

J. H. NOBLE,
Painter and Paper Hanger,
SHOP ON DAKOTA AVENUE,
Between Second and Third Sts.,
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
Wahpeton, . . . Dakota

No. 22.

The Story of Brian O'Lyn.

Cow Taken Up.
Light red cow with line back and

For your flannels go to the
Chicago store.

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

Goods arriving daily by car loads

Five Harvest Excursions.
The annual harvest excursions of the Northern Pacific railroad will

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, apply to the nearest agent of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Before buying your fall bill call at the Chicago store, and get

Dr. Moody.
Geo. E. Moody, veterinary surgeon, says that THE TIMES may

state that he has severed his connection with Dr. Mottes and will carry on a general line of veterinary work on his own account in the future. His office is at the old

quarters, Michael Schnitt's hotel.
Consultation free.

When you are ready to buy your
fall goods, don't forget to call and

get prices, and see the mammoth stock the Chicago offers. 22

CLOSING OUT SALE.

As we are going out of the implement business we will sell our stock of farm implements, such as wagons, silky plows, gang plows, walking plows, coulters and coulters repairs.

larrows, 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.

The Chicago store is filled clear to the top and running over with new goods at prices cheaper than anywhere west of New York. 92

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.

One hundred and one different styles of ladies and childrens cloaks at the Chicago store, to be sold at prices never heard of here before. 22

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 received by the undersigned until

be received by the undersigned until 1 o'clock p. m. Tuesday, the 10th day of September, 1889. School board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. Plans and speci-

Mooreton and C. Olson of Dwight.
NEIL CAMPBELL,
18-4 School Township Clerk.

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.

Globe: The good Wyanah

Globe. The good wanamaker modestly underestimated the ability of the administration when he said: "We can't turn out more officeholders than the Democrats did."

In his own department there have been 15,000 removals, by force or suggestion, to less than 5,000 in the same time under Mr. Cleveland. The president, in his personal

The Hon. W. M. Springer has written to Mr. Ryan, chairman of

the Democratic central committee, that he expects to pass through Fargo next Tuesday morning on his way west and that he will return in time to attend the D.

turn in time to attend the Democratic state convention here next Thursday. Mr. Springer is entitled to a royal reception from the citizens of Dakota and will undoubtedly

ly be cordially welcomed in Fargo,
and by the convention.--[Fargo
Sun.

HENRY MILLER,
Agent for Richland Co., Dakota and Wilkin Co.
Minnesota.

The rustling of the wings thou hearest near
Are not great Love's wide pinions fringed
With fire.
Nor that soft air that stirs thy soul with
feet
Aught but the tingling breath of Vague De-
sires.
The wings of him who stands betwixt us
twain;
Mock with their wanness Love's bright hues
in vain.

Thou canst not take Love's name in vain,
or lay
Aught but this univided burning heart
Upon his shrine, lest even the air should
stay
Thy hand, and into warning whispers start:
Mar not this moment's awe-remembered
grace
To set a stain of earth upon its face;

Alas, how heavenly fair this spot would be
If but loved!—This overhanging cave
Life's long sought haven, with the murren-
ing sea
Reflects a smile of God in every wave:
Yet we, wrapt in night shadows still do stay
Hopeless upon the outskirts of the day!

A ROMANCE.

By Lieut. J. Dark Chandler in National
Tribune.

A few years ago Mrs. James Bellis, an aged and much-esteemed resident of the neighborhood of Bethlehem, in the upper end of Warren County, related to the writer the following particulars regarding an eccentric character well known in that section up to the time of his death, in the Winter of 1855.

Bethlehem is a pretty little cross-roads country village of about a dozen houses, with the usual store, blacksmith-shop and tavern, nestling under the eastern slope of the Musconetcong Mountains. It is very old, very quiet, and has never been distinguished for anything except a strict attention to its own business. In the pleasant and luxuriant agricultural valley south of and in sight of the one church steeple of this peacefully obscure village Mary Armitage was born in 1835, and lived until her marriage with James Bellis, in 1857. In telling her little story, the only romance of her life, as she called it, Mrs. Bellis said:

"I think I began to hear about John Mackey about the same time that I began to notice a vague and hazy distinction between good and evil. He was then held up before me as a terror on the not infrequent occasions when I misbehaved. Finding that he utterly failed to put in an appearance on the frequent occasions when mother or my maiden aunt, Isabel, would go to the door and call out in an awful voice:

"Here, John Mackey; come and take this bad girl."

"I gradually lost faith in John Mackey as a bogey. As I grew a little older and able to carry my misdoings farther afield, my father used to supplement my mother's mild reproof by saying sternly:

"Little gal, if you don't stop paddling down yonder in the creek, and stop straggling around on the mountain, Hog Mackey will get you some of these days, sure."

"As this calamity never eventuated, I came to the conclusion that Hog Mackey had lost his taste for little girls, and I persisted in my small mischiefs with great peace and contentment. Finally, having outgrown my regard for childish scarecrows at an early age, the time came when I heard only of John Mackey, when father came home in the Spring with a dozen beautiful little white pigs in the wagon, which I was told he had bought from Hog Mackey, or in the Fall when the farm hands, with the big wagon, and father on horseback, started into the mountain early in the morning and did not return until the next day, when the wagon would be full of dead and dressed hogs that were sent on to Easton market, and I learned they had been up helping Hog Mackey kill his pigs."

"The Musconetcong Mountain is the best place in Warren County for chestnuts and hickory-nuts. From the time I first began to have teeth and, in fact, ever since, I have been an ardent lover of every nut that grows in the forests."

"As long as there was a nut to be found in the woods, that was the best place to look for me after I had attained an age and size that admitted of my going out of sight of the house. The foot of the mountain was not more than half a mile away, and before I was eight years old I was familiar with every tree, bush and rock along the eastern foothills and for a mile up the rugged sides of Musconetcong."

"It was when I was about 10 years old that an event occurred which came near cutting this story short, and at the same time made me acquainted with John Mackey. My father and some men in the height of the nutting-time were out on the foot of the mountain cutting and framing timber for a new barn. I begged so hard that after dinner I was allowed to go out with them to pick nuts, under heavy verbal bonds that I was on no account to go out of hearing of the axes of the workers."

"The nuts were plentiful and I gathered a basketful, which I carried and set down by father's coat on a stump. Then I remembered a tree that bore particularly big hickory-nuts, and concluded that I wanted some. On reaching the tree I found that none had fallen. Then I resolved to search further, feeling sure there must be more trees of the same family. I had wandered around for some time with more or less success, a size, my apron full of nuts of all kind when my obligation not to go out of hearing of the axes occurred to me. I stopped and listened, but not a sound was to be heard, save the occasional fall of a fat nut, and the querulous bark of a squirrel. Then I noticed that I was in a part of the mountain entirely strange to me."

"This gave me little trouble. I knew that if I turned my back to the sun and walked on I must come to the valley. I looked for the sun and found that it was not only pretty low down, but it did not seem to be in the right place. I turned my back to it and marched off, whistling contentedly. I found I was going up the hill, but concluded I had crossed some of the little hills without noticing them, and kept on, and on, and on, until I grew tired, and still I was going up, up, up, but the sun was at my back, and I knew I could not be wrong. My nuts grew so heavy that I made a little pen of stones at the foot of a big tree and poured them in, intending to come after them the next day."

"Then I wandered on again until it began to grow dark, for the sun had gone down. I could not understand why I could not get over that hill and begin going down into the valley. I listened, but there was not a sound. My limbs ached so that I could hardly drag them along, and I was getting very hungry. It was now so dark that I could not see any distance in front me. Then it occurred to me to call out, and I screamed 'Father!' at the top of my small voice, just once. I did not do it any more, for my voice sounded so loud that it scared me, it made such a noise in the awful silence."

"Utterly terrified, I dropped down at the foot of a treep upon some leaves, and must have went to sleep immediately. Once during the night I awoke, and feeling very cold I got up and walked around awhile in the dark. 'I'm lost because it is so dark,' I said to myself; 'but I will find the place when daylight comes.' Then I said my prayers and laid down again. I seemed to have no fear, but I was very angry at myself because I could not find the way."

"When I opened my eyes again the sun was shining on the other side of me from where it ought to be, and I was just one great pain all over me, and oh! so hungry! I at once began to crawl about and look for nuts, but there were none there. Directly I was able to use my feet, though they were awfully sore. Then I searched further, but not a nut could I find. The trees were all gum and beech, and everything, but nut-bearers. Then I cried for the first time, not so much because I was hungry as because I had been dunced enough to part with my apronful of nuts. I now forgot all about being lost in my search for nuts, and looked a long time for the place where I had left my apronful the night before. I had now lost all idea of the direction, because I had lost confidence in the sun. It was always on the wrong side. At last I came to a little hollow and a tiny spring. Here I got a drink, and felt much better. My limbs did not hurt me so much. Then I found some acorns and sat down to eat them, and while doing so went to sleep. When I awoke it was night again, and my feet and limbs hurt worse than before. I wondered how a day could be so short, but said to myself, 'I must really go home. Mamma will worry about me.'

"I tottered on again the best I could, and in a few minutes I began to see lights, and suddenly I was in a big garden just like our own, with the house at the upper end. I started to run up the porch steps and fell. Down, down, down I went a fearful distance, and hit my head against something. For a moment I realized that I was still in the wood; then for a time I knew nothing."

"The next sensation I had was that of flying through the air at a great speed. My eyes were open, and I could see the rocks and trees flying past me, and I knew that a man of terrible height and awful long legs was running away with me."

"Hog Mackey has got meat-lust," I said to myself; but I must have said it aloud, for at once a loud roaring, panting voice answered: "Yes, Hog Mackey has got you at last."

"And when I awoke again I was coughing and strangling and crying, and my throat was on fire. I could dimly see before me, where I lay on a bed, an old man sitting, holding a bottle in one hand and a spoon in the other, and big tears were running down his face. After I had coughed and strangled a little more, and got hold of my apron and wiped my tears away, I looked at the old man again."

"What are you crying for?" "He put away the bottle and spoon, and wiped his eyes with the back of his hands, and said:

"I'm not crying; it's only sweat."

"Old man, you shouldn't lie," I remarked, for I felt concerned about him. He only gave a kind of deprecatory grunt and started at me.

"Are you Hog Mackey?" I asked.

"Yes, I'm Hog Mackey."

"Are you going to eat me?"

"No," he said calmly; 'little girls are out of season now; and, besides, I think you have more need to eat somebody or something yourself.'

"I am right hungry," I candidly admitted. "With that he hurriedly brought me a gourd, full of milk, which he thrust into my hands and was rushing after something else, when I dropped it on the floor, being too weak to manage it. He quickly filled the gourd again and held it for me while I drank. Then he softened bread in the milk and gave me. As soon as my hunger was a little satisfied, he ran out of the house and hallooed with all his might. Then he came in, cut a slice of ham and put it on a gridiron to broil in the open fireplace, where there was no fire. Then he ran out and hallooed again. Then he came in and threw the gridiron across the room and grabbed down his gun from off some hooks, and went in and shot it off. After this he built a fire and cooked his ham and made some coffee, and fed me with them stopping every minute to go out and halloo and fire off his gun. Once in a while he would exclaim:

"Confound them! If I didn't want anybody there would be a dozen poking about."

"After I had been fed a half dozen times, and had my face and hands washed as though I was a baby, and had been nearly strangled again with raw whiskey, it occurred to him to ask me how I felt. I told him I felt pretty good, only I couldn't move."

"Could you bear to be carried?" he asked.

"I said I thought I could. Then he filled a bottle with milk, which he put in one coat-pocket, and in the other he put a lot of bread and ham. Then he brought a sheet, which he folded like a shawl, and placing me on it tied me up as though I had been a bundle. Then he put his hand through the loop of the sheet, raised me in his arms, locked the door of his house, and started to carry me the five miles to my home. It must have been terrible hard work, for I was a stout, heavy girl for my age, and he was an old man who did not look strong. By sitting down to rest frequently he bore me along, however, until we came down the mountain road to where our house could be seen in the valley. Here he set down and called again with all his voice, but there was no one at our house to hear him, and he toiled on with his burden until he had me at home and laid on my mother's bed."

"He then, after resting a few minutes, took the long tin dinner-horn and blew a blast which must have awoke all the mountain echoes. He also took father's gun out and fired it off, to call home not only my own folks but the people of all the neighborhood for miles around, who had been out on the mountain hunting for me."

"The folks all came rushing home, and a terrible fuss they made. Mother and aunt promptly washed me all over in hot water, gave me a dose of some kind of horrible weed tea, crying and scolding all the time, till they had me in bed, and tucked up in a blanket so tight that I could do nothing but sweat; and they were so busy over Hog Mackey and something he seemed to have done. Everybody was trying to feed him and give him drinks all at once, and he seemed not to mind much until Aunt Isabel put her arms around his neck and wanted to give him a drink of my weed tea. Then he got up and looked a little scared, as he said, quietly but firmly:

"Good folks, you all being willing, I guess I'll go home."

"Father insisted upon taking him in the carriage, and at last he consented. Before going he said:

"I'd like to look at the little girl who thought I might eat her out of season."

"Then he came into mother's room, and after looking all around to see that no one was looking, he suddenly bent over me and kissed me. Then saying 'Don't tell, little girl,' he went away."

"Of course I was soon about and as well as ever; but I had lost a great deal of my interest in Musconetcong Mountain, except so far as John Mackey was concerned. The first useful work I ever did was to knit him some warm woolen stockings and mittens and take them to him. It was not long before I learned all of his history that was to be learned."

He had, it was understood, been an officer in the Federal army during the war of 1812, and at its close he returned to his home in Brooklyn. In 1815 he disappeared from his home, which was with a brother, who died in 1820. In 1817 or 1818 he appeared in Bethlehem on horseback, carrying only a valise containing a few clothes. Away up on the side of the Musconetcong Mountain, just after the Revolution, a man named Croft had built a house upon a section of Government land which he patented with a soldier's right. He cleared about 30 acres, but found it too stony as to be worthless for farm land, and being disappointed in not finding the iron he expected to be abandoned the place because he could not sell it. Mackey found this place, and, hunting up the heirs of Croft, bought it for a song. In this way he became the owner of a tolerably fair house and 360 acres of about the most undesirable land in Warren County. After furnishing his house and procuring a cow, his last purchase was a half dozen choice Pennsylvania hogs."

"He now settled down, after letting it be known that he had no particular desire to be sociable, but he wanted no woman ever to come into his house or set foot on his place. His life of seclusion soon gave him the appearance and reputation of a hermit. His only business and ostensible means of living was in his pigs. It soon became widely known Mackey, on Musconetcong Mountain, sold the best breed of pigs in the country; hence he got the name of Hog Mackey. His life was perfectly homeless. His only eccentricities were that he visited nowhere, spoke to no one unless it was absolutely necessary, and would allow no woman to enter his house."

"Every Christmas until I was 15 years of age, I sent him a remembrance of socks and mittens, to which mother added table delicacies. I was then away for three years at school, and one of the first things I heard was that John Mackey—I would allow no one to call him Hog Mackey in my presence—had been sick and had asked for me. He did not say he wanted to see me. He only asked the doctor where I was. The very next morning I saddled a horse and rode to his house. Without knocking I pushed open the door and walked in. He was still quite feeble, and sat in a chair by the fire. The moment he saw me he exclaimed:

"Go away, woman! Have you no more sense than to rush into a man's house that way?"

"I'm no woman," I replied; 'I'm only the little girl you wouldn't eat out of season!'

"God bless me!" he exclaimed; 'you don't look as though you had been out lost on the mountain for two days and nights lately!'

"I told him I had not, and did not particularly want to be again. Then I went to work fixing up his room and preparing him something good to eat. He remonstrated with me first, then he ordered me out of the house, and swore at me; to all of which I paid no attention whatever, but worked and talked away cheerfully until he subsided into a kind of despairing apathy that I could have laughed at in any other person. After that I went to John Mackey's house when I pleased, and he got used to me, but not another woman would let him in. My visits were altogether directed to making his house cleaner and more comfortable, and

there was very little talk between us. He recovered, and all went on well until, on one very stormy night in the Winter of 1855, a neighbor who had come across the mountain and stopped at Mackey's to get warm, came and told me that John wanted to see my father and myself that night, as he was very sick. It was past midnight when we reached the lonely house. He was very sick indeed. He had taken pleurisy, and the doctor had told him there was no hope. He did not know me at first, but talked wildly about phases of his life of which we knew nothing. Toward morning his delirium passed off and he recognized me."

"I knew you would come. Poor little girl; I can't eat you, however. Little girls are not in season. But up there—and he raised a wan and trembling hand heavenward—where I am going, little girls like you will always be in season; for you have brightened the last hour of an unhappy life!"

"Thus he passed away, and after he had been laid to rest in the church cemetery my father told me that I was a comparatively rich woman, for John Mackey had left me all he possessed, the existence of much of which was unknown until his will was found in an old chest along with every stocking and mitten I had ever knitted for him. From that hour to this I can never see or hear of a sad-souled being treading life's pathway silent and alone without a tear of regret for poor John Mackey, who couldn't eat little girls out of season."

The Jester.

There has probably never been any greater degradation of genius, nor many nights better able to make gods and men weep, than the old employee of the court jester. After the custom of having a court fool had held sway during many reigns, the fool gradually ceased to be the dwarf or imbecile who had an object of general ribaldry in the beginning, and became some one superior in intellect, if not in person, to most of those about him; a man very frequently of undoubted genius, not great or masterful or well born enough possibly to direct the course of empire or be the crown's minister, in an age, too, of warriors, but often fully capable of understanding and criticizing the details of statecraft, a man of undaunted courage, and of the readiest wit and the sharpest tongue, yet he was put in motley, a jerk-in buttoned down the back, his head shorn, and a parti-colored cap with bells and an ass's ears and a cock's comb on it, a stick strung with bells and called a baul placed in his hand, and thus made a mockery of already, he was further rendered subject to the insolence of every silly courtier or page who, as the saying goes, did not know so much in his whole life as the other forgot in a night."

Gradually, however, from this low beginning, the court fool became a personage whose powers of entertainment made him valued as any great comedian is now by those that can command him; his repartee ceased to be of the ruder and grosser kind, but was a refined and amusing pleasantry, caustic and pungent very likely, whence he became a person to be feared and appeased, while often he was a creature of pure wit and infinite jest. With the advance of civilization, and the opening of the press to the people, this class of mind found its opportunity in print, and the court fool ceased to exist.—Harper's Bazar.

A Remarkable Dream.

Belief in dreams has received new adherents in Lincoln county, Me., owing to some strange circumstances attending the finding of the body of Elbridge Call. The account is given by The Bath Times as follows: For three or four days three or four hundred people had been diligently scouring the woods and examining the ponds in the vicinity, when a brother-in-law of the missing man in whose care Call's motherless child had been left, dreamed that he had found the body of Call drowned under a bridge. After telling his wife and others of his dream he started to follow down a creek not far from his farm, over which his dream had located a bridge. Upon arriving in Dresden he sought his intimate friend and brother-in-law, Mr. Bowman Myers, and they both made their way to the little stream from a directly contrary direction from Call's home, and under the old country road stone bridge, so old that old people say it was built before their time, they found the body."

A Hairless Horse.

A very interesting equine curiosity, in the shape of a horse absolutely without hair, arrived on the Alameda from Australia on Saturday last, says the San Francisco Call. It was exhibited to a few connoisseurs in horsemanship yesterday by the owner, R. A. Cunningham. The horse, or rather the mare, for it belongs to the latter gender, is a pronounced phenomenon. Her skin is black and as smooth and as fine as that of a human being. She stands a little over 15 hands high, and is about seven years old. It would be difficult to find a handsomer or more shapely animal. She looks well bred and is strongly developed. In action the movement of every muscle is perfectly discernible by reason of the animals utter nakedness. Were it not for her abnormal appearance the mare would make a most excellent carriage horse. Anything more peculiar than the appearance of this beast, with her smooth shiny skin, black as ebony, attempting to whisk from her back, with a hairless, stumpy tail the flies clustering there, it is impossible to conceive. The softness and smoothness of every portion of her anatomy, even where the mane ought to be found, precludes the idea that the hair has been gotten rid of artificially, as by shaving. The black-leading process, which has not infrequently been used in the preparation of freaks of this character, has not been resorted to here. Viewed from behind, something in the make of the animal's back suggests the elephant. Mr. Cunningham purchased the mare in Eschus, Victoria, from a farmer, who utilized her as a buggy horse. She was driven every day a distance of ten miles, her tender skin being protected by rugs and blankets."

Mountain Railway.

The mountain railway to the summit of Mount Pilatus has been successfully inaugurated, having an incline twice that of the Right line, namely 48 in 100. The ascent of 8,000 feet is accomplished in 1 hour and 40 minutes."

Office-seekers say that the coolest place they can find in Washington is the White House. There is where so many of the met the "cold shoulder."—Norriston wa Har.

There is a movement in Canada to abolish the wearing of black for mourning."

Some people who are fond of comparing modern with early civilization profess to find no evidence that the world has advanced. But they are either ignorant or purposely keep out of view conspicuous facts bearing upon the question. While the ancients had the philosophy of Plato, which one can conceive might be preferred to the utilitarianism of Bacon that dominates humanity to-day, they lived and died without having attained the degree of development in the evolution of the moral and physical leaning to the eternal verity, as now demonstrated, that the perfect man is a muscular person, with little flesh and no brains, and under the autocratic control of the fighting instinct. The Romans, had, it is true, a good type of man, flat-headed and full-chested, and whose prodigious muscles made his arm resemble a topographical map of Northern Italy. He was a fighter, a gladiator, but what of his art? He was wholly deficient in fisticuffs, which the low-grade Roman civilization condemned. With a measly blade the gladiator went into the arena to let the life out of his antagonist. It was largely a stabbing matinee and altogether a clumsy piece of business that our modern civilization would not tolerate. We want art with bloodshed. Our refined taste demands a succession of "rounds" in the ring, with no other weapons than the bare fists, and a combat is more or less a failure if one of the participants be not artistically pounded to a jelly. Herein is one vast difference between the crude ancient and the polished modern. A clean stab that ended a worthless life in a jiffy was barbarous; the process of mashing a man all out of shape for the delectation of the multitude and still allowing him to live, to be admired by the rising generation as a noble specimen of heroic, if unfortunate, manhood, is a badge of the refinement of our age. Such, no doubt, would be the verdict of an inhabitant of Mars could he read the dispatches from Louisiana, and were he to look no further into social conditions than to note the public manifestation of interest in the recent prize fight.—Cincinnati Times.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to the cultured and brotherly-loving people of Boston. But little more than twenty-four hours ago they held their heads even higher than usual, in gratified pride, when they heard the inspiring news that their most distinguished citizen, John Lawrence Sullivan, had handsomely "done up" the ambitious Baltimorean, Mr. Jacob Kilrain, who had foolishly aspired to "down" their great professor of slugging. Moreover, they had the further gratification of learning that their hero bore his honors with characteristic Boston modesty. 'I ain't a going to say nothin'," remarked Mr. Sullivan to a newspaper reporter. "Let other people talk. If I open my head it'll be said I'm a braggin' and blowin'." If there is anything a Bostonian admires more than courage it is 'umbleness."

But alas! in the midst of the glorification of Boston over the triumph of her favorite son comes a dash of disappointment. On being questioned as to his future intentions the great slugger expressed his unwillingness to again enter the prize-ring, and added that "he certainly did not intend to fight the California negro, for the reason that he considered it entirely too degrading for a white man to place himself on an equality with a negro."

Shades of Garrison, Sumner and the good Quaker, Arnold Buffum, that such words should be spoken of "a man and a brother" by the foremost and most distinguished citizen of Boston!—New York World.

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Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to the cultured and brotherly-loving people of Boston. But little more than twenty-four hours ago they held their heads even higher than usual, in gratified pride, when they heard the inspiring news that their most distinguished citizen, John Lawrence Sullivan, had handsomely "done up" the ambitious Baltimorean, Mr. Jacob Kilrain, who had foolishly aspired to "down" their great professor of slugging. Moreover, they had the further gratification of learning that their hero bore his honors with characteristic Boston modesty. 'I ain't a going to say nothin'," remarked Mr. Sullivan to a newspaper reporter. "Let other people talk. If I open my head it'll be said I'm a braggin' and blowin'." If there is anything a Bostonian admires more than courage it is 'umbleness."

But alas! in the midst of the glorification of Boston over the triumph of her favorite son comes a dash of disappointment. On being questioned as to his future intentions the great slugger expressed his unwillingness to again enter the prize-ring, and added that "he certainly did not intend to fight the California negro, for the reason that he considered it entirely too degrading for a white man to place himself on an equality with a negro."

Shades of Garrison, Sumner and the good Quaker, Arnold Buffum, that such words should be spoken of "a man and a brother" by the foremost and most distinguished citizen of Boston!—New York World.

A very interesting equine curiosity, in the shape of a horse absolutely without hair, arrived on the Alameda from Australia on Saturday last, says the San Francisco Call. It was exhibited to a few connoisseurs in horsemanship yesterday by the owner, R. A. Cunningham. The horse, or rather the mare, for it belongs to the latter gender, is a pronounced phenomenon. Her skin is black and as smooth and as fine as that of a human being. She stands a little over 15 hands high, and is about seven years old. It would be difficult to find a handsomer or more shapely animal. She looks well bred and is strongly developed. In action the movement of every muscle is perfectly discernible by reason of the animals utter nakedness. Were it not for her abnormal appearance the mare would make a most excellent carriage horse. Anything more peculiar than the appearance of this beast, with her smooth shiny skin, black as ebony, attempting to whisk from her back, with a hairless, stumpy tail the flies clustering there, it is impossible to conceive. The softness and smoothness of every portion of her anatomy, even where the mane ought to be found, precludes the idea that the hair has been gotten rid of artificially, as by shaving. The black-leading process, which has not infrequently been used in the preparation of freaks of this character, has not been resorted to here. Viewed from behind, something in the make of the animal's back suggests the elephant. Mr. Cunningham purchased the mare in Eschus, Victoria, from a farmer, who utilized her as a buggy horse. She was driven every day a distance of ten miles, her tender skin being protected by rugs and blankets."

The mountain railway to the summit of Mount Pilatus has been successfully inaugurated, having an incline twice that of the Right line, namely 48 in 100. The ascent of 8,000 feet is accomplished in 1 hour and 40 minutes."

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BIG TOM WILSON.

A Man Who Has Killed Three Hundred and Fifty-Seven Bears. Around Asheville, N. C., says a letter from that place to the Atlanta Constitution, are many interesting points, but none so highly novel as the home of Big Tom Wilson, the most noted living bear-hunter in America.

Big Tom has killed up to the present writing just 357 bears, exclusive of the cubs he has captured and killed.

He was born and raised at the foot of Black Mountain, one of the highest peaks in western North Carolina, and has been hunting bear since a mere boy.

The home of Big Tom is a small hut with stick and mud chimney at the foot of Black Mountain and on the edge of a small stream known as Caney river. There is not another house within ten miles and to any but the most experienced mountain guide the place is inaccessible, there being only one small gap through the mountains by which it is possible to reach the place, for Caney river a short distance below the hunter's mountain home is suddenly lost from view and appears above ground again miles away on the other side of the mountain.

Thus Big Tom is monarch of all he surveys.

Tom has a wife and fourteen children, all of whom live in one room of the small log cabin. But children are not the only live stock Tom has, for around his home are three large pet bears. These are his dogs or his hunting companions.

Tom is a great, burly fellow, 6 feet 4 inches tall, with broad shoulders and muscles of steel. His beard is long and black, slightly tinged with gray. His hair is as straight as an Indian's and hangs down over his shoulders. His eyebrows are long and bushy, while beneath them is as piercing a pair of gray eyes as one could imagine. He is a perfect type of the ideal mountain hunter, and a mere glance at him would indicate to the most conservative that he could grapple with and conquer, empty-handed, the most ferocious bear.

But Tom has had one tussle empty-handed and says he never wants another. As a consequence his face and body are covered with scars and one finger of his right hand is gone.

It was in the fall of 1882. He had been hunting over the mountains, and having struck no game had rested his rifle against a tree and lain down for a nap. He awoke suddenly to find a big black bear on his hind legs with the gun clutched between his paws and almost over him. Tom jumped to his feet in an instant. But the bear was equally quick, and dropping the gun made for Tom. They grappled, and, as Tom expresses it, "there was the greatest hugging match for half an hour you ever saw." Tom held his own admirably at first, but the bear bit and tore at his clothes until they were off, and then tore the flesh from his shoulders in hunks. Tom was choking the bear with his great hands of iron and the bear was hugging and tearing at his arms and shoulders. He was bleeding from a dozen different wounds and rapidly growing weak, when he stumbled upon a rock and fell, with the bear on top. His back struck something hard. It was his rifle. He hopes arose and with a great effort he turned, caught the muzzle of the rifle with one hand, pressed it against the throat of the bear, and quickly pulled the trigger with the other.

The ball crashed through the neck and brain of the bear and he fell over dead. Tom was saved, but to use his own expression he "will never tackle another bear without old trusty"—his rifle.

Tom was never known to trap a bear. He says that is taking an unfair advantage of the "critters."

Just after his single-handed experience with the bear Tom got three large ones out of one tree. He and his boys were going over the mountains unarmed. They were nine miles from his cabin and it was late in the afternoon when he spied three bears in the limbs of a chestnut tree eating the fruit. He immediately built a large fire around the trunk of the tree and sent his boy home for his rifle, while he remained to keep up the fire and prevent them from getting away.

The trip was a long and rugged one and the boy did not return until the next morning, but Big Tom kept the fire burning and watched all night. At sunrise the boy had returned and Tom got all three in that many shots.

Big Tom don't hunt as much now as he used to, but he never returns without game. The three bears he has at home he raised, having captured them while cubs. They are as obedient to his command as dogs, and always accompany him on his hunts. He says they never fail to find a bear, and as a wild one seeing them will approach he can kill them without difficulty. Two of them are scarred and bitten up quite badly, for sometimes Tom carries them out to see them fight with and kill the wild ones around the mountains. They sometimes, however, have very tough fights, and on one or two occasions Tom has been compelled, in order to save his pets, to enter the melee armed with a knife and assist them in the fight.

At home they are generally chained, but the big man's children play around them and the little ones often ride on their backs around the cabin.

Tom says he is getting old now and is going to give up hunting after next winter, but those who know him say he will never give it up until he is too old to climb the mountains. He is now apparently about 55 years of age, and perhaps the most perfect specimen of physical manhood to be found in this country.

A Year of Great Disasters.

Judged by the record of its first six months, the year 1899 bids fair to be remembered as the year of disaster all over the world. During the month of

January there were no serious railroad wrecks except the collision on the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio railroad, in which eight persons were killed and as many more seriously injured, but there were fifteen marine disasters, involving a loss of 185 lives, included among them being the steamer Paris C. Brown, which went down in the Mississippi river, costing the loss of 11 lives. February and March also were singularly free from railroad disasters, but the marine losses in February were 284, an increase of 119 over January. During the same month 20 persons lost their lives by a railroad disaster in Belgium, 13 by a wind storm in Nebraska, 23 by the terrible hotel fire in Hartford, Conn., 200 by an earthquake in Costa Rica, 13 by a cyclone in Georgia, and 11 by a powder explosion in Wilkesbarre, Pa. In March the marine losses further increased to 331, the number being swelled by the 146 sailors of the German and American war vessels who were drowned during the hurricane at the Samoan Islands.

In May the floods began their work of death and devastation. The first intelligence came from Austria and Bohemia, where 135 lives were lost. The conflagration was in the Conemaugh Valley on the last day of the month, when nearly 5,000 persons perished and \$10,000,000 worth of property was destroyed. The month was characterized by a frightful series of disasters. Thirty persons were killed by an accident on the Pennsylvania road at Latrobe; 70 by a railroad disaster at Armagh, Ireland; 1,200 by a fire in Mexico; 70 by a mine disaster in Austria, and 70 by a cyclone in Cuba. July well keeps up the record with railroad, mine and storm disasters. Altogether during the first six months of the year nearly 15,000 lives were lost in disasters of all kinds. Besides the loss of property involved in these disasters there have been swept away property amounting to over \$70,000,000 in value in the United States. It adds to the mournful record of the six months that suicides, murders, hangings, lynchings, and crimes of all kinds have also shown a marked increase over the corresponding period for many years past.—Chicago Tribune.

A Leprous Princess in Paris.

The London leper has caused quite a scare, I have no doubt that there has always been lots of leprosy in the world, but that we know nothing about it, because the doctors give it a fine Greek name. Why not translate all the new Greek names of diseases into graphic English? If there was a descriptive name that we could understand for every malady, a long step would be taken towards curing them. What meaning for instance, does the word *eczema* convey to the unlearned mind? Whenever I hear doctors giving evidence to a jury, I feel as if they were talking in a foreign language, which nobody but themselves can understand. It would perhaps startle the world to hear that the Prince of Wales' leper could find his match in a palace in this city, where there is a leper high and mighty from a hereditary standpoint. She is on kissing terms with our royalties. This illustrious person has been nearly twenty years attacked with the disease, which is kept in subjection by careful daily treatment. I never heard that she had given it to any one. There is, however, no doubt whatever as to the nature of her affection. They say that the primary cause of leprosy in her case was the consanguine marriages of her ancestors.—Paris Letter to London Truth.

Wealthy Women in Plain Attire.

Some of the richest women are the least extravagant in their clothes, as is the case, for example, with old Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, who does not spend above \$10,000 a year, and the late Mrs. Gould not so much. Nelly Gould, who will inherit \$15,000,000 or \$20,000,000 and already has an income of \$40,000 a year, spends about \$2,500 in dress. The late Mrs. A. T. Stewart was a fortune to the dressmakers, who put away \$8,000 or \$10,000 a year on her fur-brothers. When she died and an inventory of her effects was taken her great white mausoleum of a house on Fifth avenue was found to be overrun with the most marvellous amount of clothes, lace, furs, bonnets and jewels, most of them very youthful in appearance, though she was over seventy years of age. Mrs. Astor dresses with a solemn, handsome expensiveness at the cost of \$4,000 or \$5,000 a year, and all of the younger Vanderbilt women spend a great deal of money on their clothes. Mrs. George Gould, who was Edith Kington, the actress, and who has been the quietest and most careful of women since her marriage, spends money like water when it comes to a question of clothes, and must put a good \$10,000 a year in the hands of the dressmakers. Her dressmaker, by the way, is a woman who has a good deal of social position, but who, when financial misfortunes came, followed the example of Englishwomen of rank have set of late years, and went into the milliner's business.—New York Letter to Chicago News.

Why He Wished His Paper Stopped.

I happened to be in the office of the Mercantile Review and Live Stock Journal on Wednesday last to hear one of the best reasons ever given for stopping a newspaper. A German boy entered, removed his hat, and asked: "Is Mr. Vespider in?" "He is," replied Charles H. Webster, looking up from a mass of tissue live-stock reports which he was winnowing. "Well, Mister Bitters don't want to take too much paper no more. He vas dead last night already." The name of the late Mr. Bitters, a cattle-dealer, was duly erased from the delivery sheet.—Buffalo Truth.

A Confidential Interview.

Newspaper Man.—But I thought your organization repudiated assassination! Agitator.—So it does—after the objectionable persons have been removed.—Puck.

FRISKY DUKE ALEXIS.

The Gay Young Man Deprived of His Office, Shorn of His Honors and Banished to Siberia's Eastern Port.

St. Petersburg correspondence of the Chicago Herald: The Grand Duke Alexis, deprived of his office of lord high admiral of the fleet and shorn of most of his honors, is now on his way to Vladivostok, the eastern seaport of Siberia, where he will reside until his brother, the czar, sees fit to recall him from his dreary exile. The Duke Eugene of Leuchtenberg, likewise banished from the Russian court and capital, has sailed for a cruise of two years or more on the imperial corvette *Reunda*, and the Comtesse Zenaïde de Beauharnais, the morganatic wife of the duke of Leuchtenberg, has been given "permission" to reside abroad for an indefinite period. The people here talk with bated breath of the scandal which has led to the sudden disgrace of the emperor's favorite brother and to the break-up of the Leuchtenberg household, and every possible effort has been taken to prevent its publication.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the lovely Comtesse de Beauharnais has been one of the primary causes of the fall of the famous General Skobelev, who died in such a mysterious manner at Moscow a few years ago, she is without exception one of the most ambitious women in the czar's dominions. Endowed with extremely fascinating beauty, supremely elegant and exceedingly clever, she experienced no difficulty in captivating, at one of the first court balls at which she was present, the Duke Eugene of Leuchtenberg, a member of the imperial family and known as one of the handsomest fools in Europe. Indeed, his stupidity has furnished the basis of innumerable ludicrous anecdotes, both here and at Moscow. The marriage took place in October, 1873, Mlle. Skobelev receiving the title of Comtesse de Beauharnais in honor of the occasion. On the return of Grand Duke Alexis, in 1880, from his visit to the United States and from his subsequent cruise, he became acquainted with his new cousin, and from that time forth, until a couple of months ago, can scarcely be said to have left her side. Wherever the lovely Zenaïde was to be seen, whether on the Neffsky Prospect in this city, in the Bois at Paris, on the Pincio at Rome, or in the Prater at Vienna, it could always be taken safely for granted that Alexis was somewhere in the immediate neighborhood. The infatuation on the part of the grand duke was of the most fervent and constant nature, for it has lasted all these years without interruption.

The comment which is caused in every capital of Europe was exceedingly painful to the czar, but as long as the husband did not see fit to interfere, or even to appear to suspect the nature of the intimacy between the two cousins, it was exceedingly difficult to intervene. General Skobelev's death was a great blow to his sister, for she had looked forward to take advantage of his fame to become not merely the left-handed but the right-handed wife of Alexis as soon as ever her present husband, the Duke Eugene had furnished a climax to his good nature and indulgence by disappearing to another sphere. Her great ambition was to become the Grand Duchess Alexis of Russia and to live in the history of her country as one of the most remarkable princesses of the imperial house.

Although the czar was much incensed against Alexis for not returning to St. Petersburg immediately after the railway catastrophe at Rorki last year, the intrigue might still have gone on for several years longer had it not been for an unfortunate occurrence which took place about two months ago at one of the leading restaurants in this city. The Grand Duke Alexis happened to be enjoying supper en tete-a-tete with Comtesse Zenaïde in one of the cabinets particuliers of the establishment after the theatre was over. By some means they were brought into contact with a party of two French actors and two actresses of the same nationality who were supping *en partie carree* in one of the adjoining rooms, and finally all sat down at the same table together. An immense amount of wine was consumed and the fun waxed fast and furious, until finally one of the French *cabolins*, in a perfect ecstasy of loyalty toward the reigning family of Russia, threw himself on his knees and attempted to kiss the Comtesse Zenaïde's small foot. With one masterly kick the Grand Duke Alexis sent the actor flying to the other end of the room, whereupon a rough and tumble fight ensued. Alexis being attacked by both the actors, while the fair Zenaïde fell a prey to the drunken fury of the two Paris actresses. It was not until the police appeared upon the scene that peace was restored and the combatants were separated. It is needless to add that the actors and actresses in question were forced to leave St. Petersburg and, in fact, Russian territory on the following day, happy to have escaped a severe punishment. The czar, however, to whom the occurrence was reported in due course by the police, was infuriated beyond measure by the scandal, which had made the round of every club and salon in the capital before twenty-four hours had elapsed, and determined to avail himself of the opportunity to put an end to the relations existing between the Comtesse de Beauharnais and his brother.

The latter, whose gigantic stature and handsome features are familiar to a number of New Yorkers, is famed for his *affaires de coeur*, which have at various times constituted a source of serious annoyance and perplexity to his family. Thus, in 1875, he created a great sensation here by eloping with one of his mother's maids of honor, Mlle. de Reuten, the niece of the minister of finance of that name. A private marriage took place, and for a couple

of years the grand duke and his bride lived together on the Riviera and in Italy. Repeated efforts were made to sever their relations, but without success, and not even the late emperor's action in decreeing the annulment of the union, both as czar and as supreme head of the Russian church, was able to detach the grand duke from his blonde and dark-blue-eyed wife. At length, in despair, the emperor dispatched Count Shouvaloff, at that time chief of the third section of the imperial chancellerie, or in other words, the head of the secret police, to the Riviera for the purpose of making a last attempt to bring about a final rupture between the wayward prince and the young baroness. The count happened to reach Nice during a temporary absence of the grand duke at Paris and was able to have a long conversation with the ex-maid of honor before her husband's return. What took place during that interview no one will ever know. For the count is dead and the baroness and her two children have mysteriously disappeared, no one knows whither. The arguments which Shouvaloff used must, however, been singularly powerful, for without waiting to speak a word of farewell to the sister of the famous General Skobelev, who died in such a mysterious manner at Moscow a few years ago, she is without exception one of the most ambitious women in the czar's dominions. Endowed with extremely fascinating beauty, supremely elegant and exceedingly clever, she experienced no difficulty in captivating, at one of the first court balls at which she was present, the Duke Eugene of Leuchtenberg, a member of the imperial family and known as one of the handsomest fools in Europe. Indeed, his stupidity has furnished the basis of innumerable ludicrous anecdotes, both here and at Moscow. The marriage took place in October, 1873, Mlle. Skobelev receiving the title of Comtesse de Beauharnais in honor of the occasion. On the return of Grand Duke Alexis, in 1880, from his visit to the United States and from his subsequent cruise, he became acquainted with his new cousin, and from that time forth, until a couple of months ago, can scarcely be said to have left her side. Wherever the lovely Zenaïde was to be seen, whether on the Neffsky Prospect in this city, in the Bois at Paris, on the Pincio at Rome, or in the Prater at Vienna, it could always be taken safely for granted that Alexis was somewhere in the immediate neighborhood. The infatuation on the part of the grand duke was of the most fervent and constant nature, for it has lasted all these years without interruption.

What the Deacon Thought.

Deacon Goodkind (glancing over his morning paper the day after the Sullivan-Kilrain fight).—"Oh, my dear sirs! Here's one, two, three, four, five, six—just think of it—six columns devoted to that terrible prize fight and those wicked pugilists. What's this world coming to, I wonder, when the papers pander to and encourage all sorts of sinful goings-on?"

Here his eye catches the headlines and he relapses into silence. Half an hour later, and after he has eagerly read the entire account of the fight he hands the paper over to his wife, with the remark: "Well, it isn't so bad as I thought, after all. There's a stinging little editorial right there on the fourth page that denounces the whole business as shameful. I believe in a paper printin' the news, but I want their editorials to speak right out against such things as these."—Arkansas Traveler.

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Good Trees for Smoky Cities.

The gingko tree is proving itself one of the best trees for street planting in smoky cities, thriving in the most impure atmosphere and not having as yet been attacked by insects or fungus diseases. In this country, according to Garden and Forest, extensive use has not been made of the gingko as a street tree except in Washington, where, of course, it is not subjected to the test of an atmosphere impregnated with smoke. If it is, indeed, able to withstand the most unfavorable conditions, it might be more generally adopted, for it grows rapidly, its shape well adapts it for association with architectural forms, and the peculiar character of its foliage always makes it interesting to the popular eye.—Gardener's Chronicle.

A Witty Judge.

The only occasion on which Maule showed any irritation was when a witness persisted in speaking in a low tone of voice, which it was difficult for him to catch. He once said to a witness who would go on mumbling, after being frequently remonstrated with, "Witness, for the sake of God and your expenses, do speak out. Under similar circumstances—still in reference to the mumber's expenses—he remarked, "Witness, if you do not speak louder, I shall have to teach you the difference between *aloud* and *disallowed*." He once said, "People talk about a man and his wife being one. It is all nonsense. I do not believe that, under the most favorable circumstances, they can be considered less than two. For instance, if a man murders his wife, did ever anyone hear of his having committed suicide?" A little girl was in the witness box, and, as is usual, before she was allowed to be sworn, she was examined by the judge as to her understanding of the nature of an oath and her belief in a future state. "Do you know what an oath is, my child?" said Maule. "Yes, sir; I am obliged to tell the truth." "And if you do always tell the truth, where will you go to when you die?" "Up to heaven, sir." "And what will become of you if you tell lies?" "I shall go down to the naughty place, sir." "Are you quite sure of that?" "Yes, sir; quite sure." "Let her be sworn," said Maule. "It is quite clear she knows a great deal more than I do." Here is one of his quaint remarks, not made, however, when he was on the bench. "I have often thought," he said, "that there can be no place of punishment for sinners after death; but then my mind has turned to some of my particular friends, and I have become convinced that if there were none, there ought to be." A witness who had given his evidence in such a way as satisfied everybody that he was committing perjury, being cautioned by the judge, said at last, "My lord, you may believe me or not, but I have been wedded to truth from my infancy."

"Yes, sir," said Maule, "but the question is how long you have been a widower."—Sergeant Robinson's Bench and Bar.

What the Deacon Thought.

Deacon Goodkind (glancing over his morning paper the day after the Sullivan-Kilrain fight).—"Oh, my dear sirs! Here's one, two, three, four, five, six—just think of it—six columns devoted to that terrible prize fight and those wicked pugilists. What's this world coming to, I wonder, when the papers pander to and encourage all sorts of sinful goings-on?"

Here his eye catches the headlines and he relapses into silence. Half an hour later, and after he has eagerly read the entire account of the fight he hands the paper over to his wife, with the remark: "Well, it isn't so bad as I thought, after all. There's a stinging little editorial right there on the fourth page that denounces the whole business as shameful. I believe in a paper printin' the news, but I want their editorials to speak right out against such things as these."—Arkansas Traveler.

VERY HARD CASH.

A Matter-of-Fact Romance.

By CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER VII. CONTINUED.

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"His wife? Alfred?" and she colored all over. "Don't call me names," said she, turning it off, after her husband. "I can't bear it; it makes me tremble." "I'm sorry," said Alfred, gravely. "You and I are to have a separate existence now, you are to be I and I am to be you. Come!"

"No; you read me so much of it as is proper for me to hear, I shall not like it so well from your lips. But never mind."

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"It is a beautiful letter," said she; "a little pompous than mamma and I write. 'The Paternal Roof' But all that becomes you; you are a scholar, and, dear Alfred, if I should separate you from your papa, I will never estrange you from him; oh, never. May I go for my work?" for methinks, O most erudite, the maternal dame, on domestic cares intent, had confided to her offspring the recreation of your highness."

And he told her, Dodd, the courtesy of the sweet letter the dear high-flown thing had written.

By then he had folded and addressed it; she returned and brought her work; charity, she said, in the height of the fashion, to Jane Harle and Alfred, and Julia was trimming, hemming, etcetera them.

How demurely she bent her lovely head over her charitable work, while Alfred poured out into her ears how careful she was not to speak when there was a chance of his speaking! How often she said one thing so marked and his punishment more severe, the czar has recalled his uncle, the Grand Duke Constantine Nicolaevitch, from the Crimea and has conferred upon him the post of lord high admiral and the other honors of which he has just shorn his exiled brother.

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Although the czar was much incensed against Alexis for not returning to St. Petersburg immediately after the railway catastrophe at Rorki last year, the intrigue might still have gone on for several years longer had it not been for an unfortunate occurrence which took place about two months ago at one of the leading restaurants in this city. The Grand Duke Alexis happened to be enjoying supper en tete-a-tete with Comtesse Zenaïde in one of the cabinets particuliers of the establishment after the theatre was over. By some means they were brought into contact with a party of two French actors and two actresses of the same nationality who were supping *en partie carree* in one of the adjoining rooms, and finally all sat down at the same table together. An immense amount of wine was consumed and the fun waxed fast and furious, until finally one of the French *cabolins*, in a perfect ecstasy of loyalty toward the reigning family of Russia, threw himself on his knees and attempted to kiss the Comtesse Zenaïde's small foot. With one masterly kick the Grand Duke Alexis sent the actor flying to the other end of the room, whereupon a rough and tumble fight ensued. Alexis being attacked by both the actors, while the fair Zenaïde fell a prey to the drunken fury of the two Paris actresses. It was not until the police appeared upon the scene that peace was restored and the combatants were separated. It is needless to add that the actors and actresses in question were forced to leave St. Petersburg and, in fact, Russian territory on the following day, happy to have escaped a severe punishment. The czar, however, to whom the occurrence was reported in due course by the police, was infuriated beyond measure by the scandal, which had made the round of every club and salon in the capital before twenty-four hours had elapsed, and determined to avail himself of the opportunity to put an end to the relations existing between the Comtesse de Beauharnais and his brother.

The latter, whose gigantic stature and handsome features are familiar to a number of New Yorkers, is famed for his *affaires de coeur*, which have at various times constituted a source of serious annoyance and perplexity to his family. Thus, in 1875, he created a great sensation here by eloping with one of his mother's maids of honor, Mlle. de Reuten, the niece of the minister of finance of that name. A private marriage took place, and for a couple

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betrayed herself. Her "word in season" had struck him, it was the young and comely Edward who wished to save from the diabolical literature, the painted perdition; and not the uninitiated old sinner Sampson. He protested to himself, to himself, by remarking that "remember not to trust your partner's best card, ladies," would be more to the point.

Everybody, except this hardened personage, was thoroughly uncomfortable. As for Alfred, his face betrayed a degree of youthful mortification little short of agony. Mrs. Dodd was profoundly disgusted by the burning cheeks and compressed lips. "Dr. Williams," said she, with cold dignity, "you will, I am sure, oblige me by not making any more comments. Sincerity is not always a sign of more than a good heart; and I dare say, added she, with great sweetness, "your remarks are not so narrow that we need seek anybody's pardon, and, as it happens, I was just going to say to you, open the piano, love, and try if you can persuade Miss Harle to join you in a duet."

At this Jane and Julia had an earnest conversation at the piano, and their words uttered in a low voice, and in a very confidential and confidential manner, were overheard by the two ladies. Jane Dodd must not ask me. I have foregone these vanities. I have not opened my piano this two years.

Julia. Oh, what a pity; music is so beautiful. And surely we choose our songs, as easily as our words; ah, how much more easily.

Julia. Oh, I don't go so far as to call music wicked, but music society is such a snare. At least I found it so. My playing was highly praised; and that stirred up my vanity; and I did my singing, with which I had even more reason to be satisfied. Snare! snare!

GEO. P. GARRED, Publisher.

WAAHPETON, NORTH DAKOTA.

IN the United States there are 3,000 women in charge of postoffice.

EX-CADET Whittaker has been appointed principal of the colored graded school at Sumter, S. C.

A CINCINNATI justice has decided that "no man was ever incited by eating ice cream to go home and beat his wife and break the furniture."

MILWAUKEE's saloons have been decreased from 500 to 230, and its revenues increased from \$50,000 to \$230,000.

A DOG was placed in a barrel and sent over Niagara Falls. Pieces of the barrel have been picked up, but nary a piece of the dog.

ANNA PERKINS, of Cleveland, wears boys' clothes, subsists on oatmeal and sells papers for a living. She is 30 years of age and a poetess.

JOSE DE LA ROSA, an old printer of San Diego, Cal., is 100 years old. He was sent by Gen. Santa Anna to Monterey to start a paper in 1883.

WHEN Cornelius Vanderbilt doesn't want to be annoyed by his neighbors he buys them out root and branch. In this way he has acquired an entire block in New York.

At a recent test of search lights, for the purpose of discovering an approaching enemy dressed in uniforms of various colors, it was found that the red uniforms were very distinct, blue being the least conspicuous.

MARCELLUS POPPE, Secretary Noble's new private secretary, is a son of Gen. John Pope, of St. Louis. He is a young attorney who was recently graduated from Harvard university, and is a personal friend of Gen. Noble.

The present estimated population of the United States is 64,000,000. The annual growth by natural increase and immigration is placed at about a million. The estimated foreign population is not far below 14,000,000.

The flag used to drape the casket of President Lincoln is incased and hangs in the private office of the secretary of war. Gen. Drum took care of the flag after the rites had been conducted and took it to Washington.

It is vastly to the credit of the late Allen Thorndyke Rice that he was not willing to be known simply as a man of wealth. It is to the honor of a rich man in these days that he resists the temptation to live an existence of leisure.

AN ICEBERG 1,000 feet high and 400 feet long was passed by the steamship Iowa, on her recent voyage between Liverpool and Boston. The huge crystal mass is stated to have been fully as lofty as the Eiffel Tower.

Two marriages were recently solemnized in Bombay in which the brides were utterly ignorant of the gravity of the ceremony. One of the brides was two years old, and the other only fifteen months! In each case the bridegroom had passed his thirtieth year.

"We are assured," says Iron Age, "that it is the experience of Southern iron manufacturers that the Negro is entirely available for performing all classes of work in rolling mills as well as foundries. A rolling mill on sixty per cent. of what it would cost to do the same work with white labor."

FOR fully ten minutes a shower of red rain recently fell in Lublin, Russian Poland. The heavens seemed to be overcast with a red haze, dense and opaque. The red rain drops seemed by the peasants to be blood. A panic ensued, and the people rushed to the churches, where they were quieted by the priests. For several days after the shower all the surface water in Lublin was of a dark pink color.

THE weight and bulk of the gold and silver coin now held by the United States Treasury forms the subject of inquiry by a correspondent of a mathematical turn of mind, and he finds that the weight of the gold is 601 tons of 2,000 pounds, and the silver 8,000 tons. Packing it along the highway, as cord wood is packed, the gold would make a barricade four feet high, four feet thick, for a distance of 335 feet, and the silver, if similarly packed, would extend 4248 feet, or five-sixths of a mile. It packed in carts, one ton to each cart, the procession would be nearly thirty-three miles long, of which distance the gold-bearing carts would cover two and a half miles and the silver a fraction over thirty and a quarter miles.

RESUME OF THE NEWS

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

The Casualty Calendar.

Bert Miller and John Olcott, ten-year-old sons of prominent men in Pomeroy, Iowa, smothered to death in a bin of fax in an elevator at that place.

Andrew Johnson, a barber, and a man named Peterson, a blacksmith, were drowned while fishing on Camp Lake, near Kenosha, Wis. They lived in Kenosha and were unmarried.

Henry Snyder, an employe, was killed on a street car, and Lizzie Blasco and William Johnson were injured by an explosion in a saloon at the corner of Lexington and Fifth St., Pa.

Albion Johnson, a Swede laborer, employed in Breen's East side quarry, at St. Cloud, Minn., was horribly mangled by the premature explosion of a dynamite blast. His wrist was broken, and a heavy stone fell on his breast, and it is thought that he is internally injured. His wounds may prove fatal.

The supposed stranger who lost his life on the railroad between Willmar and Kandiyohi recently has been identified as Erick Eastlund, a retired farmer living with his son in the eastern portion of the county. The old man took the westbound freight train at Willmar on the same evening, and must have fallen from the caboose platform. The matter remains a mystery. It is said that the deceased was subject to spells of temporary insanity.

A party consisting of nine people, supposed at the residence of Rev. J. B. Thomas in Duquesne, Iowa, and shortly afterward six of them were taken violently ill. Among the stricken were W. B. Bacon, general freight agent of the Illinois Central, and his wife, Mr. Thomas and his family. Physicians worked all night with their patients and they are still very ill. The sickness was caused by dried beef of which all partook.

A fatal accident occurred near Eldora, Iowa. While out hunting banker L. F. Wisner was accidentally shot and killed by his only son George, aged twenty-three. Mr. Wisner was president and principal owner of the Eldora county Bank, owned several thousand acres of land and was the wealthiest man in Central Iowa, being very popular and widely known. His wife and young son are almost crazed over the tragedy.

Criminal Doings.

Annie Wold, a young Norwegian girl living with her parents in Chicago, jumped from a third-story window and was killed. She was a monomaniac on the subject of religion.

Fred Schoenberg, a prisoner at Whitewater, Wis., feigned sickness and was allowed to sit on the back steps of the jail, from which he made his escape into the darkness.

Herr Laachman, editor of the Londoner Journal, a weekly newspaper printed in German, was shot by his wife and then committed suicide.

Several Mormon elders near Warren, Ga., who have been making many converts, were whipped by a party of well-known citizens and ordered to leave the county.

The mail pouch containing \$10,000, thought to have been stolen from a Pennsylvania train near Terre Haute, Ind., was found by the side of the track unopened.

Forty convicts, located at the brick yard on the outskirts of Little Rock, entered into a conspiracy to make their escape. Only three of the number were nervous enough to successfully carry out their plan, and two of them were caught with the aid of bloodhounds.

Quite a sensation was caused at Milwaukee by the filing of a suit for \$25,000 damages for breach of promise against George Hill, a millionaire lumberman of that city, by Miss Elizabeth Carter. The plaintiff alleges that under promise of marriage she had lived with Mr. Hill, who is a married man with a large family, for several years, and that he had failed to keep his promise.

Frank Donahue will soon be released from the Illinois penitentiary after serving a two-year sentence for larceny. It has been learned that he was the innocent victim of a conspiracy. He had, while going his rounds as a newspaper carrier, become acquainted with the young daughter of a certain millionaire. The father, learning of the intimacy, had him arrested on a charge of larceny, and he was later released to his lawyer to advise him as to plead guilty.

A man who gave his name as Henry Schefler, from Anoka, Minn., attempted to rob a stranger at Moorhead, Minn. He drew a knife and demanded money. When about accomplishing his purpose a team came up and the highwayman fled. The two men in the wagon pursued and overtook him. He drew his knife and would not be arrested, but he was killed by the pursuers. He is said to be the same party who robbed a man in Fargo of \$100.

Mat Nelson and a friend named Miller were stopped by a highwayman three miles south of Baldwin, Wis. They were driving in a buggy when the robber sprang from the side of the road, caught the horse by the head and ordered a halt. One of the men in the buggy had a Winchester rifle which he caught sight of and fired at the robber, after which the robber fled. The other man, who was trying to load the gun, the other dealt the robber a blow across the face with the whip. About that time he caught sight of the man and fired, after firing a shot at the men in the buggy.

The wife of Attorney W. H. Tipper of Fresno, knocked at the door of her servant girl, Elizabeth Verne, to ask her to bring in breakfast. Receiving no response, she opened the door and saw on the bed the girl and her lover, Andrew Olsen, clasped in each other's arms. The girl was dead and Olsen lay upon his back, his head resting on the pillow. A broken bottle had been found near the body. The most plausible reason for the supposed suicide seems to be that the couple had just been married, but the wife who was interfered with by another party who was a constant visitor to the house.

A bold attempt to assassinate Deputy United States Marshal Sam Hughes took place at Whiteville, Tenn. The deputy marshal had arrested John Tipton for moonshining, and had left him with an accompanying officer, and had gone further down the mountain to arrest some of his moonshiners, when he suddenly ran upon two men with shotguns. They told the officer to step back, and then one of them, John Hoba, fired at him at a space of thirty yards, eight buckshot taking effect. The officer pulled his revolver as the would-be assassin ran off, but the man who shot him could not shoot. He was not fatally wounded.

People of Note.

Robert Marvel the octogenarian of Pike township, Ind., passed the sixty-seventh day of his life and is still alive. He has now outlived all expectations, and the doctors make no predictions as to his future.

Dr. Challaad, of Monmouth, Iowa, a village near Clinton, fell on the sidewalk there and dislocated his neck, dying instantly. Deceased was formerly a resident of Clinton, and his aged father was in attendance at the funeral which was held at the residence of the deceased, but he had left for Monmouth.

From Foreign Shores.

Efforts are being made to amicably settle the strike of the London dock laborers.

Out of 26,000 French officers of the active army, fifty-nine have been found guilty of participating in political agitation and have been dealt with according to their offenses.

At Pembroke, Ireland, two tithe bailiffs were hunted by an infuriated crowd and dogs were set upon them. They were captured and compelled to swear that they would abandon their calling.

Twenty Arabs of both sexes are detained at Castle Garden until the Turkish consul can be consulted. It is said there are 70,000 Arabs waiting to come to this country provided the twenty are passed through.

The government of Spain has sent a circular note to the governors of provinces throughout Spain, instructing them not to take part in the Spanish war, to induce the people to reside in Spain and to do everything possible to discourage the project.

Capt. Algar, of the senior Alle Algar, just arrived at Victoria from Deep Bay, reports as follows: "On July 30 we were boarded by officers from the cutter Rush in Behring sea, fifty miles from St. Paul. The captain searched us, but, though we had skin and about, found none. He told us that on July 29 he had seized the schooner Pathfinder, of this port, put a prize crew aboard her and sent her to Sitka, taking out 800 skins. He also told us that he had seized the schooner Minnie, also of Victoria, Capt. Jacobs, the owner, aboard, with 850 skins. He also put a prize crew aboard her and sent her to Sitka. He also told us that he had overhauled the schooner Arks and Thersa, and although he found skins aboard them, had left them go out of the port. The Pathfinder, with one man as a prize crew aboard, had signalled their intention of not going to Sitka, but of coming to Victoria.

Miscellaneous.

All the switchmen in the local yards of the Illinois Central railroad at Chicago went out on a strike because of the discharge of one of their number, a noted labor organizer and agitator.

The Briarfield Coal and Iron company at Montgomery, Ala., was sold under an order of the United States circuit court for \$600,000. The trustees were the purchasers for the bondholders.

The people of Dunn county, Wis., the past few days, have been in a state of terror over the appearance of smallpox at Menomonie. There is so little newspaper communication from that point that the situation is scarcely known outside, and Menomonie citizens have kept it as secret as possible. Several hundreds have been exposed. Dr. A. D. Thane of Eau Claire, a member of the board of health, will proceed to Menomonie at once to investigate. The much uneasiness felt in all the towns near Menomonie, and everybody in that vicinity is being vaccinated.

The Fourth Annual Exposition had a very satisfactory opening at Minneapolis. To be sure, there was the usual tardiness of exhibitors in getting their exhibits in place, and the sound of eloquence had occasionally to compete with the hammer and saw, but on the whole, the preparations were as good as could be expected, and enough was seen to convince everyone that there is a great trend in store for them when, in a day or two, all the displays shall be in proper form. The day was a perfect one for the purpose, and it was a success. The start was made promptly and led by the Thirteenth regiment band, the procession made its way through the central part of the city and then across the river to the Exposition building, where the usual programme of music and addresses was carried out.

A suit has been brought by Henry Villard against ex-Judge Noah Davis of New York for \$120,000 and interest, the amount of bonds and stocks and other collaterals, which it is said Mr. Davis has in his possession. The suit was brought by John O. G. O. to which they relate took place, it is said, between six and seven years ago. A report was in circulation that this transaction was a part of a suit for \$100,000, which Mr. Davis had "placed" on the advice of Mr. Villard. At his office Mr. Davis denied this entirely. "I never heard any thing about a suit until a few weeks ago," he said, "then I received a notice from Mr. Villard's lawyer saying that he had this claim to collect with interest. I paid no attention to it until I saw it in the papers, when I was served with notice of a suit. I don't know anything about such a debt. I don't owe Mr. Villard anything. The whole thing looks very queer to me. I have been through bringing the matter into publicity, but I don't intend to be frightened in such a way."

Negro Predictions in Alabama.

An article in an independent paper at Selma, Ala., edited by a colored preacher named Bryan, has created a stir in Alabama. An editorial in the last issue abused the whites for various reasons, and the colored race, and concluded as follows:

Were you (the whites) to leave this southern land in twenty years it would be one of the grandest deserts in the globe. We would show you mossback crackers how to run a country. You would never see convicts half-starved, depriving honest workmen of an honest living. It is only a matter of time when the colored race will be changed, and I hope to your sorrow. We were never destined always to be servants, but like all other races will and must have a day; you will wait for your children, Jane, and your children will wait for theirs. I have dictated that at no distant day we will have our race war, and we hope, as God intends, that we will be strong enough to wipe you out of the land. I have dictated that you will be changed, and I hope to your sorrow. We were never destined always to be servants, but like all other races will and must have a day; you will wait for your children, Jane, and your children will wait for theirs. 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An Account of a Highwayman's Dastardly
Deed—A Humming Editorial Opinion.
The Inhabitants of Queen's County Run
a Horse Race—Some Quaker "Ads."

In these days when the modern newspaper
counts its circulation by tens of thousands
and prints millions of copies a week, it is
interesting to take a peep into the files of an
ancient newspaper, such as *The American Weekly*
Mercury, the first paper published in Penn-
sylvania. The venture was made by Andrew
Bradford about Jan. 1, 1719, and was one of the
earliest newspapers in America. Newspapers
were something the colony had managed to
get along without from the time of its found-
ing, thirty-seven years before. The news from
"home" came in only three or four times a
year, and then the whole town looked to the
water edge to hear the intelligence, already
three months or more old. For local mat-
ters, the crier had a monopoly of last and
found, strays, etc. Nevertheless Bradford's
little sheet soon gained a reputation through-
out the surrounding country. That many of
its readers were in New York is evinced by
the fact that on March 1, 1719, the day of
publication was changed so as to permit
catching the weekly New York post leaving
Thursday morning.

For many years the paper was but a single
leaflet, 8 1/2 inches, though on occasions when
extraordinary news was received *The Mer-
cury* came out in folio form, in many cases
with the fourth page blank, the supposition
being that there was not enough to fill up.
THE NEWS COLUMNA.

In the way of news, our forefathers were
not rapt and with what had happened
the previous day in London, Paris or
Tombuctoo, or even by the doings of the
Goths. Time mellowed all things, and the
week between New York and Philadelphia,
as well as the four months' age of all Euro-
pean news took away much of its keenness.
The edition of April 14, 1720, is given up for
the most part to a letter dated Hamburg,
Nov. 15, 1719, while the following week a
corresponding space is devoted to intelligence
from Bologna under date of Dec. 4, 1718.

Outside of the foreign "news" there is very
little else except reports of clearances at New
York and Philadelphia, together with some
market quotations. Then in each and
every issue is told the latest ravages of the
"pyrates," as the English were pleased to call
their adversaries, the Spanish. Few weeks
passed without half a dozen captures being
recorded, always in favor of the pirates, who,
it would seem, must have swarmed along the
whole Atlantic coast. Now and then a
Spaniard or two were seized by our men, and
in some instances it is related with great gusto
how several were brought to Philadelphia
and immediately taken out to execution.
Before suffering death, however, one of the
prisoners called for a glass of wine, which
being furnished he drank to the confusion and
delight of the English and the mayor of the
city.

Here is an excerpt from the issue of Thurs-
day, March 17, 1720, reproduced exactly as it
appears except in the use of the long s:
"About ten days ago, one Bradshaw, of
Duck Creek, in Kent County, Riding on the
Road between Philadelphia and Darby, was
met by four Highwaymen. Two on Horse-
back and two on foot. One of them rode up to
the said Bradshaw, Clapped a Pistol to his
side and bid him deliver his Money or he was
a dead Man, the other three having surrounded him
and he seeing no other way of escape told
them he had but two Pistols, and he hoped
they would spare him something to bear his
Expense on the Journey. They bid him then
to take out his Pistol, and as soon as he
did they all fired and he fell dead. The
Highwaymen then rode off, and made Oath to the
said Bradshaw."

THE NEWS ADVERTISERS.

It is very rarely any editorial comment
whatever is found in the paper, but there is
an exception on Feb. 14, 1721, when
Bradford gives a humming opinion of the
unwise action on the part of the English
Parliament in transporting to this country
180 criminals who had been convicted at
Annapolis. American air seemed even then
to make our ancestors independent in their
speech.

On Feb. 21, 1721, William Burnett, gov-
ernor of New York, visited Philadelphia and
received a puff in *The Mercury*, while the
following week's issue relates of a "famous
race run for the sum of £200 between
the inhabitants of Queen's County on the
island of Nassau, and Samuel Bayard, a
merchant of New York, where the latter
won but little."

There was no electric sugar in the olden
time, but South Sea stock was a booming suc-
cess. A letter published in June, dated in
London, March 24, relates that on the pre-
ceding day South Sea opened at 275, rose to
280 in an hour, fell to 265, 270 and closed
at 268. The next day it fell to 260. A pub-
lisher in London made £5,000 that day,
while like amounts were realized by specu-
lators in Mississippi stock.

After all, however, the advertisements in
these old papers are more interesting than
any other of their contents, reflecting, as
they do, more views of the private life of the
day. Take, for example, the following, re-
produced exactly as they appear:

"This Day Run away from John McComb,
Junior, an Indian Woman, about 17 Years
of Age. Pitted in the face of a middle Sta-
ture and Indifferent face, having on a Dragoon
Wastcoat and Kersey Petticoat of a Light
Colour. If any person or persons shall bring
the said Girl to her said Master shall be re-
warded for their Trouble to their Content."

"Right Golden and Plain Skin of Scoury
Grass sold at Fifteen Pence per bottle by
Francis Knowles over against the Court-
House in Philadelphia."

"A very likely Negro Woman to be sold.
Aged about 28 years, fit for Country or City
Business. She can Card, Spin, Knit or Milk
and any other Country work. Whoever has
a Mind for the said Negro may repair to An-
drew Bradford."

"At the House of William Taylor Brader
in Duke Street New York is to be sold a Mill
to grind Chocolate, it works in a cast-iron
Round Pan 22 inches across 6 inches deep
made like the bottom of a Bell and weighs
upwards of two Hundred, the other part that
works in it any person may see and try; it
grinds three Pound an hour with greater
Ease than any other Projection already In-
vented and knows to what fitness they
please. It is Capable of being set up in a
much better advantage than it now is. Note
the nut may be put whole into the Pan need-
ing no Pounding as in other Mills. The low-
est Price of the mill and what belongs to it is
Twenty pounds."—New York World.

What She Wanted It For.

"Have you any prayer books?" said a lady
in a Wood street book store. "What kind of
Episcopal?" "Oh, I don't want one of them!
I can't tell you exactly what I want. But
you see I have been elected president of our
missionary society, and must lead in prayer,
and I want a book of prayer to learn how."
—Pittsburg Chronicle.

ties now existing or hereafter and prior
to the taking effect of this agreement in
cured, except those heretofore or hereaf-
ter incurred on account of public institu-
tions, grounds or buildings, except as
otherwise herein specifically provided.

The State of North Dakota shall pay to
the State of North Dakota \$450,000 on
account of the excess of territorial appropri-
ations for the permanent improvement of
territorial institutions which under this
agreement will be divided one-half interest
of North Dakota in the territorial library,
and in full settlement of unbalanced ac-
counts, and of all claims against the ter-
ritory, of whatever nature, legal or equi-
table, arising out of the alleged erroneous
or unlawful taxation of Northern Pacific
railroad lands, and the payment of said
amount shall discharge and exempt the
State of North Dakota from all liabilities for
or on account of the several matters here-
before referred to; nor shall either state be
called upon to pay or answer to any
portion of liabilities hereafter arising or
accruing on account of assessments here-
tofore had, or of any liability on the ac-
count of the Territory of North Dakota
which liability remained in existence, and
which liability shall grow out of matters
connected with any public institutions,
grounds or buildings located within the
territory, and which liability shall be used
or located within the boundaries of the
other state.

A final adjustment of accounts shall be
made upon the following basis: North
Dakota shall be charged with all liabilities
paid on account of the public institutions,
grounds or buildings located within its
boundaries on account of the current ap-
propriations since March 9, 1889, and South
Dakota shall be charged with all liabilities
paid on account of public institutions,
grounds or buildings located within its
boundaries on the same account and during
the same time. Each state shall be charged
with one-half of all other expenses of the
territorial government during the same
time. All moneys paid into the treasury
during the period from March 9, 1889, to the
time of taking effect of this agreement by
any county, municipality or person within
the limits of the proposed state of North
Dakota, shall be credited to the State of
North Dakota; and all sums paid into said
treasury within the same time by any
county, municipality or person within the
limits of the proposed State of South
Dakota shall be credited to the State of
South Dakota; except that any and all taxes
on gross earnings paid since the 8th day of
March, 1889, based upon earnings of years
prior to 1889, under and by virtue of the
act of the Legislative Assembly of the
Territory of North Dakota, approved
March 7, 1889, and entitled "An act
providing for the levy and collection
of taxes upon property of railroad
companies in this territory," being Chapter
107 of the Session Laws of 1889, the
part of such act relating to the Territo-
ry, shall be equally divided between the states
of North Dakota and South Dakota, and
all taxes heretofore or hereafter paid
into said treasury by virtue of the
act of the act last mentioned, based on the
gross earnings of the year 1888, shall be
distributed as already provided by law, ex-
cept that so much thereof as goes to the
territorial treasury shall be divided equally
between the two states, and so much thereof
as shall be or has been paid by
railroads within the limits of the proposed
State of North Dakota, and South Dakota
so much thereof as shall be or has been
paid by railroads within the limits of
the proposed State of South Dakota;
each state shall be credited also
with all balances of appropriations
made by the Legislative Assembly of the
Territory of North Dakota, for the
account of the public institutions,
grounds or buildings situated within its
limits, remaining unexpended on March
9, 1889. If there shall be any indebtedness
represented by the bonds and refunding
warrants heretofore mentioned, each state
shall at the time of such final adjustment
assume its share of said indebtedness as de-
termined by the amount paid on account of
the public institutions, grounds or buildings
of such state in excess of the receipts from
counties, municipalities, railroad corpora-
tions or persons within the limits of said
state, as provided in this article; and if
there should be a surplus at the time of
such final adjustment, each state shall be
entitled to the amount received from
counties, municipalities, railroad corpora-
tions or persons within its limits over and
above the amount charged it. And the
state of North Dakota hereby
obligates itself to pay such part
of the debts and liabilities of the Territory of
North Dakota as is declared by the foregoing
agreement to be its proportion thereof, the
same as if such proportion had been
originally created by said state in the
Territory of North Dakota.

Sec. 204. Jurisdiction is ceded to the
United States over the military reservations
of Fort Abraham Lincoln, Fort Buford,
Fort Pembina and Fort Totten, heretofore
declared by the United States to be
States; provided, legal process, civil
and criminal, of this state, shall
extend over such reservations in all
cases in which exclusive jurisdiction is
not vested in the United States;
crimes not committed within the limits of
such reservations.

Sec. 205. The State of North Dakota
hereby accepts the several grants of land
granted by the United States to the State
of North Dakota by an act of Congress
entitled "An act to provide for the division
of Dakota into two states, and to
enable the people of North Dakota,
South Dakota, Montana and Washington
to form constitutions and state
governments, and to be admitted
into the Union on equal footing with
the original states, and to make donations
of public lands to such states, under the
conditions and limitations therein con-
tained; reserving the right however to ap-
ply to congress for modifications of said
conditions and limitations in case of neces-
sity."

Sec. 206. The name of this state shall be
"North Dakota." The State of North
Dakota shall consist of all the territory in-
cluded within the following boundaries, to-
wit: Commencing at a point in the main
channel of the River of the North,
where the forty-ninth degree of north lati-
tude crosses the same; thence south
up the main channel of the same and
along the boundary line of the State of
Minnesota to a point where it intersects the
forty-ninth degree of north latitude; thence
east along said line to place of beginning.

Sec. 207. The following described seal
is hereby declared to be and hereby consti-
tuted the Great Seal of the State of North
Dakota, to-wit: A tree in the open field,
the trunk of which is surrounded by three
bundles of wheat; on the right a plow
and on the left a horse; on the left a
buffalo pursuing a buffalo towards the set-
ting sun; the foliage of the tree arched by
a half circle of forty-two stars, surrounded
by the motto "Liberty and Union now
and forever, one and inseparable;" the
words "Great Seal" at the top; the words
"State of North Dakota" at the bottom;
"October 1st" on the left and "1889" on the
right. The seal to be two and one-half
inches in diameter.

Sec. 208. The right of the debtor to en-
joy the comforts and necessities of life
shall be recognized by wholesome laws,
exempting from forced sale to all heads of
families a homestead, the value of
which shall be limited and defined

by law, and a reasonable amount of
such property shall be exempt from
sale, except those heretofore or hereaf-
ter incurred on account of public institu-
tions, grounds or buildings, except as
otherwise herein specifically provided.
The State of North Dakota shall pay to
the State of North Dakota \$450,000 on
account of the excess of territorial appropri-
ations for the permanent improvement of
territorial institutions which under this
agreement will be divided one-half interest
of North Dakota in the territorial library,
and in full settlement of unbalanced ac-
counts, and of all claims against the ter-
ritory, of whatever nature, legal or equi-
table, arising out of the alleged erroneous
or unlawful taxation of Northern Pacific
railroad lands, and the payment of said
amount shall discharge and exempt the
State of North Dakota from all liabilities for
or on account of the several matters here-
before referred to; nor shall either state be
called upon to pay or answer to any
portion of liabilities hereafter arising or
accruing on account of assessments here-
tofore had, or of any liability on the ac-
count of the Territory of North Dakota
which liability remained in existence, and
which liability shall grow out of matters
connected with any public institutions,
grounds or buildings located within the
territory, and which liability shall be used
or located within the boundaries of the
other state.

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made upon the following basis: North
Dakota shall be charged with all liabilities
paid on account of the public institutions,
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propriations since March 9, 1889, and South
Dakota shall be charged with all liabilities
paid on account of public institutions,
grounds or buildings located within its
boundaries on the same account and during
the same time. Each state shall be charged
with one-half of all other expenses of the
territorial government during the same
time. All moneys paid into the treasury
during the period from March 9, 1889, to the
time of taking effect of this agreement by
any county, municipality or person within
the limits of the proposed state of North
Dakota, shall be credited to the State of
North Dakota; and all sums paid into said
treasury within the same time by any
county, municipality or person within the
limits of the proposed State of South
Dakota shall be credited to the State of
South Dakota; except that any and all taxes
on gross earnings paid since the 8th day of
March, 1889, based upon earnings of years
prior to 1889, under and by virtue of the
act of the Legislative Assembly of the
Territory of North Dakota, approved
March 7, 1889, and entitled "An act
providing for the levy and collection
of taxes upon property of railroad
companies in this territory," being Chapter
107 of the Session Laws of 1889, the
part of such act relating to the Territo-
ry, shall be equally divided between the states
of North Dakota and South Dakota, and
all taxes heretofore or hereafter paid
into said treasury by virtue of the
act of the act last mentioned, based on the
gross earnings of the year 1888, shall be
distributed as already provided by law, ex-
cept that so much thereof as goes to the
territorial treasury shall be divided equally
between the two states, and so much thereof
as shall be or has been paid by
railroads within the limits of the proposed
State of North Dakota, and South Dakota
so much thereof as shall be or has been
paid by railroads within the limits of
the proposed State of South Dakota;
each state shall be credited also
with all balances of appropriations
made by the Legislative Assembly of the
Territory of North Dakota, for the
account of the public institutions,
grounds or buildings situated within its
limits, remaining unexpended on March
9, 1889. If there shall be any indebtedness
represented by the bonds and refunding
warrants heretofore mentioned, each state
shall at the time of such final adjustment
assume its share of said indebtedness as de-
termined by the amount paid on account of
the public institutions, grounds or buildings
of such state in excess of the receipts from
counties, municipalities, railroad corpora-
tions or persons within the limits of said
state, as provided in this article; and if
there should be a surplus at the time of
such final adjustment, each state shall be
entitled to the amount received from
counties, municipalities, railroad corpora-
tions or persons within its limits over and
above the amount charged it. And the
state of North Dakota hereby
obligates itself to pay such part
of the debts and liabilities of the Territory of
North Dakota as is declared by the foregoing
agreement to be its proportion thereof, the
same as if such proportion had been
originally created by said state in the
Territory of North Dakota.

the Missouri river, and be entitled to one
senator and two representatives.
The Thirtieth District shall consist of
the counties of Morton and Oliver, and be
entitled to one senator and two representa-
tives.
The Thirty-first District shall consist of
the counties of Mercer, Stark and Billings,
and all the unorganized counties lying
south of the Missouri river, and be entitled
to one senator and one representative.

ARTICLE XIX.
PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.
Sec. 210. All flowing streams and nat-
ural water courses shall forever remain the
property of the state for maintaining, irrigating
and manufacturing purposes.
Sec. 211. Members of the Legislative
Assembly and judicial department except
such inferior officers as may be by law ex-
empted shall, before they enter on the
duties of their respective offices, take and
subscribe the following oath or affirmation:
"I do solemnly swear (or affirm as the case
may be) that I will support the Constitu-
tion of the United States and the Constitu-
tion of the State of North Dakota; and that
I will faithfully discharge the duties of the
office of . . . according to the best of my
ability, so help me God." (Of the oath,
and the penalties and perjury,
if an affirmation, and no other oath, decla-
ration, or test shall be required as a qual-
ification for any office or public trust.)
Sec. 212. The exchange of "black lists"
between corporations shall be prohibited.
Sec. 213. The real and personal property
of any woman in this state, acquired before
marriage, and all property to which she
may be entitled by inheritance in any manner
rightfully entitled, shall be her separate
property and shall not be liable for the
debts of her husband.

ARTICLE XXVIII.
CONGRESSIONAL AND LEGISLATIVE AP-
PORTIONMENT.
Sec. 214. Until otherwise provided by
law, the member of the House of Repre-
sentatives of the United States apportioned
to this state, shall be elected at large.
Until otherwise provided by law, the
senators and representative districts
shall be formed, and the senators and
representatives shall be apportioned as fol-
lows:
The First District shall consist of the
townships of Walhalla, Joseph, Neche,
Pembina, Bathurst, Carlisle, Jolley, Mid-
land, Lincoln and Drayton, in the county
of Pembina, and be entitled to one senator
and two representatives.
The Second District shall consist of the
townships of St. Thomas, Hamilton, Gar-
dner, Akra, Beaulieu, Thingval, Gardar,
Park, Crystal, Elora and Lodoma, in the
county of Pembina, and be entitled to one
senator and two representatives.
The Third District shall consist of the
townships of Perth, Latona, Adams, Sil-
vestra, Cleveland, Morton, Vesta, Tiber,
Medford, Vernon, Golden, Lampton, Eden,
Eunice, Kensington, Dundee, Ops,
Prairie Center, Fertile, Park River and
Glenwood, in the county of Walsh, and be
entitled to one senator and two representa-
tives.
The Fourth District shall consist of the
townships of Forest River, Walsh, Center,
Grafton, Farmington, Ardock, Village of
Ardock, Harrison, City of Grafton, Oak-
wood, Martin, Walsworth, Pulaski, Acton,
Bears and St. Andrew, in the county of
Walsh, and be entitled to one senator and
three representatives.
The Fifth District shall consist of the
townships of Gilby, Johnstown, Straaba,
Wheeler, Hector, Arvilla, A. von, and the
city of Lakota, in the county of Grand
Forks, and be entitled to one senator and
two representatives.
The Sixth District shall consist of the
Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth wards
of the city of Grand Forks, as now consti-
tuted, and the townships of Fairview, Ben-
digo, Harvey, Turtle River, Ferry, Rye, Blount,
Hickok, Meekins, Lakeville and Levant in
the county of Grand Forks and be entitled
to one senator and two representatives.
The Seventh District shall consist of the
First and Second wards of the city of
Grand Forks, as now constituted, and the
townships of Grand Forks, Fairview,
Arlene, Alameda, Wadena, Bismarck,
Americus, Michigan, Union and Washburn,
in the county of Grand Forks, and be
entitled to one senator and two representa-
tives.
The Eighth District shall consist of the
county of Traill and be entitled to one
senator and four representatives.
The Ninth District shall consist of the
townships of Fargo and the City of Fargo
in the County of Cass and the townships
number 139 in range 58, and be entitled
to one senator and two representatives.
The Tenth District shall consist of the
townships of Noble, Wiser, Harwood, Rice,
Barnes, Pleasant, Kenyon, Gardner,
Berlin, Raymond, Mapleton, Warren,
Norman, Elm River, Harmony, Durbin,
Weldon, Emporium, Casselton and the
City of Casselton, in the County of Cass,
and be entitled to one senator and three
representatives.
The Eleventh District shall consist of the
townships of Webster, Rush River, Hunter,
Arthur, A. menia, Greer and Maple River,
Leonard, Dows, Erie, Empire, Wheatland,
Gill, Walburg, Watson, Page, Rich, Ayr,
Buffalo, Howes, Eldrid, Highland, Roch-
ester, Cornhill, Tower, Hill, Clifton
and Pontiac, in the County of McHenry,
and be entitled to one senator and three rep-
resentatives.
The Twelfth District shall consist of the
county of Benson and be entitled to one
senator and three representatives.
The Thirteenth District shall consist of
the county of Sargent and be entitled to
one senator and three representatives.
The Fourteenth District shall consist of
the county of Ransom and be entitled to
one senator and two representatives.
The Fifteenth District shall consist of
the county of Barnes and be entitled to
one senator and two representatives.
The Sixteenth District shall consist of
the counties of Steele and Griggs and be
entitled to one senator and two representa-
tives.
The Seventeenth District shall consist of
the county of Nelson and be entitled to one
senator and one representative.
The Eighteenth District shall consist of
the county of Cavalier and be entitled to
one senator and one representative.
The Nineteenth District shall consist of
the counties of Towner and Rolette and be
entitled to one senator and one representa-
tive.
The Twentieth District shall consist of
the counties of Benson and Pierce and be
entitled to one senator and two representa-
tives.
The Twenty-first District shall consist of
the county of Ramsey and be entitled to
one senator and two representatives.
The Twenty-second District shall consist
of the counties of Eddy, Foster and Wells,
and be entitled to one senator and two
representatives.
The Twenty-third District shall consist
of the county of Stutsman, and be entitled
to one senator and two representatives.
The Twenty-fourth District shall consist
of the county of La Moure, and be entitled
to one senator and one representative.
The Twenty-fifth District shall consist of
the county of Dickey, and be entitled to
one senator and two representatives.
The Twenty-sixth District shall consist
of the counties of Emmons, McIntosh,
Logan and Kidder, and be entitled to one
senator and two representatives.
The Twenty-seventh District shall con-
sist of the county of Burleigh, and be en-
titled to one senator and two representa-
tives.
The Twenty-eighth District shall consist
of the counties of Bottineau and McHenry
and be entitled to one senator and one
representative.
The Twenty-ninth District shall consist
of the county of Ward, and be entitled to
one senator and one representative.
The Thirtieth District shall consist of
the unorganized counties lying north of

When, ver the judge of the district court
of any district under the provisions of
this Constitution shall have qualified in his
office, the several causes then pending in
the district court of the territory within
any county in such district, and the records,
papers and proceedings of said district
court, and the seal and other property per-
taining thereto, shall pass into the juris-
diction and possession of the district court
of the state for such county, except as pro-
vided in the equalizing act of Congress,
until the district court of this territory
shall be superseded in the manner afore-
said, the said district court and the judges
thereof shall continue with the same juris-
diction and power as exercised until the
same judicial districts respectively as hereto-
fore constituted under the laws of the
Territory.

Sec. 7. Until otherwise provided by law,
the seal now in use in the supreme and
district courts of this territory are hereby
declared to be the seals of the supreme and
district courts respectively of the state.
Sec. 8. Whenever this Constitution shall
go into effect, the books, records and pro-
ceedings of the probate court in each
county, and all causes and matters of
administration and other matters pending
in the probate court, shall pass into the
jurisdiction and possession of the probate
court of the county court of the same
county, and the said county court shall
proceed to final decree or judgment,
order or other determination
of the said probate court, and the said
county court shall have jurisdiction of the
said probate court until the said
Constitution had not been adopted.
And until the election and qualification of
the judges of the county courts provided
in this Constitution, the probate judges
shall act as the judges of the county courts
within their respective counties, and the
seal of the probate court in each county
shall be the seal of the county court there-
of, and the said court shall have pro-
vided a proper seal.

Sec. 9. The terms "probate court" or
"probate judge" whenever occurring in the
statutes of the territory shall, after this
Constitution goes into effect, be construed
to apply to the county court or county judge.
Sec. 10. All territorial, county and pre-
cinct officers, who may be in office at the
time this Constitution takes effect, whether
holding their offices under the authority of
the United States or of the territory, shall
hold and exercise their respective offices,
and perform the duties thereof as pre-
scribed in this Constitution, until their suc-
cessors shall be elected and qualified in ac-
cordance with the provisions of this Con-
stitution, and official bonds of all such
officers shall continue in full force and effect
until their successors shall be elected and
qualified; and such officers shall not be
disqualified, under this Constitution, shall re-
ceive the same salaries and compensation as
is by this Constitution, or by the laws of
the territory, provided for like officers;
provided, that the county and precinct
officers shall hold their offices for the term
for which they were elected. There shall
be elected in each organized
county, the judges of the district court, and
the clerk of the district court, who shall
hold office until their successors shall be
elected and qualified. The judges of the
district court shall have jurisdiction and
power to appoint state attorneys in any
organized county where no such attorneys
have been elected, which appointment
shall continue until the general election to
be held on the first Tuesday of October,
and until their successors are elected and
qualified.

Sec. 11. This Constitution shall take ef-
fect and be in full force immediately upon
the admission of the territory as a state.
Sec. 12. Immediately upon the adjourn-
ment of this Convention, the Governor of
the Territory, in case of his absence or
failure to act, the Secretary of the Terri-
tory, or in case of his absence or failure to
act, the President of the Constitutional
Convention shall issue a proclamation,
which shall be published in a copy there-
of mailed to the chairman of the board of
county commissioners of each county, call-
ing an election by the people on the first
Tuesday in October, 1889, of all the state
officers created and provided for by this
Constitution. This Constitu-
tion shall be submitted for adoption or
rejection at said election to a vote of the
electors qualified by the laws of this terri-
tory to vote at all elections. At the elec-
tion provided for herein the qualified voters
shall vote directly for or against this Con-
stitution and for or against the article sepa-
rately submitted.

Sec. 13. The board of commissioners of
the several counties shall thereupon order
such election for said day, and shall cause
notice thereof to be given for the period
of 20 days in the manner provided by
law. Every qualified elector of the terri-
tory shall vote at such election, shall be
entitled to vote thereat. Said election shall
be conducted in all respects in the same
manner as provided by the laws of the
territory for general elections, and the re-
sults of the election shall be reported to the
members of the Legislative Assembly, which
shall be made to the canvassing board here-
inafter provided for.

Sec. 14. The Governor, Secretary and
Chief Justice or a majority of them, shall
constitute a board of canvassers to receive
the vote of each elector for all state and
district officers and members of the Legi-
slative Assembly. The said board shall
assemble at the seat of government of the
territory, the first day after the day of
such election (or on the following day if
such day fall on Sunday), and proceed to
canvass the votes on the adoption of this
Constitution and for all state and district
officers and members of the Legislative
Assembly in the manner provided by the
laws of the territory for canvassing the
vote for Delegate to Congress, and they
shall certify the results of the election to
the Governor, Secretary and Chief Justice,
separately, and shall make and file with the
Secretary of the territory an abstract cer-
tified by them, of the number of votes cast
for or against the adoption of the Constitu-
tion, and of each person for each state
officer and of the total number of votes cast
in each county.

Sec. 15. All officers elected at such elec-
tion shall receive their salaries after the date
of the executive proclamation by which the
State of North Dakota into the Union,
take the oath required by this Constitution,
and give the same bond required by the law
of the territory to be given in case of like
officers of the territory and districts, and
shall thereupon enter upon the duties of
their respective offices; but the Legislative
Assembly may require by law all such
officers to be given a further bond, as a
condition of their continuance in office.
Sec. 16. The judges of the district court
who shall be elected at the election herein
provided for shall hold their offices until
their successors are elected and qualified.
All other state officers, except judges of
the supreme court, who shall be elected at
the election herein provided for, shall hold
their offices until the first Monday in Janu-
ary, 1891, and until their successors are
elected and qualified. Until otherwise
provided by law the judges of the supreme
court shall receive their salaries per annum
\$4,000 each; and the district judges
shall receive for their services the salary of
three thousand dollars per annum, payable
quarterly.

Sec. 17. The Governor elect of the state
entering upon the duties of his office shall
issue a proclamation convening the
Legislative Assembly of the state at the
seat of government, on a day to be named
in said proclamation, and which shall not
be less than fifteen nor more than forty
days after the date of such proclamation.
And said Legislative Assembly after or-
ganizing shall proceed to elect two senators
of the United States for the State of North
Dakota; and at said election the two per-
sons who shall receive a majority of all the
votes cast by the said senators and rep-
resentatives shall be elected such United
States senators. And the presiding officers
of the senate and house of representatives
shall certify the results of the election to the
Governor and Secretary of the State of North

TRACK SUPERSTITIONS.

QUEER BELIEFS HELD BY THOSE WHO BET ON HORSE RACES.

Maneats and Jonahs Almost as Numerous as the Bettors—Cross Eyed Persons and Hunchbacks—An Old Race Goer Says the Signs Never Fail.

"How is it that gamblers, and especially gamblers on the turf, are so superstitious?" This question was asked of an old race goer recently, but he denied altogether that they were superstitious. He said: "Backing horses in a race is all a game of chance. You may have the very best horse in the race and may back him heavily, but through some mishap, such as the horse being poached, or slipping his bridle, he may be beaten. Now these mishaps make the chance in the game, and there are certain signs that all race goers believe in that tell when to back a certain horse and when to be his enemy. Why, I would not have thought of backing a horse that the signs and omens said would not win that I would attempt to fly."

"Now is it, then, that you don't always win? Are the signs sometimes wrong?" "Never. The signs are always right, but we don't always read them correctly, and even when we do we sometimes think we know best. Then we have to suffer for our conceit."

SAY THE WINNER IN A DREAM.
"Just tell me of some of the signs that you go by."

"First of all, I never make a bet unless I have my mascot with me. It is a \$5 gold piece. If I should happen to leave it at home I just watch the race. Sometimes I have tried to win when I have not that gold piece with me, but I always lose, and so now I have given it up. I found that gold piece several years ago when coming through the gate at Jerome park. I only had a five dollar bill with me that day, and in the first race I placed it on a horse that won and paid \$50.75 for \$5. I concluded that the \$5 gold piece was meant to bring me good luck, and I determined to keep it. That day I won \$700, and ever since I have never been without money."

"Monday is a bad day to lose on. If one starts the week badly then you may be sure it will end badly. If I lose on Monday I rarely make another bet until the next Monday comes around. Sometimes I have varied this rule and tried to win, but it is of no use."

"In losing my shoe this morning I lost it wrong. If I had left it I would have won. Instead I undressed it and released it. That is a sure sign of ill-luck."

Some bettors believe in dreams. They will sometimes dream that a certain horse will win a race, and then back that horse when he next runs. An old turfman told this story about a dream recently:

"It was two days before the Great American stakes was run at Gravesend I dreamed of the race. I saw quite distinctly a number of horses start, and one, a big chestnut, who I knew I could not make out. I tried all day long to find out the name of this horse, but it was of no use. I had his picture stamped on my mind, and when I got to the track I tried again to find out the name of this youngster, but it was no use. Just as the horses were going to the post I recognized my winner in the dream. It was August Belmont's St. Carlo, ridden by Gervin. I rushed to the ring and managed to put on some money. Well, you know St. Carlo won, and I won \$600. That's one reason why I believe in dreams."

Many believe that a hunchback is a sure sign of luck. In this superstition turfmen do not agree with actors. Many an actor has refused to play because he has seen a hunchback in the audience, and he believes it a sure sign of ill-luck. Turfmen think differently. They say if you are in search of good luck never let a hunchback pass without touching the hump, no matter how lightly—the tip of the fingers will do. Some say that you must wish for luck at the same time that you touch the hunchback, and in order to touch the hunchback must be aware of your actions.

Cross eyed persons bring good and bad luck with them. If a man sees a cross eyed woman he will have good luck, but this cross eyed woman will bring bad luck to another woman. In the same way a cross eyed man will bring good luck to a woman and bad luck to a man.

ALL A GAME OF CHANCE.
All patrons of the race course are firm believers in the old superstition about seeing the new moon first. It is good luck to see it first over the right shoulder, bad luck to look at it over the left shoulder, but best luck of all to look at it full in the face with money in your pocket. The money must be turned over while looking at the moon and it will double itself during the next twenty-four hours.

Every one, of course, is familiar with the fatality said to surround the number 13. If there are 13 horses starting in a race, the one numbered 13 has to be an extraordinarily good one before the bettors will back it, and then they claim that nine times out of ten something will happen that will prevent his winning. Many believe that luck surrounds certain numbers. More favor the number 7 than any other.

Some persons who play the races never like to win the first race. They will make a small bet on some horse and expect to lose. After that they will play heavily and are most confident of winning. If they should win in the first race by any chance they will not bet any more, as they are certain they will lose.

Bettors on horse races are always on the lookout for some sign that will point to a certain horse in the race. Going down to the Monmouth park races on the Sandy Hook boat they are always on the lookout for a pilot boat, and then when they see the big number on the sail they regard it as a good omen and plan according to what the number points to on the program. Others watch signs and listen for names. If they see a sign that bears the name of a horse or hear any one mention the name of a horse in some odd way they take it as a sure tip that the horse will win the next time he starts.

Some men have so little faith in their own judgment of the merits of the horses engaged to run, and believe so firmly that winning on a horse race is all a game of chance, that they will place the names of the horses written on separate pieces of paper in a hat and play the first one they draw out. Others will throw an open knife at a card—of course a lucky knife—and the name in which the blade sticks is the horse they select to carry their money.—New York News.

A Bass Slaps a Man's Face.
Since a salmon trap was set from Conesus lake and seized by the nose a boy who was riding in a boat some years ago, no better fish story has been told in this vicinity than actually took place on the river above Black creek. John Harris, his son, and School Commissioner Moody were coming down in a canoe, when a black bass leaped from the water and struck the commissioner over the eye with sufficient force to raise a lump on his forehead. The fish tumbled into the boat, was captured, tried, and convicted of an aggravated assault.—Rochester Post-Express.

Literary Brokerage.

In these days every one is bitten with a desire to see himself in print. Everybody else writes, why not we? Our stories are every bit as good as Smith's, our ideas perhaps better, but our early education has been neglected, our punctuation is uncertain and our spelling shaky. To send MS. in such a condition to a publisher is to waste our stamps. The copy will be returned by the next mail and fame and fortune with which we would so gladly have shaken hands pass us by without so much as a nod.

One puts the MS. in the fire and buries his golden dreams in its ashes, while another writes to a literary bureau, as it is called, for terms, circulars, etc. These being satisfactory, the unlucky article is sent to the bureau to be revised, corrected, partly rewritten and copied out on the typewriter. It comes back as the young girl returns from boarding school, the same and yet different, with a polish, a finish which can be seen and admired, though it is hard to say exactly where the difference lies. The "copy" is now as good as anybody's, and very often the trust of the author is justified by the acceptance of the article.

These literary bureaus also advise one as to the best market for literary goods, what publishers to address and what avoid, and for another fee will "place" the article. Of course by the time one has paid all this his own profit is very small, but next time the writer will walk alone and deal with the publisher unaided—the bureau has furnished the foothold, the introduction needed.

The managers of these bureaus are writers themselves or the "readers" of the publishers who increase their salaries by working after hours. Each publishing house has at least one of these "readers" and some two or three, whose business it is to read and decide on the articles sent to the house, so that they have a good knowledge of the public taste, and their opinion is of practical value.

As women write more than men it is only fair that the best known and most successful writers in New York should be managed by a woman. Indeed, so successful has it become that a new branch has been opened—plays are read, criticized, altered, adapted and recommended to theatrical managers.

These occupations are fair samples of the many departments which have been lately opened up in New York. There are many others which would, perhaps, seem more out of the way, for these given are remarkable chiefly for the newness, that is in the United States, for strange as it may seem, the world is far ahead of the new in this respect.—New York Letter.

Bicycles.

The supreme court of Indiana was called upon to review a non-suit in an action brought to recover damages for being struck down on sidewalk by a bicycle rider. The trial court had held that bicycling was a form of pedestrianism, and that the bicyclist had been struck on the sidewalk as a pedestrian. The appeal from the non-suit was argued in the forenoon. When the court adjourned for dinner, Judges Coffey and Berkshire started to walk to their hotel, and as they were passing out of the capitol grounds a clumsy bicycle rider ran into them, knocking both down and badly bruising the former. This practical argument had such a convincing effect on the minds of the judges, that they immediately overruled their own decision and filed an opinion setting forth that a person who "rudely and recklessly" rides a bicycle against a man standing on a sidewalk is responsible for damages for assault and battery.

After quoting an Indiana law forbidding persons from riding or driving on the sidewalk, the court says: "If sidewalks are exclusively for the use of footmen, then bicyclists, if they are vehicles, must not be ridden along them, since to affirm that sidewalks are exclusively for the use of footmen necessarily implies that they cannot be traveled by bicycles. It would be a palpable contradiction to affirm that footmen have the exclusive right to use the sidewalks and yet concede that persons traveling as pedestrians may also rightfully use them. We think, however, that a bicycle must be regarded as a vehicle within the meaning of the law."—New York Law Journal.

Pasta's Servant.

People who have seen so much of the world, and especially those who have participated in a great deal in its fashion and frivolity, often carry their simplicity of life, if they retire from the active world, to the point of affectation.

The famous singer, Mme. Pasta, in her later years lived very obscurely in a villa on Lake Como, in Italy. One day Mme. Albani, another singer, who had just made her appearance, paid a visit of respect to Pasta in her Lake Como villa. She was met at the door by a wretched serving woman, old, unkempt, frumpy and badly dressed.

"Can I see Signora Pasta?" the visitor inquired.

"In a few minutes, if you will wait," said the servant, conducting her to the parlor. In a short time Signora Pasta made her appearance, and the visitor recognized in her, with no little astonishment, the same unkempt servant woman who had just admitted her, though somewhat "spruced up" in appearance. In fact, Albani's astonishment was so great that she could not help showing it in her face.

"I understand," said Madame Pasta, smiling. "You are wondering whether this can be La Pasta! Well, what else can I do? I have a horror of those mercenary artists who are made servants of hereabouts, and so I do my own work. I have, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that I need not any worse servant than I am now!"—Youth's Companion.

The Mischiefous Boy.

One of a squad of three telegraph linemen was observed on a North end street, throwing a long rope over a string of a dozen wires attached to high poles. His repeated attempts to pass a particular wire attracted the attention of a number of passers by. Having accomplished his object, he adjusted the rope so that a short and dangled. Then with a dextrous twist, he caused the rope to be fastened to the wire as securely as if it had been skillfully knotted. At the same time he formed a large slip noose around the wire. Next he dragged the rope to a near telegraph pole and collected in a bunch miscellaneous articles, consisting of remnants of kites, kite tails, rags, small stones hanging by strings, and other unsightly objects with which mischievous boys delight to encumber telegraph wires. Another man then climbed the pole, detached the rubbish and threw it into the street. The rope was unloosed, and operations continued on other wires that needed attention.—Boston Herald.

Starvation in London.

According to a parliamentary paper, there were in the year 1888 throughout the London metropolis are twenty-five inmates at which the jury found that the deaths arose from starvation or was accelerated by starvation. Of these twenty-five were in the various divisions of Middlesex, one in Greenwich, two in Southwark and three in the Liberty of the Duchy of Lancaster. A complete list of the twenty-five cases is given with various details. In no case had admission to the workhouse been refused.—Onde a Week.

BILL ARP ON COOKING.

THE COOK QUITS AND UNCLE WILLIAM TAKES A HAND.

He Tells All About It and Also Discusses Other Subjects of a Domestic Character. He Unreservedly Expresses His Fondness for Better Hail.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." No, we don't. I didn't know last night that Mrs. Angelina Peacock wouldn't be here this morning. Nobody knew it until there was a tap at the door and a voice said Mrs. Peacock sent me to tell you she couldn't come no more to cook till her get well." David said: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." That is so as a general thing, but right smart depends on whether the cook comes in the morning. No cook, no joy. Mrs. Arp wasn't well now, and so I persuaded her to be calm and serene, and let me manage the breakfast; and so I called Carl and Jessie, and we made a regular frolic of it, and had the best breakfast we have had for a month.

Mrs. Angelina Peacock can't compare with us when we take a notion to cook. She does her best, but she is old and rheumatic, and weighs about 350 pounds, and got fat and greedy while cooking in old Virginia before she was the lovely maiden that Goldsmith wrote about in the Hermit, when he said:

Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
That was another Angelina. I used to cry over her and wish that I was Edwin when he clasped her to his breast.

TEACHING THE CITY GIRL TO MILK.
Every member of a family ought to know how to cook. There is no other way of feeling independent. Let the cook quit if he wants to. It is no discredit to anybody to cook. It is about as honorable as it is to eat, and is more scientific and takes more brains. A hog can eat, but he can't cook. But I want it understood that I am not a standing candidate for that business. I just want my family to feel independent, so that when the cook quits it is not a case of utter despair. Our children have never rebelled against these domestic accomplishments. They can cook and milk the cow and make up the beds and make their own clothes, and they always will do it when there is a necessity.

I saw Carl milking the other evening, and a sweet, pretty girl, who was no kin to him, was standing close by holding the bucket for him, and it did look so "confectionary," as Cole says, that I wanted a photograph of the lactose scene. There was a Savannah girl up here not long ago, and she had never seen a cow milked and Carl had to explain to her the process, how that one test was for sweet milk and one for buttermilk and one for cream and one for the calf, and the sweet innocent believed it, every word.

But about this cooking business I am not uttering the sentiments of Mrs. Arp. She is constitutionally opposed to getting up early in the morning. She is willing to cook dinner and supper, but has no liking for cooking breakfast or making the dishes. She is no admirer of King Solomon either, and sometimes hints that his respect for women and children was very limited, for he wanted switches and threes for the boys, and kept three or four hundred wives to wait on him, and his definition of a virtuous woman was, "She riseth while it is yet night and giveth food to her household." He actually went to cooking, while he slept until the bell rang for breakfast.

She thinks it enough for a mother to nurse and worry with raising eight or ten children, and after the crop is laid by she is entitled to rest, and I think so, too. She can't cook if I can help it. She has made a thousand little garments and worked ten thousand but- tresses in her life, but thank the good Lord, her eyes are not dimmed nor her natural force abated. No; she can't cook. Our colored nabor, Mrs. Fletcher, always comes when she can, but she is raising a crop herself and can't make a full hand in our kitchen.

MRS. ARP A GOOD SPEAKER.

But variety is the spice of life, and somehow I like for something to happen that changes the monotony of things and gets up a commotion and stimulates our energies, and like for the cook to quit and the washerwoman to strike one in a while. I like for the bucket to get into the well or a young cyclone to threaten us. I like for my vest buttons to come off and my under garments to get ragged so that Mrs. Arp will be sorry for me and beg me to buy some new clothes, and I like to work in the garden while the sun is hot and hear Mrs. Arp calling me from the window, "You had better come in the house; you will make yourself sick again working in that sun."

I like for her to hear mysterious sounds away in the night when deep sleep falls upon her, and not upon a woman, and when she panches me in the side with her elbow I get up and meander bravely all through and around the house hunting for robbers and ghosts just to show her what a protector she has got. She is going to St. Simons next week and I am going to stay at home. Some of her married children are going with her, and she is to chaperon the chaps or matrons to the party, or whatever you call it. I don't care what she is going to do in the salt sea wave or not, but I can't stand now standing upon the beach and, with extended arm, repeating the speech of her school days:

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll—
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
Thou glorious mirror where the Almighty's form
Gleams like the sky, where He doth picture'd seem,
Or heave him up on tempests.
Oh, she was a speaker, she was, and she is a speaker yet. She speaks to me sometimes. I wish that every aspiring soul could go to St. Simons, or somewhere, and look upon the sea—the ocean. If a man has a soul how it expands it! How diminutive he feels in the presence of this mighty work of God! But hundreds go there just like they go to a circus. They have no new emotions, no increase of reverence and no decrease in their own conceit.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

A Good Woman.

Mrs. Felicia Grundy Porter, who died at Nashville, Tenn., was one of the notable women of the south. She was the daughter of the late Felix Grundy, Van Buren's attorney general, and before the war was a leader in the brilliant society of the national capital. In the days of the war Mrs. Porter busied herself in establishing hospitals for the sick and wounded soldiers, and spent a great portion of her large fortune in this work. During the last quarter of a century her time has been devoted to charities.—Exchange.

A Grammatical Error.

Scene—School room at public exhibition. Elderly Lady—Johnnie, what is the present singular of "to be?" Johnnie—He does. Elderly Lady—That's right. Now give the perfect third singular. Johnnie (promptly)—He has done. Elderly lady is carried out in hysterics.—Time.

Little Prairie Dog.

Mr. Bantzen, who is spending his retirement in Atlanta, was one of the bravest frontiers officers, and led part of the Custer expedition, which ended so fatally. He is a great observer of natural history, and his narrative of stories about animals is quite as brilliant as are his recitals of army incidents. "Not a blade of grass will grow," said he, "where a prairie dog takes up his abode." "The prairie dog lives in burrows. The burrows run down to a depth of five or six feet, then they turn upward running near the surface of the ground for several feet. The reason they make this turn in the burrows is to prevent water from drowning them out, and to take more precautions they work the dirt up around the mouth of their burrows to the height of a foot, sometimes more."

There are a great many mistakes concerning the habits of these ingenious little animals. Some claim that if one is shot near his burrow he will crawl back into his burrow before he dies, but that is all a mistake. I have shot them while they would be in the mouth of their burrow and then took them out. Some think that a prairie dog enters his burrow at the coming of winter and remains there until spring calls him forth, but that is another mistake. I have seen them walking in the snow hunting for something to eat. They live on grasses and roots and prickly pear, or cactus, as it is called by some.

"The prairie dog is about the size of a fox squirrel, and is almost the color of one. They are very destructive to crops. The farmers poison thousands of them, but it seems as if the old adage of killing one fly ten will take its place, has reference to the prairie dog. Another tale is told of the prairie dog—that the rattlesnake, the prairie owl and the prairie dog all live in the same burrow, but that is the greatest mistake of all. The owl and the rattlesnake do live in the towns, or rather the rattlesnake dies in the prairie dog town, for no sooner does he enter a burrow than the dogs collect and commence filling up the burrow, and if the rattlesnake has gone too far to hear them his doom is sealed, but if he is near the mouth of the burrow he will come out as soon as possible. When the owl takes up his abode in a burrow the dog leaves it and goes to another burrow. They never try to fill up a burrow when an owl goes in, probably because they think there is not so much harm in an owl as there is in a rattlesnake."—Atlanta Constitution.

Ventilation.

Perhaps few who have heard of the "Black Hole of Calcutta" know the terrible facts that have rendered the place famous, and made it the synonym of all that is to be dreaded from foul air and overcrowding. At 8 o'clock on the evening of June 30, 1783, 146 prisoners, officers and men, black and white, and of different nationalities, were thrust into a room eighteen feet square—with two windows on one of the four sides, heavily barred with iron—giving to each prisoner but five cubic feet of space. In ten hours 123 were found dead—only twenty-three being alive!

Another instance is where, in 1743, the high constable of Westminster, London, committed twenty-eight persons to prison, where they were thrust by the keeper into a hole six feet square and five feet ten inches high—the windows being close shut. In a very short time four of the inmates were suffocated. These facts show the poisonous effects of the human breath in a confined space. Professor Brown-Sequard has recently made some experiments that are not only highly interesting, but show why the expired air of man and animals is so deadly. From the condensed vapor of the expired air he produced a liquid so poisonous that when injected beneath the skin of rabbits it produced almost instant death. This poison he found to be not a microbe, but an alkaloid. His conclusions are that the expired air of all animals contains a poison more fatal than carbonic acid.

It is well for the people to understand these facts. They cry aloud for better ventilation and purer air—for less crowding in homes and churches, and hall and school room.—Board of Health Bulletin (Iowa).

Happy Husbands.

It is a man's own fault if he is unhappy with his wife, in nine cases out of ten. It is a very exceptional woman who will not be all she can be to an attentive husband, and a more exceptional one will not be very disagreeable if she finds herself willfully neglected. It would be very easy to hate a man, who, having bound a woman to him, made no effort to make her happy; hard not to love one who was constant and tender; and when a woman loves she always tries to please. The great men of this world have often been wretched in their domestic relations, while mean and common men have been exceedingly happy.

The reason is very plain. Absorbed in themselves, those who desire the world's applause were careless of the little world at home, while those who had none of that egotism strove to keep the hearts that were their own, and were happy in their tenderness. No woman will love a man better for being renowned or prominent. Though he be the first among men, she will only be prouder not fonder; and if she loves him through this renown, as is often the case, she will not even be proud. But give her love, appreciation, kindness, and there is no sacrifice she would not make for his content and comfort. The man who loves her well is her hero and he is not one to any other; no less a thing though his only kingdom is her heart and home.—Helen Fletcher in Herald of Health.

The Champion Cyclone Story.

E. S. Wilson, a blacksmith of Ozark, has a relic of the Marshallfield cyclone, which occurred on Sunday, April 18, 1880, that is a very remarkable curiosity. This witness of one of the freaks of the great storm is a black cast bottle, bent by some mysterious force into an elliptical circle, without a crack or break in the glass that the closest scrutiny can discover. The neck of the bottle actually touches the edge of the bottom, and the fact that the glass was not broken in any way by the strange force of the storm is shown by the test of its holding water or any other fluid. By gradually turning the bottle the water is poured in it can be nearly filled to its full capacity, so as to show the perfect soundness of the material. This bottle was found by Mr. Wilson the day after the Marshallfield disaster and examined by Professor Rice, who soon came to the scene of destruction to study the phenomena of the cyclone from a scientific standpoint. The famous meteorologist attributed the bending of the bottle to the force of electricity, and considered this one of the most wonderful results of the mighty agency at work in the storm cloud. The bottle was found in the wreck of one of the Marshallfield drug stores. Mr. Wilson has been offered extravagant prices for the curiosity, but declines to part with the relic.—Ozark (Mo.) Cor. Globe Democrat.

He Did Not Like the Game.

A clergyman relates that he was once completely nonplused by a youngster at a christening. The child having been taken to church to be baptized, was so much disconcerted at the minister's sprinkling his face that he interrupted him by exclaiming: "Stop! I won't play!"—America.

THE HEADGEAR OF ROYALTY.

A Parisian Modiste Recounts the Fancies of Her Titled Customers.

I number a great many royal ladies among my customers. For instance, I have furnished for years past the hats and bonnets worn by the princesses of the Orleans family. The Comtesse de Paris dresses in a severe and simple style, and always wears round hats—never bonnets. Her hats are small and of a special variety of the toque shape, which is prepared purposely for her. Dark brown and black are her favorite colors. Her married daughter, the Duchesse de Braganza, shares her mother's simplicity of taste. The Duchesse de Chartres, the sister-in-law of the Comtesse de Paris, is one of the most elegant royal ladies in Europe. She is famed for her graceful carriage, and it has been said of her that to see her sit down was in itself a lesson in grace. Her usual style of headgear is the capote bonnet in black and gold or cream white or red, all of which colors or combination of colors are very becoming to her. Her daughter, the Princess Waldemar of Denmark, prefers a style of headgear which is gotten up especially for her. It is of the toque shape in front, curving down at the back in something of the capote form. She likes straight high trimmings set in front of the crown, never wears strings, and particularly dislikes hanging ends, whether of ribbon or lace. As she has a fresh, fair complexion she delights in delicate shades of pale blue or of silver gray.

The empress of Russia has been for some years past one of my customers. Like her sister, the Princess of Wales, she never wears high crowned or large brimmed hats, which, indeed, would be unsuited to the delicate type of her beauty. Everything must be small and neat and compact, whether hat or bonnet. Her favorite colors are pale blue and mauve, and several of the new shades of green, such as Nile reed and varnish green. Her sister-in-law, the Grand Duchess Vladimir, who was a princess of the ducal house of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, is one of the royal ladies of European fashion, being extremely stylish in manner and possessing infinite taste in dress.

She has carried out for her an idea of her own, which was to combine in a toque a crown in real seal skin with trimming of white silk gauze. This union of fur and gauze, of dark brown and white, was daring and novel, and perfectly successful. She delights in wearing flowers, her favorites being chrysanthemums and violets.

The wife of her second brother, formerly the Princess Elisabeth, of Saxe-Weimar, also has much taste in dress. She wears compact hats, with close bordering and strings, and bows under the throat being very becoming to her. When she was married I furnished the bonnets and hats of her troussaint, comprising some thirty in all. Every costume was made with a hat to match, and every carriage or reception or theatre dress had the bonnet to correspond in materials as well as in color.—Paris Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

A Snake Forty-seven Feet Long.

A few whispered words notified the party to aim at his head and the other half at the central part of his body.

The second volley produced the desired effect. The colossal mass leaped wholly out of the pool, and with a few terrible convulsions, in which he lashed the water and the floor of the cavern, he sank quivering to the ground, a dead body for a quietus insuring his certain death. This fact was then made sure of, and the caves were soon invaded by the pursuers.

The monster was dragged out into the level and found to measure forty-seven feet, the thickest part of his body having a diameter of two feet six inches. In color he was yellow in the upper part of his body, dark above, with dark rings encircling the body, the lower part of his body being a grayish green, which semi-human gray disks served as spots to variegate the skin.

He was opened by the machetes of some coco pruners, under the direction of Mr. McCarthy. In him there were found the half digested body of a deer and a number of forms pauper's forms, probably swallowed by him with the body of some unknown and unfortunate coco contractor.

By 8:30 p. m. the joyful concourse, dragging the monster, reached Arizona, where the necessary steps were taken to preserve the carcass for display in the council hall of Port of Spain. The exciting occurrences connected with the monster are still the subject of general discussion and gossip. The island has not for a long time been disturbed by tragic incidents of this extraordinary nature.—Port of Spain Gazette.

The Price of a Leg.

A widow, whose husband had lost his life in a railway accident, received from the company 10,000 francs by way of compensation. Shortly afterward, she heard that a traveler who had lost a leg on the same occasion had been paid 30,000 francs. The widow at once put on her bonnet and shawl, and trotted off to the offices of the company.

"Gentlemen, how is this?" she said, "here you give me 10,000 francs for a leg, and you have just given me 30,000 francs for a leg, and you have just given me 10,000 francs for the loss of my husband!"

"Madame," replied one of the clerks, "the reason is quite plain; 20,000 francs won't provide the poor man a new leg, whereas for 10,000 you can any day get another husband, perhaps a better one."

We are informed that the lady, who is still young, after a moment's silent reflection, walked away apparently satisfied.—Etoile Belge.

Inquired at Headquarters.

A little rosebud blooming in the wilds of New Jersey appeared one day, doing in her arms, at the house of a friend living a few blocks away from her own domicile.

"Tan I tum in and muse myself and 'ou a 'till while?" she inquired.

Kisses and a hearty response gave her assurance of welcome. An hour or more went by, when her father appeared searching for her.

"Why did you do so, Rosebud?" he asked, reprovingly. "You must not go out without permission; you must inquire of your mother if she will let you go visiting."

"Oh, I knew she'd say no," replied Rosebud, coolly, "so I just 'quired of myself.'"—Daughters of America.

The Pistol State.

Florida's topographical appearance is exactly like that of a pistol. The Pensacola end of the state would represent the muzzle, Apalachicola the trigger, Fernandina the hammer, and all South Florida the handle of the weapon. Annexation to Alabama west of the Chattahoochee river would cut off the muzzle and a good part of the barrel. It is not generally known, perhaps, that in extent of territory Florida ranks as the twelfth state of the Union, and is larger than any other southern state except Texas.—Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

Fifty Young Girls.

Fifty young girls, ranging in age from 8 to 17, compose the "Girls' Military company, of Fouguespelle." The uniform is navy blue flannel, a skirt made full and reaching to the tops of the boots, a blouse waist falling over the belt, skirt and blouse trimmed with narrow gold braid, the blouse closing in front with military buttons, a military cap bearing a laurel wreath and the letters "G. M. C."

A WEST INDIAN CITY.

First Impressions Which St. Pierre Makes on the Tourist.

When you find yourself for the first time, upon some unshadowed day, in the delightful West Indian city of St. Pierre—supposing that you own the sense of poetry, the recollection of a student—there is apt to steal upon your fancy an impression of having seen it all before, even so long ago, you cannot tell where. The sensation of some happy dream you cannot wholly recall might be compared to this feeling.

In the simplicity and solidity of the quaint architecture: in the eccentricity of bright, narrow streets, all aglow with warm coloring; in the tints of roof and wall, antiquated by streakings and patchings of mold greens and gray; in the richness of window shades, glass, gas lamps and chimneys; in the blossom tenderness of the blue heaven, the splendor of tropical light and the warmth of the tropic wind—you will find less the impression of a scene of today than a sensation of something that was and is not. Slowly this feeling strengthens with your pleasure in the colorless radiance of costume; the semi-nude of painting figures; the pulsant shapeliness of torsos rudely swart like statue metal; the rounded outline of limbs yellow as tropic fruit; the grace of attitudes; the unconscious harmony of groupings; the gathering and folding and falling of light robes that oscillate with swaying of free forms; the sculptured symmetry of unshod feet. You look up and down the lemon tinted streets—down to the dazzling azure brightness of meeting sky and sea, up to the perpetual verdure of mountain woods—wondering at the mellowness of tones, the sharpness of lines in the light, the diaphanous of colored shadows, always asking memory: "When—where did I see all this long ago?"

Then, perhaps, your gaze is suddenly riveted by the vast and solemn beauty of the verdant violet shaded mass of the dead volcano, high towering above the town, visible from all its ways, and embracing, as it were, the town in its arms, as the mellowness of tones, the sharpness of lines in the light, the diaphanous of colored shadows, always asking memory: "When—where did I see all this long ago?"

Too soon the hallucination is broken by modern sounds, disrupted by modern sights—rough trolleys of sailors descending to their boats, the heavy boom of a packet's signal gun—the passing of an American buggy. Instantly you become aware that the scene is neither Hellenic nor Roman; only the beautiful childish speech of French shades—Harper's Magazine.

Clever War Strategy.

Senator Spencer had an excellent record for shrewdness in the army. An illustration of it was found in his conduct when placed in a critical position during the march of Sherman to the sea. During that famous march he commanded a brigade of cavalry in the division of Judson Kilpatrick. In some manner, how it is unnecessary to explain, the command of Col. Spencer became separated from the rest of the division, and Gen. Wheeler, who was endeavoring to cut off part of the Federal forces, came between him and his friends. There was a very strong prospect that if word was not conveyed to Kilpatrick of the condition of affairs the entire command of Col. Spencer would be made prisoners of war.

In this emergency Col. Spencer conceived a plan of escape. As it happened there had been, shortly before that time, continued disregard by Confederate troops of the custom of war which made a Federal soldier, when captured, a prisoner of war, entitled to exchange. A number of Federal prisoners had been seized and strung up to trees in disregard of all usage of war. Col. Spencer sent a dispatch to Gen. Wheeler asking a flag of truce and a conference on the subject of the lawlessness, saying that retaliation in deeds of like character might be expected of Federal troops unless some action was taken by the Federal and Confederate commanders. To this dispatch he signed the name of Gen. Sherman.

Gen. Wheeler agreed to the flag of truce and a conference. Some of the officers of Col. Spencer's brigade were dressed

**All Murdered Women When Under
the Influence of Either Drink
or Jealousy.**

—Harry Roberts was hanged at Butte, M. T. for the murder of J. W. Crawford on May 14 last. The killing grew out of a quarrel between two men, Crawford being a wagon boss and Roberts, a teamster in the employ of E. Correa, ore transfer man for the Silver Bow mill. A dispute occurred between them, which had led to blows, when Crawford knocked Roberts down with a pitchfork. Roberts harbored revenge, and sought an opportunity to kill Crawford, which came about noon of the 13th inst., when Roberts went into Correa's boarding house for dinner and saw Crawford stooping over a wash bowl, when he drew his pistol and fired, the deceased falling through the body killing him. The district court, in session, an indictment was found and he was placed on trial June 3, and on the evening of June 5 he was found guilty and sentenced to hang on Aug. 16. The supreme court refused to entertain an appeal, but Gov. White granted him a respite of one week at the eleventh hour, and he was executed on the 23rd inst. The condemned actively circulated a petition for a commutation to life imprisonment, which was signed by many Grand Army comrades, and some of the soldiers of the 10th Cavalry refused to let the law take its course. A strong feeling of indignation at interference prevailed in Butte, and Roberts met his fate with much rejoous satisfaction, and the thought that he was being visible on him when standing under the gallows. His neck was broken in two places when the weight fell, and he never moved.

Deceased was born in Wales, and had served in the Union Army during the Rebellion, bearing an honorable discharge.

**Ministers, He Thinks, Should Find New
Texts Instead of Thrashing Over
Old Straw.**

an all-consuming typhoid. Oh, if we could see our world as it really is, we would see the whole world chatter and our knees would knock together and our respiration would be choked and our heart would break. If your sins are unforgiven, they are bearing you away from happiness, sinking away from God, making away from everything that is good and blessed.

Swimmer! Swimmer! want? A swimmer! Another swimmer! A swift swimmer! And, blessed be God, in my text we have him announced. "He shall spread forth his hands in the midst of them as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." We have noticed that when a swimmer goes out to rescue any one he puts off his heavy apparel. He must not have any such impediments about him if he is going to do his duty that day dead. And when Christ stepped forth to save us he shook off the sandals of heaven and his feet were free; and then he stepped down into the water of our transgressions and he took off his heavy armor of glory, and it came above the spear stab in his side-aye, it dashed to the lacerated temple, the high-water mark of his anguish. Then, rising up from the water, he came forth, and he held in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

If you have ever watched a swimmer you notice that when the arms are flexed, the hands drive the water back, the knees are active, the head is thrown back to escape strangulation, the whole body is in propulsion. And when a swimmer is in the water, he is free, he throws his entire nature into it—all his God-head, his omnipotence—head, heart, eyes, hands, feet. We were far out on the sea and so deep down in the water that we could not even see the bottom, and I saw nothing of an

thy will," and all the surges of human antagonistic hate beat against him, and those who watched him from the gates of heaven feared he would go down under the ways and instead of saving others would himself perish.

- pected of having the consumption as soon after eating as possible, using boiling water for the purpose.
4. Do not mingle the unwashed clothing of consumptive patients with similar clothing of other persons.
5. Do not fail to catch the bowel discharges of consumptive patients with diarrhoea in a vessel containing corrosive sublimate one part, water 1000 parts.
6. Do not fail to consult the family physician regarding the social relations of persons suffering from suspected consumption.
7. Do not permit mothers suspected of having consumption to nurse their offspring.
8. Household pets (animals or birds) are quite susceptible to tuberculosis; therefore, do not expose them to persons afflicted with consumption; also, do not keep, but destroy at once, all household pets suspected of having consumption, otherwise they may give it to human beings.
9. Do not fail to thoroughly cleanse the floors, walls and ceilings of the living and sleeping-rooms of persons suffering from consumption at least once in two weeks.

DAKOTA MENTION.

Condensed Happenings Through Both North and South Dakota

A farmer by the name of Roselynn, living near Gann Valley, Butte county, lost a span of horses and a quantity of grain and agricultural machinery by the burning of a barn that was struck by lightning. The barn was insured, but the stock and grain was a total loss. One of E. I. P. Steele's agricultural warehouses in Devil's Lake was destroyed by fire the flames communicated to the adjoining building, owned and occupied by Mr. Steele, causing considerable damage. Steele carried an immense stock, the large portion of which was saved. It was fully covered by insurance.

The citizens of Hot Springs are working to secure the establishment of a printers' home, to be built on the International Typographic Union, in their city. A bonus of acres of valuable land, with the use of the baths for inmates of the home, and a substantial cash contribution have been the inducements offered.

Let your horse stand loose
possible, without being tied up in

We have always believed that farmers would find sheep profitable, if the land is dry enough. It is of no use to attempt to keep sheep on wet land. But a small flock on a farm will certainly ordain to be more profitable. As has been said many times by us, and by others, sheep furnish a convenient way for a farmer to obtain fresh meats, a very desirable thing for the average farmer and his family. Diet is such an important matter that it might almost be said that too much attention cannot be given to it. If pork which is eaten in this country to so large an extent, was not the best in the world, the health of the people would be severely affected, and our consumption of pork is very large. We have always believed that there was enough in this point alone to induce farmers to go to raising sheep. Then comes the profit, and we believe that a profit can be made from sheep, taking all things into consideration, even under unfavorable circumstances.—Western Ruralist

THE HOUSEHOLD.
—
Broad Sashes of the material

mixed with meal and scattered
their runways never fails to
them away. Cayenne pepper
keep the buttery and storeroom
from rats and cockroaches.
house makes and entrance into
out of your dwellings saturated
with cayenne in solution
sprinkle dry cayenne on some
cotton and stuff it into a hole,
can be repaired with either wood
mortar. No rat or mouse will
that rag for the purpose of open
communication with a depot of
lies.

His Youthful Guard.

When the shah arrived at Ber
small boy, dressed in gorgeous
suits of gold and purple, was
seen at one of the windows of
rain. Nobody knew who he
and many stories were current.
It is now stated that the little
who is only 5 or 6 years old,
who accompanies the shah
here, is a sorcerer from Teh
whose presence is supposed to
ward-off-Deen from all ills and
misfortunes during his journey
Once a Week.

Funny Men's Fancies.
—
Perspiration never reigns but
The tombstone is about the

Bugs Sink a Torpedo Boat.

An amusing and true story comes from Toulon about bugs. Numbers of those nauseous insects that swarmed in every corner of the torpedo boat Couleuvrine seem to be endless. The celluloid of the Couleuvrine is built seams, their favorite haunt, for all the seams of that material were covered with bugs. The ordinary insecticides were powerless, and on the recommendation of the maritime prefect, the minister of marine, Admiral Krantz, gave orders for the Couleuvrine to be taken out and kept under water for three days.

—London Star.

THE BOY HARPER.

Never mind the when and where of this tale. It is a romance, and a romance is the disembodied spirit of a story, only sufficiently materialized to render it perceptible to mortal senses. Suffice it to know that it belongs to a country where castles were a part of the vitality of the land, not picturesque emblems of a dead past; and to those olden days when men not having yet learned to delegate the keeping of their consciences to a national code of laws, came nearer to the principles that underlie those laws.

It was a time and country of arms. Valor was the saint by whom all swore, and no death was feared save a death on the straw. And with valor ruled song. When the clash of swords was for a moment stilled, minstrelsy and minstrels sang of the sweetness of love. Are not the tenderest blossoms of the year those that are fostered by the snowdrift? The Tower of Tynedale had had its baptisms of blood and consecrations of song more frequently, it may well be, than any other castle within the same horizon bounds, for it stood on disputed ground. It was a defiance in stone flung down by an early Tynedale, and many a time had the Brankome men dashed themselves against it in vain assault. Once, indeed, the portraits had traitorously yielded, and the banner of the hated house of the assassins had taunted the scattered Tynedales from the battlements of its own tower. That dishonor had been wiped out in the desperate courage of the recapture, but its memory roused to new life the old family feud, which had its birth in the buried past.

It was the thought of that forgotten shame that made more lofty the bearing of the lord of Tynedale as he entered the demesne to which a long absence had made him well nigh a stranger. The gay laughter of his retainers, who found it joy enough to feel the shadow of Tynedale oaks once more above them, seemed to his ear but to muffle the angry mutter of defeated men. Age itself was forgotten, as the very thought of the men of Brankome, the hand of the old lord to the hilt of his sword. He stood, responding to his unconscious touch, bounded forward, and carried him in advance of his train to the opening in the forest that commanded a distant view of the tower.

And there the sunbeams that flashed from spear head and sparkled from the jeweled dresses of lady fair galloped and waiting esquire sank into shadows amid the folds of the Brankome banner, which Brankome hands had flung once more from the battlements of Tynedale tower. Dark and sullen hung the silken folds, heavy with shame. And dark grew the brow of the lord of Tynedale—dark even as the shadows of the forest, when that message met his eye. The sun sank down and the night came swiftly to cover alike the hated banner and the little band resting under the edge of the wooded hill.

An indifferent forester, to whom it mattered little whether the flag of the tower were gules or argent, told the brief tale of the days foray. An attack, a surprise, a weak defense, a few hours of desperate hand to hand fighting within the old walls, and then the sunset with its revelation; that was all.

The party camped hastily. "We are helpless," said the old lord, bitterly; "within those walls a handful may laugh at a host; without, a handful like this would be but a dash of summer raindrops on the stones. False stones, they protect friend and foe alike."

Then spoke Edwy, the heir of Tynedale. "My lord and father, an it please you, I will enter the tower. My harp will be my passport, for a minstrel hath free warrant to hall and bower. Once in, it will go hard but I find means to open the gates to our men ere the morning."

The old lord's eye flashed. He felt the fever of youth throbbing in his veins for a moment; then it passed, but he beheld his own spirit kindling keen and high in the dauntless youth who faced him.

"Go, my child, the honor of Tynedale is in your hands." So it shortly came to pass that a gray young minstrel boldly demanded admittance for his harp and himself at the gate where Edwy of Tynedale might not pass for his life. A rude welcome greeted him from the hall.

"Enter, thou minstrel lad. Such a day as this hath merited a night of song. What ballads hast thou that are new?"

"Ballads new and old in plenty to pleasure the lords of Tynedale tower," answered Edwy calmly, resting his harp near the board about which lounged the dark men of Brankome, pledging their victory in tankards of Tynedale ale. At his feet, trampled and stained, lay the silken banner of his house, rudely torn from the battlements. But no one saw the fire that smoldered under Edwy's lowered lids.

Edwy had already noted the bound figure of Oswald, an ancient servant of the house, who listened unmoved to the rude jests and taunts of the soldiery. Once, at the first tone of Edwy's voice, a quiver passed over his blood-stained cheek, but he raised not his eyes from the floor. Grim, stern, silent, he waited, and if he strained his iron muscles against the cords till he felt them slip and yield, no one heeded. The youth with his harp was more diverting than the savage gibes moved not.

"A song! a song! After the battle cry, the madrigal!" "I have little faith in your madrigals and minstrelsy," growled one stout knight. "They are all false, these fair fingered squires, who love better the strumming of a harp than the twang of a bowstring."

"Thou art sourd, Gregory, and

hast lost thy taste for love songs since Edric spoiled thy pretty face for thee."

"Fill thy tankard, Gregory, and go to sleep." Gregory scowled but profited by the counsel.

"Now, harper, give us the last ballad in thy wallet." Edwy's fingers had been straying over the strings of the harp, winking those low soft murmurs that music-ians love. Now, with a free hand, he struck the ringing chords, and no one save Oswald heard aught but careless melody in the young voice that filled the hall.

Burd Margaret hath gone to the greenwood alone. Alone to the greenwood tree; My sister, I pray thee hinder me not, My true love will tarry for me."

And first there came riding a visored knight All fast by the greenwood tree; "Burd Margaret, burd Margaret thy Willie is false. But I will thy true love be."

O Willie, my Willie, and hast thou forgot The tryst thou hast pledged with me? O gin it be sooth that my Willie be false, Full soon will thy Margaret deal

Nay, weep not, fair maid, but come thou with me. My castle lies over the sea. Nay, though all forsaken and faithless, my Yet true will fond Margaret be.

Then down sprang the knight from the gallop All fast by the greenwood tree; Look up, sweet maid, for thy true love am I. Thy Willie, still faithful to thee.

The languishing strains sank softly, to be caught up and repeated by lusty voices, till the armor on the walls rang again. Deep were the draughts of Oswald's ale, and Edwy joined in draining the circling cup, muttering a prayer to his patron saint while that a deep sleep might mingle with the mead for the thirsty

regrets. But few were yet ready to follow the lead of Gregory, sullenly snoring on a bench by the door, and soon the mingled voices demanded another song.

"And let it be a song for men, not love'sick boys." Edwy was as willing as ever was minstrel to please his audience, and with a ringing voice he gave them old Oswald's favorite.

Keen are the arrows of Skio, Deadly the song of his bow; Loud laugheth he, Joyful to see Stricken and fallen the foe. Death grimly waits his behest, Singing the strongest and best; Never shall they Greet the glad day; Low in the dust lies their crest.

Lonely and mournful is Skio; Wearily idle days go; Fear his strong hand, Ne'er can he find a stout foe.

As Edwy finished the song, he lifted his eyes and squarely encountered an intent gaze, which he seemed to have felt before he turned. He saw a mere boy, whose fair, floating hair and bravely sweet face made him seem as apart from these dark visaged men of blood as a saint stepped down from the stained windows of some cathedral.

Once before the boyish face with its halo of golden hair had held Edwy's eye, and with a lightning flash of memory that earlier meeting was recalled. It was a lonely spot on the mountain side, and the fearless boy, with falling strength, was holding at bay an angered stag. Had Edwy's trusty spear ever then or lingered, no morrow had ever smiled on the brave hunter. Now in the deep look, more potent than speech, that held their eyes locked for a moment ere they averted aside, Edwy read that he was known.

His fingers trembled as he struck slow fragments of music from the obedient strings, and there was a ringing in his ears that sounded like the battle cry of the Brankomes. Then the blood surged back to his heart, and he lifted his dauntless Tynedale face to his foes. Trapped and at their mercy he knew himself, but at least he could show them how the Tynedales were wont to die.

The liquid drops of music shivered into a sharp silence as his hand forsook the strings to rest lightly on the short sword at his belt, while his haughty glance swept the hall. But there was no answer to his silent challenge, and now in the averted face of the triumph of an enemy, but the griefed perplexity of a child.

Edwy understood. That the boy remembered his benefactor's face was proved past doubt in that first long gaze, and now his troubled silence revealed that he remembered the benefactor also. But silence was hard for Edwy's beating heart to bear, and striking the chords sharply, he gave to measured music the tumultuous words that throbbed in his brain.

The carouse about the board was somewhat hushed, but Edwy sang only for the boy, whose drooping eyes could not bear the steadfast gaze he bent upon them.

Long is the mountain path, Dark is the glen, Fierce is the antlered stag, Hater of men. Hapless the hunter now, Lacking his spear, Wee to the hunter led, Death draweth near. Long may the maiden wait, Biding her lover; In the mountain glen Whiten his bones.

The boy shuddered and met Edwy's

precipitate waited hungrily for a heedless step, but never yet had they met in the breath of a song.

In one fierce moment he grasped the full strength of life. The little band waiting his signal without, the laughter of the foes of his house, all rested on his power to hold and control the will of the child who now raised questioning eyes to him, as asking counsel. The battle courage flushed his dark cheek as he once more touched his harp. He must sing, as he had fought, for his life and the honor of Tynedale.

Faithless are lovers, but lovers are many; Maidens are cruel, but hearts have again; Thankless are beggars who take the drink penny.

Few hold remembrance while one moon may wane. Chiefest in infancy whom may we call? Ingrate of infancy and kind of these all? Who but the traitor to friend and to honor? Who but the dastard that drunken with strife, Strikes at the bosom that succored and saved him? Offers him death who hath rendered him life?

Dead in dishonor of living in shame. Bards shall remember the dastardly name. Edwy ceased. Had he lost or won in the game where the stake was life? The boy's grave eyes glowed with a clear light, and as the impetuous strain sank to silence, he drew the harp from Edwy's arm.

"Methinks your songs ring not true, fair harper. There be blacker traitors than he who slays even a friend."

And with mournful yet steadfast look he gave in song his answer to Edwy's challenge:

Youthful knight, I charge the well, Guard the banner that thou bearest; Though it leads to blackest doom, Though our naked swords thou farrest, Though thy life, thy friend, thy soul, Doomed be to endless doom.

Edwy had lost. As the verse ended with a tremble, the two stood silently side by side watching the quivering strings. The last faint vibration died away, and with eyes that seemed not to see, the boy stepped forward and raised his hand imperiously to silence. But Edwy was before him.

"Nay, boy, there shall be no need. I saved thee once from death; I will save thee now from ingratitude." Snatching up the silken banner of his house he wound it as a shield about his left arm, and with drawn sword he planted his back against a friendly wall.

"Ye men of Brankome, heard ye ever melody like this before?" And lifting his clear voice, the battle song of the Tynedales rung out over heads of the conquerors with defiant boldness.

A Tynedale! A Tynedale! and merry St. Andrew to aid! While blood may flow or edge may bite, A Tynedale wields the blade! While heart can beat or eye can see, A Tynedale fronts the foe! A Tynedale! A Tynedale! St. Andrew wins the day!

There was a hush like death, then the wide hall echoed and re-echoed with a hoarse cry of "Death to the Tynedale!" and fifty swords flashed their menace out; fifty fowens, wild with hate, leaped to face him. Then they paused, awed by the dauntless look of the proud youth, whose eyelid never quivered. He would die, but not alone. A moment and they closed upon him, while flashing steel on steel struck fire. A shriek, a groan, but not from Edwy's lips; a narrowing circle of sword points, yet with guard and thrust Edwy held his own. He felt the blood flow from his breast, and gasping out "A Tynedale!" he sank to the floor.

Was it the echo of his voice, or the wild heart blood beating in his ears? His last words were caught up and repeated: "A Tynedale! to the rescue! A Tynedale!"

Then for Edwy came silence. But not for the hall. Though the portal sprang Oswald, leading the Tynedale men, who had waited without in the shadows for Edwy's signal. The signal had come, but from Oswald's hand, at the moment when the defiance of the minstrel in the hall had left the door unguarded.

Hand to hand and knee to knee they fought about the board; but the cry of "Strike for Edwy!" made the Tynedales irresistible. The mead had not ceased to flow from the overturned tankards before Tynedale tower again floated the banner they unwound from Edwy's arm.

Then Oswald lifted Edwy's head and stanching the wound in his breast. The blue eyes slowly opened. "Edwy, lad, how is it with thee?" Edwy laughed.

"I faint, Oswald, I fear my harp must lie idle many a day. But is the boy safe?"—Lily A. Long in Overland Monthly.

A Curious Accident. A curious accident, which unhappily has since proved fatal, befell M. Boutet, an artist, residing in the Avenue Victor Hugo. M. Boutet was working in his studio, when, inconvenienced by the sun, he asked his bonnet to get on the roof and pass a light linen covering over the glass.

As the woman was arranging this awning she slipped and, falling through the glass, alighted on the table at which her master was seated. Oddly enough she sustained no injury worth mentioning. M. Boutet, however, was not so fortunate. A piece of the broken glass struck him on the neck, severing an artery. He tried to staunch the blood and, failing, ran out of the house in the direction of a neighboring druggist's shop; but he fell down fainting ere he reached the place, and two hours afterwards he breathed his last.—London Times.

A Woman as a Plow-Horse.

The people of this section are accustomed to seeing plows pulled by horses and mules, and very often by oxen, but until recently they had never seen a woman pulling the plow while her husband held the plowshares. But such a scene can be witnessed within a mile of McRae's place, and the husband a preacher from Ohio. The wife informed the Enterprise man some time ago that she did the pulling of the plow, hence the editor has withheld his editorial respects in the premises.—McRae (Ga.) Enterprise.

The stepping-stones to success are

The Preservation of Beauty.

The preservation of beauty and apparent youth, says the New York Ledger, is a subject that interests everybody; and I cannot deny that when I saw in a certain journal that Patti, the prima donna, had told a reporter her way of doing it, I was eager to read what she had said.

Though the beautiful singer is still in the prime of life, she has passed those years which generally spoil a voice and complexion without losing hers; "and really," I thought, "she must speak as an expert."

So I looked up her prescription. It was this: "Ten hours' sleep every night, unlimited lemons, and no emotions."

It sounded very simple at first, but when I considered it carefully it occurred to me that one must use every prescription with caution. In almost any locality lemons may be procured and eaten, or converted into lemonade; but I recall a conversation I once heard on the porch of a country hotel, which suggested that something more simple even than lemons may be used too freely.

"How is your husband?" asked the wife of one local magnate of another. "How is your husband, Mrs. Brown?" "Well, Mrs. Smith, he doesn't seem to feel real good."

"Why, do tell! What seems to be the matter with him?" "I think, Mrs. Smith, he's been drinking too much milk."

"You don't say! Well, I suppose a body may drink too much of anything, Mrs. Brown."

This remark applies to lemons no less than to milk.

Unlimited lemons may preserve Patti's beauty, but, usually, most of the benefit would accrue to the nearest druggist in his profits on cholera drops. Then ten hours' sleep! I really believe that ten hours' repose now and then would be good for any one, though eight is a liberal allowance for ordinary people; but it would take a good deal of leisure and a peculiar location to get ten hours' sleep out of an ordinary twenty-four.

My conscience is as good as that of most people, but I am sure that it would not last me out for ten hours' of untroubled slumber. I should consider it presumption to expect more than seven.

I am afraid we cannot all of us adopt that portion of the recipe; but when it comes to no emotions—ah, I doubt if Patti has really given her wonderful secret to the world, after all.

Fancy a woman with no emotions. She would not be a woman at all; her life would not be worth living. Adeline Patti could not make me believe that she has feasted on flattered vanity, been loved by men, envied by women, reigned queen of song for so many years, had all that the world offers to success and beauty, without feeling a multitude of delightful emotions.

Has God so blessed her that she has had no sorrows in all her forty years? Has she not loved or been loved by friendship, or felt pity for the woes of others, or contemplated life's great and thrilling mysteries? Have none of the thousand things that awaken woman's emotions befallen her?

I doubt if a cold heart, a loveless one, a blank life not worth living, would preserve beauty. These are what would come of no emotions. For my part, I prefer the ordinary crow's feet and spider tracks written on the face of middle-aged women of feeling. Adeline Patti, you evidently kept your secret and humbugged that reporter beautifully.

German Emigration.

A Berlin journal publishes a synopsis of German emigration since 1871. The total for the period is 1,769,291 persons. Of these emigrants the destination of no fewer than 1,318,816 was the United States; 33,433 went to Brazil, 15,699 to other parts of South America, 16,391 to Australia, 4,780 to British North America, 4,047 to Africa, and 1,086 to Asia. There remain unaccounted for 74,885 emigrants sailing from French ports, though it is believed that nearly all of these went to the United States. The year of highest emigration was 1881, when 220,902 Germans left their fatherland. The lowest number of emigrants during any period is found in 1877—viz., 22,898.

Brazil received most of her Germans long ago, nearly 9,000 going to that empire in 1872.3. Latterly the tide has run much more strongly to other parts of South America—1,723 going there in 1888, for example, while only 1,129 went to Brazil. The total emigration in 1888 amounted to 83,218, a lower figure than for the preceding seven years. In 1887 it was 104,659; in 1888, 98,568, but in the latter year the returns from Harve were missing.

Romance and Reality. "It is easy for married couples to quarrel and bring themselves to the point of a divorce," said a well known New Yorker yesterday. "After I had been married three months I came sadly home one night to tell my wife that business would keep me away from her for the next twenty-four hours. She was girlish, and by way of reply she gave herself a little hug, with a little wriggle of her body thrown in, and expressed her feelings in an exclamation of unmistakable joy. Deeply pained, I said to her that I had never supposed she desired my absence enough to grieve with joy at the mere proposal of it. Many a man would have gone off angry or darkly suspicious. Instead I questioned her. 'Why, you goose,' said she, 'when you said you were going away one thing popped into my head to the exclusion of everything else. That was, now he's going away and I can eat some raw onions with salt and vinegar. That was all. I have been dying for raw onions ever since our wedding.'"—New York Sun.

The stepping-stones to success are "rocks."—Lila.

A Reason for the Fourth.

On another stand, says the Atlanta Journal, was a long pan in which was an old-time ginger cake, blackish brown in color, and smelling loudly of soda and sorghum.

When the rain came the tent leaked above the pan.

The ginger cake began swelling, and in half an hour it had risen so high that it looked like a single wardrobe of mahogany laid on its back on the shelf.

A regular Fourth of July dandy stood gazing sorrowfully upon the risen mass of "spiced" sweetness.

He was an old man, a sage among his people. He wore the regulation black suit, second-handed and faded, while his head was adorned with a broken-down bowler hat that had done service in ante-bellum days.

The old man sighed very audibly as a Journal reporter came up.

"What's the matter, old man?" asked the reporter.

"Ha! Lawd, boss, I hates ter see all dat sweetnin' stuff sp'iled, an' hit de fole er July too."

"Do you know what the Fourth of July is?"

"Who, me? In course I does. Hits de openin' er de watermillin season, an' de folks lays off a day ter git a good taste."

"Why do the colored people celebrate?"

"Cause, de white folks selerbrate hit."

"Well, why did the white folks first start it?"

"Well, dat was 'for my time. You gwine back too far me, boss. But I's hear 'em tell how dey cum ter start de fole er July."

"How was it?"

"Well, de I'se up on de bible, hit wuz 'bout de time Moses wuz 'lected fust president er dese United States."

"No, you are a little off there; it wasn't Moses."

"Well, wuz de gemmen's name?"

"Don't you know it?"

"Course I knows it, but I can't member de name rite now."

"Was it Abe Lincoln?"

"Yasser, he de man. My grandpa wuz wid him when he rid across de Chattahoochee river in de bateau an' grandpa catbered de bigges' catfish offin de trot line dat Mister Linkin eber seed, an' he gib him a silver dollar fur hit, an' my ole lady's got de dollar now. Yasser, das de reczin dey selerbrate de fole."

Just then another shower came up and the old dandy hobbled off to take shelter under one corner of a friendly tent.

There are many negroes in the south who celebrate the Fourth with no other idea of what it is than the one interviewed above. They know it is a day of rest, ginger cakes, apple pies, red lemonade and soda water, and that is sufficient for them.

An Underground Canal.

"The strange canal in the world is one I never saw mentioned in any book or newspaper," said an English clergyman to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter. "It is a canal sixteen miles long, between Worsley and St. Helens, in the north of England and is underground from end to end. In Lancashire the coal mines are very extensive, half the county being undermined, and many years ago the Duke of Bridgewater's managers thought they could save money by transporting the coal underground instead of on the surface. So the canal was constructed, the mines connected and drained at the same time. Ordinary canal boats are used, but the power is furnished by men. On the roof of the tunnel arch are cross pieces, and the men who do the work of propulsion lie on their backs on the coal and push with their feet against the cross bars on the roof. Six or eight men will draw a train of four or five boats, and as there are two divisions in the tunnel boats pass each other without difficulty."

An Eel Swallowed by a Snake.

A water snake surprised a rowing party on Lake Canasajo, Me., a short time ago. The snake, a large one, was contorting itself into a hundred shapes when first seen, and was so busily engaged that it permitted the boat to come within less than an ordinary oar's length. The snake had captured an eel and was making a tremendous effort to swallow it, while the eel was resisting with all its slippery tactics and vibratory strength. After a protracted struggle the snake was able to get about two and one-half inches of the eel down, when it paused, as if to rest before renewing the swallowing process. The snake's mouth was tightly closed over and beyond the eel's head, and the eel seemed to be weakening under the smothering clasp of its enemy. Such air as there was in the vicinity of the eel's gills was being exhausted by the snake, and the eel was in a very tight place. The situation excited the compassion of one of the occupants of the boat to such an extent that he could not resist the impulse to bring one of the oars down upon the snake with such murderous effect as to simultaneously dispatch the hostile and put an end to a very interesting study in reptiles. The naturalist of the party brought the snake and eel into the boat, the latter being held still, but not so tightly as before, in the mouth of the snake. The eel was released and measured. Its length being 15 inches. The snake measured 67 inches in length and 61 inches in circumference at the largest part of the body. The eel, showing signs of resuscitation, was laid in the water and soon began to wriggle about, and doubtless fully recovered. The snake says the New York Sun, was one of the largest, if not the largest, of its kind ever found in this vicinity.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A good deal of billing and cooing is being done at the summer resorts just now. Lovers do the cooing and hotel proprietors the billing.—Lila.

Paris Beggars.

The census of Paris beggars, which was taken recently by the prefecture of police has brought to light some curious facts respecting mendicancy in this city. It is a matter of history of course, that Paris beggars have always been a peculiar set of people from the days of the Cour de Miracles to our own, but the guenx seem to thrive more than ever in the times, when money is made with comparative ease and distributed with generous hand. The Paris beggars have, accordingly, grown prosperous with the days of the genuine rags and squalor of Miracle court. The beggar is nowadays well trained in his profession. There is too novice who begs indiscriminately from door to door, and the "old bird" who only rings the bells of mansions. The guenx have a directory of their own in which the names and addresses of rich philanthropists are given as well as the dodges to be used for unloosening their purse strings.

It is called the "Guide of the Grand Jeu," or "big game," and costs 6 francs. There is a smaller volume for petit jeu, which gives the addresses of mere bourgeois people and only cost 3 francs. These guides are carefully compiled and are constantly increased by new additions, each beggar who has discovered a donor selling the name, address, and charitable qualities of the philanthropist to the publishers for a franc or two. Full instructions are given to the mendicants in the guide-books as to how they are to demean themselves before those to whom they apply for alms. Rich radicals, they are told, give largely to people who represent themselves as victims of the reactionaries, or even to those who allege themselves to have suffered as communists at the hands of the Versailles government. Others are told what clothes they are to wear when on duty—for a prosperous beggar is supposed nowadays so to have a wardrobe. Some philanthropists, for example, give generously to those who affect "clean poverty," that is to say, poverty with a well-washed face and faded clothes.

Others are munificent to shabby-genteel people who have been ruined in trade, while some are only "fetched" by furnished jaws and absolute rags. M. Jain, a police inspector lately came across, in a lonely haunt of beggars, a man who had been a notary and who, to show the officer what he knew, babbled legal phrases in Latin. Members of Parliament are, as a rule, a great mark for the beggars.

Neal Dow's War on Smoking.

Gen. Dow is strongly opposed to the use of tobacco, and has carried on a life long crusade against it. He always has claimed that tobacco dulls the moral sense. Many years ago, before there were any railroads, a man traveling in a stage coach with Dow one day lighted a cigar.

"I wish you would stop smoking sir said Dow."

"Is smoking offensive to you?" the man asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'll stop as soon as I've finished this cigar."

Without another word Dow suddenly reached forward, pulled the cigar from the man's lips and threw it into the road.

The man fired up but looked at the well knit figure of his fellow passenger, regarded the bright light in his eyes—and cooled off.

"I recall an incident coming down the right, while I was traveling in Europe," said the general. European railroads did not provide a separate smoking car then, and I don't know what they do now. A passenger in our car was complacently smoking his cigar. 'You're an Englishman, sir, aren't you?' I said to him. 'Yes, sir.' 'Oh, no,' said he briskly; 'I'm an American.'"

"What! you an American and smoking in the presence of ladies?"

"He stopped smoking, but with poor grace, and he looked as if he would like to eat me."

"He was of a different type from a man whom I met on a steamer in the English channel. I asked him to stop smoking, and he did so with profuse apologies. I told him that I believed that tobacco dulls the moral sense, but he smiled at the idea."

"You furnish a proof of my theory, sir, said I. 'You were smoking when you ought not to have been, and you acknowledged it as soon as I called your attention to it. Tobacco dulled your moral sense.'—Lewiston Journal.

An Old Horse.

I heard a story lately of one of the experiences of a minister who is sometimes pathetic and sometimes amusing. An old parson was very much in need of a horse, and the sisters of the Rock determined to raise the money to buy him the desired animal. After much exertion they raised an amount considerably below the estimated price and the least acquired was proportionately deficient in the quantities which make Bucephalus superior to Rosinante.

One day when the horse was tied in front of the parsonage, a sporting man drove by and, seeing the outfit, stopped and remarked to the parson: "Well, domine, that isn't much of an animal the sisters gave you, is it?"

"Don't say a word against the horse," said the parson indignantly; "that's a better beast than my Saviour rode into Jerusalem."

The sport gravely descended from his carriage, examined the horse's legs, gazed into his blinded eyes and looked at his teeth. As he closed the horse's mouth and turned away, he ironically remarked:

"Same beast, parson, same beast."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Judge Gresham Has Decided That

when a railroad company's agent accepts a sample trunk as personal baggage the company is responsible for its full value if lost.

Weak and Weary

Describes the condition of many people debilitated by

Claude Damien's Million

Queen's Gate looked a little askance at Mr. Ponsonby Walker, though he occupied one of the biggest houses there and dispensed lavish hospitality. He was a tall, stout red-faced, elderly gentleman, with a familiar manner and a jovial laugh added to spotless white waist-coats, loud-patterned trousers and patent-leather boots. He was very hearty and genial with every one, and had the reputation of being able and willing to make fortunes in the city for any of his friends who chose to seek his advice and assistance. But, though his wife wore diamonds and he kept up a considerable establishment, there was a vague feeling of distrust regarding his alleged wealth. Business men shook their heads at the mention of his name, and hinted that, though he described himself as a financier, he dealt with other people's money rather than his own, and was chiefly engaged in the mysterious occupation of promoting public companies.

These rumors, however, did not prevent the Ponsonby Walkers from having a large circle of friends and acquaintances, who assisted at their social functions and returned their hospitality by similar entertainments. In fact, the Ponsonby Walkers were rather fashionable people, and it was, perhaps, envy as much as anything else which caused some of their neighbors to speak disparagingly of them. The prevailing impression among honest, unsophisticated folk was that Mr. Ponsonby Walker was a personage in the city of scarcely less importance and standing than a Rothschild or a Baring, and no one was more deeply imbued with this idea than young Claude Damien. But three-and-twenty is a credulous age, and a passionate admiration for a man's daughter is apt to shed a kind of golden halo around the young lady's parents. Claude Damien would never have thought of suspecting Mrs. Ponsonby Walker of being dull and commonplace, nor did he ever doubt that Mr. Ponsonby Walker was a merchant prince of almost untold wealth. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the young gentleman felt serious misgivings on the subject of his attachment to Mr. Ponsonby Walker's only daughter, Miriam, for he guessed instinctively that the financier would sternly discourage his pretensions.

But Miriam Walker was an impulsive, warmhearted girl, and having loved Claude Damien to his late by receiving his attentions with marked favor, she scoffed at his idea that his poverty was an insurmountable bar to their union. She fervently vowed that, whatever her father's decision might be, she would always regard Claude as her affianced husband, and prevailed upon the young man to demand the parental consent and benediction. She succeeded in almost persuading him that Mr. Ponsonby Walker belonged to the benevolent order of fathers who are disposed to overlook such trifling drawbacks as absence of income and expectations in a daughter's suitor. Claude Damien could not quite bring himself to regard Mr. Ponsonby Walker in that amiable and fatuous light, but, rendered desperate by the state of his affections, he screwed up his courage and called upon Miriam's father one day at his office in the city.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Damien?" inquired the financier, in a patronizing, condescending tone, as Claude entered with his heart thumping against his ribs like a battering-ram.

"You do not recognize me, sir," said Claude, nervously observing that Mr. Ponsonby Walker read his name from his card with a hesitation which showed that it was unfamiliar. "I had the pleasure of being introduced to you once at the house of a mutual friend, Major Stanhope."

"Ah! to be sure. You're a son of the late Gen. Damien. I remember perfectly," said Mr. Ponsonby Walker, encouragingly.

"Can I have a few minutes' private conversation with you, sir?" murmured the young man.

"Well, I am very much overwhelmed with business just now. I have an important meeting of the board of the Grand Eldorado Diamond Mining company at 3 o'clock," said Mr. Ponsonby Walker, with importance. "We are proceeding to allotment, Mr. Damien," he added significantly.

"Oh! indeed?" observed Claude. "Yes, a splendid property, Mr. Damien; a splendid property," said Mr. Ponsonby Walker, rubbing his hands. "As a friend of Maj. Stanhope's, I advise you to apply at once for some shares."

"No—no, thank you," interposed Claude, with an ominous sinking at his heart. "The fact is, I have called to ask your permission to become engaged to young daughter Miriam."

"To my daughter Miriam—to Miss Ponsonby Walker?" exclaimed the financier, staring at the young man with undisguised amazement. "Have you spoken to her on the subject?"

"Yes, last night, at Mrs. Anstruther's ball," said Claude eagerly.

"Really, this is very serious," said Mr. Ponsonby Walker solemnly. "I have heard nothing of it. Will you have the goodness, Mr. Damien, to state your position and prospects?"

Poor Claude Damien realized, with painful force, the utter hopelessness—not to say temerity—of his mission, as he perceived, in faltering accents, to describe his unfortunate circumstances; and it is hardly surprising that the brief statement caused Mr. Ponsonby Walker to grow crimson with indignation.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Damien, that you have no means, no occupation, and no expectations whatever?" exclaimed the financier, frowning back in his chair, and gazing at him with contemptuous amazement; "no relatives, even, or friends to whom you can look for assistance?"

"I have an uncle—my poor moth-

er's brother—living in America. I have heard that he is rich, and a bachelor," said Claude, from sheer desperation.

"Well and what is his name? and what will he do for you?" inquired Mr. Ponsonby Walker a little more encouragingly.

"His name is Williams Barnes. He emigrated many years ago, and I believe he lives at Princess Town, Kansas county. But I have no right to expect that he will do anything for me," added poor Claude, blushing hotly. "Indeed, he has never answered the letter which I wrote to him some months ago, when my father died."

"Upon my word, this is absolutely preposterous!" exclaimed Mr. Ponsonby Walker, bounding from his chair and glaring at his unfortunate visitor from the center of the hearthrug. "Do you seriously suppose for an instant, Mr. Damien, that I can consent to your engaging yourself to—ahem!—Miss Ponsonby Walker?"

"I love your daughter, sir, very deeply, and am doing my best to seek employment. I hoped, perhaps, that you might consent conditionally upon my—"

"Pshaw!" Mr. Damien; you are wasting my time and your own," interposed Mr. Ponsonby Walker with an angry gesture. "Understand, please, once for all, that I forbid you to speak to my daughter again. Your conduct, sir, is impertinent—nothing less than impertinent. In fact, I—Mr. Damien, oblige me by leaving the room this instant."

Mr. Ponsonby Walker was purple in the face with indignation, and he even made a step toward Claude as though he meditated violence. The young man had sense enough to perceive that to attempt to prolong the interview would probably lead to a regrettable scene, and he therefore prudently withdrew, feeling more deeply humiliated and crestfallen than he had ever done in his life.

The truth was that Claude Damien was thoroughly ashamed of himself, for he was an honest lad, and he painfully realized that he had acted the part of an imprudent adventurer. It was, no doubt, the height of presumption on his part, considering that he was absolutely penniless and friendless, to aspire to marry the daughter of a rich man. To do him justice, nothing had been further from his mind than to profit by the circumstance of the girl he loved being an heiress. He was just at the age when to make a fortune seems only a question of giving the mind to it; and he had vaguely determined that he would set to work with that laudable object without a moment's delay. Mr. Ponsonby Walker's indignation had, however, opened his eyes to the unpleasant fact that his conduct was worse than thoughtless; and he was so remorseful and contrite that he immediately wrote to Miriam Walker, releasing her from her engagement.

But Miss Ponsonby Walker was evidently a young lady of considerable spirit of force and character, for she absolutely refused to give up her lover, and declared that she was willing to wait for him for a thousand years. She hinted that she did not despair of overcoming her father's opposition, and peremptorily commanded Claude to meet her at the house of a mutual friend, to which they had both been invited. The young man had neither strength of mind nor, indeed, the inclination to resist the opportunity of renewing his protestations of ardent devotion, and the consequence was that, much against his conscience, Claude Damien continued to carry his clandestine courtship. In extension of the conduct of these imprudent people it may be urged that Mrs. Ponsonby Walker hardly less to blame than they, for Miriam's mother, who was a stout lady and easy-going, phlegmatic disposition, must either have been intentionally blind or extremely stupid. At all events she never interfered, though Claude Damien contrived to obtain invitations to several entertainments to which the Ponsonby Walkers were bidden, and as the financier rarely accompanied his wife and daughter into society, the young man found no obstacle to his love-making.

Meanwhile, Claude made strenuous efforts to obtain employment, but unfortunately without success. His friends were chiefly retired half-pay brother officers of his late father, who had no influence whatever in the commercial world, and the lad possessed no accomplishments or resources of any kind which he could turn to account. Luckily for himself his temperament was sanguine, and he found Miriam's sweet encouragement a sufficient antidote against the demoralizing influence of perpetual disappointment. In this manner a month or six weeks passed, and the only result of this lapse of time was that Claude Damien became more impatient than ever. He was even beginning to feel a little depressed in moments of solitude, when one day he was startled by receiving a formidable-looking letter, addressed in an unknown hand, and bearing an American stamp. The sight of it caused the young man an anxious thrill of expectation, for he immediately concluded that it was a reply from his maternal uncle, to whom he had written many months previously. When, with trembling hand, he broke the seal, the following communication met his astonished gaze:

537 BLOCK A, PRINCESS TOWN, KANSAS CO.

Sir: I beg to acquaint you that by the will of your late uncle, Mr. Williams Barnes, of this city (copy of which I enclose), you are entitled, as residuary legatee, to the whole of his property and effects, estimated at about \$5,000,000. The testator died on the 21st of last month. Awaiting the honor of your instructions, I am, sir, yours obediently, S. G. BLOTTING, Barrister, &c.

The young man fairly gasped for breath as he read this amazing intelligence, and for several minutes he stared blankly at the letter, unable to realize that he was actually a millionaire. But as he grew calmer and proceeded to read the will of his deceased relative, he grasped the situation sufficiently to jump into a cab and drive straight to the office of Mr. Ponsonby Walker.

Miriam's father received him with very scant courtesy, but when he announced his good fortune, and pro-

duced the letter of Mr. Silas Blotting and the copy of his uncle's will, the financier's manner changed completely.

"My dear Damien," exclaimed Mr. Ponsonby Walker, in an almost awestricken voice, "this is glorious news! I congratulate you."

"I love your daughter, sir," murmured the young man tremulously. "A million sterling!" ejaculated Mr. Ponsonby Walker, rising excitedly in his chair.

"It belongs to Miriam," cried Claude, with emotion.

"My dear Claude, your constancy is touching," said Mr. Ponsonby Walker, quite overcome. "God bless you, my boy!"

"Thank you, sir," said Claude, wringing the hand of his future father-in-law.

"Claude, my boy, regardless of your fortune, it will be better that you should have some employment. As a start, therefore, I would suggest that you should join the Board of the Grand Eldorado Diamond Mining company," cried Mr. Ponsonby Walker, with sudden eagerness.

"Certainly, sir," said the young man promptly.

"May I put you down for a hundred shares?" inquired Mr. Ponsonby Walker, in a business-like tone.

"I'll take a thousand," replied Claude, with a new and delightful sense of recklessness.

"No, no; you mustn't put all your eggs in one basket. The Grand Eldorado, however, will be a splendid thing—a splendid thing. Ponsonby Walker, rapidly filling up a printed form. "There, my boy, sign that, and you will discover that I have given you a princely wedding gift."

Claude Damien dashed off his signature in a lordly manner and then started off in a state of delicious happiness to claim his affianced bride. Then came a period of delicious excitement, during which the young man was scarcely conscious of his own identity. His sudden elevation from poverty to extreme wealth almost turned his head. Now only he received with affectionate deference into the bosom of the Ponsonby Walker family, but he was overwhelmed with congratulations and polite attentions from every one. The fame of his good luck spread abroad like wildfire, and before a week had elapsed every newspaper in England published paragraphs alluding to the event, and also mentioning his engagement. Mr. Ponsonby Walker expressed great annoyance and indignation at the introduction of his daughter's name into the public prints, but Claude could not help fancying that his father-in-law's mood was not so displeased as he affected to be.

But Claude Damien had something else to think of besides love-making and responding to congratulatory epistles. In the first place it was necessary to take steps to obtain possession of his property, and for this purpose he placed himself in the hands of a firm of solicitors recommended by Mr. Ponsonby Walker. Unfortunately Mr. Blotting wrote in reply to telegraphic inquiries that the testator's estate consisted almost entirely of land and houses which could not be converted into money, until after the usual interval. This was a disappointment to Claude, for he longed to taste the sweets of his inheritance, and, moreover, he had been applied to for the purchase money of his shares in the Grand Eldorado Gold Mining Company. Having no means of meeting this demand he had no alternative but to seek the advice and assistance of Mr. Ponsonby Walker.

"What a ridiculous situation," exclaimed the financier, with a hearty laugh, as he slapped his future son-in-law on the back. "Imagine an impecunious millionaire!"

"It's awkward all the same," said Claude, laughing aloud.

"Pooh! There need be no difficulty," responded Mr. Ponsonby Walker. "I'll write you a check. Stay, though!" he added, thoughtfully. "I had better not. One can't be too careful in these matters, and remarks might be made if it should transpire that the money came from me."

Mr. Ponsonby Walker winked confidentially as he spoke, and looked so knowingly at the young man that the latter, without the least understanding him, felt impressed by the wisdom of the financier's remark.

"I suppose not," acquiesced Claude doubtfully; but where shall I get the money from?"

"You can borrow it from your solicitor, or—well, perhaps it is better to be independent, and you can afford the luxury—why not get it from Benlevi?" said Mr. Ponsonby Walker.

"By all means. But who is Benlevi?" inquired Claude.

"Benlevi of Burlington street," replied Mr. Ponsonby Walker, with another sagacious wink. "A money-lender, but honest as they go. He will make you pay for the accommodation, but what will that matter to you?"

So Claude, nothing loath, paid a visit to Mr. Benlevi, who received him very civilly, having evidently read all about him in the newspapers. From this worthy the young man obtained, on somewhat startling terms, a sum of money which enabled him to take up his shares and left something over. Being thus in funds, Claude Damien did not scruple to launch out a little by taking an expensive set of chambers and furnishing them luxuriously. He found no difficulty in obtaining credit from tradespeople, and having once set the ball a-rolling, he soon raised a very considerable crop of debts, and began to live in a manner worthy of his future fortune.

At the instance of his future father-in-law, who represented that he ought not to neglect his own interests, Claude Damien attended one or two meetings of the directors of the Grand Eldorado Diamond Mining Company, though the proceedings, and indeed the company itself, rather bored him. It was gratifying, however, to the young man to learn that his connection with the company had had a very good effect, and that its shares were being eagerly applied for, especially as he understood that in some mysterious way a success of

the company was an excellent thing for Miriam's father. Claude was a little puzzled at this, because Mr. Ponsonby Walker's name did not appear on the prospectus of the company, nor among the list of shareholders. But the young man asked no questions, being completely absorbed with the raptures of love-making and the delights of luxurious living, and as Mr. Ponsonby Walker soon ceased to trouble him any more about the company, Claude was perfectly content not to refer to it.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for the young man's peace of mind that he shirked the directors' meetings, and never read the financial columns of the newspapers, for he thus remained in happy ignorance of ugly rumors which began to be circulated about the new venture. He did, indeed, hear something of an unfavorable report which had come to hand concerning the company's mines, and which had caused a panic and a great outcry among the shareholders. Still, this gave him but little uneasiness.

Early one morning, however, a few days after these rumors first came to his ears, Claude Damien found his sitting-room occupied by a gaunt-looking, elderly gentleman, who was seated in his best easy chair, tranquilly smoking a cigar and reading the newspaper. Claude stared in amazement at the stranger, whose shriveled features seemed oddly familiar, though he was not conscious of ever having seen him before. His unceremonious visitor stared at him in return with an amazed, half-contemptuous expression, which excited the young man's wrathful indignation.

"Who are you, sir? and what are you doing here?" demanded Claude angrily.

"I'm a corpse," said the old gentleman with a sardonic grin.

"A what?" exclaimed Claude, starting.

"I used to be your mother's brother William, and consequently your uncle, young man," said the stranger, with a decided American twang; "but it seems, on this side, I'm only a testator. When I heard the news over yonder, there seemed to me to be something kinder wrong about it, so I've come over to make inquiries."

"Good heavens!" gasped Claude, turning pale. "If—if what you say is true, I have been duped. But Mr. Silas Blotting, of Princess Town—"

"There is no such person," interposed the old gentleman calmly.

"What does it mean, then?" cried Claude wildly. "I have had letters from him. He told me that my uncle William Barnes, of Princess Town, was dead."

"There is no such person as William Barnes, of Princess Town, either, I guess," said the old gentleman, with another grin. "I'm located at Chicago, and left Princess Town a dozen years ago. Have you any doubt that I'm alive still?"

Claude looked earnestly at the face before him, but in truth his scrutiny was unnecessary. Already his conviction had been borne upon him that he was speaking to his mother's brother, for the family likeness was unmistakable.

"Seems to me, nephew, that you've embarked on a pretty big swindle," said his uncle, with a significant glance round the well-appointed room.

"I am ruined, dishonored!" exclaimed Claude, overwhelmed with shame as he thought of his debts and the difficulty of his position. "What will Mr. Ponsonby Walker—what will Miriam think? I am innocent of any swindle, Uncle William," he added with fierce energy.

"Say, how did it all happen then?" inquired his Uncle in a more friendly tone.

Claude Damien, feeling that he was on his defense, pulled himself together, and gave a tolerably lucid and coherent account of the events which he had narrated. His Uncle listened with close attention, and occasionally asked questions, which, if the young man had been less agitated, would have given rise to a suspicion that the old gentleman had already made himself acquainted with the circumstances.

"Well, nephew, if you ain't a knave, you are a fool, which is almost as bad these days," said his uncle, when he had finished. "Your Mr. Ponsonby Walker has played you a nice trick!"

"Mr. Ponsonby Walker!" exclaimed Claude, with a start.

"Why, certainly. It was a plan of his to boom his precious company, whose shares, by the by, are now worthless. But that don't matter to him. He floated the concern, and got his promotion-money, you bet," said the old gentleman, with quiet conviction.

"Impossible!" gasped Claude, horrified at the suggestion.

"That is so, and you've got into an awkward scrape. The best thing you can do is to clear out of it, and come along with me," said his uncle not unkindly. "I've a business over yonder in Princess Town—a dry goods store. It ain't aristocratic, but it's honest. I call myself Williams over there because I'm in trade and don't want to hurt the family pride," added the old gentleman sarcastically.

"Hang family pride! I'll go with you, uncle, certainly, and, if necessary, sweep out the shop," cried Claude, with heartfelt earnestness. "But what about my debts?"

"Never mind your debts," replied the old gentleman who seemed pleased at his nephew's evident sincerity. "They are not your debts; they are Mr. Ponsonby Walker's. He shall see to 'em."

"And—Miriam!" exclaimed the young man with a beating heart.

"Miriam! Oh! That is the girl? You don't suppose that she really cares for you, you young idiot," said his uncle brusquely.

"I'm sure she does. Whatever her father may be, Miriam is true, and I love her, Uncle William, better than my life," exclaimed Claude excitedly.

"Well, is that so," said his uncle, in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone, "as I've no room for absent-minded lovers in my establishment, you had better marry her straight away. You think she would come, eh?"

"Uncle!" ejaculated Claude, completely staggered by the boldness of the proposition. "Why—why, of course she would. But—but, her parents would never consent. Mr. Ponsonby Walker—"

"Leave him to me," said the old gentleman with a grim smile. "He will be only too anxious to get rid of the ghost he has raised on any terms, you bet! I've got evidence in my pocket which will make him listen to reason. If you can persuade the girl to come back with us in the Eturia at the end of the month, I'll fix matters with her father and get his blessings—for what it's worth—into the bargain."

Claude never quite understood how it all occurred, but he not only received Mr. Ponsonby Walker's blessing, but, what was more to the point, the hand of his daughter and receipts for all the money he owed.—London Truth.

A Dude's Great Feat.

The other night five or six young men of the listless, self-sufficient variety, so familiar just now, dined together in a private room at a fashionable restaurant. After cigars had been lighted one of them drawled:

"I'll bet, fellows, that I can throw this knife and it will stick in the crack of that door every time."

He rose from the table and pointed out the narrow crack between the door and the jamb, and showed how he proposed to place the knife. The five others approached the place and cried out: "We take that bet. For how much?"

"I am to have ten throws. Each time that I fail I pay a \$10 bill; if I succeed in putting the knife in the crack ten times each of you will pay me the same sum."

The young man took his position, and, with a rapidity and accuracy that words cannot describe, executed ten times in succession this remarkable feat.

When he had finished every one hurried with delight. Each of his wagers being paid, he pocketed a roll of bills with a just pride.

"But how did you ever learn to do this?" asked one of the company.

Then he revealed the secret. For two or three years, having nothing pressing to do, and anxious to be talked about, he had given himself up to patient practice at this work. Each morning he looked himself in his room, and far from prying eyes, he attempted for hours to put a knife into a hole. He had to make innumerable experiments to measure the distance required, the force necessary, and the curve, but his perseverance was invincible. At first he threw the knife into the wide mouth of a Chinese jar; then into the neck of a bottle; finally he succeeded in lodging his projectile in the narrowest opening.

And yet some people say that our duces are good for nothing and in-cumber the earth.—New York Times.

Everybody Smokes.

A year or so ago Egypt made over six million pounds of tobacco a year. She now makes none, and the reason for this is that the khedive has imposed a tax of \$157 an acre on all lands raising tobacco. This is done that the tobacco used will have to be imported, and it will pay a big import duty. The Egyptians are great smokers. You see the Turks in the bazaars with long hookahs or water-pipes before them, and you seldom meet a man or a boy without a cigarette in his mouth. The women smoke as well as the men, and puffing at cigarettes makes up a large part of the occupation of the rich ladies of the harem. I am told there are some women in Cairo who have regularly 100 cigarettes a day, and I have seen women walking on the streets puffing at cigarettes. Neither the khedive nor his wife smokes, but it is the custom in Egypt to offer a cigarette or a pipe to all visitors. The tobacco used here is very light and first-class cigarettes cost about 70 cents a thousand. The tobacco trade is in the hands of the Greeks, who have cigar stores all over Cairo.

A Tooth from a Man's Nose.

A peculiar piece of dentistry was performed yesterday, by which a tooth was extracted from William Barnhardt's nose. Mr. Barnhardt was kicked by a horse sixteen years ago and some of his teeth were knocked out of place. When he had recovered from the injuries resulting from the kick he was troubled with a dull headache, which has scarcely ceased a day since that time. He also had a distressed feeling in the upper portion of his nose and supposed that he was suffering from catarrh. In course of time he discovered what he thought was an extra piece of bone and a doctor dug out one of the teeth. Since that time he had been troubled still more. There was still another tooth that had grown lonesome and longed to get out. Drs. Condon and Cook undertook the job of arresting the roving tooth, which had gathered little moss, and captured it. This is probably the first record of a tooth being extracted from a person's nose.—Ogden (Cal.) Commercial.

A Modern Absalom.

Peter Anderson, who is visiting relatives here, has the most wonderful hair development in the United States. He is a good looking young man about 21 years of age. He was born in Wisconsin, and is a veritable Absalom. His hair is about ten inches long, of an ashy brown color, and each particular one stands on end—not like quills—but like wool on a sheep. It also has a woolly look and feeling.

Mr. Anderson can wear neither hat nor cap, but instead a silk turban, with a light elastic band drawn over and down to the scalp, above which it bulges out about fifteen inches in diameter, and the cubic contents of which are about equal to that of a neck measure.

A Yankee with Forty-six Fingers.

Mr. C. R. King, of this city, is a natural genius. When a boy of nine or ten he completed a miniature saw mill, an exact counterpart of the mill owned by his uncle, for whom he worked. This was placed under the mill, where it was run by a water wheel. Long, red potatoes were cut into "planks" and "boards," the machinery running with the precision of the larger machines. As he grew older his genius developed until he could turn his hand at anything. He worked at many trades and was the master of each after a short apprenticeship. Mr. King is now 60 years of age, and in making a list of the various trades he has followed he finds the total to be forty-six.—Hartford Times.

When Baby was sick, we cried for Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

ST. JACOBS OIL FOR LAMENESS AND SWELLINGS.

In the Hip. Ulcer, Pelvic Gland, etc. Three or four years ago I was taken with lameness in hip; was in bed part of time; tried several doctors without benefit; was cured by three or four applications of St. Jacobs Oil. W. H. HARTER.

Always There. Palmyra, Mich., May 19, '93. Have used St. Jacobs Oil for lameness with best results; have had it for twelve years. Always to stock. F. W. WITKAMER, Druggist.

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ANIMALS IN THE BODY.

A Young Man Meets with a Misfortune while Hunting—The Lesson it Teaches to all Careful Observers.

The son of lawyer Atkins, while hunting a few weeks since, drank at a spring, and while doing so, drew in a small lizard. The animal grew wonderfully and caused the boy much annoyance, but Dr. Wainwright yesterday succeeded in removing it.—Exchange.

It seems terrible to think of an experience like that above, and yet millions of minute animals are drawn into every one of our bodies with each breath; are taken in with every drop of water.

"What do they live on?" "The human body."

"What do they do?" "Cause pain, disease and death."

"Can they be killed or avoided?" "They can. They are dangerous, but they can be rendered harmless. Three drops of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer in a glass of water will kill every germ that may be in the glass. For fifty years this great remedy has been the only absolutely certain means by which these germs could be killed, or their presence in the body prevented. Germs feed upon the mucous membranes of the body and so cause pain. Pain-Killer kills the germs and in that manner kills the pain."

The present season of the year is especially dangerous. The air, the water, even the fruit we eat, is filled with germs. Shall we permit them to prey upon our lives and cause pain, and perhaps death? Shall we sit calmly and allow this destruction to go on when by keeping a supply of Pain-Killer on hand, and using it regularly we may avoid these Summer dangers and preserve our health and happiness?

The New York agent of the College of Electrical Engineering says: "I have studied medicine and traveled extensively. I have seen the dangers and deaths that hot weather and bad water bring but I never found a better medicine than Perry Davis' Pain-Killer."

Remember it is better to prevent Summer diseases, but Pain-Killer will certainly cure them even if neglect has caused them.

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