

The Haskell Free Press.

Vol. 10.

Haskell, Haskell County, Texas, Saturday, Nov. 2, 1895.

No. 44.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. P. McLemore.

Directory.

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District Judge, Hon. Ed. J. Hamner.
District Attorney, W. W. Beall.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.
County Judge, F. D. Sanders.
County Attorney, J. E. Wilfong.
County & Dist. Clerk, G. H. Conch.
Sheriff and Tax Collector, W. B. Anthony.
County Treasurer, Jasper Millhollon.
Tax Assessor, H. S. Post.
County Surveyor, H. M. Rike.

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Precinct No. 1, J. W. Evans.
Precinct No. 2, B. H. Owsley.
Precinct No. 3, J. L. Warren.
Precinct No. 4, J. M. Perry.

PRECINCT OFFICERS.
J. P. Precinct No. 1, J. W. Evans.
Constable Precinct No. 1, CHURCHES.

Baptist (Missionary) Every 2nd and 4th Sunday.
Rev. R. M. G. Kland, Pastor.
Freebyterian (Cambrian) Every 2nd Sunday and Saturday before. No Pastor.
Christian (Campbellite) Every 3rd Sunday and Saturday before. Pastor
Rev. R. E. Sherrill.
Methodist (M. B. 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.
W. R. Standefer, Superintendent.
Baptist Sunday School every Sunday.
W. P. Whitman, Superintendent.
Freebyterian Sunday School every Sunday.
J. M. Baldwin, Superintendent.

CIVIC SOCIETIES.
Haskell Lodge No. 602, A. F. & A. M. meets Saturday on or before each full moon.
F. D. Sanders, W. M.
J. W. Evans, Sec'y.
Haskell Chapter No. 101
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. 303 K. of P. meets every first, third and fifth Friday nights of each month.
Ed J. Hamner, U. G.
Elmwood Camp of the Woodmen of the World meets 2nd and 4th Tuesday each month.
J. E. Poole, Con. C.
G. H. Couch, Clerk.
Haskell Council Grand Order of the Orient, meets the second and fourth Friday night of each month.
W. E. Sherrill, Pahlshah.

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SADDLES & HARNESS.
To my friends in Haskell Co.:—
While in Seymour, call and examine my Prices on Saddlery and Harness Goods.
A. R. BENGE,
N. Main St. Seymour, Texas.

FARMERS' INSTITUTES

Strongly Indorsed by the Farmers' Congress at Dallas.

The Texas State Farmers' congress on Monday last in Music hall at Dallas fair grounds met and received the annual report of the president and the secretary and transacted other business connected with the farming interests of the state. The purpose of the FREE PRESS, however, is only to call attention to that portion of the secretary, Mr. D. O. Lively's, report in which he refers to and strongly endorses Farmers' Institutes. He said: "A short time since I made a trip through the central states, and being naturally interested, made close observation of what the farmers of those states were doing. With land and climate inferior to ours, I noticed smaller farms, on which were better houses, better stock, better barns, more improved machinery with houses for its protection, better clothed people and a more pronounced air of prosperity on every hand than I have been accustomed to see in Texas, and, too, the farmers were complaining of the severe drouth. I saw 18,000 gallons of milk delivered at one creamery by 8 o'clock one morning, and the manager told me that Texas afforded one of the best markets for the disposal of creamery products and that he kept a traveling man in his state all the time. This statement is no more remarkable than that made by a big packer to the effect that he got more money out of the south than out of all Europe combined. But, Mr. President and gentlemen, with the accomplishment of our purpose, this will all be changed. The big packer will have to locate plants in this state, the people of our cities will eat home-built creamery butter, home-prepared fruits and, as hand in hand with home living comes independence of foreign or distant markets, the manufacturer will seek an abiding place among us. There will be more ownership of homes, for the reason that with intensive and diversified farming less land is required for the support of a family. There will be less dissatisfaction among our farming classes, because of the fact that with a living assured, what is raised beside is a moneyed surplus, the proceeds of which will be used in educating the children, beautifying homes and making more productive the already small farm, instead of as now, in buying more land, or in sending to Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago for smokehouse products, to Colorado for potatoes, to outside sources for more than two-thirds of our fruits and vegetables. There has been, as said before, but one step made for the advancement necessary for the farmers of Texas, and every member of and sympathizer with this congress should feel incumbent on himself to keep the fact in his and his neighbor's mind that with the beginning of another year and the planting of another crop does the danger of retrogression lie. It is among the probabilities that since cotton, by sole reason of its scarcity, is bringing a fair price, our farmers will make the mistake of last year, when so sure as the sun shines they can expect noting for their year's work and mortgages to be carried over into 1897. It is well to lay special emphasis on this point, and I know that the press of the state is willing to give aid in keeping the farmers back from overproduction of any crop, be it cotton, corn, wheat or other staple. And while the press is mighty in influence, there is a still better means of education along industrial lines among the farmers. I refer to the organization known as farmers' institutes.

"In the states mentioned in another part of this address every community boasts of its institute, and every farmer to whom I mentioned the subject spoke as if he would nearly as leave think of attempting to make a crop without plows as without the valuable information and cooperation among his neighbors that comes from institution work. In the older and more advanced agricultural states farmers' institutes receive the hearty indorsement of and are provided for by their state government, but our legislators have not as yet broadened sufficiently to recognize

the importance of fostering and advancing the agricultural interests. They will, though, in time to come, until which time it behooves the farmers themselves to get together and perfect such arrangements as are in these days of fierce competition necessary. Farmers' institutes in this state are not an untried experiment. In a few counties more progressive than the rest, institutes in splendid working order are now in existence, and without exception, in the counties where they are can be found a more prosperous set of farmers than in the sections where every man goes it alone. These institutions are easily organized, and when once started the good they do is so apparent that they continue to grow in attendance and usefulness."

An easy thing to find—fault.

COTTON is steadily climbing since the Wall street slump last week.

A TEMPERATURE of 6 degrees above zero is reported in Montana on last Sunday.

MR. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT has purchased for his eldest daughter an English nobleman.

LAST week Warner Peed and Robert Christian were killed by a stroke of lightning near Tulia, Swisher county.

MR. R. E. PRESTON, director of the U. S. mint, says that the gold output of the world for the year 1895 will not fall short of \$200,000,000. Last year it was \$180,000,000.

IT has been decided on a second investigation by a coroner's jury that Mr. Geo. Walsh of Abilene came to his death by the accidental discharge of a gun and not by suiciding as at first thought.

FARM AND RANCH says the hog show at the fair is the largest on record, there are about 1200 hogs on the ground, ranging all the way from sucking pigs to mammoth fellows weighing more than half a ton.

THE greatest financial shrinkage on record is reported in Chicago. Not long since the state auditor's report showed \$18,997,771-67 cash on hand in the banks of that city. A week or so later the banks reported only \$39,927.62 to the tax assessor. Where had the money gone to—of course no lying had been done.

THE cables bring news of a much wrought up feeling in England over the granting by China of unusual concessions to Russia, which the English regard as very detrimental to their interests in the far east, as they give Russia control of strategic points and assure her supremacy on the Pacific. English newspapers and diplomats say that the concessions cannot be allowed to stand, and war is loudly hinted at if nothing short of that will dissolve the alliance.

THE slaughter of Armenians still goes on by Mussulmans and Kurds in the outlying Turkish territory. The latest report is of the pillaging of several villages in the district of Bailburt, accompanied by the murder of 150 Armenian citizens and the wholesale outrage of women. In the face of recent promises of protection to these people by the Turkish government, that government seems either incompetent or indisposed to carry out its promises. These outrages on a helpless people constitute a blot on the closing pages of the history of the nineteenth century which Europe and America should unite in wiping out.

OLD PEOPLE.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old People find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents per bottle at A. P. McLemore's Drug Store.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED ABOUT

Sweet Sorghum and Kafir Corn.

I have been growing a plant among a lot of seed. I have lost the name. I call the plant "Kafir corn." It grows eight to twelve feet high, heads of a yellowish red color, turn down and are about the size of my two hands put together cup like. Some people tell me that it should be called "Yellow Milo Maize."

I have preferred this plant to several white straight-headed varieties that I have had, for while it grows larger and is much larger and much harder to handle, yet the seed stays in the head, does not shatter out and seems less attacked by birds and insects.

Have I selected the best plant for high black land prairie? If not what is the better, the seed to be used as feed for horses, cattle and hogs, and the stalks as roughness? What is the nutritive value of this seed? of the stalk? both when cut for seed and when planted for fodder? Have the seeds of the different kinds of non-saccharine Sorghums, i. e. Kafir corn, two kinds of Milo Maize, Doura Corn and Jerusalem corn, about the same value? Their stalks? Which is the larger yielder of grain? How do they compare with sorghum, bushel to bushel of seed, ton to ton of stalks and as to yield per acre? In fattening cattle during the winter would it pay better to cut the seed off, have it threshed and ground, or to run the whole thing through a cutting box? I have 200 acres of land not plowed this year. What shall I do with it, is the question? A lot of it last year was in cotton. Could money be made by planting it in sorghum and feeding it to cattle? which is the best variety of each? How best to feed it economically to steers?

Could cotton seed at \$7.00 per ton, or seed ground at \$8.00 per ton, (on the ground) be added to advantage? or would cotton seed cake or meal at \$13.00 per ton on the R. R. track nine miles away, pay better, or at all? Yours very truly.—G. W. P. C., Albany, Texas.

ANSWER.
From the description of the plant, obtained from Peter Henderson, I am almost sure that the plant is Kafir corn, a non-saccharine sorghum. The straight headed varieties are, probably, Jerusalem corn Milo Maize. The Kafir Corn is usually preferred over the other non-saccharine sorghums of this class. None of the non-saccharine sorghums are as valuable per acre as are the saccharine varieties, if sufficient moisture is supplied to grow a good crop of the sweet sorghum. If, however, the conditions are very dry, so much so as to dwarf the sweet sorghum, the non-saccharine sorghum will thrive and give better yield per acre than will the others. In western parts of Kansas, and some parts of our Panhandle, it has been well demonstrated that Kafir corn, etc., is more satisfactory than the Orange or Amber sorghums. The non-saccharine sorghum seed, for milk cows, are about the same as corn. They do not differ from each other materially, in their constituents. In fact, the seed of all sorghums are largely composed of starch and differ only in the yield of seed per acre. I do not know of any experiments conducted to test the relative yield of these different sorghums per acre, but we are attempting such an experiment at this place, during the present season. But experiments at this place will not, necessarily, mean the same to you as would experiments conducted in your section.

With regard to the value of sorghum, when fed to steers, I can say it is highly profitable if fed to good stock, combined with proper grain feed and a certain amount of judgment. We grew sorghum here large ly the past year and are now marketing this sorghum in the shape of beef, which beef is fed all the sorghum hay they will consume with five pounds of cottonseed hulls and five pounds of cotton seed meal per day, (they fatten faster when the hulls are added and they fatten as cheaply when hulls are at \$3.00.) Of course much depends on the price of beef as to whether or not the farmer suc-

ceeds in making money raising feed to market in this form. I see a great deal of sorghum fed throughout the country. The most economical method is to haul and stack the sorghum in "V" shaped ricks, built of strong timber and thickly latticed on the sides, placing these ricks under fence on the edge of the pasture and contiguous to the field on which it was grown.

It requires no shelter, and during the average winter stock will feed upon it and thrive without being sheltered. I prefer to plant the Orange variety, and, where labor is convenient plant it in drills and cultivate, though there is less waste in feeding the broad-cast grown fodder.

If beef prices remain in the neighborhood of where they now are, you can safely count on feeding cotton seed at \$7.00 per ton, (do not grind them), or cottonseed meal at \$13.00 per ton to beef cattle. Begin early in the season and feed the cottonseed in connection with the sorghum, in preference to using the cottonseed meal, costing \$13.50 at the mill. If you see your steers will not reach the market as soon as you desire, add a small quantity of cotton seed meal and hulls to your ration to increase the appetite of the steers. This matter of feeding is a beautiful science as well as art, and I am glad to see that you are inquiring to learn more than you now know. We all need more experience and information to the best method of using our cottonseed and its products. Theoretically, there is nothing that will combine better with sorghum to produce fat on the animal that will cottonseed. The only probable disadvantage we have found in feeding the sorghum, for years, is that the steers do not eat enough roughness for the first sixty days they are fed, to make satisfactory gain, but this often depends upon individual taste in the steer and previous training.

J. H. CONNELL, Director, Texas Experiment Station.

TEXAS corn is going over the sea. The Houston and Texas Central railroad has orders for 120 cars, each of 600 bushels capacity, for the shipment of corn from points along the Central north of Dallas. This corn is to be exported from Galveston to foreign countries.

Civilization in Texas.

Waco, Tex., Oct. 26.—Rev. Frank Page, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church, has returned from a northern trip. He was a delegate to the national convention of the church at Minneapolis. To the News reporter Mr. Page said:

"Some of those people have crude ideas about the advance of civilization in Texas, but there is one feeling that seems to pervade all classes of people, and that is that Texas is marching gloriously to the front, and that no better place for young men can be found. The great movement of immigration toward the south and the immense influx of capital seeking investments in industrial institutions is acknowledged everywhere and it is fast becoming the popular idea that the south is the coming great industrial mart of the world, and thousands of the young men of the great northwest are evidently preparing to invade the south, bent upon heaving for themselves fortunes out of the exhaustless store of wealth abounding here, and molding for their adopted home a history unequalled even in modern achievements. I was impressed with the earnestness with which inquiries were made, and I am sure that the general impression as to the superiority of the south as a field for investment are well grounded and that Texas heads her sister states everywhere in points of interest."

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MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.



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Treatment of Blood and Skin Diseases

A lazy man never believes that his day is high enough.

Claiming to love God and doing nothing for the good of men is hypocrisy.

We shall be sure to go to bed tired if we spend the day looking for an easy place.

If any of the European sovereigns know how to play poker they will have a lively time when Editor Watterson sets foot in their various capitals.

It is now in order for the unspeakable Turk to ask humanity to interfere to keep the Armenian from audaciously struggling not to be massacred.

It now appears that the excitement of the presidential campaign next year is to be complicated with the addition of another international yacht race.

It is something of a surprise to discover that the "new woman" has had no appreciable effect on the business of the marriage license clerk as yet.

The deadly pink lemonade seems to be getting knocked out all around this year. The Wisconsin state fair association sold a beer privilege for \$5,000.

That distressed expression on the face of the British lion may be taken as an indication that Mr. Bayard has already begun teasing with the tail-twister.

In Kansas a baptismal service was postponed for a ball game in which four of the converts participated. The report very negligently fails to state which side won.

Don't get the idea that you can make it all right with eternal justice for stealing from your fellowmen six days a week by giving the church a small percentage of the swag on the seventh.

It is stated in Chicago that the sugar trust has made a combination with the wholesale grocers by which the department stores and retail dealers will be unable to buy sugar on a parity with the wholesalers.

The Mergenthaler typesetting machines are being so heavily taxed in various parts of the country that their owners have had to resort to court. This tax on machines is all wrong. It cannot stop the tide of progress as indicated by invention. The fault with the machinery lies not in the fact that they are cheap and facilitate production, but that the product is not equitably distributed.

Two Russian gubonets, the Teretz and the Uralzet, nominally attached to the Black sea fleet, are now allowed to pass freely between the Black sea and the Mediterranean without objection on the part of the Ottoman authorities. This is considered by Russia as the thin edge of the wedge that will open the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles to the Black sea fleet in spite of the Paris and Berlin treaties.

This test of religious principle in the eyes of the world is honesty of life. If it be apparent that one is not honest in temporal things his profession of religion will not be accepted as of much worth. They will be suspected as hypocritical. The effect of genuine piety is to lead men to do what God requires of them. The prophet sums it all up in one sentence—"What doth God require of thee but to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with thy God?"

Nashville, Tenn., announces an "international exposition" for next year, while preparations for a similar enterprise have actually united the quarrelsome twins, St. Paul and Minneapolis. As since the Chicago world's fair the chief use of an exposition is to give excuse for a collection of "wide open" variety shows in imitation of the late Midway pleasure, there may arise some justifiable doubt of the propriety of either national or local taxation in support of such enterprises.

The annual international grain market at Vienna estimates the crops as follows: Great Britain wheat estimates are 37 per cent worse, barley 39 per cent and oats 25 per cent worse than they were in 1894. France shows a decrease of 22 per cent in wheat and 20 per cent in rye and oats. "Austria-Hungary is reported rather better in respect of wheat, but decidedly lower in rye. In Hungary barley is lower, but oats throughout the empire are better than in 1894. Bavaria shows a decrease of 25 per cent in wheat, 49 per cent in rye, 59 per cent in barley, and 45 per cent in oats. In India the wheat crop is 6,278,000 tons, against 6,923,000 tons in 1894. The United States shows 559,000,000 bushels of wheat, 21,500,000 bushels of rye, and 2,427,999,000 bushels of corn. Canadian wheat shows 62,900,000 bushels, against 53,000,000 bushels in 1894."

Inasmuch as a collision will send a ship like the Edam to the bottom in smooth water in less than three hours after the shock, is it right to allow such vessels to go to sea carrying many hundreds of passengers? It might be well for the United States to investigate the condition of all steamers coming into or leaving our ports, and limit the number of persons permitted to travel in them. It would be easy to enforce such a rule whether the steamers were going out or coming in. It is said that the Edam has carried 1,200 passengers at once.

We have downed the English in every game so far this year except the game of finance. So far, since Jan. 1, we have paid them \$180,000,000 annual interest on loans. In addition to this England has captured about \$20,000,000 in American treasures.

A forty-pound meteorite seems to be about the only thing that Lieut. Peary discovered on his recent expedition and he could not bring it home, in which respect he would have been equally unfortunate even if he had found the north pole.

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.



INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION. BY PERMISSION OF RAND, McNALLY & CO., CHAPTER IX.

DICK'S letter to the colonel was soon written. He put it in his pocket and walked to Bedford Square. It was growing rapidly dark, but lights were only just beginning to appear in most of the houses. In No. 23 the shutters of the dining-room windows were not yet fastened, but the blinds had been already drawn down.

The bright lights inside threw upon one of them the shadow of a man who was evidently sitting at the near end of the room; his left arm was thrown over the back of his chair, and its image was partly merged in the darkness which represented the latter; his head was in full profile, and bent downward in an attitude of deep thought. He was probably at some little distance from the table, upon which the lights behind him were placed, for the shadow thrown upon the blind was sharp in outline and scarcely more than life-size. The figure was in fact recognizable beyond a doubt as that of Colonel de Montaut himself, and Dick, as he stood upon the doorstep, was almost startled at seeing him apparently so close. At the same time he saw that he had here a good chance of ascertaining at once that his letter was safely delivered. He dropped it into the box and rang the bell, intending to retreat a few steps across the road so as to be out of sight himself while still keeping the window in view. A sudden movement of the shadow stopped him. The colonel had caught the sound of the bell and had disappeared from the room with astonishing rapidity; one might almost have thought he had been waiting for the signal. Dick heard a quick stealthy tread approach the door on the inside; the letter was snatched from the box in an instant, and when he looked at the window again there was the shadow once more in its former position, but with both hands raised, as if in the act of holding up a paper to read. And now another step was heard coming toward the door; it was, no doubt, that of a servant answering the bell. The shadow figure hastily lowered its hands and the door disappeared. The servant at the same moment stepped suddenly and went into the dining room; to which, no doubt, his master's voice had summoned him. The conversation which followed was inaudible to Dick, but he had no doubt that the colonel's letter would have been worse than lost, and of this story there might have been little or nothing to tell. Between understanding and misunderstanding, between the light within and the darkness without, there was but a pane of glass; it was enough, and Dick remained in the room in that state of suspense. He was, for the present, satisfied. The colonel had read his note, and tomorrow would set all to rights. Alas for Dick! this hope was but a shadow. The truth, which in this deceptive light cast so false an image, was established may be guessed from what was actually passing inside the house as he turned away to go home.

"It was I who rang," the colonel was saying to his servant.

The man apologized for mistaking between the two bells.

"Go up to Madame de Montaut," continued his master, "and tell her that Captain Estcourt is coming here in about half an hour. Ask whether she wishes to come to the drawing room, or would rather not be disturbed."

The man took the message at once. When she heard it, Camilla's heart hardened. She was angered at the idea of Dick's callousness in coming so soon to discuss the details of his treason, and what he had said to her, but she still meant very decidedly. She would not work in league with a traitor such as she supposed Estcourt to be.

"Tell M. de Montaut," she replied to the servant, in her bluest tones, "that I prefer to be alone this evening. And remember yourself that from this moment until we leave London I am not at home to any one."

"Very well, madame," said the man. And added, hesitatingly, "But if Captain Estcourt should ask for Madame—"

"I am not at home to any one," she repeated, with deliberate emphasis. "And particularly not to Captain Estcourt."

He bowed, and returned to report to the colonel, who remained neither surprised nor dissatisfied at hearing what Camilla's answer had been.

"Very well," he said; "then I too am not at home to Captain Estcourt."

Dick, in the meantime, was on his homeward way. The farther he went the more impatient he became for the night to be over and the present uncomfortable state of things ended. He went over this ground again and again, and looked for the explanation to be done with, that he might be free to forget himself once more in the enjoyment of her society. How long it seemed since they parted! What an age since their delightful meeting! His thoughts, that absurd but amusing interview with old Wickerby had come between, and all this worry about the colonel's preposterous invitation. However, by this time the colonel, at any rate, was undisturbed. Probably he had accepted the rejection of his proposals in good part, and in spite of all would welcome Dick again as a friend to-morrow morning. To-morrow. Why not to-night? It was now some time, some considerable time, since he had received and read the letter. Surely by this he had got over his disappointment, if he had really had any such feeling. Now was the opportune moment for a visit. In the morning there would be the chance of going too early to see Camilla, or too late to find her in. To-night she was certain to be at home. This last reflection decided Dick. He left his rooms again, and walked quickly to Bedford Square. He reached the doorstep flushed and breathless, and rang the bell. It was exactly half an hour, to the minute, since he had turned away to go home after seeing the shadow on the blind. The servant appeared.

"Is Madame de Montaut at home?"

"Not at home, sir," repeated the man, in the same formal tone.

"Thank you, I'll call to-morrow," stammered Dick, in utter astonishment, and he turned mechanically away.

The footman noticed after him, and grinned maliciously. Then he closed the door and went to report to his master, M. de Montaut took up his watch.

"Very good," he said; "don't forget again to-morrow." And then, as the man left the room, he smiled with secret satisfaction.

"My poor friend," he murmured, gently; "my poor young friend does not know Captain Estcourt as well as I do. He says to-morrow, I say, 'in half an hour, and here he is again in twenty minutes!'"

He rose and went to the table, took up his half-empty glass and raised it to the light.

"As for a rebut or two at the door," he continued, with the same mischievous laugh, "my young friend must not mind that. We shall all meet again before long! Au revoir done!" And he tossed off the wine and went upstairs.

That night Dick slept uneasily, and it was late in the morning when he awoke. However, by half-past ten he was again in Bedford Square, and rang the bell with an outward appearance of calmness, though his heart was beating fast within.

The same footman came to the door. "Madame de Montaut in?" Dick asked.

"Not at home, sir."

ing in his team all this time with the express object of taking him up, and would in a few minutes more have been driven to make the offer himself, if Dick had not come forward.

The colonel had foreseen that this man, who could alone give any clue to the direction of the De Montauts' flight, must sooner or later run down and question him, and he therefore used him as the surest agent for decoying the latter along the way he wished him to take.

The man followed his instructions well, and Dick found it impossible to get more out of him than an admission that he was going that day as far as Guildford. It was, at any rate, something to know this, and Dick resolved to go to Guildford too.

With this object he patiently endured some time the joltings of the wagon, but when the coach passed he was glad to stop it and secure a more comfortable seat and a quicker journey for the remainder of the way. He intended to lie in wait for the wagon on his arrival in Guildford, and, if necessary, to travel with him again on the following day.

The coach stopped in front of the White Lion in Guildford High street. Dick dismounted and began to question the hostler to find out if the De Montauts had passed through or were staying in the town. He was unsuccessful in his inquiries, and was about to turn away disappointed, when he heard some one asking for him by name.

He looked round and saw a man on horseback, with a small valise in front of him upon the saddle.

"Did I hear you inquire for me?" he asked.

"Captain Estcourt, sir?" said the man, touching his cap.

"That's right," said Dick; "what is it?"

The man dismounted from his horse, which was covered with foam and dust. He lifted the valise down, and took a letter from the saddle bag.

"That is for you, sir," he said, and handed it to Dick, who opened it in a leisurely fashion as if he knew its contents already, and betrayed not a sign of the tempest of wonder and excitement that was raging within him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AUNT ALICE'S NIECE.

All the folks in the Car Wounded If She Got That Balloon.

A handsome young woman with a beautiful little girl of 4 years sat in a crowded street car.

"You've got on mamma's dress, haven't you, Aunt Alice?" remarked the child.

Aunt Alice flushed and called attention to a balloon man on the corner.

"Yes, the last time mamma wore that dress down town she bought me a balloon. Will you buy me one, Aunt Alice?"

"Yes, if you'll be good."

"Oh, I'll be good. Do you like mamma's hat? It makes you look awful pretty, Aunt Alice."

"There, be a good girl. See that woman out there with a little girl."

There was a period of silence and Aunt Alice breathed a sigh of relief. Then the child inquired:

"Did mamma say you could wear her pin, Aunt Alice? She wouldn't let me wear it, 'cause she was afraid I would lose it."

"Yes, of course. Do be quiet, Nellie."

"Will you buy me a balloon then?"

"Yes."

"And can I carry it?"

"Yes."

"All right; then take mamma's parasol. I don't want to carry it any longer, 'cause I couldn't carry it and a balloon too. Haven't you got any dress of your own, Aunt Alice?"

Aunt Alice yanked the little girl out of the car by the arm, and the chances are that she got no balloon.

Capit's Ballets.

There are many reasons for a man's marrying, but that which caused John (Boss) Walters to embark in married life is perhaps most out of the ordinary. Walters went home recently feeling good, and chancing to meet a girl in his doorway, the idea struck him that she would make a good mark for him to practice on with his revolver. He didn't wait to consider, but at once got out his gun and began shooting. Naturally, he was arrested and taken before Judge Gregg. He then tried every way to induce the girl not to prosecute him, but they all failed, and she swore that she would have him indicted and sent to the pen for his little trick. Through a mutual friend, however, the lassie conveyed the information to him that she would cease to prosecute if he would marry her. John was not anxious to marry, but there was no choice, and they were pronounced man and wife.—EX.

Women's Work in England.

A political salon will reappear under the Salisbury regime. The Duchess of Devonshire will resume her entertainments during the short period after parliament opens, and Lady Salisbury, the Duchess of Portland and Mrs. Chamberlain, all notable society powers, will give receptions. Evidence of the growth of woman's work in the political field was given at a recent London meeting of the Primrose League, when special honors for canvassing were conferred on the Countess of Lathom, the Countess of Ancaster, the Countess of Crawford, the Countess of Selkirk, Lady Hardman, Lady Knightley, Lady Pansley, Lady Colchester, Lady M'erson, Lady Grant and others.

A Valuable Counterfeit.

"Sometimes," says a Philadelphia barkeeper, "a bad coin is a very good thing to have. We had a brass 10-cent piece here for two years that was worth \$1 a week to the bar. I knew the man from whom it was taken, and, of course, gave it back in change. He was a good customer before, but much better afterward. Ten times a week he would come in and either give me that brass coin or get it given to him. One day the proprietor looked through the drawer, and finding the bogus coin, threw it away. When I told him that it was worth \$50 a year to the house he kicked himself. We not only lost the coin, but the customer as well. He felt hurt because I couldn't give him our pet piece."

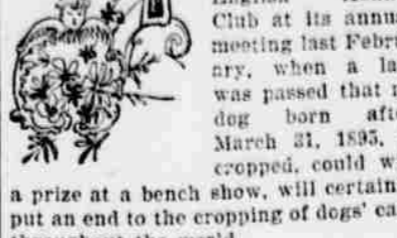
In water in which decaying vegetables have been infused the microscope discovers a new kind of microbe, thousands of them would not exceed in bulk a grain of mustard.

Attorney-General Harmon's midday luncheon usually consists of a slice of pie with a glass of milk.

STOP CROPPED EARS.

ENGLISH KENNEL CLUBS END CRUEL PRACTICE.

Our Dog Breeders Will Follow The Prince of Wales Favoring the Abolition of the Custom—The S. P. C. A. Officers Jubilant.



HE new fashionable dog will be as nature made him. The action of the English Kennel Club at its annual meeting last February, when a law was passed that no dog born after March 31, 1895, if cropped, could win a prize at a bench show, will certainly put an end to the cropping of dogs' ears throughout the world.

A resolution was introduced at the July meeting of the American Kennel Club which denounced cropping as unnecessary and brutal, to be voted upon at the meeting last week, says a New York paper. On account of the small attendance the matter was deferred until the meeting next December, but Secretary Vredenburg says that there is not the slightest doubt that the motion will be passed. The sentiment of the members has long been against the custom of cropping, and an opportunity is now afforded to end the barbarous practice in this country. The Toronto Kennel Club will also undoubtedly endorse the action of the English Kennel Club.

Cropping the ears of certain breeds of dogs is a relic of the days when dog fighting was a recognized sport. It was designed to protect the animals against the pain of having the ear torn away during the encounter. The lobe of the ear is cut out, bringing it to a sharp point, giving little or no chance for a hold to the dog's adversary. This operation deprives the ear of its natural covering, so that no protection is afforded against dust and flea, while the animal's hearing is likely to be impaired.

These objections are, however, second in importance to the exquisite torture inflicted on the unfortunate dog. The operation does not consist, as most people imagine, of a few swift clips of the shears or dexterous strokes of a knife. Dr. Fleming, one of the highest authorities on veterinary surgery, says that the operation is a protracted and horribly painful one, as it generally happens that piece after piece of cartilage has to be clipped away in order to make the remaining portions of the same length.

This is only the initial part of the business, as it is necessary for several days afterwards to pull the ears or what is left of them, to make them stand erect and unwrinkled. The piercing yells of the poor dogs while this is being done attests the terrible agony they undergo.

The chief breeds affected by the new rule are bull terriers, black and tan terriers, Yorkshire terriers, Boston terriers and Great Danes. Secretary Vredenburg says the adoption of the rule will immediately stamp out cropping in the United States. Dogs cropped prior to the passage of the law will not be affected, but those mutilated afterwards will be debarred from all bench shows. This will make the breeders at once stop the practice. The fact of the English Kennel Club forbidding cropping renders it almost compulsory on the part of the American Club to follow its example, because we import all our best dogs from England and have to follow its standard.

The uncropped ears will look very peculiar at first—probably very ugly. Up to now the breeders have not paid any attention to ears, except to have them thick and strong at the base, so as to stand up well. The ear, when allowed to grow, will therefore be very coarse and clumsy at first. Breeders can do almost anything with a strain, and by breeding to dogs with fine, silky ears they will soon make the ears shapely, instead of unsightly. In a very short time we shall like the natural ears far better than the cropped ones.

The Prince of Wales is largely responsible for the abolition of cropping, and the new rule has met with hearty support from owners both in England and here. The President of the American Kennel Club, August Belmont, wrote to Secretary Vredenburg, saying that the change in the rule regarding cropping met with his entire approval, and he heartily advocated its adoption.

If breeders persist in cropping, which is hardly likely, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will proceed against them. In England, since the adoption of the rule, a man and his wife were sentenced to a month's hard labor in Holloway jail for cropping the ears of a puppy. While cropping was necessary to qualify a dog for a bench show, it was practically impossible to obtain a conviction.

The credit for the abolition of cropping is largely due to the S. P. C. A. Club, which has refused for the last three years to recognize cropped dogs in the competition for its valuable special prizes. Some difficulty may be experienced in enforcing the rule against Great Danes, as Germans have been cropping what is known here as the Great Dane and there as the Ulmer dog for over a century. If they wish to exhibit here, however, the rule must be observed, and as a cropped dog will be unusable here and in England, they will probably breed to suit the market and discontinue cropping.

Growth of the Aluminum Industry.

The growth of the aluminum industry, and presumably of its use, is shown by the fact that the total output of the substance has increased from 223 pounds in 1885, worth at the factory \$2,550, to 550,000 pounds in 1894, worth \$316,250. The cost has been reduced from nearly \$10 a pound to less than 60 cents a pound. Hitherto Pittsburgh has had practically a monopoly of the industry, but the establishment of an aluminum plant near Niagara Falls, which will utilize the new electrical power developed there, will materially increase the output.

A Connecticut man is about to begin a lawsuit against a young man of his town for selling him a dog that was led in both ears.

COURTSHIP AND NO NONSENSE.

He Had Been Advised to Get Married and He Straightway Set About It.

A good story is told of an English minister who lived about seventy years ago. We may call him Smith, and he was a bachelor. He resisted many persuasions to marry, which his friends were constantly making, until he had reached a tolerably ripe age, and he himself began to feel the need of, or, at least began to have new ideas of the comfort of being nursed with woman's gentle care. Shortly after entering one of the circuits a maiden lady, also of ripe years, was strongly recommended to him, and his friends again urged that he had better get married, representing that the lady named would not refuse to accept him, notwithstanding his eccentricities.

"Do you think so?" said the dominie, for he had a very perceptible lisp. "Then I'll go and see her."

He was as good as his word. His ring at the door bell was answered by the serving maid. "With Mith P, within?" briskly but calmly asked the lover. "Yes, sir; will you kindly walk in?" "No, I thank you. Be kind enough to thray to Mith P, that I will thray to her a momehth." Miss P. appeared and repeated the invitation to walk in.

"No, thank you, I'll thoon explain my bitheneth. I'm the new Methodist preacher. I'm unmarried. My friends think I'd better marry. They recommend you for a wife. Have you any objection?"

"Why, really, Mr. Sm—"

"There; don't anther now. Will call thith day week for your reply. Good day."

On that day he appeared at the door of Miss P.'s residence. It was promptly opened by the lady herself.

"Walk in, Mr. Smith."

"Cannot, ma'am. I have not time. Start on my circuit in half an hour. Is your anther ready, ma'am?"

"Oh, do walk in, Mr. Smith."

"Can't, yeth, ma'am. Pleath anther me. Yeth or no?"

"Well, Mr. Smith, it is a very serious matter. I should not like to get out of the way of Providence—"

"I perfectly understand you, Mith P. We will be married thith day week. I will call at thith hour. Pleath be ready ma'am."

He called on that day week, at that hour. She was ready. They were married and lived happily together several years.

A CYCLONE LOCOMOTIVE.

Great Things Expected of the Jersey Central's New Flyer.

On the stroke of 6:12 o'clock every evening there pulls out of the Jersey Central station in Jersey City a new and huge locomotive which can run a mile in thirty-six seconds, says the New York Sun. This monster arouses such interest in all who catch a glimpse of it that every evening a crowd of men and women—passengers by the various out-going trains—rather around it and gaze on it with amazement. Even the engineers and firemen from other trains show an unusual interest in it.

The engine is No. 385 and was built by the Baldwin Locomotive company of Philadelphia for the Philadelphia & Reading, under contract to make the run from Camden to Atlantic City, ninety miles, in ninety minutes. It is running temporarily on the Royal Blue line to Philadelphia to get ready for service. It is a compound engine, built on the English model, with a small smokestack, and is the only locomotive of the kind in existence. In its general appearance it impresses one as being much larger than it really is. It is higher than the ordinary locomotive, but by actual measurement it is one inch less in length than engines of the biggest type in use. The driving wheels are the central figure. There are two instead of four, as the rule on other passenger engines. Instead of being at the back of the locomotive they are in the middle and directly under the cab. They are seven feet high.

The engine is equipped with a Wooster fire box and burns very fine buckwheat coal. It is run under 200 pounds steam pressure and uses the steam twice, for high and low pressure, which insures a saving of fuel and water.

This locomotive is expected to revolutionize the Philadelphia & Reading, and its trial trips are being watched with a great deal of interest by railroad men.

GLIMPSES.

The court of the Queen's bench existed in England for a thousand years. It is estimated that 2,500,000 men died in the cars of the past thirty years. Mississippi's convict farm is not only self-supporting, but yields \$50,000 annually.

In each thousand people in the United States, 351 of them are 16 years of age or under.

There are 409,000 railway employes in Great Britain, and there 121,000 miles of road.

Ohio cities that have tried the public employment bureaus pronounce them a success.

The Berlin colored people held a festival recently that brought out many prominent people.

Germany has an income of \$2,000,000,000, and of this amount spends \$118,000,000 for her army and navy.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Patriotism is a blind and irrational impulse unless it is founded on a knowledge of the blessings we are called to secure and the privileges we propose to defend.—Robert Hall.

Grand, swelling sentiments of liberty I am sure I do not despise. They warm the heart, they enlarge and liberalize our minds; they animate our courage in a time of conflict.—Burke.

He who endeavors to know his duty, and practices what he knows, has the equity of God to stand as a mighty wall or rampart between him and damnation for any infractions.—South.

If we look into communities and divisions of men, we observe that the learned, nor the brave, guides the conversation, and gives measure to society.—Addison.

There is the supreme and indissoluble consanguinity and sympathy between men in general; of which the heathen poet, whom the apostle calleth to witness, saith, "We are all his generation."—Lord Bacon.

Must Be Vaccinated.

In Norway and Sweden a marriage license is not issued until both parties produce certificates that they have been properly vaccinated.

FREE. Sixty-four page Medical Reference Book for men and women who are afflicted with any form of private disease peculiar to their sex, cured of years. Send two local stamps to pay postage to the leading specialist, DR. HATHAWAY & CO., 1215 W. Commerce Street, San Antonio, Texas.

A baby buggy is quite a convenience for mamma and the baby, but papa don't like to push it.

How's This! We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

We, the undersigned, have known J. C. Cheney for the last 15 years, and he has been perfectly honorable in all his business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure, taken internally, cures mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

As a rule a good husband is a satisfied husband. So with the wife.

"Hannon's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure all corns. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

A woman fortunate enough to have a good husband should be good to him.

Your Happiness

Depends upon a healthy body and a contented mind.

Your Health

Is seriously in danger unless your blood is rich, red and pure.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. Prominently in the Public Eye.

Hood's Pills

careful literature, illness, nervousness, etc.

Uric Acid is Poison.

The Kidneys are supposed to filter the uric acid out of the blood. When they are sick they

AMONG THE SIOUX.

THE MOST RESTLESS TRIBE OF INDIANS ON EARTH.

Always Crave for Blood—Intrenched in the Bad Lands Where They Hunt to Their Heart's Content—Three Red Warriors.

(Special Correspondence.)

THE Sioux Reservation is the best possible combination of prairie, hills, mountains and timber lands. The latter is composed of cottonwood, ash, elm and box elder. The rivers are mostly narrow streams of great length. Water is scarce and of an alkaline character.

Something like \$45,000,000 has been expended since 1868 on the support and civilization of the Sioux, yet the progress has been very small in proportion to the expenditure. One-fourth of the entire Indian appropriation goes to the Sioux. They are given agricultural implements, wagons, harness and fences. At the various agencies the Indians employ two days in every two weeks going to and from the agencies for rations. They have to be practically driven to do farming, and are forced to attend school.



TWO STRIKES. A Sioux Chief.

The Rosebud agency is one of the most beautiful spots in Dakota. It is so named from acres and acres of rose bushes along the creek. It was at this agency that Red Cloud, Spotted Tail and other great Sioux chiefs have made their most dramatic appeals for aid and against war.

Nothing can ever eradicate the love of blood and war from the nature of the Sioux. They are a warring nation by tradition and instinct. Generally speaking, they are tall, large boned and



RAIN IN THE FACE. A Friendly Chief.

The school children dress like civilized boys and girls, but the older Indians still cling to their moccasins, leggings, eagles' feathers, hedgehog quills and paint. To these old fathers of the tribe may be attributed much of the trouble with the whites, although there is nothing quite so bad as an educated Indian boy who harks back to the ways of his ancestors.

The Sioux are still permitted to hold their dances, with the single exception of the sun dance. This was too barbarous for government endurance, although nobody was hurt by it but the Indians themselves. It was the ceremony in which the young braves "qualified" as full-fledged warriors. It was a sort of Maypole affair, in which the Indians danced around a pole while hanging to ropes. They did not hang with their hands. Two deep gashes were cut in the skin of their breasts, and the rope was passed under the skin and flesh and tied.

Then the young braves danced and cavorted and howled around the stake until the rope wore through the skin and set them free. When this occurred they were supposed to be full fledged warriors. We to the buck who faints or fell from exhaustion. He was thereupon regarded as a squaw man and shunned by the rest of the tribe.

The finding of gold in the Black Hills brought the whites and the Sioux together with a clash. In those days that short-legged, game-footed warrior, Sitting Bull, was in the heyday of his power. His warriors murdered and were murdered right and left. These troubles culminated in the uprising in

which General Custer and his soldiers lost their lives. To Sitting Bull has been attributed the questionable honor of planning that massacre. If reports may be believed it was that fine old barbarian Gall who did the work. Sitting Bull was only a medicine man who had outgrown his mummy and his tom-tom. He was by no means a man of personal magnetism, and it was not long after the Custer massacre before White Ghost, Drifting Goose and other prominent sub chiefs of the tribe withdrew their support and followed Gall, Two Bears, Big Head and other leaders.

This was a crusher to Bull, but he promptly rallied a few of his faithful followers and started a sort of Clan-na-guel society, called the "Secret Eaters." Nobody ever found out the particular diet indulged in. Most of the warriors laughed at it, and finally Sitting Bull, disheartened and grown old, took to fishing, in which occupation he was engaged when he met his death.

Gall is one of the few Sioux chiefs whose love for his people is sincere. He never masqueraded as a patriot to secure his own ends, and in all his intercourse with the whites he has preserved his dignified personality as an Indian.

The medicine man is probably the worst enemy to civilization encountered by the agents among the Sioux. There is no end either to their numbers or their villainy. The following story shows the fatuous disposition of the tribe. Some four years ago the son of Red Fish, a young warrior named Frosted, made up his mind that

there is no tribe in the history of the country that has given the government so much trouble. The power of Oseola and the Seminoles was comparatively easily broken; Tecumseh and the Iroquois were soon subjugated; Red Jacket and Black Hawk and Brant and other celebrated chiefs who at times have pitted themselves against the government were brought to terms in short order, simply because the government had not then adopted the "civilizing" policy.

Time and again the Sioux have turned on their benefactors, returning a holocaust of evil for good. In 1862 they killed more than a thousand settlers, in 1866 they massacred Colonel Fetterman and forty-nine men, and in 1876 they butchered General Custer and five companies. This is only a small part of their unsavory record. At the same time there is some degree of truth in the statement made by Gall, one of the few old-time Indians who have not lost their personality, that the United States had made fifty-two treaties with them, none of which had been kept by the whites. In a majority of cases, however, the first infractions have been made by the Sioux.

And, by the way, Sioux law making is a very queer thing. The young man and woman will sit side by side, each under a blanket, for an hour or so, every day for a month. At last the woman will throw his blanket over the head of the girl, and she will drop her to the ground. This settles it, and they are presumably happy ever after.

CAN BRIDGET HIRE A BEAU?

Spence for a Sailor, While a Corporal Can Be Rented for a Shilling.

The London servant-maid is a natural born philosopher and social economist of whom her nineteenth century and her suffrage-demanding sisters have every reason to be proud. She is the workingwoman who has emancipated herself from some of the ancient sentiments of society with a calmness and wisdom that makes one gasp and laugh, and wonder if this is what we are all coming to in the course of time. Now the London servant-maid is about the hardest worked domestic in Europe, particularly she who ministers to the needs of the boarding-house and hotel inhabitants. Her hours are long, her wages rarely over \$8 a month, and with no gas, furnace heat, dumb-waiters, stationary bath, and few carpet-sweepers in the houses where she serves, her labors are rather on the dray-horse order. When her day's work is over or her free afternoons come around, and her thoughts lightly turn to the joys of a stroll in the park, a "bus ride, or a junket up the river in the natural, wholesome recreation of masculine and feminine, she does not sit at her attic window and sulk in loneliness. She does her hair in a trim and frizzed bang, arrays herself in all the fascinating variety of incongruous color in which the English-woman of every class revels, and, sailing to the nearest barracks, hires a soldier to take her on an airing. Mary Anne has found an occupation for Tommy Atkins in days of peace, and on the payment of a sixpence he is her property for an hour. He must attend her in all the glory of scarlet coat, brass buttons, jaunty muffled cap, cotton gloves, and little varnished cane, giving her his arm as they walk down Piccadilly, and otherwise show her full sixpence worth of courtesies and gallant attentions. They divide the expense of bus fares and ginger ale treats, and from the array of manly wit and beauty offered in the average barracks yard, Mary Anne is keen to select the tallest of England's defenders, the one with the straightest legs, broadest shoulders, and deepest chest. Recognizing his own beauty, the attractive grandeur of his swagger, and the premium put on his coat and profession, Tommy is sometimes apt to overestimate his value. But Mary Anne is a hard-handed business woman, who, in sly defense, has fixed the rates she will offer and give. For the exclusive joy of her soldier's society she will pay eight or ten pence, otherwise Tommy can let out half his smiles and his left arm to another household at the usual six-penny rate, and everybody is satisfied, but no crowding beyond this is allowed, and the use of his arm is an unwritten law in her side of the bargain, the right elbow falling to the first applicant. When Mary Anne's social ambitions are sustained by the plumpness of her pocketbook she is apt to indulge herself in the extravagance of a petty officer's society, for which she must pay the whole shilling an hour and bear the cost of thrills—often enough, in spite of the scold arrangements, romance springs up in the turning of a sixpenny piece, and Tommy generously offers to bestow his beauty, society, and half his pay on Mary Anne, free of charge, if she will have the agreement ratified in some quiet Bohemian or Hammersmith church, where clergyman's fees are not exorbitant.

Some time afterward Frosted had another vision. He expressed his intention of bringing the Standing Rock to life. Standing Rock, after which the agency is named, is about four feet high and a foot in diameter. It is supposed to be a petrified squaw who ran away from her husband.

Agent McGillicuddy, in order to show the foolishness of the thing, humored the young prophet. If he brought the rock to life he was to receive a valuable present. If he failed he should go to jail. The day arrived, and Frosted began operations in the presence of a grand assemblage of spectators. He prayed and howled around the rock



HUGH HAWK.

and rattled his bones and spells and cut up his monkey shins for half an hour or more. The rock did not budge. The spectators began to sneer, and Agent McGillicuddy seized upon Frosted and thrust him into disgrace vile. This proved to be a great blow to Indian superstition. Generally speaking, a Sioux has no idea of the fitness of things. Some time ago a warrior walked into an undertaking shop in a frontier town and purchased a coffin for a child whom he expected to die in the following week.

The child got well and the buck had a coffin on his hands. He is probably saving it for future use.

The drawing of rations by the Sioux is an exciting event for even a cool blooded spectator. It panders to the Indians' love of blood in a way that is unpleasantly suggestive. The steers intended for beavers are kept in a pen near the agency. Each steer is calculated to be enough for thirty Indians, whose names are drawn by lot. These Indians station themselves in a line and their ponies about three hundred yards away.

At a given signal a steer is released. Then like an avalanche the wild sons of the prairie rush down on the animal with yells and whoops and swinging lariats. The steer is killed in a jiffy. Then come the squaws, and a scene of blood and carnage takes place that is enough to sicken the heart of a civilized person. The liver is eaten raw, and sometimes I have seen it hung from the neck of a squaw, who chewed away on it while cutting up the meat. Every part is kept and nothing is wasted. This scene is repeated until the steers are gone.

The Sioux are great gamblers and will stake everything, including their wives and children, on their games of chance. They are played generally with the blue pits of plums carved with symbols or with bones. While the gambling is going on the monotonous thump on the tom-tom is incessant. Sometimes a buck will wager his sweetheart, whose affections he has won, pledging to resign her in case he loses.

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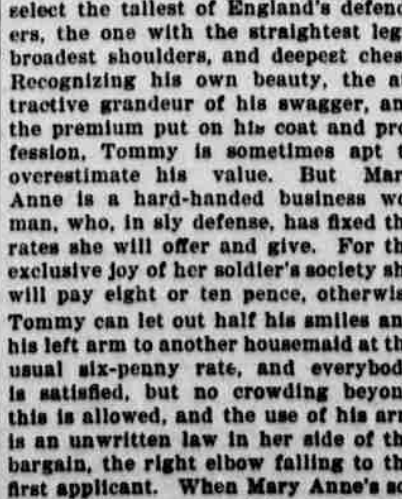
CAN BRIDGET HIRE A BEAU?

Spence for a Sailor, While a Corporal Can Be Rented for a Shilling.

The London servant-maid is a natural born philosopher and social economist of whom her nineteenth century and her suffrage-demanding sisters have every reason to be proud. She is the workingwoman who has emancipated herself from some of the ancient sentiments of society with a calmness and wisdom that makes one gasp and laugh, and wonder if this is what we are all coming to in the course of time. Now the London servant-maid is about the hardest worked domestic in Europe, particularly she who ministers to the needs of the boarding-house and hotel inhabitants. Her hours are long, her wages rarely over \$8 a month, and with no gas, furnace heat, dumb-waiters, stationary bath, and few carpet-sweepers in the houses where she serves, her labors are rather on the dray-horse order. When her day's work is over or her free afternoons come around, and her thoughts lightly turn to the joys of a stroll in the park, a "bus ride, or a junket up the river in the natural, wholesome recreation of masculine and feminine, she does not sit at her attic window and sulk in loneliness. She does her hair in a trim and frizzed bang, arrays herself in all the fascinating variety of incongruous color in which the English-woman of every class revels, and, sailing to the nearest barracks, hires a soldier to take her on an airing. Mary Anne has found an occupation for Tommy Atkins in days of peace, and on the payment of a sixpence he is her property for an hour. He must attend her in all the glory of scarlet coat, brass buttons, jaunty muffled cap, cotton gloves, and little varnished cane, giving her his arm as they walk down Piccadilly, and otherwise show her full sixpence worth of courtesies and gallant attentions. They divide the expense of bus fares and ginger ale treats, and from the array of manly wit and beauty offered in the average barracks yard, Mary Anne is keen to select the tallest of England's defenders, the one with the straightest legs, broadest shoulders, and deepest chest. Recognizing his own beauty, the attractive grandeur of his swagger, and the premium put on his coat and profession, Tommy is sometimes apt to overestimate his value. But Mary Anne is a hard-handed business woman, who, in sly defense, has fixed the rates she will offer and give. For the exclusive joy of her soldier's society she will pay eight or ten pence, otherwise Tommy can let out half his smiles and his left arm to another household at the usual six-penny rate, and everybody is satisfied, but no crowding beyond this is allowed, and the use of his arm is an unwritten law in her side of the bargain, the right elbow falling to the first applicant. When Mary Anne's social ambitions are sustained by the plumpness of her pocketbook she is apt to indulge herself in the extravagance of a petty officer's society, for which she must pay the whole shilling an hour and bear the cost of thrills—often enough, in spite of the scold arrangements, romance springs up in the turning of a sixpenny piece, and Tommy generously offers to bestow his beauty, society, and half his pay on Mary Anne, free of charge, if she will have the agreement ratified in some quiet Bohemian or Hammersmith church, where clergyman's fees are not exorbitant.

Some time afterward Frosted had another vision. He expressed his intention of bringing the Standing Rock to life. Standing Rock, after which the agency is named, is about four feet high and a foot in diameter. It is supposed to be a petrified squaw who ran away from her husband.

Agent McGillicuddy, in order to show the foolishness of the thing, humored the young prophet. If he brought the rock to life he was to receive a valuable present. If he failed he should go to jail. The day arrived, and Frosted began operations in the presence of a grand assemblage of spectators. He prayed and howled around the rock



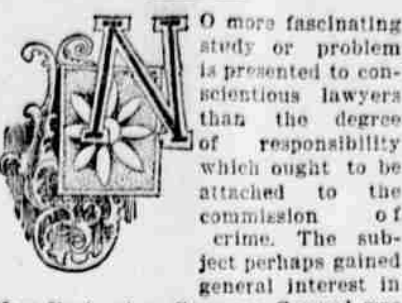
LYDIA SHERMAN.

mere vagary, but that she was a poisoner of her entire family. The late Dr. George M. Beard, who died too young to give to the world the fine fruit of a brilliant intellect, made a close study of this Sherman case, declaring that it was perhaps the most extraordinary manifestation of irresponsible homicidal mania the books recorded. He talked often with Mrs. Sherman while she was in life imprisonment, and found that reasonable intellectual processes with her stopped when child-murder and poisoning was the subject of discussion. She knew she had poisoned her family, and, in fact, made detailed confession of each crime. But she had no moral sense while telling that story, describing it as a housewife would her method of ridding herself of some of the annoying cares of her vocation. Beard himself, when he approached the shadow line in his last illness, said that he had

DISEASE OR CRIME?

SOME CELEBRATED CASES UNDER THE LIGHT.

Science Coming to the Aid of Ignorance—By Intelligent Treatment That Which We Call Crime May Be Obviated from the Race.

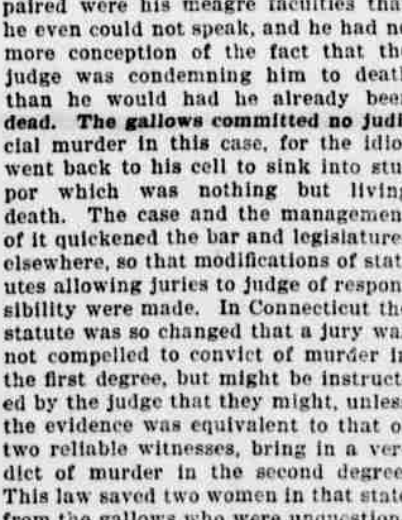


NO more fascinating study or problem is presented to conscientious lawyers than the degree of responsibility which ought to be attached to the commission of crime. The subject perhaps gained general interest in New York when Governor Seward was assigned to the defence of a negro who was charged with murder. The case is a celebrated one, mainly because of Governor Seward's defence of that man. No question was raised about the act itself, for the negro was almost caught red handed. The sole question was that of his responsibility. Governor Seward was convinced as soon as he went in the case that this man had no greater responsibility than the axe which he swung when he committed murder—not a bit more than a ferocious beast, had such an animal leaped at the throat of the man whose death the negro was



DR. GEO. M. BEARD.

accused of causing. The governor's line of defence, and his speech, perhaps the highest flight to which his intellect ever carried him, occasioned comment wherever the system of English jurisprudence prevails. Nevertheless, it was sufficient for the jury to know that the negro had committed the felony of which he was charged, and they found this idiot guilty of murder in the first degree. When the condemned man was called upon to receive sentence, perhaps the most distressing sight ever witnessed in a court-room shocked every observer there. He stood like one void of every quality that distinguishes the man from a mere worm, excepting mere physical shape. So impaired were his meagre faculties that he even could not speak, and he had no more conception of the fact that the judge was condemning him to death than he would had he already been hanged. The gallows committed no judicial murder in this case, for the idiot went back to his cell to sink into stupor which was nothing but living death. The case and the management of it quickened the bar and legislatures elsewhere, so that modifications of statutes allowing juries to judge of responsibility were made. In Connecticut the statute was so changed that a jury was not compelled to convict of murder in the first degree, but might be instructed by the judge that they might, unless the evidence was equivalent to that of two reliable witnesses, bring in a verdict of murder in the second degree. This law saved two women in that state from the gallows who were unquestionably victims of the homicidal mania. One was Lydia Sherman, the most notorious of American poisoners. To chat with Mrs. Sherman was to be impressed with her quick intellect, her considerable knowledge, and her intelligent reasoning, unless by some mischance the conversation turned upon murder, and especially infanticide. Then the woman revealed the taint that was within her brain. But instead of caring for her, those who were near her looked upon it as a mere vagary, until after four children had died and two husbands, and science had put its microscope and acids upon their exhumed remains to discover arsenic. Then it was known that her taint was not a



MISS LIVINGSTON.

who have known something of the career of the accused matricide, Miss Livingston of Philadelphia, suggest that she may possibly be the victim of one form of mental derangement which is so well understood that it has a specific name. When they cut down a murderer in Newark some years ago—one who had almost of a sudden changed from a man of upright character to such a fiend that he was able to commit murder—they found, after the autopsy, a tumor within his skull so large that it was amazing that it had not caused him to be a raving maniac or an imbecile.

Dr. Winslow, in one of his papers, seems to go so far as to suggest that almost all of the cases of suicide are due to a mania which in its time is very prevalent, and which in every case is caused more or less by mental disorder. His intimation is clear that there is moral irresponsibility, which is something more than a low moral nature, in almost every one of these cases.

Attempts to Abduct a Child.

A bold attempt was made to abduct Myrtle Corlin from her home at Wichita, the other night. Myrtle is an attractive 14-year-old girl. She was sleeping in the room next to that occupied by her mother. The would-be abductor entered the room by cutting out the wire window screen and poured chloroform over the pillows. The girl was only partially stupefied by the fumes and screamed when her assailant attempted to drag her from the bed. The scream woke her mother, who hurried into the room. The miscreant jumped from the window, got into a buggy and drove rapidly away. There is no clew to his identity.

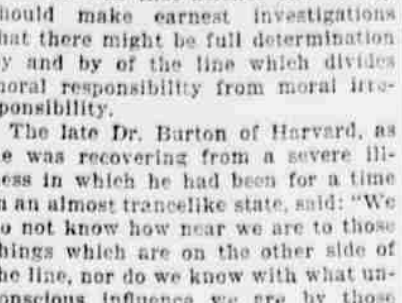
A Chicago Cattery.

There is a "cattery" in Chicago. A "cattery" is a place where cats are raised for sale. Mrs. Nellie Westley is the proprietor of this one, and she expects to make a fortune off her rare breeds of kittens, particularly Angoras. The greatest expense is in stocking the cattery; after that an attic, two meals a day of cooked liver for the cats, three for the kittens and as much milk as they can drink is the only monetary outlay necessary. An Angora cat is not more difficult to raise than an American house cat. Mrs. Westley hasn't lost one of her own raising.

SCIENCE UP TO DATE.

CURRENT NOTES OF PROGRESS FROM MANY FIELDS.

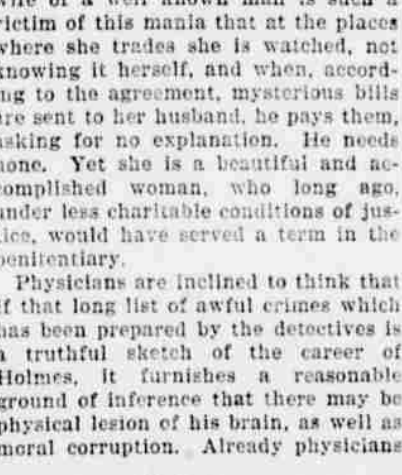
A Machine to Facilitate the Work of Packing Tobacco—A Bicycle Without Pedals for the Feet—An Electric Lighter.



A MACHINE OF simple construction to facilitate the packing of cigarettes, and readily adjustable for packing different numbers, is shown in the accompanying illustration. A suitable base is recessed to form a box to which is hinged a lid, shown raised in the engraving; at the front side of the box is a sliding tray for a plunger, the rear side of the tray being formed by an adjustable cross bar, the plunger and the cross bar being recessed on their upper faces to permit the movement over them of a lever pivoted to the rear of the box. At the right of the plunger is a cigarette receptacle, whose rear wall is formed by a block drawn rearward by a spring and pressed forward by a wedge operated by the movement of the lever, the wedge sliding between front cross bar and another adjustable cross bar. The rear cross bar has rearwardly extending arms connected by a cross bar moving in extensions from the casing, and the latter cross bar is adjusted to the desired position by means of screws and wing nuts. The cross bar next the plunger has a series of apertures registering with apertures in the bottom of the casing at different distances from its front, screws being placed in different apertures as the bar is moved backward, while numerals adjacent to the apertures indicate how many cigarettes the receptacle will take when the fastening screws are inserted in the different apertures. Plungers of different widths are used for each position of the bar. The cigarette receptacle has outer projections over which a paper bag may be placed and has a separate lid opened by a spring, the catch of the lid being released as the lid opening automatically, after the lever has been moved its full stroke to actuate the plunger and push the cigarettes out of the receptacle into the bag or wrapper inclosing the package. The cigarettes are inserted by hand before the lid is closed and the bag or wrapper placed in position.

An Electric Lighter.

The accompanying illustration shows an electric cigar lighter that has just been put on the market. The device consists of a dry battery, a spark coil, a torch and spring contact points between which the torch slides. The circuit is broken in four places, so that there is little or no danger of the batteries being short-circuited and run down when the lighter is not in use. The torch contains an asbestos-packed wick which will last indefinitely. The torch handle is hollow and about once a week the top is unscrewed and a teaspoonful of gasoline or spirits is poured in to moisten the wick. This is the only attention the lighter requires, as the batteries are expected to last at least a year with ordinary use. The light is obtained by simply pulling the torch from its sheath, which breaks the circuit and causes a spark that lights the wick. The light is extinguished by pushing the torch in its sheath. The cut shows a lighter made in the form of an upright piano. The case is of highly polished wood and the metal trimmings are nickel-plated. This makes a very attractive lighter for a cigar store. The dimensions of the case are nine and a half inches high, ten inches long and six inches wide. Another form of the lighter is made for attachment to a wall in clubs, hotels



and private dwellings, where one or more lighters are needed in every room. This lighter does away with burnt matches being thrown on the carpet or floor and also keeps the woodwork, tables, chairs, etc., from being scratched. It is located in a convenient place in each room, and the batteries are placed in the cellar or some out-of-the-way corner; all the lighters being connected on the one circuit, using the one set of batteries and silver-plated. This is made of metal and is silver-plated.

Horseshoeing Competitions.

At the Royal (England) and Highland (Scotland) shows were conducted horseshoeing competitions, with cart and roadster horses. The total points given were 49, divided as follows: 8 for striking off the old shoes, and trimming the foot; 8 for making the shoes, and their adaptability to the size of the horse; 4 for fitting the shoes; 8 for setting on the hind shoes; 8 for general finish and adaptability of the shoes to the work of the horse. The gradation of points made by the competitors were as follows: In the draught horse section, 40, 35, 35, 34, 33, 30; in the roadster section the points made were 49, 38, 36, 34, 32, 31. Time was not taken into account so much as excellence of workmanship and style. Great credit is due the institutor of these competitions, as they are undoubtedly a step in the right direction; and the practical lines on which they are judged cannot but be of great use in fostering correct ideas regarding the best methods of shoeing horses. We commend this idea to the consideration of Canadian fair managers.—E.

Editorial Honors.

He was the justice of the peace, The marshal and the mayor, The sheriff, tax collector—The county overseer.

The Grocery Man—Postmaster.

The station agent, too—And out of all he made enough To pull the paper through!

An Assurance.

"You're not going to publish every thing I say, are you?" said Senate Sargham, anxiously. "No," replied the reporter; "I wouldn't think of it. If I were to be so much of that grammarians' English you're the paper I'd lose my position by the sunset tomorrow."

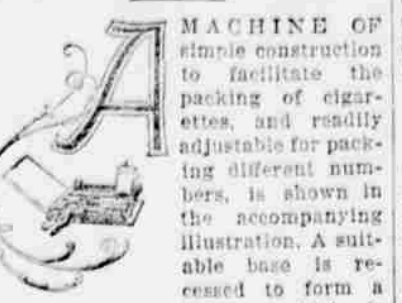
Diving From a Height.

In diving from a height, say of six feet, throw the heels well up, keep the legs straight and close together, and bring the hands forward and in front of and above the head. The position

SCIENCE UP TO DATE.

CURRENT NOTES OF PROGRESS FROM MANY FIELDS.

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Harmless Cosmetics.

It has been discovered that ladies who wish to heighten their complexions need no longer use paints and unguents that are injurious to the skin. Blackberry or strawberry juice rubbed slightly on the cheeks and then washed off with milk gives a beautiful tint. "The garden beet is also an excellent cosmetic. The beet is cut and the juice is applied gently with a camel-hair brush." Country ladies will thus have an advantage over those of town. There will be no necessity to apply to any Mme. Rachel, but they will do their painting on the premises. Such aids to beauty can hardly be called artificial. It is possible, however, they may become dangerous in the bee season. The enamored swain will think it only natural that that parasite insect should be attracted by such flower-like beauty, but the lady will know better.

Bicycling Without Legs.

Here is the greatest of all bicycle freaks. It is a wheel whose rider has no legs and only one arm. The rider is Arthur Roadhouse, a boy resident of De Kalb, Ill. He is 13 years old, bright and as active as his physical imperfections, which came from birth, will allow. Like most cripples, his mind is precocious. The bicycling race left him in body more hopeless and helpless than ever. A neighboring bicycle manufacturer agreed to make a wheel which the boy could ride, and he did so. His one hand guides the handle bar and bars of steel lead up from the pedals to the short stumps which he has known as legs. Strange to say, he experienced very little trouble in balancing the machine. He began riding about four weeks ago, and after three or four hours' instruction and practice he made a half mile on a track in less than three minutes. He can now do a mile in less than five minutes, and expects to reduce this time to four minutes. He has already made a half mile in 2m. 10s. He has learned to dismount, and can handle his wheel readily and without assistance. He has to be assisted, though, when he mounts, but expects soon to be able to do so alone. De Kalb seems to have more than her share of bicycle riding cripples. A year ago one of the young women of the town had a leg taken off by the cars. She now rides a bicycle very creditably, it is said.

Popular Science.

The sting of a bee, when compared with the point of a fine needle, under a powerful microscope, is hardly discernible. The point of the needle appears to be about an inch in diameter.

In an artificial wave so-called electric waves have been produced, having a length of about an inch, which would give per second as many as there are inches in 186,000 miles (11,784,960,000).

There is no lower limit to wave lengths in the ether. An electro-magnetic wave produced once a second is 186,000 miles long; a wave to affect the eye is one-fifty-thousandth of an inch long, and soap bubble phenomena show waves much shorter.

The temperature of the bottom of the Atlantic ocean, as determined by the resistance of the Atlantic cables, is said to be 33 degrees F., which is a mean for the whole year. That at the bottom of the Mediterranean, measured in the same way, is said to be 57 degrees F.

A sound vibration is the to-and-fro motions of the air molecules. If the sound be in the air, the motions being in the line of the movement of the air wave; that is, longitudinal vibrations. The air particles act upon the tympanic membrane and cause it to move to and fro at the same rate.

There seem to be two possible ways of totally eradicating disease. One is to destroy all the bacilli; the other is to so strengthen the system as to enable it successfully to resist their attacks. Neither of these plans can probably be carried out fully; our safety lies in a judicious combination of them.

He Had (something to Be Thankful For "Yes")

The shade of Napoleon was in a reminiscent mood. "Fate dealt me some pretty hard blows towards the last, but"—His right hand sought the old familiar position in his inside pocket, and he posed in true magazine style. "I am thankful I never ran across Stengali in Paris."

Although the Air was balmy he shuddered as he wandered thoughtfully along the Jasper streets.

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The Haskell Free Press.

H. H. HOLMES' TRIAL.

J. R. POOLE, Ed. and Prop.

FOR THE MURDER OF BENJAMIN F. PEITZEL.

HASKELL, TEXAS.

ALL OVER THE STATE.

Interesting Cuttings on Various Subjects Taken from the Daily Press.

A pet rooster in a candy factory at Bremen is regarded as a mascot...

The sheriff's force in Tarrant county is badly crippled, Duff Purvis has a broken ankle...

At Dallas recently negro boy working at a boarding-house on Main St. found a dead man in the back yard...

Mr. George A. O'Brien, United States gauger at Waco, says there is some decline in the amount of liquor rectified at Waco this year...

Work of rehabilitating the Glennwood and Polytechnic and the Fort Worth and Arlington Heights street car lines is being rapidly pushed...

Original suit for mandamus to compel Land Commissioner Baker to lease two sections of school lands at 2 cents per acre has been filed in the supreme court at Austin...

At Beaufort, Jefferson county, the other evening Charles Hiders was struck on the neck with a stick with such force that he was unconscious...

At Van Alstyne, Grayson county, recently one of the finest livery horses belonging to W. S. Mahan dropped dead in his stall...

The deal for the Beaufort Pasture company's land, consisting of 50,000 acres in Jefferson county, has been closed, and title to the property is now vested in Edward M. Bates...

At Garland, Dallas county, recently in an altercation between Bill Malone and Jim Williams, Williams struck Malone over the eye with a brick...

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 28.—H. H. Holmes, or Herman Mudgett, whose name or alias has rung throughout the length and breadth of the continent as the most unscrupulous and skillful murderer of modern times...

The commonwealth has already expended thousands of dollars in its efforts to bring the prisoner to summary justice and there is an indication that should a conviction for murder in the first degree be obtained he will be "railroaded" to the gallows...

WASHINGTON, Oct. 28.—Bowell, premier of Canada, and Sir Charles Tupper, minister of justice, arrived here yesterday and are guests of Sir Julian Pauncefote at the British embassy...

Label Information. TAMPA, Fla., Oct. 28.—Label information was recently filed at Tallahassee against arms, ammunition and provisions seized at Cedar Keys August 28, praying for their forfeiture to the government on account of their intended use in an expedition against Spain...

INSURING COMPANIES. CINCINNATI, Oct. 21.—Special.—Reports that a leading life insurance company is accepting risks of the amount of \$300,000 on lives of consumptives taking the Amick Chemical treatment for lung disease...

ESSENTIAL TRAMPIA. LONDON, Oct. 28.—A special from Constantinople says: "A threatening letter was found in the palace addressed to the sultan recently. An inquiry was made into the matter and the result was that the letter was written by a party to the conspiracy. Holmes having first introduced Peitel to the company, Holmes was arrested in London on November 17 and Mrs. Peitel is in custody as the principal witness against him...

REGULATION OF INSURANCE. LIMA, Peru, via Galveston, Oct. 28.—The senate has approved the new law for the regulation of the insurance, whereby twenty-eight agencies of foreign insurance companies are obliged to retire from business. President Porcira, who has been confined to his bed with an attack of influenza, is improving.

GALE ON LAKE MICHIGAN. CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 28.—Lake Michigan was swept by a terrific gale yesterday. During the afternoon from 1 to 5 o'clock the wind blew off the west shore at the rate of 44 miles an hour. Small craft had a bad time in the sea that suddenly rolled up. The gale was stronger along the east shore, where all kinds of shipping were blown up. Steam signals will be floated until 1:30 o'clock today. Snow was scheduled for Chicago, but the weather men changed their minds and the weather was clear.

MARTIN'S CRIME. CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 28.—The crimes for which an attempt was made to lynch Lee Martin at Tiffin, O., early yesterday morning was committed last Wednesday. Martin was a farmer living a short distance from Tiffin. A warrant had been issued for his arrest on the charge of having threatened to kill Sara Smith, a neighbor. City Marshal August Scholtz and Policeman Sweeney of Tiffin went to his house to arrest him late Wednesday afternoon. When the officers reached Martin's house Mrs. Martin came to the door. Martin was sitting in a corner with a rifle in his hands, saying that he would never be taken alive. The officers sat down and tried to reason, but to no purpose. When Martin's attention was attracted for an instant by a noise outside, the marshal sprang upon him and grasped the rifle. Martin, growing desperate, fired once and killed the marshal. Shots taking effect in the marshal's body, Martin tried to break away and succeeded in getting out of the house, but Abraham Shesler, Ezra Smith's father-in-law, grasped him and picking up a stone struck Martin, holding him until officers secured him with handcuffs. In the meantime the wounded marshal managed to crawl from where he had fallen to his wagon, wherein he was placed, and died about twenty minutes thereafter on the way to town.

Three small children of Granville Lancaster, a farmer living near Livingston, Ala., were roasted to death. They were locked in the house by their mother while she called on a neighbor and the house burned down.

A FIGHT TO A FINISH.

DESPERATE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN RAILROAD MEN.

Sidney B. Lane and Charles H. Neville settle all their differences with pistols, Lane dying instantly and Neville in a few hours.

HOUSTON, Tex., Oct. 25.—Yesterday morning at 10 o'clock a deadly combat took place near the entrance to the office of Superintendent W. B. Mulvey of the Southern Pacific Railroad. In the fifth ward, between Sidney B. Lane, a brakeman, and Charles H. Neville, a freight conductor, both in the employ of that road. The fighting was done in a narrow passage on the second floor of the building in which the superintendent's office is located. Lane was leaning against a window at the top of the stairs leading to the second floor when Neville came upstairs and on the scene. The office of the train dispatcher is on the same floor and the narrow passage way led to both these offices and hence was used a great deal by a certain class of railroad men. The desperate fight was with 44-caliber pistols, and was opened on the men meeting in the narrow passage. The only man who was present and saw the shooting from the start was L. J. Link, a stranger to both parties. He was sitting in a window with Lane, at the head of the stairs, when Neville came up the steps to the landing. His testimony was taken by Justice Mahoney, but in referring to the men he had to be prompted as to names. On being sworn Link said: "I was sitting in the window when the man that is alive (Neville) came upstairs. I don't know either—never saw them before. Neville said to Lane: 'I understand you are looking for me?' Lane said, 'yes.' Neville jerked out his pistol and fired three shots. Lane pulled his and fired three shots, while Neville fired two. Lane drew his pistol quickly, but the other man had started the shooting. As quickly as possible I jumped into the door of Superintendent Mulvey's office, near at hand. The men were clinched and fighting. It turned out that there were five shots fired, two from Neville's pistol and three from Lane's. When the men ceased firing, they clinched and fought desperately, each beating the other with his pistol. When the noise of the struggle stopped and parties in the office came out they found Lane lying dead on the floor and Neville desperately wounded and helpless a few feet from him."

When the men were examined it was found that Lane had been shot in the right side of the neck, the ball going straight in, also in the left side, just below the nipple, the ball presumably going toward the right into the heart. He had several deep gashes cut in his head by licks from Neville's pistol. His face, hand and collar were powder burned. Neville was shot twice, both times in the stomach. Dr. McKelroy and Mrs. Neville, wife of the wounded man, were sent for and came immediately. Dr. D. E. Stuart was called, and after a hasty consultation with Dr. McKelroy it was at first decided to remove Neville to the infirmary and there perform an operation with the hope of checking the internal hemorrhage. The patrol wagon was ordered for this purpose, but before it arrived the patient became sinking so rapidly that they concluded he could not stand the removal, and he was left to die without further disturbance, the doctors concurring in the opinion that his death was but a question of a short time.

Shortly after the news of the shooting reached the city Justice Mahoney, acting as coroner, hurried over there in time to speak to Neville before he lost consciousness. The latter said he had no statement to make. Neville also recognized his wife after she reached his side and the scene was most distressing. Immediately upon her arrival he said he realized that he would die, but had no statement to make as to the cause of the trouble. Coroner Mahoney took possession of the two pistols used by the combatants. Shortly after the shooting was done the new circulated rapidly and people began to crowd into the building. Most of the talk was as to the cause of the troubles which had its origin some time back and grew out of the fact that Lane was a brakeman on a freight train under Conductor Neville. Their relations had been strained.

The apparent sinking of Neville shortly after the shooting created the greatest apprehension of his immediate death, and hence the doctors would not attempt to remove him to the hospital. He continued alive, however, until late in the afternoon and they had him removed to the Houston infirmary. He was accompanied by his wife from the time he was shot to his death. Yesterday evening Justice Mahoney stated that he had a few words from Neville just before he became unconscious. In reply to a question, Neville said: "If I had not thought it was all settled I would not have come up here."

"Do you know your condition?" asked the justice. "Yes, I know I have not long to live."

"Do you want to make any statement?" "No."

"Do you know who is talking to you?" "Yes."

Last night at 10 o'clock Neville died. His wife and brother, Dick Neville, were with him at the time.

LOMAINE, O., Oct. 25.—Dr. George M. Harrison, a prominent physician, committed suicide yesterday by cutting his throat with a surgeon's knife. He stood over a sink when he cut his throat and deliberately let the blood run into the sink. Illness was the cause of the suicide.

It is semi-officially stated that Great Britain has not made any communication to Israel recently on the subject of the island of Trinidad. No decision on this subject it is added, has yet been reached.

Count Jayoni, who was formerly Japanese minister in Corea, has started again for Corea as the special ambassador.

A Woman Shot.

DALLAS, Tex., Oct. 25.—Last night about 8 o'clock a woman, E. M. Smith, whose husband is running a show at the fair grounds, was shot in all probability fatally in the basement of the boarding house of Mrs. Spencer, on the corner of Wood and Ervay streets. A reporter and a surgeon arrived at the bedside of the wounded woman simultaneously. On being informed that a surgeon was present Mrs. Smith, who was suffering from intense pain, exclaimed: "Morphine, give me morphine. Oh, sir, give me morphine. I am suffering awfully. Why don't you give me something?"

An examination of her condition showed that she was suffering from three bullet wounds, one having been shot in the right shoulder and twice through the abdomen. She also was suffering from severe bruises on the head and face, seemingly inflicted by the stock of a pistol. Before the surgeon administered morphine, she was asked who had shot her and what was the cause of the trouble, and she replied: "Ada Henderson shot me. I do not know why she shot me—a tangle with my husband. I wish you would not put a whole lot of stuff in the paper about this. Give me some morphine." Further the wounded woman declined to speak. Nothing of the trouble that led to the shooting could be learned in the neighborhood and there was no eye witness to it who could be found.

Mr. O. Faget said: "I had just returned to my office when I heard a shot and ran out on the street. A colored man told me he had heard a struggle and glass breaking, after which a woman ran across the street."

John Dunn, a boy 11 years old, said: "I heard glass break, heard some shots fired, and afterward saw a woman running up the street. The police arrested a woman for the shooting and locked her up. A reporter called at the jail, and through the courtesy of the officials was permitted to see the prisoner, who was sitting in the office of the bastle all hatted and cloaked."

"Would you like to make a statement?" inquired the reporter. "I have nothing to say," sharply replied the prisoner, and her eyes snapped.

"Is your name Mrs. Ada Henderson?" "No, that is not my name."

"What is your name?" "I have nothing to say. I have been arrested on a false charge and know nothing about the matter."

"Have you been told what you were arrested for?" "Yes, I have been told two or three different things. But I have nothing to say."

"Do you live in Dallas?" "I am here, am I not? And I am alive ain't I?"

"Do you reside in Dallas? Is this your home?" "I have nothing to say and that's all there is to it. I do not care to talk."

CORNER STONE TO BE LAID. DALLAS, Tex., Oct. 25.—The cornerstone of the Texas Woman's building, on the state fair grounds will be laid Saturday morning, November 2, at 11 o'clock, with impressive ceremonies.

The building is to be finished next year and is to be the memorial of the women of the present day, to the heroism and endurance of the pioneer women of the republic and early state, whose names will be entablatured within. The designs were drawn by a woman architect, and provides for an auditorium seating 500, a reception suite, committee rooms, lunch room, lavatories, etc. The building will cost \$100,000 and the funds are to be raised by stock subscriptions, and is to be owned and controlled by its women stockholders. Mrs. J. T. Trezvant, wife of the president of the Fair association, will lay the stone and Rev. Homer T. Wilson, of Fort Worth, will deliver the oration. The exercises will be further participated in by Mrs. S. Isadore Minor of Dallas, state chairman of the building association; Dr. Ellen Lawson Dabbs of Fort Worth, president of the Texas woman's council; Rev. Mary C. Billings of Elco, chaplain; Rev. C. L. Scofield of Dallas, under the leadership of Mrs. J. D. Roberts, and by a sponsors committee composed of the leading spirits of all women's organizations and clubs, and pastors representing all denominations.

The Fair association will give 15 per cent of the gate receipts to the building fund that day, and have also arranged for a magnificent chrysanthemum display. It will be "Woman's Day" at the fair, and all railroads will run excursions.

ONE KILLED AND FIFTEEN INJURED. HYDE PARK, Mass., Oct. 25.—The New London express on the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad, due in Boston at 5:40 p. m., ran into the rear end of another passenger train, due from Boston near here about 5:15 o'clock yesterday afternoon. One person was killed and fifteen were injured. The regular Mansfield accommodation train, due in Boston at 5:47, was just leaving the Hyde Park station ten minutes late when the New London express crashed into its rear, the engine plowing through the end car for a distance of five or six feet, causing this car to telescope the one ahead. Between these two cars brakeman Austin was killed. A wrecking train with General Superintendent Allen on board was at the scene working in half an hour and medical aid was promptly given to the injured, who were sent to Boston by special train.

At Atia, Ia., fourteen business blocks have been destroyed by fire. Loss \$70,000.

A curious case of the tramp was seen the other day. He was a veritable one with a three weeks' growth of stubble, biding into a restaurant he asked for aims.

"What would you do with a dime if I gave you one?" asked a guest. "I'd spend it on a shave," he said.

He got the dime, nobody, however, believing him. One of the spectators followed him to a shop in the neighborhood and to a man did spend the money on a shave, and on being spoken to about it said he thought he might not strike a job, he looked so respectable.

THE LAW SATISFIED.

D. L. SPEARMAN AND ALAMO MCKEE HANGED.

Two Colored Men Executed for Murder. One in Harrison and the Other in Cass County—They Were Both Strangled to Death!

MARSHALL, Tex., Oct. 26.—D. L. Spearman, colored, was hanged here yesterday afternoon for the murder of Horace Stevens, colored, on June 18, 1894. The evidence was circumstantial, but very strong. Spearman spent a very restless night, scarcely sleeping. In Spearman's cell there is a mattress with some covering, a tin cup, water bucket and a box, some papers, magazines, Bible and hymn book. Spearman had no handcuffs on when the reporter entered the corridor. Spearman was reading the Bible. To all questions put to him his only reply was he had nothing to say. A small placard was on the wall, which read: "What think ye of Christ? Christ is all." This was given him by a gentleman who held a meeting in the jail some weeks ago. The reporter called at the jail yesterday morning, but was informed that the doomed man had left orders that no one, not even ministers of the gospel nor newspaper reporters, be admitted. He, however, requested that Rev. F. H. Wilkins, colored Baptist, be at the gallows. A writ of error was sent to Tyler and no reply being received, the condemned man sent the following telegram: To W. L. Davidson, court of appeals, Tyler, Tex.: Please answer my petition. Am to hang to-morrow. D. L. SPEARMAN.

This morning this reply was received: TYLER, Tex., Oct. 24.—D. L. Spearman, Marshall, Tex.: Petition refused by court to-day. It only reached here to-day. W. L. DAVIDSON.

Between 7000 and 8000 persons witnessed the execution. The gallows was situated about three miles northwest of the city, where space of about 100 yards had been cleared in an old field. Several persons were present from other counties. Promptly at 12:15 p. m. Sheriff Bell, together with several deputies, took the doomed man from the jail to the gallows. The death warrant was read to him by Deputy S. Curtis. Religious services were conducted by Rev. F. H. Wilkins, colored. Spearman led in a touching prayer and song. He asked for some friends at the close of the services, to whom he spoke.

His hands and feet were then tied, the rope placed around his neck and the black cap adjusted. It was exactly half a minute after 2:30 when the sheriff cut the fastening of the trap that sent D. L. Spearman into eternity, and it was twenty-three minutes before the physician, Drs. Hargrove, Taylor, Roshberry and Harville, pronounced him dead. The drop was clear seven feet, but it did not break his neck. The rope in stretching broke the force of the jerk. His feet touched the ground and the officers had to dig a hole in the ground so as to leave him swinging clear.

He neither affirmed nor denied his guilt. All he said was: "Good-bye; Good-bye!" He seemed to be praying until the drop fell. This is the first execution in Harrison county since that of Anthony Walker in 1855.

The crime for which D. L. Spearman was executed was very revolting. On June 26, 1894, some boys went to a creek about three miles northeast of Marshall to go in swimming. Upon reaching the pool they discovered the body of a dead man. They at once notified the officers at Marshall, and Deputy A. S. Curtis, accompanied by Coroner S. F. Perry and others, repaired to the scene. The body at first appeared to be that of a white man, but when it was taken out of the water it was found to be that of a negro. The body was weighed down with rocks which had been tied to the body with rope, one around the feet and the other around the neck. The head and one arm were showing in the water, but as the water was clear it could be seen that the body was entirely divested of its outer clothing. After the body was taken out of the water it was identified by a negro as the body of Horace Stevens. An inquest was held by Coroner Perry, who found that Horace Stevens, the deceased, had met a violent death at the hands of a party or parties unknown. Search was at once instituted for a trace of the criminal or criminals and the tracks of a buggy were found near the banks of a stream; one of the wheels by the track it made seemed to have a bolt projecting from the center of the tire about half an inch. Marks were found on trees near that seemed to have been made by a projecting out on one of the hubs of the wheels. The tracks were then traced. Afterward a buggy was found on Spearman's place, that made the same kind of tracks as the one had made near the pool where the crime was committed. Spearman and Mattie Stevens, wife of deceased, were arrested by Deputy Curtis as suspicious persons toward them as the perpetrators of the crime. A preliminary hearing was granted them before Justice S. F. Perry, and they were released on bond in the sum of \$100 each. Other evidence being collected some time afterward they were again arrested, together with a negro named John Fagan. They were given a hearing before the county judge, and Spearman was remanded to jail without bail, while Mattie Stevens and John Fagan were released on bond in the sum of \$100 each.

Circumstantial evidence piled up so fast that when he was confronted with the facts, he said: "Come on, and let's go to jail."

Spearman was convicted of the murder of Horace Stevens in Harrison county at the August term of the district court, 1894. The case was appealed to the criminal court of appeals at Tyler and the judgment of the lower court was affirmed. A motion was then filed for a rehearing, which was refused, and on Friday, Sept. 13, 1895, he was sentenced by the Hon. W. J. Graham, judge of the district court, to be hanged on the 25th of October, 1895. Spearman then wrote Gov. Culberson, asking for a commutation of sentence, which was refused.

ATLANTA, Tex., Oct. 26.—At Linden, the county seat of Cass county, yesterday, Alamo McKee, colored, died on the gallows to explain the murder of the Turkish peddler, Sheriff Lanier with the prisoner, confined the scaffold at ten minutes before 2 and an hour was spent in services, including singing, prayer, and a statement given below. The fatal trap. Winner stepped on the scaffold at five minutes past 2 and was sprung at 2:55. The prisoner died of strangulation in eleven minutes. The body was cut down at 3:15. The following statement was given out and read by Mr. Storal at the request of the prisoner: "—and came to my house after the peddler passed and wanted me to get my gun and all my shells and begged me to go with them. — shot him and — carried him off. I stood on the side of the road and watched. I changed for them and I kept five days. They did not give me any money to keep. I kept the goods. After I gave them the money — went to Jefferson and — went to Belden. By the time — got back I was arrested."

A great crowd, consisting of both sexes, mostly from the country, gathered at the place selected for the execution, half mile east of town. The gallows was erected in a sugarcrowd on three sides by rising ground. The prisoner walked firmly and bravely at any time. At his request, one hundred of his colored friends shook hands, several prayers were offered and hymns sung, which he took part. The prisoner said he had been forgiven and asked all to forgive him above, exhorted all to live right and avoid bad company. The parties implicated were tried and released. Little credence is given to their participation.

On the 5th day of May, 1895, Stefan Radial, a Cyprian by birth and a peddler of cheap jewelry by profession, stopped for the night at the Hines hotel at Linden, the county seat of the county. He left the next morning early, not waiting for his breakfast, taking the road for Atlanta. He was soon on the road leading to Atlanta at different points till about three miles from Linden. After passing the McMichael place nothing more was heard of him till about ten days afterward, when his body was found about fifty yards from the Linden and Atlanta road and about five miles from Linden. Before Radial was missed or any suspicion aroused as to his safety, H. Lanier, sheriff of Cass county, arrested and jailed Alamo McKee as suspicion that he had murdered and robbed some one. He aroused the sheriff's suspicion on account of the large amount of jewelry and money he was carrying, and he was arrested at Linden, when it was known by everyone that he was an idle vagabond of a negro who never worked or earned a dollar, whose only avocation seemed to be to tramp around the neighborhood with his dogs and gun. Sheriff Lanier and others from the day of Alamo McKee's arrest kept up a diligent search of the woods and dense thickets adjacent to Linden for the supposed victim of McKee.

About eight or ten days after the disappearance of Radial their efforts were rewarded by finding the dead body of Italian, his back pierced by several buckshot and his valves found near by broken open and ridged of its contents.

When Sheriff Lanier faced McKee with evidence of his guilt he broke down and confessed the crime, but implicated two other negroes. He said they had persuaded him to assist them in the robbery; that he furnished the gun and that one did the shooting and they then dragged the body off and concealed it and divided the spoils. The other two negroes were arrested. The grand jury being investigated the case, indicted McKee, but failed to find any evidence against the parties save the uncorroborated statement of McKee, and they were released.

McKee was tried at the September, 1895, term of the district court. His guilt was fully and conclusively established and he was sentenced to death. On the trial McKee reiterated his story as above and positively implicated the parties in the murder and robbery, who proved an alibi on the day of the murder.

A Fatal Wreck. ALTOONA, Pa., Oct. 25.—A disastrous wreck occurred on the Pennsylvania railway at Newport at 2:15 yesterday morning. A disabled car of the eastbound freight train jumped the track just as the main train was at that point and a bad wreck resulted. A locomotive and tender was hurled into the canal and postal and freight cars were piled up over the tracks. Engineer Wilkitt and Fireman Hanson were instantly killed and eight or ten postal clerks injured. C. A. Chubb, a passenger, was reported to have been fatally injured. Four mail cars took fire and, together with a large quantity of mail matter, burned up.

Big Land Grant Rejected. SANTA FE, N. M., Oct. 25.—The court of private land claims adjourned yesterday until March. The formal decision finally rejecting the Perilla land grant in Southern New Mexico and Arizona claiming 12,500,000 acres, held to be worth at least \$25,000, was handed down by Chief Justice Reed. Rowley, who is now in jail here on the charge of presenting the fraudulent claim against the government, says he will appeal the case to the United States Supreme court.

Criminal Operation Charged. BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 25.—Miss Annie Cavanaugh, a handsome young woman of evident wealth and refinement, died yesterday at the boarding house of Mrs. Bland in this city. It is charged a criminal operation had been performed upon her by Dr. J. G. Harper of this city, who has been placed under arrest. Dr. Harper claims that the operation was necessary as an attempt to save the girl's life.

Fatal Shooting. NASHVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 25.—George B. Walker of Cookeville, was shot and fatally wounded at the Union depot yesterday afternoon by Young Terry, also of Cookeville. The man was a party of excursionists. The shooting was the result of a family quarrel.

WOMAN AND HOME.

CURRENT NOTES OF THE MODES AND HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

The New Fall and Winter Hats Are Marvels in Effect—Wraps for Little Girls—Gowns for Society Buds—Three Little Love Songs.

THE new hats for the season are marvels of effect, combining assertive erectness with the most graceful drooping effects. As for instance a hat of black felt reared up in sharp corners about the front and with a flare of cock's feathers on guard over the top, bends close to the hair at the back, and tumbles a long spray of drooping roses down against the coiling locks. There seems hope that long lace scarfs may be used to fasten hats, so that the woman whose good looks depends on the swathing of her neck will be able to wear a low collar without spoiling herself. As in all seasons when fashions are making toward a general change, oddities abound, and they are even more



RECEPTION COSTUME—BACK VIEW.

than proportionately plentiful in the hats. One of these almost startling bits of headwear is pictured herewith, and is in shape, made of black braided hair. It is trimmed with twisted amethyst mirror velvet, which borders the edge and forms small rosettes in back. Then several velvet panels are placed along the velvet. In front the garniture is completed by a pair of fancy wings, with a feather ornament rising in the center in place of the aigrette with which we have become familiar. It is worn well back on the head and is shaped like a wide band, with curved edges to fit the head. Don't be disturbed if the novelties in millinery that are presented as Louis XVI. styles don't fit your idea of history. Just take them and say nothing if they suit. To tell the truth, it is not so much that the actual fashions of that period are being revived as that milliners have agreed to call whatever they invent and select "Louis XVI." and to make free with the times of that particular gay court and the fashions of beautiful Antoinette. Thus, hats wired stiff to stand out on one side and droop to the hair on the other are a novelty, and as such are, of course, called Louis XVI. The effect has so long been avoided that it brings some lines of the face into startling prominence, and where these lines are good ones the wearer is distinctly the gainer by the effect.

Wraps for little girls are an important item for this season. There are a number of pretty fashions shown for the comfort of these little folks, making them look quite as smart as their elders. Embroidery in velvet and heavy cut work is the general mode of trimming for the present, though the longer ones, which are to be worn all winter, are heavily trimmed with fur. A stun-



ding little reefer of navy blue corduroy has a border of the cut work, in navy blue velvet, set over white satin. The coat proper is extremely short and flaring, coming just over the hips. The fronts are cut narrow, so as to open broadly over the blouse waist of the gown, and are fastened by a velvet strip set underneath. Two large pearl buttons trim the outside. A deep sailor collar of velvet has a border of cut work and its edge piped with a cord of white satin. A cord of satin finishes the flaring collar, which sets up about the ears

in so pretty a fashion. The sleeves are bishop in shape and very bouffant.

Gowns for Society Buds.

The season for the sprouting of the young society bud is fast approaching and mamma is anxiously contriving all sorts of pretty costumes for this prospective blossom. It is more difficult to gown a young girl becomingly, not too childish, nor yet too womanly, than most people imagine who have not undertaken the task. Even the clever madistes sometimes make the mistake of fashioning a garment altogether too dignified for a young girl, making her look like a fussy little old woman. When one is old enough to wear all sorts of gowns and wraps the matter is smooth enough, but for these fair young things a great deal of consideration must be given to their gowning. One of the sweetest girls who will burst upon society this winter sports as lovely and girlish a fall costume as any girl could possibly have. She is a lily-skinned blonde, with eyes as big and blue as a cherub's, and smoothly parted yellow hair clinging in soft, wavy masses over her ears. Her gown is gray, a soft dove gray of the softest sort of cheviot, showing a mixture of black and white. The skirt is en Paquin, abnormally full and stiffened to a startling degree. The bodice is a



RECEPTION COSTUME—FRONT VIEW.

perfectly round one of slate-colored velvet, smoothly fitted, and fastened diagonally with three rows of tiny silver buttons. A silver collar and belt add chic to the gown. The sleeves are of the cheviot in gigot style, the tight lower arm buttoned snugly with rows of silver buttons. To complete it is a street coat of cheviot in box fashion, showing faintly little pockets and huge bishop sleeves. The prettiest feature of the rig



RECEPTION COSTUME—FRONT VIEW.

is the butterfly collar of chinchilla, whose soft grayness harmonizes so tenderly with the gray of the gown. A huge hat of neutral tinted felt is faced with black and massed with black plumes.

Shirt waists are worn with stud buttons in enamel. As the season advances buttons cannot be ignored; they are appearing in plain and elaborate costumes for foreign and domestic dressmakers. The single and double-breasted pique vests worn with jacket suits have a single row of small buttons, or a double row of large or small to the linen chemise. Hard nut buttons of "54" are scarce. Four-hole buttons of this material are in good demand. A tasty four-hole design is much used. It has in the middle a narrow polished border; then follows a dull pressed ground and the outside border, which is polished in two colors. As the revival began here in the spring it follows that pearl buttons are most in evidence. The outing suits of woolen fabrics, pique, duck and such cotton white suits as well all accord with the large white and shaded pearls that may be found to harmonize with any of the fashionable mixtures. To be sure, the sales are limited to three, four, six, etc., but that is an encouraging beginning, and the amount is the same as though two dozen cheap buttons were taken. Mother-of-pearl buttons in natural black are much seen, but various mother-of-pearl fancies also find buyers. Quite new are oval buttons, four-hole, mother-of-pearl or in buffalo horn. These buttons are beautifully carved, set with steel, etc., and are worn on

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

HERE'S many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and many a mis-act in breeding up a dairy herd. Granting the truth of what has been taught as to the value of intelligent breeding it is also true that the laws of heredity do not overpower all other laws. The most efficient rule in improving a breed of hogs is the "sired stake rule." That is, use a sired stake on all pigs not filling the requirements, and the others will all fill the requirements. In a milder form this same rule sends to the packing house all of one class and reserves as breeders the others. This sorting out is a positive necessity in all kinds of farming, saving seed, grain, raising hogs, growing a beef herd, or growing a dairy herd. Progress is possible only by selection. The rule that "like produces like" is not true when cut down to absolute limits. If it were, progress would be impossible. Retrogression and progression would both be unknown were the rule of like produces like absolute. We could only average things by mixing, and could not improve a breed nor even make a new one. But like produces like, with a variation. Some will be better than the parents, some poorer. The sired stake rule will keep the herd up to the highest excellence, or selecting the best for keeping and discarding all the others. Sometimes a man finds his dairy actually inferior after breeding for butter than it was before. He may have milked a few excellent cows of mixed ancestry and graded up with a dairy sire. Some of the offspring may be better than the mothers, some poorer, and if he keeps them all he has an inferior herd; if he disposes of the inferior ones and keeps only the best he should find the herd improving. This will be the result without buying any improved blood. Selection is the main thing, but the number that must be discarded from a herd not bred in dairy lines must be greater. Therein and only therein lies the advantage of breeding for butter or for any other purpose. The number that must be rejected is lessened by breeding in the direction desired.

Suppose a farmer breeds to a Guernsey or a Jersey bull. The half bloods will almost surely please him. He goes on "grading up" and in some instances finds the higher he grades the poorer his herd as a whole. This is discouraging, but if a fact we should face it honestly. Why may this be? It may be for the following reason: In grading up the breeds from all the half bloods and a portion of the offspring inclines toward milk giving and a portion away from it. The law of variation gets its work and some of the higher grades are inferior to the lower grades, and the farmer is slow to sacrifice them. Hence his herd may as a whole actually retrograde. Selection stands first of all as a means for securing a good dairy herd. Raise many, save few, feed well, and success is sure. But, as said before, blood is helpful, for training in the desired line and selection for many generations in that line measurably fixes traits and a few individual animals have to be discarded.—Ex.

Three Little Love Songs.
By Emily Louise Mcintosh.
L-SURRENDER.
Your weapons were wrought at the forge of Love,
Glowing his fires!
And fatal their stroke, as the lightning above
Resistance expires!
I firmly resolve you shall never know
How throbs my heart
At the sound of your voice, at the touch
Of your hand,
My resolves depart,
And the citadel of my love now lies
Captured—surrendered to your dear eyes!

II.—A CADEUCE.
A bird flew in at a window
And wakened a stormy soul,
That lay in troubled dreaming—
In anguish beyond control.

III.—ARBUS.
We lay aside the dainty flower
In memory of a hallowed hour,
When heart to heart a message brings
That wakes the soul until it sings
Responsive to new joy.

IV.—THE ORIGINAL GOLDBUG.
"Yes, I am the original gold-bug but—"
He passed to empty six bags of gold
En doubting into the hole he had excavated.
—The newspapers haven't discovered me yet, thank goodness!
After killing a sailor, and burying the body with the yellow plunder so that the ghost might frighten people away in after years, Capt. Kidd went thoughtfully on board his low, rakish craft.

Outlashed.
Patrick Regan had a face on him that, as he had once remarked himself, was an "offense to the landscape." Next to his homeliness his poverty was the most conspicuous part of him. The other morning a neighbor met him when the following colloquy ensued:
"An' how are ye, Pat?"
"Mighty bad, intirely. It's starvation that's ahtarin' me in the face."
"Is that so? Sure, an' it can't be very pleasant for ayther of ye."

Kingsley Up to Date.
Be good, sweet maid, and let whoever will be clever;
Do noble things, nor marry them, at least not for long.
Don't tie up for life, and death, and that vast forever.
For titles now are going for a song.

Looks the Part.
Ethel—I don't believe Lord Forgives knows I am rich.
Maud—I do; he has the air of a fortune teller.

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Do noble things, nor marry them, at least not for long.
Don't tie up for life, and death, and that vast forever.
For titles now are going for a song.

Looks the Part.
Ethel—I don't believe Lord Forgives knows I am rich.
Maud—I do; he has the air of a fortune teller.

DAIRY AND POULTRY.

INTERESTING CHAPTERS FOR OUR RURAL READERS.

How Successful Farmers Operate This Department of the Farm—A Few Hints as to the Care of Live Stock and Poultry.

HERE'S many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and many a mis-act in breeding up a dairy herd. Granting the truth of what has been taught as to the value of intelligent breeding it is also true that the laws of heredity do not overpower all other laws. The most efficient rule in improving a breed of hogs is the "sired stake rule." That is, use a sired stake on all pigs not filling the requirements, and the others will all fill the requirements. In a milder form this same rule sends to the packing house all of one class and reserves as breeders the others. This sorting out is a positive necessity in all kinds of farming, saving seed, grain, raising hogs, growing a beef herd, or growing a dairy herd. Progress is possible only by selection. The rule that "like produces like" is not true when cut down to absolute limits. If it were, progress would be impossible. Retrogression and progression would both be unknown were the rule of like produces like absolute. We could only average things by mixing, and could not improve a breed nor even make a new one. But like produces like, with a variation. Some will be better than the parents, some poorer. The sired stake rule will keep the herd up to the highest excellence, or selecting the best for keeping and discarding all the others. Sometimes a man finds his dairy actually inferior after breeding for butter than it was before. He may have milked a few excellent cows of mixed ancestry and graded up with a dairy sire. Some of the offspring may be better than the mothers, some poorer, and if he keeps them all he has an inferior herd; if he disposes of the inferior ones and keeps only the best he should find the herd improving. This will be the result without buying any improved blood. Selection is the main thing, but the number that must be discarded from a herd not bred in dairy lines must be greater. Therein and only therein lies the advantage of breeding for butter or for any other purpose. The number that must be rejected is lessened by breeding in the direction desired.

Suppose a farmer breeds to a Guernsey or a Jersey bull. The half bloods will almost surely please him. He goes on "grading up" and in some instances finds the higher he grades the poorer his herd as a whole. This is discouraging, but if a fact we should face it honestly. Why may this be? It may be for the following reason: In grading up the breeds from all the half bloods and a portion of the offspring inclines toward milk giving and a portion away from it. The law of variation gets its work and some of the higher grades are inferior to the lower grades, and the farmer is slow to sacrifice them. Hence his herd may as a whole actually retrograde. Selection stands first of all as a means for securing a good dairy herd. Raise many, save few, feed well, and success is sure. But, as said before, blood is helpful, for training in the desired line and selection for many generations in that line measurably fixes traits and a few individual animals have to be discarded.—Ex.

Three Little Love Songs.
By Emily Louise Mcintosh.
L-SURRENDER.
Your weapons were wrought at the forge of Love,
Glowing his fires!
And fatal their stroke, as the lightning above
Resistance expires!
I firmly resolve you shall never know
How throbs my heart
At the sound of your voice, at the touch
Of your hand,
My resolves depart,
And the citadel of my love now lies
Captured—surrendered to your dear eyes!

II.—A CADEUCE.
A bird flew in at a window
And wakened a stormy soul,
That lay in troubled dreaming—
In anguish beyond control.

III.—ARBUS.
We lay aside the dainty flower
In memory of a hallowed hour,
When heart to heart a message brings
That wakes the soul until it sings
Responsive to new joy.

IV.—THE ORIGINAL GOLDBUG.
"Yes, I am the original gold-bug but—"
He passed to empty six bags of gold
En doubting into the hole he had excavated.
—The newspapers haven't discovered me yet, thank goodness!
After killing a sailor, and burying the body with the yellow plunder so that the ghost might frighten people away in after years, Capt. Kidd went thoughtfully on board his low, rakish craft.

Outlashed.
Patrick Regan had a face on him that, as he had once remarked himself, was an "offense to the landscape." Next to his homeliness his poverty was the most conspicuous part of him. The other morning a neighbor met him when the following colloquy ensued:
"An' how are ye, Pat?"
"Mighty bad, intirely. It's starvation that's ahtarin' me in the face."
"Is that so? Sure, an' it can't be very pleasant for ayther of ye."

Kingsley Up to Date.
Be good, sweet maid, and let whoever will be clever;
Do noble things, nor marry them, at least not for long.
Don't tie up for life, and death, and that vast forever.
For titles now are going for a song.

Looks the Part.
Ethel—I don't believe Lord Forgives knows I am rich.
Maud—I do; he has the air of a fortune teller.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

CHOICE READING FOR THE RISING GENERATION.

The Right Road for Little Feet—A Bible Lesson for Next Sunday—The Tramp Was Bible Proof—Anecdote and Incident.

LITTLE Two Year Old, my son,
Life for you has just begun;
Dew is fresh upon the grass
All along the way you pass;
Every blade you tread
Gives a gentle, cool caress.

Little Two Year Old, too soon
You will know the heat of noon;
Dust along your path will lie;
And the grass be sore and dry.
Every blade will give a thrust,
Cry and urge, "You must! You must!"
Rose and flame with cruel thorn,
Red will tell the sweet pain borne,
Red and brown, and brown and red,
Seems the world the sun o'erhead.

Little Two Year Old, the light
Softens when you say "Good Night."
Sweet the journey will be when
You are almost home again.
Every footstep brings you near
Faces, voices, long held dear;
Gentian blue and gold and red
Lead you onward up to God.
Blue and gold, and gold and blue,
So the world will be to you.

Bible Lesson.
(The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork.—Psalm xix, 1.)
Yes, the firmament above is the great album of the Creator, the suns are the syllables, and the stars the letters which record God's handiwork. Let us go out to-night and read a few paragraphs in this album of the heavens. We will see the same stars, the same sky record, which the generations before the flood gazed on and tried to read. The men who saw the evenings of nearly 1,000 years looked up at these same golden eyes that now look down on us. The splendid Orion of which Job speaks has not lost a single jewel from his belt, nor has his hands been "loosed" by the long years of his rising and setting. The seven stars—the Little Pleiades also mentioned in the Bible—were there when the first man spent his first evening on our earth. You can all locate the Big Dipper in the constellation Ursa Major, with its four stars forming the bowl of the Dipper, and the three others forming the curved handle. You can see it these evenings about 9 o'clock, in the northwest part of the sky. Something else which you may not know will help you find it, which is the upper right hand star in the bowl of the Dipper always points to the North Star. If you will look a little south and west of the last star in the handle farthest from the bowl you will see a bright star, one of the prettiest twinklers in the sky. This star is Arcturus (also mentioned by Job; see chapter ix, 9) and is in the constellation Bootes. Next week I will tell you where to find another or two. I want you to begin to look up into the blue star spangled sky above you; to make these star fields a part of your home. You may drift far away from your childhood's home and you can take none of the familiar home scenes on the earth with you. The old homestead, the trees beneath which you played, the mountains, the hills, and the brook, all of which were your companions, you must leave behind, but if you will study the stars, learn to call them by name, and associate them with all the other objects to which your home affections cling, then you may carry your home with you the world over. Then Orion, Arcturus, Syra, the Dolphin, the celestial companions of Job, Noah and David will be yours in every place, and in every condition, and when lonely or homesick you can always look up and see there your acquaintances and neighbors at the old home. And as you study these wonderful works of God, you cannot but feel the truth of our text: "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

Shipments of Eggs in Bulk.—A consular report tells of large quantities of shell eggs being sent to England from Russia and Italy for the use of pastry cooks, bakers, hotels and restaurants. The eggs are emptied from their shells into tin cans holding 1,000 or more, and after being hermetically sealed are packed with straw into wooden cases, the taps, through which the contents are drawn, being added by those using them. Great care is necessary in selecting eggs, as a single bad one would spoil the whole lot. Lower price and saving of time, and greater ease and less expense and loss in handling are named as the advantages of this system. Thus far the Russian product has been uniformly good, whereas the Italian shipments have so frequently been spoiled that analysis of the Russian supply has been ordered to determine if preservatives are used.

Prospective Rise in Sheep.—A prominent west Texas sheepman said to one day last week that good stock sheep were getting scarce and but few flocks were now for sale. Owners are now asking \$1.50 per head for the same class of sheep which were selling at 75c a year ago. "Why," said he, "a year hence you will find just as much of a boom in sheep as there is now in cattle, and those who go in the business will not make a mistake."—San Antonio Stockman.

"Blue Beard."—That nursery tale which has charmed generations of children and their elders, known as "Blue Beard," was written by a French author. The original of the character of Blue Beard was a marquis of France who lived in Brittany and who was charged with murdering several wives and over one hundred children. Being convicted of sorcery, he was burned.—Philadelphia Times.

Do not wait for the arrival of the best before making a start to do better. The best is the best preparation one can have for doing the best when the "best" arrives. This is an especially valuable maxim with a herd of cows and is the best school for which one can go.

Sister's Letters.
Some years ago I sat on the piazza of a summer hotel, I noticed among the crowd a party of young people—two or three pretty girls and as many bright young men—all "waiting for the mail." "Oh, dear," said the prettiest of the girls, impatiently, "why don't they hurry? Are you expecting a letter, Mr. Allison?"
And she turned to a tall youth standing near.
"I'll get one surely," he said. "It's my day. Just this peculiar letter always comes. Nell is awfully good; she's my sister, you know; and no fellow ever had a better one."
The pretty girl laughed, saying as he received his letter:
"Harry would think he was blessed if I wrote once a year."
Gradually the others drifted away; but Frank Allison kept his place, scanning eagerly the closely written sheets, now and again laughing quietly. Finally, he slipped the letter into his pocket, and, rising, saw me.
"Good morning, Miss Williams," he said, cordially; "for always you had a pleasant word for our older people."
"Good news?" I questioned, smiling.
"My sister's letters always bring good news," he answered. "She writes such jolly letters."
And, unfolding this one, he read me scraps of it—bright notings, with here and there a little sentence full of sisterly love and tenderness. There was a steady light in his eyes, as half apologizing for "boring" me, he looked up and said quietly:
"Miss Williams, if I ever make anything of a man it will be sister Nell's doing."
And as I looked at him I felt strongly what a mighty power "sister Nell" held in her hands—just a woman's hands like yours, dear girls, and perhaps no stronger or better; but it made me won-

Equal to the Occasion.
It was the evening before their marriage. Robert was just about to leave when Mary detained him: "There is something, dear, that I feel that I ought to tell you before our marriage. I am a somnambulist." Robert looked startled for a moment, and then smiled with the air of a man who has met with a perplexing problem: "You know I am a Methodist myself, but I suppose we can take sittings in both churches."
—The Watchman.

Indigo is the cap of the indigo.

der how many... growing 40 fast... manhood, unworship or noble, as the sister may choose.

There is but one way, dear girls, begin at once while they are still "sisters" with an anything. Let them know that you love them. These great honest boy heads are both tender and loyal, and if you stand by these boys now while they are awkward and headless, they will remember it when they become the courteous, polished gentlemen you desire to see them. Do not snub them; nothing hurts a loving boy's soul more than a snub, and nothing more effectually closes the boy heart than thoughtless ridicule.

Bible Proof.
"Madam," said a tramp to the lady of the house, "will you please give a man that is out work something to eat?"
"Yes, sir, if you will go to the woodpile under and split wood awhile."
"Oh, I am so hungry!" he pleaded.
"Won't you give me a bite to eat first?"
"No," she said. "I have to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, and you must too."

"Madam, I can prove by the Bible that it is wrong for me to split the wood."
"How can you do that?"
"Will you give me my dinner if I tell you?"
"Maybe."
"Well, didn't God make that wood and join its splinters?"
"Certainly."
"Well, the Bible says, 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.'"
"Well, but—"
"None of your highfown explanations, madam—I want my dinner."
And he got it.

A Thought.
Were children accustomed from infancy to hear nothing but correct conversation there would be little need of their learning arbitrary rules of grammar—they would naturally speak and write correctly. Hence it is that children of educated parents are generally so much more easy and graceful in their conversation than the children of the uneducated. Our language, like our manners, is caught from those with whom we associate; and if we would have the young improve in the important part of education, we must be careful that they hear no vulgarisms from us. Parents and teachers cannot be too particular in their use of language in the presence of imitative children.

A Great Day for Flukes.
"A man can't always tell what he's going to catch when he goes fishing," said a fisherman. "I heard of a party of five that went trolling for bluefish. It was pretty early in the season, the fish weren't biting, and they didn't catch one. About half way over they saw Sandy Hook to Rockaway Beach the boat was becalmed. They had their squids out, and one of them that sank to the bottom dropped into the mouth of a sea clam. The man pulled up this clam and they cut it up for bait. The skipper had some small lines aboard, and they thought they'd try for flukes. They caught a fluke and scalded it, and cut it up for bait, and the upshot of it all was that with that one clam to start with for bait they caught 250 pounds of flukes. It wasn't much of a day for bluefish, but for flukes it was great."

Jacob and the Sea Lion.
Near Tillamook, Ore., lives an old German farmer. One day as he chanced to be driving along the beach, what should greet his watchful gaze but a large, fat sea lion some distance out on the sand, fast asleep. It was the sort of bait for a moment for Jacob to make a lasso of a stout rope he had in his wagon, make it fast to the hind axle thereof and adjust the noose over Mr. Sealion's head. He jumped into the wagon and started homeward with his prize. Mr. Sealion did the same, and as he was the stronger of the two teams, Mr. Jacob started seaward at a good pace, and only saved himself and outfit by springing quickly out, grasping his jackknife as he went and cutting his end of the rope.

Show This to Mamma.
Don't send my boy where your girl can't go.
And say, "There's no danger for boys, you know,
Because they all have their wild oats to sow."
There is no more excuse for my boy to be low
Than your girl. Then please do not tell him so.
Don't send my boy where your girl can't go.

For a boy or a girl, sin is sin, you know,
And my baby boy's hands are as clean and white,
And his heart is as pure as your girl's to-night.
—Woman's Voice.

He Answered the Question.
Last summer I addressed a company of children at a picnic. I desired to illustrate what I had just presented by using some sewing thread, which I had on a spool in my pocket.
As I stood my hand in for the thread, I said: "Children, what do you suppose I have in my pocket."
A silence followed, which was broken by a bright little fellow shouting out: "You have your hand in your pocket now!"
It was obvious that he had given a correct answer, and I did not ask for another.—Rev. A. W. Cummings, Haven, Kan.

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—The Watchman.

Indigo is the cap of the indigo.

Scarlet Fever Settled in the Back

AN OPERATION WAS UNSUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED.

The Patient Was Finally Restored, After Eighteen Years.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.

About eighteen years ago, when Mrs. Jane Dale, of 88 Bruce Street, was a bright, merry school girl, she was taken ill with scarlet fever.

She recovered, but she was as a very different girl from a physical standpoint. She was cured of the scarlet fever but it left her with an affection of the back. As she grew older the pain seemed to increase. Her sufferings were intensified by her household duties, but she never complained, and with one hand pressed tightly to her back she did her work about her home.

"I was fourteen years old when I was attacked with scarlet fever, and have now lived with my back for eighteen years. At night and day I suffered. It really seemed as if it must succumb to the pain, and then to make matters worse, my head felt so heavy that I could scarcely see at times. Finally I went to St. Michael's hospital, at the corner of High Street and Central Avenue, and there the surgeons performed a difficult operation on my back at it did no good. It was like everything else. I was told at the hospital to return to another operation, but the first had left me so weak I could not go back. Then again I had become discouraged and my three children needed my attention and care at home. The pain became harder to stand and my back was almost broken, it seemed, thought I would never know what it could be like to feel again when I was young. I went to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. With my doubts, a faint heart and aching back I went to get the pills, and little by little I began to feel better. I began to take them, and a short time elapsed before I began to improve. I thought it is possible that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were doing what every-thing else had failed to accomplish. I asked myself the question many times and before long I was enabled by my improved condition to answer the query with an emphatic 'Yes.' Now the pain of almost twenty years' cure by these Pink Pills in a few months. I have not had any kind of pain since I have got some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and while I do not think it will ever be necessary to use them again, I shall certainly never be without some in the house."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the food, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from over-activity or excess of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never a loose bulk) of 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Economical Christmas.

The Free Will Baptist church at Jackson, Mich., has inaugurated a new development of our modern Christianity. They have got tired of paying a preacher for doing what they can do just as well, or better, themselves, so a dozen of the foremost men in the congregation have agreed to take the pulpit a week about in rotation and dispense with the parson.

A Book for Women.

To assist modest, afflicted women in the successful treatment of diseases peculiar to their sex, a book has been prepared under the direction of Rev. L. L. McCreck, assisted by eminent physicians and specialists, entitled "Home Treatment of Female Diseases." The book is written in simple language, easily understood, and contains: 1st.—A description of the female organism. 2d.—Instructions for detecting the approach of the menstrual age, and for treatment during the monthly period, and to insure its regular return. 3rd.—A minute description of diseases affecting the genital, urinary and menstrual organs of women, giving their causes, symptoms and treatment. A paper edition of this great book has been prepared, copies of which can be secured for six cents in postage. Write, Rev. L. L. McCreck, St. Elmo, Tenn.

A "Palanquin."

A Philadelphia undertaker has made a great hit by contriving a special vehicle for the use of pallbearers at a funeral. It is made to hold eight persons, and is built of a hearse-like form and tastefully draped in mourning. He calls it a "palanquin." It is very much admired by the people who want stylish funerals, and has become the lucky inventor.

Pretty as a Picture.

It is said Clarence Terry, the physically perfect woman, gives the best representations of classical statuary ever seen on the American stage. Miss Terry is well able to produce the works of famous sculptors, having the physique and beautiful outline necessary, she being the winner of a \$1000 prize offered for the handsomest formed woman on the American stage. When Miss Terry poses for a living picture there is no mystery about her makeup.

Depew tells one on himself, and it must be true. A ragged and bewildered individual stopped Mr. Depew on Fifth Avenue and asked him for a dime. He was given a quarter, and, after thanking Mr. Depew, said: "May I ask you are, sir?" In a rather confidential tone Mr. Depew answered: "I am Grover Cleveland, president of the United States; and are you?" "Oh," said the mendicant, in a tone of surprise and delight, "I am Chauncey Depew, president of the New York Central railroad."

Experimenting.

Experiments were made in Austria the other day to test the danger of a balloon's being injured by bullets in war. A balloon anchored 4225 feet in the air was fired at and his nine times without being injured.

Selling too Far.

The "telephonegraph" is an instrument which has been invented in Sweden, and which is said to do for the ear what the telephone does for the eye.

One Woman's Idea.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton objects to the title "old maid" being applied to an elderly unmarried woman. In these days of the new woman she holds the title improper. She says she is an unmarried woman to be called a "bachelor," and not a woman bachelor at that.

Good Job.

The finest grades of lenses raised in Austria are shipped to France and Holland, the second grade to England and Germany, and the poorest to the United States.

SOME COSTLY TOMBS.

NOTED MILLIONAIRES PREPARE THEIR RESTING PLACE.

Severe Art and Solidity—Impressive and Massive Stone Structures Into Which No Ghoat Would Try to Break.

TOUR of a great city of the dead, like Greenwood or Woodlawn, is well calculated to impress one by the vast sums that are being spent of late years in monuments, sarcophagi and tombs, some reaching as high as a quarter of a million dollars for a single mausoleum, says the New York Herald.

The most striking thing about the great cemeteries now is the tombs being built by living men who seem to have been forcibly struck by the adage, "If you want a long life prepare for death."

Charles T. Yerkes, the Chicago cable king, is fond of his mausoleum in Greenwood. It is the acme of concentrated solidity. Nothing, it is claimed, could be more indestructible in the way of masonry. His plot cost him about \$11,000. It is beautifully located, near Ocean Hill and within a stone's throw of Henry Ward Beecher's last resting place. It is built of crystal granite, light in color, with a fine grain, and is 50 feet 6 inches in length, 22 feet wide and 20 feet 6 inches high. The pure Grecian style, after the Parthenon, was followed. There are eight columns, with Ionic capitals and four pilasters. Within six pilasters of marble support a marble ceiling, which is divided into four panels. In the center there two sarcophagi, the outer one being of polished granite, and the inner receptacle, for Mrs. Yerkes, being of heavy bronze. The stained glass windows were imported.

The bronze entrance doors are as burglar proof as the great New York Clearing House safe, according to the builder. They are double, and it would take an expert safe breaker at least twelve hours to gain an entrance. On the door fronts are lions' heads and grille work. The name "Charles T. Yerkes" is carved above the portal.

William H. Webb has carefully planned his tomb. Mr. Webb made the greater part of his wealth in shipbuilding. Not long ago Mr. Webb erected on a beautiful spot on the banks of the Hudson an academy for the training of the youth of the country in the art of ship construction. This academy and its endowment cost him \$3,000,000. There are a series of beautiful bronzes in Mr. Webb's tomb, showing the different stages of the shipbuilder's art, and bronze models of some of the great war ships launched at the famous Webb ship yards, on the East River near Sixth street.

The Webb mausoleum is 22 by 40 feet, and has ten separate tombs. The entrance is through massive bronze doors, of which it is said there are none more beautiful in any mausoleum. The interior is artistically adorned with fine marbles and stained glass windows of great beauty of color lend additional richness to one of the most refined and beautiful examples of mortuary architecture in the world.

What is perhaps the largest and most imposing mausoleum in this country was recently completed at Salem Fields Cemetery, Greenwood, L. I., for Banker Jacob Schiff. Mr. Schiff is known chiefly for his philanthropy. He gives many thousands annually to charitable institutions, and his \$50,000 gift to a fountain for Rutgers square was recently accepted by the Park Commissioners for the city. Mr. Schiff's mausoleum, in which will also rest the members of the Loeb family, to which Mr. Schiff is related by marriage, is in a purely classic design, executed in granite, and it cost very near \$180,000. It is 52 feet by 44 feet and 32 feet high. In addition there is a grand colonnade on both sides, leading to the massive bronze doors. The mausoleum walls are absolutely proof against body snatchers, for it would take them several days, it is claimed, to chisel through the granite blocks weighing 40,000 pounds on the average. The interior is decorated in a most artistic manner. This grand tomb is now empty.

When that great philosopher, Dr. Chauncey M. Depew, seeks his last resting place, it will be in a handsome mausoleum erected at Peekskill. Over the entrance is Dr. Depew's name, and since its completion, about six months since, it has been visited by numerous tourists. Dr. Depew's wife now rests in this beautiful tomb. It is purely classical in design. The roof is formed of two mammoth pieces of granite, weighing together about 100,000 pounds. The interior is artistically finished in several varieties of marbles and contains twelve catacombs. The bronze double doors are exceedingly neat in design.

Dr. Depew's mausoleum cost him about \$25,000. The entrance faces the west, and it is in one of the most beautiful spots in Hillside Cemetery, two miles from Peekskill.

The friends of Dr. Clark W. Dunlop claim that his tomb, just completed in Woodlawn, is the handsomest one in the country. It is octagonal in shape and of Moorish design, costing about \$109,000, including the lot. All the interior walls are of costly marbles in several varieties. There are three large stained glass windows and the floor is executed in mosaics. There are bronze portrait medallions of Dr. Dunlop and his wife. There are only two vaults in the tomb. The tomb is of granite and there is very elaborate carving about the entrance. There is twenty-one feet of granite approach, one large platform stone being 17 feet by 12 feet and weighing 59,000 pounds. The total height of the mausoleum is forty feet. It is unoccupied.

There is one silent tenant now in the recently completed mausoleum planned by banker Giovanni P. Morosini, the body of his wife. This superb temple of the dead is in the form of the Greek cross, and is of a modified type of the Byzantine school of architecture. The Morosini lot is 4,000 square feet and this beautiful work of art occupies the central space. Mr. Morosini studied out every detail with the greatest care in company with a prominent firm of architects. Two lions couchant, resting on blocks of granite, from which they, too, are carved, flank the doorway to the right and left. The foundation for the structure is of solid rock. It would be an almost impossible task to tunnel through it. Every precaution is taken against body snatchers, and it is Mr. Morosini's intention to keep a constant watch in front of his tomb. Jay Gould's tomb in Woodlawn is now closely guarded by two former policemen night and day.

William P. Foster, who has recently finished a million dollar mansion in Riverside Drive, can now admire the grand mausoleum just completed for him in Woodlawn. It is an imposing structure of Moorish design and cost

A HOT CIRCULATION WAR.

Death Ended It and the Editor Was Cheated Out of His Revenge.

"Running a newspaper out in Oklahoma ain't the wild and woolly sort of a thing people here in Chicago might think it is," he said to a Chicago Tribune reporter as he pulled up another chair to rest his feet on.

"I've been running the Weekly Noose since the day after the 'strip' was opened," he continued. "Living off public printing, done nicely, and running a real estate and insurance business on the side.

"But speaking of circulation," he went on, "reminds me of an epoch in the history of the Noose. As I have intimated, the public printing consists chiefly in making proof, in support of claims. They are given out by the register of the land office. Well, they changed registers on me when things were going along smoothly, and a little, narrow-chested down-Easterner got the job. One of the first things he did was to switch the printing around. There were two other papers which used to divide the business of our section with me, but when this little piffling reformer got into the office he gave the whole thing to one paper. It was not long till the Noose began to feel the effect of this despoliation. Well, the Noose and our esteemed contemporary who was also left out in the cold, trained editorial broadsides on that register till I almost lost confidence in the power of the press. Finally he gave evidence he was his by printing a reply in the contemporary which was getting all the patronage. Before doing it, he hired a couple of sneaks to go and work on the Noose, and the other lonesome contemporary. It was a political trick he had brought out from the East. He said in his reply the reason why he did not give any advertising to the Noose and our other contemporary was because the circulation of these two would not justify

A Great Change.

It seems that Minnesota will soon lose the distinction of being the "Lake State." A survey ten years ago showed within its borders over 7000 ponds and lakes, but that characteristic and beautiful feature of the landscape has changed wonderfully since that time. A large proportion of these lakes—at least one-third—have dried up entirely, and in many cases cultivated fields now occupy the rich bottoms formerly covered by from ten to twenty feet of water. Nearly all the rest have greatly shrunk in area. Only the larger lakes remain. Like changes, but of a more marked degree, have been observed in the Dakotas. There were many large lakes in those states ten years ago, some of them miles in extent. But nearly all of them have now disappeared, their ancient beds turned into fields, and such as remain are shrunk to sloughs or pools in great wastes of rocky mud. Lake Madison, in south Dakota, one of the largest and finest lakes in that state, was equipped some years ago with steamboats and hotels and all the arrangements for a western Chautauque assembly. It had a reach of five miles for steamboat excursions and in great part was from twenty to thirty feet deep. It has suffered the fate of all the rest, and the waters have so far retreated that at the present rate of decrease it will not be long before it disappears entirely.

About Yander.
Gail Hamilton thinks that she virtually died during her recent illness, and has described her sensations in a decidedly interesting paper. According to her statement, she was far enough across the border to converse freely with her deceased brothers, and her feeling was of supreme satisfaction at what she still believes to have been a verification of immortality. Gail's paper is the more notable because her powers of observation are strong, and she is by no means easily convinced when there is a chance for a controversy. She has been dreaming. She certainly, in mind, body or soul, has never reached that bourne from which no traveler returns; the bourne that Hamlet talked about and believed in the same evening he conversed with the ghost of his father who had just returned from the bourne.

Well, Why Not?
A company has been formed in Copenhagen with a preliminary capital of 1,000,000 crowns, to erect in all the public squares of that city telephone kiosks, in which, besides the use of the telephone, the citizens will find the daily papers, be able to write letters, have their boots blackened, receive messages, etc.

MIRACLES IN FORT WORTH.
VENO MAKES RHEUMATIC AND PARALYTIC CRIPPLES WALK AND CURES THE WEAK, NERVOUS AND DYSPEPTIC IN A MOST REMARKABLE MANNER.

The Cures Are Performed By Veno's Electric Fluid and Veno's Curative Syrup. Two Famous Medicines Imported From Europe.

(Fort Worth Gazette, Monday, Oct. 14th.)
Last night the sixth hall was occupied by Veno's. The great healing power of Veno's was demonstrated by the cure of a man who had been crippled for eight months and was turned out of the city hospital as incurable on the 27th of June last. He was taken to a side room where Veno's Electric Fluid was applied for four minutes by Veno's. He was then taken to the stage, showing very little of his former inability, and declared himself free from all pain. He also walked home, leaving his crutches with Veno. These cures were performed in view of the fact that the world for many years has heard of it in a section of the country. Veno's remedies are imported, and the Veno Drug Co. will return the money if they fail to cure. They can be ordered through druggists as follows: Veno's Curative Syrup (is a healthy) is the quickest cure for the world for Malaria, Fever, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Lacer and Blood Disorders, and when used with Veno's Electric Fluid (see a doctor) will cure the worst and most desperate cases of Rheumatism, Paralysis, Sciatica, Neuritis, Stiff joints and all other ailments. Ask your druggist to get these remedies for you.

The sweet summer girl has retired for this year.

A REMARKABLE OFFER.
The Publishers of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION have just received a large quantity of the trade copies of this paper, and subscribers who will send at once their name and address and \$1.75, will receive free a handsome four-page calendar 7 x 10 in., lithographed in nine colors, retail price 50 cents. THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is every week, from Jan. 1, 1906, the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Double Numbers free, and THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 12 weeks, a full year, to Jan. 1, 1907. Address THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 159 Columbus Ave., Boston.

It don't pay grocers to keep good apples on exhibit unless covered.

germ-life

The doctors tell us, now-a-days, that disease germs are everywhere; in the air, in the water, in our food, clothes, money; that they get into our bodies, live there, thrive and grow, if they find anything to thrive on. Consumption is the destruction of lung-tissue by germs where the lung is too weak to conquer them. The remedy is strength—vital force.

Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, means the adjustment of lung strength to overcome germ-life. It is fighting the germ with the odds in our favor. These tiny little drops of fat-food make their way into the system and re-fresh and re-invigorate it. Whether you succeed with it or not depends on how good a start the germs had, and how carefully you can live. The shortest way to health is the patient one. The gain is often slow.

20 cents and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Marries Money or a "Pun." A Philadelphia philosopher has been saying if there is a woman who is set apart by any oddity of feature which amounts to a deformity, who is repulsively ugly, it is almost certain that that woman is married. Of course it is also true of men; but one has less to say about that part, because long ago the genial-hearted old autocrat signed over the patent truth that there was no man short of a gorilla in appearance whom some good and pretty woman would not take and make a husband out of. But that the gorilla-like woman should likewise be deliberately selected is a strange fact, and still a fact it is. Great Scott! man, the ugly lady may have money, or relationship with a family that has a pull.

Pompeii No. 2.
A buried city like that of Pompeii is being excavated in Central America at the foot of the volcano Aztec. Pottery, fine glassware, jewelry, flint instruments and human skeletons over 6 feet long have been taken out at depths of 14 to 18 feet.

Pennsylvania produces 100,000,000 tons of coal every year—more than half the output of the entire country.

A Big Regular Army.
The mightiest host of this sort is the army of invalids whose bowels, livers and stomachs have been regulated by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. A regular habit of body is brought about through using the Bitters, not by violently stirring and irritating the intestines but by reinforcing their energy and causing a flow of the bile into its proper channels. Malaria, grippe, dyspepsia, and a tendency to inactivity of the bowels, are conquered by the Bitters.

Women are generally ready to find an excuse for an erring man.

A Child Enjoys.
The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be constipated or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known, and every family should have a bottle on hand.

Some men go through life looking as if their wives had caught them at it.

Neuralgia Torture.
Every nerve is strengthened in the cure of it by SKINN'S OIL.

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE. CABLED FIELD AND HOG FENCE. Also CABLED POULTRY, GARDEN AND RAHBIT FENCE. We manufacture a complete line of Smooth Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as represented. If you order quality you can save money. Catalogue free.

De Kalb Fence Co.,
121 High Street, DE KALB, ILL.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures. Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

The Cat Came Back

Because there was no place like the home where they used

Clairette Soap

This Great Soap makes home, home indeed. Keeps everything clean. Keeps the housewife and everybody happy. Try it. Sold everywhere. Made only by

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

JO-HIE

In the name given to a natural oil refined discovered by the Japanese. This oil is very penetrating, is light and healthy, and is a sure and speedy cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, neuritis, stiff joints and all other ailments. Send for a sample book free containing a small paper copy of the voluntary agreement to the use of the wonderful magnetic oil. Write to the inventor, Dr. J. H. Jones, 1000 Broadway, New York City, and you will receive a sample of the oil, and also a copy of the book. Write to the inventor, Dr. J. H. Jones, 1000 Broadway, New York City, and you will receive a sample of the oil, and also a copy of the book. Write to the inventor, Dr. J. H. Jones, 1000 Broadway, New York City, and you will receive a sample of the oil, and also a copy of the book.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.
"JOHN BE PATH THE FERRIS."
Farm and Wagon SCALES.

Used every where. All sizes and all kinds. See sample book, sent on receipt of a cent. For full particulars, send for a copy of the book. Write to the inventor, Dr. J. H. Jones, 1000 Broadway, New York City, and you will receive a sample of the oil, and also a copy of the book.

Millions

Used every where. All sizes and all kinds. See sample book, sent on receipt of a cent. For full particulars, send for a copy of the book. Write to the inventor, Dr. J. H. Jones, 1000 Broadway, New York City, and you will receive a sample of the oil, and also a copy of the book.

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Millions

FOUR STYLES OF COSTLY TOMBS.

about \$100,000. There is a series of granite pillars supporting the roof, which weighs close to 200,000 pounds. There are four grand stair cases leading to a large sarcophagus in the center. The name Foster is cut in the stone over the entrance porch.

D. O. Mills has had a \$50,000 mausoleum built at Peekskill. It is classic in design. The William C. Whitney mausoleum is not only one of the most beautiful and commanding in Greenwood, but it is said to have the finest location of any tomb in America. It stands on the crest of Ocean Hill, in a mammoth lot. Mrs. Whitney lies there.

One large firm of architects which makes a specialty of this class of work is busy all the time designing and superintending the erection of houses for millionaires after they shall be dead. The list of these already built might be extended far beyond the limits of readers' patience.

A MONSTER RATTLER.

It Was Killed by a Bear Hunter in the Wilds of Arizona. Special to the San Francisco Bulletin: John McCarthy, the lion and bear hunter, is again in Prescott with a lot of choice hides and curio's gathered in his travels, the most remarkable of the lot being the hide and rattles of a monster diamond-back rattlesnake, which he killed on the Santa Maria a few days ago. The rattles from this monster are over eight and one-quarter inches in length, and there are forty distinct rattles, showing his snake's age to have been a Hasayampa of over forty years of age. When the snake coiled up for fight and sounded his rattles McCarthy could hardly believe that all the noise came from one snake. He said the rattling could be heard 100 yards away. The snake was of the short and fat order, being only four feet ten and one-half inches in length. With an eye to business, McCarthy procured a long forked stick, planned the snake's head to the earth and drove a knife through its spinal column, just back of the head, killing it without spoiling the hide. It just took five and a half inches of the steel blade to go through the snake's body. Both the hide and rattles are rare curiosities. This has not been a good year with the hunter, as he has killed only thirteen lions and a few bears. He surprised residents here by producing a box of mummified bear galls, which he stated are sought after by the Chinese, who use them as charms against evil spirits, paying as high as \$5 apiece for them.

He sells his hides with scalps intact, when possible, getting a good price for them, and saving the county the \$15 scalp bounty. He has killed nearly forty rattlesnakes this season, most of them in the Santa Maria region.

A cavalry corps, composed of women, has been organized in the Denver Salvation Army.

It is said that the world is now in a state of nature live on one food throughout their lives. Then why insist upon vegetarianism? Surely there are some who must have meat, and just as surely most human stomachs require variety and change. Any diet which is the result of a mad must be tried cautiously.—Philadelphia Ledger.

BARTER AND EXCHANGE.

Moses was offered gold and silver in the wilderness. The Greeks, Medes and Persians were users of coins. The government banks of England yield an income to the government of \$300,000,000 a year. The first Roman coin was of copper and weighed a pound. Both gold and silver will hide their heads when trouble comes. Some men go blind looking for a principle. Overproduction is nature's generosity, and that is a crime? In Bible time an ounce of silver was worth half an ounce of gold. India has 900,000,000 of silver, which England says is not money. Joseph was sold by his brothers to the Medianites for 20 shekels of silver. Tom Reed says "a statesman is a dead politician."

The trade dollar of 450 grains was simply a medal, legal tender for nothing. Isaiah called those wicked who weighed silver with which to make an idol.

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BARTER AND EXCHANGE.

The Haskell Free Press.

J. E. POOLE, Editor and Proprietor.

Advertising rates made known on application. Terms \$1.50 per annum, invariably cash in advance.

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

Saturday, Nov. 2, 1895.

LOCAL DOTS.

Everything at Keister & Hazlewood's store is going at cost. Mr. B. E. Nolan was a caller at our sanctum yesterday. He has just returned from the Dallas fair. A full stock and everything at cost at Keister & Hazlewood's. Those capes and cloaks at F. G. Alexander & Co's are going fast at Chicago cost. See those new and pretty callies at A. W. Springer's, they are a choice selection. The cost prices at Keister & Hazlewood's will surprise you. "A dollar saved is a dollar made" at Keister & Hazlewood's is the place to save it just now. Mr. J. W. Middleton has returned from a cattle trading expedition in Oklahoma and Kansas. Every reader can get a handsome briar pipe free. See advertisement of Duke's Mixture. The ladies will find some new, reasonable and stylish dress goods, with handsome trimmings to match, at A. W. Springer's. Mr. Frank Schick, the Throckmorton liveryman, was in Haskell Tuesday. Get good double seamed stove pipe at Reed's new tin shop. Straight cost for everything and no holdbacks, at Keister & Hazlewood's. Mr. J. V. W. Holmes returned several days since from a trip through the eastern portion of the state. No special bargains, everything at straight cost at Keister & Hazlewood's, to everybody alike. A bevy of young ladies had a very jolly time at a dumb supper at Mr. A. C. Foster's on Thursday night. When you have some extra CASH BARGAINS offered you, step over to F. G. Alexander & Co's and see what THEY can do in the way of cash bargains. Mr. I. H. Spikes and family of Wills Point are here on a visit to the families of Messrs. W. W. and R. B. Fields. It will pay you to scrape up a few dollars and go to Keister & Hazlewood's for your supply of dry goods. Miss Mattie Armstrong of White Castle, Louisiana, is visiting her sister, Mrs. T. J. Lemmon of this place. That cost sale at Keister & Hazlewood's is no catch—they are selling at straight cost. The young ladies had a dumb supper at Dr. J. E. Lindsey's on Wednesday night, which is reported as a very enjoyable affair. Mrs. John Murchison and Mrs. M. A. Jackson of Farmersville, are visiting their relatives, the family of Mr. W. P. Whitman of this place. Mr. W. T. Hudson came in from Seymour Wednesday evening and said the rain had extended to Seymour and beyond on the north. Reed's new tin-shop is the place to get anything you want made of tin or sheet iron. North side of the square at old Palace drug store. Dr. J. G. Simmons has returned from a trip of two or three weeks in Arkansas. He says he is now better satisfied than ever with Haskell county. Messrs. J. W. Wright, T. K. Brazzel, I. H. Spikes, J. T. Lolly and Geo. Fields went down on the Clear Fork the first of the week to spend a few days hunting and fishing. Some of the witnesses who attended the federal court at Graham last week inform us that the Crawford case was continued on account of the disappearance of the written evidence of T. J. Keenan, dec'd, from the papers of the case, and they think the case will be dismissed at the next term of the court. Dr. Morris came in Tuesday and is engaged in repairing the grinders of various citizens. And, by the way, the doctor is a skilled workman in his line, as a number of our people testify from an experience of his work on a former visit.

SPECIAL CUT UNTIL DECEMBER 24 1895. Six Cabinet Photos Only | 10 Cts. | Don't Miss This Offer at WARD'S THE ART ST. ABILENE, TEXAS.

Remember!!

- 1st. Huss Bros. of Abilene have the largest line of School Books in the west. 2nd. Huss Bros. have the window glass you want. 3rd. Huss Bros. have the best iron wagon made, 5 sizes. 4th. Huss Bros. are the patent medicine depot for West Texas. 5th. Huss Bros. sell Masury's paint, the best for the Texas climate. 6th. Huss Bros. are never beaten in prices.

The vapors arising from muddy lots, hog pens and out houses are calculated to produce sickness. It would be the part of prudence to thoroughly clean up all such places and make a liberal use of fresh lime. It would be still better if all hog pens were moved entirely out of town. Mr. A. C. Foster is the only one of the bicycle team that made the round trip to Dallas fair and back on his wheel. Messrs. Anthony and Martin had enough of the fun by the time they got to Dallas and they and their wheels rode back to Seymour on the Denver. Joe Jones fell by the wayside at Albany going down and took the train for Dallas. Mr. E. H. Green an enterprising farmer and stockraiser of the south west part of the county, was in to see us Tuesday and evening up old scores and set himself ahead on our subscription books. Mr. Green says that he feels a considerable interest in the organization of a Farmer's Institute in our county and hopes the farmers generally will take hold of the matter and put it through. The rains this week have put the ground in splendid condition for plowing and sowing wheat, but so far we have heard of only a few farmers who intend to plant wheat. We are decidedly of the opinion that the farmer who fails to sow at least enough wheat to make his bread will make a serious mistake. It will not do to depend on cotton or any other staple crop for money to buy bread, meat and all other family supplies. On the other hand, the man who produces the family living at home, as far as it can be done, will be found to be the most prosperous and independent every time and in any country.

On Sunday last Messrs W. G. Halsey, J. A. Bailey, M. H. Gossett, M. S. Shook, S. W. Scott and Geo. Couch, chartered a hack and departed for the Dallas fair via Seymour. Mr. T. J. Lemmon, who was coming from Seymour on that day, says he passed them about half way to that place with the front axle of the hack broken square in two and they seemed to be trying to fit the front axle and wheels of a wagon to the hack. Coming on to Haskell he noticed numerous bottles along the roadside, but he didn't suppose that had anything to do with the broken axle; they might have been there last year for all he knew. Friday, Nov. 1, was All Hallows or All Saints' day, a festival of the Roman Catholic church, instituted by Gregory IV in 835, because of the impossibility of keeping a separate day for each one of their numerous "saints." As early as the 4th century, on the cessation of the persecution of the Christians, the Sunday after Easter was appointed by the Greek church for commemorating the martyrs; and in the church of Rome a similar festival was introduced about 610, when the old heathen Pantheon was consecrated to the martyrs. But the real festival of All Saints was instituted by Gregory, as above stated, to be celebrated Nov. 1, and was admitted into England about 870. Its object was to supplant heathen by christian observances. The day was commonly designated as Hallowmas and the evening preceding as Hallowe'en.

To the People of Haskell and adjoining counties: We are closing out our dry goods business in Haskell for the purpose of leaving. Everything in our store is going at actual cost and must close out by the first of December. Come everybody and get your goods—you can save money by so doing. Respectfully, Keister & Hazlewood.

Cash for Cotton. As there has not heretofore been a cash market in Haskell for cotton, I take this means of informing the farmers that I have made arrangements for money with which to buy cotton this fall, and that I will take all that is offered at the best price the market will allow. D. W. COURTWRIGHT.

Dental Announcement. Dr. W. A. Morris, dentist of Graham, Texas, respectfully announces to the citizens of Haskell and vicinity that he is now in Haskell, and is located at the Wright House, at which place he can be found prepared to serve you in any line of dentistry. As his stay will be limited those parties desiring his service should call early. Respectfully, Dr. W. A. Morris.

Honor Roll. The following pupils, of the 4th and 5th grades, were neither absent or tardy during the month ending Oct. 25th, also made a general average of 85 per cent. on lessons: Myrtle Reed, Mammie Meadors, Alvy Couch, and John Carothers. MRS. NEWT MILLHOLLON, Teacher.

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 Drugstore. Regular size bottles 50

Planting Trees. Farm News.

The best time for planting shade trees, is supposed to be in the fall after the young trees have cast their leaves, and it may be continued until the ground begins to be frozen. Some planters prefer the early spring before the buds have put forth; this is especially the favorite time for planting fruit trees, but there is a great risk in waiting until they begin to leaf. Tree planting is one of the duties which the farmer is called upon to perform which requires the special exercise of his own good judgment, as only general rules can be given to direct him. In handling trees out of the ground, especially the roots should be carefully protected from the severe cold, sunshine or dry air. In transplanting trees, or in planting young trees directly from the nursery, either for shade or ornament, the trees themselves should be carefully selected, and the greatest possible care should be taken in removing to preserve the largest possible quantity of living roots, and especially of the small fibrous rootlets on the sides and ends of the larger ones, for these furnish the true roots mouths, by which the tree is to be fed. It seems scarcely necessary to add that these rootlets should be kept moist and as far as possible in the dark until they are again put into the ground. Very few trees that have been exposed after lifting to the sun and the wind for days or even under some circumstances for hours, are worth the trouble of planting and this is especially true of shade trees. The hole made to receive the tree should be prepared before hand, so as to receive the trees as soon after lifting as possible; hence if you would have success in planting, you should know in advance just when your trees are coming, so that the holes may be ready. These should be much deeper than are just necessary to receive the roots; the earth if possible should be finely pulverized at least a foot below the roots and replaced and pressed down before the tree is set; the width of the hole should be such as to extend at least a foot on every side beyond the roots as spread out when planted. If now your soil is pulverized and enriched, bleached wood ashes or well rotted manure, mixed so as not to be brought too close to the roots you may count on a quick and vigorous

You Will Save Money By DEALING WITH-

Burton, Lingo & Co., LUMBER DEALERS.

LARGEST STOCK, LOWEST PRICES. Cement, \$2.50 bbl. | Lime, \$1.50 bbl. | Shingles, good, \$1.75 per 1000. Fire-Proof Brick Kept on Hand.

ABILENE, TEXAS.

The Like Never Before Seen in Haskell!

Note these Goods and Prices

We are offering a special drive in Ladies and Misses Capes and Cloaks in the latest styles.

LADIES CAPES, imported meltons and flannels, handsomely trimmed in laces and braids, former prices from \$7.50 to \$19.50 each.

Our Price Now, \$2.00 to \$5.00.

CLOAKS of same material, handsomely trimmed, former prices from \$5 to \$15.00.

Our Prices Now, \$2.00 to \$6.00. These goods are suitable for fall and winter wear and are going fast.

A good dongola patent tip ladies shoe, usual price \$1.50 to \$2.00.

Our Price only \$1.00.

Don't fail to see our 4 and 5 cent Domestic, 36 inches wide and good quality, the best you will find for the money.

25 yds. Best Cotton Checks for \$1.00.

Our general line of ladies dress goods is up to date in every particular, but prices date back to last year's low figures.

Our staple dry goods department is full of every class of goods required by this market and prices are bed rock.

SHOES of every class and style for everybody, big, little, old and young.

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Yours truly, Ed. S. HUGHES & CO.,

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growth of the young trees. Some one will say, your method of planting trees requires too much time and trouble; to such an one we say, if you are willing to run the risk of your trees dying, or of having a sickly growth for years to come, take as little trouble as possible in planting.

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—Prof. Jones of the Ward school called at the Free Press office yesterday and had his name put on our subscription list.

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