the rest, and is of course bound to come out ahead in the deal.

A man in the western part of the territory advertized for a wife the other day, and in about twenty-four hours he began to receive innumerable letters from married men, saying he could have theirs. The fellow has had his advertisement taken out and has also changed his mind, having come to the conclusion that marriage is a failure.

Buffalo Gap Globe, As to irrigation in the Black Hills, though is perhaps as little needed here as anywhere, there are thousands of farms here that could be so cheaply irrigated that it is past understanding why they are not. For there isn't a farm in any country that isn't far more valuable by reason of having an irrigating ditch on it.

Madison Leader; Quite an annoying and expensive accident occurred at the electric light works. It seems that a machinist from Sioux City was engaged adjusting the new engine and placed it in motion without removing the canvas covers from the dynamos. The result was the canvas was drawn into the incandescent dynamo, completely destroying it. The dynamo had been used but one night.

Mitchell Republican: The eastern papers are up to their old tricks of making out that the crops of Dakota are a total failure this year. The facts are, so far as this section is concerned, that wheat and oats will beat all previous records and flax, hay and vegetables will equal the average for the past five year. The writer has lived through seven seasons in Dakota and has yet to chronicle a total crop failure, which is more than can be said of any other western state for the same period.

WORK OF THE WITS.

A horse may pull with all his might, but never with his mane.

The mother of the modern girl says her daughter is like a piece of cheap calico—she won't wash.

Westerner—"Yes, sir, I believe it is absolutely impossible to reform a horse-thief." Easterner—"Nothing easier. Make a sailor of him."

Education without experience is of about as much use to a man as a lace petticoat would be to the wife of an Eskimo fisherman.

It would Seem So.—Ted—Is love really blind? Ned—I suppose so. You know a fellow seldom goes to see his girl until its dark.

When a river is bank full is the time when a run is made on the bank. In the case of other banks the run is made when the bank is about empty.

Poet—"I know now how Columbus must have felt when he discovered America." Editor—"How is that?" Poet (gaily)—"Why, I've just found a dime in my last summer's suit.

A Chicago Quarrel. Lawyer Quibble—"You a doctor!" Why, you couldn't cure a ham!" Dr. Sawbones—"And you, sir; you couldn't try a case of land."—Puck.

He—"What made you start so?" She—"I didn't hear you coming. I was wrapped in thought." He—"Well, that ought to make a pretty comfortable costume these hot days."

Mr. Bertie—"Do you like the engagement ring, dearest?" Miss Gertie—"Yes, it is just splendid and so different from what the others have given me."—Epoch.

If a man is dead sure of anything in this world he can gamble on it. The trouble with the average man is that he is not quite certain of what he knows. It all depends upon somebody else.

The latest medical pronunciamento is that smoking after meals is injurious. Since it is already established that smoking before meals is injurious, the only refuge is to stop eating.—Pitsburg Dispatch.

A boy in a public school, on being asked to define the word responsibility, said: "Well, my trousers have got two buttons on; if one should come off the other would be responsible for the trousers."

Foreman—"I want to employ a good strong man to wheel brick. Have you been engaged in work that would harden your muscles?" Applicant—"Yes, sir. I've been employed in Wheeling West Virginia."—Omaha World.

Wibble—"What do you think of this idea of adopting the sunflower as the national flower?" Wabble—"Pretty good idea, I think. It is typical of quite a numerous class of Americans. It makes a big spread all summer, and is seedy in the fall."

Ground for Doubt—Prospective Tourist—I'm going west because I have reason to believe that it's a great place to settle in. Returned Tourist—I'm not so sure of that. I lived there ten years myself, and never paid a bill while I was there.

Of Little Consequence—I'll sue you for $20,000, you scoundrel! cried old Brown; "you've drawn the wrong tooth." "Don't grow excited about a little thing of that kind," returned the little dentist; "it will cost you only five dollars to have it put back.

"What do you think of a man who will bury two children in the morning and go to a ball game in the afternoon?" asked a well-known joker of a party of friends in an up-town resort one evening. "He's a brute," was the answer. Then all wanted to know who he was. "An undertaker," was the reply.

"Now, boys," asked the miser, as twelve pairs of eyes gazed hungrily at the steak over which he invitingly held the knife and fork, "how many of you will take a nickle and go to bed without any supper?" With visions of tops, marbles and similar attractions, there was a ready chorus of "I's," but; alas for their brighthued dreams! In the morning refreshed by sleep, their appetites whetted to a ravenous degree, the old man asked. "And now, who will give five cents for his breakfast?"

Sun Spots and Their Effect On the Earth.

A huge sun spot, comparable in magnitude with some of the great spots seen five or six years ago, is now visible on the solar disk. A good eye should be able to see it with the aid af a smoked glass. It is fully three diameters of the earth across, and somewhat irregular in outline. Along the edge of the dark central chasm the familiar tongue-shaped projections of photospheric flame can be seen. The whole aspect of the spot is such as to remind the observer that the mysterious commotion which affects the surface of the solar globe, reaching a maximum once in every eleven years, is about to manifest itself again after several years of comparative repose. It will be interesting to notice how much information we shall be able to gather during the coming sun-spot period upon the vexed question of the connection between sun spots and the weather. The theory that there is a most intimate relation of that kind has received enthusiastic support in some quarters since the Sun called general attention, nine or ten years ago, to the grounds upon which it was based. But the highest authorities in astronomy and meteorology have not yet accepted the hypothesis as proved, except so far as the undoubted connection between solar disturbances and terrestrial magnetism is concerned.—New York Sun.

TALMAGE AT ST. PAUL

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine Delivers a Discourse at the Minnesota Capital,

His Subject Is from the Words of the Apostle Paul: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ."

ST. PAUL, Minn., July, 28—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., preached in this city to-day. His subject was "The Earthquake," and he took for his text: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—Acts xvi., 31. The sermon was as follows:

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now; but they were worse in the apostolic times. I imagine to-day we are standin the Philipian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groan of those incarcerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight, and the deep sigh of women who remember their father's house and mourn over their wasted estate? Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive, or the struggle of one in the nightmare of a great horror. You listen again and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams, and you say: "God pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is a song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's that? What's that."

It is the song of Paul and Silas. They can not sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they can not sleep. But they can sing. Jailer, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? Oh, they have been trying to make the world better. Is that all? That is all, a pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anethema for Philip Melancthon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas. But while we are standing in the gloom of the Philippian dungeon, and we hear the mingling voices of sob and groan and blasphemy and hallelujah, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave, and all the doors swing open. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners and beliving, in his pagan ignorance, suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself and Cato killed himself and Cassius killed himself—puts his sword to his own heart, proposing with one strong, keen thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cries out: "Stop! Stop! Do thyself no harm. We are all here." Then I see the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Did Paul answer: "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake; put handcuffs and hoppies on these other prisoners lest they get away?" No word of that kind. His compact, thrilling, tremendous answer, answer all through earth and heaven, was: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Well, we have all read of the earthquake in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo, and in Caraccas, but we live in a latitude where severe volcanic disturbances are rare. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was left in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade and he says to himself: "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But in 1837 or in 1857 or in 1873 a national panic strikes the foundations of the commercial world and crash goes all that magnificent business establishment. Here is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life honest, temperate, and pure. When the evening lights are struck there is a happy and unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at Long Branch. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurled the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundations of that beautiful home. The piano closed; the curtains dropped; the laughter hushed. Crash! go all those domestic hopes and prospects and expectations. So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man of the text, and we cried out as he did: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.

There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials, but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the savior in some parts of the bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the bible he is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the bible he is called "Christ," but there might be no mistake about this passage all three names come together—"the Lord Jesus Christ."

Now, who is this being that you want me to trust in and believe in? Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character, but I can not trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You can not put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of, and am I unreasonable to-day when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in? No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea that had never been inspected. No, you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you can not expect me to risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is made of and where it was made and what it is. When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in you tell me he was a very attractive person. Contemporary writers describe his whole appearance as being resplendent. There was no need for Christ to tell the children to come to him. "Suffer little children to come unto me," was not spoken to the children; it was spoken to the disciples. The children came readily enough without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones jumped from their mother's arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into his lap. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on his bosom; John could not help but put his head there. I suppose to look at Christ was to love him. Oh, how attractive his manner! Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they could and brought them out that he might look at them. There was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything he did, in his very look. When these sick ones were brought out did he say: "Do not bring these sores; do not trouble me with these leprosies?" No, no; there was a kind look, there was a gentle word, there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from him.

In addition to this softness of character there was a fiery momentum. How the kings of the earth turned pale! Here is a plain man with a few sailors at his back, coming off the sea of Galilee, going up to the palace of the Cæsars, making that palace quake to the foundations, and uttering a word of mercy and kindness which throbs through all the earth and through all the heavens and through all ages. Oh, he was a loving Christ! But it was not effeminacy or insipidity of character, it was accompanied with majesty, infinite and omnipotent. Lest the world should not realize his earnestness this Christ mounts the cross.

You say: "If Christ has to die why not let him take some deadly potion an lie on a couch in some bright and beautiful home? If he must die let him expire amid all kindly intentions." No, the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the death rattle of the sufferer. The world must feel his warm blood dropping on each cheek while it looks up into the face of his anguish. And so the cross must be lifted and a hole is dug on the top of Calvary. It must be dug three feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the ground, and the sufferer is stretched upon it, and the nails are pounded through nerve and muscle and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand, and then shake his right hand to see if it is fast, and they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders under the weight, and they put the end of the cross in the mouth of the hole, and they plunge it in, all the weight of his body coming down for the first time on the spikes; and while some hold the cross upright others throw in the dirt and trample it down, and trample it hard. Oh, plant that tree well and thoroughly for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore. Why did Christ endure it? He could have taken those rocks and with them crushed his crucifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the omnipotent God and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdition. But no; he was to die. He must die. His life for your life. In a European city a young man died on the scaffold for the crime of murder. Some time after the mother of this young man was dying and the priest came in and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer and not her son; in a moment of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slew him. The son came suddenly into the room and was washing away the wounds and trying to resuscitate his father when some one looked through the window and saw him and supposed him to be the criminal. The young man died for his own mother. You say: "It was wonderful that he never exposed her." But I tell you a grander thing. Christ, the son of God, died not for his mother nor for his father, but for his sworn enemies. Oh, such a Christ as that—so loving, so patient, so self-sacrificing—can you not trust him? I think there are many under the influence of the spirit of God who are saying; "I will trust him if you will only tell me how;" and the question asked by thousands is: "How? how?" And while I answer your question I look up and utter the prayer which Rowland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons: "Master, help!" How are you to trust in Christ? Just as you trust anyone. You trust your partner in business with important things. If a commercial house gives you a note payable three months hence you expect the payment of that note at the end of three months. You have perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. Or, again, you go home expecting there will be food on the table. You have confidence in that. Now, I ask you to have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus Christ. He says: "You believe I take away your sins and they are all taken away." "What!" you say, "before I pray any more? Before I read my bible any more? Before I cry over my sins any more?" Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that? Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference; but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are, then deal with him as fairly. "Oh," says some one in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that he died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart? I will illustrate the difference. You are in your own house. In the morning you open a newspaper and you read how Capt. Braveheart on the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers: You say: "What a grand fellow he must have been! His family deserve very well of the country." You fold the newspaper and sit down at the table and perhaps do not think of that incident again. That is historical faith.

But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep, and you are awakened by the shriek of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear amid the wringing of the hands and the fainting the cry "No hope! no hope! We are lost! we are lost!" The sail puts out its wings of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of wrecks hisses in the waves and on the hurricane-deck shakes out its banner of smoke and darkness. "Down with the lifeboats!" cries the captain. "Down with the lifeboats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full. Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain. Who shall it be? You or the captain? The captain says "You." You jump and are saved. He stands there and dies. Now, you believe that Capt. Braveheart sacrificed himself for his passengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long-continued exclamations, with grief at his loss and joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart and believe in regard to yourself. On this hinge turns my sermon; aye, the salvation of your immortal soul. You often go across a bridge you know nothing about. You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of, but you come to it and walk over it and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Rock of Ages," and built by the architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God asks you is to walk across it, and you start and you come to it and you stop, and you fall back and you experiment. You say, "How do I know that bridge will hold me?" instead of marching on with firm step, asking no questions, but feeling that the strength of the eternal God is under you. Oh, was there ever a prize proffered to you? For how much? A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that. "Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to make. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.

Don't Know it.

There is a mine of interesting matter to be gleaned from the United States treasury by any one who knows where to search. I was talking with an old treasury official, one who has been there so long in a particular bureau that it would be almost impossible to fill his place acceptably when he said: "There is any amount of money due people who do not call for it in the United States treasury. You see there have been 10 great loans made to the United States in the past 60 years. The oldest I ever had anything to do with was that maturing in 1836—I think it was. I is about all paid, but there is still nearly $110,000 in principal and interest, due somebody. It will probably never be called for. And, speaking of that war of 1836, there is a curious incident connected with my last reference to those old books relating to that claim. It was while Judge Folger was secretary.

"One morning an old man came in to me who was from a New Egland state. He said that about twenty years ago he found some old stock or bonds among the papers of an uncle (mentioning his name; he had been a man of national reputation for ability, and had a comfortable fortune for those days, that is, from 1820 to 1840), and he had come to the United States treasury to find out if they were worth anything, as they seemed to be United States bonds. I looked at them. They were 10 of the 'old debt' bonds, and were indeed curiosities. They were old and yellow from age, but were worth, principal and interest $70,000 in gold, for there were 10 years interest due on them."

State Abbreviations

The most egotistical of the United States, "Me."; most religious, "Mass"; most Asiatic, "Ind."; fahher of states, "Pa."; most maidenly, "Miss."; best in time of flood, "Ark."; most useful in haying time, "Mo."; decimal state, "Tenn."; state of exclamation, "La"; most astonishing state, "O."; most unhealthy state, "Ill."; state to cure the sick, "Md."; state for students, "Conn."; state where there is no such word as fail, "Kan."; not a state for the 'untidy, "Wash."—Youth's Companion.

NORTH DAKOTA.

Another Week's Work Put in but the Constitution not yet Licked Into Shape.

Some of the Main Provisions that Were Considered and Debated in the Convention.

The convention which has been in session at Bismarck is about ready to adjourn. The appropriation is nearly exhausted; there is less than $2,000 left, and that will not last a week. Some of the members want to go home for a few days on account of their crops and others on account of the Republican primaries, notably in Grand Forks, Stutsman and La Moure counties.

THE COURTS.

The judiciary committee has completed its labors and has reported to the convention. The committee recommends that a supreme court of three judges be established; that there be six judicial districts with as many judges, and that the present system of justices of the peace be retained. The committee sits down on the proposed plan of the establishment of county courts, and this, it is believed, will draw considerable fire from the convention, as a minority report on this question will be submitted. The question of whether the supreme court shall hold all its sessions at the capital or whether one session each shall be held at Bismarck, Fargo and Grand Forks, has been settled by the committee in favor of holding all terms at the capital. The terms of the judges of the supreme court are to be six years, any vacancy by death or otherwise to be filled by appointment of the governor, the appointee to serve until the next general election. It is provided that no person shall be eligible to the office of supreme judge who is not a citizen of the United States, thirty years of age and a citizen of the state at least five years. To be eligible to the judgeship of the district court the candidate must be twenty-five years of age and a resident of the state two years prior to the day of election. The judicial districts are created as follows:

First—The counties of Pembina, Cavalier, Walsh, Nelson and Grand Forks.

Second—Counties of Ramsey, Towner, Benson, Pierce, Rolette, Bottineau, McHenry, Church, Renville, Ward, Stevens, Mountraille, Garfield, Flannery and Buford.

Third—Counties of Cass, Steel and Traill.

Fourth—Counties of Richland, Ransom, Sargent, Dickey and McIntosh.

Fifth—Counties of Logan LaMoure, Stutsman, Barnes, Wells, Foster, Eddy, and Griggs.

Sixth—Counties of Burleigh, Emmons, Kidder, Sheridan, McLean, Morton, Oliver, Mercer, Williams, Stark, Hettinger, Bowman, Billings, McKenzie, Dunn, Wallace and Alfred, and that portion of the Sioux Indian reservation lying north of the seventh standard parallel.

The minority report of the committee on the judicial department was submitted and was signed by Bartlett of Griggs, Moer, Johnson, Robertson, Stevens and Rame. It provides for the election of a county judge in each organized county, whose term of office shall be two years. It gives the county courts original jurisdiction in all matters of probate, guardianships and settlements of the estates of deceased persons, and in all cases of lunacy. In countries having a population of 2,000 or over these courts shall also have concurrent jurisdiction with the district courts in all civil cases wherein the amount in controversy does not exceed $1,000. It also provides for the allowance of writs of error or appeal to district courts. The qualification for the position of county judge in counties with over 2,000 population are the same as those of district judge and the salary in such counties shall be $1,500. The office of justice of the peace is virtually abolished. These are the main points in the minority report of the judiciary committee, and as the convention is pretty evenly divided on the question it is the subject of much discussion.

SCHOOL LANDS.

The committee on school lands has reported its proposed article. It provides that the proceeds from the sale of school lands shall be a trust fund, the principal of which shall forever remain inviolate and may be increased but never diminished, the state to make good all losses thereon; the interest and income shall be used for the support of the schools only, and after one year from the assembling of the first legislature the lands may be disposed of as follows: No more than one-fourth of the lands shall be sold within five years, no more than one-half of the remainder in ten years. The remainder may be sold as soon as salable at not less than $10 per acre.

MEMBERS OF THE LEGISLATURE.

The legislative committee provides that the senate shall consist of not less than thirty nor more than fifty members, and that the house shall have not less than sixty nor more than 140, the senators to be divided into two classes to be elected for two and four years, respectively. It also provides that the trading of votes among members shall be considered bribery. The sessions shall not exceed ninety days, for which the compensation paid shall be $300 and the mileage 10 cents. No act shall take effect until sixty days after the adjournment. In nearly all respects the proposed article is in harmony with the provisions of the complete constitution introduced by Williams.

IMPEACHMENT.

The article proposed by the committee on impeachment provides that all impeachments shall be tried by the senate. When the governor and lieutenant governor is on trial the presiding judge of the supreme court shall preside. All officers not liable to impeachment shall be subject to removal for malfeasance, crime, misdemeanor, drunkenness or incompetency. No person shall be liable for impeachment twice for the same offense. If the governor receives a bribe for his official act or shall promise his official influence in consideration that any member of the legislature shall give his vote on any measure, or who menaces any member by the threatened use of his veto power, or promises appointment for legislature votes, he shall be punished in the manner provided by law.

OTHER PROVISIONS.

The committee on education prohibits sectarianism in the schools and leaves to the legislature the establishment of a uniform system. The committee on executive provides that the governor shall hold his office two years, or until his successor is qualified. No person will be eligible for governor or lieutenant governor who is not thirty years of age, a citizen of the United States, and a resident of the state at least two years. The governor is given power to disapprove of any item or part of any bill making appropriations, and the parts approved shall become law.

The governor's salary shall be $3,000 per year, the lieutenant governor's $1,000; the secretary of state, auditor, treasurer and superintendent of public instruction, commissioner of schools and public lands, commissioner of insurance, commissioner of railroads and attorney general shall each receive an annual salary of $2,000. The suffrage committee introduced an article providing that all male citizens may vote, and that the question of female suffrage be submitted to a vote of the male electors one year from next fall. The proposed articles are all the result of the consideration of proposed articles on the subjects and will nearly all be incorporated in the constitution, in whole or in part.

MATTERS OF DIVISION.

The joint commission for the division of the territorial property has been discussing the question of money which must be refunded to the counties along the line of the Northern Pacific for taxes colected on railroad lands before the same had been surveyed. The purchasers of railroad land brought suit for the recovery of the taxes and were successful, and several of the counties have already refunded, but the case has been appealed to the supreme court. In case the supreme court sustains the lower court the amount of taxes to be refunded by the territory will be nearly $150,000. This is an important item in adjusting the debt and liabilities of the territory between the states.

The bonded indebtedness on the public institutions will be assumed by the states in which they are located respectively; the public library will be sold at public auction between North and South Dakota, going to the state bidding the highest. The records pertaining specially to South Dakota will go to the South and those of interest only to the North remain in North Dakota. Those essential to both will be copied, one keeping the original and the other taking the copy. The money paid out of the general fund in making permanent improvements on the institutions will be charged to the state in which the institution is located and adjusted accordingly. The state taxes to be refunded to purchasers of railroad land along the line of the Northern Pacific road will be paid proportionally by the two states. It is believed the settlement will soon be made.

ABOUT IRRIGATION.

A memorial to congress was introduced at the convention praying for experiments by the general government with a view to ascertaining whether or not irrigation for North Dakota is practicable. The memorial sets forth that although North Dakota has become famed throughout the civilized world by reason of the superiority and yield of her wheat, there are seasons when lack of rains works great hardship to the people. The memorial was referred to a committee, of which President Fancher is chairman, and it will be forwarded to congress as soon as it has been considered and revised by the convention.

COMMENTS ON THE SITUATION.

Prohibition is making no head way, woman suffrage is dead, and railroad taxation is the one question which gives an opportunity for a fight. The railroads hope to preserve the gross-earning system, and some of the farmer members of the convention oppose it. The fur will fly during the remainder of the week. The committee to whom was referred the invitation of the city of Jamestown for the adjournment of the convention to that place reported the same back with the recommendation that it be not accepted. The convention adopted the report and instructed the chief clerk to inform Mayor Fuller of the convention's refusal to accept.

The Scandinavian Temperance Society of North Dakota has petitioned the convention on behalf of the Scandinavian inhabitants to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor in the state. The consideration of the complete constitution introduced by Williams of Burleigh has been postponed until after the committees have all reported. The convention adjourned without debating a question or introducing any new matter.

In committee of the whole the question of selling the school lands occupied most of the time. It was finally settled by providing that school lands shall not be sold in tracts of less than 160 acres. The purchaser pays one-fifth down, and the remaining four-fifths in five, ten, fifteen and twenty years. Rolfe of Benson county threw a firebrand by offering an amendment to the article on suffrage providing that after five years no man who is not a full citizen of the United States shall have the right to vote. This brought the orators to their feet, and nearly all opposed the amendment.

A Curious Indian Story.

Reports from the government agents in British Columbia state that a deplorable state of affairs exists in the northern part of that province. A tribe of Indians called the Kwagutls have for generations indulged in cannibalism as one of their religious ordinances. This tribe believes that a spirit called Hamadtz lives in the mountains and entirely subsists upon human flesh. Years ago a number of the tribe went into the mountains and had communion, it is said, with the ghoul Hamadtz, after which, on returning to their people they became man-eaters and were known as of the Hamadtz. It has been discovered that a slave or captive was killed and presented to the old Hamaktz, who ate the corpse in the presence of a general gathering of the tribe. Afraid now of the white men they content themselves mostly with stealing dead bodies. These usually having been drying a long time, the flesh is described as quite flavorless, the brains being a luxury. After eating, the Hamadtz do not taste food for some days, but drink warm water up to the time of eating another corpse. In public the initate, whenever he appears from the woods, bites indiscriminately, women being, however, generally exempt. Formerly the faces were bitten, noses and ears especially, but now the initiate merely bites the flesh of a man's arm with his teeth. The father of the initate pays everybody who has been bitten from two to ten blankets. There are few men in the Kwagutl tribes unscarred by this practice. There are from three to twenty Hamadtz in every village and one of them will probably eat of four or five corpses in a life time.

A Tough Snake Story.

This statement is telegraphed from La Crosse, Wis. The Northwestern work train is employed near Lytle's which is the Black river crossing. Conductor F. L. Lester is in charge. While the train lies there train men, not otherwise employed, pass the time fishing. Recently Mr. Lester and Mr. A. E. Brown were thus engaged a quarter of a mile south of the bridge. Both gentleman saw, at nearly the same time, coming through the grass and bushes, a snake. Its head was four feet from the ground, swaying from side to side as the reptile advanced, and as large as a man's head. Both were frightened as never before in their lives and started to run. Mr. Lester fell in a bog, and was thus detained so that the snake came within less than one hundred feet of him. Its head was raised still higher, five feet he thinks, and he saw the whole length of its body. Its color was black, its length from twenty-five to thirty feet and diameter seven to eight inches. Mr. Lester will stake his personal reputation on the substantial correctness of these figures, and at the same time he was so frightened that he hardly recovered his ordinary condition of mind all day. He has seen circus snakes, but not the equal of this one. It should be borne in mind that this was not a regular fishing party which along late in the day had got into a good condition to see snakes, but simply a pair of railroaders on duty who had an idle hour and were amusing themselves fishing. Mr. Lester says if anybody wants to go hunting this snake he can direct them to the exact spot where he saw it. Certainly such game as this is worth hunting for. The trail left where the snake passed through the grass was very plain, and looked as though a telegraph pole had been dragged along.

Keeping Cellars Dry.

A great mistake, says "Medical Classics," is sometimes made in ventilating cellars and milk houses. The object of ventilation is to keep the cellars cool and dry, but this object often fails of being accomplished by a common mistake, and instead the cellar is made both warm and damp. A cool place should never be ventilated until the air admitted is cooler than the air within, or at least as cool. The warmer the air admitted the more moisture it holds in suspension, and, naturally, the cooler the air in the cellar the more this moisture is condensed and precipitated. When a cool cellar is aired on a warm day the entering air, being in motion, appears cool, but as it fills the cellar the cooler air with which it becomes mixed chills it, the moisture is condensed, dew is deposited on the cold wall, and may often be seen running down in streams. There is no need to fear that the night air is unhealthful; it is as pure as the air at midday, and is really drier. The cool air enters the apartment during the night and circulates through it. The windows should be closed before sunrise in the morning and kept closed and shaded through the day. If the air in the cellar is damp it may be thoroughly dried by placing in it a peck of fresh lime in an open box. A peck of lime will absorb about seven pounds, or more than three quarts of water, and in this way a cellar or milk-room may soon be dried, even in the hottest weather.

An Indian Horse Race.

From an article, written and illustrated by Frederic Remington in the July Century, we quote the following: "An elderly Indian of great dignity of presence steps into the ring, and with a graceful movement throws his long red blanket to the ground and drops on his knees before it, to receive the wagers of such as desire to make them. Men walk up and throw in silver dollars and every sort of personal property imaginable. A Winchester rifle and a large nickel-plated Colt's revolver are laid on the grass near me by a cowboy and an Indian, and then each goes away. It was a wager, and I thought they might well have confidence in their stakeholder—mother earth. Two ponies, tied head and head were led aside and left, horse against horse. No excitement seemed to prevail. Near me a little half-Mexican Comanche boy began to disrobe until he stood clad only in shirt and breech-cloth. His father addressed some whispered admonition and then led up a roan pony, prancing with impatience and evidently fully conscious of the work cut out for him that day. With a bound the little fellow landed on the neck of the pony only half-way up; but his toes caught on the upper muscles of the pony's leg, and like a monkey he clambered up and was in his seat. The pony was as bare as a wild horse, except for a bridle, and loped away with his graceful little rider sitting like a rock. No, not like a rock, but limp and unconcerned, and as full of the motion of the horse as the horse's tail or any other part of him.

"A Kiowa, with loose hair and great coarse face broke away from the group and galloped up the prairie until he stopped at what was to be the starting-point, at the distance of 'two arrow flights and a pitch.' He was followed by half a dozen ponies at an easy lope, bearing their half-naked jockeys. The Indian spectators sat about on their ponies as unmoved in countenance as oysters, being natural gamblers, and stoical as such should be, while the cowboys whispered among themselves.

"'That's the bay stallion there,' said one man to me, as he pointed to a racer, 'and he's never been beaten. It's his walk-over, and I've got my gun up on him with an Injun.'

"It was to be a flying start, and they jockeyed a good deal and could not seem to get off. But presently a puff of smoke came from the rifle held aloft by the Kiowa starter, and his horse reared. The report reached us, and with a scurry the five ponies came away from the scratch, followed by a cloud of dust. The *quirts* flew through the air at every jump. The ponies bunched and pattered away at a nameless rate, for the quarter race pony is quick of stride. Nearer and nearer they came, the riders lying low on their horses' necks, whipping and ki-yi-yi-ing. The dust in their wake swept backward and upward, and with a rush they came over the scratch, with the roan pony ahead, and my little Mexican fellow holding his quirt aloft, and his little eyes snapping with the nervous excitement of the great event. He had beaten the invincible bay stallion, the pride of this Comache tribe, and as he rode back to his father his face had the settled calm which nothing could penetrate, and which befitted his dignity as a young runner."

A Snake Charmer's Training.

McConnel is 27 years old. He was brought up in Lord's Valley, a lonely part of Pike county, Pa. When he was a boy, playmates were few, and he used to amuse himself by hunting up rattlesnake dens and killing the reptiles. He had no trouble in finding them, for the country about his home was very rocky and rattlesnake were plentiful. He became so used to this sort of amusement that he lost all fear of the snakes. He knew their habits perfectly, and frequently handled them. He kept his parents in mortal terror, for it was not an uncommon thing for him to bring a rattler to the house and drop it upon the kitchen floor. His father used to keep a loaded shotgun handy, to kill the rattlesnakes that Johnny brought home. When he grew old he collected a den of them. They were a constant joy to him, and he was never weary of attending to their wants. He never used a forked stick to pin the snakes fast before he captured them, but used to aggravate them, until they struck at him, and then, while they were uncoiled and unable to spring, he would pick them up in his hands. About six years ago he started out to exhibit his pets. He has traveled all over the country.—New York Sun.

The Princess de Metternich.

Princess de Metternich will visit Paris soon. Very seldom does she come, because Parisian society is not what it was before 1870. It was the princess who found Worth; it was she who made Virot the fashion. She was spoken of in the salons, in the clubs, in the newspapers; and a witticism without an owner was always attibuted to the princess de Metternich. She played, she danced, she sang French songs and Viennese songs, but talked so wisely and so well that an old philosopher said of her: "The woman is a marvel; she is wisdom itself concealed by a mask of jollity."

His Faith Shattered.

A boy on Franklin Street, who has been reading a life of Washington lately, having at length reached the last chapter, in which the date of Washington's death in December, 1799, is given, thought he would put some questions to his grandfather, who is always admonishing him to study "as I did when I was a boy, James." So last night the boy asked: "Grandfather, what great event happened in 1799?" "Why, I was born in that year" answered the old man. The boy has no more faith in his grandfather's patriotism or scholarship.—Buffalo Courier.

The Truth Out at Last.

The idea is more or less prevalent on the other side of the sea that the United States amounts to something as a fighting nation, that it is one of the respectable powers of the earth, capable of taking care of itself and likely to give the stoutest enemy rough treatment. This impression has got abroad because of the fact that we are a prosperous people, with unlimited resources, and supposed to be loyal to the Federal union. True, there is a diversity of race and of civilization here which our European friends have not fully understood and have therefore failed to estimate, with due accuracy and soberness, as points of weakness. This condition and other matters of equal gravity, which we did not wish the world to know, are "given away" by a writer in the St. James Gazette who "has passed a good many years in the United States." Starting with the assertion that the strength of this Republic has been vastly over-rated, he proceeds to prove it. In the event of war with a foreign power, says this wise Britisher to his countrymen, "the great labor associations of America might probably take the opportunity to put themselves aggressively in evidence" against the government. A fresher bit of news has not been seen for many a day, and it is particularly sensational in view of the wide spread notion that among no class of citizens is the spirit of patriotism more a living fire than in the ranks of labor. Moreover, the Indians "would be very likely—they are very well armed with repeating weapons—to take to the war-path," sweeping through the northwest, no doubt, and laying siege to Chicago. "Some people maintain," the sapient writer adds, "that the cowboys would hold the Indians in check, but this is questionable," for "the interests both of cowboys and Indians are identical, as are their pursuits." Even more serious is the possibility that the "cattle owners" would unite with the "red men and cowboys" to kill off the "grangers." Who can not readily see that the Britisher has a clear knowledge of the desperate situation into which a foreign war would plunge our government? If there is need of further evidence, it is furnished in the statement that such a war "would be an excellent opportunity for malcontent states to 'get loose' from one another," and he thinks the south would jump at the chance. Worse than that, the whole agricultural population of the country, "two-thirds of whom are foreigners," would refuse to be "conscripted," and finally, "it is all but certain the Republic might disappear." This intelligent survey of the state of things existing here will correct the errors which have long obtained in the English mind regarding the strength of America. It would hardly be necessary for a foreign foe to fire a gun. We would go all to pieces if a paper bag were exploded a league beyond the three-mile limit. The truth has been disclosed at last, and it is humiliating. Herr Bismarck, who yielded to the American commissioners in that Samoan business will now feel like going out somewhere in the suburbs of Berlin and repeating the names of mythological deities with a cannonade accompaniment.—Cincinnati Times.

How Rockets are Made.

Rockets are made for three purposes; for signalling; for decorations or celebrations, or as projectiles in in war. For signals, the charge consists of 12 parts of niter, 2 of sulphur, and 3 of charcoal. The ornamental, or decorative, rocket is the one we see used on the Fourth of July, and the composition of which it is made comprises 122 parts of mealed or finely pulverised powder, 80 of niter, 40 of sulphur, and 50 of cast-iron filings.

The main part of the rocket is a case, made by rolling stout paper, covered on one side with paste, around a wooden form, at the same time applying considerable pressure. The end is then "choked," or brought tightly together, with twine.

The paper case thus made is next placed in a copper mold, so that a conical copper spindle will pass up through the choke, and the composition is then poured in and packed by blows of a mallet on a copper drift or packing-tool made to fit over the spindle. The top of the case is now closed with a layer of moist plaster-of-paris one inch thick, perforated with a small hole for the passage of the flame to the upper part, or "pot." The pot is formed of another paper cylinder slipped over and pasted to the top of the case and surmounted by a paper cone filled with tow. The "decorations" are placed in the pot and are scattered through the air when the flame, having passed through the aperture of the plaster, reaches a small charge of mealed powder, placed in the pot. The stick is a piece of pine wood, tapering, and about nine times the length of the rocket. It is to guide the rocket in its flight. The decorations in the pot may be "stars," "serpents," "marrons," "gold-rain," and so on. "Marrons" are small paper shells filled with grained powder and pinned with quick-match. Serpents" are small cases about ½ inches in diameter in which is a composition of 3 parts niter, 3 sulphur, 16 mealed powder, ½ charcoal. This composition is driven in the case, the top of which is closed by plaster-of-paris, having a small aperture through which passes a piece of quick-match. —Lieut. W. R. Hamilton, U. S. A., in St. Nicholas.

Remedy for Noxious Gas.

A single plate of perforated zinc about a foot square suspended over a gas jet is said to retain the noxious emenations from burning gas, which is known to destroy many articles in a room and to vitiate the atmosphere.

The Secret of Culture.—Miss Travis—"Don't you think that going to college broadens one, Mr. De Smith? De Smith—"That depends altogether on how much you are sat on."—Burlington Free Press.

The old adage that "jealousy is as cruel as the grave," is, to my way of thinking, wrongly put, for were the grave one half so cruel as this taunting fiend, no one would desire, with the longing which at some time or other in life comes to poor jaded humanity, to fly to its sheltering arms for rest.

Were I asked to diagnose this passion, it would be as the chill of despair, the sting of envy the fire of lunacy, and claim for it precedence in the celebrated box presented by Jupiter to Pandora, but with hope left out. I would call it a monster greater than the python of old, for where is the hand that can stay its ravages when once its hydra head is lifted? Step by step it makes progress to the verge of the maelstrom where lie so many wrecked barques which started on life's journey with such fair freight of hopes and promises; withering the freshness of the heart and narrowing the judgment, it makes a pandemonium of home and happiness; like the swallow, goes and comes then finally takes a farewell flight.

Not the least contemptible phase of this many sided evil—and often displayed when least expected—is that which makes one envious of another's personal influence or position. If the hitherto dearest friend of such a person is unfortunate enough to arouse this antagonistic feeling, he or she will not hesitate to resort to the meanest subterfuges and innuendoes; especially in this the case where the offending party has the least claim to good looks or fascinating manners. At once they become the target for invidious remarks, and branded by their suspicious natures as designing; everything to them is tinged wish a lurid light. With such persons friendship counts for nothing, for the slime of the serpent is trailed over all the hitherto pleasant relations. Envy and doubt are allowed to creep in and blink the eyes to true merit and motives. Sacred confidences are laid bare and put to such base uses as would cause friendship to veil her face in shame and make the very name a by word.

No one who studies the vagaries of this passion and notes its influence on various temperaments, but has abundant food for moralizing over the strange and often ridiculous amusements—like wine it seems to bring out the idiosyncracies of character and runs the entire gamut of feeling. Caused after all by that "spasm of the heart" so graphically described in Chesbro's Victoria.

I have seen persons under the influence of this emotion do the most unnatural things; love, fatal consequences, pride, the one thing only that holds many a strong nature in check, are swept away by its mighty power.

Lives are wrecked, reputations blasted, and tragedies enacted through this insane passion that fills our lunatic asylums and prison cells with its victims. I doubt if heaven's shining messengers stood with flaming sword at the portals of this monsters' keep had power to stay its course, for with the strength of the attachment comes the intensity of the fever that consumes.

I believe that jealousy is one of the component parts of all human nature. A latent germ, perhaps, in many who are unconscious that the least taint lurks within their veins until some circumstance forces it to the surface, and they are suddenly awakened to the fact that there is a slumbering volcano in their breasts, ready to throw out the deadly lava which withers everything it touches. —MARY V. STILES in St. Louis Magazine.

Death to the Carpet Bug.

Where carpets are used and only taken up once a year at "house-cleaning," the conditions are very favorable for the carpet bug's increase, particularly where the house-cleaning is hurriedly and carelessly done. When a house has once become infested, nothing but the most energetic measures will completely rid it of the pest, and in complete riddance is the only hope, as in a year a very few individuals will so increase as to do great damage. At house-cleaning time then, as many rooms should be bared at once as possible, and the housekeeper should go carefully over the rooms, removing all dust, and with a hand-atomizer charged with benzine should puff the liquid into all the floor cracks and under the baseboards until every crevice has been reached. The carpets themselves, after to through beating, should be lightly sprayed with the same substance, which will quickly evaporate, leaving no odor after a short time. The inflammability of benzine should be remembered, however, and no light should be brought near it. This done, before relaying the carpets it will be well to pour into the cracks a moderately thick mixture of plaster of Paris and water, which soon sets and fills them with a solid substance into which the insects will not enter. Then lay around the borders of the room a width of tarred roofing-paper, and afterward relay the carpets. This thorough treatment should answer in the very worst cases, and in a house so cleaned the insect will probably not regain a foothold during the ensning year. Cloth-covered furniture which may have also become infested should be steamed or also treated with benzine, and chests or drawers in which infested clothing has been stored should be thoroughly sprayed.

Another method of treatment consists in laying a damp cloth (an old towel or a folded sheet will do) smoothly over the suspected part of the carpet, and ironing it with a hot iron. The steam thus generated will pass through the carpet and kill all the insects immediately beneath. If not too laborious, an entire room could be treated to advantage in this way.—Good Housekeeping.

Mr Cadwallader's Wives.

Mr. Cadwallader ran lightly up the steps of his house in Washington square one afternoon in May. A compactly-built little man of forty-five years, with a round, smooth face and merry twinkle in his eye, he looked fully ten years younger than he was.

"Is Mrs. Cadwallader at home, Nannie?" he inquired of the trim maid-servant in the hall.

"No, sir; she went out about 2 o'clock."

"Are there any letters, Nannie?"

"Yes, sir; in your room on the dresser, sir."

"Thank you. Do you know where Mrs. Cadwallader went?"

"No, sir."

He ran upstairs whistling an air from "Barbe-Bleu," and took up several letters from the dresser. "Two for Mrs. C.," he soliloquized; "look like bills; here are some wedding cards, Bennie De Forrests' I suppose, and here is a letter from Cynthia. What important communication requiring four cents postage has she now to make, I wonder."

He opened the letter and ran rapidly through the first of the closely-written sheets: "Prevented from writing lately on account of lumbago—may go to the White mountains this summer—poor Mr. Pettito, our rector, in trouble again—used incense Easter morning—some busybody complained to the bishop—have been thinking so much lately of poor, dear Helen." (Here Mr. Cadwallder slightly knit his brows.) "I can hardly beleive it is fifteenyears since—h'm—do you rememmber that little sole leather trunk of my father's, which Helen had after she married you? I came across it in the attic yesterday, where it is stored with many other relics of by-gone happy days——"

"Oh, I thought so," groaned Mr. Cadwallader. "Why is she forever harping on these old relics of by-gone days? Bah!"

He flung the letter impatiently from him and began walking up and down.

Miss Cynthia Olds was the sister o the first Mrs. Cadwallader was a model husband during hir first wife's lifetime, and when she died he mourned her sincerely for two years, and then consoled himself with a second wife. He never knew what became of the effects of the first Cadwallader, and, without the slightest disrespect to her memory, he never had taken the trouble to inquire. He simply thought nothing about the matter.

Mr. Cadwallader took up the letter again and put it in his pocket. "The rest of this will keep for another time," he muttered. "What's this?" as a folded bit of paper lying on the dresser caught his eye. He opened it and saw a few lines written in pencil:

"DEAREST HIRAM:

"I am not feeling quite well to-day and Mrs. Brown has persuaded me that a little trip into the country would do me good. She is going to take me with her to Short Hills for the day. She has an aunt, Mrs. Widgeon, living there, and we will stay to dinner. Could you come for me this evening on the 8 o'clock train? With a hundred kisses,

"YOUR LOVING WIFE."

"P. S.—Mrs. Widgeon lives in a large house near the station, and Mrs. Brown says anybody can direct you."

"What does she mean by galloping off to Jersey, I wonder, when the last thing she said to me was not to forget the Wheatleighs' reception to-night. 'Not feeling well!' she was the picture of health this morning. And who is Mrs. Brown? There's something behind those hundred kisses; she is not ordinarily so lavish. I'm glad to see she is paying some attention at last to what I have said to her about her handwriting and has dropped that monstrous angular scrawl. Yes, she is evidently making an effort to please me. I wonder what it is she wants. I'll have to go, of course." (Mr. Cadwallader stood a little bit in awe of his handsome wife.) "I'll just dress now and go and dine at the club."

Leaving the note from his wife on the table he proceeded to make his toilet.

About 9 o'clock a snug little man, in a dress suit and light overcoat, alighted at the station in Short Hills. He approached an old man who stood on the platform with a lantern and asked to be directed to the house of Mrs. Widgeon.

"What Mrs. Widgeon, sir?"

"I do not know. This lady lives in a large house near the station, I am told."

"There never was but one Mrs. Widgeon in Short Hills that I ever heard of, sir. This was old Widder Widgeon, who's been dead nigh on to ten years. There's her house, sure enough, that big one just beyond the bend in the road. Her married daughter lives there now. There's nobody else of that name here unless it's some of the summer boarders, and it's a bit airly for them.

"That's queer," murmured the little man. "Well, that must be the house. Thanks," said he starting off down the road.

Ten minutes later a lady, heavily veiled, emerged from the gloom at the other end of the platform and approached the same old man.

Can you direct me to the residence of Mrs. Widgeon?" she asked, in a mysterious voice.

"What, another one?" chuckled the old station master. "The widder seems to be in demand to-night."

"Do you know, or do you not?" asked the lady, sharply.

"Well, ma'am, I reckon I know as well as anybody else around these parts. Many a day's work I've done for the Widder Widgeon."

"It is a large house near the station, is it not?" Which way am I to go?"

"Yes—yes, that's just what the gent said, but you'll find the party as you're a lookin' for in a very small house now, not more'n six by two, in the cemetery just back of the church yonder."

"In the cemetery—at this hour! Is—is any one with her?"

"Yes, ma'am, the old man is right alongside. They agree much better there than they did in the flesh; when they lived in the big house."

"The man is intoxicated," she murmured. "No, Hiram has discovered the loss of the note, and thinking he may be followed has bribed this old scoundrel to throw me off the track."

"I will find the place for myself," she said aloud, and walked rapidly down the road.

"Good luck to you, ma'am," the old fellow called after her.

"Perfidious monster!" said Mrs. Cadwallader to herself. "It was all I could do to restrain myself from denouncing him on the train. How smiling and odd he looked! Little did he know who was so near to him. To think of my having been deceived in him all these years! I wonder who the creature is. Perhaps he is really married to her, and I—oh, horrible! This must be the place." She entered the gate' and, hearing a step on the walk, concealed herself in the shrubbery.

Her husband was there.

The big house looked very dark to Mr. Cadwallader as he walked up the avenue of trees leading to it. He rang the bell several times before a head protruded from an upper window and a female voice called, "Who's there?"

"Is this Mrs. Widgeon's house?" he asked.

"Yes—what do you want?"

"Is the lady at home?"

"Mrs. Widgeon is dead."

"Ah! I beg pardon. Is—ah, Mrs. Brown in?"

"No, sir; she don't live here."

"Is Mrs. Cadwallader here?"

"Who?"

"Mrs. Cadwallader."

"I don't know her."

Mr. Cadwallader was silent for a moment. He was at a loss what to say. The window closed with a bang.

"Humph! that cool. Well, I've done all I can. Henrietta will have to get home now the best way she can."

He passed down the walk.

"I wonder if I ought to wait for her," he said aloud. "Pshaw, no! I'll go back to the station and inquire if she has been seen. If I can't find out anything here I'll go back to Philadelphia."

"Hiram!" a voice called softly.

"Eh—what's that?"

A lady stepped out from the darkness; her face was concealed by a heavy veil.

"Oh, I was so afraid you weren't coming," she said in a whisper.

"Is that you, my dear? what are you doing out here—why aren't you in the house?"

"I was so afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid we might be followed."

"Why, who would follow us? why do you speak in that voice, and what does that heavy veil mean? Has anything happened?"

"O, I had a foolish fancy that you might have dropped my note, and that your—that somebody might find it and discover us."

"Discover us? Has she gone crazy or have I?" Mr. Cadwallader murmured.

"Oh, Hiram, I have feared lately that you were growing cold toward me. When can we have done with these secret meetings and I be acknowledged publicly as your wife?"

Mr. Cadwallader was now thoroughly alarmed. He thought his wife was out of her head and that she had wandered away from home in that condition. He took her hand, and, drawing her toward the gate, said soothingly; "Come, my love, come with me, and we will go home."

"And then you will not leave me any more?"

"No, no; I shall not leave you."

"Will your other wife come there?"

"No, indeed; oh, no," said Mr. Cadwallader, willing to reassure her by any means.

"You are not really married to her, are you, Hiram?"

"Certainly not," he replied, still drawing her along.

"She only thinks so."

"Yes, she only thinks so," said the unhappy man.

"Suppose she should appear here now," said his companion, shrinking back."

"Come along, dear, I shan't let any one harm you."

"But what would you do?" she persisted.

"I'd drive her away."

"You would would you!" and with a backward fling of the veil Mrs. Cadwallader displayed her face, pale with righteous indignation, and drew herself up to her full height. "Well, sir, here she is!"

"Henrietta, what does this mean?" gasped her husband.

"It means, sir," she cried, "that an injured wife has discovered your villainy; that she has tracked you here and heard your repudiation of her from your own lips. Now drive her away or strike her to the earth—you are quite capable of it!"

"Henrietta, are you really mad or are you acting?" he asked angrily.

"Oh, no doubt you will say I am mad; possibly you might escape justice through such a heinous charge did I not hold the proof of your perfidy in the paper written by the woman who calls herself your wife. Bigamist!"

"Bigamist? Henrietta, will you stop your raving long enough to tell me in as few words as possible just what you are talking about?"

She held up a slip of paper to him. "Do you recognize this? Don't try to take it from me or I shall cry for help."

"How can I tell what it is in this light, when you shake it under my nose and then snatch it away? It looks like the note you wrote yourself which brought me down here on this fool's errand."

Mrs. Cadwallader smiled with fine sarcasm.

"Oh, I wrote it myself, did I? It is so very like my hand. Oh, how has such a clumsy deceiver contrived to hide his true self from me during all these years!"

"I confess the handwriting is better than yours," coolly replied her husband, who was now thoroughly angry, "but I am not aware of any one else who is privileged to sign herself in that manner."

"Monster! can you taunt me with my handwriting at such a time? Oh, what a heart of stone you must have!"

Mrs. Cadwallader, noting the change in her husband's mood, was about to weep.

"Henrietta, if, as you gently intimate, you did not write me to meet you here, some one has been playing a practical joke on us. It will not help matters for us to stand at bay at one another on the highway of this respectable village. I am going to catch the next train back to Philadelphia. I advise you to come with me."

Mrs. Cadwallader felt that if she did not comply he would walk off and leave her standing there, which would be a most undignified situation for her.

"I will accompany you, sir, for the sake of appearances," she said, "but I forbid you to speak to me."

Mr. Cadwallader obeyed her to the letter. He lit a cigar, and Henrietta walked by his side in dignified silence. Arrived at the station he inquired when the next train left for Philadelphia.

"In three-quarters of an hour, sir," replied his friend of the lantern. "Did you find the widder, sir, or ma'am?"

Without replying to the question the husband and wife entered the waiting-room. It was empty. How could Mr. Cadwallader stand three-quarters of an hour alone in the room with that sphnix-like figure, who, he felt, was regarding him with reproachful eyes from behind her veil? If he only had a newspaper. Stay, there was Cynthia's letter, which he had put in his pocket, thinking he might read it on the train. He could consume fifteen minutes over that. He moved over to the other side of the room under a lamp and took out the letter. Henrietta sat motionless as before. Then for a while there was no sound but the ticking of the clock and the rustling of the paper as Mr. Cadwallader turned the pages.

A whistle from her husband caused Henrietta to start. He stood up and came toward her. No, she would not speak to him.

"My dear," he said, in a dry tone, "I think that never before during the eight years of our marriage have I had occasion to remind you that you had a predecessor. Though there is nothing to regret in this fact, it is I think, deeply to be deplored that a sister of my first wife still survives. Will you kindly glance over this page of a letter I received from Cynthia this afternoon which I have read for the first time this moment?"

Henrietta thought to herself: "I shall pay no attention to him." Then she took the letter. Mr. Cadwallader had opened it so that the passage about the little sole leather trunk was upermost. Henrietta read:

"While looking over some sacred mementoes which had long ben cherished there I found this note from dear Helen to you, which I thought you ought to have. I well remember the day when she and Annie Brown went down to Short Hills. It was the very day old Mr. Widgeon had his stroke of apoplexy, coming so sadly sudden as it did. The two girls were there at the time, and Helen returned alone shortly after, and I remember hearing her tell how Mrs. Widgeon carried on—"

"Why, Hiram, then this note was from——"

"Yes, this is the note Helen wrote me at the time, though I don't remember a word about it. It must have dropped out of Cynthia's letter."

"And to think of the base suspicions I harbored! Hiram, I can never forgive Cynthia Olds for this. I believe she did it on purpose. I can't tell you how I suffered since I found that letter on your table."

"Don't wrong poor Cynthia, my dear. I'm sure you must have been very much upset to apply such epithets to your husband as bigam——"

"Hush, hush!" she said, soothingly, laying her hand on his lips. "Oh, Hiram, forgive me! If I were sure that nobody was looking, I'd——"

—Francis M. Livingston, in The Epoch.

Curious Transmittal of Fever.

Boston Post.

In 1846 a boy of 8 years, the brother of the narrator's wife, was taken down with scarlet fever and died. One of the principal amusements of his illness had been looking over a large picture book. After his death this, with several other useful playthings, was packed away in a trunk. Twenty-six years later, in 1872, the sister-in-law of the editor took the trunk with her on a journey to England where he was then residing. The trunk was opened the second day after its arrival, and the picture book was taken out and presented to the editor's 2-year-old son. During the next fortnight the little fellow was attacked by scarlet fever. It was a wonder to the doctors who were called in consultation how the disease had been contracted, as there had been no scarlet fever in the place for years. At last it occurred to the editor that the picture book might have transmitted the disease, and the medical men in attendance, on being told the facts connected with it, agreed that it had retained the poison for twenty-six years and communicated it to the child.

Where They Weaken.

The timidity of people when in the presence of death is frequently shown at coroners inquests. When a witness is ushered into the presence of the jury the coroner recites the formal oath, which concludes with the words, "the person whose body lies here dead." These ghostly words agitate nervous witnesses, and more especially ladies, who frequently look about in a startled manner, with a view of locating the subject of the inquest. Of course the corpse is seldom in the same room with the jury.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

HOME.

Oh, what is home? that sweet companionship
Of life the better part;
The happy smile of welcome on the lip
Upspringing from the heart.

It is the eager clasp of kindly hands,
The long remembered tone,
The ready sympathy which understands
All feeling by its own.

The rosy cheek of little children pressed
To ours in loving glee;
The presence of our dearest and our best
No matter where we be.

And, failing this, a prince may homeless live,
Though palace walls are nigh;
And having it, desert shore may give
The joy wealth cannot buy.

Far-reaching as the earth's remotest span,
Widespread as ocean foam,
One thought is sacred in the breast of man—
It is the thought of home.

That little word his human fate shall bind
With destined above,
For there the home of his immortal mind
Is in God's wider love.

A PIOUS FRAUD.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAVES.

Saturday Night.

"Does Mrs. Murray live here?"

Mr. Webb knocked apologetically on the glass counter of the bakery with the handle of his whip. It seemed almost a liberty thus unceremoniously to address the gaily attired young woman who was adding up the accounts behind the tall desk.

He stood near the door, keeping a sharp lookout on the barefooted boy who was holding his sleepy old horse—for had he not heard, many a time and oft, of the juvenile New York?

In reply to his respectful question, the young woman nodded her head and curtly answered:

"Up stairs."

"It's a pretty big house," said Mr. Webb, glancing about him. "The Murrays wasn't rich when they lived down our way; but Rachel never had good judgment. I should say, now, the rent of a house like this—"

"It ain't a house," said the young woman, speaking with a lead pencil between her teeth.

"Ain't a house, eh?" Martin Webb's honest, onion-colored eyes gradually expanded, until you would have thought the lids could scarcely contain them. "Not—a house?"

"No; it's a flat. Fourth story, back room. Name of Murray. Staircase just out in the hall there."

And so for the first time in his life, Mr. Webb found himself in the precincts of a "flat."

He lost his way half a dozen of times this gaunt, good-humored giant, with a ham in his arms, two or three strings of a country sausage over his shoulder, and a basket of red apples clasped tightly against his breast. That was a matter of course.

He walked into the kitchen of one flat, brought up in the parlor of another, and presented himself, smiling, at the late breakfast table of a third, where a luckless printer, who worked all night, on the early edition of a morning paper, was sleepily chipping the the shells of an egg.

"Call them eggs?" said Martin, contemptuously. "If our Wolf's Corners hens can't beat that 'ere sort 'o thing—But I am sure I ask pardon; I guess I've got into the wrong flat. P'r'aps you can tell me where a lady named Murray lives?',

And by dint of many such questionings and inquiries, Mr. Webb at last got himself, his red apples, ham and sausages into a scantily furnished room looking out on a bare brick wall—a room where everything had a starved look, even down to the cat, which sat intently watching a mouse-hole in the wainscoting.

Mrs. Murray, a tall, pinched, elderly woman, was engaged, through a double pair of spectacles, in mending fine laces, but the slow motion of her needle, and the uncertain expression of her face, denoted no very brilliant success.

And seated on the window ledge opposite her, a riding habit of dark green cloth, a beaver hat with dark green veil twisted around it, and a jaunty little ivory handled whip, was a pretty girl of 18 or 20.

Both started at the entrance of Mr. Webb, both smiled glad recognition.

"Why," cried Mrs. Murray, it's cousin Martin! Hilda, give your cousin a chair I declare, Martin, I am surprised to see you here!

"No more'n I to get here, I guess," returned the farmer, with a peculiar chuckling noise down in his throat. "These 'ere city folks, they do take the starch outen a fellow. Ain't much like our medder flats down at Wolf's Corner, eh? Here, cousin Rachel, I've brung ye one of Eliza's best sugar-cured hams an' some sassages, and a bushel of the apples that growed on the tree beyond the well—the real, red-cheeked Josey Moore's you know."

"It's very kind of you, I'm sure," said Mrs. Murray. "Hilda, can you not offer our cousin some refreshments after his journey?"

Hilda colored painfully. How could she explain to her mother that the cupboard was utterly empty, even of a crust of bread?

"I'll bring up something directly," she murmured.

And then she vanished.

From one good neighbor—the very printer's wife, indeed—she borrowed a potful of freshly-made coffee; from another, a few slices of cold boiled beef; from a third a pan of new-baked biscuits, with a little butter and a comb of honey, and then she flew back to spread the frugal meal.

"Are they all well, cousin Webb?" she asked, timidly, as holding up her riding habit with one hand, she arranged the table and ministered to the appetite of her guest with the other.

Mr. Webb nodded his head, keenly surveying her the while.

"All well," he responded between the swallows of coffee. "Eliza, she sent her love. And Reed—no Reed didn't send no love. But he wanted to be specially remembered, Reed did. He's had dreadful good luck with the sweet potato patches and tobacco crops this year."

"Has he?" and Hilda blushed rosily.

She might have added something more, but Mrs. Murray officially interfered.

"You mustn't be late for your appointment with Mr. Dulany, daughter," said she, with a glance at the clock.

And she added, in explanatory fashion:

"Hilda rides out every day. Two hours with, ahem!—a gentleman friend!"

"Rides out, does she?" said Mr. Webb. "I guess likely it costs considable to keep horses in New York. I'm glad you and Hilda's got so much money to spare."

"I'm told," said Mrs. Murray, complacently, "that Hilda's horse is one of the handsomest in the park. And of course a young girl like her ought to get plenty of exercise and fresh air."

Once more Martin Webb's keen glance circled around the room and settled on Hilda's deeply suffused face.

She went out, with a word of hurried apology.

"Hump," was his comment.

"Yes, nodded Mrs. Murray, with the fluttered, flattered expression of a motherly old hen who has just found an extra fine kernel of corn for her brood. "My Hilda has got into some remarkably good society. And I entertain hopes that she may marry well before a great while."

Mr. Webb took his leave—rather abruptly, as Mrs. Murray thought—and the old lady, after carefully putting away the generous gifts from the old farm, sat down to mend lace and to dream again.

Reed Webb listened silently to his father's account of their relatives.

"Going out riding every day with a grand New York gentleman!" said he. "Dressed like a princess! Father, that does not sound like our little Hilda."

"Can't help how it sounds," said Martin. "It's so. That's all I know."

"Then," said Reed, sadly, "it's no use my building that wing on the south side of the old house? It won't be needed now."

"Not if you expect Hilda Murray to live in it."

"Hush!" said Mrs. Webb, who was washing up the supper dishes with true housewifely deftness and speed, making each teaspoon shine like silver, each plate glisten like ivory, in the friction of her homespun linen towel. "There's some one at the door. Go quick, husband!"

"Why," cried Martin, standing on the threshold, "it's Hilda—it's Hilda Murray!"

"But I can't stay a minute," said Hilda breathlessly. "I've got to return by the seven-thirty train!"

"Hilda," said Reed gravely, "you must come in. It is not right nor seemly that you should be out alone at this time of night."

"I wanted Cousin Webb to know," faltered Hilda. "I couldn't bear that he should think so ill of me as to fancy that I was indulging in expensive pleasure, while—while my mother was so poor. Her sight is failing, you know; she is almost blind. She fancies that she is earning something by mending lace, but she only spoils it. We should starve if—if it wasn't for the money I earn by giving riding lessons in Mr. Dulany's equestrian school. Mother doesn't know. She would break her heart if any one told her that I went daily to the ring and trained little girls and young ladies in horsewoman-ship. She never can forget, you know, that my poor father was a college graduate, and once went to the legislature. So we let her believe—Mr. Dulany and I—that I am taking lessons, instead of giving them. She saw us once in the park with the class of young ladies, and she was so proud poor little mother! And Mr. Dulany says I am the best teacher he ever had; and—oh"—with a piteous clasping of the hands—"is it very wrong? Is it? I almost fancied so, when I saw Cousin Webb looking at me this morning—acting a lie!"

"I dunno about that, said Mr. Webb, fumbling around for his pocket handkerchief; "but I know you're the nicest and best gal I ever saw!"

"Hilda," said Mrs. Webb, pleadingly "cannot you come back here to Wolf's Corners? I know your ma was beset to get to New York. She thought poor dear, that fortunes was to be made there hand over hand. But surely, now—"

Hilda shook her head sorrowfully.

"We are too poor," she said; "we cannot afford the expense of moving again. And there is no house to be had here now."

Mrs. Webb put her hand on her husband's shoulder.

"Martin," said she hurredly, "if Hildo really wants to get back by the seven-thirty train, you must hitch up the horse and take her to the station. And I'll go out to the barn with you and hold the lantern."

Once out in the barn, Martin Webb loked at his wife.

"Eliza," said he, do yor think our Reed has any chance?"

"If he hasn't got a chance now, he never will have one," said Mrs. Webb. "I tell you what, Martin, that girl is a pearl of great price, and I always said so."

No sooner was Reed Webb left alone with Hilda than he spoke out what was in his heart.

"Hilda," he said resolutely, "you must come back. You can't live there in the great wilderness of bricks and mortar, and I can't live here without you. The farm is paying for itself now. I can give my wife a comfortable home; and my wife's mother also. Dear little Hilda, say that you will be mine."

Hilda burst out into a sudden gust of tears and sobs.

"Oh, Reed," she cried, "if you knew how often I have dreamed of coming back here—if you knew how homesick I have been—"

"Say heartsick, Hilda," he prompted, "if you want to make me happy!"

And, smiling through her tears, she repeated the word:

"Yes, heartsick, Reed!"

"You will come back home, then, Hilda?"

"I will!"

And by that time the old horse was at the door for the seven-thirty train, the question was settled.

Reed himself took Hilda back to the city flat, and there pleaded his cause with Mrs. Murray.

"It must be as Hilda decides," declared the old lady, with dignity sufficient for a crown princess. "Though there's no doubt but that she could make a brilliant match in New York—"

"Mother!" urged Hilda, piteously.

"Still," went on Mrs. Murray, "I would not oppose her affections; and if you think, Reed, that you can make her happy a Wolf's Corners—"

"I will do my best!" assented Reed, fervently.

"In that case," said Mrs. Murray, she is yours!"

And she never knew, the poor old lady, the whole story of Dulany's riding school, and Hilda's innocent network of harmless deceit.

"'It was a fraud!" Hilda always declared.

"Yes," her husband admitted, "but it was a pious one."

FARM AND HOME.

Small Fruits and Market Gardening.

The owners of large farms, who look down upon berry and truck raising as small business, have not informed themselves as to the amount of capital invested and labor employed in this direction. According to the last census the value of market garden products sold in 1879 was over $21,000,000, while the orchard products sold or consumed amounted to $50,000,000. Small fruits are possibly embraced in the market garden products. There is scarcely a doubt that were the value of the products of all gardens added to the former the aggregate would equal, if not surpass, the latter. Gardening, then, is no small matter, even when compared with the so-called great industries of the country, and when the thoughtful farmer contrasts the acreage employed in market gardening and the value of its products with general farming and its products he will discover that there is no occasion to spread out over a township or so to make a living and make money too.

To be sure there is something a glut of garden products in the large centres of trade, but there is no general overproduction as with staple farm crops, and since increased production scarcely keeps pace with increased demand there is a wide field for the farmer with limited acres to operate.

From a health standpoint, the consumption of fruits and vegetables should be increased, and pork proportionately discontinued, especially during the summer season; and as people will learn by practice that they can do as much labor and have better health by giving pork a less important place in the daily rations the reformation of farmers' bills of fare will be secured. Why should not every family, rich and poor, be supplied with delicious fruits and choice vegetables? Surely not because these can not be produced cheaply and in any quantity required as soon as the demand for them arises. The large profit so often reported from small fruit growing and market gardening is by no means fictitious, and the business will bear strong competition and still be more renumerative than general agriculture to the farmer, while society at large would be relieved of terror on account of trichinæ and diseased meat if its diet consisted principally of fruits, cereals and vegetables.

I am aware that in many places a curtailment of the tobacco crop and a widening out into vegetable gardening would not be considered for a moment, because of the belief that there is more money in tobacco. I question this. What tobacco grower has realized $600 to $1,000 per acre, as reported, from cabbages or onions, not to speak of $1,000 to $1,500 from strawberries or celery, or $2,000 to $2,500 from cauliflower? These, of course, are maximum crops with best prices. Nevertheless, they prove possibilities, and show a wide margin beyond the no profit line. Capital, skill and attention are demanded to insure success in this field, but so are they essential in any field. And in the coming "readjustment," of which we hear so much, small fruits and vegetables will occupy a larger place on our farms and on our tables, to the profit to both the grower and consumer. — Practical Farmer.

The Points of a Good Butter Cow.

A good butter cow should have a long face, wide between the eyes, the eye alert and expressive, and placed a long way below the horns. A cow with eyes near the top of the head does not know any more than a man with eyes so placed. She should have a large muzzle, a slim neck and a yellow skin, especially inside the ears, the breathing should be regular, the back and abdomen strong, the udder wide where it connects with the body, the teats squarely placed and the tail slim. Over and above all these points she must have the dairy form. The points at best are only indications. The dairy form is inseparably connected with a good butter cow. The desirable dairy form is always seen in the best types of Jerseys, Guernseys, Ayreshires and Holsteins. The best beef form is presented in Shorthorns, Herefords and most of the polled breeds. The intelligent dairyman, with a knowledge born of experience, desire and capacity for the business, never makes the mistake of choosing his cow with a beef form.

While it is not difficult for a dairyman with a knowledge of his business to select a cow that will make ten pounds of butter a week, provided always such cow is within the drove or herd he is inspecting, cows that will make fourteen pounds of butter a week are not to be found in the droves that are driven about for sale. Such cows are seldom for sale except at breeders' prices. A novice might by chance select a cow that was making ten pounds of butter a week under the right treatment, yet if he kept her in a cold stable and gave her ice-water to drink and fed her on timothy hay and ground barley and corn-meal, all of which are lacking in protein, the cow would soon run down to three and one-half pounds a week and stay there, or make less. Another man who knew his business might have selected the same cow and kept her in a warm stable, given water, warm ensilage made from sweet corn well matured, two or three pounds of clover hay and a plentiful supply of wheat bran or middlings, ground oats and peas, or a little oil meal or any other food containing protein in liberal proportion, and the cow would probably have increased to twelve pounds a week if her limit permitted.—American Agriculturist.

Hogs Versus Cattle.

In relation to the greater value of hog products, as compared with those from cattle which reach foreign shores, the Field and Farm says:

We of the plains country, where the cattle are thought kings, sometimes lose sight of the fact that the hogs in the markets of Europe cut a far greater figure than do our horned brutes. Some of our English contemporaries express astonishment that the various products of swine should be considered of sufficient importance on this side of the Atlantic to have current prices cabled daily all over Europe, while beef and mutton are hardly mentioned in the same reports.

We will explain the reason for this. It is because we export five, if not ten times the value in pork and lard that we do in beef. We of the United States, and particularly of the Western states of the union, are the only people on the earth who have any considerable hog meat and lard to export. This is made possible by our great corn product, that is entirely American and is scarcely known in Europe.

Then, again, pork is more easily and more generally stored and held than is beef. Beef, even to be used in the armies and navies of the world, must be cooked and packed in cans, while pork is carried and stored like cordwood, and oftimes ate raw by the soldier when on forced marches. The wealthy of the earth, too, eat ham and bacon constantly, while not one in a million ever tastes of pickled beef. In conclusion, we will say that the cash value of the porkers of the United States in 1888 reached the mammoth sum of $291,307,193. Corn is king in America, and the hog is a power in the commerce of the world.

Farm Notes.

It is discouraging when even a little grain is given a cow in summer at pasture to have her begin to fatten instead of increasing the milk flow. But if the cow be of that kind, the sooner her owner discovers it the better. If graining fattens her probably she is not worth keeping without the grain. So fatten her as rapidly as possible, and get a better cow in her place.

The Shorthorn cattle originated in Durham, England, and it is even yet common in some old-fashioned sections to speak of them as the Durham breed. Of course the original Durhams were not bred up to present standards for beef making, but the characteristic tendencies of a good beef breed were not in the original stock. Good feeding and careful selection of breeding stock has done the rest.

In very small localities farmers have been discussing how best to remedy the damage by frost. Some crops, as beans, tomatoes and melons, or cucumbers, are utterly ruined if touched by light frost and must be replanted. Others like corn if not more than three or four inches high, and potatoes at almost any size will grow up again if left alone. The root is there and uninjured. The new buds that will put forth will grow rapidly under its stimulus.

Blue grass will bear pasturing lightly earlier than almost any other grass. Its roots lie near the surface, and are quickly startled into growth in the spring if the land is rich enough. For this season too they are more easily reached by light showers. Later in the season it may suffer from drought, but hardly more so than other grasses and clovers that strike into the subsoil and thoroughly exhaust its moisture long before the summer drought has come.

The millet crop should not be sown until hot weather, but it is well to have it in the ground as early as the latter is well warmed. The earlier it ripens the better weather it is likely to be for cutting it. In September the days shorten rapidly, and it is this which makes the curing of both millet and fodder corn so difficult. Millet is excellent hay for horses, and none the worse if it is cut when the seed is in the milk, so that it will ripen from the stalk. Millet seed gives horses a fine coat, as it is very fattening.

White oats are popular in this country, and bring two to four cents a bushel more than the black. In Europe the black are preferred. There is a great difference in feeding value of oats, not dependent entirely on weight, nor yet on color, but on the character of the hull. Some of the heaviest white oats which bring high prices have a harsh, indigestible hull, which makes them as unfit as barley for feeding whole. The black oats may have more bulk or hull but it is not so harsh. Any way, we have little faith in whole oate as food for work horses. There is too much waste about them. Grind the oats, and then those that weigh heaviest will be the most valuable for feeding. —American Cultivator.

The Household.

WHITE CAKE.—Two cups of powdered sugar, one cup of butter, whites of eight eggs beaten light, one cup of water, three cups of flour well sifted, two teaspoons of baking powder.

GREEN TOMATO SAUCE.—Cut up a pint of green tomatoes; take a tablespoonful of black mustard seed, three tablespoonsful of dry mustard, two tablespoonsful each of black pepper, allspice and celery seed, three tablespoonfuls of salt, one quart of chopped onions, one pint of sugar, two and one-half quarts of vinegar, red pepper to taste; beat the spices and boil all together till done.

CHICKEN SOUP.—Save the broth after boiling chickens and to it add a dozen ripe tomatoes peeled and sliced and one onion thinly sliced; boil twenty minutes; season, add two beaten eggs and serve.

BOILED CODFISH.—Soak in cold water over night; in the morning put in a stew pan with a half pint of water and a pint and a half of milk; stew slowly, and then add a half cup of milk thickened with flour; season with pepper and butter and serve on toast.

MINCED COD.—Flake cold boiled cod, add one of mashed potatoes, a small lump of butter, one-half teaspoon of cornstarch and one beaten egg; heat and serve.

BOILED SALT MACKEREL.—Freshen, wrap in a cloth and simmer fifteen minutes. Remove carefully from the cloth to a dish, with the skin side up. Serve with drawn butter.

VERY HARD CASH.

A Matter-of-Fact Romance.

By Charles Reade.

CHAPTER VI.

"Mr. Edward Dodd?"

"Not at home, sir. Left last week."

"For long?"

"I don't rightly know, sir. But he won't be back this week, I don't think."

"Perhaps," stammered Alfred, "the ladies—Mrs. Dodd—might be able to tell me."

"Oh, yes, sir. But my mistress she's in London just now."

Alfred's eyes flashed. "Could I learn from Miss Dodd?"

"La, sir, she is in London along with her ma; why, 'tis for her they are gone; to insult the great doctors."

"He started. "She is not ill? Nothing serious?"

"Well, sir, we do hope not; she is pining a bit, as young ladies will."

Alfred was anything but consoled by this off-hand account; he became alarmed, and looked wretched. Seeing him so perturbed, Sarah, who was blunt but good-natured, added. "But cook she says hard work would cure our miss of all she ails."

"Cook is an unfeeling wretch," replied Alfred.

"Bless your heart, it belongs to her place, or how could she skin them rabbits? ha! ha! Who shall I say was asking for her? for my work is a bit behindhand.

Alfred took the hint reluctantly, and drew out his card-case, saying, "For Mr. Edward Dodd." She gave her clean but wettish hand a hasty wipe with her apron, and took the card; he retired; she stood on the step and watched him out of sight, said "Oh!" and took his card to the kitchen for preliminary inspection and discussion.

Alfred Hardie was resolute, but sensitive. He had come on the wings of Love and Hope; he went away heavily; a housemaid's tongue had shod his elastic feet with lead in a moment; of all misfortunes sickness was what he had not anticipated, for she looked immortal. Perhaps it was that fair and treacherous disease, consumption. Well, if it was, he would love her all the more, would wed her as soon as he was of age, and carry her to some soft Southern clime, and keep each noxious air at bay, and prolong her life, perhaps save it.

And now he began to chafe at the social cobwebs that kept him from her. But, just as his impatience was about to launch him into imprudence he was saved by a genuine descendant of Adam. James Maxley kept Mr. Hardie's little pleasaunce trim as trim could be, by yearly contract. This entailed short but frequent visits; and Alfred often talked with him; for the man was really a bit of a character; had a shrewd rustic wit and a ready tongue, was rather too fond of law, and much too fond of money; but scrupulously honest: head as long as Cudworth's but broader; and could not read a line. One day he told Alfred that he must knock off now, and take a look in at Albion Villee; the captain was due; and on no account would he, Maxley, allow that there ragged box round the captain's quarter-deck; "That is how he do name their little mossel of a lawn; and there he walks for a wager, athirt and across, across and athirt, five steps and then about; and I'd a'most bet ye a halfpenny he thinks hisself on the salt sea ocean, bless his silly old heart."

All this time Alfred, after the first of joyful surprise, was secretly thanking his stars for sending him an instrument. To learn whether she had returned, he asked Maxley whether the ladies had sent for him.

"Not they," said Maxley, rather contemptuously; "what do women-folk care about a border, without 'tis a lace one to their night-caps; for none but the devil to see. Not as I have aught to say again the pair; they keep their turf tidyish—and pay ready money—and a few flowers in their pots; but the rest may shift for itself. Ye see, Master Alfred," exclaimed Maxley, wagging his head wisely, "nobody's pride can be everywhere; now, theirs is in-a-doors; their withdrawing-room it's like the Queen's palace, my missus tells me; she is wrapped up in 'em, ye know. But the captain for my money."

The sage shouldered his tools and departed. But he left a good hint behind him. Alfred hovered about the back door next day till he caught Mrs. Maxley; she supplied the house with eggs and vegetables. "Could she tell him whether his friend, Edward Dodd, was likely to come home soon?" She thought not; he has gone away to study. "He hasn't much headpiece, you know, not like what Miss Julia have. Mrs. and Miss are to be home to-day; they wrote to cook this morning. I shall be there to-morrow, sartain, and I'll ask in the kitchen when Master Edward is coming back."

Alfred saw he had fallen into the right hands; here was a good soul who only wanted starting to give many answers to few questions. He reflected a moment, and then asked her could she bring him two fresh eggs every morning?

"Who better?" said she. "Why, we do lay our own; only they come a little dearer than the shop eggs; but la! a half penny's not much to the likes of you."

"Good things are never cheap," said the sly boy; "so if you will be upon honor that they are yours, and fresh, I'll stand sixpence for two every morning."

"Sixpence for a couple of eggs!" cried Mrs. Maxley, flushing all over with the desire of gain. "I dursn't do it; Jim, he'd kill me."

"Nonsense! It is not for the eggs only, but your trouble of bringing them; why, it is half a mile."

"So 'tis. La! to think of a gentleman like you vallying a poor woman's time; and you got nothing do with yourn, but fling it away on cricketing and larning, which they don't make nobody rich, they don't."

Love and avarice soon struck a bargain, and for once the nobler passion became as early a bird as the other, and picked up many a good crumb of intelligence. The ladies of Albion Villa were good kind ladies; the very maid servants loved them; Miss was more for religion than her mother, and went to St. Anne's church Thursday evenings, and Sundays morning and evening; visited some poor women in the parish with food and clothes; Mrs. Dodd could not sleep a wink when the wind blew hard at night; but never complained, only came down pale to breakfast. Miss Julia's ailment was nothing to speak of, but they were in care along of being so wrapt up in her, and no wonder, for if ever there was a duck——

Acting on this intelligence, Alfred went early the next Sunday to St. Anne's church, and sat down in the side gallery at its east end. While the congregation flowed quietly in, the organist played the Agnus Dei of Mozart. Those pious tender tones stole over this hot young heart, and whispered, "Peace! be still!" He sighed wearily, and it passed through his mind that it might have been better for him, and especially for his studies, if he had never seen her. Such instints are often prophetic. Suddenly the aisle seemed to lighten up; she was gliding along it, beautiful as May, and modesty itself in dress and carriage. She went into a pew, and kneeled a minute, then seated herself and looked out the lessons for the day. Alfred gazed at her face: devoured it. But her eyes never moved. She seemed to have put off feminine curiosity, and the world, at the church door. Indeed, he wished she was not so heavenly discreet; her lashes were delicious, but he longed to see her eyes once more; to catch a glance from them, and, by it, decipher his fate.

"But, no; she was there to worship, and did not discern her earthly lover, whose longing looks were glued to her, and his body rose and sank with the true worshipers, but with no more spirituality than a piston, or a Jack-in-the-box.

In the last hymn before the sermon, a well-meaning worshiper in the gallery, delivered a leading note, a high one, with great zeal, but small precision, being about a semitone flat; at this outrage on her too sensitive ear Julia Dodd turned her head swiftly to discover the offender; and failed; but her two sapphire eyes met Alfred's point-blank.

She was crimson in a moment, and lowered them on her book again, as if to look that way was to sin. It was but a flash; but sometimes a flash fires a mine.

The lovely blush deepened and spread before it melted away, and Alfred's slate cooling heart warmed itself at that sweet glowing cheek. She never looked his way again, not once; which was a sad disappointment: but she bluhsed again and again before the service ended, only not so deeply; now, there was nothing in the sermon to make her blush. I might add there was nothing to redden her cheek with religious excitement. There was a little canded sourness—oil and vinegar—against sects and low churchmen; but thin generality predominated. Total: "Acetate of morphia," for dry souls to sip.

So Alfred took all the credit of causing those sweet irrelevant blushes; and gloated; the young wretch could not help glorying in his power to tint that fair statue of devotion with earthly thoughts.

But stay! that dear blush, was it pleasure or pain? What if the sight of him was intolerable?

He would know how he stood with her, and on the spot. He was one of the first to leave the church; he made for the churchyard gate, and walked slowly backward and forward by it, with throbbing heart till she came out.

She was prepared for him now, and bowed slightly to him with the most perfect composure, and no legible sentiment, except a certain marked politeness many of our young ladies think wasted upon young gentlemen; and are mistaken.

Alfred took off his hat in a tremor, and his eyes implored and inquired, but met with no further response; and she walked swiftly home, though without apparent effort. He looked longingly after her; but discretion forbade.

He now crawled by Albion Villa twice every day, wet or dry, and had the good fortune to see her twice at the drawing-room window. He was constant at St. Anne's church, and one Thursday crept into the isle to be nearer to her, and he saw her steal one swift look at the gallery, and look grave; but she soon detected him, and though she looked no more toward him, she seemed demurely complacent. Alfred had learned to note these subtleties now, for love is a microscope. What he did not know was, that his timid ardor was pursuing a masterly course; that to find herself furtively followed everywhere, and hovered about for a look, is apt to soothe womanly pride, and stir womanly pity, and to keep the female heart in a flutter of curiosity and emotion, two porters that open the heart's great gate to love.

Dr. Sampson dined with the Hardies, and happened to mention the "Dodds" among his old patients: for he had lived at Barkington.

"The Dodds of Albion Villa?" inquired Miss Hardie, to her brother's no little surprise.

"Albyn fiddlestick!" said the polished doctor. "No! they live on the water-side; used to but now they have left the town, I hear. He is a sea-captain and a fine lad, and Mrs. Dodd is just the best bred women I ever prescribed for, except Mrs. Sampson."

"It is the Dodds of Albion Villa," said Miss Hardie. "They have two children; a son: his name is Edward; and a daughter, Julia; she is rather good-looking; a Gentlemen's Beauty."

Alfred stared at his sister. Was she blind? with her "rather good-looking."

Sampson was quite pleased at the information. "N'" listen me! I saved that girl's life when she was a year old."

"Then she is ill now, doctor," said Alfred, hastily. "Do go and see her! Hum! The fact is, her brother is a great favorite of mine." He then told him how to find Albion Villa. "Jenny, dear," said he, when Sampson was gone, "you never told me you knew her."

"Knew who, dear?"

"Whom? Why, Dodd's sister."

"Oh, she is a new acquaintance, and not one to interest you. We only meet in the Lord; I do not visit Albion Villa; her mother is an amiable worldling."

"Unpardonable combination!" said Alfred, with a slight sneer. "So you and Miss Dodd meet only at church?"

"At church? hardly. She goes to St. Anne's: sits under a preacher who spoils his flock with moral discourses, and holds out the sacraments of the church as the means of grace, and keeps His atonement, and the efficacy of prayer through him, in the background."

Alfred shook his head good humoredly. "Now, Jennie, that is a challenge; and you know we both got into a fury the last time we were betrayed into that miserable waste of time and temper, Theological discussion. No, no:

Let sects delight to bark and bite,
For ti's their nature to;
Let gown and surplice growl and fight,
For Satan makes them so.

But let you and I cut High Church and Low Church, and be brother and sister. Do tell me in English where you meet Julia Dodd; that's a dear: for young ladies 'meeting the Lord conveys no positive idea to my mind."

Jane Hardie sighed at this confession. "We meet about His business; in the cottages of the poor and the sick, whom He loved and pitied when on earth; and we, His unworthy servants, try to soothe their distress, and lead them to Him, who can heal the soul as well as the body, and wipe away all the tears of all His people."

"Then it does you infinite credit, Jane," said Alfred, warmly. "Now, that is the voice of true religion—by Jupiter; and not the whine of this sect, nor the snarl of that. And so she joins you in this good work? I am not surprised."

"We meet in it now and then, dear; but she can hardly be said to have joined me: I have a district, you know; but poor Mrs. Dodd will not allow Julia to enlist in His service. She visits independently, and by fits and starts; and I am afraid she thinks more of crumbs from His altar; it was but the other day she confessed to me her backwardness to speak in the way of instruction to women as old as her her mother. She finds it so much easier to let them run on about their earthly troubles; and of course it is much easier to one who is herself but a Babe in Grace. Ah, the world holds her still in some of its subtle meshes."

The speaker uttered this sadly; but presently, brightening up, said, with considerable bonhomie, and almost a sprightly air: "But she is a dear old girl, and the Lord will yet light her candle."

Alfred pulled a face, as of one that drinketh verjuice unawares; but let it pass; hypercriticism was not his cue just then. "Well, Jenny," said he, I have a favor to ask you, Introduce me to your friend, Miss Dodd. Will you?"

Miss Hardie colored faintly. "I would rather not, dear Alfred."

"Nonsense! Why not?"

"Because the introduction could not be for eternal good. Julia's soul is in a very ticklish state; she wavers as yet between God and the world; and it won't do—it won't do; there is no middle path; every human creature either be His child or the devil's slave. You would very likely turn the scale, and then I should have fought against her everlasting welfare—my friend's."

"What, am I an infidel?" inquired Alfred, angrily.

Jane looked distressed. "Oh no, Alfred. But you are a wordling; and the world is at deadly enmity with Him."

Alfred, smothering a strong sense of irritation, besought her to hear reason; these big words were out of place here. "It is Dodd's sister: and he will introduce me at a word, worldling as I am."

"Then why urge me to do it, against my conscience?" asked the young lady, as sharply as if she had been a woman of the world. "You cannot be in love with her, as you do not know her."

Alfred did not reply to this unlucky thrust, but made a last effort to soften her. "Can you call youself my sister, and refuse me this trifling service, which her brother, who loves her and esteems her ten times more sincerely than you do, would not think of refusing me if he was at home."

"Why should he? He is in the flesh himself; let the carnal introduce one another. I really must decline; but I am very, very sorry that you feel hurt about it."

"And I am very sorry I have not an amiable worldling for my sister, instead of an unamiable and devilish conceited Christian."

And, with these bitter words, Alfred snatched a candle and bounced up to bed in a fury. So apt is one passion to rouse up others.

Jane Hardie let fall a gentle tear; but consoled herself with the conviction that she had done her duty, and that Alfred's anger was quite unreasonable, and so he would see as soon as he should cool.

The next day the lover, smarting under this check, and spurred to fresh efforts, invaded Sampson. That worthy was just going to dine at Albion villa, so Alfred postponed pumping him until next day. Well, he came at the inn next day, and if the doctor was not just gone back to London!

"I have no luck!" thought Alfred; and wandered disconsolate homeward.

In the middle of Buchanan Street, an agitated treble called after him, "Mr. Halfred! hoh, Mr. Halfred!" He looked back and saw Dick Absalom, a promising young cricketer, brandishing a document and imploring aid. "O, Master Halfred!, dooee please come here. I durstn't leave the shop."

There is a tie between cricketers far too strong for social distinctions to divide, and, though Alfred muttered peevishly, "Whose cat is dead now?" he obeyed the strange summons.

The distress was a singular one. Master Absalom, I must premise, was the youngest of two lads in the employ of Mr. Jenner, a benevolent old chemist, a disciple of Malthus. Jenner taught the virtues of drugs and minerals to tender youths, at the expense of the public. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed since a pretty servant girl came into the shop, and laid a paper on the counter, saying, "Please to make that up, young man." Now at fifteen we are gratified by inaccuracies of this kind from ripe female lips; so Master Absalom took the perscription with a complacent grin; his eye glanced over it; it fell to shaking in his hand; chill dismay penetrated his heart; and, to speak with Oriental strictness, his liver turned instantly to water. However, he made a feeble clutch at Mercantile Mendacity, and stammered out. "Here's a many hingredients, and the governor's out walking, and he's been and locked the drawer where we keeps our Prætorium. You couldn't come again in half an hour, Miss, could ye?" She acquiesced readily, for she was out habitually called Miss, and she had a follower, a languid one, living hard by, and belonged to a class which thinks it consistent to come after its followers.

Dicky saw her safe off, and groaned at his ease. Here was a prescription full of new chemicals, sovereign, no doubt; i. e., deadly when applied Jennerically; and the very directions for use were in Latin words he had encountered in no prescription before. A year ago Dicky would have counted the proscribed ingredients on his fingers, and then taken down an equal number of little articles, solid or liquid, mixed them, delivered them, and so to cricket, serene; but now, his mind, to apply the universal cant, was "in a transition state." A year's practice had chilled the youthful valor, which used to scatter Epsom salts, or oxalic acid; magnesia, or something white. An experiment or two by himself and his compeers, with comments by the coroner, had enlightened him as to the final result on the human body of potent chemicals fearlessly administered, leaving him dark as to their distinctive qualities applied remedially. What should he do? run with the prescription to old Taylor in the next street, a chemist of forty years? Alas! at his tender age, he had not omitted to chaff that reverend rival persistently and publicly. Humble his establishment before the King Street one? Sooner perish drugs, and come eternal cricket! And, after all, why not? Drummer-boys, and powder-monkeys, and other imps of his age that dealt destruction, were paid; Mankind acknowledge their services in cash; but old Jenner, taught by Philosophy, through its organ the newspapers, that "knowledge is riches," was above diluting with a few shillings a week the wealth a boy acquired behind his counter: so his apprentices got no salary. Then why not shut up the old rogue's shutters, and excite a little sympathy for him, to be followed by a powerful reaction on his return from walking; and go and offer his own services on the cricket ground to field for the gentlemen by the hour, or bowl at a shilling on their bails? "Bowling is the lay for me," said he; "you get money for that, and you only bruise the gents a bit and break their thumbs; you can't put their vital sparks out as you can at this work."

By a striking coincidence, the most influential member of the cricket club passed while Dick was in this quandary.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Virgin Was Foolish.

A gentleman and his wife who had gone to a neighbor's for an evening visit felt obliged to cut short their stay, in consideration of the feelings of their young lady hostess, who was overcome with mortification because the parlor lamp went out.

It was a house where the decorative craze was at that time rampant. Scarcely an article in the room that was not Kensington painted or Kensington stitched or "artistically draped." Decorated bellows, decorated candles, decorated mirrors, decorated jars, jugs, plates, bottles, mugs, vases, baskets, fans, milking stools, placques, lambrequins, wherever lambrequins could be attached; filmy drapery over pictures and easel, over everything that could be draped—catching on one's buttons, being whisked off on one's skirts if one cared to move.

Greatest triumph of all was a superb and genuinely artistic lamp of price, which had over it a petticoat of satin ribbons, in a symphony of yellow—citron yellow, lemon yellow, gold, old gold and orange—showing through an outer petticoat of exquisite lace with a flounce that would have driven a cardinal wild to possess it for his own personal adornment.

But alack for the practical details of this show house! The light began to wane, then rally, again wane; and then with one desperate effort at saving the family name, it went out.

On the way home the couple talked pityingly of the lady's humiliation. "The moral of which is," said she, "that lamps should be trimmed," replied he, "but not with point lace."—The Wide Awake.

Trout That Reasond and Remembered.

"Some time before the death of Seth Green, the celebrated New York fish culturist and naturalist," said a Philadelphian who takes great interest in piscicultural matters," I paid a visit with him to the fish hatchery of that state at Caledonia. In one of the ponds there at that time there were 5,000 large brook trout, every one of which had been captured with the fly—tied on barbless hooks—in unfrequented brooks in the Adirondack region. These trout, Mr. Green said, had convinced him that fish have reasoning power and memory. When they were hooked he said, and were reeled slowly in by the careful fishermen who were capturing them for the state pond, they had time and opportunity to note the form and character of the tackle that made them prisoners. According to Mr. Green they never forgot that experience. The trout had been in the pond a long time, the females never being allowed to spawn there, and would follow Mr. Green as he walked along the edge of the water, tossing bits of liver into the pond. To show that his theory about the memory and reason was correct he would carry a cane and a fish rod concealed behind his back. If he took the cane from its concealment and held it out over the water the fish paid no attention to it; but the moment he produced the rod with its reel and line attached away the trout scampered like a flash to distant parts of the pond. Mr. Green told me that he would permit anyone to cast a fly in that pond to his heart's content, as he was satisfied that not one of the trout would come near it, so vividly did they remember their enemy of five years ago." Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Hamilton, in his article in the Forum, shows that insurance companies often divide earning equal, to 20 per cent. is realized, and in a few cases as high as 40 per cent., which is simply extortion.

Face-to-Face Work.

He who would help the poor must work among them and not at them. Art may admit of *dilettanteism*, that is, of following it for amusement and not with a serious purpose; but philanthrophy demands persistent, personal work from those who are more interested in men, women and children than they are in humanity. When Edward Irving began his labors as Dr. Chalmers' assistant, among the poor of Glasgow, he girded himself for face-to-face, hand-to-hand work. He entered a poor man's home, as he would have gone into an oriental palace, with the apostolic benediction, "Peace be to this house."

He laid his hand upon the heads of the children, and pronounced the ancient benediction, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee." Then with the heartiness of a neighbor he entered into the concerns of the household, listened to the narrative of hardships and partook of the miserable cheer, having first asked over it as stately a blessing as if it were a feast.

Once on his way to a meeting of the presbytery, he walked, while the other ministers went in carriages. The "brethren," on overtaking Irving, greeted him with laughter and jokes, for on his stalwart shoulders he bore a peddler's pack, while by his side walked a poor, tired Irishman. Irving was indignant at the brethren's laughter. He was simply "bearing another's burden," and so fulfilling the law of Christ.

Irving's interest in persons prompted him to devise guileless wiles for winning them. An infidel shoemaker, a born worker, used to turn his back when Irving visited the house, and never acknowledged his presence save by an occasional humph of criticism on some remark of the visitor to the trembling wife.

One day Irving sat down by the shoemaker's bench, took up a piece of patent leather, then a recent invention, and made several remarks upon it.

"What do ye ken about leather?" asked the shoemaker, without raising his eyes.

Irving, a tanner's son, answered by so talking that the cobbler slackened work and listened. Irving described a process of making shoes by machinery. The man suspended work altogether, lifted his eyes and exclaimed. "Od, you're a decent kind o' fellow! Do you preach?"

On the following Sunday the cobbler was at church. The next day Irving meet him in one of the most frequented streets of Glasgow, hailed him as a friend, laid his hand upon the cobbler's shirt-sleeve, and walked with him until their ways parted.

The shoemaker was won. He bought him a suit of Sunday "blacks," went habitually to church, and to the criticism of his comrades, answered: "He's a sensible man, you. He kens about leather!"

Irving's cordiality, seen to be personal and not merely official, had conquered the sullen man.—Ex.

Marvelous Courage.

In a handsome mansion situated in a lonely part of England there resided, a few years ago, a maiden lady of considerable wealth, writes a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press. One morning she was discovered foully murderd. Her man-servant, named Lee, was suspected, arrested and convicted on circumstantial evidence, and sentenced to be hanged. So conclusive seemed the evidence against the prisoner that no attempt whatever was made on the part of the public to induce the Home Secretary to exercise executive clemency. The day of the execution having arrived, the prisoner was led forth to suffer the extreme penalty. The rope to be used, the texture of which was silk and hemp, had been, as is customary in such cases, tested with the aid of sand-bags, and was not found wanting. The bolt was drawn and the prisoner was given a drop of eight feet. The rope broke. The prisoner walked, unaided, up the steps leading to the scaffold, and after the rope had been fixed again and the noose adjusted the bolt was drawn for the second time. The rope broke again.

Lee was by this time considerably stunned. However, after the lapse of a few moments he again ascended, unaided, the steps, and after doing all in his power to allay the nervousness of the hangman, assisted the latter in once more fixing the rope. The prisoner placed himself on the trap-door, the bolt was pulled, and the condemned man dropped once more out of view. The rope parted for the third time. After considerable delay Lee once more placed himself into the executioner's hands, but that personage and the other officials, horrified at what seemed a Divine interposition, refused to proceed further with the business. The facts were reported to the Home Secretary, who at once respited the prisoner, condemning him to imprisonment for life.

Three years later a woman who was Lee's fellow-servant confessed on her dying bed that it was she who killed her mistress. She declared that Lee had no connection whatever with the affair, and stated facts strongly confirmatory to her confession.

Instances may possibly have occurred in which an equal amount of physical courage has been displayed, but outside of the pale of fiction there can not be cited a single case in which bravery ever played a more conspicuous part than in the incident above detailed.

What Goes Up Must Come Down.

A Norwich woman who puts up the best of strawberry jam, and labels the cans "Strawberry jam put up by," was surprised to find a can empty the other day, and additionly labeled: "Put down by the tramp who split wood for his breakfast!"

A new mixed drink is called a "business brace," but its practical tendency is more that of a business suspender.—Baltimore American.

Development of the Skull.

Chicago Times.

Mr. Dight, professor of anatomy in the American college at Beirut, Syria, gives some very interesting results of his examination of a collection of human skulls which are stored away in an old monastery in the Kedron valley, midway between Jerusalem and the Dead sea. He has made a careful comparison of these skulls with those of the same race at the present day, and finds some significant differences. The Caucasian skull has during the last thirteen centuries increased in circumference nearly two inches, and has gained considerable in cranial capacity. There has been no increase in width. The brain has gained in height and width—i. e., there has been a development of the upper and anterior parts of the brain, the parts which we should expect to increase by education and civilization, as they preside over the moral and intellectual functions. The lower portions of the brain, in which the lower or more selfish propensities are centered, and which give breadth to the head, have, in the march of the centuries, failed to grow as rapidly as the higher brain centuries, hence the non-increase in the width of cur skulls.—Chicago Times.

A Far-Sight Machine.

Mr. Edison is reported, in a conversation with a reporter who solicited his ideas on the subject of the projected world's fair in New York City, as saying that he would take an acre of space in such a fair and completely cover it with his inventions, of which he has no less than seventy now under way. "One of the most peculiar, and now promising good results," said Mr. Edison, "is what I call a far-sight machine." By means of this extraordinary invention, the Electrical Review says, he hopes to be able to increase the range of vision by hundreds of miles, so that, for instance, "a man in New York could see the features of his friend in Boston with as much ease as he could see a performance on the stage. That," he added, "would be an invention worthly a prominent place in the world's fair, and I hope to have it perfected long before 1892."

Three More Eiffel Towers.

The idea of building three more Eiffel towers and then turning the four into the legs of a huge platform where on a sanitarium can be built above the smoke and stir and dust and noise of cities, whither invalids could ascend in search of pure air and seclusion, is being discussed with every appearance of sincerity in Paris. The nation is certainly a big one and worthy of the age which tackles such big undertakings as Panama canal and a channel tunnel, but it will not fall to the lot of invalids of this generation, I fear, or of the next either, to avail themselves of the aerial sanitarium which is suggested.—London Figaro.

Lewis Bros. & Co., dry goods, of Philadelphia, fail for four millions.

J. J. West is ousted from the editorial control of the Chicago Times.

The Disciples' denomination is to establish a college in Minneapolis.

Menominee gets the episcopal military school for Northern Wisconsin.

Some of the lynchers of James Averell and Kate Maxwell are arrested in Wyoming.

LL D,

From the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon.

When the college wants to compliment a visitor, or a benefactor, or one who may become a benefactor, and cannot make anything else out of him, it can always make him a doctor of laws. He may be land speculator, or may have invented a cooking stove, or may be proficient in cuneiform inscriptions, or may have found an osteriod, or may have put up a new brand of tobacco—it does not matter, LL. D. looks well after any man's name, and LL. D. it is.

The Trust Mania and its Cure.

Every industry in the land appears to be falling into the hands of so-called "trusts" or combinations, which have for their objects to increase the selling price of restrict competition and to their products. We have on many occasions called attention to the inevitable result of these efforts to make the public pay for the support of antiquated and expensive producing works, or for the losses which ignorance or extravagance would entail. The object now apparent in most cases of "trust" organizations is simply to make the dear public believe that "trust stock" are good investments, and to unload these "securities" on them as rapidly as possible.

Many of the unwary will later on pay dearly for their education in this matter, but in the meantime it is well for proposing investors in "trust stocks" to consider the legislation already proposed or enacted in several States for the treatment of this trust mania.

Take, for example, the following extract from a bill passed recently by the Michigan Legislature, and said to have been drawn by a lawyer who has been the presiding judge of the Supreme Court of the State. It provides "that all contracts, agreements, understandings and combinations made, entered into or knowingly assented to by and between any parties capable of making a contract or agreement which would be valid at law or in equity, the purpose or object or intent of which shall be to limit, control or in any manner to restrict or regulate the amount of production or quantity of any article or commodity to be raised or produced by mining, manfacture, agriculture or any other branch of business or labor, or to enhance, control or regulate the market price thereof, or in any manner to prevent or restrict free competition in the production or sale of any such article or commodity, shall be utterly illegal and void, and every such contract, agreement, understanding and combination shall constitute a criminal conspiracy." Organizations of workmen are expected from the operation of the act.

This bill, whether good law or not, is certainly one of the most concise, comprehensive and rigid measures we have yet seen, and it is well worthy the careful consideration of all who are tempted to invest in these so-called "trust securities."

A Peculiar Epitaph.

An observing lawyer said the other day: "I have often heard of peculiar inscriptions on tombstones; but one came under my observation a few days ago that I think deserves a notice. It was something decidedly out of the common, and, while the sentiment was praiseworthy and a 'consummation devoutly to be wished,' had a strong element of the ludicrous in it. I was passing along Main street in Germantown, and I stopped at the corner of Queen street for a moment to look at the old fashioned stucco and stone church there. Its old steeple and clocks are land marks. It is the old Trinity church, and it stands in the center of a grassy plot about half an acre in extent. Part of it is used as a burying ground. There are three graves close together, but only one of them is marked with a tombstone. On this are the name and date of death of the deceased occupier, and beneath it is the rather remarkable inscription:

"When shall we three meet again?"

"The designer evidently thought it biblical and not Shakespearean, and he had probably never read the preceeding line, 'In thunder, lightning or in rain?' "—Philadelphia Inquirer.

People who are in the habit of using large numbers flippantly and without consideration, would often open their eyes with wonder if even a comparativel simple number were analyzed and elucidated for them. "A million bushels of wheat," for instance, is easily said and doesn't seem to be so colossal, because its vastness is not realized. At the rate of 20,000 pounds to a car—the usual capacity—it would require a train ten miles long to hold it, or if carried in ordinary farm wagons, the train would be 142 miles long.

It will be to your advantage when writing advertisers to say you saw their advertisement in this paper.

N. W. N. U. 1889. No. 31

The Wahpteon Times

Formerly Red River Free Press, Established 1879

BY GEO. P. GARRED.

THE TIMES is published every Thursday at its own building, Fourth street, Wahpeton, Dakota and the subscription price is $2.00 per year.

Rates of Advertising.

Space.	1wk	2wk	3wk	1m	3m	6m	1 yr
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3 inch..	2 50	3 00	3 75	4 75	7 00	8 50	17 00
4 inch..	3 00	3 50	4 00	5 00	9 00	14 40	21 00
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¾ col ...	7 00	9 00	12 00	18 00	28 00	56 00	80 00
1 col....	10 00	12 00	15 00	22 00	56 00	60 00	96 00

The Columns of THE TIMES are open to all who desire a candid discussion of questions of interest to the people of Richland county, but of course we do not hold ourselves responsible for a correspondent's opinions.

Let the journalist defend the doctrine of the party which he approves, let him criticise and condem the party which he does not approve, reserving always his right to applaud his opponents or censure his friends, as the truth may require, and he will be independent enough for a free country.—[Garfield.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1889.

DEMOCRATIC STATEHOOD CONVENTION.

At a meeting of the Democrat Central committee of North Dakota, held at Bismarck on the 20th day of July, A. D., '89, it was ordered that a call be issued for a statehood convention of the democratic party of North Dakota, to be held at Fargo, North Dakota on Thursday the 29th day of August, 1889, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of placing in nomination candidates for the various state offices to be filled under the new state constitution and to transact such other business as may properly come before it. The basis of representation in said convention is as follows: One delegates at large for each organized county, and one delegate for every 250 votes or fraction thereof, cast for delegates to congress at the last general election. On this basis the apportionment for each county as follows:

Grand Forks	18	LaMoure	5	Trail	11
Billings	4	Griggs	5	Steele	4
Bottineau	4	Kidder	3	Sargent	7
Benson	4	Logan	2	Towner	3
Burleigh	6	Morton	6	Walsh	16
Buford	2	McHenry	3	Wells	3
Barnes	9	McLean	3	Ward	4
Cass	21	McIntosh	3	Richland	10
Cavalier	7	Mercer	2	Ransom	8
Dickey	8	Nelson	6	Ramsey	8
Eddy	4	Oliver	2	Rolette	4
Emmons	3	Pierce	2	Stark	4
Foster	3	Pembina	13	Stutsman	8

It was resolved by the committee that no proxies be allowed in the said convention unless held by bonafide residents and voters of the county which said proxies represent.

The chairman of the several county committees are hereby requested to see that county conventions are duly called and held for the purpose of electing delegates to this convention, pursuant to the above.

Attest MARTIN RYAN, Chairman.
W. R. BIERLY, Secretary.

Democratic County Convention.

Notice is hereby given that a Democratic county convention will be held at the court house in the city of Wahpeton, Wednesday, August 14th, 1889, at 10 o'clock a. m. to elect ten delegates to represent Richland county at the state convention to be held at Fargo, August 29th, 1889.

The several precincts will be entitled to representation as follows:

Eagle	1	Dexter	2
Walcott	1	Belford	5
Walcott Village	1	Brandenburg	3
Colfax	1	Summit	4
Barrie	2	Fairmount	2
Helendale	1	" Village	1
Sheyenne	1	DeVillo	3
West End	2	Brightwood	3
Grafton	2	Elma	2
Abercrombie	3	Park	5
Dwight	3	Wahpeton, 1st ward	5
Center	4	" 2d ward	5
Danton	3	" 3d ward	5

It is suggested that caucuses be held in each precinct, Saturday, August 10th, at such time and place as the several township committees suggest.

A. L. ROBERTS, Chairman Com.

Republican County Convention.

A Republican county convention for Richland county will meet at the court house in the city of Wahpeton on Friday, August 16th, 1889, at 1 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing eleven delegates to represent Richland county in the state convention called to meet at Fargo on the 21st day of August, 1889, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the convention. The apportionmen is as follows:

Wahpeton, 1st ward	2	Dwight	6
" 2nd ward	4	Center	4
" 3rd ward	2	Danton	1
Eagle	6	Dexter	1
Walcott	5	Belford	1
" Village	1	Brandenburg	1
Colfax	2	Summit	2
Barrie	2	Fairmount	3
Helendale	1	" Village	1
Sheyenne	1	DeVillo	1
West End	1	Brightwood	2
Grafton	4	Elma	1
Abercrombie	6	Park	4

The committee would recommend that the township committees in the several townships call the caucuses for selecting delegates to the county convention for Wednesday evening, August 14, 1889.

FRED FALLEY, Chairman.
N. DAVIS, Secretary.

It is said Sargent county gets a term of court toward the last of August.

The Herald and Times, Walsh county, is pushing J. L. Cashel of that place for state treasurer.

A two-house legislature with the senatorial and representative districts identical is a roaring farce.—[Bismarck Tribune.

Has the Republican central committee of the territory learned that its own meteor, "Gen." Ward, havbeen discovered in New York has fled.

Notwithstanding Van R McVeagh got hold of Anna Roach and she in court swore that he had never wronged her, and he was released, a second mock marriage is reported from Winnipeg. Take all the fool things done in the world one would naturally conclude that the fools are in the majority.

Editor Hansborough of Devil's Lake announces himself a candidate for congress—and while he supports Ordway, Pierce and Allen, he denounces Col. Lounsbury as a carpet-bagger! We believe the colonel is a candidate for congress, and he is competent and eligible, having been a worthy pioneer of North Dakota.

If Ordway was not amenable to the territorial law under embezzelment charges preferred and indictments found by the former republican territorial regime, owing to his sojourning governmental appointment, is it not a little cheeky of him to return now claiming a residence. An old citizen tax payer ought to feel proud of the republican-high tariff-carpet-bagging-crew now piloting him up to the ballot box as a sheep is led to the slaughter house.

The convention has decided that the pay to legislators shall be $5 a day. It was also agreed that the length of the legislative sessions shall be 60 days and that the first session shall be 120 days. The preamble adopted is as follows: We, the people of North Dakota, grateful to almighty God for religious and civil liberty, do establish and ordain this constitution.

Ex-Deputy Insurance Commissioner Todd of Redwood Falls, Minnesota, who for six months has shared the confidence of the Merriam administration says its distinguishing features are unprecedented power and unprecedented weaknesses, defined as "the weakness of inexperience and general incompetency." And Mr. Todd declares that the Democrats were correct in their claims that Merriam indulged in great corruption in gaining his nomination. Everything tends to show that the Minnesota government is rotten beyond description, but nothing has yet happened which would lead one to imagine that the veil will ever be lifted from the vision of a majority of the deluded and prejudiced voters of that state. No one ever supposed or claimed that Merriam had any ability.

The Record Should Suffice.

Notwithstanding the legal light recently turned in on the question of Ordway's residency and largely influenced, no doubt, by the fee paid by Ordway, thousands of people are yet in doubt on the question, and on this point the Northwest News, Grand Forks, seems to touch an important chord: "It will be remembered that at the time when three-fourths of the republicans of Dakota had fired charges of all kinds in at Washington, against Ordway, and when he had asserted that he could buy all the affidavits in Dakota at a dollar a piece that he wanted, Mr. Ordway was indicted for malfeasances in office, by a republican grand jury, under a republican administration. This was so near the close of his term as governor that Mr. Ordway left the territory in disgust. However, he engaged the ablest attorneys of the northwest, that money could retain who appeared before the republican court, not to deny the numerous charges against N. G. Ordway as governor of Dakota, but to demur to the indictment. As every lawyer knows, under common-law rules, the demurrer was an admission of the facts charged in the indictment. In other words, the astute attorneys for Mr. Ordway appeared for him, to admit that whatever the republican grand jurors had presented on their oaths was not false and it matters little what it was, or whether it was true, the defense they made was this: Governor Ordway was a U. S. official, same as a U. S. counsel, or revenue collector who does not lose his residence by change of inhabitancy. Whatever he may have done, whatever malfeasance he may be guilty of, he is not subject to the jurisdiction of the territory, though he did it under a territorial law. He is not amenable to the territorial law. He is not a citizen of the territory, but merely a sojourner, by virtue of a U. S. appointment. The court decided the point well taken and the culprit was ordered discharged. In pursuance of this finding, Mr. Ordway lost no time to pack his carpet bag with true Yankee frugality and his himself back to the granite hills to dwell once more in marble halls and denounce his republican assailants as unworthy of belief."

Strengthens the Money Power.

If "the tariff ridden" people of the United States are so impoverished, why are our free trade English capitalists so anxious to purchase our manufactories? There are literally millions of English money for investment in American enterprises.—[Fergus Falls Journal.

English money is flooding this country because the monied interests are on top here. If those shrewd Englishmen can make money in their tight little Island, how much more can they not amass in this land where they are specially favored,—in this land of resources where the people, so far, seem to stand the strain uncomplainingly. Doubtless it is the same class of men coming here with capital who for hundreds of years fought the enactment of the corn laws in England and who were defeated only forty years ago. The Englishmen are abating none of their home interests, they hold fast to the custom which gives them free raw materials and the customs which make them masters of the seas and commercial friends in every sea-port on earth, and by the time the busy and taffy-fed Americans find hard pan and are awakened to their true handicapped condition, the shrewdest and most comprehensive business men on earth--the Englishmen, will have a vice-like grip on the commercial affairs to this country and will continue to aid this great accomplishment of capital robbing labor and the art of production. Certainly, the time is coming even in America that this plan of taking values and property away from the masses and awarding it to the few, through an overdone revenue system, will be wiped out. But in the meantime don't marvel at English money coming to the states. The Englishman has shown and is now demonstrating that he is a business man, with human selfishness.

(Continued from last week.)

COUNTY DADS.

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, }
County of Richland, } ss.
County Auditor's Office. }

Saturday, 9 a. m. Board called to order by the chairman, members present as before.

On motion J. W. Gregg was appointed coroner in place of Dr. Baldwin, resigned.

On motion the following county warrants were destroyed:

643	E M Locke, date, July 20, 1883	1 10
599	J B Hatch, date, July 18, 1883	2 00
637	Fritz Ponant, date, July 20, 1883	1 10
388	Iver Quam, date, April 24, 1883	7 70
569	Isaac B Smith, date July 18, 1883	2 00
387	Solomon Taylor, date, April 24, 1883	7 40
530	A H Whited, July 18, 1883	1 20
560	John A Wesner, July 18, 1883	2 00
642	Margaret Zohners, July 20, 1883	1 10

On motion the board adjourned until 2 o'clock p. m.

Two p. m. Board called to order by the chairman, memers present, H. C. N. Myhra, J. Bauer, Peter Kramer, Fritz Wessel, chairman.

On motion the following reports of the overseers of the poor from the 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th districts were accepted:

To the Board of County Commissioners of Richland County, Dakota:

GENTLEMEN:—I hereby present my report as overseer of the poor, district No. 2.

John Thompson, Abercrombie, six children, one sick, $30 per month allowance. Henry Jones, West End, six children, two sick, $8 per month allowance, temporarily. Mrs. Heitman, Dwght, two children, $8 per month, temporarily.

All of which is respectfully submitted. H. C. N. MYHRA, Overseer Dist. No. 2.

Dated July 19, 1889.

To the Board of County Commissioners of Richland County, Dakota:

GENTLEMEN:—I hereby present my report as overseer of the poor, Dist. No. 3:

Jacob Leinen, Belford, three children, allowed groceries and wood. Frank Sheline, Belford, allowed groceries and wood. Mrs. Gutzman, Summit, three children, allowed groceries and wood.

All of which is repectfully submitted. FRITZ WESSEL, Overseer Dist. No. 3.

July 19, 1889.

To the Board of County Commissioners of Richland County, Dakota:

GENTLEMEN:—I hereby present my report as overseer of the poor Dist. No. 4:

John Front, Hankinson, five children, temporarily. Ed. Lemay, Hankinson, allowed $8 per month.

All of which is respectfully submitted. PETER KRAMER, Overseer Dist. No. 4.

July 19, 1889.

To the Board of County Commissioners of Richland County, Dakota:

GENTLEMEN:—I hereby present my report as overseer of the poor, Dist. No. 1:

Mrs. Yonkey, two children, one blind, monthly allowance, $11.66. Mrs. Engene, five children, receives from county, groceries, house rent and fuel.

All of which is respectfully submitted, P. S. Larson, Overseer Dist. No. 1.

To the Board of County Commissioners of Richland County, Dakota.

GENTLEMEN:—I hereby present my report as overseer of poor, Dist. No. 5.

Mrs. P. Reeder, three children, April, May and June, $17.00. Joseph Forman, 4 months last winter, $10 per month. Anton Lodtcer, 4 months last winter, $12 per month. Mrs. James Golden and children, $26.50. Mrs. Theo. Reiter and six children, $29.50. Henry Jentges, three children, $24.50. Chapel and two children, $16 per month. Mrs. Mary Kinkon, $8. Mrs. Friska, two children, $13. Two infant children, $22 per month for both. Check and Kusenick, $20 per month for both.

All of which respectfully submitted. J. BAUER, Overseer of the Poor.

July 19th, 1989.

On motion the bill of Albrecht, Hunger & Co. for $4 merchandise to John Frundt was rejected.

Moved and supported and carried that in all cases when an allowance or claim has been allowed against the county in favor of any person, company or corporation is indebted to this county for personal property taxes due from him, them or it, the auditor is hereby directed and ordered to withold such warrant until such taxes are paid.

On motion the county attorney was instructed to bring action against O. K. Ulsaker, county treasurer, to recover $966.66, the amount deficient in the treasury at our present settlement in July.

[The $966.66 for which the county attorney is instructed to bring suit against O. K. Ulsaker, Co. Treasurer, is the amount of O. K. Ulsaker's salary as county treasurer from Jan. 8th to July 1st, 1889. ED.]

On motion the delinquent personal property tax list was returned to the county treasurer with instructions to proceed at once to collect said delinquent taxes.

On motion of J. Bauer to appropriate $1000 for the Richland County Agricultural Association was laid over for further action.

On motion the bond of J. W. Gregg for county coroner was accepted.

On motion the board allowed the following bills against the county.

NO.	NAME AND WHAT FOR.	AMOUNT.
612.	P. S. Larson, Com. services and Com. work	$ 37 90
613.	F. Wessel, Com. services and Com. work	80 75
614.	J. Bauer, Com. service and Com. work	83 50
615.	H. C. N. Myhra, Com. service and Com. work	43 00
616.	P. Kramer, Com. service and Com. work	83 60
617.	J. H. Miller, sheriff's fees	71 75
618.	O. H. Perry, postage and trip to Watertown and Fargo	37 75
619.	Adolph Bessie, justice fees	61 60
620.	J. H. Miller, sheriff fees	23 30
621.	Alex Plaff, constable fees	24 40
622.	Jos. Schmitt, police fees	12 20
623.	J. W. Donnavon, police fees	6 70
624.	J. D. Thompson, constable fees	70
625.	W. D. Blanding, " "	5 60
626.	H. Pelham, witness fees	4 00
627.	J. H. Pelham, " "	4 00
628.	Geo. Wetherbee, witness fees	4 00
629.	A. M. Feer, " "	4 00
630.	N. Davis, " "	4 00
631.	Jos. Ingle, " "	2 60
632.	Mrs. Ingle, " "	2 60
633.	Mrs. Raymo, " "	1 10
634.	D. Dunham, " "	3 60
635.	Susana Blair, " "	2 60
636.	John Hentges, " "	1 10
637.	Jack Walsh, " "	1 10
638.	J. D. Thompson, " "	1 10
639.	W. D. Blanding, " "	1 10
640.	Folsom Dow, " "	1 10
641.	Kate McCabe, " "	1 10
642.	Mrs. W. Drew, " "	1 10
643.	M. Playhard, " "	2 10
644.	W. A. Easton, bridge	200 00
645.	John Thompson, pauper	60 00
646.	Joseph Reus, rent for pauper	36 09
647.	Dan Taylor, " "	14 15
648.	Chas Fenfor, milk for pauper	4 60
649.	M. Machotga, board for pauper	25 00
650.	G. Ellistad, meat " "	6 45
651.	C. M. Johnson, goods " "	8 50
652.	Albert Holy, boarding pbuper	24 30
653.	O. J. Wakifield, goods for pauper	5 00
654.	C. N. Wood, rent for pauper, claimed $6 50, allowed	5 00
655.	H. M. Kellogg & Co., cook stove for pauper	10 00
656.	J. V. Quick, Co. physicsan ½ salary	91 00
657.	John P. Reeder, Mdse. for paupers	85 15
658.	Wawers & Reus, " " "	12 15
659.	M. T. Stevens, " " county claimed $15 68, allowed	14 18
660.	H. Strucksberg, meat for pauper	6 00
661.	N. H. Trust Co., water for pauper	3 00
662.	Wahpeton Telephone Co., telephone rent for June	12 00
693.	John Rischards, fixing court house offices	16 50
664.	E. K. Morrill, Co. printing and Adv.	2 40
665.	S. H. Wood, rent for pauper	7 50
666.	E K. Morrill, stationery	34 60
667.	Albrecht, Hunger & Co., Mdse. for paupers	16 36
668	O. H. Perry, express for county	4 00
669	Dr. Hoefto, Co. physician ½ salary	37 50
670	Albrecht, Hunger & Co., Mdse. for paupers	3 50
671	Albrecht, Hunger & Co., Mdse. for pauper	8 00
672	Albrecht, Hunger & Co., Mdse. for pauper	8 15
673	P. Goettleman, wood for pauper	93 80
674	W. F. Eckes, Mdse. for pauper	2 25
675	" " "	1 50
676	James Purdon & Co., Mdse. for pauper	6 31
677	O. K. Ulsaker, postage 3 months and cleaning clock	40 66
678	Pioneer Press Co., stationary	44 00
679	" " "	8 00
680	Geo. T. Propper, stamped envelopes	236 00
681	B. F. Lounsbery, chair	3 60
682	Geo. Medved, Mdse. for pauper	17 25
683	Geo. Mehl, milk " "	5 80
684	C. S. Moores, Mdse. " "	11 70
685	Nugent, Bronn & Co., stationary	16 00
686	J. W. Cope, fees as clerk of court	4 80
687	J. E. Mitton & Son, meals for jurors	6 00
688	Wm. Northey, meat for	21 00
689	Chas. G. Bade, collecting taxes	10 35
690	A. V. Bennidict, physicians salary	50 00
691	John Shippam, judge of probate fees	13 25
692	O. Gifford, work on Grantor and Grantee books	271 53
693	W. H. Willardt, meat for paupers	11 00
694	G. P. Garred, printing commissioners proceedings	11 00
695	J. B. Hanly, paper for court house H.	96 22
696	J. Schwaizer, carpenter work for Co	94 70
697	C. S. Comstock, paint for hospital	12 55
698	J. M. Ruggles, salary as register of deeds	500 00
699	J. Purdon & Co., Mdse. fer hospital	26 13
700	J. Shippam, stationary	1 75
701	Frank Dashe, repairing sidewalk in court house yard	9 40
702	Julius Raymo, boarding pauper	10 00
703	Julius Raymo, detective business	12 00
704	Mrs. Abbott, milk for hospital	12 00
705	" 3 mo. salary as matron	150 00
706	" butter for hospital	4 25
707	" repairs for hospital	2 52
708	Guttorm O. Fosager, three months boarding pauper	35 00
709	W. S. Lauder, Sal. as Dist. Att'y for May	125 00
710	W. S. Lauder, Sal. as Dist. Att'y for June	125 00
711	H. M. Kellogg, Mdse for paupers	8 23
712	Shelby Smith, printing Co. proceedings	16 25
713	John Shippam, 3 months salary as judge of probate	75 00
714	J. M. Ruggles, chattel Mtg. blanks	3 00
716	John Balding, hanging paper in court house	5 00
717	Wm. Drew, hanging paper in court house	8 00
718	John Fielew, hanging paper in court house	29 88
719	W. H. H. Pierce, 2 ladders	4 50
720	J. B. Hanly & Co., cash for labor	10 00
721	Henry Jentges, papering in court house	23 63
722	Fally & Fritz, stationary and proceedings	32 40
723	J. W. Cope, fees as clerk of court	12 40
724	Geo. Mehl, Milk for pauper	1 20
725	P. S. Larson, R. R. ticket for paup'r	59 00
726	Gust Beling, moving Co. pauper	3 00
727	Pioneer Press Co., assessment books for county	122 74
728	Andrew Fischer, witness in insanity case	2 20
729	P. J. Berge, witness in insanity case	2 20
730	J. H. Miller, " " "	1 00
731	Walter Pelham, " " "	1 00
732	Dr. Swaine, merical aid and witness	6 00
733	J. H. Miller, sheriff fees	32 85
734	Dr. Franklin, 2 days attendance	8 00
735	P J. McCumber, attorney fees	25 00
736	W. E. Hanly, blankets for jail claimed $8	4 00
737	Wahpeton Telephone Co., rent for May	12 00
738	Albrecht, Hunger & Co., Mdse. for paupers	10 00
739	Peter Anderson, board for pauper	16 00
740	Don J. Clark, Mdse. " "	5 00
741	D. Bell, rent for election	5 00
742	S. H. Wood, rent for pauper	7 50
743	O. H. Perry, one month salary	132 95
744	Geo. Van Araun, justice fees	5 65
745	J. L. Allen, constable fees	10 25
746	Oscar Lamberton, witness fees	1 45
747	Chas. Harlem, " "	4 45
748	Chas. Berguson, " "	1 70
749	A. Miksche, Mdse. for paupers	69 00
750	W. A. Seely, water for paupers	10 90
751	W. M. House, Supt. of school fees	296 55
752	P. S. Larson, Com. service Com. work	45 65
753	P. S. Larson, Com. service Com. work	6 00
754	Dr. J. V. Quick, services setting collar bone	15 00
755	E. H. Bishop, water rent for court house and hospital	34 50
756	H. C. N. Myhra, Com. service	52 60
757	J. Bauer, " "	48 40
758	P. Kramer, " "	72 00
759	Fritz Wessel, " "	80 40
760	Jos. Reus, rent for pauper	63 00
761	James Purdon & Co., Mdse. for hospital	24 26
762	Fred Sterssel, blacksmith work	2 55
763	Frank Gray, Justice fees	46 05
764	Jos. Schmitt, police fees	5 30
765	Nick Karst, witness fees	2 20
766	Martin Mikkilson, witness fees	3 90
767	Jos. Schmitt, " "	1 10
768	J. H. Miller, sheriff fees	7 80
769	James Purdon, jury fees Cosgrove case	2 10
770	R. W. Beatty, jury fees Cosgrove case	2 10
771	Wm. Northey, jury fees Cosgrove case	2 10
772	G. D. Swaine, examining Cosgrove's body	10 00
773	J. H. Miller, witness fees	2 20
774	J. F. Allen " "	1 10
775	G. D. Swaine, " "	1 10
776	W. Pelham, " "	1 10
777	P. Stenerson, " "	1 10
778	F. Falley, " "	1 10
779	C. N. Wood, " "	1 10
780	A. H. Rose, " "	1 10
781	Mrs. L. Rose, " "	1 10
782	W. B. Truax, " "	1 10
783	Mrs. C. E. Hinman, witness fees	1 10
784	Mrs. Z. Murphy, " "	1 10
785	J. H. Miller, sheriff fees	12 80
786	Jos. Schmitt, police fees	4 20

On motion the board adjourned until the second day of September, 1889. O. H. PERRY, County Auditor.

We suppose many people think newspaper men are persistent duns, says an exchange. By way of comparison let us suppose a farmer raises 1,000 bushels a year, and he sells this out to 1,000 persons in all parts of the country, a greater portion of them saying, "I will hand you a dollar in a short time." Of course the farmer don't want to be small about it, says alright. Soon his 1,000 bushells of wheat are gone, but he has little money to show for it, and the farmer then realizes that he has frittered away his whole wheat crop and that its value is due him in a thousand dribbles, consequently he is seriously embarrassed in his business, because his debtors, each owing only $1, treat it as a small matter, and, of course, think it would not help much. Continuing this business year in and year out, as a publisher does, how long could or would the farmer stand it? A moment's thought will convince anyone that a publisher has cause for persistent dunning.—[Erwin Vidette.

Chas. Spottswood, who was illegally appointed to the office of coroner was revoked, he not having gained a residence in the territory.

On motion the board adjourned until Saturday at 9 o'clock a. m.

[Concluded next week.]

NOTICE—TIMBER CULTURE—U. S. LAND Office at Watertown, D. T., June 14, 1889.

Complaint having been entered at this office by O. M. Champlin against John Clark for failure to comply with law as to Timber Culture entry No. 2806, dated June 18th, 1879, upon the southeast quarter of section 6, township 129, range 49, in Richland county, D. T., with a view to the cancellation of said entry; contestant alleging that the said John Clark has failed to break, cultivate or plant ten acres of said tract to trees, tree seeds or cuttings or caused the same to be broken, cultivated or planted as aforesaid or any part thereof and that said failure still exists. The said parties are hereby summonee to appear before the clerk of the district court at Wahpeton, D. T., on the 26th day of July, 1889, at 2 o'clock p. m. to respond and furnish testimon concerning said alleged failure, and before this office on July 31, 1889, at 2 p. m. for final hearing.

M. W. SHEAFE, Register.

(First publication June 20, 1889.)

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.—Land Office at Watertown, D. T., June 21, 1889.—Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make commuted final proof in support of his claim and that said proof will be made before J W Cope, clerk of the district court of Richland county, at Wahpeton, D. T., on August 29, 1889, viz: Gilbert G Paulson, H. E. No. 16563, for the sw ¼ sec 12, town 129 north, range 49 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land viz: David Sutton, Albert Waterhouse, William Waterhouse, of Fairmount P. O., and Peter Stevens of Hankinson P. O., all of Richland county, D. T.

Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reason, under the law and the regulations of the Interior Department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

M. W. SHEAFE, Register.

First Publication June 27, 1889.

NOTICE OF SALE.—Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a judgment and decree in foreclosure rendered and given by the district court of the third judicial district, in and for the county of Richland and Territory of Dakota, and entered and docketed in the office of the clerk of court in and for the county of Cass and territory of Dakota, on the 27th day of July, 1889 an action wherein the Travelers' Insurance Co, of Hartford, Connecticut, (a corporation), was plaintiff and Nick Cence, Warren Hunt, Charles K Lincoln and Otis Lincoln, copartners as Charles K Lincoln & Son, were defendants, in favor of the said plaintiff and against the said defendant, Nick Cence for the sum of eight hundred seventy-four dollars and thirty-five cents, which judgment and decree among other things directed the sale by me of the real estate hereinafter described, to satisfy the amount of said judgment, with interest thereon and the costs and expenses of such sale, or so much thereof as the proceeds of such sale applicable thereto will satisfy. And by virtue of a writ to me issued out of the office of the clerk of said court in and for said county of Cass and under the seal of said court, directing me to sell said real property pursuant to said judgment and decree, I, J. H. Miller, sheriff of Richland county and person appointed by said court to make said sale will sell the hereinafter described real estate to the highest bidder, for cash, at public auction, at the front door of the court house in the city of Wahpeton, in the county of Richland and territory of Dakota, on the 14th day of September, A. D. 1889, at ten o'clock a.m. of that day, to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs thereon, and the costs and expenses of such sale, or so much thereof as the proceeds of such sale applicable thereto will satisfy. The premises to be sold as aforesaid pursuant to said judgment and decree, and to said writ, and to this notice, are described in said judgment, decree and writ as follows, to-wit: The southwest quarter (sw ¼) of section thirty-four [34] township one hundred and thirty-two [132] north of range forty-eight [48] west.

J. H. MILLER, Sheriff of Richland county, Territory of Dakota.

FRANCIS & SOUTHARD, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Fargo, D. T.

[First pub. Aug 1, 1888.]

MORTGAGE SALE—Default has been made in the conditions of a certain morgage, made, executed and delivered by Hiram Staples and Olive M Staples, his wife, mortgagors, to F. J. Stevens, mortgagee, on the 15th day of July, A D, 1886, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds in and for the county of Richland in the territory of Dakota on the 23d day of July, 1886, at 1 o'clock p m, in book S of mortgages on page 75.

Which said mortgage was duly assigned by an instrument thereof duly executed and delivered by said F J Stevens to Selina N Rice, dated the 24th day of June, 1889, and recorded in said office of the register of deeds on the 27th day of June, 1889, at ten o'clock a m, in book No 1, of mortgages on page 100.

Upon such default and by and under the authority in said mortgage contained, the said Selina N Rice elects to and does declare and claim that the whole sum secured by said mortgage and now unpaid, is due and payable at the date hereof, to-wit: nine hundred thirty-six ($936.00) dollars.

No action or proceeding at law or in equity has been instituted to recover the said debt so unpaid, or any part thereof. By reason of such default and the non institution of action, the power to sell the property described in said mortgage has become and is operative.

Therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and in accordance with the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises therein described, to wit: The northeast quarter of section nineteen (19) in township one hundred and thirty (130) range fifty (50) on the 10th day of August, A D 1889, at the hour of ten in the forenoon, at the front door of the court house in Wahpeton, Richland county, Dakota territory, at public auction to the highest and best bidder for cash in hand by the sheriff of said county or by his deputy to satisfy the sum which shall on that day be due as principal and interest on the said mortgage, the costs and expenses of said sale, the sums paid by said Selina N Rice for taxes and the further sum of twenty-five dollars attorneys fees, as stipulated in said mortgage in case of foreclosure.

Dated June 27th, 1889.

SELINA N. RICE, Assignee of Mortgagee.

W. E. and R. R. PURCELL, Attorneys for Assignee of Mortgagee.

(First pub. June 27, 1889.)

NOTICE OF MORTGAGE FORECLOURE Sale. Whereas, default has occurred in two payments each in the sum of Forty-two dollars, ($42.00) interest which became due and payable on the first day of November A D, 1887 and 1888, respectively, upon a certain mortgage duly executed and delivered by Charles L White and Mary D White, his wife, to Hiram D Upton, bearing date the 19th day of January A D, 1886, and which mortgage together with the power of sale therein contained, was duly recorded in the office of the register of deeds in and for the county of Richland and territory of Dakota on the 20th day of January, A D 1886, at 3 o'clock p m in book R of mortgages on pages 204 and 205, and

Whereas, it is in said mortgage provided that if said mortgagors shall fail to pay any part of the sum of money secured thereby at the time and in the manner specified in said mortgage, then and as often as such default shall occur, the whole sum of money secured thereby, may, at the option of the legal holder of the notes thereby secured, and without notice, be declared due and payable, and whereas the said Hiram D Upton is now the legal holder of said notes and such default having occurred, the said Hiram D Upton has elected and does hereby elect and declare the whole sum secured by said mortgage due and payable, and therefore there is claimed to be due upon said mortgage at the date of this notice, the sum of eight hundred, twenty-five and 93-100 dollars ($825.93) and no action or proceeding having been instituted, at law or otherwise, to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof,

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises described in and conveyed by said mortgage, viz: The northeast quarter of section numbered seventeen (17) in township numbered one hundred and thirty-one (131) north, of range numbered fifty-two (52) west of the fifth principal meridian in the county of Richland and territory of Dakota, with the hereditaments and appurtenances thereto belonging; which sale will be made by the sheriff of said county of Richland at the front door of the court house, in the city of Wahpeton in said county of Richland and territory of Dakota, on the 9th day of September, A D 1889, at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay said dept and interest, and taxes, if any on said premises and seventy-five dollars attorney's fees, as stipulated in said mortgage in case of foreclosure, and the disbursements allowed by law; subject to redemption at any time within one year from the date of sale, as provided by law.

Dated at Fargo, Dakota, this 16th day of July, A D 1889. HIRAM D. UPTON, Mortgagee.

W. A. SCOTT, Attorney for Mortgagee.

(First publication July 25th, 1889.)