

The Haskell Free Press.

Vol. 9.

Haskell, Haskell County, Texas, Saturday, Aug. 25, 1894.

No. 34.

Directory.

OFFICERS 39th JUDICIAL DISTRICT.
District Judge, Hon. C. P. Woodruff.
District Attorney, W. W. Beall.

COUNTY OFFICIALS

County Judge, F. D. Sanders.
County Attorney, F. P. Morgan.
County & Dist. Clerk, J. L. Jones.
Sheriff and Tax Collector, W. B. Anthony.
County Treasurer, Jasper Millhollon.
Tax Assessor, H. S. Post.
County Surveyor, J. A. Fisher.

COMMISSIONERS.

1st Precinct, J. S. Rike.
2nd Precinct, B. H. Owsley.
3rd Precinct, C. W. Lucas.
4th Precinct, J. B. Adams.

PRECINCT OFFICERS.

J. P. Post, No. 1, J. S. Rike.
Constable Prec. No. 1, T. D. Suggs.

CHURCHES.

Baptist, (Missionary) Every 1st and 3rd Sunday.
Rev. W. G. Caperton, Pastor.
Presbyterian, (Cumberland) Every 2nd Sunday and Saturday before, No Pastor.
Christian (Campbellite) Every 3rd Sunday and Saturday before, No Pastor.
Presbyterian, Every 2nd and 4th Sunday, No Pastor.

Methodist (M. E. Church S.) Every Sunday and Sunday night, N. B. Bennett, Pastor.
Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.
Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.
F. D. Sanders, Superintendent.

Christian Sunday School every Sunday, Superintendent.
W. E. Standler, Superintendent.
Baptist Sunday School every Sunday, Superintendent.
W. P. Whitman, Superintendent.
Presbyterian Sunday School every Sunday, Superintendent.
R. E. Sherrill, Superintendent.

CIVIC SOCIETIES.

Haskell Lodge No. 682, A. F. & A. M., meets Saturday on or before each full moon, P. D. Sanders, W. M., W. G. Evans, Sec'y.
Haskell Chapter No. 121.
Royal Arch Masons meet on the first Tuesday in each month, H. G. McConnell, High Priest, J. W. Evans, sec'y.
Prairie City Lodge No. 263 K. of P. meets every first, third and fifth Friday nights of each month, E. H. Morrison, K. of R. S.
Elmwood Camp of the Woodmen of the World meets on second Tuesday of each month, A. C. Foster, Com. G.
C. D. Long, Clerk.
Haskell Council Grand Order of the Orient, meets the second and fourth Friday night of each month, C. D. Long, Pashaw, W. E. Sherrill, Pahlajah.

Democratic Standard Bearers.

The following is the full democratic state ticket as nominated at Dallas:

For governor, Chas. A. Culberson of Dallas.
For lieutenant governor, Geo. T. Jester of Navarro county.
For attorney general, Martin M. Crane of Johnson county.
For land commissioner, A. J. Baker of Tom Green county.
For comptroller, R. W. Finley of Walker county.
For treasurer, W. B. Wortham of Travis county.
For superintendent of public instruction, J. M. Carlisle of Tarrant county.
For chief justice of the supreme court, Reuben R. Gaines of Lamar county.
For associate justices supreme court, Thos. J. Brown of Grayson county and Le Roy G. Denman of Bexar county.
For judges of the court of criminal appeals, J. M. Hurt of Dallas county, W. L. Davidson of Williamson county and John H. Henderson of Brazos county.

If you need a pair of Jeans Pants ask for "THE BUCKSKIN BREECHES."
They are the best made, and if they prove defective you get a new pair.

TEXAS FARMER, so called, Bill Shaw's paper, says, among other intemperate and foolish things about the democratic platform adopted at Dallas: "Another plank, it will be noticed, demands stringent legislation to oppress laboring men—for that is its meaning."
In making such an assertion he shows the littleness of a degraded, soured soul that would misconstrue and distort the truth for the miserable purpose of creating and fostering a prejudice calculated to estrange and array one part of the people against another. The portion of the platform complained of is the 9th and 10th sections. The platform will be found in this paper and, we do not believe that any one can read it and agree to the construction placed upon them by Texas Farmer. The recent widespread strikes, personal violence and destruction of property by strikers and the vicious elements of citizens who took advantage of the opportunity opened to them by the confusion gave rise to their adoption. It is known to all men who read that the strikers destroyed property of others and that they prevented, by violence where necessary, other workmen from working and, it is this unlawful violence that the platform is striking at and not the right to maintain organizations for their mutual betterment. An examination of the 9th section will show that the right of labor to organize for legitimate purposes is fully recognized. And it asserts the right of every citizen to pursue his labor or occupation without molestation or hindrance from any source and demands of the legislature to pass such laws as will insure such personal liberty and protection of property. The 10th section announces the principle that the government must protect the lives, liberties and property of all its citizens. For these purposes alone governments were created, and when they fail to give such protection they are failures. This section (10) demands such amendments to our laws and such an enforcement of them by officials as will suppress lawlessness and protect the lives and property of all citizens. No one but an anarchist at heart or a person too ignorant to understand and appreciate the purposes and functions of government but will applaud the 9th and 10th sections of the Texas democratic platform.

WHILE not every one of the candidates nor all of the platform, as adopted at Dallas the other day, is entirely satisfactory to all of our people, yet both are accepted in good faith and will be abided by and supported.

It is as good as a circus to see how Bill Shaw froths at the mouth and tears his hair since the Dallas convention.

Wrong End Up.

The labor unions, or at least a portion of their membership, seem determined to have things wrong end up. They now advise workmen to join the militia for the purpose of making the soldiery unreliable when ordered to suppress mobs. That must be the purpose. Yet the claim was made over and over again during the last strike that the strikers themselves were not engaged in violence. Now it must be admitted by every reasonable man that law is the guardian of our rights and liberties. We cannot get along without law; without statutory enactments that shall describe our rights and our responsibilities. In Russia the whole contention is for a written law, that the subject may know at all times "where he is at." But while they are killing Russian emperors to force the government to give a written law from St. Petersburg, we have, or seem to have men who are apparently determined to wipe out by violence all law that does not suit them. The law may be wrong; it may be villainous; it may be oppressive and unjust, but while it stands it is government, and our only safety is in government. If the right to property and life, as guaranteed by law, is wrong, change it in the proper way and not attempt to shoot and stab and burn it to death. If it is the proper thing to burn up cars, and possibly the homes of the people, whenever Pullman or somebody else becomes so oppressive that his employees can stand it no longer why, "be it enacted that it shall be lawful for anybody that has a grievance against anybody else, to burn all the property he likes, cripple everybody's business, hurl cobblestones at women and children while peaceably riding on cars, and generally turn society upside down." With such a law we shall know where we stand and the military will know what to do. The gatlings will then be properly turned on those who attempt to prevent incendiarism and pillage by the mob. We insist on legal enactments whatever its character may be, and we insist on obedience to the law, whatever it is. If our laws do not suit the majority, let them vote to change them. Certainly the majority is supreme.—Farmers' Voice.

Kenneth Bazemore had the good fortune to receive a small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy when three members of his family were sick with dysentery. This one small bottle cured them all and he had some left which he gave to Geo. Baker, a prominent merchant of the place, Lewiston, N. C. and it cured him of the same complaint. When troubled with dysentery, diarrhoea, colic or cholera morbus, give this remedy a trial and you will be more than pleased with the result. The praise that naturally follows its introduction has made it very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by A. P. McLemore.

The business men of Weatherford are making strenuous efforts to induce the Mineral Wells road to extend westward. Two mass meetings were held last week and much substantial encouragement will be offered the railroad people. The road means business and is anxious to move out. Throckmorton will lose the opportunity of her life if anything is left undone that could possibly be done to draw the road. Weatherford, Mineral Wells, Graham, Throckmorton and Haskell, working faithfully together can, beyond any doubt, bring the road through. Let us all try.—Throckmorton Times.

Haskell people are at work and will do their part in good shape. Throckmorton must not lag behind.

"I know an old soldier who had chronic diarrhoea of long standing to have been permanently cured by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," says Edward Shumpick, a prominent druggist of Minneapolis, Minn. "I have sold the remedy in this city for over seven years and consider it superior to any other medicine now on the market for bowel complaints." 25 and 50 cent bottles of this remedy for sale by A. P. McLemore.

THE Free State of Van Zandt (county) produced the, to it, wonderful freak of a 58 1/2 pound watermelon, and being its greatest achievement it needs must exhibit it to the world, hence, it was sent to the state convention at Dallas, where it reposed on the speaker's desk in view of the multitude, to be presented to the nominee for governor. If the Van Zanders had been acquainted with the achievements of Haskell county in the melon line they would have kept their little cymlin at home rather than show the world that that was the best their county could do. Such melons are no great rarity out here in northwestern Texas; only the other day we saw one tip the beam at 62 1/2 pounds.

An editor was once asked if he ever saw a bald headed woman, and replied in the following vein: "No, we never did. Nor did we ever see a woman walking around town in her shirt sleeves with a cigar between her teeth and into every saloon she saw. We have never seen a woman go a fishing with a bottle of whisky in her pocket, sit down on the damp ground all day and go home drunk at night. Nor have we ever seen a woman yank off her coat, and spit on her hands and say she could lick any man in town. No, God bless her, she isn't built that way."—Ex.

TALKING to a News reporter about the Dallas convention, after his return to Austin, Gov. Hogg said: "I feel as fine as a spotted colt in a green pasture."
"Wasn't that convention a lilac, though? It was a regular hummer, the largest and finest looking body of men I ever saw together. The results are all right, too. Of course everybody didn't get the earth with a red fence around it and a gas jet on the gate, but the platform is all right and so are the nominees. It is a splendid ticket and will make the eyes of the populists stick out like the knob on the door before the smoke of battle clears away."

My boy was taken with a disease resembling bloody flux. The first thing I thought of was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Two doses of it settled the matter and cured him sound and well. I heartily recommend this remedy to all persons suffering from a like complaint. I will answer any inquiries regarding it when stamp is inclosed. I refer to any county official as to my reliability. Wm. Roach, J. P., Primroy, Campbell county, Tenn. For sale by A. P. McLemore.

It is now in order for Bill Shaw of Texas Farmer to declare himself a populist.

The state board of education have fixed the school apportionment for the ensuing scholastic year at \$3,500,000.

A PRETTY full report of the proceedings of the state convention, including the platform, will be found on our fifth page.

HASKELL farmers are getting on the right track—at least most of them are—raising their own hog and hominy, thus preparing to live at home independent of the world to a large extent.

Now that the tariff question is settled and congress is about ready to adjourn the general impression is that the business of the country will experience some improvement, but just how much no one seems able to say exactly.

IF Haskell is to have a railroad we must all stand shoulder to shoulder and pull together, or, in other words, every one must do his part like a little man.

HASKELL county is making a strong pull for the Mineral Wells and Northwestern railroad. May success crown her efforts.—Merkel Mail.

Thanks. We believe it will.

THE Graham Radiator in its last issue gave an excellent write-up of the Confederate re-union recently held in Young county, illustrating it with numerous portraits of attending veterans of the lost cause.

THE Roby Times and Call have been consolidated under the name of the Times-Call with Mess. Keifer & Anderson editors and proprietors. This is another instance of a one-paper-town coming to its level on the newspaper question and, with the divided support of the two concentrated on the one, there is some chance for it to prosper, which we hope it may do. The town and county will get better service from one good paper well supported than from two or half a dozen weak ones struggling for existence.

A POLITICAL quarrel among the populist officials of the Kansas penitentiary has developed the fact that the warden has his entire family quartered on the state. He heads the list with a salary of \$2,500 a year, one son draws \$2,000, another draws \$1,000, one daughter draws \$1,000 and another \$600. Mrs. Lease, until lately a great champion and apostle of populism, and who held a \$1,200 office in Kansas, now says the state administration is rotten and corrupt to the core.

The populists are great reformers; they are going to bring peace and plenty to the country when they get in control—they say.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder World's Fair Highest Award. Sheriff's Sale.

HASKELL PUBLIC SCHOOL.

W. W. HENTZ, A. M. Principal.

Courses in Latin, French, German, Greek, Mathematics, English, History and Natural Science.

Four able assistants, graduates of the best schools in Texas.

Opens Sept. 3rd. Address W. W. HENTZ, or S. H. JOHNSON, Sec'y of Board.



Have Your GLOTHES made to Order by....

M. BORN & CO.

The GREAT ... Chicago Merchant Tailors.

They Guarantee to Fit and Please You. LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.

LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT

F. G. ALEXANDER & CO'S.

A. H. TANDY, President. B. H. DODSON, Vice Pres't. J. V. W. HOLMES, Cashier.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

HASKELL, TEXAS.

All business pertaining to legitimate and conservative banking solicited. Prompt attention given to collections. Interest paid on time deposits.

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THE CITY MEAT MARKET,

DICKENSON BROS., Prop.

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF Fresh Meat.

HASKELL, TEXAS.

SHERRILL BROS. & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

HARDWARE, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

Stoves and Tinware, Tanks, Pumps, Pipe and Fittings.

Call and Try Us

\$85.00 If your dealer does not handle our goods write us for prices

Buggies, Spring Wagons, Road Carts and Wagons.

Parry Mfg Co. Largest and Best Equipped Factory on Earth Producing Superior Vehicles.

Decline about as active as the most birds. It is pleasant to take, cures malaria, indigestion, and biliousness. All dealers keep it.

ELKHART CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO.

Have sold to consumers for 21 years, saving them the dealer's profit. We are the largest and longest manufacturing in America selling Buggies and Harness this way—sell direct to the customer before any middle man. We pay freight both ways if not satisfactory. Warrant for 2 years. Write for an agent to call on you for your territory. We take all risk of damage in shipping.

WHOLESALE PRICES: Spring Wagons, \$21 to \$50, guaranteed same as well for \$20 to \$25. Top Buggies, \$27 to \$50, as low as \$20 for \$25. Farm Wagons, \$15 to \$25. Road Carts, \$12 to \$25. Bicycles, \$10 to \$25.

Elkhart Carriage and Harness Mfg. Co. 216 N. 3rd St. Elkhart, Ind.

J. E. LINDSEY, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Haskell, Texas.

Offers his services to the public and solicits a share of their patronage. Office in Parish building, N.E. Corner square.

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OSCAR MARTIN,

Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law

Notary Public. HASKELL, TEXAS.

ARTHUR C. FOSTER,

LAND LAWYER.

NOTARY PUBLIC AND CONVEYANCER. Land Business and Land Litigation specialties. HASKELL, TEXAS. Office in Haskell National Bank.

S. W. SCOTT,

Attorney at Law and Land Agent

Notary Public. Abstract of title to any land in Haskell county furnished on application. Office in Court House with County Surveyor. HASKELL, TEXAS.

H. G. McCONNELL,

Attorney - at - Law, HASKELL, TEXAS.

BALDWIN & LOMAX,

Attorneys and Land Agents.

Furnish Abstracts of Land Titles. Special Attention to Land Litigation. HASKELL, TEXAS.

Ed. J. HAMNER,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW, HASKELL, TEXAS.

Practices in the County and District Courts of Haskell and surrounding counties. 120-122 First National Bank.

P. D. SANDERS,

LAWYER & LAND AGENT. HASKELL, TEXAS.

Notarial work, abstracting and attention to property of non-residents given special attention.

F. P. MORGAN,

Atty and Counselor at Law AND LAND AGENT. HASKELL, TEXAS.

Will practice in all the District and Supreme Courts of Texas, and the U. S. Circuit and District courts. Any business entrusted to his care will receive his prompt and careful attention.

J. E. POOLE, Ed. and Prop.

HASKELL, TEXAS. It is an open question whether the Vigilant is as popular a yacht as she was under the old ownership.

FRANKLIN SIMMONS, the American sculptor at Rome, has just finished and sent to the United States a statue of General Grant, which will be erected at the capitol at Washington.

A BOSTON woman who is up in science explains how mind can triumph over matter. "There is boiled cabbage," she says, "I feel that I must conquer boiled cabbage. I had always had a belief that it disagreed with me. So to-day I just talked to it on my plate, told it spirit is all powerful, and that it was nothing but an appearance of green leaves. Then I ate it without fear and it did not hurt me."

PROFESSOR FALK of London, is getting himself disliked through his accuracy in predicting earthquakes. He was only a day behind time in his prediction of the recent earthquake in Greece, and he "hit" the earthquake which shook Constantinople within two hours.

If Columbus had not made a hobby of the writing of such men as Marco Polo, the discovery of America might have been postponed for several centuries. His hobby was metamorphosed into the Santa Maria and finally landed him on San Salvador.

It is claimed by those who have investigated the subject that fever is often the cause of disease. They claim that the sensation causes such changes in the secretion and nerve cells as to invite an attack of many forms of disease.

CONGREGATIONAL singing is a proper and laudable feature of divine worship. There is something majestic in the spectacle of several hundred people remaining silent and professing to praise God through the medium of a high-priced quartet choir.

IRVING GARLAND PENN, the colored superintendent of the Lynchburg, Va., colored schools, says that the South is not given as much credit as is her due for her part in the education of the blacks.

A BOA-CONSTRUCTOR which lives in the Adelaide zoological gardens, caught its fangs the other day in a rug. Being unable to disentangle itself, it proceeded to swallow the rug, which was seven feet by six in size.

THE fact that the new Chinese plague microbe is said to originate in filth does not protect us. The cholera microbe prefers filth as an environment, but it does not hesitate to attack the most cleanly victims.

THE steamer Miranda went hunting for loobergs and found one somewhat in the manner of the historic man who hunted a bear and was sorry when he found him.

THE editor of the Ram's Horn, who seems to have more experience with religious meetings than with some other things, says: "There is no other thing that you can get so much of for nothing as advice." This opinion will be subject to revision after the man who holds it has consulted a lawyer or two.

WARFARE BALLOONS.

FOUR NATIONS ANXIOUS FOR SUPREMACY.



France, Germany, England and the United States are perfecting aerial balloons of war—Recent Advances in the Science of War.

TO HAVE AN EFFECTIVE balloon corps fully equipped and ready to take the field in case of war at a moment's notice is now regarded by all the great European powers as a matter of vital importance.

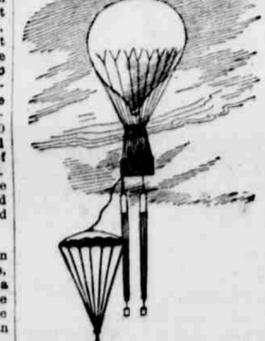


THE United States is the question being discussed with a great deal of interest. Everything tends to show that if there is one branch of modern warfare, or, rather, perhaps, strategy, which is likely to be watched with keen interest during the next war it will be that of military ballooning.

THE German emperor does not propose to let his warlike neighbor monopolize this feature of army equipment. He has just presented to the German Society for Promotion of Aerial Navigation for the advancement of this science the sum of \$5,000 marks.

ASIDE from this the German army has lately put in the field an efficient balloon corps as that of France, thought, perhaps, not so strong numerically. At Metz, during the late maneuvers, several successful ascensions were made which practically proved the vast advantage an army may derive from having these aerial observatories.

THE value of all negro school property amounts to \$7,343,799 and 13,787 negro pupils are being educated in industrial training schools.



IN building the war balloon "Gen. Myer" for the signal corps of the United States army the first real step was taken by the military officials of this country to advance with the great war powers of Europe to this line of military work.

MATRONS AND MAIDS.

HELPS FOR THE LADIES OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

Folly Making Tea—Celebrating the Anniversaries—The Much-Needed Vacation—A Floral Quilt—Some Ways to John's Heart.

The Much-Needed Vacation. I was walking through a dry-goods store the other day and I had my attention drawn to a girl behind the counter.

"If she were a rich girl in society," said the friend who had taken me purposely by her counter to show me the pretty, brown-eyed creature, "she would be called beautiful."

I looked across the pile of stationery toward the girl, whose thin, bloodless fingers were deftly showing off the quality of various sorts of papers and envelopes to a customer.

"Oh, but they all do," I said with conviction. "And their salary goes on." "Some of them can't afford to take it. This girl cannot."

All of which necessitated more questions, and elicited more pathetic facts. My brown-eyed shop girl could not leave home, not because her employers would not give her her month off, but because, at home, a stuffy little flat was on the West side, was an old man, her father, who tips and smokes away the money my brown-eyed girl earns through the long, hot days, who never leaves the little, stuffy flat long enough for the smell of tobacco and beer to evaporate, who was "born a gentleman," and doesn't know how to do anything.

The happiest households are those that do not let die out the sentiment connected with various anniversaries. Although gift-giving or recognition of such events in a suitable way may be out of the question, owing to the straitened circumstances of those within the gates, there can yet be a little air of festivity, when mother's or father's birthday comes around, or some wedding anniversary is to be celebrated.

Life is full of beauty if we only know how to gather it into our bins and storehouses. There need not be great wealth nor worldly honor, but a loyal clinging together of parents and children, marked by happenings that have a direct bearing on each one's individual history, will join the circle closer together and make home life the ideal thing that it ought to be.

Do not, we beseech you, plead that you are too busy or too seriously occupied with worldly affairs to bestow time on such trivial matters as birthday parties and wedding celebrations. Such use of time is not a waste, and will prove among the sweetest memories of childhood and old age long after the little chain has been broken, and one member after another gone to the long rest.

Rules for Canning. Miss Bedford, principal of the New York cooking school, uses the following proportions in canning fruit: For apples, peaches, pears, blackberries and sweet cherries, one-fourth pound of sugar to every pound of fruit and one quart of water to every pound of sugar.

Speaking of the great number of successful chess players of the Jewish race, and of the contest between the two Jews, Lasker and Steinitz, for the chess championship of the world, the Jewish Chronicle dwells upon certain traits which are prominent in the Jewish character.

Salvation Not Complete. "Well, then," said a skeptic to me on one occasion, "why is the world not saved?" "My friend," said I, "you misconceive the power required to convert souls."

There was a little boy in the room, and I illustrated my meaning by saying, "Suppose I will that that little boy leave the room. There are two ways in which I could give effect to that will. I could take him in my arms and by my superior muscular force remove him; or I could take him on my knee, speak lovingly and persuasively to him, in order to induce him to leave the room himself."

I cut bus down into forty-two hexagon pieces five inches long on each side. These were all hinged neatly at one time on the sewing machine and put in a drawer. After-

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MADE HIM WHOLE.

PHYSICIANS PUZZLED OVER A MIRACULOUS RECOVERY.

REMARKABLE STORY FULLY INVESTIGATED BY "THE DISPATCH" AND FOUND TO BE ABSOLUTELY TRUE IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

THE case in question is that of M. Roehrig, a prosperous young German-American of 55 East Twenty-fifth street. Mr. Roehrig inherited a predisposition to skin disease.

When all this was done there were no two patches alike. There were pansies, sweet peas, geraniums, roses, daffodils, tulips, clematis, chrysanthemums, a large bunch of clover and holly leaves and berries.

I sewed the hemmed edges together in an overstretch on the right side, and at each corner where they connected worked a large date. The effect was very pretty. As one lady said, it reminded her of snowflakes magnified.

When the most learned savants of Europe were found unable to benefit him Mr. Roehrig was ready to give up all hope. Relatives brought him back to America to die.

The condition of the unfortunate sufferer was at this time truly pitiable. Life was worse than a burden, not only to himself but to his relatives and all who came in contact with him.

It is a very good plan to give shoes a treatment with linseed or castor oil, once in a week or two, applying a moderate quantity and rubbing it thoroughly into the grain of the leather.

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MADE HIM WHOLE.

PHYSICIANS PUZZLED OVER A MIRACULOUS RECOVERY.

REMARKABLE STORY FULLY INVESTIGATED BY "THE DISPATCH" AND FOUND TO BE ABSOLUTELY TRUE IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

THE case in question is that of M. Roehrig, a prosperous young German-American of 55 East Twenty-fifth street. Mr. Roehrig inherited a predisposition to skin disease.

When all this was done there were no two patches alike. There were pansies, sweet peas, geraniums, roses, daffodils, tulips, clematis, chrysanthemums, a large bunch of clover and holly leaves and berries.

I sewed the hemmed edges together in an overstretch on the right side, and at each corner where they connected worked a large date. The effect was very pretty. As one lady said, it reminded her of snowflakes magnified.

When the most learned savants of Europe were found unable to benefit him Mr. Roehrig was ready to give up all hope. Relatives brought him back to America to die.

The condition of the unfortunate sufferer was at this time truly pitiable. Life was worse than a burden, not only to himself but to his relatives and all who came in contact with him.

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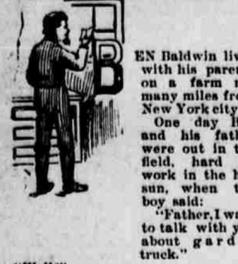
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BEN'S SCHEME



EN Baldwin lived with his parents on a farm not many miles from New York city. One day Ben and his father were out in the field, hard at work in the hot sun, when the boy said:

"Father, I want to talk with you about garden truck."

"Well?"

"You don't get a good price for it?"

"A mighty poor price, Ben."

"And you can't do better?"

"No, I've tried all the commission dealers, and none of them pay better than Robbins."

"So it hardly pays for you to go to New York?"

"No, it don't, for a fact."

"Then why not let me go?"

"What would be a bad idea," said the farmer, thoughtfully. "You're getting old enough to drive to New York now, and you ought to do that job just as well as I could. At the same time, if I let you go and stay at home myself, I can do a good deal more work about the farm. I'll think it over."

"That was all Mr. Baldwin said at the time; but that night, after supper, he suddenly announced:

"Ben, I think I'll let you cart the produce to New York. But you must be careful when driving through the streets of the city."

Ben promised, and then asked:

"Don't you think, dad, that it would be possible to get more money than Robbins pays you?"

"No, I tell you; I've tried the whole lot of them."

"Perhaps I could get more money."

"But you can't."

"If I do, will you let me have all I get over Robbins' price?"

"Yes; provided you bring home cash each night. I've got to have ready money, for I'll have some help to pay off this summer."

Ben went to bed that night and dreamed that he had grown so rich that the Goulds had taken him into partnership.

In the morning he started both of his parents by coming downstairs just after he was called the first time. He helped his father to load the farm wagon, received the farmer's last instructions, and drove off.

"This is a heap better'n hard work," the boy reflected, as the horse joggled along the shady Westchester road. "May be a little more money in it, too," he added, with a thrill of anticipatory delight.

It was still early, according to the city ways of thinking, when he drove across One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and kept on toward Yorkville. But instead of keeping on toward the markets, he turned down East Ninety-sixth street.

and drew up before one of the apartment houses.

Going to the basement he pressed one of the row of buttons that stood near the dumb-waiter shaft.

"Well?" demanded a woman, showing her head at the shaft door.

"Want any vegetables?"

"No."

"But these are good—better'n any you ever get."

"That's what all you fellows say. We can't get any vegetables in Yorkville that are not four or five days old."

"I know it, ma'am. That's why I've come around. I brought these this fresh from the country this morning."

"The same old story," mumbled the woman, but she regarded attentively

the frank honest face of the young produce merchant, and her tone showed that she was more than half inclined to believe him.

Ben was quick to take advantage of the slight impression which he had produced.

"Suppose you were going to buy some vegetables of me," he said, innocently, "what would it be?"

"Peas and cucumbers, most likely."

"I'll send you up some and you can see what they're like."

In a minute he was back again. He hauled the samples up on the dumb-waiter and the woman inspected the lot.

"Why, they're really fresh," she exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes; I told you they were."

"The best I've seen this year."

"Will you take them?"

"How much?"

Ben named the price. It was the regular retail figure for peas and cucumbers.

"Pull down the dumb waiter and you'll find the money on it," said the woman.

This sale made, Ben tried the other people. As soon as they saw how good and fresh the vegetables were, they were even anxious to buy. Out of the ten families in the house, Ben made seven sales.

Then he went in to the next house. Here he was almost equally successful. By the time Ben Baldwin had crossed Ninety-sixth, Ninety-fifth and Ninety-fourth streets, between Park and Third avenues, his big wagon-load of produce was gone.

It was now a little past noon. With the air of a prosperous man who could afford such trifles, he stabled the

horse and then went to the best restaurant he could find in that locality. A sumptuous meal followed. It was the best he had ever eaten. At least it seemed so to him, for like the majority of boys, anything that he got in a restaurant was rather superior to home cooking.

When he had finished eating he took a pencil and a piece of paper and began to do some figuring. The result that he obtained caused a gleam of delight to shine in his eyes.

Then he drove slowly home to the farm. His father was waiting for him at the gate.

"Sold all out, I see, Ben."

"Yes, sir."

"Any trouble about it?"

"No, sir."

"And the money?"

"Here it is."

"Ben counted it out, and Mr. Baldwin took possession of it. He knew the prices which Robbins paid, and found the account correct to a cent. After that Ben drove the market wagon regularly three times a week. He visited the same district each time, and never failed to speedily sell out, for the customers that he had found on his first trip remained with him and even brought new customers.

So it went on until the end of the summer. One day Ben woke up too ill to drive to market. There was nothing for it but for Mr. Baldwin to drive the wagon into the city.

When he arrived at the market where Robbins had an office, that gentleman came out. His first words were:

"Well, Baldwin. Where have you been selling? Haven't seen you all the summer?"

"But you've seen my boy right along, I sent him."

"If you did he never got here."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Positive."

"Ben," said his father, when he returned from New York, "where have you been selling the garden truck all summer?"

"Sold it on my own account, dad; sold it direct to families."

"Then you must have got a little more money than you gave me."

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Then where is the rest of the money?"

"In the bank. You know, dad, you said I could have all I got over Robbins' price."

"So I did," Mr. Baldwin admitted, reflectively. "Well, what did you do with the money you kept for yourself?"

"Banked it. You'll find the bank-book in the top bureau drawer."

Mr. Baldwin got the book and whistled in intense astonishment. His son's deposits footed up to \$216.42.

Then the farmer took up his own memorandum book, and figured up that he had received from Ben during the whole summer \$194.72.

"I gave you Robbins' price each time, dad."

"I know you did; I kept track of that right along."

"If you're not satisfied, dad—"

"I'll have to be, for I gave you my word, and I'll stick to it. But until today I thought all along that you were taking the stuff to Robbins. What put the scheme in your head to pick up a private route?"

"Well, you know that woman that was visiting the Smiths? She lives in Yorkville, and I heard her say that it was impossible to get really good, fresh vegetables in that part of the city."

"By the time the garden truck got out of the commission merchant's hands up that way the stuff was pretty old and stale. So I thought I'd try and make money by supplying a long-felt want."

"You're pretty sharp, Ben," said his father, thoughtfully. "When you reach 21 I'm going to take you in as partner on the farm."

"Thank you, dad, but I hope by that time to be in business in the city."

"Yes, I guess you are too smart to pass all your life on a farm," the farmer assented.

The Spirit Owls—An Indian Belief. The ancient Mojave Indians believed that all who died and were not cremated turned into owls. Even at the present time they always speak of owls as being the spirit of some dead being returned. After any one of the tribe dies they do not wash nor eat salt for ten days. In former times they had an annual burning of the property of the dead, at which time the living were expected to sacrifice some article of value. This seems to have been done with the belief that the smoke from the offering would ascend to the departed on the "Great White Mountain," which is their heaven or "happy hunting grounds."

Horrible. Mr. Green—I learn that your former pastor, the Reverend Mr. Lanks, who removed to Texas, was very much distressed by his new parishioners, so much so, in fact, that they petitioned to the bishop of the diocese, and the latter promptly cut off the reverend gentleman's sacerdotal functions.

Mr. Green—Horrible! And was it fatal?—Truth.

Bacteria in Fruit and Vegetables. M. Pasteur has shown that all fruits and vegetables when undergoing even partial decay contain bacteria which, if taken into the stomach, may cause disease. Fruit grown near the ground has been known to convey the bacteria of typhoid fever, tetanus, diphtheria, or cholera, which may have found their way into the material used for fertilizing.

Tracing the Source. Marritt—How is it, Johnny, that you are such an inveterate young enemy of mine? I have never done anything to you.

Little Johnny—Yes, you have. Whenever you come to see Cora she puts the clock back. That makes me late for school the next day, and then teacher licks me.—Truth.

A Good Deal Better. "Do you think that Colonel Shufsee is the right kind of a man to get congress to attend to our business?" said a capitalist. "He doesn't seem energetic."

"Oh, he's all right."

"But has he a great deal of push?"

"No; better than that—he has a great deal of pull."

TELLS HIS SAD STORY.

HOW RED WHISKERS BOUGHT GREEN GOODS.

Saves and Borrows \$300 With Which to Purchase \$5,000 in Bills Printed from Government Plates—Gets Pieces of White Paper.

He was a man of 45 with a stubby red beard on his chin and under his arm he brought into the Chicago Herald office a parcel wrapped in a newspaper and laid upon the desk a small sheetiron box. As he laid back the cover he said:

"There is \$3,000 in counterfeit money in that box. At least I thought there was. There was \$3,000 in a box just like it, anyway."

The box contained, apparently, a layer of money three inches deep. On top was a crisp \$1 bill, as good a bill as ever came from the government bureau of printing and engraving. Beneath it were 4,000 sheets of blank paper. The speculator in "green goods" resumed:

"I received a letter from New York more than two months ago signed Thomas Jefferson. The writer said that for \$300 the company which he represented would send me \$3,000 in money that was counterfeit, but so good a counterfeit that hardly any one could detect it. I answered the letter asking further information. The reply was signed Captain J. C. Monroe. It offered a simple \$1 bill, which so far as I could see, was perfectly good. I wrote again asking for a sample of a larger denomination. The next letter was signed H. Butler, and the writer gave his address as 31 Church street. He inclosed a \$5 bill which was as good as wheat, I thought. Anyway I bought a sack of flour with it."

"I was told what road to take to New York. I was to telegraph just before I started and when within 300 miles from New York I was to wire again so that I would not fail to find me. I was to go to the North River hotel in New York and register as from Illinois, not from Chicago, so if anything happened it would be harder to trace me up. I was given the password and number 'Darwin 539.' I followed these instructions faithfully.

"For two months I had been saving up money in every possible way. I had borrowed from my friends. I even got \$20 from servant girls. I raised the \$300 and \$300 dollars more for my expenses. I wanted to help myself and help others. There is nothing criminal in anything that I have done.

"Well, I reached New York and registered at the North River hotel. A well-dressed man, about 40 years old, called at my room within a few minutes and wrote on a telegraph blank 'Darwin 539.' So I knew that he was the confidential trustworthy guide who was to take me to the office of the company. He conducted me to a lawyer's office near the city hall, and I followed him to a room in a building near the ferry and into a room which had no window. It was lighted by gas through it was the middle of the afternoon. There were two other men besides the guide and myself there. Once I got in that room they'd have got my money anyway, but I admit they fooled me."

"The two men at once advanced and shook hands with me. One of them was a lawyer, I should say. He was a large, noble-looking man and he used good language. The other was a portly man of 60 years, and he looked like a retired banker. On a table were several boxes like this and great stacks of bank notes. For all I could tell it was good money. I saw them count out \$3,000 and put it in one of the boxes. Then one of the men said, so long as I had had to spend \$50 for expenses he would throw in \$100 more, and he did so. Then they looked the box but left the key on the table. When I paid over my \$300 I noticed an open gripcase on the floor. I peered in and saw it was full of money. I said:

"You've got lots of it here."

"The retired banker answered, 'We make it. We stand in with employees of the government bureau of printing and engraving at Washington and have got hold of some of the plates. My friend, you shall never want for a dollar as long as you live.'"

"Then he told me that it was desirable to 'age' the new money. This was a simple process, different from all methods of 'aging' whiskey. He wrote out the formula for me. Here it is:

The red-bearded man exhibited a piece of paper on which was written: Washing ammonia. Coco. One part of each.

"He told me to dip a new bill in this solution and lay it on marble or glass to dry. When dry it would look like an old bill, and the lawyer looked at his watch and said:

"You've got just fifteen minutes to make a train. Go to the United States express office first and send this box to Chicago. There is no direct train for Chicago leaving just now, so you'd better take the train for Philadelphia and go on from there."

"I took me \$2.50 to do it, but I didn't care. I had plenty of money. Then the lawyer said:

"Write your name in this book, so that if you want more of this money we can compare the signatures. I did so. Then I hastened to the express office and thence to the depot.

"When I got to Chicago I opened the box with a hatchet. It contained what you see. They must have shifted the boxes on me while I was writing my name."

"What did I expect to do with the 'queer' money? Don't press me too hard on that point. I've been swindled, but I would like to warn other possible victims in advance. I don't doubt there are 100 men in Chicago to-day trying to save the needed \$300. I'd like to make business a little less brisk for those fellows."

And the red-bearded man took up his box and departed.

The Author of "The Bell." The minister who officiated at the funeral of Edgar Allan Poe, the poet, is still living. Poe is buried in the old Westminster churchyard, at the

ZEKIEL TO THE RESCUE.

A RANCHMAN'S DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH WOLVES.

A Pack Attacks the Lambs in a Sheep-enclosure and Then Gives the Farmer Who Interrupts Them a Fight to the Death—Zekiel Came in Time.

Situated about 300 yards from Lance Butterfield's main dwelling house in Nebraska is a roofed-in fold, where are placed at night the sheep having little ones, and this fold is entrusted to the care of a boy named Zekiel. But it happened that Zekiel's young affections were placed on a neighbor's buxom daughter, and it was while deeply thinking of the fascinating damsel, enjoying in anticipation the evening with her, that Zekiel forgot to secure the door of this place. He was still absent when Mr. Butterfield was awakened by his wife, who declared that there was some one in the 'lambs' house,' as it is called.

Mr. Butterfield threw open the window and called for Zekiel, and receiving no answer, dressed himself hurriedly, and seizing his revolver, made for the spot.

There was a moon just going down, but it gave sufficient light to show him that the door was partly open, and on approaching still nearer, that the sheep were huddled together in terror of a score of dark objects almost as large as month-old calves, which were running about the fold, pulling down a mother sheep here and devouring some tender lambling there.

At first Mr. Butterfield could not distinguish what these creatures were, but drew his pistol, and discharged it at the nearest, when its shrill yelp told him that these marauders were wolves, and wolves of the large, ferocious, gray variety. He fired again and again, a wolf falling at every shot, says the Philadelphia Times.

The robbers then tried to run out of the door, but the ranchman, determined to revenge, closed the only exit and continued firing. But seeing themselves trapped the animals seemed to grow frantic, and before Mr. Butterfield could expect what was about to happen fell at him with such force as to cause him to stagger back against the wall. His pistol was now empty and he was only able to defend himself from his bloodthirsty foes by knocking about him with the butt-end of the weapon. They tore at his limbs, but poorly covered by a pair of light boots that he had drawn on in coming out, and his feet and lower legs were soon bleeding freely, while the sharp fangs of the animals found the bone itself often under the lacerated flesh.

Mr. Butterfield shouted loudly to his wife to bring help to him, but such was the yelping, snarling and howling in the fold that he doubted that his voice would reach her. But she heard the pistol shots and the noise of the struggle and screamed afresh for Zekiel, who by this time was approaching the house, whistling merrily.

Mrs. Butterfield flew out to meet him and informed him of what had happened and gave him his master's gun to go to the rescue. Nearing the fold then Zekiel heard his employer's cries for assistance, and reached him just in time to see an enormous male wolf leap upon the exhausted man and seize him by the throat. Mr. Butterfield fell with this monster clinging to him, and gave himself up for lost, but the boy, placing the muzzle of the gun to the wolf's head, blew out his brains, and whistling merrily.

The door being left open by the newcomer, most of the caged creatures escaped by it, but Zekiel continued to pursue them with a running fire, managing to kill half a dozen himself. But one old fellow engaged in eating a lamb he had slain, declared war to the knife and refused to be routed, but turned on Zekiel with a determination to kill or be killed right there. The boy reared upon him, tearing open his side, and sending the blood all about the fold, but the big wolf gave no token of fright and rushed at his enemy with a furious yell. Zekiel fired again, but the ball went far over the creature's head, and before he could aim again the wolf had pinned him down.

In falling the boy struck his head against the doorpost, and for several minutes was too dazed to take any further part in the combat. He went back his head to worry the remains, as he thought, but Mr. Butterfield, crawling towards the two, secured Zekiel's gun and put a couple of shots in the animal's body, but did not kill him as he had hoped to do. The wolf whirled sharply about, still standing over Zekiel, made a snap at the other man, which Mr. Butterfield parried by getting to one side. He then brought the gun down upon the creature's skull, bringing the weapon short off in the barrel and without seeming to daze the wolf at all.

The latter now abandoned his prostrate prey and ran at the ranchman, who, being now undefended, resolved to die for his life. But his enemy was too quick for him and was almost upon him before he could reach the door. However, near this exit Mr. Butterfield found a branding iron such as is used to mark cattle, and with this formidable weapon the ranchman prepared to finish up the dauntless foe. Raising it in the air he threw it directly into the face of the wolf, shattering the nasal bone and reducing the entire muzzle to a mass of bloody flesh.

With a shriek of agony the big wolf rolled over on the floor, clawing at the planks for something to apply to the wound, and running up to him Mr. Butterfield brought down the iron once more on his skull, this time breaking it and killing the wolf. He now called on his wife, and she succeeded in restoring the unfortunate Zekiel, and he aided Mrs. Butterfield in getting the ranchman to the house, for his feet and limbs were in such a state as to render walking a most painful and perilous thing.

But, though it was feared at first that something serious might come of the bites, the gentleman rapidly recovered. Zekiel, however, declares that not for all the sweethearts in the world would he have leaved the door of that fold open again.

THE HOME OF CAMPHOR.

It Comes Principally From Japan and Formosa.

At one time camphor was produced in Sumatra and Borneo, in other parts of the East Indies and in China; but the crude camphor of commerce is now produced exclusively by Japan and Formosa.

The Japanese camphor tree is a monstrous evergreen of exceedingly asymmetrical proportions and somewhat like a lime tree. It has a red berry, and its blossom is a white flower. Some of the trees are more than forty feet in circumference, and at least 300 years old.

Very little camphor was formerly brought to the cultivation of these valuable trees, but all this has now been altered, and the result is that, instead of having to wait until the tree is seventy or eighty years old before the camphor can be extracted, an equally good yield will be obtained in one-third of that time.

The roots contain a much larger proportion of camphor than the trees. If the producer gets ten pounds of crude camphor out of 200 pounds of wood chips, they regard it as a satisfactory yield.

Both the process of extracting the camphor and the materials and apparatus used in the process are of the roughest description.

The chips are boiled, the vapor being led into some kind of a tub, with several partitions, surrounded by cold water, in the sides of these partitions are holes so arranged that when open they cause the vapor to fill the divisions in a circuitous manner, thus improving the grain of the camphor.

The raw material is brought to market in rough wooden tubs, but before it is fit for shipment it has to be submitted to a test which requires considerable experience.

Each tub is very carefully sampled, and the samples are tested sometimes by alcohol, sometimes by water. If no solid adulterating mixture is discovered, the condition of the camphor is examined; this is really a very difficult task, because the crude camphor contains from five to twenty per cent of water and oil, and it requires experience and care to find out whether it has been tampered with.

When this has been done the camphor is weighed, cut, mixed, drained and dried, and packed for export.

NOISY CONSTANTINOPLE. Stillness is a Thing Entirely Unknown in the Turkish Capital.

Constantinople is essentially a noisy town. The milkman starts the ball rolling, and from early morn till late at night the hawkers of different articles cry out their wares. Toward evening, when the noise subsides a little, the dogs, who have slept all day, begin to howl and fight, and as one is getting accustomed to this cheerful serenade the will of Allah directs that a night watchman shall pass by with a long iron-tipped staff in his right hand, with which he pounds the stones of the pavement unmercifully. Those who are acquainted with the Turkish method of ascertaining the time can tell accurately, by the number of blows, what hour it is, but the strangers are apt to wish they were enjoying the delights of which Tom Moore writes:—

A Turkish heaven is easily made. 'Tis but black eyes and remonade. Thieves, however, have good reason to commend the night watchman to the special protection of Allah, for the tap-tap of his stick warns them of his approach and puts them on their guard.

One beautiful night—it was already late—we tried to buy the night watchman's staff, with a view of getting a few hours' slumber, writes a contributor to Home and Country. We could not bring the him to give up his insignia of office, but persuaded him for a pour-boire, to lend it to us, and to the old man's great delight, we pounded away alternately, one relieving the other. What the Turks, who ascertained the time by this process, could have thought I am at a loss to conjecture. They must have believed that it was day, or that the watchman had suddenly gone mad, but no one troubled himself about that noise, and in a few points I must say Constantinople is the freest and most easy-going city in the world.

Major Skinner's Veterans. Prince Napoleon and Count Mercier, with their suite, were once within the Confederate lines during the civil war, and riding along the Fairfax turnpike, they came upon Major F. G. Skinner and a body of Southern veterans. Skinner left his men in charge of a junior officer and approached the party. He had been educated in France under the patronage of the marquis de Lafayette, and Prince Napoleon, who received him warmly, made some remark about the soldierly appearance of his troops. Just at that moment an evolution brought the men into such a position that they turned their backs upon their distinguished visitors. Their trousers showed the worst effects of their usage. The prince could not resist the temptation of his eyes ran along the line of big and little holes. But Major Skinner, with characteristic wit, said: "Skinnermen, you see there the side of our soldiers which has never yet been, and I hope never may be, seen by the enemy."—Argonaut.

Eggs Preserved for Months. Some months ago a Dublin inventor claimed for a preparation of his that it would preserve eggs in perpetual freshness. To thoroughly test the efficacy of the invention, which, if successful, would revolutionize the egg market, an experiment was carried out at the Freeman offices. A sample of eggs immersed in the patent solution, which is a thin grayish paste of the consistency of honey, have remained undisturbed there for a period of four months, and when opened the other night in the presence of experts were found to be all perfectly fresh.

The Entrance of a Matriarchy. Ethel—Why are you going to marry that horrid Mr. Stims? I should think you'd see enough of him during the last three years. Genevieve—That's just why I'm doing it. I want to see less of him.—Chicago Record.

KILLED AT HIS OWN REQUEST.

An Aged Frenchman Who Paid a Youth 1,800 Francs to Kill Him.

A strange boy murderer is Francois Bertholier, a lad of 16, who has been tried before the Aix assizes for killing an old man named Blanchard, at the latter's request. In the dock, says a writer in the London Daily News, he related his crime with grim composure. He said:

"On Friday, October 18 (mark the uncanny day and date), the day before the arrival of the Russians, Blanchard and I went to Toulon. He then spoke to me for the first time of his intention of putting an end to his life. He dwelt on this topic for several hours, telling me about his lamentable physical condition and entreating me to deliver him from his suffering."

"Did you ask him why he hesitated to commit suicide?"

"He told me he could not bring himself to the point, and that he had religious scruples. A couple of days later he came to my bed-room and woke me. He said, 'Francois, I want you to do this evening. I wish it to be all by this evening.' I was very astonished. He added: 'I am going to sign a bill for 1,800 francs for you. You may cash it at my notary's, at Carpentras.'"

"This sum of 1,800 francs caused you to make up your mind?"

"It did. I bought a sheet of stamped paper and made out the bill, which Blanchard signed. Then we went to the steamer (to Marseilles) to take the steam tramway. Just before starting we went to a cafe where my friend made me drink glasses of peppermint. He gave me sixpence to buy a knife at a store. In the tramway Blanchard told me to smoke a lot in order to deaden my feelings. At L'Estaque we entered another cafe and I was made to drink four or five absinthes. We went along the high road, when Blanchard, stopping, said: 'This is the place. Take the right spot. We shall be very comfortable here.' We went under the road bridge. My friend undressed and blindfolded his eyes and stretched himself on the flagstones."

"How many blows did you strike with your knife?"

"Four. On the way he had recommended me to strike several times—to strike at the temples and the jugular vein."

"Indeed you followed out his advice. You struck with a deftness which a professional murderer would envy. Did Blanchard die at once?"

"Yes; he leaned forward a little, heaved a sigh, and that's all."

"What did you do next?"

"I had a little blood on my fingers. I washed them in the sea."

"Did you feel no remorse, no terror?"

"A little, yes."

The jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty," on the ground that Bertholier had acted without knowledge of crime, but the tribunal ordered that he should be sent to a house of correction until the age of 20.

A too Long Delayed Traveler. "Yes," said the old traveler, "I was on a jury in California once. It was a murder trial. I didn't want the fellow hung, and so stuck out against the other eleven nine days, locked up in the jury room, when they gave in, and we brought in a verdict of 'Not guilty.' And then I was ready to stab myself with spit."

Carried Too Far. He glowered fiercely. "What?" he demanded. "No, John," she replied. "I shall not get up and build the fire in the morning any more." For a minute he ruminated bitterly. "It strikes me [there is a suggestion of the dullness of despair in his tones] this is carrying your blamed manliness too far.—Denver Tribune.

A Flourishing Business. First Dude—What are you doing now, Cholly? Second Dude—Nothing at all, doncher know. First Dude—And your brother? Second Dude—He is in with me, you see. First Dude—Does it take you both to do all that?—Texas Sittings.

Real Mean. Mrs. Newlywed—Henry, I think you're real mean. Mr. Newlywed—Well, what have I done? Mrs. Newlywed—Mother writes that in your letter asking her to come and see you said "visitation" instead of "visit"—and now she's not coming.—Truth.

The Silk of the great spider of Madagascar is fine, strong and elastic. It is used by the natives to fasten flowers to sunshades. A single female spider has been known to spin two miles of it in twenty-seven days.

A Harvard Japanese Student. Tanetaro Megata, who in 1874 was one of the first Japanese students over at Harvard, is now superintendent of the custom-house in Yokohama, Japan, a position as important as that of collector of the port of New York.

Whose Funeral is That? "Gashwiler's." "What? Is Gashwiler dead?" "Not that I know of. He is probably riding around in the hearse for the fun of the thing."—Truth.

Young Spiders' Web. Louenhook says that 4,000,000 webs spun by young spiders when they first begin to use the spinners are not, if twisted together, as great in diameter as a hair from a human head.

Chinese Are Fond of Ducks. There are more ducks in China, and more are eaten, than in all the rest of the world. At some of the duck farms in that country 50,000 are annually hatched.

A Poor Man's Crime. A man in Bethlehem, Pa., was too poor to buy a grave for his dead child; so he stole into a cemetery, dug the grave, buried the infant, and was arrested.

SCIENCE UP TO DATE.

THE LATEST ACHIEVEMENTS IN MANY FIELDS.

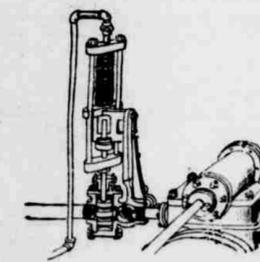
Monochromatic Light Discussed in an Interesting Paper—A Register for Making Steam Pumps—One Way of Having Coin Disappear.



VERY INTERESTING paper by J. W. Gifford on the use of an inexpensive screen for monochromatic light in connection with photo-microscopical work appears in the last number of the Journal of the Royal Microscopical Society. While at work on the various aniline dyes in connection with their photographic effect on the salts of silver where they are exposed to the light of the solar spectrum, it came to Mr. Gifford's notice that the absorption spectrum of benzaldehyde green commonly known as malachite green, was a very remarkable one. A series of experiments was then made from which Mr. Gifford deduced the following claims: 1. It gives a field of view uniformly monochromatic. 2. There is more light than with chrome copper solutions. 3. It need not be used in solution. 4. No bathing of plates in erythrosine or cyanin is necessary, an ordinary rapid plate being sufficiently sensitive. Mr. Gifford concludes his paper with the suggestion that application of malachite green might also be useful for reproducing objects in their natural colors by the Lippmann method, but as yet he has made no experiments in this line.

Regulator for Hydraulic Steam Pumps.

This regulator may be applied to any form of hydraulic steam pump, to control its speed and to stop the pump when the desired pressure is attained, the regulation of both speed and pressure being effected very smoothly and without excessive strains. The engraving shows the regulator in position in the steam pipe of an ordinary steam pump, the regulator being shown partly in section. The improvement has been patented by Mr. Thomas J. Davis of Charlotte, N. C. In the valve casting of the regulator are transverse ports registering with ports grooved in the face of a slide piston valve, whose rod is secured in to a sliding cross bar connected to a plunger. The latter slides in a cylinder supported on an arm extending from the lower steam controlling valve casing, the cylinder being connected with the water pumped under pressure. The cross bar is secured to guide rods secured at their outer ends to a yoke sliding on a pipe connected with the reservoir into which water is pumped under pressure, the yoke being normally pressed outward by a spring. The pressure of the spring normally holds collars on the guide rods against lugs on the sides of the cylinder, when the ports of the piston valve register with the ports of the valve casing, throwing the steam inlet



wide open. The tension of the spring is regulated by nuts on the upper ends of the guide rods and the plunger is moved to gradually close the steam ports and overcome the resistance of the spring by the pressure of water in the cylinder, the transverse ports in the valve casing being closed when the required pressure is reached. At right angles to the slide piston valve is a rotary valve, cored out in the center and having radial ports registering with the transverse ports in the vertical valve casing and also with ports in a discharge outlet connected directly with the cylinder of the steam pump. The stem of the rotary valve has at its outer end a crank, connected by a lengthwise adjustable connecting rod or pitman with the sliding cross bar of the plunger, whereby the requisite port opening may be assured, the connecting rod being adjusted to give just the amount of opening for steam required.

Coal Tar.

The announcement is made in the National Builder that what was at first considered a doubtful experiment, viz., the use of coal tar as a means of rendering masonry impervious to water, especially in positions exposed to direct contact with the latter, has proved a practically valuable resort. Used as a coating for masonry built up of very porous stone, tar renders it quite impervious, even at a depth of some fifty feet of water, and according to the experience of those who have had much to do with it, the article should be utilized in all public buildings, particularly those designed for the preservation of works of art—the dissolving action of water, even upon mortar of superior quality, being well known, also the unfavorable effect of the exudation of water charged with lime salts from the mortar. Two methods of using the tar are named, viz., in a boiling state in one or several layers, this being suitable for surfaces exposed to the air, or it may be made to flame up before using, this being appropriate to surfaces which have to be covered up.

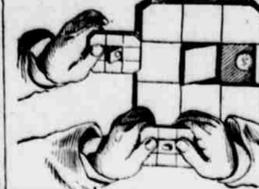
Disappearance of a Coin.

Holding a square piece of wood with the two hands, as shown in the figure in the upper part of the accompanying engraving, the operator asks a spectator to place a coin upon a small central square between the two thumbs. This done, he requests the person before whom he is operating to remove a handkerchief over his two hands so as to conceal them. Immediately this has been done when the oper-

ator, removing the handkerchief, shows that the coin has disappeared.

The hand represented at the bottom of the figure explains the trick that permits of the disappearance.

The piece of wood serving as a support is provided with a simple mechanism. The central square having been cut out beforehand and mounted upon an axle, pivots under the pressure of the little finger acting beneath the piece and caused the coin to drop into a cavity with which the wood is provided at the side of the movable square. At the left hand side of the figure the piece of wood is represented on a larger scale and with a piece removed in order to show the mechanism. This little object, which any skillful amateur can manufacture for himself, permits of producing a very successful illusion in the way of juggling. The specimen that we saw operating with success measured 4 1/2 inches and was a quarter of an inch in thickness. —La Nature.



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A Triumph in Ceramics.

The name of Turner is becoming famous for the fanciful creations of this master of the ceramic art. At the great factory in Tunstall, England, there is to be seen the most wonderful articles in fine china; things so fragile and delicate that it seems impossible that they can be made of mere clay, and go through the processes of drying, glazing, firing and decorating and come out almost as accurate and perfect as though made with a die. One of the most remarkable specimens of this enterprising house was the dressing table and bureau of porcelain which was made for and presented to the duke and duchess of York as a wedding gift. These articles are in all respects, save the decorations, the duplicates of the popular furniture of the day, but made of the most exquisite china. There are mirrors framed in porcelain with colored flowers in relief, and electric lights throwing their brilliant rays through the blossoms. The tiny bureau shown at the World's Fair seemed to be marvels of the potter's art, but when one imagines a china dressing table and bureau as large as any made in wood, the achievement seems an almost impossible one, even in these days, when the hitherto unattainable appears easy of accomplishment.

Sleeping Sickness.

In certain districts in Africa, notably in the west, central and Congo sections, there is a most curious and puzzling disease that has baffled all attempts to prevent or cure it. The first symptoms are an appearance of droopiness, indicated by drooping of the eyelids and a lack of interest except when roused. This tendency to sleep, which is merely slight at first, rapidly increases until the sufferer falls asleep at all times in the day and over any work or amusement, no matter what may be its character. The general health does not appear to suffer any perceptible impairment, and treatment of the most active sort has little if any effect. After a time, the patient is in a perpetual slumber, seeming to be never really awake, and if roused to take food or drink immediately relapses into the usual lethargic condition. The disease or decline sometimes lasts twelve months, death apparently ensuing from starvation. It rarely attacks white persons, but is for the most part confined to young persons between the ages of 15 and 30 years. Boys and young men are more frequently the victims than girls or young women. This most remarkable state of things is under investigation by eminent medical men, and their reports will be awaited with interest.

Manners.

A sharp gust of wind sent the flames in the grate whirling upward in grotesque shapes. "But the tall girl by the mantel gave no heed. Her eyes were flashing in resentment. "Unnatural mother!" she hissed. The figure cowering in the farthest corner shivered and was silent. "Have you no love for the child you bore?" A sob was the only answer. "Mamma, mamma—" The girl was on her knees and in tears now. "You will try to be less affected when we are out in company, won't you?" The matter was left with that understanding.—Truth.

Breaks of Nature.

Col. Yerger (who is baldheaded)—Isn't it a little singular that all the Plumbtree children have red heads, when both their father and mother have dark hair? Mrs. Yerger—That's only a freak of nature that occurs in almost every family. Hasn't our boy Percy got a head of thick, curly hair, while you haven't got any hair at all on your head.—Siftings.

Too Funny for Any Use.

Charlie (dejectedly)—Say, Tom, I've lost my best girl. Tom—No. How did it happen? "Aw, I was altogether too funny for her." "Too funny? What do you mean?" "Well, you see, she was crazy to have a pet dog, so I gave her a pug and told her I selected that kind because it matched her nose perfectly. See? Confound a funny man anyhow."—

Who He Was.

Mistress—Lena, I heard a man kissing you in the hall last night. Servant—Yes, mam. Mistress—Well, I want to know who that man was? Servant (somewhat embarrassed)—Excuse me—ah—but—ah—I think it was— Mistress—Who was he? Servant—He was—ah—probably my brother.

ALL OVER THE STATE.

Interesting Callings on Various Subjects Taken from the Daily Press.

Elmie Jarret, the 8-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Jarret, living near Clarksville, met a horrible death recently. The child's grandmother, was sick and Mrs. Jarret was there waiting on her. Wanting some articles he sent little Elmie home after them. The doors were locked and the child took a stick of wood, placed it against the side of the house and standing on a raised window and attempted to get through the window. The window fell and caught her by the neck. The stick of wood fell from under her feet and she slowly choked to death, being dead when found by her mother about an hour afterward.

In the new cotton rate made by the railroad commission, Houston is used as a basing point. The commission has announced the Houston rate and graded it up to a maximum rate of 59 cents at all points. From points 125 miles distant from Houston the rate is graded down from the maximum with 6 cents added to make the rate at Galveston. The railroad companies are to pay the compress charges where the rate is in excess of 50 cents per 100 and that is all there is to it.

A few days since an old colored man went to the clerk's office at Sherman and told him not to issue a marriage license to Bill East and Ophelia Jackson, his daughter. A short while afterward George Benton, colored, swore out a marriage license for himself and Ophelia Jackson and they were married. It now develops that Bill East was only a nickname and that George Benton is his right name, and the old man was completely cocked out when he learned it.

Frank Valino being quite drunk rushed into a drug store at San Antonio recently, and being well acquainted with the clerk, Charles Campbell, told him to give him morphine and lots of it, he wanted to die quick. Charles fixed him a big dose of quinine in liquid, he drank it, went into the back yard and prayed, finally came back into the store, and left for home where he sobered up and was all right.

Recently at DeKalb, Bowie county, a crowd of boys were playing baseball in a little prairie. A shower of rain came up and they all ran to a large oak. Lightning struck the tree and the following were killed outright: John Jacobs, Walter Atchley, Tom Blanchard, Will Heath, John Jackson, Chris Petty, Will Welsh. About a dozen others were badly hurt and it is thought some of them will die.

Cordelia, the 6-year-old daughter of C. M. Kitchen of Terrell, while playing in the yard recently was attacked by a cow, one horn entering her mouth. She was raised from the ground and thrown several feet. Her cheeks and teeth were unhurt and the palate of her mouth was the only injury sustained.

At Oakwoods, Leon county, recently Cap Richmond was examining an old pistol that he did not think was loaded, as it had not been used for several months, the pistol accidentally went off, shooting a young man by the name of Robert Hill through the arm just below the elbow.

The Democrats of Val Verde county adopted the following plank in the platform: "That we favor the enactment of a law prohibiting any foreign born person from voting in this state who has not taken out his naturalization papers."

Capt. Beasley of Galveston, owner of the yacht Country Girl, offers to sail his yacht against any boat in Galveston bay for \$500—the course to be around Red Fish and the breeze to be blowing eighteen knots when the start is made.

B. F. McKinley was arrested a few days since at his home in Comanche county, by the sheriff of Grayson county, on a charge of horse stealing and forfeiture of bond about fourteen years ago, and was taken to Grayson county.

Parties standing on the bridge over the North Concho river, at San Angelo recently, observed the body of a man floating. Attempts to pull the body ashore were made, but owing to the swift current it was impossible.

Dr. Isle of Austin, who has the contract of roofing the new Stratton block at Cuero, fell from the first floor into the cellar the other morning, breaking one of his ribs and otherwise receiving injuries.

The schooner C. H. Moore, has cleared Orange for Matagorda with a cargo of lumber, cement and brick, to be used in the construction of a lighthouse on the gulf coast, near Matagorda.

A. J. Willingham, who was convicted at a recent term of the district court at Brownham of assault to murder his father, and sent to the penitentiary, has been pardoned by the governor.

The Labor Day celebration at Galveston will be a grand affair. Gov. W. S. Hogg, Judge T. L. Nugent and J. A. Shaw have accepted invitations to be present and deliver addresses.

The Democratic congressional convention of the thirteenth district, in session at Decatur, after balloting for five days adjourned to meet at Henrieville August 30, 1894.

James D. Milton, a Pullman car conductor running between El Paso and St. Louis, was recently sworn in as chief of police of El Paso, vice J. B. Payne, resigned.

A horse attached to a buggy ran away with Miss Lucy Wilson at Graysonville the other day, throwing her out against an iron post. She was badly hurt.

John Bonnus, after returning from a picnic at Bartlett to Holland, Bell county, the other night, drove over the bluff of a creek, injuring himself badly. The fall was over twenty feet.

The Democratic convention of the Seventh congressional district nominated G. C. Pendleton for congress, and endorsed Cleveland in 1894 and the national platform of 1892. The tax rolls of Taylor county for 1894, just finished, show a total of \$4,431,151 of taxable value.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

selecting Items Carefully Selected From the Leading Dailies.

After the division on the house of lords on the evicted tenants' bill, Dr. Charles Trainor, Irish nationalist, member of the house of commons for Cork, approached the marquis of Clancarrow in central hall, and in a menacing manner told him he was living on the blood of his tenants. The marquis was cool, but talked of having Trainor arrested. He did not do so, and the incident was allowed to drop.

The great coal mines near Donbrow, Russia, government of Grandno, are burning. The fire started by an explosion of gas while the full force of men were underground. The main shaft was wrecked and comparatively few miners have been rescued. The latest report is that 700 men are entombed in the mines and that all hope of saving them has been abandoned.

The strike commission, whose work has begun at Chicago, will sit from 10 to 12:30 and from 1:30 to 4 o'clock. The order of the testimony will be that of the employes, second of the railroads. Two lines in particular will be investigated, being the Illinois Central and Rock Island, these lines being named in the order of appointment by President Cleveland.

The local detective bureau of Chicago has been asked by the government service detectives to look out for men who have been mailing immense numbers of lottery circulars. Postoffice Inspector Stuart thinks the offenders are amateurs as their work is clumsily done.

At Indianapolis, Ind., Leroy Templeton, Philip Kappaport, "Col." Jennings and P. J. Gilligan, four Populists, were arrested for holding a political meeting on Sunday and went to jail, refusing to give bond, have been acquitted of being guilty of any offense.

The four bills to place upon the free list all forms of sugar, of coal, of iron and of barbed wire fencing and rods in its manufacture which were passed by the house are drawn to go into effect immediately upon their passage. But the senate will never pass them.

The committee on appropriations has increased the head money on immigrants from 50 cents to \$1 per head, and directed the secretary of the treasury to present a plan for the reorganization of the immigrant inspection service.

The supreme court of Alabama, sitting as a high court of impeachment, after a long and exhaustive trial, has found John B. Talley, judge of the Ninth judicial circuit court, guilty of unjudicial conduct, and removed him from office.

It is understood that Senator Blackburn of Kentucky has been agreed upon among Democratic leaders to fill the vacancy on the senate finance committee caused by the death of Senator Vance of North Carolina.

Dr. J. W. Davis, a prominent physician of Coaling, W. Va., was fired on from ambush while returning from a professional visit recently and will die.

A daring attempt was made to hold up a Lake Shore express at Kessler, Ind., recently, where a similar attempt succeeded a year ago.

The anarchist trial at Paris resulted in the acquittal of twenty-seven of the thirty, three being convicted of criminal offenses.

Miss Lulu Randall, aeronaut, in descending by parachute at Nashville, Tenn., a few days since, was blown against a tree and killed.

In order to still further restrict production, it is said the whisky trust will close distilleries in Chicago, Peoria and Cincinnati.

An apple grown near Hutchinson, Kan., this year measures fourteen and one-half inches in circumference and weighs 17 ounces.

It is reported that, for the first time in twenty years, the corn crop of northern Missouri will be a total failure.

Hon. C. E. Breckinridge of Arkansas has resigned his seat in congress and qualified as minister to Russia.

The buildings at the base ball grounds in Chicago have been destroyed by fire. Loss \$25,000.

Thirteen persons were killed and 29 wounded by the earthquake shocks at Acireale, Sicily, recently.

The Blue Springs, Mo., cannery "puts up" tomatoes at the rate of thirty-five cans a minute.

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TABERNACLE PULPIT.

SUICIDE THE SUBJECT OF THIS WEEK'S SERMON.

In the Olden Time, Before the Dawn of Christianity, Self Murder Was Considered Honorable and a Sign of Courage—Moral Cowardice.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 12.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now abroad, has selected as the subject for to-day's sermon through the press, the word "Suicide," the text being Acts xvi: 27, 28: "He drew out his sword and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had fled. But Paul cried with a loud voice, saying, Do thyself no harm."

Here is a would-be suicide arrested in his deadly attempt. He was a sheriff and according to the Roman law a bailiff himself must suffer the punishment due an escaped prisoner; and if the prisoner breaking jail was sentenced to be imprisoned for three or four years, then the sheriff must be imprisoned for three or four years; and if the prisoner breaking jail was to have suffered capital punishment, then the sheriff must suffer capital punishment.

The sheriff had received special charge to keep a sharp lookout for Paul and Silas. The government had not had confidence in bolts and bars to keep safe these two clergymen, about whom there seemed to be something strange and supernatural. Sure enough, by miraculous power, they are free, and the sheriff, waking out of a sound sleep, and supposing these ministers have run away, and knowing that they were to die for preaching Christ, and realizing that he must therefore die, rather than go under the executioner's ax, on the morrow and suffer public disgrace, resolves to precipitate his own death. But before the sharp sword strikes his heart, one of the unloosed prisoners arrests the blade by the command, "Do thyself no harm."

In olden time, and where Christianity had not interfered with it, suicide was considered honorable and a sign of courage. Demosthenes poisoned himself when told that Alexander the Great had demanded the surrender of the Athenian orators, who he killed himself rather than surrender to Phillip of Macedonia. Cato, rather than submit to Julius Caesar, took his own life, and after three times his wounds had been dressed to them open and perished. Mithridates killed himself rather than submit to Pompey, the conqueror. Hannibal destroyed his life by poisoning from his ring, considering life unbearable. After the disaster of Moscow, Napoleon always carried with him a preparation of opium, and one night his servant heard the emperor arise, put something in a glass and drink it, and soon after the groans aroused all the attendants, and it was only through utmost medical skill he was resuscitated from the stupor of the opiate.

Times have changed, and yet the American conscience needs to be toned up on the subject of suicide. Have you seen a paper in the last month that did not announce the passage out of life by one's own hand? Defaulter, alarmed at the idea of exposure, quit life precipitately. Men losing large fortunes go out of the world because they can not endure earthly existence. Frustrated affection, domestic infelicity, dyspeptic impatience, anger, remorse, envy, jealousy, destitution, minor troubles, are considered sufficient causes for a severing from this life by Paris green, by laudanum, by belladonna, by Othello's dagger, by halter, by leap from the abutment of a bridge, by firearms. More cases of "felo de se" in the last two years of the world's existence. The evil is more and more spreading.

A pulpit not long ago expressed some doubt as to whether or not anything wrong about quitting this life when it became disagreeable, and there are found in respectable circles people apologetic for the crime which Paul in the text arrested. I shall show you before I get through that suicide is the worst of all crimes and I shall lift a warning unmistakable. But in the early part of this sermon I wish to admit that some of the best Christians that have ever lived have committed self-destruction, but always in dementia and not responsible. I have no more doubt about their eternal felicity than I have of the Christian who dies in his bed in the delirium of typhoid fever. While the shock of the catastrophe is very great, I charge all those who have had Christian friends under cerebral aberration step off the boundaries of this life to have no doubt about their happiness. The dear Lord took them right out of their dazed and frenzied state into perfect safety. How Christ feels toward the insane you may know from the kind way he treated the demoniac of Gadara and the child lunatic, and the potency with which he hushed the tempest either of sea or breeze.

Scotland, the land prolific of intellectual giants, had none grander than Hugh Miller. Great for science and great for God. He came of the best Highland blood, and he was a descendant of Donald Roy, a man eminent for his piety and the rare gift of second-sight. His attainment, climbing up he did from the quarry and the wall of the stonemason, drew forth the astonished admiration of Buckland and Murchison, the scientists, and Dr. Chalmers, the theologian, and held universities spellbound while he told them the story of what he had seen of God in the old red sandstone.

That man did more than any being that ever lived to show that the God of the hills is the God of the Bible, and he struck his tuning fork on the rocks of Geomarty until he brought geology and theology accordant in divine worship. His two books, entitled "Footprints of the Creator" and "The Testimony of the Rocks," proclaimed the bans of an everlasting marriage between genuine science and revelation. On this latter book he tolled day and night through love of nature and love of God, until he could not sleep, and his brain gave way, and he was found dead with a revolver by his side, the cruel instrument having had two bullets—one for him and the other for the gunman

who at the coroner's inquest was examining it and fell dead. Have you any doubt of the justification of Hugh Miller, after his hot brain had cooled throbbing that winter night in his study at Forthellico? Among the mightiest of earth, among the mightiest of heaven.

Notwithstanding the Bible is against this evil, and the aversion which it creates by the loneliest and ghastly spectacles of those who have hurried themselves out of life, and notwithstanding Christianity is against it, and the arguments and the useful lives and the illustrious deaths of its disciples, it is a fact alarmingly potent that suicide is on the increase. What is the cause? I charge upon infidelity and agnosticism this whole thing.

Infidelity, stand up and take thy sentence! In the presence of God and angels and men, stand up, and let thy sentence! Thy hands, stand up and take thy sentence! Thy breath foul with the corruption of the ages! Stand up, Satan, slither thy goat, buzzard of the nations, slither thyself! Stand up, thou monster infidelity! Part, part, part, these, part reptile, part dragon, stand up and take thy sentence! Thy hands red with the blood in which thou hast washed, thy feet crimson with the human gore through which thou hast waded, stand up and take thy sentence! Down with thee to the pit and sup on the sobe and groans of families thou hast blasted, and roll on the bed of knives which thou hast sharpened for others, and let thy music be the everlasting misery of those whom thou hast damned! I brand the forehead of infidelity with all the crimes of self-immolation for the last century on the part of those who had their reason.

My friends, if ever your life through its abrasions and its molestations should seem to be unbearable, and you are tempted to quit it by your own hand do not consider yourselves as worse than others. Christ himself was tempted to cast himself from the roof of the temple; but as he resisted, so resist ye. Christ came to medicine all our wounds. In your trouble prescribe life instead of death. People who have had it worse than you will ever have it have gone onward in their way. Remember that God keeps the chronology of your life with as much precision as he keeps the chronology of nations, your death as well as your birth, your grave as well as your cradle.

Why was it that at midnight, just at midnight, the destroying angel struck the blow that set the Israelites free from bondage? The four hundred and thirty-eighth year of the world, at 13 o'clock that night. The four hundred and thirty years were not up at 11, and 1 o'clock would have been tardy and too late. The four hundred and thirty years were up at 13 o'clock, and the destroying angel struck the blow and Israel was free. And God knows just the hour when it is time to send you up from earthly bondage. By his grace make not the worst of things, but the best of them. If you must take the pills do not show them. Your everlasting rewards will accord with your earthly perturbations, just as Caius gave to Agrippa a chain of gold as heavy as had been his chain of iron. For your saking you may have the same grace that was given to the Italian martyr, Agrippa, who came down in the darkest of dangers, dated his letter from "the delectable orchard of the Leonine prison."

And remember that this brief life of ours is surrounded by a rim, a very thin but very important rim, and close up to that rim is a great eternity, and you had better keep out of it unless God breaks it down for you. Do that thing, to get rid of the sorrows of earth, do not rush into greater sorrows. To get rid of a swarm of summer insects, leap not into a jungle of Bengal tigers.

There is a sorrowless world, and it is so radiant that the noonday sun is only the lowest doortop and the aurora that lights up our northern heavens, confounding astronomers as to what it can be, is the waving of the banners of the procession come to take the conquerors home from church militant to church triumphant, and you and I have ten thousand reasons for wanting to go there, but we will never get there either by self-immolation or impatience. All our sins slain by the blood of Christ, do that thing, we want to go in at just the time divinely arranged, and then the clang of the sepulchral gates behind us will be overpowered by the clang of the opening of the solid pearl before us. O God, whatever others may choose, give me a Christian's life, a Christian's death, a Christian's burial, a Christian's immortality!

Leo Majesta.

The recent pulpitism of a German baron for criticism of Chancelor von Caprivi serves to recall the case of a successful German Hebrew, now a resident of Berlin. He had recently finished his university course in Berlin, and he was rich enough to speak his mind freely to his mates, touching the young emperor. Being at the theater shortly after he was hurriedly approached by friends, who told him that the police were waiting in the lobby to take him as he came out and hold him to answer for his criticism of majesty. The offender and his friends got together all the money they could furnish among themselves and he was hastened secretly from the theater and northward to one of the German ports. He arrived there in evening dress and took steamer passage in that saddest upon a vessel bound to Genoa. Thus he reached America with enough money in his pocket to enable him to look about him before seeking employment. Had he taken a cabin passage he would have arrived penniless.

It was the greatest reproach against the English workhouse in old times that husband and wife, even in advanced age, were separated, and the touching wish embodied in "John Anderson, my Joe," could not be carried out. But as a matter of fact, it now appears that the wish itself is wanting. "I've looked after her forty years," says an ancient dame, "and I've had enough of it," and "I came in here on purpose to get out of the reach of the old gal's tongue," retorts the husband. Only a few couples still care for one another's society, we are told.—Argonaut.

FARM DEPARTMENT.

USEFUL INFORMATION FOR AMERICAN FARMERS.

Scientific Methods of Managing the Modern Farm and Garden—Live Stock, Poultry, Dairy, Apiary and Orchard.

Possibilities of Sub-Irrigation.

In their report on sub-irrigation experiments the professors at the Ohio station say: The first attempt was with lettuce on a very small scale, and the experiment has been enlarged until now about one-fifth of an acre under glass, is occupied in conducting this experiment to a final demonstration. It has been found that the lettuce root may be largely controlled in this manner, but by far the greatest benefit arises from the greatly accelerated growth of the plants. By this method of watering, a lettuce crop comes to maturity from one to two weeks earlier than by the old method, and the crop is increased 50 to 100 per cent. Radishes respond in a like degree and cucumbers to nearly the same extent, but tomatoes are less benefited. Smilax and carnations thrive finely under this treatment. Violets and roses have not been fully tested, but the former especially seem to delight in the abundant and uniform supply of moisture afforded by sub-irrigation. It is too early to give results in detail, but it will repay interested parties to come a long distance to see the plan in full operation. The method is very simple and easily followed by any one, and does not necessarily involve much outlay. The floor of the benches must be made water tight and an old bench, in a fair state of preservation, can be remodeled for the work by simply nailing laths over the cracks and filling the small spaces between the boards and laths with cement made very thin. If a new bottom is necessary, matched flooring laid in white lead may be used, but a tile or slate bottom is cheaper in the end. The tile must of course be covered with cement to secure a water tight bottom. This method of watering opens up great opportunities in the ways of vegetable forcing in midwinter. It

when uncovered they were white but had full grown leaves. Such plants do not blossom after turning green and are worthless. I should think from six to ten days is the limit of successful retarding of bloom by my plan. Some of this difference in time disappears by the time the fruit ripens, as the plant seems to make an effort to be in season; but the heavier pickings come several days later. I have saved three crops from frost by having three days delay in blossoming, and get always, better prices, as my first fruit comes in just behind Ithaca berries. The unmulched portions have fewer and larger berries but not so many quarts per acre as the mulched, and the latter stand through better. Usually our last picking for market is July 5. This season first sales were made June 23 and the last July 5. I use all the mulching I can get on all kinds of berries to save labor in keeping down weeds and conserving moisture, but as their tops are above the mulch I do not think they are retarded much.

Poultry Points.

Waldo F. Brown writes in the Ohio Farmer as follows: I have learned in the last two years several things which have brought success and increased profit in the management of my poultry, and I think I can so present them to your readers as to be helpful to some of them. One thing I have learned is, that it does not pay to "monkey" with a home-made incubator. I filled twice, one holding 230 eggs, and my first hatch was twelve chicks and the second two. It is needless to state that the incubator is now in "inocuous desuetude."

to take them off and feed them, but while the theory is good it will not work in practice, and I lost hundreds of eggs in finding it out. I have had excellent success this season by moving the hens to a number prepared for them, and setting a number at once. Four hens may be set in a room five feet square, one in each corner, and I set six in a room six feet square, and a weight to keep it closed, so that when you step inside the hens can not get out. Let your hens sit two or three days without eggs on their own nests, and remove them to the sitting room after dark. Keep fresh water and food, and let the hens take care of themselves.

TEST THE EGGS.

One week after they are set test the eggs and remove all unfertile ones. A very convenient and excellent tester can be made by getting a box of thin lumber and cutting an egg-shaped hole at such a height that it will come exactly opposite the flame of a lamp. Make the hole small enough that so that the egg will not go through, and in a dark room when you hold the egg before the lamp you can tell at a glance whether it is fertile or not. The unfertile eggs are perfectly good for use, but if you do not wish to use them for any other purpose, they make excellent food for the young chicks for the first week after they hatch. In most cases uninfertile eggs will come out from five or six litters so that one hen can be sent back to the flock to begin laying.

Our Australian Competitors.

This high salting and coloring of butter is fatal to any foreign business. You do not know how they object to it, says George W. Cochrane in the Creamery Journal. We salt and color higher than any people in the world. Ninety per cent of the table butter used in Europe is not salted over 1 per cent; what they call high salted butter is 3 per cent, whereas our mildest is 6 per cent. The coloring they claim gives the butter an oily flavor, which there is no doubt of. They can not sell it on the counter, as consumers will have it that it can not be natural butter with so much coloring in it and

STRANDED IN A CITY.

HOW HE FOUND WORK AFTER A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE.

Alone Among Thousands, Without Money and Without Friends—Boys and Girls of the Farm—Should Read This—A True Tale.

Have you ever found yourself in a large city, a stranger, without money or friends? If you have not, take my advice and prevent all possibilities of such a thing, for I've been there, and know whereof I speak. I arrived in Philadelphia one evening about a month ago, with just \$1.00 in my pocket, writes J. A. B. in the Philadelphia Inquirer. Going to a hotel on Race street, I secured a room and started out early next morning to look for work. I had previously been employed in a Broadway, New York, publishing house, but the proprietor's brother, having come from the West in search of employment, took my position, and business being dull I was given a good letter of recommendation and, politely asked to resign, which, of course I had to do.

Being well versed in the publishing business, I visited all that class of houses here, but in every case met with the same answer: "We have all the help we need at present; business is very dull, but we will take your address, and if there should be a vacancy or we need any extra help, we will communicate with you." This was discouraging—while the grass is growing, the horse is starving. I needed work at once. Being a good, rapid penman I then thought of addressing envelopes, and tried several large houses for this kind of work, showing my letters of recommendation, but although I offered my services at a very low rate, I was told it was "between seasons," and they had no work of this kind at present. Returning to the hotel thoroughly disheartened and with my little cash almost exhausted, I sat down in the office and wondered what would become of me. I must get work of some kind and that at once. I would do anything.

I returned to the hotel and paying for my room, went to bed. In the morning, after having spent my last fifteen cents for some breakfast, I started out to look up some employment offices. An office on South Seventh street could get me a coachman's place if I would register and pay my fee of \$3, which of course I had not got. Could I drive? Did I understand horses? they asked. Oh, yes; I was a good horseman, and offered to give them an order on my prospective employer for the first \$3 I earned if they would get me the place. They were sorry, but they could not do it. It was against their rules, and they had so many young men who would pay them \$3 for the place. I then went to several other employment agencies. They could all get me a place providing I would register and pay their fee, but on no other condition.

"Now, what to do? Where to go? Where would I sleep to-night? I reluctantly wrote to a friend in New York to send me a few dollars immediately. I dislike to tell him my position, and have to borrow money from him, but there seems to be no help for it.

At the postoffice I see two boys mailing a large number of postal cards, and passing close to them, I notice they are sent by a large dry goods house on Eighth street. They had to be addressed. I'll go to them and ask them to give me some work. I found only a young lady stenographer in the office. Did they have any envelopes or postals to address? "Oh, yes, occasionally. We have just sent out 10,000."

I show her my handwriting, and she informs me I had better see one of the proprietors. She will go and find him. I ask him for work, showing him my recommendations, and telling him my urgent need of employment. He speaks very kindly and tells me to come in the next day and he will give me some work. This is encouraging, and although I have not a cent in my pocket, am hungry and have no bed for the night, I feel better as I walk down the street.

It is now 5 o'clock. Where shall I go? What shall I do to-night? I return to my room and sit down in the office. I at last resolve to ask the proprietor to give me credit for one night, explaining that I have been promised work in the morning, but no longer. It is against his rules, but he will make an exception in my case.

The next morning I am up at 6 o'clock. I can't sleep. I have a bad headache, for I have not slept a full since yesterday morning. At 9 o'clock I go over to the dry goods house and am set to work entering names and addresses of customers in a book, for which I am to receive \$1.50 per 1,000. After working all day, in the evening I am told my work is satisfactory, and the proprietor hands me enough money to tide me over until pay day.

After the above experience I will have more sympathy for the man who stops me on the street at night and asks me for money to help him to get a bed or something to eat.

Cold Comfort. Fussy Passenger—Why does your company insist that passengers must purchase tickets before entering the train? Are they afraid that if we pay money to you that you will steal it? Conductor, with dignity—Certainly not. They are afraid the train may run off the track before I can get around.

No Flies on Him. Mother—You have drawn that donkey very nicely, Johnny, but you have forgotten one thing. Where is his tail? Johnny—Oh, that donkey doesn't need any tail. There are no flies on him.—Once a Week.

A Busy Man. "Old Peachy is a very busy man. Does nothing but cut coupons all day, I understand."

"Coupons from his bonds?" "No; coupons from the newspapers."—Judge.

HIS HORRID TALE.

After Hearing the Young Man Repeat the Awful Story.

An elderly man and a young man were sitting on the veranda conversing. "Yes," said the young man, "I am going into chicken-farming. I am convinced that there is no business in the world in which there is more money to be made. I have figured on it, and I think I know what I can do. Why, look at the way they lay, increase, four or five years lay, increase."

"My friend," said the old man, "I have had experience in the business. Be warned; do not embark in it. You know not what you do." "What?" said the young man; "have you tried it and failed?" "I mean to tell you that I tried it and gave it up," answered the other. "I got ten hens, intending to get rich as you propose doing. I installed them in a coop and awaited returns. But before they had laid an egg I happened to pick up a pencil and a bit of paper and do some calculating. At a low estimate I saw that each of my hens could raise three broods the first summer. Allowing for one bad egg in each sitting, there would be twelve chicks to each brood. Calling half of them pullets, this would give six to each brood, or eighteen to each hen for the season, or 180 for the entire flock. Adding my original ten I would have 190 hens at the end of the first summer. Figuring at the same ratio, I saw that I would have 3,610 at the end of the second summer. I was encouraged and went on to find that I would have 68,590 when the third summer closed. I sharpened my pencil and bent over my paper with feverish interest.

The fourth summer, I discovered, would leave me with 1,303,210 likely hens. When the autumn leaves of the fifth day's summer should swirl about me I would have 24,760,990 cacklers. Another year of joys and sorrows—my sixth—would find me surrounded by 470,458,810 live and enterprising hens. Once again, when the seventh summer should fade into glorious autumn, I found that a matter of 8,988,716,390 distinct hens and a rooster or two would be with me in the gallinaceous flesh. The inspiring figures for the eighth year I have forgotten, as, likewise, those of the ninth. I only know I found that at the end of ten years I would have more prime hens than there was space for on the surface of the globe, counting the arctic regions, and supposing roosts across all rivers and twenty fowls in each tree. I was dumfounded. But I did not hesitate. I seized what I owed to the human race, I seized an ax and hurried to the coop. My boy, I loved those hens, but I loved humanity more; and I led them to the block like a Spartan, and chopped off their heads. I breathed more freely when it was all over, and the horrible vision was gone of the whole earth four feet deep in hens, and every blessed one of them cackling. Young man, do not go into the chicken business; it leads to awful things."

The young man started up, says Harper's Magazine, "Great Caesar!" he exclaimed. "I won't. I did not realize what I was doing."

When to Stop Advertising. An English trade journal once requested a number of its largest advertisers to give their opinions concerning the best time to stop advertising, and the following replies were received:

When the population ceases to multiply and the generations that crowd on after you and never heard of you, stop coming on. When you have convinced everybody whose life will touch yours that you have better goods and lower prices than they can get anywhere else. When you perceive it to be the rule that men who never advertise are outstripping their neighbors in the same line of business. When men stop making fortunes right in your sight solely through the discreet use of the mighty agent.

When you can forget the words of the shrewdest and most successful business man concerning the main cause of his prosperity. When every man has become so thoroughly a creature of habit that he will certainly buy this year where he bought last year. When younger and fresher men in your line cease starting up and using the newspapers in telling the people how much better they can do for them than you can.

When you would rather have your own way and fall than take advice and win. When nobody else thinks it pays to advertise.

Gold Sent Through the Mails. Complaint has been made by the postmaster general of Cape Colony about the great weights of packages of gold sent through the mails. In one mail the gold weighed a ton and a quarter. It is desired that miners and shippers send their gold in small packages or else use the freight trains. The postal and telegraph departments of the colony paid their way last year for the first time in the colony's history.

He'd Be Quite Ready. Bergen—A new sect has been organized in California that does not believe in wearing clothes.

Words—There ought to be no trouble in getting converts. Bergen—How would you do it? Worden—'I'd go to man just after he had received his wife's millinery bill.

Difference in Method. But—Traveler, in Europe—Who are those two beautiful girls? Steamer Captain—One is a Circassian whose parents are going to sell her to a Turk; the other is an American whose parents are going to give her to a nobleman.

He-Fly with Me. She—Never, sir. I owe a duty to my parents. I will resist you with all my woman's strength. You will have to overpower me, to chloroform me first. Gracious, there is a bottle of chloroform on the mantel-piece!—Truth.

The most densely populated spot on earth is the island of Malta.

WHAT FLAG SIGNIFY.

Colors of a Regiment Are Something More Than Mere Mils.

Flags are not merely so many yards of silk. They represent to a soldier what is noblest in his country's history and institutions. Their loss, under circumstances short of heroic, is an eternal disgrace to the regiment losing them. Only death can excuse the color-guard from defending them, and when the guard has been shot or cut down others should be ready to stand by the flag. In the navy a vessel never strikes her colors except to acknowledge a defeat.

For this reason when in that great sea duel between Paul Jones' Bonhomme Richard and the English Serapis, which lasted far into the night, the ensign was shot away from the halyards, Lieutenant Stafford plunged into the sea after it, and braving a doubtful death—he was in fact wounded while swimming—saved it and set it again, and it was the Serapis which finally struck. The Cumberland went down in Hampton Roads with colors flying, and when recently the old Kearsarge, which sent the Alabama to the bottom, struck on Roncador reef, in the Caribbean sea and her crew was obliged to take to the boats the ensign was left fluttering to the breeze.

Next to our own flag, that of Great Britain interests us most, says Outlook. It is called the "union" flag because it is three flags in one. The flag of England is a red cross on a white field; that of Scotland, a white St. Andrew's cross on a blue field. These flags were combined when England and Scotland united in 1603; and on the union with Ireland, the Irish flag, a red St. Andrew's cross on a white field, was added. The union of the three countries is thus indicated on the "union." The St. George's cross of England remains as before, and is the central feature of the flag, dividing it into four quarters occupied by the St. Andrew's crosses, the white of Scotland and the red of Ireland, which are placed side by side.

Aboard a British warship the "union" is hoisted only when the vessel is an admiral's flagship. English ships sail under the British ensign, of which there are three kinds—white, blue and red—each with the union in a square in the upper part of the hoist, that portion of the flag along the staff. The navy, and by special permission, the Royal yacht club, sail under the white ensign, which has, besides the union the red cross of St. George over the whole. The blue ensign is a privilege allowed to those merchant ships which are officered by members of the navy reserve and one-third of whose crews belong to the reserve. It is also flown by a few yacht clubs. The red is the merchantman's ensign. Until 1834 the British naval fleet was divided into three squadrons, each in command of an admiral who was known by the color of his flag, as "the admiral of the blue," "the admiral of the red" and "the admiral of the white." This distinction was abolished because it was often puzzling in action and was often eliminated. Trafalgar, for instance, was fought under the white ensign. The French and Spanish ships went into action without showing their colors, but were later obliged to hoist them, so as to be able to strike them.

Trap for a Lion. The Arabs seldom attempt the destruction of the lion except by means of a pitfall. In the summer time they have little to fear, but in winter the lions, suffering with cold and hunger, descend from the mountains and the Arabs have to be vigilant. They pitch their tents in a circle and surround them with a hedge about six feet high. Between the tents and the hedge a deep trench is dug. When the hungry lion comes that way he scents the cattle, and they, scenting him, set up a loud bellowing, which only tends to whet the appetite of the voracious thief on the outside. The height of the hedge is scorned by such a leaper as he is, and finally he steps back a few paces, and with a terrible roar, clears the hedge, but instead of finding himself in the midst of the cattle, he falls into the pit. There he lies, and the people of the tents, frantic with joy, rush to the edge of the pit and shower bullets and stones on their enemy until he is dead.

Revenge. "Did you give the waiter a tip?" asked one of two young men who had just taken dinner. "You bet I did," replied the one who was rather loudly dressed. "It was the only way I could get even with him for the way he treated us."

"What do you mean?" "I told him to back Gluefoot straight and Mud Pat for a place in to-morrow's race. If he gets out of left in a month he'll be lucky."

Charge for His Opinion. Judge Ira Perley believed in the justice of his client's cause; he would not enlist in it otherwise. At one time a sharper tried to retain him, and was smothering over his crooked conduct as well as he knew how, when the judge astonished him by exclaiming: "I think you have acted like an infernal scoundrel, sir!" "Is there any charge for that opinion?" "Yes, sir; five dollars."—"Argonaut."

He Knew From Experience. Bobbie—Mamma, if I were to run away to sea would you feel very badly about it? Bobbie's Mother—Why, of course I would, Bobbie.

Bobbie, who has been on a yacht—Well, I don't believe you would feel half as badly as I would after I had seen out a little while.—Judge.

A Limit Somewhere. Jones—Good heavens! You are going to pay me that ten you owe? Let me faint!

Smith—Yes; here it is. And now do me a favor—don't tell anyone. I can't do this all around you, know.—Truth.

No Shelter for Him. "It was pretty stormy last night." "Yes; and as I was late in getting home and my wife was waiting up for me, I found it stormier inside than out."

Deating in Mexico.

Official circles in the City of Mexico are much stirred up over a duel which occurred a few days since in the suburbs of that city between Congressman Francisco Romero and Jose Verastegui, chief of the government stamp department. The quarrel was, as appears to be usual in such cases, about a woman, and the principals were seconded by some of the most prominent men in Mexico—the president of the senate, editors of the leading newspapers, and generals of the army. Verastegui was shot dead on the ground. The affair is of such prominence that it is thought the shock to public opinion will have the effect of putting a stop to the rising tide of dueling in Mexico, and will lead to the passing of stringent laws for its suppression. It is said that there are no less than seven duels pending in Mexico between men of high position.

Brains. The brain of the adult male will average about 50 ounces in weight; that of the adult female about 45 ounces. The maximum weight of the healthy brain is about 64 ounces; the minimum about 31.

It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first, because one cannot hold out that proportion.

When the Liver Reprimands Us.

For our neglect of it by indulging upon sick headaches, by drying the skin, by forcing the tongue with far, producing vertigo, pains in the right side and souring the breath, we are little less than lunatics if we disregard the chastisement. If we call Hostetter's Stomach Bitters to our aid, tranquility and health follow speedily, and with the departure of the symptoms mentioned, departs also irregularity of the bowels, which invariably attends disorder of the liver. In malarial complaints the liver is always involved, and it is a fortunate circumstance that this medicinal medicine is also the finest specific in existence for every form of malarial disease. Nor is it less efficient for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatic and strength, nervousness and a rheumatic tendency. It renews the ability to sleep, greatly promotes convalescence after wasting diseases.

Let us make ourselves a noble name with deeds of noble merit.

Hostetter's Catarrh Cure.

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c. If you pull some people out of the rut they will run off the track.

Malaria cured and eradicated from the system by Brown's Iron Bitters, which enriches the blood, tones the nerves, aids digestion. Acts like a charm on persons in general ill health, giving new energy and strength.

After all, our worst misfortunes never happen, and most miseries lie in anticipation.

In Hot Weather.

Something is needed to keep up the appetite, assist digestion and give good, healthful sleep. For these purposes Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

It is a blood purifier. It has no equal, and it is chiefly by its power to make pure blood that it has won such fame as a cure for scrofula, salt rump and other similar diseases.

COOK BOOK.

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McELREES' WINE OF CARDUI.

"Did you give the waiter a tip?" asked one of two young men who had just taken dinner. "You bet I did," replied the one who was rather loudly dressed. "It was the only way I could get even with him for the way he treated us."

"What do you mean?" "I told him to back Gluefoot straight and Mud Pat for a place in to-morrow's race. If he gets out of left in a month he'll be lucky."

Charge for His Opinion. Judge Ira Perley believed in the justice of his client's cause; he would not enlist in it otherwise. At one time a sharper tried to retain him, and was smothering over his crooked conduct as well as he knew how, when the judge astonished him by exclaiming: "I think you have acted like an infernal scoundrel, sir!" "Is there any charge for that opinion?" "Yes, sir; five dollars."—"Argonaut."

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CATARRH.

It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first, because one cannot hold out that proportion.

It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first, because one cannot hold out that proportion.

It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first, because one cannot hold out that proportion.

It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first, because one cannot hold out that proportion.

It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first, because one cannot hold out that proportion.

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A PAIR OF EMBDEN GESE—FROM FARMERS' REVIEW.

will not only make the work more profitable to the gardener, but will give employment to many throughout the year, and in the end will so cheapen production that many vegetables will be almost as common and cheap in January as they are now in April. Gardeners will receive the first benefit of the discovery, but in the end great advantages will accrue to the whole people. Money that is now sent south for stale, unwholesome vegetables will be spent at home for a much greater quantity of the fresh, healthful products of northern green-houses.

An Experiment in Mulching.

Prof. L. H. Bailey of Cornell University has been conducting some experiments to determine the value of mulch in retarding the ripening of small fruits. He also obtained the experiences of farmers on the same point. One of them, Mr. C. E. Chapman of Peruville, N. Y., writes to Prof. Bailey as follows: "Because of late spring frosts and the glut of fruit from near Cayuga lake, which is ten days earlier, I was compelled to grow late fruit or quit. The first venture, ten years ago, was to spread a thick mulch of wheat straw over the strawberries during winter, but as there was some timidity in it, next crop was badly damaged by the growing grass and weeds. Next I used coarse manure and that completely ruined them, as the horses had been fed hay and the seed all grew. Next I went into the swamps and cut the long, coarse wide-bladed grass. There is nothing in it that will seed and grow on dry land. Coarse corn stalks are best of anything I have used, but I can not get enough of them. I have used the swamp grass for five years, and cut this year about five tons. I spread it on after the ground is frozen hard in early fall. It is thick enough to completely cover the plants from sight and cover the entire surface of the bed. In spring the plants come up through the mulching unaided, and the mulch is not disturbed or removed until after harvest, excepting in such places as prove too thick for the plants to break through. Such places are stirred a little with a fork, or rather loosened without displacing the mulch. I find spots which have become uncovered during winter, thaw out and the plants begin growing about ten days quicker than those covered. This time varies with the season. A steady, early, warm spell will warm the bed, and the soil wants come up through the mulching unaided, and the mulch is not disturbed or removed until after harvest, excepting in such places as prove too thick for the plants to break through. Such places are stirred a little with a fork, or rather loosened without displacing the mulch. I find spots which have become uncovered during winter, thaw out and the plants begin growing about ten days quicker than those covered. This time varies with the season. A steady, early, warm spell will warm the bed, and the soil

than 11 cents a dozen. During this ninety days we lost our incubator eggs, used not less than fifty dozen eggs in the family and hatched 250 young chicks. The cost of keeping these fowls for the three months has been \$4, as we have fed one ton of wheat screenings for which I paid \$7, and two bushels of cracked corn for little chickens, and the rest of their living they have gathered from four acres of orchard and pasture of which they have the range. They are not confined, but on the side near the garden and dooryard we have a fence 3 or 4 feet high made with a base board a foot wide and common plaster's lath, and early in the spring we clip one wing, and we have no trouble with them in our yard or garden. Many poultry growers have fed wheat to their fowls since the price has been 50 cents a bushel, but this is nearly \$17 a ton, and after feeding screenings exclusively for three years, except that in cold weather we give one feed of corn a day, I have found that my hens lay well, and keep healthy, and that the cost of keeping is reduced fully one-half. I have never paid, when I bought a ton at a time, over \$10, but did pay 60 cents a hundred by the small quantity before I got to buying by the ton. As I live near the roller mills, I can keep watch and select when there is screenings that has but little chaff in it, but is mostly broken and shrunken wheat. We feed this to our young chickens until they are ten days old, but usually give one feed a day of some other food for variety, and furnish them lettuce or some other green food.

SECURING FERTILE EGGS.

I have learned this year by a losing experience that one must not have too many hens to a cock. Last year I had seventy hens and three cocks and nearly every egg was fertile, and this year I started with 115 hens to three cocks and but 60 per cent of the eggs were fertile. I conclude that from twenty to twenty-five hens to each vigorous cock is the best number, and another year I shall not make the blunder I did this. I manage my sitting hens better now than formerly. I have rooms on purpose in which I confine them, when I wish to break them from sitting, and shut up from ten to twelve together and keep them up for about four days. I feed and water regularly but let them get hungry the day I am to let them out, and then open the door about sundown, and they will forage until it begins to get dark and then go on to the roost. I have had as many as forty hens wanting to sit at once this season.

SETTING THE NESTS.

I formerly recommended setting the hens in the poultry house in rows of nests provided, and arranging to shut them in and then have a regular time

so high salted. They regard it as buttermilk. Australia butter is going to be a great factor in the future and on this side they have got to take notice and be guided so far as the matter of any surplus. It is evident to me that if we do not market in Europe our surplus before the 1st of November this year, we will have to face at least a million packages of butter of 50 pounds each on the English markets from the 1st of December, 1894, to November 30, 1895. They did last year bring in their cows at different periods so that they ship butter much later this season than last. By next year they are in hopes to make weekly shipments the year round to Great Britain. Receipts should have ended this year by the first of March but it keeps coming in. The day I left London there was a steamer landing 25,000 packages, and the advice of four steamers on the way with large cargoes. I tell you old American butter had a black eye: The make of this Australian butter averages the finest in the world. They went right in for pleasing the requirements of the English consumers and they have hurt Danish butter more than any other; as it is almost as good and brought Danish down from 135 to 110 shillings. They use no coloring matter and salt 3 per cent. Their packages are virtually air tight, the box is enameled inside, wrapped in parchment paper, no salt visible, but they have a spraying of borax over the surface between the paper and the butter; when it opens it glisters like the morning dew, and I never saw any strong or sidy out of all I looked at. They have made more advancement in the dairy industry in five years than we have made in twenty-five, and can give us pointers.

RASPBERRY BLIGHT.

There is a disease now afflicting the Black Cap variety of raspberries, which, unless energetically fought, will exterminate the useful plant, writes the Glenbeulah correspondent of the Sheboygan and County News. It is called blight, and may first be discerned in small dark specks upon the bark, it spreads until portions flake off, the leaves darken, wither and droop and the bush looks as though it had been blasted by fire. Spray with the Bordeaux mixture. The mixture is one pound blue vitriol and one pound unslaked lime, powder and dissolve the vitriol and also slacken the lime separately, mix with enough water to make twenty gallons, get a hard sprayer, one may be had of any hardware dealer at \$4.50. The canes should be sprayed before leading in the spring; again after fall foliage, the new canes when 6 inches high and again when fully grown, again when the old canes are cut out, which should be done at once after the crop is harvested. Follow this course until the trouble is mastered. With bushes troubled with yellows, dig up by the roots and burn.

Cold Comfort.

Fussy Passenger—Why does your company insist that passengers must purchase tickets before entering the train? Are they afraid that if we pay money to you that you will steal it? Conductor, with dignity—Certainly not. They are afraid the train may run off the track before I can get around.

No Flies on Him.

Mother—You have drawn that donkey very nicely, Johnny, but you have forgotten one thing. Where is his tail? Johnny—Oh, that donkey doesn't need any tail. There are no flies on him.—Once a Week.

RETRIBUTION.
Upon the porch most drowsily
He stretched the setter sleek and red,
While croons wild a honey-bee
Among the roses overhead.
He sharply eyes his lonesome prey,
Then like a tiger swiftly springs;
But from his teeth and far away
The bee with little effort wings.
And then the bee comes dashing down,
Swift as an arrow to the plain,
And Pido feels upon his crown
A jump that undulates with pain.
Poor Pido doesn't look as proud
As usual while flying fast,
(Developed in a great dust cloud,
And bowing muddy down the street.)
I'm glad he's stung. I'm sure it's right,
That one so big and strong as he
Should come to grief for trying to bite
A little insective bee.
—Harper's Young People

THE MERCHANT'S CRIME.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

It was as follows:

"Dear Sir:—Yours of the 15th instant, informing me of your determination that place your home, was duly received. The accident which you speak of is not befalling my ward at Niagara Falls did not surprise me. He is a careless boy, and I should not be surprised at any time to hear of his coming to harm from that cause. I have a suitable school for him, and I am anxious to see him there, and I should be glad to hear that he is doing well in an studies, though on account of his not very strong constitution, previously referred to, it may be well not to press him too hard in the way of study.

"You bear me to time, I regret Robert's death from time to time."
—PATRICK MORTON.
James Cromwell read this letter twice over.

"He's a crafty old spider," he said to himself. "Any one to read it would think that he was very solicitous for the welfare of this boy. It should be considered an excellent letter by those who did not understand it. I am behind the scenes, and I know just what it means. His means to blame me, because I didn't make a sure thing of it at Niagara Falls, and hints pretty plainly about some accident happening to him in future. He is impatient to hear of his death, that is plain, and no doubt he will gladly pay the amount he promised, as soon as he receives intelligence of it."

So James Cromwell, spurred by a double motive, veered more and more toward the accomplishment of the dark deed which would stain his soul with bloodshed, and in return give him the fleeting possession of money and the girl whom he loved. Once resolved upon the deed, the next consideration was the ways and means of accomplishing it. Should he obtain the poison that seemed most in his line, and he regretted that he had not secured a supply of the subtle poison which Paul Morton had purchased of him in the small shop on the Bowery. There was likely to be no one in that neighborhood who possessed a sufficient medical knowledge to detect its presence or trace its effects. But it was rare and there was little chance of his obtaining it unless by sending to New York, and this would, of itself, afford strong ground for suspicion against him.

Then, as to the ordinary poisons, their effects upon the human system were too well understood, even by ordinary physicians, for him to employ them without great peril. He decided, therefore, to abjure poisons altogether. The fact that he was a druggist would render their use even more readily suspected than in the case of an ordinary person. One evening while he was still pondering this question, and much embarrassed about the decision of it, he chanced to be returning home from a desultory walk which he had taken. Now, in the town of Madison, somewhat centrally situated, or at least, on the side of it was near the center of the town, there was a pond of about two miles in circuit. By the edge of this pond James Cromwell met Robert Raymond. Instantly an idea came into his mind, as casting his eyes toward the pond, he saw a small boat tied by a rope round the trunk of a tree.

"Good evening, Mr. Cromwell," said Robert. "Have you been taking a walk?"
"Yes, but I have not been far. When did you come out?"
"About half an hour ago."
"By the way, do you know how to row?"
"A little."
"I was thinking that we might borrow this boat, and have a little row on the pond. What do you say?"
"I should like it," said Robert promptly, for he had a boy's love of the water. "Shall I unfasten the rope?"
"Yes, I wish you would."
Robert at once sprang to the tree, and quickly untied the rope and set the boat free.

"All ready, Mr. Cromwell!" he cried. "Jump aboard, and I will get in afterward."
James Cromwell stepped into the boat, his heart beating quick with the thought of the deed which he meditated. His courage almost failed him, for he was of a timid nature, but the thought of the stake for which he was playing renewed his courage, and he resolved that, come what might, that night should be Robert Raymond's last.

"Which of us shall row, Mr. Cromwell?" asked Robert.
"I will row first, and you may do so afterward."
"All right."
Cromwell took his place, and rowed rather awkwardly until the boat reached the middle of the pond.
"Shan't I take the oars now, Mr. Cromwell?"
"Not quite yet. I am going to row in that little recess over yonder. You can row back."

In one place there was a recess surrounded by woods, within which they would be shielded from view. It seemed a fitting place for a tragedy. When they were fairly within it, Cromwell said:
"Now you may take the oars."
Robert rose from his seat and stepped toward the center of the boat.

His movements were naturally rather unsteady. James Cromwell turned pale, and he braced his shrinking nerves. He felt that now was his opportunity. Unless he acted now his opportunity would be gone. As Robert approached, he suddenly seized the unsuspecting boy around the middle, and threw him into the water. So suddenly was it done, that before the boy understood what had happened to him he found himself engulfed. Never once looking back, James Cromwell seized the oars, and rowed himself swiftly back. When he got on shore, he looked nervously out over the surface of the pond. All was still. Nothing was visible of Robert.
"He is drowned!" said Cromwell to himself, wiping away the large drops of perspiration from his forehead.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Cato.

Such was the suddenness with which Robert had been hurled into the water that he had no chance to defend himself. He was scarcely conscious of having been attacked until he found himself in the water struggling for life. He knew nothing of swimming from actual experience, yet under the stress of necessity, and with death staring him in the face, he instinctively struck out, and managed temporarily to keep his head above water. But the shore was a hundred yards distant, and to reach it would have been beyond his unskilled strength to accomplish, if he had not luckily happened to receive assistance.

Unknown to James Cromwell, there had been a spectator of his dastardly attempt to drown the boy who had been placed in his charge. The spectator was an odd character: an old negro who years ago had built for himself a rude cabin in the shadow of the woods. He had formerly been a slave in Kentucky, but had managed to escape from servitude, and built himself this cabin, where he lived by himself. He supported himself by working for any one who needed help on the farm or in the garden, and cooked his own food in his simple dwelling.

"What dabble's work is dis?" he said to himself. "What's he goin' to kill de boy for? Can't let de poor boy drown no way."
As he spoke, he flung himself into the water and swam with vigorous strokes toward the place where Robert was struggling.
"Hold up a minute, young massa," he cried, for in his freedom he preserved the language of former days, "hold up a minute, and I'll save yer."

Robert heard this, and it gave him courage to struggle longer. In a short time the negro was at his side, and seizing him by the arm, turned and headed for the shore. It was soon reached, and the two stood side by side, both dripping with moisture. Had James Cromwell turned back he might have discovered the rescue, but he did not dare to do so until he reached the opposite side, and then there was nothing to be seen.

"What's all this mean, young massa?" asked Cato, for this was the name of the negro. He had brought no other with him, but one was quite sufficient for his modest requirements.
"I don't know," said Robert. "The man that was with me suddenly seized me round the waist, and flung me into the water. Can't let de poor boy drown no way."
"I saw him do it," said Cato. "What made him?"
"That's more than I can tell, unless he is crazy," said Robert.
"Dis de fast time he try to drown you?" asked Cato.
Robert started at the force of this question dawned upon him. He recalled the scene at Niagara Falls, and the narrow escape he had from a horrible death at that time.

"No," he answered, "he tried to push me over Niagara Falls once, but I thought it was an accident then. I don't think so now."
"You lib with him?"
"Yes; my guardian placed me with him."
"He's a wicked man. Don't you go nigh him again."
"I shouldn't feel safe with him. But I don't know where to go to-night."
"Come to my cabin!" said Cato. "It's a poor place for the likes of you, young massa, but it's better dan sleepin' out in de woods."
"Thanks, Cato," said Robert, for he knew who it was that had saved him. "I will accept your invitation gladly. Lead the way and I will follow."

The negro's hut was near by. It was small enough, being only about ten feet square. On the floor was spread a blanket over some straw. Robert lay down on the rude bed, and though excited by the peril through which he had passed, and by the thought that James Cromwell had been guilty of such an atrocious attempt, nature at last asserted her supremacy, and he sank to sleep. When he awoke the sun had already risen. The first sight upon which his eyes rested was the black face of his companion bending over him. He did not immediately remember where he was, and cried, raising his head, "Where am I?"
"Here, young massa, in Cato's cabin," said the negro.
"Yes, I remember now," said Robert.

He sprang from his couch and hastily put on his clothes. He found that through the kind services of the negro they were quite dry, though his shirt bosom and cuffs presented a limp appearance, the starch having soaked out of them. This was, however, a minor calamity, to which he paid but little attention. When he was dressed he turned to go away, though he hardly knew where to direct his course.
"Stop," said Cato. "Cato have breakfast ready in a minute."
"Do you mean that I am to breakfast with you, Cato?"
"Yes, if young massa will be so kind."
"I think the kindness is all on the other side," said Robert, laughing.
"Yes, I will accept your invitation with much pleasure; particularly as I don't know where else to go for any."

In the course of an hour Cato produced a breakfast consisting of hot hoe cakes and fried eggs, which not only had a very appetizing flavor, but stood the test of eating remarkably well. Robert's porridge of the previous night had by no means injured his appetite, and he did full justice to the breakfast provided. Cato gazed with much satisfaction at the evidences of his young guest's relishing the repast provided, and appeared to regard it as a personal compliment to himself.

While Robert was eating he was considering his future plans. He had in his pocket the sum of \$10; which though soaked in water, he was able to dry; and this, though insufficient to defray his expenses would at least start him on his journey. As to what he might do after this was exhausted, he did not know, but he was buoyant in hope, and he felt that it was his duty to anticipate trouble. Enough to meet it when it came.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Day After.

James Cromwell came down to breakfast on the morning succeeding his attempt to drown the young hero, as his composure a manner as his nervous agitation permitted him to assume.
"Where is our young friend?" asked the landlady, for Cromwell and Robert usually came in together.
"I have not seen him since supper," said Cromwell. "I was about to ask you if you had seen anything of him."
"Was he not here last night?"
"No, I went to his room just now, and found that his bed is untouched."
"That is strange," said Mr. Manton.
"I have felt quite troubled about him," said Cromwell, hypocritically. "Do you think anything has befallen him?" asked the landlady. "I think it more likely that he has run away," said Cromwell.
"He seemed to be very quiet and gentlemanly," said Mr. Manton.
"No doubt he seemed so," said Cromwell, "but his guardian informed me that he was a hard case, but exceedingly artful, so that no one would suspect it. He was opposed to coming West with me, and my impression is, that he has started for New York secretly. I shall put up a notice calling for information. If I receive none I shall be compelled to go on to New York myself and give information to his guardian of his sudden disappearance."

"You will be compelled to leave your business. I should think that would be inconvenient," said Mr. Manton.
[TO BE CONTINUED.]
Too Much Diluted.
Never was there a greater enthusiast over his own countrymen than Sir David Wilkie, the celebrated Scotch artist. One amusing story connected with this trait of his character was told by Henry Thomson, "Thomson! Ye mean de Scotch Thomson, I'll warrant," said Sir David, as they sat together for the first time at an academy dinner. "I am of that ilk," was the reply: "my father was a Scotchman." "Was he, really?" exclaimed Wilkie, grasping the other's hand warmly. "And my mother was Irish."
"Aye, aye, was she, really?" said the landlady, as she, really, and she relaxed his grasp a trifle. "Aye, was born in England." Upon that, Wilkie dropped his new friend's hand, and almost turned his back upon him. His disappointment was so evident that Thomson actually felt regret instead of indignation at this treatment, and later on endeavored to counteract the effect of his unfortunate nationality. But from that day Wilkie had no further desire to talk to him, and showed it plainly—Argonaut.

Agreed to Dig Each Others Graves.
The recent death of Jack Odell, the oldest grave digger in Passaic county, New Jersey, brought to light an agreement entered into fifty years ago, when Undertaker Hiram Gould interred the first body in the Sandy Hill cemetery. Odell, who was then the only grave digger in the neighborhood, agreed with Mr. Gould to dig his grave and drive his hearse if the undertaker should die first. Mr. Gould made the same agreement with Odell, and also said he would pay the funeral expenses if Odell died first. Odell visited Gould's establishment about a year ago and said he had saved enough to pay for his funeral, and turned the money over to the undertaker. Odell died a few days ago. Mr. Gould, who is nearly 80 years old, dug the grave digger's grave and drove the hearse to the cemetery.—New York Press.

Of Course.
Year after year, and all the time, the criminal reports of the city are vastly more favorable to women than to men. The law-breakers of the female sex are but few here, in comparison with those of the other sex. After examining the police returns for the first quarter of this year, and comparing them with the returns of various terms of other years, we are able to say that there is statistical proof that the moralization of women is far superior to that of men.—New York Sun.

A Boarding-House Sain.
Landlady—Poor Mr. Lightweight died last week, and if anyone ever deserved to go to heaven he did.
Mr. Heavygaul, who is slightly in arrears—Why?
Landlady, weeping—He always paid his board in advance, never complained if his bed was made up, and, oh, such a delicate appetite, that poor saint had!—Harper's Bazar.

Boarding-House Item.
Visiting Friend—So you married a total stranger from Boston, I always expected you would marry the star boarder. He is such a nice, quiet gentleman.
Mrs. Hasbly—That's the reason I didn't marry him. I don't want to lose that kind of a boarder. They are too scarce.—Texas Siftings.

A Fond Mother.
"Dear me!" cried the nurse, the baby has swallowed my railway ticket. What shall I do?"
"Go and buy another right away," returned the mother. "I'm not going to have the baby punished."—Harper's Bazar.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THINGS INTERESTING TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

How Folly and Peter Keep House—Grandmother's Troublesome Boy—Wagner's Shipwreck—An Indoor Bird's Nest—Little Folly's Laughs.

Three apples fell off a big tree. Three small boys hid behind a hedge. An old gentleman who owned the orchard and was walking about under the trees heard the apples fall and poked about for them with his cane. Six small feet twinkled over the grass. Presto! No magician ever made apples disappear more wonderfully, more quickly or more completely. In a second more six bright, laughing eyes peeped down from the tree where the old gentleman was still poking away in the grass.
"Peste!" said the old man. "I must have been mistaken. At any rate it is dinner time, and one cannot spend one's day looking for apples. Besides, my eyes are bad, my ears not so keen as they were, and I don't feel like a boy any longer. I will send a servant for them."
Then the old gentleman hobbled out of the orchard toward his house. In a twinkling three small boys, brown as berries, were at the foot of the tree, each with a great apple. One look, a laugh, and they were off over the meadows.
"Ha! ha! papa!" they cried as they rushed pell-mell into the family dining room. "We have teased the old man at the corners of his fill and for once we'll have a feast on the old miser's apples that I have never nobody but himself ever tasted before."
"How is this?" cried the father, furious. "You stole the old man's apples! You young rascals, wait until I thrash you thoroughly for this."
"But we did it only to tease him," cried the children, "and to give him a lesson besides. He is so miserly."
"You must be punished," said the father.

"No!" cried the grandmother, sitting in her chair. "It was a jest, William, and the children shall return the apples. But they shall not be punished."
"You are too easy with the children, mother. They will turn out thieves."
The old lady smiled placidly. "Children," she said, "I once knew a little boy whose mother was very lenient with him. He had many troubles at school and he always came home to his mother and she soothed him. The boys about him said he had a jolly mother, and so they came, too, sometimes to be soothed. But this little boy kept getting into trouble continually. One even he got into an orchard and robbed it. Once he took down a bird's nest with eggs in it—but then he was sorry when he saw how grieved the mother-bird was—and his mother knew there was much good in him because he grieved for the mother-bird. Yet he was always in trouble, and it took all his mother's tenderness to have patience with him. Once he was caught in an orchard, and then he had a hard time of it, for the dogs were set on him and the farmer ran after him with a pitchfork, and there would have been great trouble had he not reached his mother's arms before the dogs caught him."
The boy's father reddened and walked over to the window. The old lady's eyes followed and a tender light filled her face. The boys saw the situation at a glance.

"Ah ha! it was you, papa!" cried, "you were grandmamma's culprit. It is you who must make confession now."
The grandmother smiled again and said: "The riddle is solved, and you see, boys, in spite of his mother's leniency, what a good man your father has turned out to be. And now, children, after dinner you will return the apples to the old man with an apology."
Then the old lady rose and walked over to her son and placed her hand lightly on his shoulder.
"We must be lenient with youth, William, for it is the perfume of our old age. The children have the world to romp in when they are young—Time will give them no such lordship again."
Just then the father caught sight of the boys playing leapfrog below. He laughed and hallowed to them.
"Back to the woods, boys, and be sure to bring home a bird's nest with me to use on myself when I am forgetful. And don't forget the biggest and finest nosegay you can pick for grandmamma, to whom, next to God, we owe all the blessings we have in life."—N. Y. Advertiser.

Wonders of the Microphone.
One of the most curious instruments which the development of electrical science has brought into being is the microphone. It embraces within itself almost the whole principle of the modern telephone, and with it may be performed a series of experiments which, aside from being interesting, are wonderfully significant of what we may expect from its development in the near future. By its aid the footsteps of a fly walking on the stand on which it is placed is clearly heard, and give the sensation of a horse's tread, and even a fly's scream, is easily audible. The rustling of a feather or a piece of dress goods on the board of the instrument, and completely inaudible under ordinary circumstances, are distinctly heard in the microphone. The ticking of a watch is rendered very loud at quite a distance from the receiver. A musical box placed in connection with the instrument sounds like a distant trill of water. And the rumbling of a carriage outside the house is transformed into a very intense crackling noise, not unlike the sound of the burning of pine logs.

The instrument in appearance assumes various shapes, inasmuch as the very simplicity of its principle admits of its being made of various substances and in almost any form. All that is necessary for its simple working is in having what is technically, as "loose contact"—that

is, an electric circuit whose continuity at some point is capable of being varied. As an instance then, three nails make one of the best microphones. Two of the nails are laid on a board parallel to each other, and say one-half inch apart. The other nail is laid across the first two, the latter being meantime connected to a battery cell and a telephone receiver. If a fly, for instance, be confined in a small box, and the latter placed on the board on which the nails are laid, the slightest vibration caused by the movement of the feet will render the unstable contact of the nails still more unsteady, and by thus altering the force or amount of the electricity which passes, will reproduce in the telephone receiver an exact but much magnified (as a rule of what is taking place in the box.—Harper's Young People.

A Long-Legged Chap.
Every animal and bird has its own way of seeking its food. Some are hunters and some fishers. Some secure their prey by stratagem and some by force. Each one works according to his nature and to the means which have been given him.
The heron is a bird who gets his dinner by patience and watching. He is fondest of fish, although he does not despise an occasional frog, or even a mouse or a rat if he is very hungry. So he wades out a little distance in the water, for he has good, long legs, and stands in the water—sometimes on one—and waits for an hour or two, or perhaps longer, until some foolish or daring little fish comes close enough for him to snap at it with his long bill. And when he makes a snap at a fish Mr. Heron is so good a snap-shot that the fish has become the heron's dinner before he has time to think about it.
Some herons build their nests in the tops of trees. The nests are very large and are clumsily built of sticks and twigs. But they are so high up that Mr. Heron fears no danger from adventurous small boys, who might otherwise want to add heron's eggs to their collections. There are many kinds of herons. The common variety is the gray heron, and the most beautiful is the white heron, whose long silky white feathers are much used for hat trimming. Mr. White Heron is hunted for his beautiful feathers, while his common gray brother is suffered to live in peace, because he isn't pretty enough to be killed.

How Folly and Peter Keep House.
My uncle is thrashing with Freddy. My mother has gone to the fair. I've vowed to be steady as a steady. And baby, she's tied in her chair. I must brush my lobsters do the same. And put all the teacups away. There's no one to help me but Peter, and Peter—why Peter's at play.
Just hear how the turkeys are crying. And the cat is as hungry as two. I'll see if the cherries are drying. And then there's the churning to do. In summer we churn in the cellar. So baby can come there to stay— I must think of a story to tell her. While Peter—but Peter's at play.
It is time that the chicken was over. And my mendings is scarcely begun— Here's Peter come up from the clover. And we never have dinner till one. I'll make this sauce a bit sweeter. And bring out some cakes on a tray— He must be well treated, poor Peter. He does work so hard as his play!
—Dora Reed Goodale, in St. Nicholas

Wagner's Shipwreck.
Richard Wagner, the great German composer, once put to quick and excellent account an experience of his own in a shipwreck. When he was a young man, very poor and struggling for fame, he boarded a sailing ship, on the coast of Denmark, that was bound for an English port. Out at sea a terrible storm came up, the vessel was driven far out of her course, and on the wild shores of Norway was barely escaping with his life. A few months later in his cold, bare garret in Paris, Wagner composed one of the greatest of his operas, "The Flying Dutchman," the wonderful music of which is full of sound of winds and waves, of the thunder and the roar of the surf and the cries of drowning men, all recollections of that most dreadful experience of his life. Perhaps in no other music are the sea sounds as faithfully imitated as in this short and beautiful opera, that tells the story of the old Dutch legend.—Inter Ocean.

An Indoor Bird's Nest.
One of the queerest places for a bird's nest was discovered last spring. Between two carved roses at the top of a marble column in the millinery department of a large store a cosy nest was built. Tiny threads of silk and cotton were gathered by the tiny housebuilders from the floors, and crumbs picked up from places where ladies had nibbled cakes and bonbons.
The birds darted here and there, seemingly as happy among laces and ribbons and artificial flowers as are their mates in field and forest, being not one whit abashed by the throngs of shoppers coming and going constantly.

A Little Boy's Faith.
A boy of 6 knelt by the bed of his mother, who was ill, and prayed. Arising he exclaimed with a bright face:
"Now, mother, I know you will soon be well."
"Do you really believe God will cure mother when you ask him?"
"Of course I do, if I didn't why should I ask him?"
—Baker Missed.

A Paper in India on the day of its birth, came out with two blank pages, and in one of its columns announced with unconscious simplicity that some "specially interesting matter" had been held over "for want of space." Another journal printed this brief announcement: "Our next paper day falling on Christmas day, the next issue of this journal will not appear."
Two to One.
"Mother, do you know that when you whip me there is always two to one?" said Harry.
"How is that, my son?"
"You and the switch; you ought to let the switch go it alone!"
The Skeleton.
Rolled round was served to a little girl of 4. Discovering the backbone, she inquired:
"Why didn't the cook take out the skeleton?"

IF THERE are any house-keepers not using **ROYAL BAKING POWDER**, its great qualities warrant them in making a trial of it.

The **ROYAL BAKING POWDER** takes the place of soda and cream of tartar, is more convenient, more economical, and makes the biscuit, cake, pudding and dumpling lighter, sweeter, more delicious and wholesome.

Those who take pride in making the finest food say that it is quite indispensable therefor.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

A Bull in Church.
A handsome bull created quite a sensation in a Newark church, one of the largest and most fashionable in the city, the other day by walking into the main aisle and taking a view of the services. It was one of a drove that was being taken to the abattoirs, and not caring to go in that direction he chose his own path, much to the annoyance of the drovers, and went toward the more crowded portions of the city at a rattling pace. Arriving in front of a large restaurant he took it into his head to go in, and he went. The guests and waiters at once decided to quit the place, and the bull at his leisure sampled the food on the various tables. The proprietor finally summoned up courage to make a demonstration, and the bull retired to the street. He went on until he came to the church, when he turned and went in, marched half way up the aisle and stood looking about him. The congregation covered in their pews, until an elderly gentleman walked firmly up behind the animal, took him by his tail and pulled him out of church. The bull did not object, and by the time he arrived at the sidewalk the drovers put in an appearance and took charge of him.

Crawfish and Thunder.
Crawfish, it is said, shed their claws when they hear a sudden and loud clap of thunder. Lobsters do the same. The impulse, when suddenly alarmed, is to throw off the heavy claws and scurry away to a place of safety. The claws at once begin to grow again, and in ten days or a fortnight are as big as ever, but the crawfish does not make his appearance in public until they are strong and hard. To do so would only invite another crawfish to make a dinner of him.
It is not stupidity, but the conceit of stupidity which annoys.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND, just as thoroughly and as certainly as one time as another. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood. You don't need a special season. But when an eruption appears, or you feel weak, or your system is depressed, or you need this medicine, and nothing else. The ordinary "Spring medicine" and blood-purifiers can't compare with it.

The "Discovery" promotes every bodily function, puts on sound, healthy flesh, and cleanses, repairs and invigorates your whole system. In the most stubborn Skin Diseases, in every form of Scrofula—even in Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages—and in every blood-taint and disorder, it is the only guaranteed remedy.

PIERCE'S GUARANTEE—CURE OR MONEY RETURNED.

It is better for a city to be governed by a good man than even by good laws.

STOP AND THINK

HOW YOU CAN REDUCE LABOR AND THE WEAR OF CLOTHES BY USING

CLAIRETTE SOAP

BEST PUREST AND MOST ECONOMICAL.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

MADE BY THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, St. Louis.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE

IS THE BEST. NO SEWING. HAND POWER. Every farmer that has cows should have one. It saves half the labor, makes one-third more butter. Separator Butter brings one-third more money. Send for circulars.

DAVIS INTERNATIONAL Cream Separator & MFG. CO. CHICAGO, ILL. AGENTS WANTED.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME THE FIFTY-FIFTH YEAR OF FOUNDATION TUESDAY, SEPT. 27th.

Full course in Classics, Latin, English, French, and Mathematics. Also, in Law, Veterinary and Mechanical Engineering. Also, in Agriculture, Journalism, and in the various sciences. Catalogue sent free on application to Rev. Alexander S. G. C. O. Notre Dame, Ind.

VARICOCELE Permanently and quickly cured. No operation. No pain. No expense. Write for circulars. W. N. U. DALLAS, TEXAS.

When Answering Advertisements Mention This Paper.

BUY!
Landreth's Turnip Seed at
McLemore's.

ALL KIND OF
MACHINE OILS,
CHEAPER THAN EVER.

I am the only one who handles BULK GAR-
DEN SEED. Therefore if you want your
seed to cost but little, buy from me.

A. P. McLemore, Druggist, Haskell, Texas,

The Haskell Free Press.

J. E. POOLE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Terms of \$10 per annum, invariably cash in advance.

Entered at the Post Office, Haskell, Texas, as Second class Mail Matter.

Saturday Aug. 25, 1894.

Announcement Rates.

For District offices, . . . \$10.00
For County offices, . . . 5.00
For Precinct offices, . . . 3.00
Cash in advance.

Announcements.

We are authorized to announce the following gentlemen as candidates for the offices under which their names respectively occur:

FOR JUDGE, 39th JUDICIAL DISTRICT,
ED. J. HAMNER.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
W. W. BEALL.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE,
JIM BALDWIN,
P. D. SANDERS,
H. R. JONES.

FOR DISTRICT AND COUNTY CLERK,
G. R. COUCH.

FOR SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR,
W. B. ANTHONY.

FOR TAX ASSESSOR,
H. S. POST,
J. N. ELLIS.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
JASPER MILLHOLLON.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR,
W. R. STANDEFER,
H. M. RIKE.

FOR CO. COMMISSIONER AND J. P., PRE. NO. 1,
J. W. EVANS.

LOCAL DOTS.

Six spools best thread for 25 cts at S. L. Robertson's.

Mr. J. W. Collins and bride are expected to arrive to-day.

Capt. H. Donohoo is here on a visit to his son, Mr. Chas. Donohoo.

Mr. W. G. Halsey went east this week to buy goods for his firm.

Hamilton-Brown shoes for men, women and children received to-day at S. L. Robertson's.

Miss Fannie Gillespie of Knox county is visiting the family of Rev. N. B. Bennett.

Mrs. J. J. Lomax has returned from a visit of several weeks with her mother in Hill county.

Please don't ask us to credit you any longer, if you do you will compel us to refuse you.

Rike & Ellis.

Mr. L. A. Lindsey says he never saw a finer and more promising crop of cotton than he has this year.

A Miss Butler of Baird is visiting the family of Mr. F. P. Morgan.

Mr. T. J. Lemmon and family have gone to Weatherford on a visit.

If you have an idea of buying a buggy, call at the Free Press office and see how cheap you can get one.

The family of Mr. T. J. Willbourn have gone to Marysville, their old home, on a visit.

Everything sold low for cash at S. L. Robertson's.

For good goods, stylish goods and lots of them call at Alexander & Co. on and after Sept. 1st.

Your money will buy more goods at Rike & Ellis than any house in town, but your credit won't buy anything.

The county commissioners were to meet again to-day to finish up their work on the tax rolls.

W. W. Fields & Bro. keep their stock of Groceries constantly replenished with new, fresh and choice goods.

Mr. Tom Easterling and wife have returned from Hill county where they have been on a visit to relatives.

Mr. J. F. Jones is gone with wagon and team to Abilene for his new 35 H-P. engine and boiler. The boiler alone weighs 6,000 pounds and will have to be arranged on two wagons.

Parties knowing themselves indebted to us on old accounts will please make settlement at once as we are needing our money and must have it.

W. W. FIELDS & BRO.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Jones' residence was the scene of a very pleasant social gathering of young people on Monday night.

Mr. J. C. Bohanan sold a load of corn, raised on his farm 9 miles west of town this year, in town this week at 50 cts. per bushel.

Mrs. J. M. Perry of the Paint creek neighborhood has returned from a visit to relatives in Hill county.

The Free Press will receive in a few days a large and very complete stock of writing papers, envelopes and other printers' stationery.

Mr. Guy Horton of Greenwood, La., a nephew of Mrs. W. W. Fields, is here on a visit to his aunt and family.

Rev. Farmer of Graham is visiting the family of his son-in-law, Prof. W. W. Hentz, of this place.

Mrs. S. E. Norris, who has been visiting the family of Mr. W. B. Anthony for some time left on Thursday for Waco.

Do you want school books? I will be in Haskell on Sept. 5 with my school books, and I hope all who want books will be prepared to purchase by that time as I will only stay two or three days.

Respectfully,
R. E. MARTIN.

Mr. M. H. Lackey is enthusiastic over his fine crops this year. He says his millet can't be beaten; it is as level on top as a floor and stands upright under a heavy hat thrown on it.

Mr. F. G. Alexander, who has been in St. Louis and Chicago for two or three weeks selecting and buying the fall and winter stock of goods for his firm, writes that he has purchased a large and very choice stock and that it is being shipped and will begin to arrive here by the 1st of September.

Mr. W. L. Cason, one of our prosperous farmers living about five miles northwest of town brought a lot of sweet potatoes to market yesterday. They were smooth, nice and large, especially for so early a gathering.

I will soon have on hand a complete stock of lumber, shingles, doors and windows and can furnish anything in the way of building material.

H. N. FROST.

Mr. Craft, a prominent farmer of Knox county, was here last week and rented a residence and will move into it as soon as school opens so as to have his children enjoy the advantages of the best school in west Texas.

In view of the prospective large cotton crop and good trade this fall and winter Messrs. F. G. Alexander & Co. are buying the largest, most varied and best stock of dry goods, dress goods, notions, etc., ever opened in Haskell, and they invite their patrons and the public to call about Sept. 1st and see the grand opening and get some of the bargains they will have to offer.

Mr. Nash and family of Johnson county are visiting the family of Mr. C. J. Henson in this county. Mr. Nash is a son-in-law of Mr. Henson.

By an oversight last week we failed to mention the visit of several young ladies who called to see the process of newspaper making. Our latch string is always out to the ladies and we are always pleased to have the light of their presence.

There was a social gathering of the young folks at the residence of Mr. W. T. Hudson Wednesday night for the purpose of bidding adieu to Miss Caddie Hale who was to depart on the next morning.

To my friends and customers of the town and county of Haskell: I must return to Fort Worth on the 30th inst. for the further treatment of my eyes and I respectfully invite all who possibly can to come forward by the 29th and settle your accounts, as I need the money. Respectfully,
H. N. FROST.

We have recently established, at Seymour, Texas, a warehouse and are now prepared to exchange flour and millstuff for wheat at the customary rate of exchange, and earnestly solicit the patronage of the farmers of Haskell, Knox and Throckmorton counties.

Respectfully,
VICTOR MILLING CO.

East side of square, in rock building, south of Bennett & Son, Seymour Texas.

Mr. Jack Baldwin was so unfortunate as to be kicked on the leg by a mule the other day. The wound was painful and necessitated the use of crutches for a few days.

We will be pleased to sell goods to reliable parties on thirty days time, but owing to the condition of business and our press for money to meet our accounts we can not in future make accounts to run longer than thirty days.

W. W. FIELDS & BRO.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Baptist church will give a musical entertainment next Tuesday night, the 28th inst., at the Baptist church, consisting of solos, duets, trios, quartets, recitations, etc. Everybody is invited. Admission 10 cts.

Mrs. C. W. Lucas, wife of County Commissioner C. W. Lucas, died on last Wednesday morning of typhoid or slow fever. Her remains were brought to town and entered in the Haskell cemetery on Thursday morning.

A populist speaker from Knox county addressed a small gathering of populists here on last Saturday night. He was followed by Mr. Oscar Martin for the democrats, but it was not known that the democrats would be represented and the attendance was small.

The Free Press has heard it suggested that if the county fathers would have the weeds cleaned off of the court house square it would make a great improvement in the appearance of the town. If done now they would not reappear this year.

Rev. Farmer pastor of the Baptist church at Graham preached here on Thursday night. We understand that the church here is contemplating an effort to secure his services as pastor. Rev. W. G. Caperton, who has filled that position for the past four or five years, having resigned.

Miss Nina Hill of Austin, who is to be one of the teachers in the Haskell public school this year, arrived this week. Miss Hill is a niece of Mrs. H. G. McConnell of this place and is an educated and accomplished young lady who will prove a valuable acquisition to our educational forces.

The populists held a secret meeting on last Saturday evening in the district court jury room (that measures the size of it) but we failed to learn the object of the meeting or what was done. It is supposed, however, that the question of a county ticket was under consideration. Trot out your lambs to be slaughtered, gentlemen.

Mr. J. A. Hale and his charming daughter, Miss Caddie, and Mr. Wick Byrd of Eastland, who have been visiting the family of Mr. W. T. Hudson left for home on Thursday. They were accompanied as far as the Clear Fork by the Hudsons, where they were to spend two or three days in camp fishing and hunting.

Mr. T. G. Carney, one of the leading horse raisers of our county, is not behind when it comes to farming, as was evidenced by a load of produce from his farm which he sold in town this week. It consisted of a nice lot of Irish potatoes, several bushels of black-eyed peas and some very fine onions. He says his crops are all good and that the way he has feed stuff stacked up will certainly prove gratifying to the live stock the coming winter.

The cotton spinners of Massachusetts are out on a strike to the number of several thousand.

At the mass meeting last Saturday the citizens adopted the assessment plan for raising the bonus for the M. W. & N. W. R. R., beginning in town at ten per cent and going out through the county at a decreasing ratio. The meeting was well attended, quite a number of farmers being present, and the plan was heartily favored by all as fair, equal and just to every one. Every one we have talked with during the week endorsed the plan, and we believe the people, both of the country and town, are going to come up to it promptly and cheerfully. Members of the committee have been at work during the week preparing a list of resident and non-resident property owners with their land valuations from the tax rolls and the subscription committee will have everything ready in a day or two to begin their canvass.

The Free Press office has for sale the following legal blanks of approved forms:

- Chattel Mortgages,
- Land Leases,
- Bills of Sale,
- Promissory Notes,
- Vendors Lien Notes
- Vendors Lien Notes with interest coupons attached. We are prepared to turn out first-class work to order on short notice.

The convention of the 13th congressional district will meet again on the 30th at Henrietta.

When it adjourned at Decatur prior to the state convention Judge Cockrell had 70 1/2 votes and the remaining 47 1/2 votes were divided between Cobb and Dean.

From what we hear of preparations for the state fair, it would seem that it is to be better this fall than ever before. A splendid racing program has been prepared and good purses are offered. The premiums in the agricultural and livestock departments are also more numerous and better than have been offered heretofore.

ELECTRIC BITTERS.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cts. and \$1.00 per bottle at A. P. McLemore's Drugstore.

When a member of the railroad committee calls on you, don't wait to see what the other fellow is going to do, but do your part promptly and trust the other fellow to do his. Remember that the committee have a big job on their hands in having to see every man in the county and to write to hundreds of non-residents and they haven't the time nor should they be imposed upon by being required to hunt up one person two or three times. They are working without pay and for your interest as much as for their own. Help them in place of hindering them.

TWO LIVES SAVED.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill, was told by her doctors she had consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos Eggers, 139 Florida St., San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at A. P. McLemore's Drug Store. Regular size 50 cts. and \$1.00.

Mr. Walter Meadors will visit his Benjamin friends to-day.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.



Our competitors may "blow their biggest horns inside out," as the old song goes, telling about the bargains they have to offer, but if you will drop into Dodson & Halsey's store and ask them to quote prices to you on their choice clothing, dress goods, boots, shoes, hats and the good things to eat which go so far toward making life happy and enjoyable, and which they always keep in stock, you will find the song of low prices which they will sing you far sweeter music than the tooting of all the horns in Texas.

Try it once for the fun of the thing; no charge for admittance to the concert. The curtain is up and the play is in full swing now. Front seats reserved for gentlemen accompanied by ladies.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

RAILROAD.

The WICHITA VALLEY will be extended to HASKELL in some future year, (may be) but the **ONE PRICE RACKET STORE** has already been established in Seymour and is proving a greater blessing than a railroad during the hard times.

Should you need anything in Notions, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Ladies Underwear, Work or Dress Pants, Tinware, Stationery, etc. call and see us. We are just in receipt of new goods replenishing all our lines and make a specialty of Dress Pants. We can fit any customer or purse from 50 cts. to \$5.00. Our terms are strictly cash, and all goods proving unsatisfactory and returned in good condition in a reasonable length of time, will be exchanged or money refunded. Below we give a few quotations:

- Hamburg edging - 2 1/2 cts per yard.
- Splendid Corsets - 39 cts each.
- Lace, - - - 1 1/2 cts per yard.
- Pins, - - - 4 papers for 5 cts.
- Toilet Soap, - - 3 cts per cake.
- 3-ply linen bosom dress shirts, 48 cts.
- Work Shirts from - 19 cents up.
- Tripple Seat drawers, - - 39 cts.
- Towels, - - - 5 cts each.
- Lead pencils, - - 3 for 1 cent.
- Pen points, - - - 3 for 1 cent.
- Pen holders, - - - 3 for 1 cent.
- Colored marbles, - 6 for 1 cent.
- Machine thread, 2 spools for 5 cts.
- Wash Bowls, - - - 5 cts.
- Pint cups, - - - 2 for 5 cts.
- 3/4 Gallon cups, - - 5 cts.
- Tin plates, - - - 2 for 5 cts.

We could fill the paper with our bargains, and remember these are not leaders but all goods are in proportion.

When you are in Seymour call and examine and get prices. Respectfully submitted to the cash trade,
Branham & Preece,
in Ranson Building, next door to Luck & Taylor, Seymour, Texas.

WATT MIDDLETON. BUD SMITH.
THE NEW MEAT MARKET,
MIDDLETON & SMITH, Props.
Will keep the choicest and best beef to be had, also pork, mutton etc. when it can be procured of good quality.
Their prices will always be reasonable, and a share of the public patronage is solicited.

N. W. Corner Public Square Haskell, Texas.

PROCLAMATION
By the Governor of the State of Texas.

Whereas, the Twenty-third Legislature at its late regular session, which adjourned on the 6th day of May A. D. 1893, passed the following joint resolutions, in the manner prescribed by the constitution of this State, proposing certain amendments to the Constitution of this State, to-wit:

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of Texas, that section 5, article 5, of the Constitution of the State of Texas, be amended so as to read as follows:

Section 2. The Legislature shall have no power to make any grant of public money to any individual, association of individuals, municipal or other corporations whatsoever. Provided, however, that the Legislature may grant aid to the establishment and maintenance of a home for indigent and disabled Confederate soldiers and sailors.

Section 3. The Legislature shall have no power to make any grant of public money to any individual, association of individuals, municipal or other corporations whatsoever. Provided, however, that the Legislature may grant aid to the establishment and maintenance of a home for indigent and disabled Confederate soldiers or sailors who are or may be some day residents of the State of Texas, under such regulations and limitations as may be provided by law: Provided, that such grant shall not exceed the sum of \$1,000 for any one year. And provided further, that the provisions of this section shall not be construed so as to prevent the grant of aid in case of public calamity.

Section 4. This resolution shall be submitted by the Governor to the next general election for members of the Legislature of the State of Texas at the next general election, to be held on Tuesday after the first Monday in November, 1894, at which election all voters favoring said proposed amendment shall have written or printed on their ballots the words, "For the amendment to section 5, article 5, of the Constitution of the State of Texas," and will cause the same to be written or printed on their ballots the words, "Against the amendment to section 5, article 5, of the Constitution of the State of Texas."

Section 5. Immediately after the election the officers of each precinct shall certify to the county judge of their county a duplicate return, showing the number of votes cast for and against the amendment; and the county judge shall forward to the Secretary of State, under a sealed package, a tabulated statement thereof, showing the total number of votes cast for and against the amendment; and on the fourth day after said election the Secretary of State shall, in the presence of the judicial and attorney general open and count said returns; and if it shall appear from the returns that a majority of the votes were cast in favor of the amendment, it shall be the duty of the Governor, on the following day or as soon thereafter as practicable, to issue his proclamation setting forth the fact that said amendment has received a majority of all the votes cast at the election at said election, and shall proclaim that said amendment has become and is a part of the constitution of the State of Texas, and the amendment shall take effect from and after said publication.

Approved April 8 A. D. 1888.

Joint Resolution to amend section 50, article 16, of the Constitution of the State of Texas.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the legislature of the State of Texas, that section 50, article 16, of the Constitution of the State of Texas, be amended so that it shall hereafter read as follows:

Section 2. The duration of all officers not fixed by this constitution shall never exceed two years: Provided, that when a railroad commission is created by law, it shall be composed of three commissioners, who shall be elected by the people at a general election for State officers, and their terms of office shall be six years: Provided, railroad commissioners first elected after this amendment goes into effect shall hold office as follows: One shall serve two years, and one four years, and one six years, their terms to be decided by lot immediately after they shall have qualified. And one railroad commissioner shall be elected every two years thereafter in case of vacancy in said office, the Governor of the State shall fill said vacancy by appointment until the next general election.

Section 3. The foregoing amendment shall be submitted to the qualified voters of the State at the next general election. Those favoring its adoption shall have written or printed on their ballots the words, "For election of railroad commissioners," and those opposed to its adoption shall have written or printed on their ballots the words, "Against election of railroad commissioners." And the Governor of the State is hereby directed to issue the necessary proclamation for said election, and have the same published as required by the Constitution and existing laws of this State.

Approved May 11, A. D. 1888.

And whereas the State Constitution requires the publication of any proposed amendments once a week for four weeks, commencing at least three months before an election.

And whereas, each of said joint resolutions requires the Governor to issue his proclamation ordering an election for the submission of said joint resolutions to the qualified voters of the State for their adoption or rejection on Tuesday after the first Monday in November, A. D. 1894, which will be the sixth day of said month.

Now, therefore, I, J. S. Hogg, Governor of Texas, in accordance with the provisions of said Joint Resolutions, and by the authority vested in me by the Constitution and laws of this State, do hereby issue this my proclamation, in testimony whereof, I hereunto sign my name and cause the seal of the State to be affixed, at the City of Austin, this 11th day of July, A. D. 1894.

(Signed) J. S. HOGG,
Governor of Texas.

By the Governor,
(Signed) GED. W. SMITH,
Secretary of State.

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