The Wahpeton Times.

Vol. 11. Wahpeton, Richland Co. North Dakota, Thursday, August 22, 1889. No. 21.

LOCAL NEWS.

Wheat is worth 62 and 68 cents.

Mrs. Geo. B. Barnes is in the city visiting Mrs. R. J. Hughes.

Mrs. Joseph Schmitt has gone to Wisconsin for a two months visit.

Prof. Braun has returned to Wahpeton and will establish a cornet and a string band. This means much for Wahpeton.

Don't fail to see the peoples favorite, Billy Marble, as Sample Switchel in the great play of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" Saturday evening at Seely's opera house.

Hon. W. E. Purcell and wife, Dr. Swaine and wife, Attorney Valentine and wife and W. H. H. Peirce are expected back from the National Park in a day or two.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Morril lost their infant daughter Thursday of this week, eight months of age. The young parents have the sympathy of a large circle of friends.

The W. C. T. U. has established an intelligence office, with headquarters at Mrs. Wilcox's home. Ladies wanting help or girls wanting work, may be accommodated there.

Prof. Fort is working "like a nailer" in his arrangements for opening school, September second. He takes hold, all through, in the best possible form and will make an admirable principal.

The Marble combination is doing a good business at Seely's opera house this week. Its a good company. Hidden Hand Friday night and Ten Nights in Bar Room Saturday night.

For the State Fair at Hamline, September 6th to 14th, Milwaukee road will sell tickets at one fare for round trip with 50 cents added for admission coupons. Tickets good to return until September 16th. N. F. MELLEN, Local Agent.

The Swedish Ladies National Concert Company, under the auspices of the Congregational church, will give an entertainment at Seely's opera house, September 11th. The company consists of eight songstresses and have built up a world-wide reputation. Several of the leading citizens of the city have secured the entertainment by pledging a certain sum of money and it is predicted that the house will be crowded, for surely no better entertainment could possibly be brought to the city. There should be a large number from the country.

The Prison Mirror :—It is such as the following that causes the editor to speak kindly to the "devil:"

Enclosed please find check for $2.00. Give me credit on account for same and continue The Mirror to my address and oblige

Yours truly,
J. H. MILLER,
Sheriff, Wahpeton, Dak.

Sheriff Miller always knows a good thing when he sees it. The Mirror is one of the neatest little newspapers ever published, and reflects remarkable credit on its managing inmates of the Stillwater penitentiary.

Among the misfortnnes which befel our Republican friends from the north in the Republican county convention, last week, were found to be not alone in the fact that apportionment on the party vote was taken away from them, but that Mr. J. O. Manger of Christene making a motion that the section in the resolutions endorsing the Chicago platform of 1888 be stricken out, was lost! After awhile Mr. Manger will learn that the Republicans are no tariff reformers, but that they for the most part are Republicans for revenue, and all the revenue they can get. And he will also learn that a cardinal plank in the Democratic platform is revenue, simply, for the payment of governmental expense, economically administered.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

240 acres best farming land near Mooreton Dak.

49 FRANK BRAUN & BRO.

Citizens National Bank.

A second new bank is announced to open at Wahpeton, September first, the men interested being Harold Thoresen, banker at Elbow Lake, Minnesota, F. E. Kenaston, banker at Breckenridge; A. D. Davidson, of St. Paul and president of the First National Bank at Little Falls, Minnesota; Don R. Davidson of Ashley, Minnesota and cashier of the Bank of Ashley. The new institution is to be known as The Citizens' Bank and will be converted into a National bank as soon as the papers can be perfected so establishing it, this feature of the enterprise being now under way, capital stock to be $50,000. The officers are to be: F. E. Kenaston, president; Don R. Davidson, cashier; Harold Thoresen, vice president, and A. D. Davidson, second vice president. In this connection we may state that the Dunn commercial agency quotes Harold Thorson at being worth $2,000,000 he being probably the wealthiest Scandinavian in Minnesota.

The bank will open in the quarters recently occupied by the Bank of Wahpeton, these gentlemen having purchased the furniture of Justice Gray acting for Receiver Bogart, used by the defunct bank, for $1,000. Don R. Davidson is a man of family and will reside here, as we believe will Mr. Kenaston.

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.

The National Bank.

Daniel Patterson, recently of Hillsboro, and who is interested in opening a bank at Wahpeton, arrived with his family, yesterday, and has moved into Joseph Grimschied's residence property on Fifth street. Mr. Patterson says that The National Bank will open at Wahpeton September first, and that the officers will be Daniel Patterson, president; W. L. Carter, cashier, and A. L. Hanson, vice president, and that they propose to establish a permanent business, starting with a capital of $50,000, and Messrs. Patterson and Carter to remain here permanently, Mr. Carter being a single man. President Patterson says that he would urge his friends here to inquire of Traill county people as to his record there. They have not yet settled on their location.

The Republican Convention.

The Republican convention was called to order by N. Davis, Jr., acting chairman of the county central committee, pro tem. And Hon. John Miller and R. H. Hankinson being nominated for chairman, a ballot resulted in 63 votes—of which Mr. Miller received 42 and Mr. Hankinson 21 and the former was declared elected and took the chair, thanking the convention.

On motion J. A. Lawrence was made secretary.

On motion this committee was appointed on credentials: John Jones, G. B. Spink, Jno. S. Johnson, R. N. Ink and Jno. Movious.

On motion this committee was appointed on permanent organization: J. L. Smith, J. A. Hunt, C. E. Johnson, E. A. Munger and W. M. Robbins.

On motion this committee was appointed on resolutions: J. B. Power, P. J. McCumber, W. Hilliard, Andrew Johnson and J. Z. Taylor.

On motion this committee was appointed on rules: Frank Gray, F. L. Dwyer and L. L. Brusletten.

After discussion it was decided to appoint a committee to nominate ten candidates and one at large to attend the state convention, and the following committee was appointed: J. L. Smith, T. F. Healey, W. M. Robbins, A. J. Alm, J. H. Miller, J. O. Manger, T. Bye, L. J. Moore, A. H. Gallup, John Nelson and H. H. St. John.

And the committee reported two names for each commissioner district as follows: John S. Johnson and J. B. Power; E. A. Munger and John Miller; James Schea and William Robbins; R. H. Hankinson and N. Davis, Jr.; and P. J. McCumber, J. A. Lawrence and J. H. Miller. And the convention having previously decided to vote viva voce on each name separately, we believe the only opposition encountered was that of John Movius to R. H. Hankinson, wherein the rules were suspended and Mr. Hankinson was elected by 43 to 15 votes; and in the case of Peter Stenerson nominated in opposition to J. A. Lawrence, the former being elected by 31 votes to 30. J. H. Miller was elected at large by acclamation.

And a central committee for the county was appointed as follows, by commissioner districts, each having power to add to the committee in his respective district: Andrew Heglie, Bj. Bakken, Geo. B. Spink, J. R. Jones and John Nelson. And a motion was carried making John Nelson chairman of the central committee.

Toward the close of the proceedings the convention got into a fight ever the question of representation, the delegates from the north wanting the apportionment made on the party vote instead of the popular vote, as proposed by Mr. McCumber in a motion. Messrs. Jno. S. Johnson, A. Jersen, J. O. Manger Mr. Mossness and others taking the strongest sort of grounds against the motion, citing to their solid vote as an incentive to encourage them in well doing, while Mr. McCumber and others cited the convention to the hard fighting necessary in the southern part of the county to make any sort of showing in some districts, claiming that these men should be encouraged, etc. And a vote being taken, Mr. McCumber's motion was sustained, very much to the dissatisfaction of the delegates from the north. They do not like the idea of doing most of the republican voting and getting no particular credit or remuneration for the same, and they served notice on the leaders of the party that after this they would vote independently on county and municipal questions, at least. To say that they were disappointed and angry puts it mild.

The convention adjourned.

Exposition.

For the Minneapolis Exposition which opens August 21st and closes September 28th, St. P. M. & M. will sell excursion tickets at one fare one way for round trip, 25 cents added for admission. Tickets on sale August 20th, 22nd, 24th, 27th, 29th, and 31st, September 3rd, 5th, 14th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 24th, 26th, 28th, good for return passage on or before Monday following date of sale, September 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th, good to return up to and including September 16th, and will be good to either Minneapolis or St. Paul.

Anything in the line of clothing may be had at Miksche's. 16

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

250 New Plows.

Walking, sulkies, gangs, double and triple gangs, for sale at your own figures, by S. C. Paulson. Shop near the new mill. 20

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.

Cow Taken Up.

Light red cow with line back and all white under belly, white tail and about an inch broken off the right horn, has been taken up at my place, in Centre a mile north of the South-Ranch. The owner will please pay charges and take property away.

PETER HARIG.

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

Take Notice.

Geo. Wortser desires to call the attention of the school officers of Richland and Wilkin counties to the fact that he is selling the best line of school furniture and supplies. Address him at Wahpeton when you wish anything in his line. He also has a fine line of office desks and bank fixtures.

CLOSING OUT SALE.

As we are going out of the implement business we will sell our stock of farm implements, such as wagons, sulky plows, gang plows, walking plows, coulters and coulter repairs, harrows, mowers, hay rakes, etc. at cost price. Anybody in need of anything in that line will do well to call at an early date and secure a bargain. FRANK BRAUN & BRO.

Minnesota State Fair,

Which opens September 6th, and closes September 14th, St. P. M. & M. will sell tickets to either Minneapolis or St. Paul and return at rate of one fare to Minneapolis for the round trip, 50 cents added for admission to Fair grounds, sell September 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th. These tickets are good returning up to and including September 16th, 1889.

Call for Bids.

Bids for the erection of one school house in the township of Grafton, on sec. 16 T. 134 R. 50. Bids will be recevied by the undersigned until 1 oclock p. m. Tuesday, the 10th day of September, 1889. School board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. Plans and specifications on file with S. Smith of Mooreton and C. Olson of Dwight.

NEIL CAMPBELL,
18-4 School Township Clerk.

Republican and Democratic Conventions.

For the Republican Convention at Fargo August 21st, St. P. M. & M. will sell special excursion tickets Aug. 20th and 21st, limited to return up to and including August 24th at rate of one and one fifth fare. Democratic Convention at Fargo 29th, will sell special excursions to Fargo and return on August 28th and 29th limited to return up to and including September 1st, at rate of one and one fifth fare.

GRAND ARMY EXCURSION.

In connection with the 23rd National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic to be held at Milwaukee on August 27, 28, 29, and 30., the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway will issue excursion tickets from the principal stations on its line to Milwaukee and return at very low rates. For particulars inquire of your nearest Manitoba Ticket Agent, or address F. I. Whitney, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent St. Paul, Minn.

"Ten Nights in a Bar Room."

T. S. Arthur's great moral and instructive drama, "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," is a play that no one should fail to see. It is both humorous and pathetic and replete with striking and characteristic incidents, suggestive of the happy home of the abstainer from ardent beverages, in contradistinction to that of the fallen inebriate. The piece is produced by a first-class company; its settings are superb, and the scenery is realistic and in harmony with the drama.—[New York Sun.

"Ten Nights in a Bar Room," will be produced by the Marble Theater company at Seely's opera house, Wahpeton, on Saturday night, August 24th. Peoples popular prices, 25 and 35 cents.

The Story of Brian O'Lyn.

Brian O'Lyn had no boots to wear,
So he came to Wahpeton to buy him a pair:
I'll have one pair of thick ones and one pair of thin,
If I can find Hunt's shoe store, says Brian O'Lyn.

He hunted the streets all along the main route,
Says he the right one I've not yet found out;
I want Hunt, the Shoe Man, I'll buy only from him,
For he sells the cheapest and best, says Brian O'Lyn.

He stepped a little west from Fourth street,
He met Hunt's sign, sure it was a great treat.
He lifted the latch and Joe stood within;
I've found you at last, says Brian O'Lyn.

We showed him both calf boots, kip and cow hide,
The ones we praised most had no seams on the side;
We have felt boots of all kinds from Quebec to Berlin;
Sure you have boots for the million, says Brian O'Lyn.

He bought him his boots which of course were no trash,
He paid down the money, for we sell only for cash.
To the public he says, be not taken in,
But buy from Hunt, says Brian O'Lyn.

If there's a leak in your toe or the side of your shoe,
Just take it to Hunt's, that's all you need do.
He will peg it or patch it just while you are in,
And the charges seem like nothing, says Brian O'Lyn.

LOVE'S PROTECTION.

The girl closed the door of the crumbling spring house. Her expression was alert and expectant—her movements sluggish, almost dilatory; and yet a chilling wind whistled down the holes of the rotten roof, through the gaps and chinks between the worm eaten logs; it tossed her brown hair, crimsoned her pretty cheek, all unheeded. Miriam Sagsby did not feel the northerly gale. Her gaze fastened itself upon the thickets of laurel, sassafras and creeping bramble, where a narrow path, only a few yards away, abruptly disappeared. The spring bubbled out from under a huge rock, behind which ran a deep ravine where sunlight never penetrated the great pines, even at midday. The spot could not have been more wildly somber; but there was a safety in that black abyss, serviceable more than once within Miriam's memory. Her smile broadened into a pleased laugh as the lapping bushes were pushed aside, and a man looked warily about him before quitting their shelter—a man in the rough home-spun of a mountaineer, but bith the handsome face, soft hands and indescribable aspect of one used to ease and luxury.

"It's you, Dr. Heathe!" she exclaimed in well feigned surprise.

"Who did you think it was, Miriam?" inquired Dr. Heathe, his keen, rapid glance darting with lightning rapidity into every dingy nook and remote shadow. There was something painfully apprehensive in the watchful scrutiny continually in those restless, suspicious eyes, as well as the firm, half menacing hold up the rifle always carried or at hand for instant use. "Have you seen any strangers?" he questioned.

"Strangers? How should I? Strangers don't come this a-way, onliest they're arfter the moonshiners," she laughed.

"Don't they?" he said, without echoing the laugh. "There are worse things than free stills."

"Last winter when I went down the ridge to Odds Corner to school, the guv'ment men were arfter the moonshiners, en' they met me one evenin', whenst I'se a-crossin' Diffikil branch, en' offered me a new dress to show the way to ole Tim Skinner's"

"Did you do it?" and again that sharp glance went off on its perpetual search for secret danger.

"Do it?" she retorted scornfully. "Do you think I'd tell of anybody?"

"Perhaps you didn't know?"

"But I did know," she triumphantly asserted. "I knew jest' where the 'still' was, en' I knew they were a-goin' off that night with a load, but I'd die befo' I'd tell of 'em."

"Are you as brave as that, Miriam?" The modulated tone became earnest and anxious; his gaze rested on her fine, glowing face a full minute before it traveled away upon its tireless hunt of something or some one never absent an instant from his mind. "Could you, at the peril of your life, save men tracked like wild beasts?"

"If 'twur father, now, I'd like to see 'em catch him while I'm about, onliest father don't have no mo' to do with the free stills. When he did, I kep' him safe, en' give him the signal if ever a stranger prowled the ridge," returned Miriam; "but you ain't no moonshiner?"

"No, Miriam, not a moonshiner; but would you stand by me in that way, my girl, and care what became of a stranger"——

"You have been on the ridge six months or better—you are not a stranger," she interrupted.

"No; not a stranger as these people see it," was the half ironical reply. "But, Miriam, would you care enough to marry me? I mean to stay here in the mountains all my life—spend my days in these pines where no one will ever see me. Does it matter to you that I don't want any one to see or know of me?"

A more vigilant apprehension gathered under the intensified suspense. She had hesitated and averted her face. The crystal surface of the water at her feet reflected the superb grace and manly beauty of this stranger, so unspeakably different from the rugged sun hardened habitants of ridge and hollow. The girl turned slowly toward him.

"I know yot've got sommut to hide from," she said quietly; "but for all that, Dr. Heathe, you're better than I am—you're quality breed, and I am only the old moonshiner's daughter"——

"Hush, Mariam! What does it matter what I was?" he broke in passionately. "You're too good for me. Only say that you will marry me and care for me, scoundrel that I am," added the man bitterly.

A dauntless resolution depicted itself upon Miriam's countenance, as she lifted her lustrous eyes and held his shifting glances by the subtle force and fire in their depths.

"Yes, I'll marry you, en' stand by you, too—stand by you en' help you—true en' faithful, if I am onliest a moonshiner's daughter, I'll say it en' promise it, ef so be you're true en' faithful to me,"

The harrassed tenison of Heathe's countenance relaxed.

"You have bound yourself to stand by me and love me. I'll hold you to it."

"I want you to hold me to it, onliest I want you to do the same by me," she replied.

Relinquishing his gun for a moment, he drew her into his arms and kissed her tenderly, then, with a guilty start and involuntary glance around him, released the girl and took up his weapon.

"I'm a scoundrel to ask it," he said, with a forced, angry laugh, ignoring the amending request.

"Mirry! Mirry! called a shrill voice from the house.

"Oh, me! That's grandmother! She'll be after me in a minute!" and Miriam hurried off up the path, Heathe followed, easily keeping apace with her rapid steps.

"Miriam, shall I inform Ab and your grandmother?" he asked. "You'll marry me when there's a preocher comes to—Odds Corner, don't you call it?"

"Yes; the preacher can come here. Father don't talk, en' grandmother don't go nowhere, Miriam replied, intuitively divining a reservation of doubt and caution under the phrasing of his question.

"Ab can hold his tongue, and there is no one here who cares to hear of me," he remarked, reflectively. "Ab is shy of strangers."

The girl laughed.

"You need never fault father for talkin' to strangers. You haven't promised, though, to do good en' faithful by me"—But her lover had opened the door, and both went in.

"Mirry kin tie ter whomst she pleases," her father said when Heathe, taking advantage of Miriam's absence in the shed, told him of his hopes. "Hit's a good leetle gal as you'll git, en she's a smart gal, Mirry is—h'ain't afeered o' nothin'. She'll stick ter you, spite o' ole Nick hisself, less'n you go back on her; 'twouldn't be overly safe fur you then," and Ab chuckled, while the great quid of tobacco oscillated in his cheek.

"She says that she will, and I suppose there are people who are true and can be trusted, though I have never had the good fortune to meet them," replied the stranger, a bitter smile flitting over his countenance.

"Jes' so; they be skurce, en' pow'ful good ter come across w'en a shurt en' pack o' Guv'menters kem at yo' els. The gal knows h'it—Mirry knows, she do.

"You hev' mo' larnin' than we-uns, doctor. You mebbe wa'n't fotched up like we-uns, en' I'm a-gwine ter say es you mought think yo'sef better'n me en' Mirry"——

"Miriam is better than I am—that is what I think—and you have been my best friend," interrupted Heathe, speaking hurriedly, a hot impatience, almost desperation, in his manner. Old Abe looked pleased.

"Then you won't be 'shamed 'o Mirry ur me, whenst you' luck tu'ns, en' you h'ain't 'bleeged ter hug ter the mountings?"

"You are my only friends. There is no turn of luck can help me, no change whatever that I might wish to quit the mountains" was the deliberate assurance.

"Hit's all right, then. I' h'ain't much tried in my mind long o' whur you be foolin'ur no. Mirry's ekil to that ar; h'it's her lookout."

Abner relapsed into his moody enjoyment of the huge crackling blaze. Grandmother Sagsby came in, and soon dozed over her knitting. Miriam sat on the hearth opposite Heathe. The firelight glowed over her beautiful face and the strong, shapely figure. Utter repose and the delightful warmth conduced to that half drowsy haziness and abandon of perfect rest. The one exception was the stranger. Apparently he never rested. The watchful, listening, wide awake look seemed never beguiled away by any charm whatsoever. Two or three dogs that slept on the floor near Ab became somewhat restless. An old hound opened his eyes, and pushed himself nearer the door. The movement was slight and noiseless, but Miriam sat up and noted the animal for an instant, then left her seat and stepped slowly past him to the shed room. The dog followed her into the chilly starlight beyond. Then she stopped short and observed the hound. Lifting his nose high, he sniffed suspiciously and gave a low growl.

"What is it, Miriam?"

The girl started. Heathe was beside her, an agony of apprehension in his countenance even as he grasped his gun and held it ready to fire.

"Sommut strange is around. Leader never mistakes," she whispered, creeping closer to him. "Do you think they are hunting for you?"

"Yes, I know it. They are on my track at last. They are hunting for me if they are hunting for anybody, but I'll never be taken, Miriam—never!"

"Taken? no. It's not many get taken in the mountings," was the scornfull reply. "Leader'll give tongue time enough; and remember the big hollow tree back of the clearing—the rope is always there to let you down in it," she directed, in quick, low tones.

"Miriam," he whispered, "don't believe their black story of me—don't believe it. I was there—I saw it—but I didn't do it. I never intended the worst. I can't prove my innocence; but I solemnly tell you, I am innocent of the worst—the very worst you will hear."

Miriam laid her hand gently on his arm—her face grew tender—her voice soft and tremulous.

"I care for you John, whether it were true or not. Go—now; Leader sniffs lower—quite there. Leader—sommut's closer!"

The girl's startled, suppressed voice became suddenly shrill in its terror. Heath sprang forward with an agile, chamois like bound and vanished in the pines. The dogs inside the cabin as well as out set up a simultaneous howl. There was no doubt of an alien presence close at hand. Miriam rushed into the house and fastened the door behind her.

"We know he's in there!" shouted a rough voice.

"He's there! Give him up! We're a goin' to have him!" chorused rougher voices.

"Hit's better ter let 'em come, Mirry. He's done swung hisse'f in 'gainst now."

"Ab unbarred the door, and, opening it stepped on the threshold in cool contemplation of the scene. Instantly a revolver was on each side of his gray head.

"What be you after, shurf?" he asked, thrusting him aside. The men outside rushed rudely past him.

"You might as well give him up, Ab," answered the sheriff; "they've tracked him out here, 'en it's 'gainst the law ter shulter a crim'nal. I don't want 'er rest a neighbor. The feller goes by the name of Heathe."

"We've got to search the premises, sheriff," bristled a ferret faced man, more than usually energetic in his efforts.

The sheriff smiled significantly.

"Ef you kin sarch these 'ere prem'ses, why jes' go ahead, Mr. Paxton—course, sir," he dryly responded.

"I've followed this Heath for a a year, and I won't be beat now. There's a reward out for him—dead or alive—so you may as well tell where he is."

The man Paxton turned sharply upon Miriam as he spoke.

"Heathe is not his name neither, miss, and I'll make it worth your while to tell on him."

Miriam heard him in silence, a set, resolute expression upon her face.

"You shall have part of the reward"—

"I don't touch blood money!" she interrupted fiercely.

"It don't matter. I'll catch him yet. He's a cold blooded villian—wanted for murder."

"Murder?"

The girl shivered. Her face paled into a whiteness Ab had never seen blanch its deep, healthy hues.

"Murdered an old man for his money. They're sure to lynch him if they get hands on him. Murder and robbery. I'm certain to nab him sooner or later," added the detective, with the professional gusto of a man who had bagged human game.

Miriam listened wearily while they told the terrible tale to Ab. She watched her father narrowly. The quasi moonshiner might condone offenses against the revenue but murder!—she knew that he had a superstitious horror of a man with blood on his hands.

"He h'ain't fitten ter git off, Mirry," he whispered, while the search went on in the angry thoroughness of threatened discomfiture. "He'll fotch us turrible luck, ef he's done h'it, en', Mirry, he shan't hev you, noways. We'll git inter trouble long o'him ef we don't tell."

"Father, I've helped en' stood by you, hev'n't I?" asked the girl, a passionate pleading in every lineament and accent.

"True 'nuff, Mirry; you've helped me pow'ful; but 'twur never murder," he rejoined, uneasily. "H'it's no good a-hopin' murder."

"No, no! I wouldn't do it neither; but he says he is innocent, father."

"Innercent? Mayhap he is, en' likely he hain:t likely he's ies' a-foolin' wid you, kase he's sartin, you'll help him out'n his trouble," shrewdly interposed Ab.

"Father, he says he didn't murder—he says so," she repeated; "en' don't you tu'n against us."

"Us? He sha'n't hev you."

The girl clung to him desperate, terror stricken violence.

"No, I won't never go with him till you give the say so, father," she promised, recklessly. "But he didn't do it—he is innocent, en I'll hold to him till it comes all right."

Ab turned away—his wrinkled countenance had grown hard and stern in aspect. He wished he had heard it all before they told Miriam, or before they had come into the house and the girl had reminded him of the time when her vigilance and devotion had stood him in good stead while "Guv'menters" hunted for the free distillery.

Angry and disappointed of the gains for which they served justice, the detectives came in from their futile search. They had found the two or three brush thatched outhouses an infinitesimal shred of the "premises," compared with the black ravine, the dense thickets, the great pine forest stretching away into untold labyrinths.

"See here, old man," threatened the ferret faced detective, "you'd do well to tell the truth. We're sure the fellow is here, and we're a-goin' to stay till we catch him, so you might as well own up at once."

"Dunno but I might," acknowledged Ab.

"Heathe was here to-day, wasn't he?" questioned the man, in boiling exasperation.

"Jes' so, capting; he wur here ter-day."

"Thought so. Gim'me the truth, now. He's here now, ain't he?"

Ab tore off a long leaf of tobacco from a home grown twist and held it in tempting proximity to his mouth.

"Nat'ral 'nuff, capting, ef he hain't guv you the slip he be heah yit."

"Confound the fellow, we might a-known by their takin' it so cool that he had vamosed; curse the whole business!" angrily retorted Paxton; but Ab had stowed the tobacco leaf safely into his mouth and lazily dropped into a chair before the fire.

His talk was over for the time.

The lukewarm sheriff and enraged detectives had taken themselves off, down the ridge, some time before Ab said, with a satisfied chuckle.

"T'wan't no lie es I tole 'em, Mirry. I knowed them pow'ful sharp fellers wouldn't believe h'it; but mind you, gal, you hain't got my say so ter tek' no man commits murder, en' you'll never git h'it, kase he don't mean you right, en' h'it's onlucky.

The girl knew her father too well to remonstrate. She knew, too, that Heathe was only safe while she adhered to her promise not to marry him without Ab's permission. The cold winter tightened its grip, and still an uneasy sense of surveillance and danger hung over them. The old moonshiner's family had once been full of expedients for deluding doubtful visitors. They seemed to come back to Miriam, along with thousands of ingenious devices for the comfort and safety of her lover. All the winter long he was neither seen nor heard of at Ab's cabin, but all the winter long neither rain, nor snow, nor raging tempest—the tempest of the mountains—prevented the girl's daily pilgrimage to the hut in the black ravine. Ab would watch her go out in the whirling snow wreaths, with the basket on her arm, but he never questioned her errand. So the winter dragged its ice cold lengths away. The fine frosty flakes of snow betokened a fierce storm coming over the ridge—already it had sifted like white powder into crack and crevice, shutting out the rigid wind roaring savagely among the pines outside, but passing almost contemptuously the warm, substantial cabin crouching beneath them. The snow deadened all sounds without, the dogs gave no howl nor warning, when suddenly the door was thrown open, and with the sweeping gust and snow two men came in. They were the sheriff and a stranger.

"Don't make no stir, Ab!" shouted the sheriff. "It's all right—t'other feller's confessed. Heathe didn't do it. This here's his brother—t'other feller owned up when he's a-dyin'."

Ab smiled grimly.

"I wouldn't hev tuk nobody's wu'd for h'it but youa'n, shurf."

"Yes; we've kem a-puppose ter get him, tho' it's cold es blazes," added the satisfied sheriff, "You see Heathe kem in on 'em, en' folks knowed thar's bad blood 'twixt 'em so they pitched oh him, en' wouldn't believe nothin' else. 'Twur a clear case 'gainst him; but he's innocent, and me'n his brother kem for him. Hes' all right now."

"Fotch him, Mirry—hi 't's my say so."

"You had a close call, young man; they'd hev hanged you sure, if they'd caught you," the sheriff said, an hour later, when explanations had been made, and Heathe stood among them, beside his brother, free and innocent.

"I must have had an inevitable and final call this terrible winter but for this true and loving woman," answered Heath, as he looked down into Miriam's lustrous eyes and beautiful face, softened and aglow with joyous tenderness. "And now, Ab, there is nothing to hinder—we will be married to-morrow." And they were.—Inde in Frank Leslie's.

Seeking His Own Happiness at Last.

A tall, fine looking man of distinguished appearance and clerical air stepped into the office of the Clerk of Courts Hewitt yesterday and asked with great dignity if Mr. Hewitt were the one who made folks happy. Mr Hewitt joined him in a little blush, and shyly admitted that he sometimes distributed great chunks of happiness to young men for consideration.

"I want a marriage license, then," the stranger remarked.

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Hewitt.

"Spratt—Rev. G. M. Spratt, of Philadelphia."

After the usual questions required by law to be asked of those who come there for tickets in the lottery, Mr. Hewitt observed: "Of course I can see that you are of age, but," in an half apologetical tone, "I am required to ask your exact age."

"Certanly, certainly, sir," responded the clerical visitor. "I know how it is. I have officiated at a large number of weddings since the law went into effect. I am 75."

The bride Mrs Spratt was to lead to the altar was Mrs. Amelia Down Wheeler, of Corry, whose age is 67, so the combined ages of the bride and groom reach the almost unprecedented age of 142 years, an even century more than the age of the average bride groom.—Erie Gazette.

Platonic Affection is a Failure.

From Life.

Disclaiming in derision of marriage, Shirely Dare says: "For the life of me I can't see why a man or woman of taste can't enjoy talking over Howells' last novel, or the affairs of their acquaintance, or their dividends, if they want to, his easy chair within two feet of her sofa, just as well as if they had a wedding certificate and talked from opposite sides of the room, as they probably would,"

"They can, Shirely; they can; just as well; but you don't consider the inconvenience of going home four or five miles to bed, nor yet the size of gas bills nor the cost of keeping up separate establishments. You also ignore the value of a home, which is one of the most felicitous accidents of existence. It is hard for a man to make a home without a woman's help, and unless a woman is his mother or his sister it is hard for her to give him really valuable help unless she is married to him. One of the handiest things in the world for a man and woman to have when they start housekeeping is a marriage certificate, and be sure, Shirely, that you don't forget it. As for platonic philandering, which you think so satisfactory, that will not wash."

Anxiety to Receive Letters.

"I wonder more and more all the time," said an old letter carrier, "what makes people so anxious to get a letter. If a person is expecting to receive a challenge to fight a duel or the reply of his lady love to a proposion of marriage, or even a check of $25, I can understand how he can be eager and excited about it. Why, there are some people on my route who, I really believe, don't do anything else but sit down and wait for me to come, or else stand at the gate or window to watch for me. They don't get a letter more than once a month, but they watch for it every day. If I say, 'Nothing today,' they groan and slink away. If I hand them a letter they fly with it into the house as if they had found a pocketbook."—Chicago Journal.

Cheap Postage.

The cheapest postage in the world will soon be enjoyed by the people of Hyderabad. Quarter-anna postcards (a little over ¼d.) are to be introduced. Speaking of postage, Bavaria was the first German state to use postage stamps, and she intends to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of their introduction on Nov. 1. The Philatelist society will hold a grand stamp exhibition at Munich in honor of the event.—Berlin Letter.

Anything knit or crocheted of white worsted may be washed more easily in dry flour than in soap and water; and from the flour bath it will come out as fine, new, and fleecy as when it was first made, while if washed in soap and water it will look decidedly "stringy." So if you are the possessor of any soiled white worsted work sift some flour, into which plunge the article, where you may rub and squeeze, if you will not wring it, to your heart's content. When supposed to be clean shake out all the flour you can and hang it out of doors in gentle breeze for an hour or so. If the work has been properly performed you will find it as beautiful as when new.

A WEDDING GARMENT.

Those of my friends who knew me well enough to forego all feelings of delicacy and reserve in the matter often tell me that I am one of the leanest young men they ever saw in their lives. When I walk the streets I am grieved by the remarks of a certain class of small boys who have not had proper home training. These remarks are of a comparative nature—I being one object of comparison, and the lamp posts by which I am passing the other.

If I go ten blocks without hearing anything said about "bean poles" and "living skeletons" I am glad. Being just six feet three in height does not add particularly to the beauty of my appearance.

Let no one suppose because I write so calmly of my leanness that I am not sensible regarding it. I am.

The day I overheard a young lady say at a picnic that I looked like a section of a railroad bridge was the saddest day of my life.

To overcome as far as possible the grotesque appearance of my excessive lack of flesh, I always wear "heavy weight" goods, and no tailor ever secures my patronage who does not thoroughly understand the art of "padding."

I confess to a certain degree of vanity regarding my personal appearance and when I made the blissful discovery that I was about to be married I gave no little thought to the appearance I should present on an occasion, when, more than at any other time in my life, so many persons would be gazing upon me.

I read books on etiquette to know if under any circumstances a man might be properly married with his overcoat and two suits of clothes on, but to my distress found that this was allowable only in cases of elopement, and as my wife had set her heart on a church wedding with everybody in full dress, I gradually forced myself into the conviction that the overcoat and one suit of clothes would have to be discarded.

A man of my "build" looks positively and irredeemably awful in the conventional, clinging, black, lightweight garments of which most wedding suits are made. When I see such a man thus arrayed I am convinced that there is really something in the Darwinian theory.

But, as it had to be so, I was married in the garments best calculated to make my attenuation glaringly apparent. My friends were kind, however, and said nothing to cast a cloud on my happiness—all but my sister Nell. She owed me a grudge dating back to the days of our childhood, and, as she put her arms around my neck and kissed me, she whispered in my ear:

"Oh, Tom, you look awfully shoestringy in that suit."

A separation of four years made it possible for me to speak to Nell when we met again, but I sometimes fear that we can never be the dear friends we once were.

After our marriage my wife and I went immediately to a far distant western city, in which we made our home. I was too poor to throw or give away my destested wedding garments, but I soon reduced them to a state of great shabbiness by wearing them under my overcoat when about my work as a reporter on a daily paper. We were not society people, and I had no idea that I would ever again need a suit of that kind. One day when I went home to dinner my wife said:

"See here, Tom, it's a shame for you to be wearing that handsome $75 suit out in that way. Don't you suppose you could sell it and get some more suitable and cheaper garments for every day wear?"

I hear take occasion to say that my wife is very economical as well as a practical and sensible woman. Sometimes I think she knows more than I know.

I told her that I would think about her suggestion. A wise man will never seem to come into immediate accord with the opinions of his wife. It is always best to hang back and pretend that you have a little sense of your own, even though you know that you have not.

At 12 o'clock that night, as I was closing my desk at the office preparatory to going home, the managing editor of my paper said:

"See here, Dixon; that report you wrote of the trouble up at the Christabel mine was uncommonly well done, and will be talked about tomorrow. I think I can get your salary raised on the strength of it. In the meantime, here's a little of something to show you that the paper appreciates good work."

As he spoke he handed me a crisp, new $50 bill. He was rich; the paper was making a great deal of money, and I felt that I was not being paid as much as I earned, so I took the money without any hesitation. Fifty dollar bills were very scarce at our house, and as I hurried home through the dark streets I fancied to myself my wife's pride and pleasure when I should tell her of my good fortune on the morrow.

For perfect security I folded and refolded the bill until it was about an inch square, and tucked it down into the watch pocket of my pantaloons, a pocket I had never used before, and one that few men, clothed in their right minds, ever use at all.

Before morning I was awakened by a great fire in a distant part of the city, and, hastily donning an old suit that I kept for such occasions, I hurried out to get a good report of the fire, which happened to be of unusual magnitude.

We got out an "extra," and it was late in the afternoon when I reached home again. As I entered the house my wife held up a ten and five dollar bill and said triumphantly:

"There, my dear, you have that much to pay on a suit that will do you some good. You don't know what a good manager you've married. While you were away to-day I sponged, brushed and gasolined your wedding suit until it looked almost as good as new, and I carried it down to old Isaacs, the second-hand and misfit man, and got $15 for it."

"Mary Jane," I said coldly, and it was the first time I had ever called her by her full name, and she turned as pale as I was. "Did you Mary Jane Dixon, look carefully in all the pockets of that suit?"

"Why, yes, Tom," she said, reassured.

"In all of them?" I asked again.

"Yes, in all, I am certain."

"In that miserable, wretched deceptive, useless thing in the trousers called a watch pocket?"

"Why—no—Tom. I didn't—I—I"

She burst into tears, and sat down with her apron over her face. I stalked into another room, and banged the door very hard. I opened it softly in less that three minutes, and—well, we made it all up again, although we were very sober over our loss.

My wife said she would do without a good many things that she never did without, and I tried to take an optimistic view of the affair, and supposed it was all for the best. To make matters a little worse, I drew from my pocket a large, square, elegant-looking envelope, and said to my wife:

"And here's an invitation to the much talk of Smythe-Durant wedding next week, and I really would like to go. I've known Helen Durant all her life, and I like her, if I do despise that mob of a George Smythe she is going to marry."

"I'm so sorry," said my wife contritely, "and here we might have gone as well as not if I hadn't sold your only black suit. It did look real nice, and quite as good as new, I dare say, by lamplight I could have worn my wedding dress, and we could have made a very decent appearance. It is too bad!"

She began crying again. I said I would go away and never come back if she didn't stop. Suddenly she jumped to her feet and said excitedly:

"Why, Tom! how foolish we are! It isn't at all likely that old Isaacs has sold the suit yet, and it may be that he hasn't looked in the pockets. Let us hurry right down to his store and buy it back. We can tell him it was a mistake, as it truly was. Let us hurry right off."

We reached the uninviting store of B. Isaacs, dealer in second-hand and misfit garments, in about fifteen minutes, but the suit was gone!

"I haf just sold it no more as dree minutes ond a half ago. It was not verth much. I makes me no moneys on dot sut. It vood not fit a man dot vays anything at all."

I raced angrily out of the store. "Well," I said, as we walked moodily homeward, "I'm not the only 100 pound six-footer in the town. That's evident. I'll keep my eyes on the other living skeletons, and if I find the one who has my trowsers, I'll have them back again by fair means or foul."

I kept a sharp lookout for lean men during the next week, and was gratified to discover that there were fifteen or twenty in the city as lean as myself, but all of them were saved the humiliation of being informed by me that they were wearing my clothes, a humiliation that might not perhaps have been lessened by the offer of 25 that I intended making for their return.

As the evening before the wedding before referred to drew near our desire to attend it increased, and at last I said to my wife:

"Well, I just cannot afford to get me another full dress suit that I might not need again for ten years. I'll stay at home forever and wear rags and tags before I'll wear a hiredsuit. But we can at least, go to church. It is to be a church wedding, you know, and I can wear an ordinary business suit and overcoat to the church—if I don't find the man who has my clothes."

But I did not find him, and we went early down to the church, that we might be first there, and our lack of festive garments less noticeable.

"If it wasn't for Helen I wouldn't go at all," I said as we sat in the church, awaiting the coming of the bridal party. "I cannot endure Smythe. He thinks himself vastly superior to me, and makes me sick with his talk about fashions and 'best society' and all that. It makes me so mad to be told, as I often am, that he looks like me. I know I'm long and lank, but he"——

"Sh-sh-sh!" whispered my wife; "they're coming."

"With such a flourishing of trumpets," I whispered in reply.

Down they came in the broad center aisle—five bridesmaids with gorgeous pink and lavender and blue and cream and cardinal trains; five "best men" in ugly black garments, and, last of all, Helen, with yards and yards of white satin and tulle and lace; and Smythe in—I clutched at my wife's arm and almost shouted in her ear:

"He has on my wedding suit, as sure as you're a living woman!"

Mary Jane gave my arm an awful pinch in return and an admonishing poke in the side with her fan.

"No, my dear," I said, as we walked homeward after the ceremony, "I am not mistaken. These were my clothes. I would know those trousers if I saw them on a Hottentot. Didn't you detect a faint odor of gasoline as he went by our pew? To think, my dear that I cannot go to the most fashionable wedding of the season because the bridegroom has on my clothes! But if I had gone he'd had to have stayed at home, wouldn't he? Lean as we are, we couldn't both have worn those—"

"How perfectly ridiculous you are," interrupted Mary Jane. "I don't feel at all sure that they were your clothes,"

"But if they were, how are we going to get that $50 bill out of that pocket?"

We didn't get it. But they were my clothes. I gave old Isaacs $1 for telling me that he had sold the suit to Smythe, who had sworn Isaacs to secrecy on the subject. He looked heart broken and turned green when I told him about that $50 bill.

Fun With the Old Man.

From Puck.

He was a meek-looking old gentleman from the country, and as he took his seat at the dining-room table the drummers looked at him over their soup-spoons. They noted his weather-beaten face, his wet hair carefully parted and brushed around over his ears, and his air of diffidence as he nervously fingered his fork; and when the waiter girl stood at his side and winked at the boot-and-shoe man, they were all attention.

"Soup?" she asked.

The old man seemed a bit surprised at the brevity of the bill of fare, and fidgeted about as though waiting for her to say something more.

"Would you like some soup?" said the girl, with a side-glance at the coffee-and-spice man.

"I ain't particular about soup, as I know of," answered the old man.

"Boil' mutt'n capersauce, roas' beef, r's' lamb, r's' veal, fricasse chick'n, cole ham, tongue, chick'n-salad, fritters, boil' 'n' baked p'tatus," said the girl with lightning-like rapidity.

The old man looked kind of helpless, and the boys felt a little sorry for him as he kept his eyes fastened on the fork, which he shoved from side to side with his fingers.

"I guess I'll take—I guess you'll have to say that again," he said, looking up, and the girl rattled the the whole thing off in exactly the same time as before.

The old man looked 'round the table and caught sight of a drummer winking at the girl; then he jerked his head around, and looking her straight in the face, he said:

"You may gimme s'm bile cornbeef 'n' cabbage, ros' beef, veal 'n' mutt'n, cole chick'n 'n' turkey 'n' tongue, 'n' s'm ham 'n' eggs 'n' codfish cakes 'n' sassage 'n' beelsteak 'n' a piece o' punkin pie 'n' cup a' coffee, sis; 'n' now see ef yer kin make yer little legs fly 's fast as yer kin yer tongue, for I wanter git home; there's a shower comin' up."

The girl hesitated, turned red, and then made a break for the kitchen, while the drummers laughed and the old man gazed out of the window at the gathering clouds.

Lulbegrud Creek.

Boone has recorded in his own quaint phraseology an incident of his life during this summer which shows how eagerly such a little band of frontiersmen read a book and how real its character became to their mind. He was encamped with five other men on Red river, and they had with them for their "amusement the History of Samuel Gulliver's travels, wherein he gave an account of his young master, Glumderlick, careing (sic) him on a market day for a show to a town called Lulbegrud." In the party who, amid such strange surroudings, read and listened to Dean Swift's writings was a young man named Alexander Neely. One night he came into camp with two Indians scalps taken from a Shawnees' village he had found on a creek running into the river, and he announced to the circle of grim wilderness veterans that "he had been that day to Lulbegrud and had killed two Brobdingnags in their capital." To this day the creek by which the two luckless Shawnees, lost their lives is known as Lulbegrud creek.—"The Winning of the West"—Roosevelt.

Edison's Mighty Achievement.

From London Engineering.

Speech was once a stock argument of the theologian in proof of divine design in the structure of man, while the materialistic philosopher found in it one of the readiest means of differentiating between the human and the brute. Yet it would seem that, instead of words being the distinguishing characteristic of man, they can be produced by the simplest means. Under Edison's hands, disks of tin, glass and mica can give adequate expression to every emotion of the mind, can entreat, command and comdemn. Cylinders of wax can store up expressions of love and hate, truth and falsehood, and can reproduce them for good or ill, time after time. Even a common chalk roller, a thing so simple that no one would stoop to pick it out of the gutter, can be made the instrument to translate complex electrical impulses into air waves, which will wing their way through the avenues of the human mind, a portal which the physiologist, with all his skill, can never enter.

Chinese Are Still Coming.

It is said that the Chinese Six Companies are evading the exclusion act by bringing coolies over the Mexican line at Tia Juana, a few miles south of San Diego. The boundary line is 200 miles long and there is only one United States officer to watch it, with his office at Tia Juana. The Chinese colony in San Diego is mysteriously increasing with great rapidity and the attention of the government has been called to this singular invasion.—Chicago Tribune.

Sharks Pass Through the Canal.

Before the Isthmus of Suez was pierced by the canal there were almost no sharks in the Mediterranean, the passage through the Straits of Gibraltar not being to their liking. Now, however, they come in by way of the canal, and in such numbers that in more than one watering place, and especially on the Adriatic, the sign has gone up, "Beware of Sharks."—Chicago Tribune.

Building in New York.

The records of the department of buildings for the first half of this year show that the total value of the buildings for which plans were submitted during that period is $42,000,000 against $25,358,000 in the same period of last year.—New York Sun.

A SURGICAL SURPRISE.

Destroyed Brain Matter Reproduced—Frank Stamm Carries a Bullet in His Head, and Grows Fat With a Hole in His Brain.

Fresno claims the honor of a most important discovery in medical science, and Doctors Deardoff and Sponogle are the names that will be mentioned in the medical journal as the discoverers.

It has herotofore been almost an axiom among the profession that nerve tissue will not granulate, or in other words, that when a part of it is destroyed or cut it will not be reproduced, as in the case of muscular tissue, which will granulate and heal. The case upon which the doctors named operated in one of some nine months' standing, and has been frequently mentioned in the local newspapers, but the outcome or the experiment was not definitely ascertained until a few days ago. and is now given for the first time to the public through the columns of the Republican.

Some time in August last a ten-year-old boy named Frank Stamm was accidentally shot by a playmate with a pistol ball in the left side of the forehead. The missile crashed through the skull without glancing, and imbedded itself in the brain. From the jagged edges of the wound portions of the brain protruded, and the sufferer lay unconscions and as one dead.

Several physicians were called in, and, after making an examination that satisfied them that the bullet was in the brain, they said there was no hope of the patient surviving. Then Drs. Deardorff and Sponogle were sent for, and, after consultation, decided that there was about one chance in a million to save the lad's life. They determined to try the chance. They argued that if left alone the boy would die in a few hours, whereas if they operated upon him he would feel no pain, as he was unconscious, and, consequently, there would be nothing brutal in their mode of procedure. Neither would it be unnecessary, for nothing can be unnecessary, to save human life, even if the chance is but as a drop of water in a river.

Without losing any time they trephined the skull and removed several pieces of broken bone and a fragment of the bullet that had been split in passing through the skull. Then they cut the torn pieces of the brain that protruded, and after cleaning the wound left it open for the discharge of pus for a day or two. Then the wound was covered and the doctors awaited the result with more than ordinary anxiety.

The boy gained rapidly in health and strength, but his condition was still considered critical, as a turn for the worse might come at any moment. To add to the scientific anxiety of the attending physicians several other doctors in an unprofessional and unscientific spirit circulated a report that they had acted with brutality in operating upon the boy, and prolonged his sufferings when there there was no chance for his life.

After a lapse of several weeks it was found that a fungus growth had pushed the scalp up and formed a large and dangerous-looking protrusion. The doctors did not care to meddle with it until they were positive of its real character, and for three or four months it grew larger and larger.

Drs. Deardoff and Sponogle saw that the time had come to remove the ugly protuberance, and they cut it off, cleaned out the wound again and drew the cut edges of the scalp as near together as they could. They took out two or three quarter ounces of the brain and subjected the fungoid matter to a microscope examination. They found, as the expected, that it was composed of true nerve tissue. Contrary to expectation the wound seemed to heel, and to their great surprise they saw granulations form on the nerve tissue between the cut edges of the scalp. The granulations, however, were rather red, and had an inflammatory appearance, but the granulations increased, the threatened inflamation disappeared, and to-day the boy is fat and strong.

A piece of the bullet still remains in his brain, but he experiences no pain and eats harty. Of course, it could not be expected that he would escape from so terrible a shock and mutilation without some lasting infirmity. The cutting by the bullet of so much brain tissue has partly paralyzed his right side, but after he gets fairly started the hesitation in thought and speech is no longer observable.

The attending physicians feel very proud of the outcome of the case. If the boy had died they would have been flayed alive with the scalpels of prosessional criticism.

Cases in which a patient has survived with a bullet in his brain are exceedingly rare.

One of the most recent is that of a Stockton gardener named Paravagna, who was shot with a pistol bullet a little above and in front of the right ear. The bullet went completely through his brain almost in a horrizontal line and lodged against the skull on the left side. The wound was treated by local physicians, and to their surprise he recovered. After his recovery his thinking faculties were found to be considerably impaired. He would harness one side of a horse and neglect to harness the other side. He never could remember where he left an article a moment after he laid it down, but his health was good and his muscular strength remained unimpaired. The bullet is still in his brain.—Fresno (Cal., Bepublican.

Let the Authorities Act.

The admonition is made in many quarters that America is America and that its adopted citizens are not loyal unless they become solely and distinctly Americans. In pretty much the same quarters it is inconsistently demanded that as the circumstances point strongly to the probability that Dr. Cronin was murdered by Irishmen resident in America it behooves all Irishmen now Americans to rise up and clear their skirts of the atrocious crime. The professedly Irish-American publications are asked to denounce the murderers and Irish-Americans generally are admonished that upon them devolves specially the duty of assisting in ferreting out the perpetrators of the crime.

There is manifest absurdity in the position that Irish-American citizens shall appear in no other character than that of citizens of America and that they shall be particularly active as Irishmen in rendering aid to the authorities in upholding the law. This confusion aside the position is wrong. The great mass of Irishmen in America have no more to do with the assassination of Dr. Cronin, nearly or remotely, than the great mass of Americans who in political conventions and state assemblies have passed resolutions eulogistic of Gladstone and Parnell. Responsibility for the perpetration of the awful crime does not rest upon them. They are not under any moral indictment. They have no skirts to clear. Nor have they any duty in relation to the execution of the law against flagrant violators thereof that is not equally obligatory upon their fellow-citizens. Yet some of them respond to the imputation that in some special manner they must bring forth fruits meet for repentance and the absolution of their race. And they propose to unite with another extra judicial, intermeddling, and, therefore, mischievous lot of amateurs, the Citizen's association, in a public effort to further what they call the cause of justice. Their position is unsound. If some damnable assassins wreak private vengeance upon an Irishman who is an American, and these wretches are also Irishmen and American citizens, no honest man is called upon merely because he is of the same race to show by extraordinary zeal for the enforcement of the law against murder that he is not in sympathy with assassins. Every Irishman isn't every other Irishman's keeper. Because Cronin perished under the blows of men who there is good reason to suppose have the same country for a birthplace an indictment does not lie against all who were born there.

Cook county is ample able to assert the prevalence of the law. No reasonable bill that the duly constituted authorities create in the prosecution of the inquiry into the murder of Dr. Cronin can be rejected. The power of the law's office is ample. The resources of the county are inexhaustible. Zeal and intelligence are not lacking in the prosecution. Wherefore, let well alone.—Chicago Times.

Some Washington Manias.

A few days ago an office-seeker from the south, who has been sticking close to the white house ever since the inauguration, and confidently expected an appointment, writes a Washington correspondent, was so prostrated by the success of a rival candidate that he became seriously ill and had to be removed to his home. This case suggests the question whether office seeking should not be classed with certain mental diseases, such as dipsomania, or the mania for drink, kleptomania, etc? It certainly is a malady, with symptoms distinctly marked, but which are similar to those observed in various affections of the brain and nervous system—fits of extraordinary excitement or periods of excessive despondency, melancholia, hallucinations. The latter sometimes takes the form of extreme self-exaltation, the unhappy subject being possessed with the idea that he is a person of great importance, and that he has a claim against a political party or leader for services rendered. Instances of similar forms of dementia are to be seen daily in lunatic asylums, and even outside of such institutions, where are found persons deluded with the notion that they are this or that great man, or that they have been defrauded out of fabulous wealth. In the absence of a better word, the word *locomania, i. e.*, mania for place, or position, is suggested to denote the malady whose symptoms have been briefly indicated. It is to be observed in Washington in all its stages. Locomaniacs prowl around the public places at all hours of the day, dogging the footsteps of men in authority, pursuing them to their offices and homes, and frequently displaying such violence and insane persistency as to require force for their removal. It is time that this disease was fully recognized in medical nomenclature, and that institutions for the treatment and cure of locomaniacs were established. The malady is more wide-spread than drunkenness and equally deplorable in its results, producing insanity and often breaking up homes and wrecking lives.

Another species of mental aberration particularly noticeable in Washington is a phase of Anglo mania in the matter of horseback riding. This is a popular amusement in this city of beautiful streets and picturesque country roads. There are many riders, male and female, who, for the most part, ape the English as far as possible in style of costume, outfit and manner of riding. The horses are trained to trot so as to accommodate the equestrians who affect the ungainly movements of English horsemanship. It is remarkable that this mode of riding should have preference over the safe and easy seat in the saddle of the Southern rider or the cowboys or the Mexicans. There are no better equestrians in the world than those who sit erect in the saddle, legs and body nearly in the same line, grasping their horses firmly with their knees. It is almost impossible to unseat them, but a man who rides on a flat saddle with his knees under his chin and his feet turned out at an angle of 45 degrees, is one of the most helpless and awkward looking creatures imaginable.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

On a fine summer day in the year 187– I was proceeding by the South-western railway to visit a friend and former patient, a resident of Portsmouth. It is not often that a medical man gets a holiday, and but for the kindness of a fellow practitioneer in taking my practice for a fortnight I should not have had an opportunity of enjoying the sea breezes.

The train on which I started was an early one, and, having procured my ticket, I took my place in the second-class carriage and lit my cigar, for it was a smoking carriage.

On entering it I was surprised—and I think naturally so—to find the farther end of it occupied by a lady.

"Oho!" said I, inwardly, "some fast Amcerian demoiselle who desired to indulge in a cigarette."

On observation, however, it appeared to me that the features of my fellow traveler did not bear upon them that impression of cuteness which marks American nationality. She had soft brown eyes, a full, round face, with a profusion of chestnut hair. She was dressed in a plain traveling suit, bound with white braid, and wore a straw hat.

"Maybe a German," I soliloquized; "they are terrible smokers."

But again it occurred to me that possibly the young lady might be neither American nor German, but had got into the carriage without noticing that it was reserved for the use of smokers. Under this impression I bowed slightly to her, saying:

"I fear my cigar may annoy you! Perhaps you are not aware that this is a smoking compartment?"

"Oh, yes," she answered with a slight German accent; "yes, yes, yes, yes!"

There was something peculiar in her slow, deliberate utterance and the four times repeated monosyllable. A dreamy look, too, in the speaker's eyes, as if her mind was preoccupied. However the train was now in motion, and I had nothing for it but to esconce myself in my corner, look out of the window and take a bird's eye view of the surrounding housetops.

For a short time this was well enough, but I began at last to weary of the monotony of such an amusement. We Englishmen, as a rule, are so reserved and unsociable that we shrink into ourselves, and every fresh addition to the occupants of a railway carriage or an omnibus is received with blank looks and a sort of tacit intimation that he has no right to enter. Now, I am free to confess that, whatever my failings, want of sociablility is not one of them, and I determined to try to engage my companion in a little conversation. There could be no impropriety in a man of my age (I was 30) endeavoring to beguile the tedium of a lazy journey by conversing with a fellow traveler—a school girl and certainly not out of her teens. It was, therefore, with an almost paternal feeling that I addressed her.

"There are not many passengers by this train," I remarked.

"Two thousand and three," was the answer that not a little startled my equanimity.

I looked at the speaker, expecting to find a mischievous smile dancing in her eyes or lurking in the corners of her mouth. Nothing of the sort. She was perfectly serious, even stern, and her eyes had still the same dreamy far-away look in them.

"Very absent minded or else in love," I thought to myself. However I tried again.

"I think we shall have a fine day for our journey," I ventured to remark.

She turned upon me with that fierce, despairing yet restless look that we see in a trapped rat.

"How you talk, talk, talk!" she cried indignantly.

"But"——

"Are you mad?" she screamed in a tone of intensified shrillness, and with such an awful, hungry look in her eye that the truth flashed upon me like an inspiration.

She was mad!

Medical man as I am, a feeling of horror overcame me when I reflected that I was shut up alone in a carriage of a train traveling at express speed with a lunatic. True, I was a strong man; she only a girl. But it is inconceivable what extreme strength is possessed by many of the insane. I have known a woman thus afflicted to require two, and even three, powerful men to restrain her during one of her paroxysms.

However, I endeavored to keep as cool as possible as I looked the young girl steadily in the face. She looked at me a moment or so without quailing, then she sank back in the corner, resumed her sympathetic posture and sat gazing out of the window with the far away look in her eyes, as if no such person as myself was in existence.

"Poor girl!" I thought and I began to wonder who or what she could be and how she came to be traveling alone. Could she have escaped from an asylum? If so, how came she to be possessed of sufficient funds to procure a railway ticket?

I had had some experience in "mad cases," and I knew that the most outrageous ones are those where the patient maintains an even sullenness of demeanor. The girl's case did not seem to me to be one of them. On the contrary, her sudden change of mood when I angered her seemed to indicate it to be a case of temporary aberration of mind, and consequently a curable one.

I looked at my watch. In a quarter of an hour we should be at Basingstoke. I was in the very act of returning my watch to my pocket when my companion, with a mocking laugh—the peculiar metallic ring of which it is quite impossible to describe—literally hurled herself upon me with overwhelming force, broke the watch from its chain and sent it through the window. In another second she was endeavoring to force herself through the window.

Then commenced a terrible struggle, of which I even yet shudder to think. My muscles were strained to their utmost limit of tension, the perspiration poured down my face, and my arms felt as if about to be wrenched from their sockets. And all this to restrain one of the sex commonly called the "weaker" from self destruction.

All this time the poor girl uttered no sound that could give warning to the guard or our fellow passengers of the terrible struggle for life or death that was going on within a few yards of them. As for my own voice, the extraordinary physical effort I was making to restrain the would-be suicide entirely prevented my making the slightest use of it. But just as my powers were failing me, and I felt that I could no longer prolong the struggle, the train began perceptibly to slacken speed.

"Thank heaven! Basingstoke at last."

What followed is easy to relate. Of course, assistance was at hand, and the unfortunate young lady was removed to a place of safety. From letters which we found on her and some articles of jewelry, which we advertised, we speedily discovered her friends. Naturally I, as a medical man, would not lose sight of her until I had discovered them.

The patient proved to be a member of a German family, naturalized in England, who was subject to periodical attacks of mental aberration, but had never actually been in an asylum.

During the attacks which invariably came on without warning, so that it was difficult to watch her, she was seized with a restless desire to wander over the country, and it appeared, had merely selected the Southwestern line because it happened to be the nearest one to her own home.

She had been so long without an attack that her mother and sisters had on the previous night ventured to go to an evening party, leaving Lotta fast asleep in bed at home. During their absence she eluded the vigilance of the servants, got up and dressed herself, walked about for some time, and took a ticket for the early Portsmouth mail—at least that was what she imagined, and told us on her recovery. Her memory, however, was very imperfect, but the poor child must certainly have walked about the streets for some time prior to the departure of the express.

It was natural that, under the circumstances—I have already stated that I had had considerable experience in such cases—her friends should ask me to endeavor a cure.

I undertook it, and entirely succeeded. And also I undertook and succeeded in something else.

It is my wife who is looking over my shoulder as I write, and who says:

"My dear, the maddest act of all my life was when"—

But here I stop.

Mr. Depew Shouldn't Have Done It.

Speaking of the published story that he paid $7,000 as a salve for a nervous shock that the lawyer had received, Chauncey M. Depew said recently:

"It was a curious case. I received a letter from the lawyer saying that he had been completely upset by a shock he received on one of the trains, owing to a sudden stoppage. He inclosed in his letter the certificate of four reputable physicians, bearing out his statement. A friend of mine, who was a neighbor of the lawyer, came to me and told me it would be a great injustice if I didn't settle the claim. 'The man is completely gone,' he said, 'stays away from his office, can't do any work, wanders around the house scaring his wife into fits, and is unfit for anything.'

"I went down and saw him. 'Where were you before you took this trip?' I asked him. 'Rusticating at my country seat,' he replied. 'Have any shock or undue excitement there?' Then he told me that he had brought down a basket of eggs on the train. 'Well, how about those eggs,' I asked, 'were they broken?' 'Oh no,' he said, 'they remained on the seat beside me, and not one was cracked.' 'And yet you got a nervous shock?' 'Yes.'

"Well, I sent him the company's check for $7,000, as the doctors and he were sure he couldn't never get around to business again. You'd be surprised, to see how that check acted. It was evidently just the medicine he stood in need of, for he's all right now and practicing law the same as ever."

How the Boys Saw the Circus

The admirers and owners of cats in Camden are up in arms over the sudden disappearance of their feline pets. For the last two or three days complaints have been made all over the city by owners of cats that their animals were missing. The secret of their mysterious disappearance is out at last. The Royal Menagerie and Dime Circus is in Camden with a tent full of wild animals.

The manager has discovered an inexpensive food for his beasts—live cats—which cost considerably less than fresh meat. The manager's mode of securing the cats is to offer small boys a ticket to the show for every cat brought to him. The Camden small boy, as soon as he learned of the circus man's offer, started out with a bag on his back to catch cats, and the back alleys have been full of these juvenile hunters. After being brought to the circus the cats are stored away until dinner time, when they are thrown into the cages of the hungry tigers and lions."—Philadephia Inquirer.

To cure warts take an Irish potato and cut a piece off the end and rub on the wart two or three times a day, cutting a slice from the potato each time used. Very often one potato is sufficient for the cure.

CAROL'S STORY.

BY MRS. CLARENCE L. CLARK.

The early English violets were just in blossom; the lilacs in bud; the near hills greening a little, and the far-away ones blue. In short, spring was once more abroad in the land, as also was Carol Dean, in her blue tea-gown and her pony-cart, her brown eyes bright with the spring-shine, her fluffy gold locks rampant in the morning breeze.

She was returning from the Ceramic Club, and her meditations were of Kiota, Satsuma, and Cloisonue—their morning lesson. The Ceramic Club was the rage, although Carol's heart was in her sketching, and she only attended the club for Harry Valentine's sake, who had promised to cultivate his mind by studying Ceramics if Carol would; he furthermore proposed to attend the "dog show," which so improves one's natural history, and the gymnasium, to acquire a little practical physiology.

Carol, well pleased with Harry's gropings toward a higher intellectual life, ran with the news to China Bascony, her father's housekeeper, who had always considered Harry a young spendthrift, with more beauty than brains—more wealth than wisdom.

"Hump!" ejaculated the practical old woman, "improving his mind at a dog-show and a gymnasium. I'd as soon open a bureau drawer to ventilate my room!"

After lunch that day Carol drove off to Echo Hills on a sketching attempt, with Maxie, her Scotch terrier, for company. Nature was all in pale emerald this afternoon—a becoming robe, and very æsthetic, but whose lovely tint the warm sun would ere long deepen into a very commonplace green.

Carol chose a shaded spot where she could look down between the hills to the tiny bridge, which spanned a silver thread below, and just beyond were visible the modest steeple and porch of the Echo Hills Mission—its other outlines vague and gone in the budding green which crowded near, a suggestive sketching spot—albeit not easy for an amateur; but Carol's audacious pencil often rushed in where a more practiced one might fear to tread. On this radiant afternoon the air was as full of artistic inspiration as of oxygen, and Carol went blithely to work "blocking in" hills and bridge, and little steeple, when of a sudden she discerned down in the doorway of the chadel someone standing partly obscured in the foliage, but certainly gazing intently in her direction.

"I shouldn't wonder if 'twere Harry Valentine's cousin Arthur March, the new minister who has lately come to the mission," she said to herself. "I'll sketch him in."

To her surprise he now began waving his hat at her!

"How very unministerial! But I won't be frightened away," and she whistled to Maxie, who was chasing butterflies down hill. But it was with beating heart she worked on, which actually thumped when she heard herself called. "How extremely impertinent! I shall report this to the Presbytery. Come, Maxie," and she hastily shuffled pencils and sketch book into their case, and turned her steps toward the road. But glancing once more at her persecutor, she saw that his demonstrations were redoubled, and now heard quite distinctly the cry:

"Distress! Come down!"

There was a different aspect, and without hesitation she started back with Maxie, and was soon down at the little porch where, sitting now in the doorway, his head leaning against the casing, she found the owner of the large voice, and the lively hat, looking very subdued, and very white, and altogether limp.

"Let me help you," Carol ventured as he did not move. "You are hurt."

"I believe I am, but not seriously. I am glad my gymnastics were successful."

Without another word Carol tramped back up the hill to where pony and cart were waiting, and soon came winding down the narrow path and across the bridge where probably the foot of horse had never trod before. With Carol's help he hobbled into the little carriage—the tall handsome man, with his dignified bearing, now very dependent upon the arm of this slight girl.

Going home he explained how it happened.

"I was hanging a chart on the wall, and had improvised a ladder out of the door-steps; but they objected to such usage and fell, and I—like "Jill" in the hymn "came tumbling after." It's only a bruise."

"It's a pity, but let's be glad that you did not, like "Jack" in the hymn, "break your crown." Go on Allegro!"

"Allegro—is this the pony Allegro of whose tricks I have heard? Have I the honor to ride with Miss Dean?"

"I am Carol Dean," she replied wonderingly.

"My name is March, Miss Dean. I have heard of you and of Allegro through my friend Don McKeene. Perhaps but for my tumble I should never have met you."

A moment later, as arriving at home and alighting with difficulty, he muttered, "I confess I can't see any providence in this." Carol cried gaily, as she stooped to gather the white reins, "Now you are very uncomplimentary to me;" and with a word to Allegro was gone.

The man dropped his hat in a trice and began the most abject apology; but she was gone, leaving him quite discomfited lest he had offended her.

March was laid up for six weeks with a sprained ankle. On his recovery Harry Valentine brought him to Carol one day, that he might make acknowledgement of her kindness. He was pale from his seclusion, somewhat faint from the walk, and the deep gray eyes—when once they had found Carol's—too languid to leave their resting place.

Don McKeene brought him one evening soon after to the tennis club. The "Argonauts" met weekly at Judith Grey's, and during the summer Carol often met March there; so that through the warm July and August days a pleasant friendship was coming into life, perhaps some day to find full development.

To Carol indeed a new existence seemed opening out. Against the background of worldly, shallow and prosaic young men she had known, the outlines of strong character in this man stood out in bold relief. His wide thoughts, his deep perceptions, his supreme gentleness, seemed drawing her whole being into his; so that ere she was aware thoughts of him were blended with her every act—indeed with every waking moment.

Judith Gray was Carol's opposite neighbor, and her ideal of cultured and beautiful womanhood. Her rare type of face—so pure and pale—together with her perfect repose of manner, charmed Carol, and she wondered that Arthur March, in his devotion to all that was high and noble, was not more attached toward this "daughter of the gods." Judith and Don McKeene seemed better friends—Don with his careless jolly ways, so totally opposite to Judith's calm stateliness.

All these days Harry Valentine's attentions to Carol were becoming very marked—his intentions very evident. Carol—always friendly—was not aware to the verge of what she was treading until one day Harry's manifest jealousy of Don McKeene revealed the whole state of things.

Don McKeene! 'Twas absurd! He was twice her age, and Judith Gray's lover beside. What should she do? To whom could she go! Papa Dean was away in Boston. China Bascom was prejudiced. She must keep her own council for the present.

To say truth she had outgrown Harry. He could never satisfy her again. Perhaps he felt it; at all events he felt the change in her. In his simple-heartedness he told the whole story to Arthur March, his cousin, and begged advice—intercession even.

"For," said he, "Carol once said that your approval must be worth having, as it seemed rather difficult to gain."

"Did she say that!" eagerly asked March.

"Yes, and if you will only tell her that you would approve her as a cousin—"

"Harry, a third party seldom accomplishes anything in that line, but if I can, I promise to."

What was Arthur March's surprise, that same week to receive a nocturnal visit from Don McKeene on a very like errand. Don was dejected and could not conceal it.

"It's no use, Arthur March. I'm done for. I always expected I should be a misanthrope if I had half a chance, and now I shan't miss my vocation."

"What is it, Don?"

"Carol Dean, that's all."

"So Don loved her too. But she did not return it. March was too conscientious to be glad of that. From pure principle he was sorry and sympathetic. A phenomenon was he! Such phenomena have been.

"I wish I could help you, Don. Has she refused you?"

"No, not that. I couldn't get so far. She wouldn't let me be serious, and seems to imagine that I'm an adorer of Judith Grey's. I'll be cremated if I ever thought of such a thing," and he proceeded forthwith to cremate a cigar, and to pace gloomily up and down March's study. Suddenly stopping before his friend, and laying his hand heavily on his shoulder, Don exclaimed:

"March, you can help me. You can make her understand that Judith Grey is nothing to me, that she has an English lover—so they say. That may save me. Will you, March, will you! What, you don't seem to hanker after the errand!"

"I confess there is a Miles Standish flavor about the affair that I don't just relish."

"It might have the same sequel," laughed Don, unsuspectingly.

The fall exhibition at the Warner Gallery was a success that year. Carol Dean was one of its most frequent visitors. She liked to go in the forenoons, when she could dream over the pictures undisturbed. A little sketch of Echo Hills attracted her strongly. It was a glimpse of the tiny bridge, and the "Mission" beyond. Underneath were the lines:

"Thou dids't bring Heaven round thee here
In this sad place;
'Tis Heaven now with memories
Of thy dear face."

The words were in fine handwriting, hardly noticeable, and Carol had gazed at the drawing many times ere she discovered them.

What was her surprise as one rainy Monday morning she sought her wonted resort, retired from everything but the drawings of the amateurs, to observe in one corner of her favorite, the initials "A. V. M." Now, it was plain to her. March had told her he sometimes indulged in a little sketching himself, and Don had shown her a drawing of his "Beppo," which March had made, and which was certainly very dog-like. The glad tears sprang to her eyes, followed by a quick sense of mortification, that she had been so ready to take those lines to herself. What could add more to her discomfiture than at this juncture to turn and meet the dark eyes of Arthur March turned full upon her from a very adjacent doorway. But Carol was a "present-minded" girl, and with scarcely a trace of confusion, she greeted the young man cordially, and called his attention to a sketch of Lake Placid, just next his own.

To Arthur March was this a soughtfor but dread opportunity. The words which only the day before he had endeavored to weave into the lives and aims of his little flock of workingpeople now rose and confronted him: "If ye have not been faithful in that which is another's, who shall give you that which is your own?"

March sat down by her. They talked of the foreign pictures, of the educating influence of such a collection, of high ideas in art. The girl was very entertaining with her novel ideas about the artists and their motives. Were the muscles of her determination relaxing a little?

They drifted on to theories of life in general, and of how little one could forecast the future. "As, for instance," said March, "I fancy Miss Judith Grey little expected so soon to leave her fatherland forever, and become the mistress of an English manse, as it is rumored."

"Indeed? I had not heard of it, and hope for Don McKeene's sake it is not true."

What more could he say? Was his duty done?

"I should dread a disappointment of that kind for Don; 'twould go hard with him. Don is so free-hearted, so noble, a man of grand capabilities. I could not endure to see his whole life embittered."

"Nor I," she said, "and Judith Grey's starry eyes need not turn toward the old world to seek her ideal when a man like Don is at her feet."

Now for the *coup d'etat*.

"But Don does not care thus for her, I happen to know. She could not thus disappoint him."

"Indeed," replied Carol, with a merry laugh; "then our anxiety for him has beed needless this time."

Plainly she was indifferent to Don, and March's intercession for him fruitless, for she did not even recognize it as such.

Settling back in his seat for his further task, and drawing with his cane some very unconventional designs on the red matting at his feet, he asked, carelessly;

"Have you seen my cousin Harry recently?"

"Not for a week," she replied.

"Harry seems cast down," and with a direct look at her March asked, "Do you know why?"

"There was no filagree about this girl. She had no "cunning to be strange."

"If I do, what then?" Her manner was becoming haughty, seeming to rebuke his interference.

A promise, a duty, an opportunity. These faced the man, hardening him to his task.

"Miss Dean do you realize the peril in trifling with a human heart? You may have had no experience, but has such a thing never come under your observation?"

"Never; and I trust I am not capable of that," she replied, pale with suppressed feeling, scarce knowing what she said.

"I believe you are not, willingly. Harry Valentine has an affectionate heart, which has always had gentle handling."

After a pause he added: "Perhaps my mission, being to lighten hearts, makes me more sensitive at seeing one burdened by another's thoughtlessness."

Ah, cruel words, crushing words! evincing highest displeasure and censure, when she had dared to imagine approval, at least, a faint liking.

The arrival of other visitors prevented further conversation. Fortunate for both. Arthur March was not a man to temporize. "Faithful in that which is anothers." Verily a thankless task!

The day went out in storm and darkness. The elements seemed convulsed, and in one girl's heart as wild a storm and raging. What ages since those few happy moments in the morning, when she had dared take to herself four sweet lines never meant for her. What a tragedy of error had been enacted since. What injustice had been done her—this white-souled girl! When she could indure her grief no longer, she crept down stairs to her old nurse, crying: "Oh China, hold me in your arms once more, for [illegible] never [illegible] a child [illegible]."

The good old soul comforted [illegible] only could, and always had, since [illegible] Carol's first doll. When the [illegible] were succeeded by a little calm, China told her of her father's last words, when he went away a month before: "If Carol gets lonely, bring her on to me, for I may be gone half the winter," and so if Carol liked they would go east at once. "'Twas lonely for the child with her father gone," China said, albeit her father when at home was always submerged in business affairs.

"Let us go to-morrow, please, China," said Carol, still tearful; and 'twas setttled.

A fortnight after Harry Valentine's visit to his cousin-confessor for counsel he received the following word from Carol:

"I go east to-day with China, for a long stay. Forgive me everything, Harry, I always meant to be kind."

He wrote back very pathetically:

"We'll forget all that has been, but oh, Carol, the 'might-have-beens!'"

The winter was a severe one, and passed drearily to more hearts than one. Toward spring Carol's father complained of asthma and had to go south. So they turned their faces toward the everglades, and the warm gulf breezes, thence on the Bahamas to Nassau; like two children under China's care—the fussy invalid and the sorrowful young girl who fancied her life-happiness lay behind her—a dissolved view—and only shadows ahead.

After two months at Nassau they came to New Orleans, and as the season advanced in fervor they gravitated northward, jauntlng leisurely, so that not until July did they find themselves once more at home.

"I shall be glad to see Maxie again, and Allegro," Carol sometimes said; otherwise she expressed no desire either way, to go or stay. Here was the tribulation that worketh patience.

Papa Dean grew worse after reaching home, gradually failed, and in September the end came, in the old home out of which so many of the Deans had died and gone. Sorrow had dwelt with Carol so much of late, she could scarce remember how happiness felt—her dreary consolation now being that there were none left to lose, except China, her only comforter.

Harry Valentine had gone to the far west during the summer—to begin life, he said. He had strung his days on a thread of vain hope, which had snapped, and now they were wasted.

In October there came a little ripple over the calm surface of things. Don McKeene and Judith Grey were married, to Carol's surprise as well as others. In the golden Indian summer days, the twilight of the year, Carol took many a long drive through the suburbs of the town, but never to Echo Hills, never to Leke Placid. She was much alone these autumn days, with only thoughts and memories for companionship. The autumn of her life she sometimes fancied it.

One night as she sat on the broad veranda, in the starshine, watching nature sink to rest, the lovely "Cinderella" music—that heaven-born inspiration of Heinrich Hoffman, kept singing to her constantly. They had heard it in New Orleans, and this couplet had followed her away—

"Love is by trials best proved,
Thou too hast suffered and loved."

As she sat absorbed in her revery, in the dim light of the quiet evening, the rays from the old sconce in the hall throwing all outline into dim relief, she was like a lovely vision in her close-fitting robe of black, her fluffy gold locks smoothed into a low coil, and a single passion-flower at her throat. Like a lovely vision to Arthur March, as he came up the wide gravel, and, unheralded by Maxie, quietly approached and sat down at her feet. He had come to her at last. She hardly seemed surprised, perhaps because in her thoughts he was always present.

"Miss Carol, what of the night?"

That was all, but ah, the language of those deep eyes, so pleading and passionate, pouring out the story of his life—absorbing love for her, better than any words could do. She knew that language, else how could she have answered so, reaching down her hand into his:

"Oh, Mr. March, it has been so long, and so dark, but," with a glad little cry, "it is past, it is past!"

When he would speak of his seeming harshness to her, she talked of his self-abnegation and loyalty to his friends. When he would mention cruelty, she spoke of sacrifice. The whole truth had been unfolded to her, and, strange to say, through Don McKeene.

As they stood heart to heart, before he left her, Carol asked, "Tell me, Althur, did you have a sketch of Echo Hills at the Warner Gallery last year?"

"Yes, Carol, that spot dearer than all others. For it is heaven for me 'with memories of thy dear face.' "

"Then it was for me, you did write them for me—those four sweet lines!"

"For thee alone my darling."—The Wisconsin.

Inquisitive Youth.

Billy—Just one more question, pa, and I'll go to sleep.

Father—Well, what is it?

Billy—When anybody pounds a knot out of a board how can it leave a knot hole in the board when the knot whole is knocked out?

Father (irritably)—Don't talk so foolishly, William.

Billy—And supposing the whole knot not knocked out how can the whole hole be there? To go a little further, is a whole knot hole not a whole hole just because——

An ominous creaking of the paternal bedstead put an end to further speculation.—Binghamton Republican.

A Quick Cure for Dyspepsia.

Said a watch repairer: "It is wonderful and at times astonishing how little it takes to make some men happy. The other day a middle-aged man, well known on Wall street as a chronic dyspeptic—a man for whom I had done a great deal of work—entered the store and asked me in his usual surly manner to place a new crystal on his watch. While I was complying with his request he sat at the end of the counter contemplating my work with his habitual scowl.

"When I passed him the timepiece and received the 20 cents I had asked his bearing seemed to change. He departed with his face wreathed in smiles, and it was evident that he was in an exceedingly happy frame of mind. I marveled greatly at the time; but it was the next day before I could comprehend the change.

"I had charged him but 20 cents for the work that I had previously done for not less than a quarter."—Jewelers' Weekly.

The Wedding Prelude.

Little Boy—"Say, ma, says you are going to take sister off."

Engaged Youth (soon to be married)—"Yes, in a few weeks she's going to my home, and my ma and pa will be her ma and pa. See?"

"I See. Then she'll be your sister, same as she was mine. Say, don't you do anything she doesn't like, for if you do she'll bang you around awful when your ma and pa ain't looking."—New York Weekly.

THE WAHPETON TIMES.

GEO. P. GARRED, Publisher.

WAHPETON, NORTH DAKOTA.

IT is said that in the Arctic regions if a lens be made out of ice the rays of the sun will pass through the lens and light tinder before melting the ice.

AMERICAN ingenuity shows no signs of flagging; 395,000 first patent certificates were issued in this country during the last twelve months.

KING MENILEK, the new ruler of Abysinia, is described as "a fierce-looking man, dark, tall, thin and active, with piercing black eyes and a long, dark beard.

THE ruinous generosity of a gentleman in Jackson, Mich., has taxed the mathematical powers of three boys who saved his daughter from drowning. With the air of a prince he said, as he gave them a five-cent piece, "Here, divide that among you."

THE people of the United States use nearly 2,000,000,000 postage stamps annually, nearly enough to put two girdles around the earth at the equator. They pay nearly $40,000,000 for them. The largest sales are made at the New York postoffice, Chicago being the second largest consumer of stamps.

MANCHESTER, N. H., has an ingenious man. He has arranged two tin pails over the stalls of his horses, so that by touching an electric button by his bedside the pails are inverted and their contents emptied into the horse's feed boxes. By filling the pails with oats the preceding day, he feeds his horses every morning an hour before he gets up.

THE English sparrow does not fear large foes. One of the plucky little birds lately engaged in a conflict with an alligator, at Darien, Ga. The animal provoked the fight by snapping at the bird, which in turn flew furiously at its ugly antagonist, aiming with precision at the saurian's eyes. The alligator finally gave up the contest and took to the river.

BENJAMIN JOHNSON, it is said, owns a farm in Rush Valley, U. T., upon which he has just discovered a mine of natural shoe blacking. Ananalysis of this peculiar material shows that it contains sixteen per cent. carbon, thirty-four per cent aluminum, and the remainder clay. When taken out the material is moist and soft, and when used as a shoe blaking produces a fine polish, which is not easily destroyed.

PHYSICIANS at many points along the Hudson Valley report that scores of persons are afflicted with a peculiar disease, which is variously called "muscular rheumatism" and "a new manifestation of malaria. One physician in Newburg says he has seventy cases on hand. In that vicinity the complaint seems to be epidemic. Doctors at Rondout believe that the wet weather of May, June and July, together with the intense humidity of the atmosphere, is chargeable with much of the illness.

MRS. BAKER, of Richford, Vt., went into her dining-room the other day and discovered a snake coiled snugly under the table. She naturally objected to a boarder of that sort, and, securing a kettle of boiling water, proceeded to persuade the snake to leave. When she approached his snakeship rebelled against the hot water treatment, and made ready to spring upon her. But Mrs. Baker, noting the snake's open mouth, gave him a generous dose of the kettle's contents and scalded him to death.

AN interesting table exhibited at the Paris exposition shows the relative civilizations of the several countries from the postoffice standpoint by showing the number of letters per capita passing through them. Great Britain leads with forty per head. Australia is next with thirty-five, and Switzerland with thirty. The United States, Germany and Holland have twenty, and Belgium leads them at twenty-five. The other countries of Europe gradually descend in the scale till the zero mark is almost reached in Russia, which reports only two letters a year per head.

AT Newington, Conn., one day a black spider had a curious adventure. The matron of a family lay on her lounge and slept. The spider crawled over her. Along her side he crept, up her cheek, around to the side of her head, then he climbed on the rim of her ear and gazed down into the aural crater. It was a spacious one, and he went in. Then the lady got up with a shriek and a bound. The family ran to her aid. She told them that something, a fly possibly, was walking about in her head. They prepared a pint of warm soap suds and poured most of it down her back and some of it into her ear. Thereupon the black spider rushed out, wet, astonished, but as lively as ever. He leaped to the floor and got into the hole in the padding of the lounge.

RESUME OF THE NEWS

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

In Washington.

Chief Mayers has not yet returned an anser to the proposition of the Cherokee commission. It is reported that he will say that it will not avail anything to negotiate further at the present time.

The secretary of the treasury appointed John McMackin of New York to be special inspector of customs for duty at New York. Mr. McMackin is a warm friend of Dr. McGlynn, and was at the head of the canvass in New York city when Henry George ran for secretary of state.

The civil service commission received information that John J. Ankeny, postmaster at Minneapolis, had been making illegal appointments in his office. The charges are in the form of an affidavit, made, as Chairman Lyman puts it, "By a reputable citizen of Minneapolis, and are of such a serious nature as to cause the commission to take action." It is possible that Commissioner Roosevelt, who is now enjoying a vacation at his Dakota ranch, will be notified and may make the investigation before his return. It is claimed that if the charges are proven they are of such a character as would warrant Mr. Ankeny's removal.

Numerous telegrams have been received in Washington asking for information in regard to the Sioux Indian lands, and many persons appear to have the impression that the president's proclamation is all that is now needed to make the lands a part of the public domain and such open to settlement. This impression is not founded on the law and is erroneous. One of the acts of congress requires that congress shall ratify any agreement made with the Indians before the agreement shall become of effect, and it will therefore be necessary for one report of the commission to be sent to congress and favorable action taken thereon before the president can declare the lands open to settlement. It will be a good while before settlers can go upon the lands.

The Casualty Calendar.

A cyclone at Russell, Ill., did considerable damage but no one was killed.

The fire at Truckee, Cal., burned thirty-five buildings, causing a loss of $75,000.

Fire in the Janesville (Wis.) cotton manufactory caused $10,000 to $15,000 damage; fully insured.

An explosion of chemicals in Formels & Co.'s drug store in New York destroyed a large amount of stock, and severely burned several of the employes.

The flood in Lincoln, Neb., has been subsiding. The damage has been greatly exagerated. No lives were lost and no houses were washed away.

A train on the Evansville & Terre Haute went through a bridge near Mount Vernon, Ind. A number of passengers and several trainmen were injured, but none fatally.

The bark Minerva, Capt. Sanne, which sailed from Liverpool May 23 for West Bay N. S., has been given up for lost It is feared that she foundered in the hurricane that swept the Atlantic June 29.

A terrible accident occurred at the farm o Charles Dinsmore, 18 miles southwest of Aberdeen, S. D., when three men were killed and several others were seriously injured by the explosion of a threshing machine engine. The engineer, Frank Arnswoldt, a single man aged 29, was blown 17 rods and instantly killed. William Sheeler, a single man aged 23, was blown 12 rods and was dead when picked up. The fireman, name unknown, recently from Jackson, Mich., aged about 25, had his head blown off and his body horribly mutilated. J. Kritel had a leg broken and was badly scalded on the other leg and body. Two others were injured though not dangerously. A team of horses attached to a wagon were blown into the air and carried several rods. The wreck of the engine was scattered all over the prairie.

Criminal Doings.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to blow up the Lexington (Ky.) Leader office by dynamite. Politics is the alleged cause.

Four alleged White Caps have been arrested at Marion, Ind., for the recent barbarities inflicted on Mrs. Azneth Street and daughter.

Edward Lebrom, a colored bookeeper of Fuller & Whitney, New York, has dissappeared, as also $7,000 of the firm's money.

Two indictments have been presented against Eben S. Allen, ex-president of the street railway in New York, charging him with forgeries.

George R. Schoenberger, alias Henry Deiter, was arrested at Lancaster, Pa., charged with embezzling $1,500 from J. C. Acker of White water, Wis.

The report that Tascott is confined in the Michigan penitentiary is untrue. The man arrested at Laredo, Tex., proves not to be Snell's murderer.

William Shurts, a wealthy farmer near Hampton Junction, N. J., was robbed o $3,500 by two highwaymen whom he had kindly given a ride in his wagon.

Trouble between different factions in a colored church at Indianapolis led to a free fight during services, and a large portion of the congregation was arrested.

Herbert N. Cunningham, bookkeeper for Soley, Gay & Dorr, bankers and brokers of Boston, was arrested on the charge of having embezzled $5,000 from the firm.

Alexander Kennedy, who is wanted in Chicago for recently shooting a man named Quinlan, surrendered at Elkhart, Ind., and was returned to Chicago.

Eben S. Allen, lately president of the Forty-second street railroad in New York, pleaded guilty to the count in the indictment charging him with the over-issue of stock, and will be sentenced.

Martin Burke, the Cronin suspect, was identified by Mr. and Mrs. Carlson, the owners of the cottage in which Dr. Cronin was murdered, as the man who rented it from them, giving the name "Frank Williams."

2 Harry Sullivan, aged thirty-four, was arrested at Lawrence, Mass., charged with having caused the death of his two weeks' old baby. His wife made the complaint. While the autopsy was benig held Sullivan hanged himself by a rope made from his trousers' lining to the bars of his cell.

Johnson and Goddard, the two prisoners arrested at St. Cloud, Minn., for highway robbery, made an attempt to escape from the jail. They secured an old butcher knife in someway and made a file of it, and then began sawing the bars to their cell. They were frustrated in their attempt by the turnkey, who was expecting something of this sort. They were put in separate cells and ironed.

At Bryant, Wis., George Irish was awakened by his dog barking, and upon getting up thought a bear was after his pigs. He got his gun and followed the dog into the woods and saw what he thought was a bear. He shot and killed a man named Bowman. Bowman was an outlaw from Kentucky. A sheriff from that state was at Bryant to arrest him. As soon as Bowman discovered the sheriff in the house he jumped through the window and started for the woods. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of accidental shooting.

People of Note.

Hattie Richmond, the ex-Washington belle, and a woman with quite a romantic history, was arrested in Chicago for drunkenness.

From Foreign Shores.

It is reported that the agent of an English syndicate has secured control of all the large breweries in Pittsburg.

A bill introduced by Mr. Healy, providing for an appeal in all criminal cases in Ireland, passed its first reading in the house of commons.

While on a visit to the town of Remscheide, Westphalia, Germany the venerable archbishop of Cologne was insulted and stoned on the streets by a crowd of anti-Catholics.

The senate court in Paris found Gen. Boulanger guilty of conspiracy. The state council has annulled the election in twelve cantons in which Gen. Boulanger was elected to the councils general, on the ground that the general was not legally eligible for the position. The court then, by 206 votes, found the general guilty of conspiracy. Six of the senators did not vote. The court found Count Dillon and M. Rochester guilty of complicity in the plot.

Miscellaneous.

Houghston, Peck & Co. of Kansas City, manufacturers and dealers in men's furnishing goods, have made a general assignment. Liabilities, $100,000; assets, $110,000.

The New York Republican state committee met at the Fifth Avenue hotel and decided to hold the state convention in Saratoga Sept. 25.

Charles F. Hall, a general dealer at Dundee, Ill., has failed for 100,000. He has stores at Woodstock, Hunda and Wilmot, Wis. Hall estimates his assets at $115,000.

A suit has been instituted in the New York supreme court to compel the sugar trust to disolve the co-partnership by which the trust is maintained, and then divide the assets among the original share holders.

A meeting of representative bridge builders of the United States is being held at Cleveland, Ohio, to devise a plan to break the trust that controls the price of iron used in the construction of bridges.

In the Montana convention the committee on suffrage reported back without recommendation the proposition to submit woman suffrage as a separate proposition. A motion to adopt was lost on a tie vote. A proposition making the keeping of "black lists" a felony was referred to the committee on labor. The capital question came up next. A motion to submit the location of the capital in the year 1892 to a vote of the people was amended to read that the temporary capital shall remain at Helena until such election takes place. Thus Helena remains the capital until the election 1892.

K. B. Armour, Kansas City, of the Armour Packing company, is at Duluth. He expressed himself as highly pleased with the result of the test case on the meat inspection law, and says his company will at once resume business on its old scale. The company will ship no meat to St Paul or Minneapolis until a test case has also been made there and decided, which is expected at an early date. The company thinks more of a fight will be made there, as they are the home markets of the St. Paul Packing companies and that it will be carried up to the supreme court.

Minnesota's Meat Law Unconstitutional.

The habeas corpus case of Alf F. Christian, Armour's manager at Duluth, fined for selling dressed meat contrary to the recently passed meat inspection law, came up at Duluth in the district court, in chambers. Owing to the general interest in the decision and its importance, both Judges Stearns and Ensign sat in the case. County Attorney Sherwood and City Attorney Smith appeared for the state and Cash & Williams for Christian and the dressed meat companies. The subject was gone at length and exhaustive arguments made. Every phase of the question was brought up. The court, after hearing the arguments, held that the law was plainly unconstitutional, infringing both on the rights of interstate commerce and of trade in general, and released Christian. The decision is that the Scheffer law is in violation of section 8, article 1, of the Federal Constitution, giving congress the right to regulate interstate commerce, and also of section 2, article 4, that "the citizens of each state shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states." The word commerce, they held, as used in the constitution, embraces all transportation, purchase, sale and exchange of such commodities as are transported and exchanged by the usage of the commercial word, and that no state can undertake to regulate any branch of such commerce congress has failed to regulate, but that it shall be left free, and that the legislature was an attempted regulation of the same and beyond its power. On the question whether the act could be upheld as a valid exercise of the police power of the state the court decided that it could not, as it was an attempt to exercise the police power with respect to a subject beyond its control, and that in the exercise of such power the state could not establish unnecessary or unreasonable regulations, and the court was bound to judge whether an act is a proper exercise of police control from its operation and effect, notwithstanding its language and ostensible purpose, and the court believed and held that as a police regulation it went entirely too far, and established unnecessary and burdensome regulations; that the act contained no provision for the inspection of fresh meats to ascertain whether or not they were in a pure condition, but made provisions for the destruction of any meats from an animal that had not been inspected on the hoof in this state before slaughter, and that the effect was to destroy traffic in one of the most important articles on traffic. A large number of decisions were cited in support of several propositions laid down by the court.

The Markets.

NEW YORK.

Wheat, No 2 red, 86½; No 3 red, 83½c.; ungraded red, 70@89¼c., steamer No 2 red, 84c. Rye. Western, 51@52½c.; Corn; No 2, 43¾c elevator, 43⅛@44⅛c.; No 2 white, 51c.; ungraded mixed, 43@44¼c.; Oats, No 2 white, 33½@34c.; mixed Western, 25@29c.; white, Western. 33c. No 2 Chicago, 28c. Eggs, Western, 15½@16c.; Butter, Western dairy, 10@12½c.; do creamery, 11@17c.; do factory, 8@12½c.

CHICAGO.

Cash quotations were as follows: Flour—Steady, unchanged; No. 2 spring wheat, 76½c; No. 3 spring wheat, 75½c: No. 2 red, 76¾c; No. 2 corn, 36⅛c; No. 2 oats, 20½c; No. 2 rye, 42½@43c; No. 2 barley, 63@64c; No. 1 flaxseed, $1.26; prime timothy seed, $1.43; mess pork, per bbl, $10.60@$10.65; lard, per 100 lbs, $6.40 Butter, active and unchanged, Eggs, in good demand at 12c.

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat.—No. 1, hard, 91c, No. 1, Northern, 90@93c; No. 2. Northern, 84½@85c, Flour.—Patents, sacks to local dealers, $5.35@5.55; patents to ship, sacks car lots, $5.10@5.25; in barrels, $5.35@5.55; delivered at New England points, $6.15@6.30; New York points, $6.15@6.20; delivered at Philadelphia and Baltimore, $6.00@6.15; bakers' here, $3.50@4.15; superfine, $1.90@2.55, red dog, sacks, $1.30@1.50; red dog, barrels, $1.50@1.65. Bran.—$6.75@7.25. Shorts.—$7.25@8.25. Corn.—35@36. Oats, 35@36. Hay.—$5@6.50. Barley.—quiet. Flax $1.20, Chicago, $1.26. Feed.—$13.50@14.

ST. PAUL.

Prices on incoming trains only: Wheat—No. 1 hard, 98@99c; No. 1 Northern, 90@91c; No. 2 Northern, 82@84c. Corn—No. 2, 35c; August, 36c; No. 3, 34½@35½c. Oats—No. 2 white, 26c; old 28c; August, 23@25c; year 24c; No. 3, 23c. Rye—No. 2, 61c. Barley—No. 2, 50c bid; No. 3, 35@45; No. 4, 35@40c. Ground Feed—$14.50. Corn Meal, Unbolted, $14.50. Bran, $7.50@8. Hay, No. 1 upland, $6,50; No. 1. $5; timothy, $8.50@9.50. Eggs, $3.60@3.70 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, 12@14c; firsts, 8@8½c; packing stock, 7@7½c; grease, 3@4c.

MILWAUKEE.

Flour, steady. Wheat, quiet; cash, 75c. September, 75⅝c. Corn, quiet; No. 3. 26¼@26½c. Oats, dull; No. 2 white, 25½@26c, Rye, dull; No. 1, 42¾c bid. Barley, quiet; September, 58¼c Provisions, firm. Pork $10.62½. Lard. $6.35. Butter, unchanged; dairy, 11@12c. Eggs, unchanged; fresh. 12@12½c. Cheese, unchanged; cheddars, 8@8½c.

FELL IN HIS TRACKS.

Judge David S. Terry of California Killed by a Deputy United States Marshal.

Terry Slaps Supreme Court Justice Field and Receives a Bullet in the Head.

LATHROP, Cal., Aug. 14.—Upon the arrival of the Southern overland train here to-day United States Supreme Judge Stephen J. Field and Deputy United States Marshal David Nagle walked into the depot dining room for breakfast and sat down side by side. Soon after Judge David S. Terry and wife came in also. They were proceeding to another table when Mrs. Terry, evidently recognizing Justice Field, did not sit down but retired to the train for some unknown purpose. Before she reached it, however, and as soon as she had left the dining room, Judge Terry approached Justice Field, and, stooping over him, slapped his face. At this juncture Deputy Marshal Nagle arose from his seat and shot Judge Terry through the heart. As he was falling the deputy marshal shot again but missed him, the bullet going through the floor. Both shots were fired in very quick succession. The judge never uttered a sound after being shot. He had hardly fallen when Mrs. Terry rushed to the side of his body and threw herself upon it. Then ensued a scene of the wildest excitement. People rushed from the dining room and others rushed in. During this time Justice Field and Deputy Marshal Nagle retreated to a sleeping car, where they were securely locked within. At times Mrs. Terry would call upon the citizens to arrest them. Before the train pulled out Constable Walker entered the sleeper, and was carried away on board the train. He informed the spectators that he knew his duty and would perform it. During the time the train was standing at the depot Mrs. Terry was running wildly alternately from the body of her husband to the sleeper, demanding admittance that she might slap Justice Field's face, and at the same time begging that they be detained and have their examination here. Constable Walker took Deputy Nagle from the train at Tracy, and proceeded with him to Stockton, where he is now in jail. District Attorney White ordered the arrest of Justice Field upon his arrival in San Francisco, and telegraphed the order to the sheriff of San Francisco.

TAKEN TO STOCKTON.

STOCKTON, Cal., Aug. 14.—The coroner arrived here at noon with Terry's body in a box covered with white cloth. Mrs. Terry rode in the express car with the remains, accompanied by several friends of the deceased. When the body was taken off the car she followed and rode with it in an express wagon to the morgue. She was distressed and said it was a most cowardly murder of an unarmed man. Deputy Marshal Nagle was brought here in a buggy by Constable Walker of Lathrop. When the overland train left Lathrop after the shooting, Constable Walker got in the car and arrested Nagle. He rode with him to Tracy, and there took a buggy to Stockton to avoid the crowds. When Nagle reached the jail he alighted from the buggy and came in with his coat covering his handcuffed hands. Nagle refused to be interviewed. He said: "I am deputy United States marshal and simply did my duty as an officer." He was locked up at once, and soon after sent for the local attorney. Nagle was very cool, but looked pale and determined.

Justice Field Talks.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 14.—The Southern overland train arrived in Oakland shortly after 11 o'clock to-day. A great crowd had collected, telegraphic intelligence of the Lathrop tragedy having preceded the arrival of the train, and the sleeping car in which Justice Field was sitting was at once besieged by United States officials and newspaper men. Justice Field maintains his quiet demeanor and replied to a press representative, when asked to narrate the particulars of the shooting, as follows:

"I can tell you the story in a few words. For the last few months all manner of reports, both public and personal, have reached me that Judge Terry had threatened to subject me to some form of indignity if he should happen to meet me. This fact caused the United States marshal to decide to provide such protection as he could during my stay in this state. When I started for Los Angeles to hold court Deputy Nagle accompanied me. He seemed to be a quiet, gentlemanly official, though I only met him twice while away from Los Angeles. He asked me in that city when I intended to return and accompanied me, taking a seat in the sleeping car opposite to me. We heard this morning that Judge Terry and his wife were on the train, but paid no attention to the fact. When we arrived at Lathrop we entered the eating station to get breakfast. I took a seat at the end of the table, while Nagle sat on the side of me. Terry and his wife came in the room soon after. As soon as she saw me she went out of the room, as I afterwards learned, returning to the car for her satchel. Judge Terry rose and I supposed he intended accompanying her. Instead of doing so he walked back of me and struck me a heavy slap in the face. I was completely astonished, and, seeing he was making ready to strike again, Nagle cried out "Stop, stop," but Terry did not desist, and as he was raising his arm a second time, Nagle shot at him, the bullet entering his heart. He fell to the floor, Nagle shooting a second time but the second shot did not strike him. Deputy Nagle was arrested at Tracy and taken to Stockton to await the result of the inquest. That is the complete story, so far as I am aware of the facts," said the justice in conclusion.

WILL NOT BE ARRESTED.

Protection was accorded to Justice Field, it is claimed, by authority of United States Attorney General Miller, who telegraphed from Washington to the marshal of the district to see that the person of the justice was protected at any hazard. The order extended also to Judge Sawyer, of the United States circuit court in this city, upon whom Mrs. Terry made a personal assault last year while on a railway train, accompanied by Judge Terry. The order was based upon this fact, and upon threats declared to have been made openly by Terry against Justice Field. Deputy Marshal Nagle was directed to accompany Justice Field under this order, and is said to have given Judge Terry full warning to stop when the latter began his attack upon Justice Field, and fired at Terry as the latter was about to stike a second time. Justice Field left the overland train at the Oakland ferry and drove at once to the Palace hotel, where he was joined by his wife. He was not arrested, and the notice to the chief of police claimed to have been sent by the district attorney of San Josquin, if forwarded in that form, was not carried out.

JUDGE TERRY'S THREATS.

The following facts were submitted to Justice Field this afternoon, and declared by him to be a correct statement of circumstances that led to the shooting. During Judge Terry's confinement in the county jail he threatened upon his release to take the lives of Judges Field and Sawyer. Prior to the contempt of court, for which he was in prison, Mrs. Terry, in his presence, had made an assault on Judge Sawyer in a Pullman car. It is believed that had Sawyer resisted the insult Terry would have killed him. Terry's threats were so publicly made that they reached the ears of Justice Field's colleagues on the supreme bench and were made known to the department of justice in Washington, whereupon Mr. Miller, attorney general of the United States, head of the department of justice, and as the superior officer of United States Marshal Franks, ordered the latter to take whatever measures were necessary to protect the persons of Justice Field and Judge Sawyer from assault by Judge Terry. On his arrival in California to hold court in this part of his circuit Justice Field objected to being put under the protection of the marshal's office. When asked if he intended to carry arms to defend himself he said: "No; I do not and will not carry arms, for when it is known that judges of courts are compelled to arm themselves for defense of assaults offered in consequence of their judicial action it will be time to dissolve the courts, consider the government a failure and let society lapse into barbarism." Notwithstanding his objection to protection, the marshal declared himself subject to the orders of his superior officer, Attorney General Miller, and deputised Mr. Nagle to keep within reach of Justice Field, ready to carry out the orders of the department of justice.

Saw the Tragedy.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 15.—Among the passengers on the Southern overland train was Col. H. G. Otis, editor of the Los Angeles Times. He was standing outside of the depot dining room at Lathrop when the shooting of Judge Terry occured, and was at the scene of the tragedy a moment later. In an interview he said: "Justice Field was among the first of the passengers to enter the dining room. He took a seat at a table facing the door. United States Deputy Marshal Nagle sat at his side. Soon after they sat down David S. Terry and his wife entered the room. When Mrs. Terry saw Justice Field she turned and hurridly went out of the room to the train, the supposition being that she went after a pistol or a bottle of vitriol. Terry sat down at a table farther up the dining room, and while waiting to be served, glared at Field. Presently he arose and walked over to the latter's chair. Judge Field was leaning over his plate at the time and Terry approached him from behind, and without a word of warning delt him a blow on the side of the face. At that instant Nagle cried 'hold, hands off that man.' Justice Field looked up, and as he told me afterward, never saw such a picture of incarnate hatred as that depicted upon Terry's face. Terry did not heed the marshal's warning, and raised his clenched fist to deliver a second blow. That menacing gesture was

THE LAST ACT OF HIS LIFE.

Quick as a flash Nagle drew his pistol and sent a bullet through his heart. A great commotion then arose in the dining hall and on the platform. Mrs. Terry ran about from the train to the dining hall door frantically demanding her satchel which some one had taken from her. She then stormed about the door demanding entrance, and charging those who had barred her out with shielding murderers" Col. Otis declared. "I happen to know that the deputy marshal was acting under direct written instructions from the attorney general to protect the persons of Judge Field and Sawyer at all hazards. In conversation with me before, Justice Field had said he was not responsible for the constant attendance of the deputy and was rather annoyed at it, but the officer insisted upon carrying out his instructions to the letter. Justice Field told me he was not armed, although he was frequently urged to arm himself, but would never do so, and had declared that when it becomes necessary for a justice of the United States supreme court to go about in the performance of his duty carrying firearms with which to protect his person, it would be time to abolish our courts."

Terry's History.

David S. Terry was born in Todd county, Ky., in 1823. He served in the Texan war under Sam Houston. He came to California in 1849 and settled in Calaveras county. In 1855 he was elected justice of the supreme court of California on the Native American ticket, and upon the death of Chief Justice Murray in 1857 Judge Terry became chief justice. He was opposed to the vigilance committee of 1856, and stabbed one of the members of the committee who had attempted to arrest Maloney, a friend of Terry. Terry was held by the vigilantes, but was afterwards released. In 1860 Terry was defeated as a Hancock elector, although his associates were elected. Sept. 8, 1888, he was sent to jail for six months for contempt of court by Justice Field. He was married to

SARAH ALTHEA HILL,

who claimed to be the wife of ex-Senator Sharon, while prosecuting her claim against the Sharon estate. This brought them into a resentful attitude toward Justice Field, who last year rendered a decision in the United States circuit court in this city, denying her claim to be the wife of Sharon. Mrs. Terry created a scene in court during the reading of the decision, charging Justice Field with being corrupt, and as she refused to remain quiet, Justice Field directed that she be removed from court. When a deputy attempted to carry out the order of the court she became involved in a personal quarrel with that official, and Judge Terry interfered, drawing a dagger from his vest. He was disarmed, and both Terry and his wife were adjudged for contempt and committed to jail. In the meantime Justice Field went to Washington to resume his duties on the bench, returning to San Francisco six weeks ago. Newspaper articles were printed intimating that it would be dangerous for Justice Field and Judge Terry to meet personally, as it was thought the latter might insult the former, while the fact was also recognized that Justice Field would be quick to resent an attack from Terry, knowing it could only result fatally to one or the other, in view of the latter's record.

Terry and Broderick.

Judge Terry was a remarkable character. When gold was discovered in California, among the first mad rush that reached the golden land from Texas was a tall, thin, dark-complexioned, wiry young man, who, at the first glance, seemed the beau ideal of the typical border ruffian. He was well mounted and well armed; he wore his hair long, after the style of the Indian border, and this, with a long, untrimmed beard, gave him the appearance of a man accustomed to arms and not afraid to use them on the slightest provocation. In common with his neighbors in those days, when he got up in the morning he examined his silver-mounted Derringers before he stuffed them in his pocket, to see that they were ready for instant use; then he strapped on his six-shooter and his silver-mounted Bowie knife, and, after getting a whisky cocktail felt that he was moderately ready for the ordinary business of the day. The average Texan of those days looked down upon all Northern men as poor white trash, and David S. Terry (not yet a judge) shared all the bitterest prejudices of his race. When the state was organized a desperate and protracted fight took place between the pro-slavery and anti-slavery or free-soil elements in the state, to see which should gain control of the organization. Prominent among the leaders of the ultra Southern wing were William M. Gwinn and David S. Terry, and when the organization was perfected Gwinn reached the United States senate and Terry was elevated to a seat on the supreme bench, his associates being the chief justice, a dissipated but talented lawyer named Hugh Murray, and a lawyer from the South named Solomon Hydenfeldt The supreme court at this time was exclusively a Southern institution, and when one Stoneall brought his slave Archie to the city of Sacramento and Archie claimed his liberty on that account, he was remanded to his master by Terry and his associates, and was only rescued through the efforts of Col. E. D. Baker.

THE DUEL.

The bitter war of race prejudice finally ended in a duel, in which Terry was one of the principals. The state between the Free Soil wing of the Democratic party, under the leadership of David C. Broderick, and the Pro-Slavery party, led by W. M. Gwinn and Terry, had grown bitterer with the advancing years, and David C. Broderick had started on the lowest round of the political ladder, had risen to a position of commanding influence, and successfully resisted the Southern oligarchy which had hitherto dominated in the state. In 1857 Mr. Broderick gained control of the legislature, and was elected to the United States senate, succeeding John B. Weller, and shortly after came another election for senator to succeed William M. Gwinn, who was desirous of succeeding himself. There were two other candidates before the legislature—Joseph McCarkle and Milton S. Latham, at that time collector of the port of San Francisco. But the only condition that Broderick would listen to was that the candidate, whoever he should be, should renounce all claims to federal patronage, as Gwinn and Weller had completely ostracised the friends of Broderick. Latham at first refused, but afterwards promised; but Broderick, who knew his man, insisted on having the promise in writing. This Latham gave, but was afterwards publicly accused of having stolen it from the desk of Frank Tilford. When the Lecompton constitution was before congress, Broderick, who was a fast friend of Stephen A. Douglas, delivered one of the bitterest philippics against the president ever heard within the walls of the United States senate. Gwinn, who had publicly renounced all claims to federal patronage, and thanked Broderick for his aid in electing him, was now his colleague in the senate—and soon forgetting the man by whose aid he had been elected.

BECAME HIS BITTEREST ENEMY.

On the adjournment of the senate in 1859 Broderick, who had grown immensely in the affections of the people, returned to California to give an account of his stewardship, and wherever he spoke thousands upon thousands turned out to hear him. Gwinn also took the stump, and the battle was waged with a bitterness seldom seen in civilised communities. The partisans of each faction went constantly armed, affrays were frequent and at least one of the principals stood in danger of instant assassination. The feeling was so bitter that Terry and Broderick became involved in a personal quarrel. When the election was over Terry wrote out his resignation as a supreme judge and placed it in the hands of a friend to be used if he killed Broderick, and immediately sent him a note demanding a retraction of the words he had used to Perley. Broderick refused, and the result was a peremptory challenge borne by Terry's friend Calhoun Benham. Broderick unfortunately accepted the challenge and named as his friend Col. Joe McKibben. The meeting was arranged for Sept. 10, 1859, but the sheriff interfered and it was postponed to the 13th. Calhoun Benham loaded Terry's pistol, and a gunsmith who was on the ground loaded the pistol for Broderick. The word fire was given, and before Broderick could raise his pistol it was discharged, the ball striking the ground about ten feet in front of him. Terry deliberately raised his pistol, and having him completely at his mercy, shot him. He coolly remarked to Mr. Benham, "I shot about two inches too low," and turning on his heel walked away. No such sensation was ever known in the state; all business was supended, and Mr. Broderick, after lingering a few days in mortal agony, died, his last words being,

"THEY HAVE KILLED ME

because I was opposed to the extension of slavery and a corrupt administration." When the excitement was over Terry came from his hiding place and demanded a trial. All the details had been fixed by his friends. He procured a change of venue from the place where the murder was committed to Main county, and his friend, Judge J. H. Hardy, hurried down from Mokelumne Hill to take charge of the trial. On the day set for the case Hardy and Terry appeared in court. The case was called at 10 o'clock. It was then 9, and the witnesses were on their way from San Francisco. The hands of the court clock were set an hour ahead. Hardy called the case. There was neither prosecuting attorney nor witnesses present, so Hardy discharged the prisoner. For his share in that villainous transaction he was impeached by the legislature in 1862, hurled from the bench, took to drink and died. Terry went over to Virginia City just after the discovery of the Comstock lode, and surrounding himself with a band of ruffians, intrenched himself in a stone fort on the mountains above Virginia City, expecting to bulldoze the owners out of some rich claims there. He was finally driven out and started for the Confederacy, riding overland to Texas. There he remained during the war, and after its close drifted back to California. He was elected to the legislature and was placed as an elector on the presidential electoral ticket, but his record was so bad that though the state was overwhelmingly Democratic, Democrats refused to support him, and he was beaten, a Republican being elected in his place. His old grudge against Sharon was well known, and he took the first opportunity to feed it fat. When Althea Hill brought her suit against the millionaire, Terry became her champion. The first Mrs. Terry was a most estimable lady, of very strong Southern proclivities, but respected and honored by all who knew her.

Twice Arrested.

FARGO, Special Telegram, Aug. 14.—Some time last March Mrs. D. Brunelle of Pleasant township was arrested on the complaint of R. W. Howland, charged with stealing $1,500 from him. Howland claimed to have had the money in a satchel which he left in his buggy while he was in defendant's house, and that the satchel and money were stolen from the buggy. Mrs. Brunelle had a hearing before Judge Mulchaney of this city and was bound over to the grand jury, but the jury failed to indict her. A few days ago a sixteen-year-old niece who, until three weeks ago, had been living with Mrs. Brunelle, made a voluntary confession to the effect that her aunt did steal the money, and gave full particulars of the crime. Hearing of this, Mr. Howland had the woman arrested again, and with her a young man named Brunette, who is charged with aiding in concealing the stolen property. To-day they were arraigned before Judge Mulchahey, but both waived examination and were bound over to the district court, Mrs. Brunelle's bail being fixed at $1,500 and Brunette's at $700. Mrs. Brunelle is a widow in good circumstances, owning a large farm ten miles south of here. Some sensational developments are expected at the trial.

Death not Life.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 14.—Dr. A. B. Shaw of this city, who has been making microscopic examinations of Brown-Sequard "elixir," discovered that the fluid was alive with countless bacteria, although but three hours had elapsed since the elixir was prepared. Bacillus tuberculosis, the bacillus that is supposed to cause tuberculosis, were found in great quantity, thousands being in a single drop of the mixture. Dr. Shaw could arrive at but one conclusion, namely, that the glands were from a sheep infected with the bacilli of tubercle, as the mortar and pestle and the distilled water had been thoroughly sterilized before the mixture was made. Dr. Shaw estimated that in a drachm of the injection millions of these bacilli would have been put into the system, each one capable of multiplying itself indefinitely. The danger underlying such treatment can readily be seen, and the chances would be ten to one that the tuberculosis in some form would manifest itself in the person inoculated. Dr. Shaw has since made other experiments, and in two of them the bacillus tuberculosis was discovered. The rod-shaped bacilli were also found in several samples of mixture made.

Gold in a River Bed.

HELENA, Mont., Special Telegram, Aug. 14.—The dry season is at least benefiting the people of Townsend, which is situated at the crossing of the Missouri river by the Northern Pacific railroad thirty miles east of Helena. The river is so low at that point that it can be forded in a buggy, and a large area of the river bed is exposed. Men of Townsend have recently begun ground sluicing for placer gold on the exposed portions of the river bed and have struck it rich. The first experiment yielded $7 to $10 per day to the man and now almost the whole population of Townsend have turned miners. It has long been known that gold deposits were plentiful in the channel of the upper Missouri, and frequent attempts have been made to work them by dredging, but this method was so expensive that nearly all such attempts proved unprofitable. Now that the low stage of water exposes these placers, they can be worked to advantage. The excitement is spreading, and if it keeps up the Missouri will soon be lined with gold miners for fifty miles each way from Helena.

A Fight Over Tide Lands.

OLYMPIA, Wash., Aug. 14.—To-day's session of the convention was a lively one. The first subject of discussion was the article on harbors. Delegate Durie introduced a resolution providing that tide lands can be leased by the cities before which they lie under such restrictions as their city councils may prescribe, subject, however, to any laws passed by the legislature. This provoked an animated debate. After the article on harbors was passed, establishing a harbor line beyond which wharves cannot be built, Durie's motion was rejected. He then rose to reply to some remarks made by Delegate Moore and a bitter dissenssion full of personalities followed. Serious trouble was threatened, when, amid great confusion, the chair announced that a motion to adjourn had been carried, although he had not put it and no one voted on it. In the afternoon the matter had been settled and the debate progressed quietly until adjournment.

Caused by Ignorance.

MILWAUKEE, Special Telegram, Aug. 14.—Two children of Adolph Gauer, living at 892 Allis street, are dead from the effects of an infusion of poppy seed, administered by their parents in ignorance of its deadly character. The children were twins, and had been ailing slightly for a few days, and on Monday afternoon the mother gave them an infusion made by steeping poppy seeds in water. The poison at first had the effect of an opiate, but afterward brought on convulsions and death.

DAKOTA MENTION.

Condensed Happenings Throughout Both North and South Dakota.

Mark Stivers living four miles north of Oldham, had his right arm cut off at the wrist by a mower sickle.

L. Dickey, an Eden saloonkeeper, has been arrested for selling intoxicating liquors and bound over to the district court.

John Nellerson, living near Winfred, while harvesting, was overcome by heat and died before he was discovered by his family.

James Long, who awaits trial for an attempt to kill Dennis McCarthy, in Lead City has been released from jail under a $500 bond.

The first term of court for the new judicial subdivision of Walworth and Campbell counties will be held at Bangor on the 27th inst.

M. Zahler got thirty days in the penitentiary and $300 fine for cutting timber on a school section near Grand Forks.

The Rapid City Fair association has decided to hold an agricultural fair, horse trot and stock show on the 18th, 19th and 20th of September.

Nearly the entire G. A. R., post at Vermillion will attend the national encampment at Milwaukee if the cent-a-mile rate is given them. At regular rates none will go.

Material is on the ground for the new Episcopal dormitory at Vermillion. Only a part of the building will be put up this year and the remainder next.

Orlando Stultz, who resided near Custer City, was struck by lightning and instantly killed, Only a month previous his wife died of consumption and now there are four more orphans in the world.

The heavy drill used in making the Yankton insane asylum artesian well was lost in the well, the rope breaking and letting the drill down to the bottom, nearly 700 feet.

The board of commissioners have appropriated the sum of $500 towards making a display of Hughes county products at the South Dakota fair at Aberdeen next September.

A young man named Sparring, who has been running a fruit store in Aberdeen for some time, has abruptly gone away. He is greatly missed by several overly-confiding friends.

The big fires in the Black Hills are driving the mountain lions out among the settlers. One man is reported as having lost several head of stock.

Scarcely a train arrives in Yankton, says the Press and Dakotan, which does not bring some kind of building material for the many improvements now being made in that city.

William Overton, of Vermillion, received severe injuries while hiving a swarm of bees. In trying to dislodge them from a tree he got caught and they settled on his head and neck.

Mrs. Therese M. Hills, aged 56, died at her home in Sioux Falls. Mrs. Hills went to Sioux Falls in the early days, was prominent in church and temperance work, and she leaves a large circle of friends.

Reports from the northern part of Clay county, where the drought has been most severe, state that with a few exceptions oats are hardly worth harvesting and wheat will yield but from three to eight bushels per acre.

A postoffice has been established at Goodwell, Roberts county, to be supplied from the Sisseton agency; also a postoffice at Davidson, Shobau county, Mont., has been discontinued.

A large force of graders are at work on the motor line from Madison to Morena Beach, on the beautiful Lake Madison. Contracts have been made for the ties, iron and rolling stock, and the line will be in operation as soon as possible.

Pierre Free Press: The day is coming when every township in South Dakota will have running streams flowing through every quarter section. It will then become the garden spot of the west. It will be the Eden of the world.

Dell Rapids Times: Harvest is about over. All the grain is now cut with the exception of flax. A good many have done considerable stacking and in the course of another week the greater portion of the grain will be in the stack. The weather has been very favorable for harvesting and has made it much shorter than it would have been had there been more rain.

Senator Stewart said to a prominent farmer of Beadle county, after the exhibit of the artesian well in Huron: "Were it not for the time we must devote to the investigation of irrigation by artesian wells, I would stop right here in Beadle county and invest $200,000 in farm lands, and sink enough artesian wells to irrigate the same," believing that he could make $500,000 by such an investment within two years.

The saloon at St. Lawrence was invaded by a minister and several members of the woman's Christian Temperance union, reinforced by a chorus of singers one day, and for an hour the resort was in the hands of prohibitionists. The Journal says "the sight and sounds were so unusual thereabouts that a large number of spectators were on hand to take in the scene, and it must be confessed that a small awakening took place among the frequenters of the establishment."

A LAND OF PROMISE.

Conservative Statement of the Value of the Opened Sioux Reservation.

Nature of the Soil, Trend of the Water Courses, Growths of Timber.

The Great Sioux reservation lies between 43 deg. 30 min. and 46 deg. 10 min., bounded by the Missouri river on the east and extending to the South Dakota line on the west, and south embracing all west of the Missouri river and south of the Cannon Ball river, except the Black Hills territory, ceded in 1876. In all there are nearly twenty-one million acres in this described territory. Of this great body of land the Indians have by recent treaty consented to cede to the government nearly one-half, or according to the best computations, about nine million acres of land. The opening of this vast territory to settlement will undoubtedly cause an extensive emigration, the home seekers from all parts of the East coming here to make a home and acquire a quarter-section of land. Under the terms of the treaty by which the Indians cede this land, all settlers coming into the territory and filing upon this land within three years of the proclamation which declares this land open for settlement, must pay for it at the rate of $1.25 per acre, and no one will be allowed to file upon more than 160 acres. The portion of the reservation ceded lies to the south of the Cheyenne river and north of the White river, and a narrow strip of land, as shown by the map, lying to the north of the Belle Fourche river in the territory ceded by the treaty of 1876. Within this territory are found a variety of soils, adapted for the various purposes, farming, grazing and possibly mining, though as yet nothing has ever been done in the way of developing the lands. The purpose of this article will be to show what may be found and where most easily obtained. The land will be most easily accessible from the points where the railroads touch the Missouri river, and from far-out sections along the Elkhorn Valley railroad in the Black Hills. The nearest approaches to the reservation by rail are at Chamberlain and Pierre in Dakota.

Crossing the river at Chamberlain one finds himself in the midst of a fine grove of cotton wood timber, extending in a narrow fringe along the stream in either direction. Going westward the traveler soon emerges from the belt of cottonwoods, and, after crossing a narrow strip of bottom land, ascends the bluffs which are everywhere a feature of the land lying along the Missouri river. The soil here, and, in fact, in all bluffs along the Missouri river in this region, is what is known as gumbo, and a stickier, nastier, more disagreeable substance on a wet day never found place in the composition of old Earth. Where there is a sufficient amount of sand mingled with this gumbo, it produces fine crops of corn, oats and wheat, with favorable conditions in addition. Six miles south from the crossing on the Missouri is the mouth of the White river, which forms the south boundary of the land ceded. The character of the soil here is different from that in the vicinity of the Missouri river, being more sandy loam and less susceptible to drouths, which have been the rule there for several years. The valley of the White river for about ten miles from the mouth is quite wide, and so far as cultivated it has been found very fertile, even under such careless, hap-hazard cultivation as an Indian or squaw man gives the land.

This valley of the White perhaps offers as good opportunities for farming as any part of the reservation, being far enough south to lie within the corn-producing belt and having a warm, rich soil, with open subsoil, retaining moisture well.

Scattered along from the mouth of the river to its source are groves of timber. Cottonwood is the principal variety, though there are occasional groves of elm, and in the deeper gulches and ravines clumps of cedar. Within about fifty miles of the confluence with the Missouri the valley widens to about five or six miles, forming a great meadow of nearly two thousand acres. This is the largest piece of land lying in one body to be found on the river. This produces most excellent grass, is well watered by two small creeks, which in wet seasons flow into the White river. Just above this, in ascending the river, one finds the character of the country changing, the land becoming more broken and hilly, the hills more abrupt, while the streams flowing into the White are more numerous. Continuing up the river for nearly a hundred miles above the forks where the Little White river joins with the river from the south, the country is found to be adapted solely to grazing purposes, being much broken by abrupt hills covered with a short but very nutritious grass, called by the stockmen who have grazed their herds upon it alkali grass or bunch grass, indiscriminately. Cattle grazing upon this grass fattens very rapidly, being made ready for market in August or September. Large numbers are yearly shipped from this region. Near the head waters of the White river the Bad Lands begin, a strange formation of hills, bare of vegetation, interspersed with deep canyons and ravines, through which run small streams, the water strongly impregnated with alkali. Cattle feeding upon the grass along the margin of these streams are frequently stricken with a mysterious disease which causes death very soon after attack. Dissection shows the inner coating of the stomach burned out by the action of the alkali. Stock men are careful not to have their cattle range through this region unless there are some preventives at hand in the shape of salt licks, salt having been found a preventive of alkali poisoning by neutralizing the effect of the poison and making the alkali salts distasteful.

MANY FERTILE STRETCHES.

Taken as a whole the White river presents these features to the settler. For a hundred miles or more following the valley from the mouth, there are fertile stretches of bottom land of perhaps a mile in extent, by half that distance in width. These bottom lands, so far as tried, produce splendid crops of corn and oats. Back of the valley are ranges of hills more or less elevated, well covered, however, with grass. Beyond the forks of the river for perhaps a hundred miles, the same condition exists, though the bluffs are here much more precipitous and the valleys narrower. The country back from the river on the north is much broken, being a series of table lands, furrowed by ravines and separated from each other by deep gulches. In the bends of the river may be found timber in small quantities. Further from the mouth the timber becomes heavier and in greater abundance. In the Bad Lands the prevailing kind is pine and cedar, with an occasional elm and cottonwood. Water is found in the valley at a depth varying from 50 to 150 feet, and is usually pure and wholesome. The water in the White river is clear and pure, but slightly impregnated with alkali below the mouth of the South fork. Stock drink this water with impunity and with seeming relish.

An old timer in the Black Hills, who has roamed over the reservation thoroughly, informed the writer that he had discovered traces of silver and lead ore in the hills on the White river, near the western boundary of the reservation, and from all indications in paying quantities. He announced his intention of making a thorough search through this region as soon as it should be thrown open.

One peculiarity of the White river is that all the principal tributaries flow into the river from the south side, thus making the most extensive bottoms on that side, which remains still in the reservation. Bad river rises in the extreme western part of the reservation and flows in an easterly direction through the middle of the land thrown open, emptying into the Missouri river directly opposite Pierre. The same general description applies to Bad river, which has been given of the White river, though in some important particulars it differs. The most essential difference seems to be in the larger number of tributaries which contribute their quota to swell the river in seasons of heavy rains until it becomes in reality a "bad river." A large tract of bottom land lies just at the mouth of the Bad river, extending along the Missouri up stream for nearly ten miles. The soil of this bottom is a sand-mixed gumbo, which has been found here to grow excellent corn where there has been rain enough. Oats also yield well upon this soil. The first tributary of the Bad river is Willow creek, which empties into the river about five miles from its confluence with the Missouri. The bluffs along the Bad river are very precipitous and in nearly all cases devoid of vegetation except near the smaller streams which empty into the river. At these places the valley widens and embraces a tract of land of from one to four sections. In many places the bluffs overhang the river on either side, then stretch away forming an arc of a circle, the radii resting on the river. These bends in the contour of the chain of bluffs usually enclose a nice level-lying tract of land, well adapted for farming or grazing purposes. Many cattle ranches are found along the river, and it is highly probable that these will continue to occupy the fertile lands along the streams, the proprietors being in nearly all cases white men who have married Indian women, and will now seek to take their lands under the provisions of the recent act, whereby these valleys and hills are to be thrown open for settlement.

The upper sources of the Bad river are in the very heart of what has been mentioned in this article as Bad Lands. Here, as on the White river, the land is totally unfitted for anything practical except as a vast storehouse of fossils and prehistoric remains, in which the scientist and cabinet collector may delve at his own sweet will. The soil along the Bad river above the mouth is an unadulterated gumbo, with occasional patches of sand and gravel. The Indians have been cultivating small tracts of land in the valley with a moderate degree of success. With plenty of rain the soil here will produce good crops, but is very susceptible to drouth. The water in Bad river is strongly tinctured with alkali, as are all the streams in this vicinity. During the summer season and winter, when there are light rains, the water is at a very low stage, and often in very dry seasons the bed becomes a series of pools having no water connection except by underground drainage.

HYPHENATED STREAMS.

The streams tributary to the Bad river are not running streams, except in the time of heavy rains, when they become quite turbulent water courses. In ordinary times, however, they are nearly all of them unconnected chains of waterholes, the waters in which are strongly impregnated with alkali salts, absorbed from the soil surrounding, and washed down from the hillsides. Wells sunk in the valley of Bad river flow at the depth of from forty to eighty feet, though the water is not very good for household purposes, being brackish and very hard. Alkali salts are also held in solution in all water taken from wells in the valley. The principal tributaries to the Bad river are Willow creek, Lance creek, Plum creek, Frozen Man's creek and Grindstone creek. The first is about ten miles out from Coulson, at the mouth of Bad river, following the old stage road leading into the Black Hills. It has some timber along its banks, mostly cottonwood. The valley is not appreciable, the bluffs overhanging the creek from its source to the mouth. Lance creek has some scattered groves along its course, and some desirable locations for farms, though there is not a very extensive valley. It is distant from Pierre about forty miles. Plum creek flows into Bad river about fifteen miles above its confluence with the Missouri, and has quite an extensive valley and some timber along its banks. The grass along these streams is excellent, and affords splendid feed for cattle and horses. The cattle running in this part of the territory are generally in good condition earlier than those fed in the pastures on the White river.

The Missouri valley between the White and Cheyenne rivers presents a number of advantages over the lesser streams which flow into it, both in its soil and timber, as well as in the purer water procurable there. The valley of the Missouri has been famous for its great corn crops, and here is no exception. The soil is a sand-infiltrated gumbo that possesses the lasting qualities and holds in its composition the elements necessary for the production of grain. The valley is not of even width, but in many places is very narrow, in other places being nearly ten miles wide. Along the banks of the river in its immediate vicinity are quite heavy bodies of timber, mainly cottonwood, with some elm and box elder.

Between the White and Bad river the Missouri receives the waters of several small creeks, the principal of which are the Yellow Medicine and Antelope. The Yellow Medicine empties into the river about twenty-five miles north of the terminus of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway at Chamberlain. The valley here is nearly ten miles wide, and is quite heavily timbered in places. The Yellow Medicine has an extensive valley, and the stream has never been known to run dry, as have many of the streams in this region during the dry season. Luxuriant crops of grass, from which thousands of tons of hay may be cut yearly, are found all along the Missouri bottoms.

Between Bad and Cheyenne rivers there are two quite large creeks which empty their waters into the Missouri, the first one, Shanty creek, being about fifteen miles above the mouth of Bad river, and the second, Porcupine creek, nearly twenty-five miles south of the Cheyenne river. These creeks are distant from each other about fifteen miles, and are quite heavily timbered and afford excellent water for stock. About ten miles above the Bad river the valley of the Missouri has an average width of four miles, gradually descending from the chain of bluffs to the river in three terraces or benches. This land, lying in close proximity to the town of Pierre, has been looked upon with longing eyes. Several squaw men, whose intermarriage into the tribes has given them a squatter's right, have already erected claim shanties and prepared to file upon this land when placed on the market.

GOOD FOR OLD OAKEN BUCKETS.

Wells in the Missouri valley average about fifty feet in depth, and generally are filled with pure and wholesome water. Where the underground current supplying the water connects with the Missouri as its source of supply, the water is pure and free from any taint of alkali salts. Near what is now known as Fort Bennett, nearly opposite Fort Sully, are several large groves of timber, and a widening of the valley to form what is called Sully bottoms. These lands are now occupied by Indians belonging to the Cheyenne River agency, and as they are privileged to do so they will probably be the first claimants for these lands—in fact for all the desirable farming land included in the valley of the Missouri. They may be induced to relinquish their claims, however, for a consideration and payment for their improvements. In the Missouri and Bad river valleys are found the most desirable farming lands, the Missouri valley, however, being better timbered, better watered, and with a better soil. Sufficient timber may be had on any of the larger streams of which I have written for all the purposes of stabling, fence posts, and, with careful and economical use, fuel for all those who may settle in the valley. Bad river was formerly quite heavily timbered, but the nearness to the towns has afforded the Indians a market, to supply which they have stripped the river of its timber for twenty miles above the mouth. Beyond this there are still quite thickly wooded points in the bends of the river.

What has been said of the conformation of the valleys of the White and Bad rivers may be repeated in the case of the Cheyenne river, which now forms the north line of the tract of land ceded to the government by the Indians. The Cheyenne river has more timber than the Bad river, as there has been no market for the wood, unless hauled great distances to the towns on the opposite side of the Missouri river or sold to the steamboats which operate on the Big Muddy, and these did not offer much of an inducement. The valley of the Cheyenne river presents to the home seeker an opportunity to acquire title to a quarter section of fine bottom land and have the privileges of grazing for his cattle on the hills surrounding the valley on the south, as these hills are too much broken to find a purchaser for many years to come, but though not adapted to farming are covered with fine nutritious grasses. The water in the Cheyenne river, coming from the same general source as does the Bad river, is much the same, though not as strongly alkaline. The wells sunk in the valley are from 25 to 60 feet deep, and afford an abundance of excellent water for all purposes.

The principal tributary of the Cheyenne river from the south gives its name to a region which is supposed to be the best adapted for cultivation of any in the valley of the Cheyenne river. Cherry creek flows into the Cheyenne river about sixty miles from the mouth. Here the valley attains its greatest width, being about eight miles from bluff to bluff. Quite a large number of Indians have small farms here, and may choose to take their claims where they are already located, but may be induced for a small sum of money to relinquish them. Proceeding up the stream one finds the land becoming more broken and uneven. The valleys are smaller, the soil seems less fertile and the wooded portions scarcer. At and a few miles below the crossing of the old Fort Pierre and Black Hills stage road the valley is very narrow, but has quite a heavy growth of timber. The opportunities for farming are limited, but stock raising may be carried on here successfully, there being an abundance of grass and water with natural shelter for cattle.

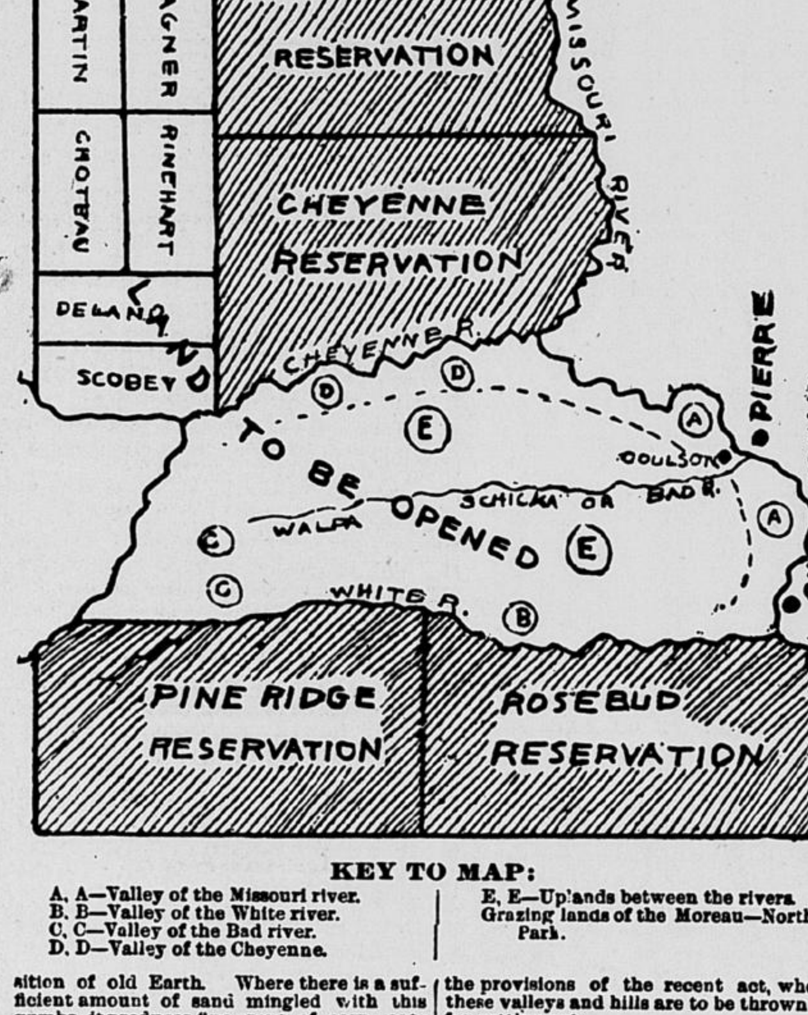
In the land which on the map forms the upright part to the "L" shaped portion which is left unshaded, is found perhaps the most diversified and well watered portion of the land to be sold. Here are found numerous small streams and many little valleys, which are unexcelled for the growing of wheat and oats. The grass in this portion of the reservation is the same as that found on the Bad and White rivers, being an alkali bunch grass, which cures on the ground and affords feed for cattle all through the winter months. The Rattlesnake creek, one of the principal streams in this strip, lying to the west of the Cheyenne river reservation as defined by the last treaty, has a considerable amount of timber, and affords an abundance of water for stock. But little alkali is found in the soil here, and consequently there is but a slight trace in the water. The uplands of this region are better adapted for grazing than for farming, being much broken and subdivided by irregular ranges of hills. The character of the soil here is more like clay than that found nearer the Missouri river. Some considerable building stone is found in this tract, scattered along the small streams, cropping out in irregular strata. The stone is a soft sandstone, easily worked when first taken from the ground, but hardens when exposed to the action of the atmosphere.

THE BEST PLACE FOR MIXED FARMING.

The country north of the Bad river and south of the Cheyenne river contains probably the land best adapted for mixed farming, being less broken and irregular, away from the streams, and therefore better adapted for tillage. The soil is very fertile, where it has been tried, yielding magnificent returns of potatoes and other garden vegetables, those being the only crops planted on the uplands so far. The Northwestern Stage company formerly had a number of stage stations located about ten miles apart across this tract. In the gardens at those stations many varieties of garden stuff were cultivated, and with success in all those varieties suited to that latitude. Potatoes, beets and all roots especially yielded in profusion. The soil on this upland tract between the Bad and Cheyenne rivers is a mixed gumbo and sand, the gumbo predominating nearest the Bad river, while there is found more sand in the soil as one approaches the Cheyenne river. There are between each of the smaller streams tributary to these rivers, plateaus which, so far as can be judged from observation, will produce splendid crops of wheat and oats. The soil, where excavations have been made, has been from two feet to forty inches in depth, overlying a heavy gumbo clay subsoil, which resists the penetration of the water into its depths. Below this subsoil is a soft shale which readily becomes pasty when immersed in water. The depth to which wells must be sunk to obtain a supply of water is unknown, as none have ever been sunk in this region within the knowledge of the writer.

In conclusion, let it be understood that this territory now to be opened is not a paradise, where industry, economy and shrewdness are not necessary for success. There is no more certainty of a full return from seed sown in this region than in any other, but it is equally sure. The home seeker who comes here must decide to undergo and forego. There will attach to this new region all the discomforts which are the usual accompaniments of every first settlement, but the man who comes here and is industrious, economical and painstaking will be able to build a home and surround himself with the comforts of life.

W. J. HOVEY.



KEY TO MAP:

A, A—Valley of the Missouri river.
B, B—Valley of the White river.
C, C—Valley of the Bad river.
D, D—Valley of the Cheyenne.
E, E—Uplands between the rivers.
Grazing lands of the Moreau—Northwest Park.

John W. Hardee, for several years judge of probate of Towner county N. D., has skipped the country. It is said that his liabilities by embezzlement, forgery and theft amount to $15,000.

Talmage In Montana.

A Thrilling Sermon from the Tabernacle Orator on the Curse of Drunkenness.

HELENA, Mont. Aug. 11.—The Rev. T. De-Witt Talmage, D. D., preached here today to a vast congregation. Taking for his text "Who slew all these?"—II. Kings, x., 10 —he preached a powerful discourse on "Drunkenness, the Nation's Curse." He said:

I see a long row of baskets coming up toward the palace of King Jehu. I am somewhat inquisitive to find out what is in the baskets. I look in and I find the gory heads of seventy slain princes. As the baskets arrive at the gate of the palace the heads are thrown into two heaps, one on either side the gate. In the morning the king comes out and he looks upon the bleeding, ghastly heads of the massacred princes. Looking on either side the gate he cries out with a ringing emphasis: "Who slew all these?"

We have, my friends, lived to see a more fearful massacre. There is no use of my taking your time in trying to give you statistics, about the devastation and ruin and the death which strong drink has wrought in this country. Statistics do not seem to mean anything. We are so hardened under these statistics that the fact that 50,000 more men are slain or 50,000 less men are slain seems to make no positive impression on the public men. Suffice it to say that intemperance has slain an innumerable company of princes—the children of God's royal family; and at the gate of every neighborhood there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the household there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the legislative hall there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the university there are two heaps of the slain; and at the gate of this nation there are two heaps of the slain. When I look upon the desolation I am almost frantic with the scene, while I cry out; "Who slew all these?" I can answer that question in half a minute. The ministers of Christ who have given no warning, the courts of law that have offered the license, the women who give strong drink on New Year's day, the fathers and mothers who have rum on the sideboard, the hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women in the land who are stolid in their indifference on this subject—they slew all these!

I propose in this discourse to tell you what I think are the sorrows and the doom of the drunkard, so that you to whom I speak may not come to the torment.

Some one says: "You had better let those subjects alone." Why, my brethren, we would be glad to let them alone if they would let us alone; but when I have in my pocket now four requests saying, "Pray for my husband, pray for my son, pray for my brother, pray for my friend, who is the captive of strong drink," I reply, we are ready to let that question alone when it is willing to let us alone; but when it stands blocking up the way to heaven, and keeping multitudes away from Christ and heaven, I dare not be silent, lest the Lord require their blood at my hands.

I think the subject has been kept back very much by the merriment people make over those slain by strong drink. I used to be very merry over these things, having a keen sense of the ludicrous. There was something very grotesque in the gait of a drunkard. It is not so now; for I saw in one of the streets of Philadelphia a sight that changed the whole subject to me. There was a young man being led home. He was very much intoxicated—he was raving with intoxication. Two young men were leading him along. The boys hooted in the street, men laughed, women sneered: but I happened to be very near the door where he went in—it was the door of his father's house. I saw him go upstairs. I heard him shouting, hooting, and blaspheming. He had lost his hat, and the merriment increased with the mob until he came up to the door, and as the door was opened his mother came out. When I heard her cry that took all the comedy away from the scene. Since that time when I see a man walking through the street, reeling, the comedy is all gone and it is a tragedy of tears and groans and heartbreaks. Never make any fun around me about the grotesqueness of a drunkard. Alas for his home!

One of these victims said to a Christian man: "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until to-morrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off I would say: 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off now.'" I have a dear friend in Philadelphia whose nephew came to him one day, and when he was exhorted about his evil habit said: "Uncle, I can't give it up. If there stood a cannon and it was loaded, and a glass of wine sat on the mouth of that cannon and I knew that you would fire it off just as I came up and took the glass I would start, for I must have it." Oh, it is a sad thing for a man to wake up in this life and feel that he is a captive. He says: "I could have got rid of this once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life and died a Christian death, but there is no hope for me now; there is no escape for me. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse. I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged immortal beating against the wires of my cage in this direction and in that direction, beating the cage until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed without remedy!"

I go further and say that the inebriate suffers from the loss of his usefulness. Do you not recognize the fact that many of those who are now captives of strong drink only a little while ago were foremost in the churches and in reformatory institutions? Do you not know that sometimes they knelt in the family circle? Do you not know that they prayed in public, and some of them carried around the holy wine on sacramental days? Oh, yes, they stood in the very front rank, but they gradually fell away. And now what do you suppose is the feeling of such a man as that, when he thinks of his dishonest vows and the dishonored sacrament—when he thinks of what he might have been and what he is now? Do such men laugh and seem very merry? Ah, there is, down in the depths of their soul, a very heavy weight. Do not wonder that they sometimes see strange things and act very roughly in the household. You would not blame them at all if you knew what they suffer. Do not tell such as that there is no future punishment. Do not tell him there is no such place as hell. He knows there is. He is there now!

I go on, and say that the inebriate suffers from the loss of physical health. The older men in the congregation may remember that some years ago Dr. Sewell went through this country and electrified the people by his lectures, in which he showed the effects of alcohol on the human stomach. He had seven or eight diagrams by which he showed the devastation of strong drink upon the physical system. There were thousands of people that turned back from that ulcerous sketch swearing eternal abstinence from everything that could intoxicate.

God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain flies on every nerve and travels every muscle and gnaws every bone and burns with every flame and stings with every poison and pulls at him with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his creeping limbs! What fiends stay by his midnight pillow! What groans tear his ear! What horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the rack, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing juggernaut—he feels them all at once. Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where these inebriates are dying, the stench of their wounds driving back the attendants, their voices sounding through the night? The keeper comes up and says, "Hush, now, be still. Stop making all this noise!" But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone they begin again; "Oh, God! oh, God! Help! help! Rum! Give me rum! Help! Take them off me! Oh, God!" And then they shriek and they rave and they pluck out their hair by handfuls and bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan and they shriek and they blaspheme and they ask the keepers to kill them. "Stab me. Smother me. Strangle me. Take the devils off me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch. That thing is going on in hospitals; aye, it is going on in some of the finest residences of every neighborhood on this continent. It went on last night while you slept, and I tell you further that this is going to be the death that some of you will die. I see it coming.

Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life and damn him for the life that is to come? I hate that strong drink. With all the concentrated energies of my soul I hate it. Do not tell me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags? Why, there are on the streets of our cities today little children, barefooted, unwashed, and unkempt want on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who would have been in churches today, and as well clad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. Oh, rum! thou foe of God, thou despoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I abhor thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone, and that is that the inebriate suffers from the loss of the soul. The bible intimates that in the future world, if we are unforgiven here, our bad passions and appetites, unrestrained will go along with us and make our torment there. So that I suppose when an inebriate wakes up in this lost world he will feel an infinite thirst clawing on him. Now, down in the world, although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal 5 cents with which to get that which would slake his thirst for a little while; but in eternity where is the rum to come from? Dives could not get one drop of water. From what chalice of eternal fires will the hot lips of the drunkard drain his draught? No one to brew it. No one to mix it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds then for the dregs which the young man just now slung on the sawdusted floor of the restaurant. Millions of worlds now for the rind thrown out from the punch-bowl off an earthly banquet. Dives cried for water. The inebriate cries for rum. Oh, the deep, exhaustive, exasperating, everlasting thirst of the drunkard in hell! Why, if a fiend came up to earth for some infernal work in a grog-shop and should go back taking on its wing just one drop of that for which the inebriate in the lost world longs, what excitement it would make there. Put that one drop from off the fiend's wing on the tip of the tongue of the destroyed inebriate; let the liquid brightness just touch it, let the drop be very small if it only have in it the smack of alcoholic drink, let that drop just touch the lost inebriate in the lost world, and he would spring to his feet and cry: "That is rum! aha! that is rum!" and it would wake up the echoes of the damned: "Give me rum! Give me rum! Give me rum!" In the future world I do not believe that it will be the absence of God that will make the drunkard's sorrow; I do not believe that it will be the absence of light; I do not believe that it will be the absence of strong dring. Oh, "look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and it stingeth like an adder."

But I want in conclusion to say one thing personal, for I do not like a sermon that has no personalities in it. Perhaps this has had that fault already. I want to say to those who are victims of strong drink that while I declare that there was a point beyond which a man could not stop, I want to tell you that while a man can not stop in his own strength the Lord God, by his grace, can help him to stop at any time. Years ago I was in a room in New York where there were many men who had been reclaimed from drunkenness. I heard their testimony and for the first time in my life there flashed out a truth I never understood. They said: "We were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed; but somehow, since we gave our hearts to Christ, he has taken care of us." I believe that the time will soon come when the grace of God will show its power here not only to save man's soul but his body, and reconstruct, purify, elevate, and redeem it. I verily believe that, although you feel grappling at the roots of your tongues an almost omnipotent thirst, if you will this moment give your heart to God he will help you by his grace to conquer. Try it. It is your last chance. I have looked off upon the desolation. Sitting under my ministry there are people in awful peril from strong drink, and judging from ordinary circumstances there is not one chance in 5,000 that they will get clear of it. I see men in this congregation of whom I must make the remark that if they do not change their course, within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in drunkard's graves, and as to their souls, lie down in a drunkards' perdition. I know that it is an awful thing to say, but I can't help saying it. Oh, beware! You have not yet been captured. Beware! As ye open the door of your wine closet today, may that decanter flash out upon you "Beware!" And when you pour the beverage into the glass, in the foam at the top in white letters let there be spelled out to your whole soul, "Beware!" When the books of judgment are open and 10,000,000 drunkards come up to get their doom I want you to bear witness that I to-day, in the fear of God and in the love for your soul, told you with all affection, and with all kindness, to beware of that which has already exerted its influence upon our family, blowing out some of its lights—a premonition of the blackness of darkness forever. Oh, if you could only hear this moment Intemperance with drunkards' bones drumming on the head of the wine-cask the dead march of immortal souls, methinks the very glance of a wine-cup would make you shudder and the color of the liquor would make you think of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would remind you of the froth on the maniac's lip, and you would go home from this service and kneel down and pray God that rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the cemetery and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind the flowers would come up all over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection. God has a balm for such a wound; but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepulcher?

Abolition of Slavery in Brazil.

The Rio News of May 15 says, "The events of the past week in connection with the passage of the Abolition Act have been unusually exciting in character. There was almost no opposition and very little oratory; and every vote was attended by the abolition societies and large numbers of spectators. The Senate decided upon a Sunday session to pass the bill, which was attended by hundreds of excited, enthusiastic people. The Princess Regent also arranged to come down from Petropolis on the same day to sign this bill. The streets of the city were gay with bunting and the newspaper offices of Rua do Ouvidor were elegantly decorated with flags and flowers. Processions carrying banners and preceded by bands of music paraded the streets, cheering our colleagues of the press and giving vivas for liberty, the imperial family, and the abolition leaders. At three o'clock p. m. the Princess Regent arrived at the City Palace, where an immense crowd had congregated to await the final act in the abolition of Brazil slavery. The engrossed copy of the law was signed at 3:15 p. m., the Princess using a pen richly set with diamonds which was provided for the occasion by a peculiar subscription. Renewed vivas were given on the announcement that the act had become law, and the crowd slowly dispersed. The streets, however, remained full of people until a late hour of the night, torchlight processions were organized, and many offices and private residences were illuminated. The whole affair passed off with perfect order and good temper."

McDow, who was acquitted at Charleston, S. C., of the murder of Editor Dawson, has been expelled from every society of which he was a member.

DR. VON DUHRING has reported a case in which tuberculosis was transmitted by the earrings of a girl who had died of consumption to another girl.

Work of the Wits.

If a man were his own enemy, what hard stories he could tell on himself.

There is one thing about a pig. He noses business.

When you feel like calling a big man a liar, be sure you're right; then use the telephone.

When a young man complains that a young lady has no heart, it is pretty certain that she has his.—Prentice.

I'll settle my account like clock-work," as the man said to the tailor when he was ordering his clothes on tick.

"That's stuff," said the editor, as he handed the poem back. "That's tough," said the poem, as he turned sorrowfully away.

Mr. Smith—"The Sabbath, my dear, was made for man." Mrs. Smith—"And the woman has to do the cooking."—Boston Transcript.

There is only the difference of an "s" between woman's weakness and man's weakness. One is gossip and the other is go sip.—Washington Critic.

A pocket book made of rattlesnake hide, which is so repulsive to ladies that they won't touch it, is having a large sale among married men.—Troy Press.

Pastor—"Are you a pretty good boy, Dick?" Dick—"You bet I am, when pop's around; he gives me nickles if I am, and takes nicks out of me with the strap when I ain't,"

Who is the shortest man mentioned in the Bible? You say Bildad the Shuhite. Oh, no, it is Peter Why? Because he said on one occasion, "Silver and gold have I none." Could any one be shorter than that?

After a servant girl had gone to bed her mistress noticed that her candle had been left burning, and when asked why she didn't put it out she replied. "Please ma'am, I do not know how to turn it off."

TO COVER THE PATCHES.—Wibble: "I wonder why ministers wear long-tailed coats?" Wabble: "If you were a country minister with a $300 salary and a large family, you wouldn't ask such a fool question as that."

Farmer's Boy (Illinois).—"Pop! Pop! The prairie wolves are killing the stock ag'in. Where's the gun?" Old Farmer (sadly),—"My son, it's ag'in' the law to shoot guns in the city limits. We're in Chicago now." —Puck.

Omaha teacher—"Will some member of the class tell how we hear things?" "Bright Sprig—"Somebody tells pa something down town, then pa tells it to ma as a profound secret, then ma tells it at the sewing society meeting, and then we all hear it."—Omaha World.

He—"My dear, I believe I shall sell a lot off our frontage." She—"Why Charlie! You said when you bought the place you would never sell an inch of that lovely lawn even if we were starving." He—"My love, at that time I had never had any experience running a lawn-mower."

"Hold this revolver for me a minute, won't you?" said one traveling man to a friend. "I don't know about that," was the reply. "I'm timid about fire arms." "But it isn't loaded." "I know it isn't. Go ahead and load it and I'll chance it. I've heard enough about pistols that weren't loaded."—Merchant Traveler.

Teacher—"Tommy may tell us what shape the world is." Tommy—"It is round.' Teacher—"How do you know it is round?" Tommy—"'Cause you told me yourself." Teacher—"Yes; but my telling you the world is round dosen't make it round. How do I know it's round?" Tommy—"I s'pose somebody told you."

Luck of an Arkansas Druggist,

New York Sun.

Opposite Memphis about twenty miles inland I stopped at a general store to rest and get a bite to eat. Besides keeping hardware, woodenware, dry-goods, groceries, saddlery, notions, boots and shoes, smoked and salt meats, there was a stock of drugs in the rear. I got some crackers and cheese, and while eating there came in a colored man. He complained of pains in the chest and wanted a remedy. The merchant scratched his nose reflectively, looked along the shelves, and finally took down a bottle, poured a two-ounce phial full, and corked it up and handed it over with the remark:

"Take five drops of that water every four hours. Fifty cents."

The negro paid and went away, and in a few minutes a woman came in for something for dyspepsia. He took down a chance bottle, poured some of the contents in a phial, and charged her 60 cents. Then I inquired if he was a doctor.

"Well, sorter," he replied.

"And you know drugs?"

"Yes, tolerably fair."

"You put up queer remedies for those two complaints."

"Did I? Do you know drugs?"

"I have served five years as prescription clerk."

"Just the man I've been aching to see for a month! I took this stock on a debt. The fellow agreed to write on each bottle what the contents were good for, but he missed over half of 'em. I've been dealing out sorter on my own judgment, and I've had mighty good luck so far."

"Haven't you killed anyone?"

"'Bout a dozen, I recon; but all but one have been niggers, and the one white man was no 'count anyhow. Now you just put in the afternoon marking up them bottles, and I'll keep ye over night and hand ye two big dollars in the morning."

THE LEANING TOWER.

What Galileo Demonstrated from the Top of that Structure.

The strange news comes over the ocean that the world-famous leaning tower of Pisa is to be disposed of at a raffle, says the Hartford Times. Italy has only two more leaning towers—both at Bologna—and neither of them so far out of the perpendicular as Pisa's.

Pisa's famous marble tower, with its circular front of over 200 columns, and its upper story overhanging the lower by a difference of thirteen feet, is a puzzle to philosophers and antiquarians. Whether its singular leaning attitude was the result of design or of accident never has been ascertained. One of the many interesting things connected with the leaning tower is the fact that Galileo, as remarkable a mind—certainly as great an experimental philosopher—as any within the Christian era, demonstrated, by experiments conducted from the top of that structure, the error of Aristotle's theorem, that the velocity of falling bodies is proportioned to their weight. The learned but angry scientists of Italy confidently gathered in front of the tower to witness the crushing and silencing of the pestilent philosopher whose reasoning they had been unable to confute, but whose audacious blundering was now to be exhibited and demonstrated in the shape of an object-lesson of his foolish proposing. But the philosopher, instead of being flattened out by the proofs, confounded his learned and highly scientific enemies, who, however, like so many of their illustrious successors of do-day, declined to be convinced by the facts, and Galileo found it for the interest of his health to get right out of that vineyard, and he left—without standing on the order of his going. Such impudent, pestilent disturbers of the peace in the world's accepted beliefs must always expect to to be kicked out of good society. And the leaning tower, if it should happen to be brought by Barnum to America after the raffle, will be an interesting object—provided it can be re-erected at the same angle—as showing that some things can be done as well as others.

An Incident of the Nutt Trial.

The Hon. Christopher L. Magee of Pittsburg is at the Fifth Avenue hotel frequently, says the New York Mail and Express, and is always the center of a group of men who delight to hear him talk. The jury in the McDow case in Charleston was being discussed the other day when the qualifications of the jurors in general finally became the subject of conversation. Mr. Magee said:

"Young Nutt was tried in Pittsburg for killing Dukes. An extra jury venire had to be drawn and many of the characters about town were summoned. The court-room was packed and a jury had been selected, when I met a well-known negro barber. 'What are you here for, Charlie?' I asked. 'I'se drawn on de jury,' he answered. 'But you could not have served, because you know all about the case, and besides you are prejudiced.' He threw his head back and said with an air of injured innocence: 'I know my rights, I do. No man what is a man will let the newspaper gossip or what he hears disturb his judgment. I'se got too much principle to express an opinion from what I read. Course I could have served on the jury.' I knew the sentiment was very strong in favor of the acquittal of young Nutt, so I said in a confidential way to Charlie: 'If you had been put on the jury what kind of a verdict do you think you would have rendered?' His face lighted up with pride as he answered: 'Why, I'd keep that jury out fourteen years befo' a hair on de boy's head should be hurt.' Well, Nutt was acquitted, and a fireman in one of the founderies, who weighed 300 pounds, a juror in the case, hurried home. His wife, a small woman not weighing 100 pounds, put her head out of the window and said: 'Well, what did you do with the boy?' 'We acquitted him!' The wife then unbarred the door with the remark that if he had been found guilty her husband could never have entered his home again."

Two Ways of Telling the Story.

Lawyer—Now, Mr. Costello, will you have goodness to answer me directly and categorically a few plain questions?

Witness—Certainly, sir."

"Now, Mr. Costello, is there a female at present living with you who is known in the neighborhood as Mrs. Costello?"

"There is."

"Is she under your protection?"

"She is."

"Now, on your oath, do you maintain her?"

"I do."

"Have you ever been married to her?

"I have not."

(Here several severe jurors scowled gloomily at Mr. Costello.)

"That is all, Mr. Costello; you may go down."

Opposing counsel—Stop one moment, Mr. Costello. Is the female in question your grandmother?

"Yes, she is."—Fibre and Fabric.

Gen. Custer's Lovable Widow.

Mrs. Custer is another of the notable widows, and her pure, sweet face and gentle manners have endeared her to all with whom she comes in contact. Mrs. Custer lives quietly and works hard on her books, going over and over her pages with extreme care. She is absorbed in these labors, which serve to keep her so clearly in presence of her great loss that it is as present and fresh to-day as years ago. The tenderness and beauty of Mrs. Custer's character are so great that every person who meets her succumbs at once to her gentle, womanly charm. She also takes some interest in decorative art as a means of livelihood, and has instructed many young women free, until they are self-supporting.—Phila. News.

THE MURDER OF KING STRANG.

One Who Was With Him When the Blows Were Struck Tells the Story.

Capt. Alex. St. Barnard, of St. Clair, now 80 years of age, recently gave the writer the following account of the murder of the once famous Mormon, King Strang:

"I was an officer on the United States steamer Michigan for twenty-five years. She was the first iron boat that navigated the lakes, and she is in first-rate condition yet. During the war we were kept pretty busy cruising between Erie and Chicago. We generally took on wood at Beaver Island. There were between 2,000 and 3,000 Mormons living there then, with their leader, King Strang, besids the Gentiles, who were mostly fishermen and wood-choppers. The Mormons lived in comfortable houses of hewn logs, and worshiped in a large temple of the same material, which they also used for a theater and dance hall. There was a platform across one end with the scenery at the back, and a movable pulpit which was built on trucks. It was a queer affair—a sort of circular platform, with seats around the outside edge for the twelve apostles, and a high seat in the center for the king. When they had a show of any kind the pulpit was rolled behind the scenery, out of sight.

I was well acquainted with the king, for he often came on board the ship. He was a fine looking, sociable sort of a man; but he was not very popular among the Gentiles. We heard a great many complaints from them whenever we stopped there. The Mormons were obliged to turn over one-tenth of their earnings to the king, and he demanded the same from the Gentiles. Two fishermen, who refused to surrender their hard-earned money, were taken to the woods, stripped and beaten with beech switches; and the county-treasurer, who lived on the island, was ordered to deliver up one-tenth of the public money.

"The king was arrested and taken to Detroit, with his twelve apostles, where he pleaded his own case—and won it, too; and after that things were worse than ever. When we stopped as usual on one of our trips around the lakes, the complaints were so bitter that our captain made up his mind to arrest him again, and he told me to find him and bring him on board the ship. I went to the temple, first, where I was told that he had just gone home. I found him sitting in his room, with four of his wives, where he received me very cordially, and when I told him my errand, accompanied me willingly. He linked arms with me and we walked along talking pleasantly. Just as we stepped on the dock and started to walk down the narrow passage between the piles of wood, two of his enemies sprang from some hiding place and shot at him. He clung to my arm until they began to pound him with the butt end of their pistols, when he let go and fell, leaving me covered with blood from my head to my feet.

"There were no telephones in those days, but the news spread in a very short time, and a howling mob of men, women and children gathered around their dying chief. Our surgeon came on shore and did what he could for the poor fellow, but nothing could save him. He died in the arms of his first and real wife, whose home was west of Racine, in Wisconsin.

"The murderers ran aboard the ship and gave themselves up—the best thing they could have done, for the mob would have pulled them in pieces if they had caught them. Of course suspicion fell on me, many thinking I had led him to his death, and I received many friendly warnings to be on my guard, but I was not molested. A detachment of troops were sent to bring the fishermen and their families on board the ship, as it was considered unsafe to leave them on the Island with the excited Mormons.

"The murderers were taken to Mackinac and given into the custody of the County Sheriff, Mr. Granger, who kept the Grove House at that time is now living at Fort Gratiot. But they were never brought to trial.

"The band scattered soon after, some returning to their homes west of Marine City, and some joining their fortunes with the Utah element.

"Poor King Strang. He was a fine fellow, and deserved a better fate."—Detroit Free Press.

An Exclusive Person.

On one occasion a lady called and presented a check which she wished cashed. As she was a perfect stranger to the paying teller, he said, very politely: "Madam, you will have to bring some one to introduce you before we can cash this check."

Drawing herself up quite haughtily, she said, freezingly: "But I do not wish to know you, sir!"—Richmond Dispatch.

The Difference.

Small Boy—"Pa, what is the difference between a pessimist and an optimist?"

Pa—"Well, let me see if I can illustrate. You know I am often discouraged, and things don't look to me as if they'd ever go right. Well, at such times I can be said to be a pessimist. But years ago when I was a young man everything looked bright and rosy, and I was always hopeful. Then I was an optimist. Now, my son, can you understand the difference between a pessimist and an optimist?"

Small Boy—"Oh, yes; one is married and the other isn't."—New York Weekly.

Briggs—"I haven't taken a drink for two weeks now. What do you think of that?" Braggs—"It sounds to me like an empty boast."—Terre Haute Express.

"Does that go?" asked Algernon after Penelope had said "no" very emphatically. "It did," replied Penelope, "and you should follow its example." He followed.—New York Sun.

THE ORIENTAL WOMAN.

Dreariness of the Life of the Human Female in the Far West.

It is rather a curious reflection that in those countries where women's rights are most completely non-existent, there the specially womanly duties of women are the most grossly neglected, says the Fortnightly Review. Travelers in Egypt, for instance, tell us that when the bells call the hour of prayer every man stops whatever work he is engaged in and prostrates himself to Allah. No woman takes any notice of the sound. She is too low in the scale of humanity to make her tribute to the Almighty worthy of acceptance. She ranks in this respect almost with the brute creation. She is not withdrawn from her domestic duties by the claims of religion upon her time and thoughts. And yet the same travelers tell us that one of the horrors of Egyptian life is the fearful neglect from which the children suffer. The poor little creatures are incrusted by dirt and sores and are swarming with varmin. Children are frequently seen lying in their mothers' arms with six or eight flies in each eye. Ophthalmia and various kinds of blindness are of course very prevalent, although death releases an enormously large proportion of the children from their sufferings. Three out of every five children who are born die during infancy, and of those who survive one in every twenty is blind. This is being "thoroughly masculine" with a vengence, and points an instructive moral as to the consequences upon the character of women of the denial of liberty, education, and responsibility. The harem life of oriental ladies of high rank is dull and vacuous to the last degree. They play with their jewels, eat sweetmeats, and smoke pipes, and thus their day passes. If their children are ill they are hopelessly bewildered and utterly unable to take care of them. They cling with touching reverence to any average English or American woman who may happen to visit them and implore her aid in doing the simplest kind of nursing and mothering for the ailing children. Nothing astonishes orientals more than the position of women in England. A Chinese mandarin has lately published his views on this subject. Women, he says, are even helped at meals before men. In his country the men eat first, and when they have quite finished, if anything is left, the women are allowed to have it. Another eastern, Seyd Ahmed Khan, was amazed to find that the servant girl who waited upon him in his lodgings in London could read and write; and he recorded his deliberate opinion that the little scrub in a London Lodging, "compelled to work as a maid-servant for her living," was is reality superior in nearly all respects to Indian ladies of the highest rank. "Such," he adds, solemnly, "is the effect of education."

A NEW HORROR.

Wrappers for Cigars Now Made of Patent Rye-straw Paper.

Among the latest imitations which have been successfully introduced into the tobacco trade of this and other cities, says the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette, are cigars the wrappers of which are made out of a specially prepared paper. A gentleman well known in the iron manufacturing circles of this vicinity was the first to inform one of our reporters that smoking material of this kind was new in the market. He has recently returned from a visit to Norfolk, Va., where he met a drummer for a large tobacco factory of New York state. This gentleman informed the Pittsburger that he was then introducing an imitation cigar wrapper which was so deceiving in its character that experts could scarcely distinguish it from the genuine.

This preparation was made from rye straw, and one portion of the process was to steep the material in a strong solution made from tobacco stems. The grain of the straw together with the manner in which the material was dressed would lead any person to suppose that it was a sample of the leaf used in making wrappers for cigars of more than ordinary quality. The flavor of tobacco was also present, owing to the paper having been immersed in the solution made from the genuine article.

The gentlemen subsequently examined cigars on sale in Norfolk and discovered that they were made with these patent wrappers. The samples examined were of an extra fine quality. The drummer stated that the firm which he represented was making tons of this material and shipping it to all the leading cities of the country. Paper made from rye straw is the only kind that can be successfully used for that purpose, as all other kinds of paper can easily be detected by the smoker. The new material is also used for fillers in certain classes of cigars. It is very cheap and can be sold greatly below the price paid for genuine leaf.

A well-known tobacco salesman in this city, when asked yesterday if cigars of that kind were sold here, replied in the affirmative. He has seen numerous samples and they were very hard to detect.

Extensive dealers in leaf tobacco said that the existence of a preparation of this kind was news to them. They felt that its success would be short-lived, as the trade would soon discover the deceit, and then a mighty effort would be made to drive cigars made with bogus leaf out of the market.

A Different Complexion.

Husband (impatiently)—What is the reason my wife don't come down? I thought she was almost ready to go to the ball half an hour ago.

Maid—She will be ready in a minute, sir. She has been changing her color.—Texas Siftings.

The reason.—"Van Brush's picture was hung on the line." "Was it a marine view?" "Yes." "They probably hung it on the line to dry."—Harper's Bazar.

WITH A LUNATIC.

The Unpleasant Experience of Mrs. Cleveland's Stepfather.

On the day before Henry E. Perrine left Buffalo for Jackson, Mich., to become the father-in-law of ex-president Cleveland, he told of a remarkable experience he had a week or two ago on a steamship as he was returning from Florida. He separated from his son Carlton temporarily because the staterooms were all occupied. In the room to which he was assigned was a man about 28 years old, whom he surprised in the act of absorbing a flask of liquor. That night while sleeping in the upper berth Mr. Perrine was awakened by a noise in the stateroom. Peeping out from his berth, he saw his roommate standing with his left hand holding the door, while in his right was a heavy-caliber revolver. Pulling the door open the stranger thrust the revolver out, calling in a sharp tone. "Look out! look out there!" Then suddenly drawing back, he closed the door. After repeating this action several times he turned quickly to the window and thrust his weapon out, calling as before, "Look out! look out there!" Drawing back, he got upon the seat beneath on his knees, and holding the curtain closely by one hand he cautiously peered through the narrow opening and again pointed his pistol at the imaginary foe, repeating his warning cry.

Mr. Perrine decided that he would be very lucky if he escaped from the lunatic with his life. In describing what followed, he said: "He got down from the seat and stood with his back toward me, muttering to himself. Cautiously raising myself to a sitting position, I dropped my feet over the side of the berth and proceeded to drag on my pantaloons, meanwhile keeping a close watch on my insane neighbor. Speaking quickly, I said to him as I let myself down to the place behind him, 'I have got to go out for a moment.' He made no reply, and I walked slowly out of the room, not knowing but that when my back was turned he would shoot. I went to the bridge and the captain sent men to disarm my neighbor. Suddenly he appeared swinging his pistol and followed by the two men. In the engineer's room he was disarmed. I had been in my berth but a few minutes when my room-mate entered, all begrimed and blackened with dirt from the hands of his captors. He searched for the flask, and, not finding it said: 'Where can my whiskey be? 'I replied:' Perhaps the men who were in here have taken it.' He stood by the berth and said to me in a pitiful voice: 'The captain says he is going to throw me overboard at 9 o'clock.' 'He will not dare do that,' said I; 'the passengers will not allow it.' 'Yes, he says he will, and I don't want to be thrown overboard. I have been away from home in Texas three or four years. I have been pretty wild, but now I want to get home.' He went to his coat and, taking a book, tore out a leaf and wrote a few lines with his pencil. Handing me the paper, he said, 'If the captain throws me overboard, take this to my grandfather, Mr. Dabney of the firm of Dabney, Morgan & Co., Wall and Broad streets, New York.' The following morning a boy came to my room and asked me if there was any other property of the young man's remaining there. I pointed out a collar and tie under the looking-glass and then asked, 'How is he this morning?' 'He is dead,' was the startling reply. He was wrapped in the flag and slid into the gulf stream."—Chicago Herald.

1492—1892.

The unanimity with which the Press of this country approves the plan to celebrate in New York the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, must be highly gratifying to the promoters of that enterprise. Without an exception the voices are all in favor of New York as the place for it, and all are in hearty sympathy with the motives of the celebration—the why of it, if you please. The celebration is not so much to sound the praise of America, though this will form a prominent feature, of course; not so much to exhibit American progress, though American progress will be conspicious everywhere at the great exposition; it is rather to commemorate the greatest event the world has witnessed since the immaculate child came out of Bethlehem. It was an event that did not alone concern the western half of the globe. The discovery made by the genius from Genoa exerted an influence upon Europe almost as radical as upon the natives of this hemisphere.

In the last half of the fifteenth century Europe was under the dominance of a lot of hereditary tyrants. Political and religious freedom for more than a dozen centuries had been dead. Intolerance obtained in every quarter of the continent. The Jews, because of their creed, had been driven from Spain and their wealth confiscated. Russia was a comparatively unknown country. France was ruled by a family of debauchees, England by big ots who held human life as cheap, while Germany and Italy were divided into an almost endless number of petty principalities where the word of the prince was law. The return to Europe of the great mariner marked the beginning of a new era. In America the oppressed at once found refuge. The discoveries of Columbus marked a change for the better in the world's history so radical and so pronounced that it has been likened unto that change begun in Judea nearly 1900 years ago.

The Norsemen may have come to the shores along Massachusetts bay before Columbus conceived the wondrous undertaking. The vikings may have sailed to America, but they died and left no sign. From their discovery there was no outcome. The world was not made the wiser. Their services were of no more value than those of the nations found here whose ancestors may have reached the continent by way of the west. Certain it is that the Norsemen's discoveries were antedated by the ancestors of what are called America's aborigines. But what better was the world for the discovery? The results made the discoveries of Columbus transcendently great. The discoveries of Columbus are the events, therefore, to be celebrated, and Europe, benefited as much as America, is expected to join in. The exposition of 1892, it is predicted, will surpass anything of the kind the world ever saw.—Cincinnati Times.

A Panama Hat.

A. C. Banks, of Brunswick, Ga., wears a curiosity in the shape of a Panama hat which is worth about $40. It was presented to him by a captain of a foreign vessel, who bought it from a native of an island in the Pacific. The hat is a large one, about the size of a Mexican sombrero, and can be folded compactly, but yet retain its shape when unfolded. These hats are knit very closely from the finest Panama straw, and the knitting of them is very tedious. They can only be knit in the cool of the day, as the heat of the sun causes the straw to draw loose from their hands. It sometimes takes twelve and thirteen months to knit the most valuable ones, which cost all the way from $50 to $125.

In a Nut Shell.

Many struggling men keep pup by supporting a dog.

Some of the upper crust looks soft enough to be dough.

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

Love is blind, and that's why lovers think lighting the gas unnecessary.

The clam stands the summer weather better than the oyster. In fact the clam is full of grit.

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

Everything must have a beginning. Even the burglar must be broken in before he begins to break in.

Father to his son: "I don't say that you are an idiot, but if anybody else should say so I would not contradict him."

Somebody asserts that there is no braver class of men than lawyers. Very likely. Conscience makes cowards of other people.

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.

A man can enjoy himself at a public dinner without getting so full as to be obliged to put on his hat with a shoe horn next day.

A box party is not a pugilistic soiree, as may be supposed from the phrase. It is a talking match, conducted while the play goes on.

When you say to a man with a boil on his neck, "This is a beautiful morning and all nature seems to be smiling," you simply waste your breath.

The popular phrase to-day is, "Everything goes." This is especially true of the effects of "the rising young poet." Everything goes to his uncle's.

This is about the time that the members of the fishing excursion awake to the terrible realization that they have come away and left the keg of beer upon the wharf.

It is now said that George Washington was something of a fisherman. This does not seem consistent with the other statements we have heard regarding this gentleman.—Boston Courier.

His Future Profession.

The Rev. Mr. Loftus stopped to talk with Uncle 'Rasmus, says the New York Epoch.

"Good mornin', Brother 'Rasmus," he said. "That's a likely-lookin' boy of yours. What's his name?"

"Melchisadeck, sah."

"What are you goin' to make out of him?"

"A machinist, sah. He's allers 'ventin' suthin'. That other boy's name's Absolom."

"An' what are you goin' to make out of him?"

"A lawyer, I spec'. He argifies de life outen me."

"That boy over at the barn is yours, too, isn't he?"

"Yes, sah. His name's Shadrack Abednego. He's the laziest, ignorantest, do-nothin' in the township."

"And what are you goin' to make out of *him*, uncle?"

"Well, sah, that's been a subjec' ob much serious momentum to me, an' I's prayed a good bit ober it. I've made up my mind to make a preacher outen him. That's about all he's good for."

The Rev. Mr. Loftus walked away, rubbing the end of his nose in a contemplative manner.

Paralyzed.

Many are the absurb transactions which take place in banks, says the Youth's Companion, some of them showing an overcautiousness in the care of money, and others, like the following, indicating an amusing ignorance of its value.

A Georgia paper says that a negro, the fortunate possessor of a valuable house-lot, one day sold his property for $10,000.

He was given a check for that amount, which was carried in due time to one of the banks. The paying teller asked him how much of the money he wanted in cash.

"I wants all dat ar paper calls fur," replied the negro.

"What! You don't want $10,000 in cash?"

"Jesso, sah."

"All right answered the man, and in five minutes he began piling the money on the counter.

As he laid the $500 packages on the counter the negro's eyes grew larger and larger. Finally, when twenty of the packages had been placed before him he looked intently at them for a moment, and then, with a broad grin on his face, said:

"I'se jist paralyzed! Gimme a dollar 'n'a half, 'n' you kin keep de rest till I call agin."

AN ALWAYS WELCOME FACE.

The Head on the Standard Dollar That of a Philadelphia Lady.

Each scholar in the Philadelphia Kindergarten Training school who owns a Bland silver dollar possesses a first-rate picture of his or her teacher. The confirmation by the Board of Education of the selection of Miss Anne M. Williams as instructor of philosophy and methods of kindergarten training is the latest laurel in the already fame-bestrewn path of that lady, whose classic features have been stamped on millions of silver discs. Ten years ago Miss Williams suddenly became famous when the interesting announcement was made that her face was the original of the Goddess of Liberty on that much-abused, much-admired and equally as much disliked Bland dollar.

The discovery was due to the efforts of a reporter who worked eighteen months in tracing out the original of the goddess. The friends of Miss Williams placed every conceivable obstruction in the way, but unsuccessfully. The story of Miss Williams' connection with the stamp upon the coin is interesting. In the early part of 1876 the Treasury Department secured through communication with the Royal Mint of England the services of a clever young designer and engraver named George Morgan. Upon his arrival in this country the young engraver was located at the Philadelphia mint, and was assigned the task of making a design for a new silver dollar.

After months of patient work he completed his design for the reverse side of the coin, on which he represent the American eagle. His attention was then turned to the other side and his first inclination was to place on it a fanciful head of the Goddess of Liberty. But the young designer was too much of a realist to be pleased with a mere work of fancy. Finally he determined that the head should be the representation of some American girl, and he forthwith diligently searched for his beautious ideal. Through a friend who had spoken to him of the classic profile of Miss Williams' face he sought and obtained her acquaintance. Miss Williams was with difficulty induced by her friends to pose before an artist and after five sittings the design was completed. The young designer declared that the profile was the most perfect he had ever seen in England or this country. Miss Williams, around whom this web of romance and fame clings, is a very estimable young lady. She resides with her mother and aunt at 1023 Spring Garden street. She is still a pretty blonde, with pearl-like complexion, is slightly below the average hight and possesses a graceful, aplomb figure. —Philadelphia Record.

Platform of the Negro Farmers.

The Colored Farmers' Alliance of Louisiana, composed of colored men who own or control farms, which they are cultivating, held its annual meeting at Alexandria on the Fourth of July. Thirty delegates were present. Among the principles of their organization is set forth the declaration that one of its objects is to elevate the colored people of the United States by teaching them to love their country and their homes; to care more for their helpless, sick and destitute; to labour earnestly for the education of themselves and their children, especially in agricultural pursuits; to become better farmers and laborers, and less wasteful in their methods of living; to be more obedient to civil law, and withdraw their attention from political partisanship; to become better civilized and true husbands and wives.

This embraces the wisest principles of social and political economy, and if lived up to will do more to raise the negroes to their highest destiny as citizens than can all the glittering generalities that have ever been the theme of noisy declamation or of demagogical mouthings.—New Orleans Picayune.

Three Honored Ladies.

There are but three women in the United States who wear the glittering emblem of the Odd Fellows' Order of Chivalry. One of them is the wife of Chevalier William Kilpatrick, of this city. Mrs. Kilpatrick is an estimable lady and is held in high esteem by the Masonic clans. She says she joined Palestine Lodge of the Daughters of the Rebekah six years ago. She passed through all the offices of the lodge, presiding for two succeeding terms as Noble Grand. The emblem which Mrs. Kilpatrick prizes as dearly, almost, as her life, is a modification of the maltese cross. It is of white metal bound with gold, and in the center is a blood-red heart crowned with gold. Until two years ago the decoration was conferred only on meritorious chevaliers of the order. At that time, at a meeting of the grand lodge held in San Francisco, two women received the degree. Mrs. Kilpatrick is the only woman in the eastern states similarly honored. She is of middle age, with a kindly, motherly face and bright eyes. —New York Star.

Thoroughbred Americans Every One.

Dying American Patriot (a few years hence)—"My son, draw nearer. I want you to remember that you come of a long line of American patriots who have never hesitated at the call of duty. Your great great-grandfather fought, bled, and died in the Revolution; your great-grandfather fought in the Mexican war and suffered untold agonies in Mexican prisons; your grandfather braved dangers innumerable in the Civil War; and I, my son, was one of those hundreds of thousands of windowless and seatless patriots who, for two mortal days at the New York Centennial, endured the fearful crush of Broadway without seeing anything."—New York Weekly.

A scientific journal asks, "Where are the stars made?" Well, in this country some of them are made in the Divorce court.—New York Tribune.

An Involuntary Capitalist.

Not long ago Fogg's name was printed in a list of moneyed men—by the merest accident, of course—and since then Fogg's mail has been crowded daily with prospectuses of all sorts of enterprises which only lack money to make them the most profitable things going. It is amusing to see Fogg, who in his life never had twenty-five dollars to the good, go through his mail, and if Fogg only had the money to invest it is certain that he would outrank Rockefeller, Gould and all the other millionaires. But Fogg hasn't the ready, and so, although he reads all the circulars he receives with intense interest, he has naught to contribute towards the capital of any beyond a deep drawn sigh and a corrugatad brow; for he is forced to let slip the splendid opportunity vouchsafed by the Paradise Town Lots and Building company; he is unable to respond to the unprecedented advantages held out by the Papeteric Consolidated Gas and Electric Syndicate, and he cannot do much as touch the bonanza which is freely presented by the Pyrites Mining Association. This is not only hard upon Fogg, who thus sees wealth incalculable slipping out of his empty hands, but it is also a positive discouragement to the Paradise Town Lots and Building Company and the other corporations mentioned above, inasmuch with this money, which Fogg wishes he had, they one and all might be fully developed and perhaps make a little on their own account.

But Fogg's involuntary assumption of the capitalistic role is not entirely unmixed with satisfaction. He is not only in daily receipt of scores of circulars, the writers of which with refreshing disinterestedness show how Fogg can make millions by the investment of thousands, but he is continually importuned by sleek-looking gentlemen, who are desirous of being let in upon the ground floor of these and countless other enterprises, and who look upon Fogg as a perfect encyclopædia of financial information and as possessed of influence unparalleled in the monetary exchanges of the country.

To see Fogg sitting at his humble desk and receiving one of these perpatetic money bags is a scene for a painter. As he knows little or nothing about the companies which his visitor desires to enter, he has no difficulty in preserving a reticence in regard to their affairs which impresses his visitor with a high appreciation of Fogg's sagacity as an operator and makes him more strenuous than ever to cultivate so valuable an acquaintance.

Consequently Fogg is invited to rich banquets and to take part in divers excursions and junketings all over the country, and as Fogg says nothing, for the sole reason that he has nothing to say, his fame increases daily, and his reputation as a man who knows what's what in the investing line is becoming more widespread and more deeply rooted as one day succeeds another.

As he passes through the street it is no uncommon thing for one gentleman to remark to another. "There goes Fogg, the great operator," the street urchins all know him, and they are one and all possessed of the idea that he is rich as mud; a day seldom passes in which he is not the recipient of one or more complimentary tickets to the theatre; and charitable bodies of every name and description flood him with requests for a share in his presumably illimitable bounty. If Fogg were a single man he would undoubtedly be free to take his pick out of the hundreds of eligible matrimonial offers which have been laid before him by unattached maidens and widows with money in their own right.—Boston Transcript.

How to Coax a Man to Propose.

An elderly man was telling a group of giddy young girls the other day how he proposed to his wife when he was a young man. She was sewing at the time, he said, or he never would have had the courage to do it. If girls would sew more he thinks they would have more matrimonial chances. Sewing he considers the best accomplishment that a woman can have. A woman engaged with a needle has a domestic, homelike air that is irresistible to a man who loves her. It is a picture of what she would be in her own home, and makes him long that it should be his also. How can a man propose to a girl who sits straight up in her chair staring hard at him with a pair of bright eyes? But when she is bending gracefully over a bit of plain or fancy sewing, apparently absorbed in counting stitches, and the arrows of her eyes are sheathed for a few minutes, he plucks up courage enough to offer her his heart and hand. The average young man is bashful in such affairs, though bold enough at other times, and needs encouragement and opportunities. What sort of encouragement is a pair of bright eyes staring into his, watching his embarrassment? Listen to the advice of an old man who has been all through it; drop your eyes and give the young man a chance. Remember this, girls, when the favorite young man drops in to make an evening visit, get out your bit of fancy work and look domestic, and with every stitch of your needle you will bind his heart more firmly to your own.

This is the advantage that the English girls are said to possess over the American girls—they are more domestic; if they shine less brilliantly in society than their American sisters their domestic virtues shed a steady luster in their houses. This, of course, is looking at the question from an English point of view. The American girls are capable of doing both; domesticity is not incompatible with social brilliancy, and many of society's queens are careful housekeepers and devoted wives and mothers, keeping their sweetest words and smiles for their own homes.—New York Star.

If you want a man to think you are smart you have only to make him think you think he is smart.—Binghamton Republican.

The Drummer's Ruse.

A short time ago a drummer from abroad called at a Bangor livery stable and wanted a double team for a ten days' trip into the country, and the stable man refused to let him one on the ground that he was a stranger. There was much discussion over the matter, and finally the drummer said:

"What is your team worth?"

"Four hundred and fifty dollars," was the reply.

"If I pay you that sum for it will you buy it back again when I return?" asked the customer, and upon receiving an affirmative reply, he promptly put up the cash. Ten days later he returned, and driving into the stable, he alighted and entered the office, saying, "Well, here is your team, and now I want my money back."

The sum was passed to him and he turned and was leaving the place when the liveryman called out, "Look here, aren't you going to settle for that team?"

"For what team?" asked the drummer, in a surprised tone.

"For the one you just brought back."

"Well, now," drawled the drummer, "you aren't fool enough to think that I would pay anybody for the use of my own property, are you?" and he shook the dust of the place from his feet.—Bangor Commercial.

War on the English Sparrow.

In view of the overwhelming evidence against the sparrow, the Agricultural Department recommends the repeal of all existing laws which afford protection to the English sparrow, the enactment of laws to legalize the killing of the bird at all seasons of the year, and the destruction of its nests, eggs, or young; the enactment of laws making it a misdemeanor to give food or shelter to the bird, and to protect those birds which feed upon the sparrow, and the appointment of some officer in each town or village to destroy the sparrows in the streets, parks and other places where the use of firearms is not permitted. The offering of bounties for the destruction of the birds is not regarded by the Department as expedient.

To the general public the Department recommends intelligent, persistent and united efforts to exterminate the pests by the use of firearms, traps, poison, destruction of nests, disturbance at roosting places, and any other practicable method that can be devised. Special attention is called to the fact that the English sparrow is an excellent article of food, equaling many of the smaller game birds. In fact, the sparrow is commonly sold at restaurants under the name of "rice birds."

High Speed On Railroads.

There are many things connected with high speeds on railways which tax the ingenuity of locomotive engineers to the utmost. The lines have to be made strong enough to withstand the heavy blows of the locomotive, for the other portions of the running plant are light in comparison. A railway train at sixty miles an hour may be compared to a huge projectile, and subject to the same laws. The momentum is the product of the weight of the train of 120 tons, traveling at a speed of sixty miles an hour, then the work required to bring it to a standstill would be 14,400 foot tons exerted through one minute, or nearly a thousand-horse power, which gives some idea its destructive force if unhappily, it should come into action; and yet this terrific power is so entirely under command that the strength of a child turning the small handle of the vacum brake can bring the train to a stand in a few seconds. —Chambers's Journal.

DEATH FROM TRICHINOSIS.

A Victim of This Awful Disease in New York.

Joseph Palmi, a laborer, died at Bellevue Hospital, Wednesday, of that fortunately rare but extremely painful disease, trichinosis. This disease may be described to the technical reader as the propagation and infinite multiplication of minute living worms in the muscles of the entire system. It usually arises from the incautious use of raw or partially cooked pork.

On last Saturday afternoon the police summoned an ambulance to No. 49 Mulberry street to remove a man who was supposed to be suffering from a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. Dr. Henderson, the ambulance surgeon, so reported the case on his arrival, and it was thus entered on the books, but when Dr. D. H. Williams, jr. proceeded to examine the patient in his ward, he could not find any of the customary symptoms of inflammatory rheumatism. An interpreter was summoned, when Joseph was closely examined as to his experiences. He stated that the acute pains of which he complained had begun about June 5 and continued to increase in intensity and extent until the ambulance came for him. As these pains had first developed in the stomach and then spread through the body, Dr. Williams decided that it must be a case of trichinosis. Palmi at first denied that he had been eating pork, but finally admitted that about a week before the pains appeared he had purchased some pigs' feet of a butcher in Mulberry street near his residence. His wife and children had eaten the food with him.

The man suffered terribly, and the physician was compelled to administer opiates, both internally and hypodermically, to ease the excruciating pain caused by the myriads of worms invading every muscle of his writhing body. Though the patient was able to take slight nourishment he continued to grow weaker day after day, until death finally put an end to his sufferings.

"Although I nave not yet completed my diagosis," said Dr. Williams yesterday. "I have no doubt that the case is one of trichinosis. Palmi acknowledged having eaten pig's feet during the last week in May, but he must have eaten other kinds of pork, for pig's feet contain very little muscle, being principally composed of tendons, cartilage and gelatinous matter. According to his statement his wife had a slight attack of abdominal spasms, which are the first symptons of the disease. She, however, seems to have recovered, though I should not be surprised if the woman was brought here in the same state as her husband was. Trichinosis consists of the breeding of minute worms in the muscles, and they go on multiplying until the entire system is filled with them. Being in the muscles of the pork, which has not been properly cooked—and it must be submitted to a heat of 255 degrees to kill the worms—they are taken into the stomach. Here they began increasing and produce the abdominal spasms which are the initial symptoms then, following the intestinal track they finally pass through the abdominal walls and so enter the lymphatic organs. From that moment the patient is doomed, unless he is so constituted that his system can resist the trichina when they become encysted and die. If they are too strong for resistance they go on living in the muscles until the latter decompose and death ensues very quickly.

"When Palmi was first brought here I took a piece of muscle from his forearm and discovered that he had previously suffered from the disease, because there were encysted worms visible in it. After he died portions of the muscles in the calf and shoulder were removed, and these we intend examining under the microscope just as the portions are, and then they will be hardened and their transverse sections prepared for further examination. But there is no doubt that our diagnosis is the correct one. One of the symptoms is an intense thirst and agonizing pain, both of which were present in this case. Usually trichinosis is developed from pork which is eaten raw, and people frequently have it who are in the habit of eating raw Westphalia hams and bologna sausage. But pork is not the only meat which is capable of developing trichina, for they are found in the muscles of dogs and cats, rats and mice, and even moles, all of which animals eat pork. The origin of trichinæ is unknown, and they may be inherited for all we know."—New York World.

Growing Stronger Daily.

It is feared if any more "real assassins of Dr. Cronin" are arrested and positively identified, they will organize a third party and elect the next president. It's no wonder the poor man died. About one-third of the people in the United States appear to have been actively engaged in his taking off. Everybody has been arrested except old man Bender.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Prof. Hyrtl.

At the university of Vienna five busts of celebrated professors were recently unveiled. One of them represents Prof. Hyrtl, the celebrated anatomist, who has contributed so much to rendering the Vienna school of medicine famous. Though bent by eighty-seven winters, he attended the ceremony. The numerous students present broke into enthusiastic cheers at the sight of him and unharnessing his horses drew his carriage over the Ringstrasse. The professor thanked them in a clear voice in Latin, and encouraged every student present to give his heart and soul, and even his life, to the noble science. It was only the fear of hurting the weak old man that prevented the students from carrying him down the great marble staircase on their shoulders.

A fellow that has actually tried says that although there are three scruples in a dram the more drams you take the fewer scruples you will have.—Gloucester Advertiser.

VERY HARD CASH.

A Matter-of-Fact Romance.

By Charles Reade.

Julia's fluctuating spirit settled now into a calm, demure complacency. Her mother; finding this strange remedial virtue in youthful society, gave young parties, inviting Jane and Alfred in their turn. Jane hesitated, but, as she could no longer keep Julia from knowing her worldly brother, and hoped a way might be opened for her to rescue Edward, she relaxed her general rule, which was, to go into no company unless some religious service formed part of the entertainment. Yet her conscience was ill at ease; and, to set them an example, she took care, when she asked the Dodds in return, to have a clergyman there of her own party, who could pray and expound with unction.

Mrs. Dodd, not to throw cold water seemed to gratify her children, accepted Miss Hardie's invitation; but she never intended to go, and at the last moment wrote to say she was slightly indisposed. The nature of the indisposition she revealed to Julia alone. "That young lady keeps me on thorns. I never feel secure she will not say or do something extravagant or unusual; she seems to suspect sobriety and good taste of being in league with impiety. Here I succeed in bridling her a little; but encounter a female enthusiast in her own house? Merci! After all, there must be something good in her since she is your friend, and you are hers; let her pass; I have something more serious to say to you before you go there. It is about her brother. He is a flirt; in fact, a notorious one, more than one lady tells me."

Julia was silent, but began to be very uneasy; they were sitting and talking after sunset, yet without candles: she profited, for once, by that amazing gap in the intelligence of "the sex."

"I hear he pays you compliments; and I have seen a disposition to single you out. Now, my love, you have the good sense to know that, whatever a young man of that age says to you, he says to many other ladies; but your experience is not equal to your sense; so profit by mine; a girl of your age must never be talked of with a person of the other sex; it is fatal: fatal! but if you permit yourself to be singled out, you will be talked of inevitably, and distress those who love you. It is easy to avoid injudicious duets in society; oblige me by doing so to-night."

To show how much she was in earnest, Mrs. Dodd hinted that, were her admonition neglected, she should regret, for once, having kept clear of an enthusiast.

Julia had no alternative; she assented in a faint voice. After a pause she faltered out, And suppose he should esteem me seriously?"

Mrs. Dodd replied quickly, "Then that would be much worse. But," said she, "I have no apprehensions on that score; you are a child, and he is a precocious boy, and rather a flirt. But forewarned is forearmed. So now run away and dress, sweet one: my lecture is quite ended."

The sensitive girl went up to her room with a heavy heart. All the fears she had lulled of late revived. She saw plainly now that Mrs. Dodd only accepted Alfred as a pleasant acquaintance: as a son-in-law he was out of the question. "Oh, what will she say when she knows all?" thought Julia.

Next day, sitting near the window, she saw him coming up the road. After the first movement of pleasure at the bare sight of him, she was sorry he had come. Mamma's suspicions awake at last, and here he was again; the third call in one fortnight! She dared not risk an interview with him, ardent and unguarded, under that penetrating eye, which she felt would now be on the watch.

She rose hurriedly, said as carelessly as she could, "I am going to the school," and, tying her bonnet on in a flurry, whipped out at the back door with her shawl in her hand just as Sarah opened the front door to Alfred. She then shuffled on her shawl, and whisked through the shubbery into the open field, and reached a path that led to the school, and so gratified was she at her dexterity in evading her favorite, that she hung her head, and went murmuring, "Cruel, cruel cruel!"

Alfred entered the drawing-room gayly, with a good-sized card and a prepared speech This was not the visit of a friend but a functionary; the treasurer of the cricket-ground, come to book two of his eighteen to play against the All England Eleven next month.

"As for you, my worthy sir (turning to Edward), I shall just put you down without ceremony. But I must ask leave to book Captain Dodd. Mrs. Dodd, I come at the universal desire of the club; they say it is sure to be a null match without Captain Dodd. Besides, he is a capital player."

"Mamma, don't you be caught by his chaff," said Edward, quietly. "Papa is no player at all. Anything more unlike cricket than his way of making runs——"

"But he makes them, old fellow; now you and I, at Lord's the other day, played in first-rate form, left shoulder well up, and achieved—with neatness, precision, dexterity, and dispatch—the British duck's-egg."

"Misericorde! What is that?" inquired Mrs. Dodd.

"Why, a round O," said the other Oxonian, coming to his friend's aid.

"And what is that, pray?"

Alfred told her "the round O," which had yielded to the duck's egg," and, was becoming obsolete, meant the cipher set by the scorer aganst a player's name, who is out without making a run.

"I see," sighed Mrs. Dodd. "It penetrates to your very sports and games. And why British?"

"Oh, British is redundant: thrown in by the universities."

"But what does it mean?"

"It means nothing. This is the beauty of it. British is inserted in imitation of our idols, the Greeks; they adored redundancy.'.

In short poor Alfred, though not an M. P., was talking to put off time, till Julia should come in: so he now favored Mrs. Dodd, of all people, with a flowery description of her husband's play, which I, who have not his motive for volubility, suppress. However, he wound up with the captain's "moral influence." "Last match," said he, "Barkington did not do itself justice. Several, that could have made a stand, were frightened out, rather than bowled, by the London professionals. Then Captain Dodd went in, and treated those artists with the same good-humored contempt he would a parish bowler, and, in particular, sent Mynne's over-tossed balls flying over his head for six, or to square leg for four, and, on his retiring with twenty-five, scored in eight minutes, the remaining Barkingtonians were less funky, and made some fair scores."

Mrs. Dodd smiled a little ironically at this tirade, but said she thought she might venture to promise Mr. Dodd's co-operation, should he reach home in time. Then, to get rid of Alfred before Julia's return, the amiable worldling turned to Edward, "Your sister will not be back; so you may as well ring the bell for luncheon at once. Perhaps Mr. Hardie will join us."

Alfred declined, and took his leave with far less alacrity than he had entered with; Edward went down-stairs with him.

"Miss Dodd gone on a visit?" asked Alfred, affecting carelessness.

"Only to the school. By-the-bye, I will go and fetch her."

"No, don't do that; call on my sister instead, and then you will pull me out of a scrape. I promised to bring her here; but her saintship was so long adoring 'the poor perishabel body,' that I came alone."

"I don't understand you," said Edward. "I am not the attraction here. It is Julia."

"How do you know that? When a young lady interests herself in an undergraduate's soul, it is a pretty sure sign she likes the looks of him. But perhaps you don't want to be converted; if so, keep clear of her. 'Bar the fell dragon's blighting way; but shun that lovely snare.'

"On the contrary," said Edward, calmly, "I only wish she could make me as good as she is, or half as good."

"Give her the chance, old fellow, and then it won't be your fault if she makes a mess of it. Call at two, and Jenny will receive you very kindly, and will show you are in the 'gall of bitterness and the band of iniquity.' Now, won't that be nice?"

"I will go," said Edward, gravely.

They parted. Where Alfred went the reader can perhaps guess; Edward to luncheon.

"Mamma," said he, with that tranquillity which sat so well on him, "don't you think Alfred Hardie is spoony upon our Julia?"

Mrs. Dodd supressed a start, and (perhaps to gain time before replying sincerely) said she had not the honor of knowing what "spoony" meant.

"Why, sighs for her, and dies for her, and fancies she is prettier than Miss Hardie. He must be over head and ears."

"Fie, child!" was the answer. "If I thought so, I should withdraw from their acquaintance. Excuse me; I must put on my bonnet at once, not to lose this fine afternoon."

Edward did not relish her remark; it menaced more Spoons than one. However he was not the man to be cast down at a word; he lighted a cigar, and strolled toward Hardie's house. Mr. Hardie, senior, had left three days ago on a visit to London; Miss Hardie received him; he passed the afternoon in calm complacency, listening reverently to her admonitions, and looking her softly out of countenance, and into earthly affections with his lion eyes.

Meantime his remark, so far from really seeming foolish to Mrs. Dodd, was the true reason for leaving him abruptly. "Even this dear slow Thing sees it," thought she. She must talk to Julia more seriously, and would go to school at once. She went up stairs, and put on her bonnet and shawl before the glass, then molded on her gloves; and came down equipped. On the stairs was a large window, looking upon the open field; she naturally cast her eyes through it, in the direction she was going, and what did she see but a young lady and gentleman coming slowly down the path toward the villa. Mrs. Dodd bit her lip with vexation, and looked keenly at them, to divine on what terms they were. And the more she looked the more uneasy she grew.

The head, the hand, the whole person of a young woman walking beside one she loves, betrays her heart to experienced eyes watching unseen; and most female eyes are experienced at this sort of inspection. Why did Julia move so slowly? especially after that warning. Why was her head averted from that encroaching boy, and herself so near him? The anxious mother would much rather have seen her keep her distance, and look him full in the face. Her first impulse was that of leopardesses, lionesses, hens, and all the mothers in nature to dart from her ambush and protect her young; but she controlled it by a strong effort; it seemed wiser to descry the truth, and then act with resolution; besides, the young people were now almost at the shrubbery; so the mischief, if any, was done.

They entered the shrubbery.

To Mrs. Dodd's surprise and dismay they did not come out this side so quickly. She darted her eye into the plantation; and lo! Alfred had seized the fatal opportunity foliage offers, even when thinnest; he held Julia's hand, and was pleading eagerly for something she seemed not disposed to grant; for she turned away and made an effort to leave him. But Mrs. Dodd, standing there quivering with maternal anxiety, and hot with shame, could not but doubt the sincerity of that graceful resistence. If she had been quite in earnest, Julia had fire enough in her to box the little wretch's ears. She ceased even to doubt, when she saw that her daughter's opposition ended in his getting hold of two hands instead of one, and devouring them with kisses, while Julia still drew her head and neck quite away, but the rest of her supple frame seemed to yield and incline, and draw softly toward her besieger, by some irresistible spell.

"I can bear no more!" gasped Mrs. Dodd aloud, and turned to hasten and part them; but even as she curved her stately neck to go, she caught the lovers' parting; and a very pretty one too, if she could have looked at it, as these things ought always to be looked at: Artistically.

Julia's head and lovely throat, unable to draw the rest of her away, compromised; they turned, declined, drooped, and rested one half moment on her captor's shoulder, like a settling dove; the next, she scudded from him, and made for the house alone.

Mrs. Dodd, deeply indignant, but too wise to court a painful interview with her own heart beating high, went into the drawing-room; and there sat down, to recover some little composure. But she was hardly seated when Julia's innocent voice was heard calling.

"Mamma! mamma!" and soon she came bounding into the drawing-room, brimful of good news, her cheeks red as fire, and her eyes wet with happy tears; and there confronted her mother, who had started up at her footstep, and now, with one hand nipping the back of the chair convulsively, stood lofty, looking strangely agitated and hostile.

The two ladies eyed one another, silent, yet expressive; like a picture facing a statue; but soon the color died out of Julia's face as well, and she began to cower with vague fears before that stately figure, so gentle and placid usually, but now so discomposed and stern.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Where have you been Julia?"

"Only at the school," she faltered.

"Who was your companion home?"

"Oh, don't be angry with me! It was Alfred."

"Alfred! His Christian name! You try my patience too hard."

"Forgive me! I was not to blame this time, indeed! indeed! You frighten me. What will become of me? What have I done to be looked at so?"

Mrs. Dodd groaned. "Was that young coquette I watched from my window the child I have reared? No face on earth is to be trusted after this? 'What have you done,' indeed? Only risked your own mother's esteem, and nearly broken her heart." And with these words her own courage began to give way, and she sank into a chair with a deep sigh.

At this Julia screamed, and threw herself on her knees beside her, and cried, "Kill me! oh, pray kill me! but don't drive me to despair with such cruel words and looks!" and fell to sobbing so wildly that Mrs. Dodd altered her tone with almost ludicrous rapidity.

"There, do not terrify me with your impetuosity, after grieving me so. Be calm, child; let me see whether I cannot remedy your sad imprudence; and; that I may, pray tell me the whole truth. How did this come about?"

In reply to this question, which she somewhat mistook, Julia sobbed out, "He met me coming out of school, and asked to s-see me home. I said, 'No, thank you, because I th-thought of your warning. 'Oh, yes!' said he, and would walk with me, and kept saying he loved me. So, to stop him, I said, 'M-m-much ob-liged, but I was b-busy and had no time to flirt. 'Nor have I the in-inclination,' said he. 'That is not what others say of you,' said I. You know what you t-told me, mamma. So at last he said d-did ever he ask any lady to be his wife. 'I suppose not,' or you would be p-p-private property by now instead of p-public.' "

"Now there was a foolish speech; as much as to say nobody could resist him."

"W-wasn't it? And n-no more they could. You have no idea how he makes love; he is very unladylike; keeps advancing and never retreats, nor even st-ops. 'But I ask you to be my wife,' said he. Oh, mamma, I trembled so. Why did I tremble so? I don't know. I made myself cold and haughty. I should make no reply to such ridiculous questions; say that to mamma, if you dare?' I said."

Mrs. Dodd bit her lips, and said, "Was there ever such simplicity?"

"Simple! Why that was my cunning. You are the only creature he is afraid of; so I thought to stop his mouth with you. But instead of that my lord said, calmly. 'That was understood; he loved me to well to steal me from her to whom he was indebted for me.' Oh, he has always an answer ready. And that makes him such a p-p-pest."

"It was an answer that did him credit."

"Dear mamma! now did it not? Then at parting he said he would come to-morrow, and ask you for my hand; but I must intercede with you, first, or you would be sure to say 'No.' So I declined to interfere; 'w-w-what was it to me?' I said. He begged and prayed me. 'Was it likely you would give him such a treasure as Me unless I stood his friend?' (For the b-b-razen Thing turns humble now and then.) And, oh, mamma, he did so implore me to pity him, and kept saying no man ever loved as he loved me, and with his begging and praying me so passionately, oh, so passionately, I felt something warm drop from his poor eyes on my hand. Oh! oh! oh! oh! What could I do? And then, you know, I wanted to get away from him. So I am afraid I did just say 'Yes,' but only in a whisper. Mamma, my own good, kind, darling mamma, have pity on me!!! We love one another so."

A shower of tender tears gushed out in support of this appeal; and in a moment she was caught up with Love's mighty arms, and her head laid on her mother's yearning bosom. No word was needed to reconcile these two.

After a long silence Mrs. Dodd said that this would be a warning never to judge her sweet child from a distance again, or unheard. "And therefore," said she, "let me hear from your own lips how so serious an attachment could spring up? Why, it is scarcely a month since you were first introduced at that ball."

"Mamma," murmured Julia, hanging her head, "you are mistaken; We knew each other before."

Mrs. Dodd looked all astonishment.

"Now I will make a clean breast of it," said Julia, impetuously addressing some invisible obstacle. "I tell you I am sick of having secrets from my own mother." And with this out it all came.

She told the story of her heart better than I have. And, womanlike, dwelt on the depths of loyalty and delicate love she had read in Alfred's moonlit face that night at Henley. She said no eloquence could have touched her like it. "Mamma, something said to me, 'Ay, look at him well, for that is your husband—to be." She even tried to solve the mystery of her soi-disant sickness. "I was disturbed by a feeling so new and so powerful, " but, above all, by having a secret from you; the first; the last."

"Well, darling, then why have a secret. Why not trust me, your friend as well as your mother?"

"Ah! why, indeed! I am a puzzle to myself. I wanted you to know, and yet I could not tell you. I kept giving you hints, and hoped so you would take them, and make me speak out. But when I tried to tell you plump, something kept pull—pull—pulling me inside, and I couldn't. Mark my words! some day it will turn out that I am neither more nor less than a fool."

Mrs. Dodd slighted this ingenious solution. She said, after a moments reflection, that the fault of this misunderstanding lay between the two. "I remember now I have had many hints. My mind must surely have gone to sleep. I was a poor simple woman who thought her daughter was to be always a child. And you were very wrong to go and set a limit to your mother's love. There is none—none whatever." She added: "I must import a little prudence and respect for the world's opinion into this new connection; but whoever you love shall find no enemy in me."

Next day Alfred came to his fate. He was received with ceremonious courtesy. At first he was a good deal embarrassed, but this was no sooner seen than it was relieved by Mrs. Dodd with tact and gentleness. When her turn came, she said, "Your papa? Of course you have communicated this step to him?"

Alfred looked a little confused, and said, "No; he left for London two days ago, as it happens."

"That is unfortunate," said Mrs. Dodd. "Your best plan would be to write to him at once. I need hardly tell you that we shall enter no family without an invitation from its head."

Alfred replied that he was well aware of that, and that he knew his father, and could answer for him.

"No doubt," said Mrs. Dodd; "but as a matter of reasonable form, I prefer he should answer for himself."

Alfred would write by this post. "It is a mere form," said he, "for my father has but one answer to his children, 'Please yourselves.' He sometimes adds, 'and how much money shall you want?" These are his two formulæ."

He then delivered a glowing eulogy on his father; and Mrs. Dodd, to whom the boy's character was now a grave and anxious study, saw with no common satisfaction his cheek flush, and his eyes moisten, as he dwelt on the calm, sober, unvarying affection, and reasonable indulgence, he and his sister had met with all their lives from the best of parents. Returning to the topic of topics, he proposed an engagement. "I have a ring in my pocket," said this brisk woer, looking down. But this Mrs. Dodd thought premature and unnecessary.

"You are nearly of age," said she, "and then you will be able to marry if you are in the same mind." But upon being warmly pressed, she half conceded even this. "Well," said she, "on receiving your father's consent, you can propose an engagement to Julia, and she shall use her own judgment. But until then you will not even mention such a thing to her. May I count on so much forbearance from you sir?"

"Dear Mrs. Dodd," said Alfred, "of course you may. I should indeed be ungrateful if I could not wait a post for that. May I write to my father here?" added he, naively.

Mrs. Dodd smiled, furnished him with writing materials, and left him, with a polite excuse.

"Albion Villa, Sept. 29.

"My Dear Father,—You are too thorough a man of the world, and two well versed in human nature, to be surprised at hearing that, I, so long invulnerable, have at last formed a devoted attachment to one whose beauty, goodness, and accomplishments I will not now enlarge upon; they are indescribable, and you will very soon see them and judge for yourself. The attachment, though short in weeks and months, has been a very loug one in hopes, and fears, and devotion. I should have told you of it before you left, but in truth I had no idea I was so near the goal of all my earthly hopes. There were many difficulties, but these have just cleared away almost miraculously, and nothing now is wanting to my happiness but your consent. It would be affectation, or worse, in me to doubt that you will grant it. But in a matter so delicate, I venture to ask you for something more. The mother of my ever and only beloved Julia is a lady of high breeding and sentiments.

"She will not let her daughter enter any family without a cordial invitation from its head. Indeed, she has just told me so. I ask, therefore, not your bare consent, of which I am sure, since my happiness for life depends on it, but a consent so gracefully worded—and who can do this better than you?—as to gratify the just pride and sensibilities of the highminded family about to confide its brightest ornament to my care.

"My dear father, in the midst of felicity almost more than mortal, the thought has come that this letter is my first step toward leaving the paternal roof under which I have been so happy all my life, thanks to you. I should indeed be unworthy of all your goodness if this thought caused me no emotion.

"Yet I do but yield to nature's universal law. And, should I be master of my own destiny, I will not go far from you. I have been unjust to Barkington; or rather I have echoed, without thought, Oxonian prejudices and affectation. On mature reflection, I know no better residence for a married man.

"Do you remember about a year ago you mentioned a Miss Lucy Fountain to us as "the most perfect gentlewoman you had ever met?" Well, strange to say, it is that very lady's daughter; and I think when you see her you will say the breed has anything but declined, in spite of Horace and his 'damnosa quid non.' Her brother is my dearest friend, and she is Jenny's; so a more happy alliance for all parties was never projected.

"Write to me by return, dear father, and believe me

"Ever your dutiful and grateful son,
"Alfred Hardie."

[To be continued.]

Paddy Murphy's Breeches.

While traveling in the south of Ireland, a tourist was regaled by a car driver with the tale of how Paddy Murphy had his breeches let out. It was thus told:

"Well, sor, Paddy Murphy, who lives in a cabin close by, wanted a pair of breeches. So he goes down to Peter McClogan, the tailor, who lives in the valley below, and says, says he, 'Peter, I want you to make me a pair of breeches.'

" 'Stand by, says Peter, 'and I will measure you.'

"So the breeches were made, and when sent home, they were so small that Paddy could not get into them. Back he took them, and told Peter, how vexed he was with them.

" 'You've made my breeches too small, he says. 'You must let them out.'

" 'Well,' says Peter, 'leave them with me, and I will do that same for you.'

"So Pat left them to be let out. Time went by, and Peter did not send them back. So Paddy went down to the valley to see why he did not get them. As soon as he got to the house, he saw the tailor digging up some potatoes, and he shouted out to him, 'Peter, have you let my breeches out?"

" 'Faith and I have!' says Peter, 'I've let them ont for a shilling a week ever since you left them!' "—Clothier and Furnisher.

Washington, D. C., has 120 miles of tree-shaded avenues, and in this respect is one of the most beautifu cities on earth. The favorite tree is the maple, which shades fifty-five miles of street. The Carolina popular is also a popular tree, as it is believed to absorb malaria.

The Human Family.

The human family living to-day consists of about 1,450,000,000 individuals. In Asia, where man was first planted, there are now about 800,000,000, on an average 120 to the square mile. In Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile. In Africa there are 210,000,000. In America, North and South, there are 110,000,000, relatively thinly scattered and recent. In the islands, large and small, probably 10,000,000. The extremes of the white and black are as five to three, the remaining 700,000,000 intermediate brown and tawny. Of the race 500,000,000 are well clothed, that is wear garments of some kind and live in houses partly well furnished with the appointments of civilization; 700,000,000, are semi-clothed, living in huts and caves with no furnishings; 250,000,000 are practically naked, having nothing that can be called a home, are barbarous and savage. The range is from the topmost round—the Anglo-Saxon civilization, which is the highest known—down to naked savagery. The portion of the race lying below the line of human condition is at the very least three-fifths of the whole, or 900,000,000.

He Took a Fit.

A gang of men were at work in a city street when a slight, beardless youth laid down his pick and approaching the foreman said to him:

"Can I take a fit, sir?"

"Take what?" asked the foreman.

"A fit—I feel one coming on," replied the young man, without emotion.

"Why certainly," said the foreman.

So the young man walked over to a bit of grass under a leafy tree—it was a new street in the suburbs—and had a fit.

Then he went and washed his face, came back in the line, took up his pick and struck into work. After the day's work was over the young man said to the foreman: "You don't mind my having fits?"

"No—I guess not if you do a fair day's work."

"Well, you see I used to work for a butcher, an' he wouldn't let me take fits—said it interferred with business—an' I thought you might feel the same way about it."

And that young man works hard with pick and shovel and takes a fit once in a while as you or I might take a drink of water.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"General."

When Samuel C. Pomeroy, afterward Senator Pomeroy, was on his way from Massachusetts to settle in Kansas, his traveling companion, a man familiar with Western customs, said to him:

"Pomeroy, a man on the frontier is nobody without a handle to his name. You must certainly have one of some kind or other."

Mr. Pomeroy, declared that he was not entitled to any, but his friend persisted.

"You were once a member of the Massachusetes General Court, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well that will answer perfectly."

The new-comer was accordingly introduced as "General Pomeroy," and as long as he lived he was known by that title.

What Will Next Sixty Years See?

Mail and Express.

Within sixty years the world has seen:

The discovery of the electric telegraph.

The discovery of photography.

The laying of transatlantic cables.

The discovery of the telephone.

The emancipation of slaves in the United States and Russia.

The establishment of ocean steamer navigation.

The unification of Germany.

The discovery of the sources of the Nile.

A Lucky Finn.

William Dalquist is the name of a lucky Finlander who at present is a day laborer in R. A. Gray's saw mill at the West End. The fact is, William who has been in this country for some six years or more and who has been a hard worker all his life, is one of the lucky persons who drew a "plum" at the drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery held on June 18th last, he holding one-fortieth of ticket "61,605," which drew the capital prize of $600,000. When Mr. Dalquist was made aware of his good fortune by a statement in the Tribune that that number was the lucky one, he was overjoyed beyond measure and was the recipient of many congratulations from his numerous friends and at the same time not a few were envious of his good fortune. Mr. W. A. Foote here immediately offered Dalquist $14,800 for his little slip of paper, but William thought he would do his own cashing and thus save the $200, which he has done. As soon as he can make arrangements he will at once proceed to Finland, where his father and mother, who are poor people live. The $15,000 Mr. Dalquist says will be more than enough to keep his parents, himself and one of Finland's fairest daughters (which latter was said, with a slight distortion of his facial muscles, tending to a smile) for the rest of their days—Duluth (Minn.) Tribune, July 16.

Dr. Lagorio of Chicago, a student of Pasteur, has been engaged at the Chicago hospital to test cases of hydrophobia.

Half-breed smugglers along the boundary line from Pembina to Turtle mountain have, for a long time, been cutting timber on this side and smuggling it across the boundary. They had a regular code of signals conveyed from one butte to another by a half-breed woman. Ten half-breeds have been arrested.

Professional cracksmen forced an entrance into the union depot ticket office at Detroit, Mich., and secured from $1,500 to $3,000.

Samuel L. Taggart of Iowa has been appointed chief of division in the pension office.

William Anderson, the St. Louis wife murderer, who was to have been hanged, has been respited until Sept. 13.

A special from Scottboro, Ala., says the prisoner therein jail is not ex-Treasurer Tate.

It was learned that twenty-eight United States soldiers deserted the barracks on David's island.

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

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
1 inch..	$0 50	$0 75	$1 00	$1 25	$2 00	$3 00	$5 00
2 inch..	1 00	1 25	1 50	1 75	3 25	5 25	8 40
1 inch..	1 50	2 00	2 50	3 50	5 00	6 00	14 40
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
¼ col....	3 50	4 00	4 50	5 50	10 00	16 00	28 00
½ col....	4 00	4 50	5 00	7 00	12 00	24 00	35 00
¾ col....	6 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	22 00	35 00	60 00
1 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 22, 1889.

The Argus Leader says the population of Sioux Falls is 14,583, that city making a gain of 4,254, the past year.

John L. Sullivan has been sent up for one year in Mississippi, and the officers are after Kilrain with every prospect of giving him the same treatment. Good for Mississippi.

And the Minneapolis Tribune gives the community a little "song and dance" about "the old mother of rebels, braggarts and bullies" redeeming herself by the conviction of Sullivan. The truth of the matter is, candid men who are acquainted in the two sections, say that laws are observed in the south and the people there are just as law abiding and as good citizens as can be found anywhere. Why not give Mississippi—and in fact the south—due credit for trying to do right, without on every occasion throwing "rebel" and "traitor" and "lawlessness" at her. We shall see whether the next proposed fight in Minneapolis will be stopped or punished. One occurs there every little while. They are called sparring exhibitions.

The Northern Dakota and Northern Pacific elevator companies have effected such business deal as to do away with all competition for grain, on the ground that a single line of elevators could do the handling of grain this year. Will the the time ever come when the northwestern farmer can ship his grain directly to the trade centres and knock out the middle men now sapping the life out of him. The farmer should be able to deliver his grain nearer to the people who manufacture it into flour and to those who consume it. The first step toward this system would be, however, the lifting of home mort, gages and the erection of individual granaries on the farm producing the grain. When that time comes the farmer will be in a position to demand his rights.

Mr. Miller Nominated.

The people's interests in the Republican fold of North Dakota have triumphed, and the Hon. John Miller has been nominated for governor. It is the first signal victory ever recorded on Dakota soil for the people against the great combine which has always heretofore domineered over and brow-beaten everything and everybody into submission. We were in Fargo Wednesday and it is true that the contest was one of the most terrific on record. The old and powerful combine had its trained wheel-horses, who cover every phase of life in the northwest, on the ground and strained every nerve for a continuation of their supremacy; but good fortune attended the brave fellows who stood by this feature in the people's interests in this great struggle, and who now promise at least decency in the conduct of public state matters, the trimmers were downed, and the Democracy it is now said, is saved the trouble of electing the first governor of North Dakota. The people opposing corruption and carpet-baggism and Mr. Miller combining the people's party, constituted his strength in the struggle.

It was Gov. Church who first called public attention to the Sage of Dwight in these simple but true words: "John Miller of Richland is one of the few men who came to Bismarck with honorable intentions." And in view of the ill mannered fight heaped upon Gov. Church last winter, let it be remembered to his everlasting credit Mr. Miller took no part in or sympathized with it, these words were quoted all over the northwest, including the twin city papers and actually set John Miller's star in the ascendancy; and it is just this sort of public decency on his part and fidelity to honorable intention which makes him the people's candidate in the Republican party for the first governor of the new state of North Dakota.

Mr. Springer on Prohibition.

Congressman Springer of Illinois in Minneapolis last week, and being interviewed on various questions, and always talking to the point and entertainingly said of prohibition in the new states:

I hardly think it possible to enforce prohibitory laws, however, and do not think an attempt in that direction will be made, as the new comers will profit by the returns on that issue in staid little Rhode Island. You cannot enforce prohibition unless a large majority of the people in a given section are in favor of it. When I was in Bangor, Me., last year a friend informed me that there were over 60 places in that town where a man could get liquor over the bar, and why should laws be made only to be broken?

The Pioneer Press heaped ridicule upon Gov. Lowry of Mississippi for attempting to stop prize fighting in that state, claiming that the authorities there were only making a pretentions claim to decency. It is the common thing for these bullies to indulge in their prize fighting all over the north, and the idea that a lawless and unrepentant rebel state should undertake to do anything decent and lawful was more than the virtuous P. P. could stand, hence its ridicule. But since Gov. Lowry of that state did send north and capture Boston's new candidate for congress and otherwise distingushed citizen, the southern courts having convicted him of prize fighting and sentenced to a year's imprisonment, the P. P. reluctantly works up a half column in Sunday's paper the gist of which is that since the law is to be vindicated in a "community which is not particularly distinguished by its reverence for law of any description," it ought not to be difficult to enforce the law in other sections, etc., presumably distinguished for good things. We think it a pretty good rule to be always ready to give the devil his due. But then the P. P. like most republican organs, is great on playing upon sectional prejudices. In fact that is their stock in trade. It was in Minneapolis Sullivan had his arm broken a few months since.

Prohibition in Massachusetts.

Here are samples of letters written during the late campaign which so effectually buried prohibition in Massachusetts:

DR. JOHN DIXWELL.

After some nineteen years' work in charity, and fully realizing the fearful results of the abuse of alcoholic drinks, I am convinced that such evil can only be prevented, or lessened even, to any great degree, by the honest, careful instruction of the masses, old and young, as to the average consequences of using strong drinks habitually or to excess. I do not believe that any law can work much permanent benefit in the real interest of temperance.

JOHN DIXWELL, M. D.,
52 West Cedar street.
Boston, March 18, 1889.

REV. PERCY BROWNE.

Your question as to the expediency of making Prohibition a part of the organic law of the State is, practically, a question as to the most effective method of preventing intemperance. To my mind the practical answer ought to be determined by what experience has thus far taught of the relative value of Prohibition and high license as methods of preventing intemperance. I think experience in both methods has shown high license to be most effective for cities; and, I am, therefore, compelled, in the interest of temperance, to vote "no" to the Prohibitory proposition.

Yours truly, PERCY BROWNE.
Roxbury, March 18, 1889.

CHARLES P. CURTIS.

Fully alive to the evils of intemperance, I am nevertheless opposed to the adoption of any amendment to the constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

The constitution establishes general principles of government and leaves these principles to be carried into effect by the Legislature, guided by public sentiment.

Should the constitution descend to the detail of prescribing what a citizen of Massachusetts must not drink, it might as reasonably prescribe what he must not eat, or what he must not believe.

Public sentiment must be educated up to the point where juries will convict and this must be done through the agencies of the day schools and the Sunday-schools.

Yours truly,
CHARLES P. CURTIS.
Boston, March 18, 1889.

MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS.

I should like to believe that Prohibition would prohibit. I would gladly do anything in my power to prevent the manufacture of intoxicating liquors in Massachusetts, but I firmly believe that a cordial enforcement by the people of the laws we now have, would do more to prevent drunkenness than any further legislation at the present time. While the cases we already have before the courts are not prosecuted, how are we to obtain prosecution of the still larger number of arrests under sterner laws? While our police officers are discouraged from arresting the well-known drinkers and abusive men at present reported to them, what will strengthen their wills when twice the number of lawbreakers are pointed out to them.

It does not appear to be legislation that is needed just now, but "a little plain religion" among our people.

MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS.

With the September number of "Godey's Lady's Book" comes a shower of good things. We felt when we opened the magazine we could not close its pages until all had been read. The opening illustrations, "Catch it Quick," cannot fail to attract young and old, while all the fair sex will be delighted with numerous colored and black fashion pages and work designs. The opening story, (illustrated) "A Dude's Undoing," by Dulcie Weir, will teach a favorable lesson to the fashionable world. "At Heatherhill," by Cornelia Redmond, is a good story. "A Model American Girl," by David Lowry, gives us some strange glimpses into Washington society. "A Summer Butterfly," by Marian C. L. Reeves, is a bright little spot for a summer day's reading. "A Fair Decision," by J. E. L. The continuation of "A Woman's Way," by Elsie Snow, and the sequel of "Self Betrayed," by Anna M. Ford, are both full of interest. "Ashes of Violets," by Ada Marie Peck. A humorous article "How our Ancestors Cooked, or What the first settler ate," by Arthur dudley Vinton. "The Beautiful Home Club," numerous good pieces of poetry, articles upon home comfort, recipes, work table, foreign gossip and fashion articles, complete an exceptionally good number.

Five Harvest Excursions.

The annual harvest excursions of the Northern Pacific railroad will occur on Aug. 6th and 20th, Sept. 10th and 24th and Oct. 8th, when round trip tickets to western points will be sold very cheap. For full information address or inquire of D. M. Baldwin, Agent Wahpeton.

A Drifting Straw.

Democratic papers try to make capital out of the fact that some distant relatives of President Harrison have proved worthy of being appointed to office. If the president cannot trust and appoint his own relatives whose relatives shall be appoint.—[Aberdeen News.

It is not, perhaps, that the Democratic papers find fault with this republican practice, so much as it is simply calling attention to the fact that with the latter, public office is not only a private snap but that to fully develop the idea and to show that republicanism means dollars and cents to the men wielding it, its first representative of the land installs all of his relatives, now some thirteen of them, into fat positions. If that doesn't prove that "public office is a private snap" with the president, we do not know what would.

COST OF PROHIBITION.

Ruinous Tax Rates---Values Destroyed---Costs Increased---Facts that Voters Must Face.

Facts are the most convincing arguments. The following statement of the exhorbitant rates of taxation existing in prohibition states prove that prohibition does increase taxes.

Taxes in Sioux City, Iowa, have increased 113 per cent. under prohibition. The tax rate in Burlington, Iowa, is over 53 mills on the dollar. The tax rate in Council Bluffs, Iowa is 80 mills on the dollar. The rate of taxes in Des Moines, Iowa, has reached 62 mills on the dollar. The tax rate in Ottumwa, Iowa, is 44 mills on the dollar. The tax rate in Lawrence, Kansas, is over 56 mills on the dollar. The tax rate in Topeka, Kansas, is over 42 mills on the dollar. The people of Wichita, Kansas, pay 25 mills on the dollar. Taxes in Atchison, Kansas, have reached 57 mills on the dollar. The tax rate in Marysville, Kansas, is 65 mills on the dollar. The rate before prohibition was 25 mills. Property has depreciated 30 per cent. The average tax rate in Kansas towns is over 40 mills. Taxes in Atlanta, Ga., increased 40 per cent. during the first year of prohibition, and the city was forced to sell $90,000 of gas stock to pay expenses.

While these high rates prevail in prohibition states, in neighboring high license states the rates are less than one-third as high. Kansas City, Missouri, for instance, pays abont 14 mills on the dollar. This indisputably proves that prohibition increases taxes.

Under prohibition the towns, counties and state of Pennsylvania would lose millions of revenue. This means an increase in general taxes to make up the deficiency.

There were 1700 building unoccupied in the city of Des Moines, Iowa, in June, 1887. Store-houses are now offered for rent at one-half the rentals obtained for them before prohibition. 64 large brick store-houses in the center of the city are unoccupied.

The loss to Iowa from prohibition is estimated at $10,000,000 per year.

Rents in Atlanta, Ga., declined, under prohibition, 15 to 60 per cent. Two hundred stores and nine hundred residences stood empty. Under license this has changed.

The cost of conducting the criminal courts in Iowa increased from $384,000 in 1883 under license, to $452.000 in 1886, under prohibition. This does not look much like the reduction in expenses, which the prohibitionists say would follow the adoption of their law.

Only two states in the Union have ever lost population; they were prohibition states. All states, without exception, which have adopted prohibition, have increased in population slower after they adopted the law than they did before, and have increased faster after they repealed the law than they did while it was in force. All states, also, which have adopted prohibition, have increased in population less rapidly than similarly situated states under license. —[Census Reports.

Gautier de la St. Croix, agent of a London syndicate, was in Hillsboro, Tuesday, for the purpose of securing Red River valley wheat, to be shipped direct to Liverpool.—[Hillsboro Press.

Can this plan be made an entering wedge to a revolution in the present manner of marketing American wheat.

The Jamestown Capital, official organ of the Farmers Alliance of Dakota, says to the Con. Con:

You were not sent there to barter and trade your constituents in a capital location deal. No man who votes to fasten that imposition upon the people should ever hereafter be elected to a position of trust in North Dakota. Let the mark of Cain be put upon him and the fate of Judas await him. It should be remembered that the people who will do the voting this fall are not so anxious for statehood as to submit to gross imposition. The first constitution of the State of Wisconsin was rejected.

Peterson for September is already on our table. The steel engraving, "Pick a Back" is a charming picture; the wood illustration, "The Young Family," is exceedingly pretty. The illustrated article gives prvariety of head dresses and costumes describing them in a charming way. Miss Bowman's serial, "In St. Tammany Parish," ends most touchingly, while the other continued story, "Ted and I," ends in as sprightly a manner as it commenced. The short stories are expectionally good and the fashion and household notes are as complete as ever. The "Talk by a Trained Nurse," gives useful and much needed directions for "Lifting and Moving a Helpless Person." Altogether this number thoroughly maintains "Peterson's high reputation. Terms, two dollars a year. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Foreign Wheat Yields.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—[Special]—The department of agriculture has late advices indicating that the wheat crop of India is about 50,000,000 bushels below the average, so that India will export little, if any, this year. The Russian wheat crop is 15 per cent short and Austria-Hungary 25 per cent short. This leads to the belief that prices will be unusually good for our surplus, which is now estimated a 100,000,000 bushels.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.—Land Office at Watertown, Dak., Aug. 12, 1889.—Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at this office, on Nov. 22, 1889, viz: John White, under his pre-emption D. S. No. for the sw¼ section 1, in township 129 N., range 50 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: John McGuir, Cornelius Shea, Jerry Shea and John Early, all of Wahpeton, Richland county, Dakota.

C. G. MILLER, Register.
SKUSE & MORRILL, Attorneys, Fargo, Dak.
First pub. Aug. 15, 1889.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.—Land Office at Watertown, Dak., Aug. 12, 1889.—Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at this office, on Nov. 23, 1889, viz: Michael Saul, under his pre-emption D. S. No. for the ne¼ section 1, in township 129 N., range 50 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz; John McGuire, Cornelius Shea, Jerry Shea and John Early all of Wahpeton, Richland Co., Dak.

C. G. MILLER, Register.
SKUSE & MORRILL, Attys., Fargo, Dak.
[First pub. Aug. 15, 1889.]

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION—LAND OFFICE at Watertown, Dak., Aug. 12, 1889.—Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at this office, on Oct. 7, 1889, viz: David Johnson, under his pre-emption D. S. No. 9879. nw¼ Section 29, Township 129 N. Range 48 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: J. R. Grimesey, Isaac I. Lewis, Silas Burgor and Henry Burgor, all of DeVille, Richland Co., Dakota.

C. G. MILLER, Register,
SKUSE & MORRILL, Attys. Fargo, Dakota.
[First pub. Aug. 15th, 1889.]

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., August 8, 1889.—Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final commuted proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before John Shippam, Judge and ex-officio clerk of the Probate Court of Richland county, at Wahpeton, D. T., on Thursday, September 26th, 1889, viz: Bertha Brendel, H. E. No. 16853 for the e½ se¼ section 23, Township 131 north, of range 49 west and names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: W P Adams, Nettie Adams, Louis Brendel, William Bohn, all of Wahpeton P O, Richland county, D. T.

MICHAEL F. BATTELLE, Register.
S. H. SNYDER, Attorney.
[First pub. Aug 15, 1889.]

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION—Land Office at Watertown, D. T., August 20, 1889.—Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before John Shippam, judge and ex-officio clerk of the probate court of Richland county, at Wahpeton, D. T., on October 9th, 1889, viz: John C. Coates, D. S. No. 17277 for the w½ sw¼ section 28, town 129, N., range 47 W., and names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Ole Larson, Hans Swanson, James Chilson, Stephen Henderson, all of Fairmount, Richland county, D. T.

C. G. MILLER, Register.
(First publication, Aug. 22, 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 debt 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.)

FOR SALE.

One twelve horse power threshing engine, cheap. In good repair, ready for work.

D. F. & L. Co., Dwight, Dak.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION—Land Office at Fargo, August 19th, 1889.—Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before John Shippam, judge of the probate court of Richland county, at Wahpeton, D. T., on Monday, October 7th, 1886, viz: William Mathias, H. E. No. 12837 for the southeast quarter section 30, town 135 north, range 49 west, and names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: H. E. Crandall, Sr., E. H. Berg, Lars E. Anderson, Iver Skare, all of Colfax, Richland county, D. T.

MICHAEL F. BATTELLE, Register.
R. N. IRE, Agent.
(First publication Aug. 22, 1889.)

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., August 21st, 1889.—Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make five year final proof in support of his claim and secure final entry thereof, viz: Nicholas Warner, H. E. 13716 for the east half northeast quarter of section 23, town 131 north, range 49 west and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Fred Stoltenow, Louis Brendel, Charles Stoltenow, Martin Kuboski, all of Hankinson, Richland county, D. T. The testimony will be taken before Wm. B. McConnel, judge of the district court, or in his absence before J. W. Cope, clerk of the district court, at his office in Wahpeton, D. T., on Wednesday, the 9th day of October, 1889. MICHAEL F. BATTELLE, Register.

JOHN SHIPPAM, Agent.
First publication Aug. 22, 1889.

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, County of Richland. } ss.
—In Probate Court.—

In the matter of the Estate of George Lawrence, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Louisa Lawrence has filed with the Judge of this court, a petition praying for letters of administration of the estate of George Lawrence, deceased, and that Thursday, the 3rd day of October, 1889 at 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, being a day of a special term of this court, to-wit: of the October special term, 1889, at the office of the Judge of Probate, in the city of Wahpeton, county of Richland, D. T. has been set for hearing said petition, at which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and show cause why said petition should not be granted.

Dated at Wahpeton this 29nd day of August, A. D. 1889.

JOHN SHIPPAM,
[SEAL] Judge of the Probate Court.
(First pub. Aug. 22d, 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 sw¼ 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 (sw¼) 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.]

"Matilda and I are Goin'."

"I've jus' got a letter Matilda
From our old Friend Tom, You Know,
He wants us to come to Milwaukee
To attend the Encampment show.

You know Matilda, ol' Tom and me
Fought side by side in the battle,
And he was always a smilin'
When the bullets began to rattle.

We both fit side by side
Thro' the long and bloody war,
And now we're goin' to meet again
With the loyal G. A. R.

That's one thing certain, Matilda,
You know I've always said
If old Tom and me ever met
We'd paint Milwaukee red.

We'll give her a coat of vermillion,
'Tis a color I've long admired,
And we'll whoop her up for the American Flag,
'Till we both get awfully tired.

Milwaukee's a beautiful city,
We'll have a glorious time,
An' the ride will be par excellence
On the Wisconsin Central Line."

A pamphlet containing valuable information for those who intend visiting Milwaukee during the G. A. R. meeting, can be obtained free upon application to, LOUIS ECKSTEIN,
Ass't Gen'l Passr. & Tkt. Agent, wisconsin Central. Milwaukee, Wisconsin,