

The Haskell Free Press.

Vol. 12.

Haskell, Haskell County, Texas, Saturday, Aug. 21, 1897.

No. 34.

Directory.

OFFICERS 39th JUDICIAL DISTRICT.
District Judge, Hon. Ed. J. Hamner.
District Attorney, C. H. Steele.

COUNTY OFFICIALS
County Judge, J. M. Baldwin.
County Attorney, J. E. Wilfong.
County & Dist. Clerk, G. R. Couch.
Sheriff and Tax Collector, W. B. Anthony.
County Treasurer, Jasper Millhousen.
Tax Assessor, H. S. Post.
County Surveyor, J. A. Fisher.

COMMISSIONERS.
Precinct No. 1, J. W. Evans.
Precinct No. 2, H. E. Owsley.
Precinct No. 3, T. E. Ballard.
Precinct No. 4, J. M. Perry.

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Constable Prec. No. 1, B. A. Glascock.

CHURCHES.
Baptist, (Missionary) Every 4th Saturday night and Sunday, Rev. R. C. Farmer, Pastor.
Presbyterian, (Cumberland) Every 2nd and 4th Sunday, Rev. W. G. Peyton, Pastor.
Christian (Campbellite) Every 2nd and 4th Sunday before, Pastor.
Presbyterian, Every 2nd and 4th Sunday before, Pastor.
Rev. H. D. Campbell.
Methodist (M. B. Church S.) Every 1st, 2nd, and 4th Sunday and Sunday night.
Rev. M. L. Moody, Pastor.
Union Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.
Methodist Sunday School every Sunday.
P. D. Sanders, Superintendent.
Christian Sunday School every Sunday.
W. B. Standefer, Superintendent.
Baptist Sunday School every Sunday.
J. M. Lindsey, Superintendent.
Presbyterian Sunday School every Sunday.
J. M. Baldwin, Superintendent.

CIVIC SOCIETIES.
Haskell Lodge No. 68, A. F. & A. M. meets Saturday on or before each full moon, A. C. Foster, W. M. J. W. Evans, Sec'y.
Haskell Chapter No. 181
Royal Arch Masons meet on the first Tuesday in each month.
P. D. Sanders, High Priest.
J. W. Evans, Sec'y.
Prairie City Lodge No. 303 K of P. Meets first, third and fifth Friday nights of each month.
W. E. Sherrill, C. C.
W. L. Hill, K. of R. S.
Elmwood Camp of the Woodmen of the World meets 2nd and 4th Tuesday each month.
P. D. Sanders, Con. C.
G. R. Couch, Clerk.
Haskell Council Grand Order of the Orient, meets 1st, second and fourth Friday night of each month.
W. B. Anthony, P. M. S. L.

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Attorney - at - Law,
HASKELL, TEXAS.

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Will keep your milk cool and sweet and butter firm in hottest weather.
Ripens cream evenly and makes churning easy. Works in any climate. Costs nothing to operate it, and will last to years. Every one guaranteed. Write for descriptive catalogue and full particulars.

AUTOMATIC COOLER MFG CO
ROCKDALE, TEXAS.
Please mention this paper when you write.

ANSON now has telephonic connection with Abilene. Haskell ought to hitch on.

Why can't Haskell get up a little steam and secure telephonic connection with the world via Anson and Abilene?

ORIGIN OF THE TEXAS COW-BOYS' ASSOCIATION.

First Re-Union of the Kind in the History of the World.

The Baylor County Banner the first and only Paper to Advocate Its Organization.

Now that the Cow Boys' Association has become a reality and is numbered among the annual institutions of Texas, the Banner thinks it the proper time and place to give a brief resume of its history.

The Association is the result of a meeting of ex-cow boys, H. T. Daugherty, Jo A. P. Dickson, Jeff Scott, George Martin and Neil H. Bigger, editor of the Banner, at Lankford's store in the spring of 1896. The idea of such an organization was suggested by Mr. Daugherty, which was freely discussed by the other gentlemen present, with the result that the Banner's services were enlisted in the cause and began at once agitating permanent organization.

A meeting was planned to be held in Seymour July 24th, 25th and 26th, 1896. It was thought that if as many as 2000 people attended the first meeting it would prove a grand success.

It not only came up to expectations, but far surpassed the wildest dreams of its originators and promoters. Fully 10,000 people were present and a complete program was carried out. Seymour was chosen as the place of the second meeting, the festivities of which came to an end Friday evening of the past week.

At this meeting the association was permanently organized and the following officers elected:

President, H. T. Daugherty; Vice-President, Ben Reynolds; Treasurer, John Power; Secretary, J. H. Glasgow; Sergeant-at-arm, Jo A. P. Dickson.

The present reunion is the better by far of those held. The program was more elaborate. We had three hundred Indians and two half days of racing besides the steer roping and broncho busting that we had last year. More people were here, the crowd having been estimated at 15,000 visitors and they were better pleased than ever.

More prizes were offered and more money was expended to make the reunion a grand success.

At the meeting on the first day all the old officers were re-elected and the city of Haskell was chosen as the meeting place of the third annual reunion. Many of our people were anxious to have the reunion in Seymour next year but many, also, of them would rather not bear the burden of another reunion next time and the people of our town would rather see it go to our sister town than any other place in the Panhandle and we feel that in justice to Haskell we should add that she is amply able to accommodate the crowds of visitors that will be in attendance on the next reunion. She is a whole souled, wide-awake town and contains plenty of men who have the money and will spend it freely to make the third annual cow-boy's reunion a sure enough go.

The fact that the institution is becoming a reality that will assume gigantic proportions and grow in importance is shown by the eagerness of the leading citizens of Fort Worth to induce the association to hold their next re-union in that city.

The people of the panhandle have a good thing in the way of an attraction if they will take hold and elaborate it to the extent that it should be done. The association, by the aid of the people of this country, can make the reunion a permanent institution which can add thereto an exposition which can be made worth seeing. —Baylor Co Banner.

THE Wilson tariff law is dead; the Dingley bill killed it. We now have the Dingley law and prosperity. As evidence of this fact the big Amalgamated Association of iron and steel workers cut down the wages of their thousands of employees ten per cent the other day. When those fellows were whooping for McKinley they were expecting a raise instead of a cut. Fools learn only in the school of experience and some of them are dull students even there.

Who Is Responsible for the Trust?

The raise in cotton bagging under the Dingley tariff will net the bagging trust the neat sum of \$157,500. This of course will come out of the pockets of the producers of cotton. Under the Wilson law cotton bagging was on the free list and the democratic members of congress tried to keep it there while the Dingley law was being enacted, but the republicans outvoted them. Farmers will remember to charge this \$157,500.00 to the republican party. Going a little further, however, we may find this as well as all other articles controlled by combines or trusts squarely chargeable to the populist party. Why so? Did they vote for the increased tariffs and to allow the trusts to continue their operations unmolested? No, but acts of omission are often as grievous wrongs as are sins of commission, and it is by the omission to vote of the populist senators Stewart and Allen that the trusts continue to exist. When the Dingley bill was about to be passed by the senate Senator Chilton of Texas offered an amendment to it providing under heavy penalties that it should be unlawful for any railroad or other common carrier to convey from one state to another any article manufactured or controlled by a trust. Mr. Chilton made an eloquent appeal for votes for his amendment, reminding conservative republicans and others of their promises to suppress or control the trusts. When the vote was taken on it it was found that it lacked only two votes of carrying and Senators Stewart and Allen had sat mute and not voted! This is a matter of record in the senate journal. Is not this betrayal sufficient cause for men who have gone to the populist party in the belief of hope that through its representatives they would bring about reforms to forsake it? Did Messrs Stewart and Allen have trust money in their pockets—who can tell? We do know though that when the question is asked "Who is responsible for the existence of the trusts to-day" the answer is clear that it is the populist party through its senators Stewart and Allen, for if they had voted for the Chilton amendment it would have carried and the trusts, being prevented from shipping their goods over the country, would necessarily have had to dissolve and each manufacturer carry on business independently. This would have restored competition and, consequently, lower prices.

It is said by good authority that the first apples produced in this country was near Boston in 1639 or 1640 and that some of the trees are still living.

Now that Haskell has secured the Cowboys' Reunion for next year every citizen of the town and county should give his aid and influence toward making it a thorough success. This must be done in order to make it of any permanent benefit to our town and to establish a proper reputation for it with the visitors from surrounding counties, many of whom may become its patrons if favorably impressed. Such a crowd as will be gathered here for three or four days, say eight to ten thousand people and two to three thousand horses to feed, will furnish a market for a vast quantity of vegetables, melons, grain and forage, etc., besides the staples which will be sold by the stores, and if the farmers will prepare to meet the demand they can gather in many a dollar.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair, DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER MOST PERFECT MADE.

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

Senator George Dead.

Not Mississippi alone, but the country at large and the South in particular, sustained a loss in the death of United States Senator J. Z. George of Mississippi, which occurred on Saturday last.

For sixteen years he has been at his post in the senate battling for the rights of the people against the forces of corruption and organized greed and standing firmly for the constitutional rights and privileges of the states. No lawyer in the senate was more deeply grounded in constitutional law than he and his opinions on such questions always had weight in that body.

As private citizen, soldier, jurist and statesman his record is unsullied. In all these capacities he rendered to his country efficient service. His career opened as a soldier under Jefferson Davis in his campaign in Mexico, being a participant in the noted battles of Monterey and Buena Vista. After his return he was supreme court reporter for a number of years and prepared and published several volumes of law reports, was subsequently a member of the Mississippi convention which declared for secession in 1861. He entered the confederate army as a captain and rose to the rank of brigadier general. A few years after the civil war he was appointed a judge of the supreme court and was subsequently elected chief justice and from this position he was elected to the United States senate.

In the competitive examination at Baird for the two scholarships in the Sam Houston Normal school to be awarded by Senator Tillett from this senatorial district, Mr. T. D. Dawkins made an average of 85.7-9 and Miss Annie So Relle of Abilene averaged 83.4-9 and, being the two highest, they were awarded the scholarships.

Our eastern friends who have the West Texas cowboys pictured as a hard lot morally and otherwise and closely allied to the desperadoes of fiction should visit one of their reunions and get themselves disillusioned. At the three days reunion at Seymour two weeks ago, where there was an outpouring of the population of the farms and ranches of this section, the average estimate of which was 10,000, and which included several hundred typical cowboys, and the affair being conducted almost without police restrictions, there was practically no obnoxious conduct—in fact not so much as we have seen in eastern crowds in times of large public gatherings. Saloons and beer stands run wide open day and night, yet we heard of only two or three "drunk and down" cases. Naturally there was a good deal of drinking and the boys were hilarious and boisterous at times, but all was in good humor and it was "hail fellow well met." There was no malicious mischief perpetrated and no case of anyone's property being willfully injured that we heard of—and we were there and saw and heard much of what went on.

Referring again to the big plum controversy between it and the Free Press our neighbor in Taylor county, Merkel Mail, says:

"There can be no doubt but what the west is a wonderful country. Her resources are unlimited and only needs to be enlarged upon to demonstrate the fact that in productive capacity she rivals the world. Since the above was published we have had occasion to view a 75-pound watermelon, a 17-pound muskmelon, several 1-pound onions gathered from a crop which yielded 100 bushels, a 15 inch pear, some fine apples, peaches and grapes all raised with out irrigation and with very meagre cultivation. We will admit that Haskell county has magnificent possibilities, and is all that the Free Press claims for her, but she can not surpass the rich valleys of the Merkel country one iota. She may equal it; we'll admit that much."

Guess we'll have to call it even, your truck is about as good as ours—only we claim it on you in onions as we've got some two pounders on exhibition in our office.

A Point for Fishermen

Dr. Geo. T. Angell, president of the American Humane Society says in Our Dumb Animals:

Always kill fish as soon as they are taken from the water by a sharp blow with a baton or stick on the back of the head.

They keep better, eat better, and are in all respects better than those that suffer just before dying.

The best fishermen in Europe and America know this—the suffering of any animal just before dying always tends to make the meat unwholesome and sometimes poisonous.

The writer recalls well when he was a boy a Welshman and his family in the same village plied fishing as his business. He and his boys each carried a wooden mallet, and as fast as fish were drawn in, each was killed at once. Another fisherman asked why he did it. He answered, "Would you eat cows' meat that died a natural death?" "Of course not." "Neither would I eat a fish's meat that died a natural death."

The state Farmers' Alliance held their annual encampment in Dallas this week at the fair grounds and one of large buildings, Machinery Hall, was specially decked up for their use, but the attendance was so small that both Dallas and the members were disappointed, and the vendors of refreshments who had fixed up for a big crowd got left.

Several members spoke regretfully of the apparent decadence of the organization and seemed at a loss to account for it. The cause is not far to seek. Politics did it just as it has crippled or killed every other similar order into which political scheming and discussion have been allowed to enter. The Alliance's bantling, the populist party, is tottering on its last legs and the Alliance is decaying with it. If the Alliance had held strictly to its original purpose and constitution, excluding politics and politicians it would have been a good educator for the farmers industrially—possibly it might yet redeem itself from their baneful influence.

16 to 1

This is about the ratio of summer tourists who go to

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VIA Ft. Worth & Denver R'y (Texas Panhandle Route.)

As Against all Competitors.

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Shortest Line, Quickest Time, Superior Service, Through Trains, Fourteen Treatment.

And the constant descent of the temperature six hours after leaving Fort Worth summer heat is forgotten and balmy, spring like breezes greet you. Try it and be convinced.

It is a Pleasure to Answer Questions.

Write any local agent, or D. B. KRUEH, G. P. A., Ft. W. & D. C. R'y, Fort Worth, Texas.

BOLL worms are damaging cotton in Lamar and some other eastern counties.

Parker's Hair Balm

An elegant dressing for the hair that makes it soft and silken and promotes its growth. It prevents dandruff and hair falling and keeps the scalp clean and healthy. By its use GRAY HAIR GRADUALLY BECOMES ITS YOUTHFUL COLOR.

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MAKES GOOD BLOOD. INCREASES NUTRITION. OVERCOMES CHRONIC INDIGESTION. SUBDUES PAIN. RESTORES HEART-POWER. RELIEVES THE INFIRMITIES OF AGE. Parker's Ginger Tonic gives vitality, endures, comfort and health, and makes life worth the living. Ask your Druggist for it. 50 cts. & \$1.

EVERYTHING passed off very smoothly at the Cowboys' Reunion at Seymour last week. The only complaint we heard was about the disagreeable dust and scarcity of water.—Throckmorton Times.

Haskell will give the boys less dust and more water next year.

It is said that a Kalamazo, Michigan has a valuable parrot. A burglar succeeded in picking the lock to the front door of his residence, but when he opened it the parrot from his unseen perch asked, in a stern voice: "Hello there! What's the matter?" The burglar didn't stay to answer.

The tendency of wages under the Dingley tariff proves the assertion that protection tends to lower wages, while the tendency of prices of clothing and many eatables proves that it also tends to dearer living.

With Reagan and Mills in the field for the senate it is doubtful if Culberson or Bailey will enter the race. As between "Roger the dodger" and the "grand old Roman," we shall expect to see the former trip on a banana peeling, as it were. Mentally John H. Reagan is all right.

He "Pulled His Freight" WITH A Mitchell Wagon

and was pleased, just as every freighter who is using one is.

The Mitchell —Is undoubtedly the— Monarch of the Road.

"As good as the Mitchell" is the highest compliment that can be paid another make of wagons. While the MITCHELL has always been the STANDARD of excellence, yet we candidly believe that the factory is turning out the best wagon they have ever made. If interested, write us, or call and verify our statements. Yours truly,

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Haskell Free Press.

J. E. POOLE, Publisher.

HASKELL, TEXAS.

Many orators are mere manufacturers of phrases.

Irregular honesty is harder to handle than regular dishonesty.

It is nature for a woman to think that some ugly man is good looking.

The most utterly lost of all days is that in which you have not once laughed.

The Minnesota Indians who drank painkiller didn't understand that they would die along with the pain.

The reason that Italy's food supply is insufficient for home consumption is because the people are more fruitful than the soil.

It must always puzzle a landlubber to understand why, after a ship has been duly accepted by the navy department, the next thing heard of it is that it is in a dock somewhere for repairs.

It is announced that the endowment fund of a New York city parish, known far and wide for its good works, has gone beyond the one hundred-thousand-dollar mark. That noble provision for Christian helpfulness began in a striking way. Twelve shop girls gave a gold dollar each, and on that suggestive basis rests the superstructure which is to endure through the generations. They did what they could, as did the woman in the Gospels.

The nation of Indians that best represented the warring element of the race of red men has made a significant appeal to the government. The remnant of the Sioux has asked permission to erect a monument to the brave slain in the battle of Wounded Knee in South Dakota seven years ago, and to inscribe thereon, in the Sioux language, "words that shall proclaim Wounded Knee the last battle-field on which the Indian shall show hostility to his white brother."

The riots in India threaten to take on the character of an insurrection. The agitators are endeavoring to inflame the native population by representing that the sanitary measures taken by the British government to prevent the spreading of the plague are in effect desecration of Indian temples and a trampling upon traditions. The people of India have undoubtedly many causes for complaint against the British, but the vigor or thoroughness of measures to stop the spread of contagious diseases cannot be put in that catalogue. There always has been opposition to drastic sanitary measures among Asiatic people, and every famine in India, every year of cholera or plague, has been followed by irritation and resentment on the part of the ignorant and prejudiced natives.

Spain, so long mistress of the seas, and the pioneer of national advancement, has become degenerate and a fast waning power. Its industries are suffering from lassitude of the most pronounced order, and threaten to be swamped in the serious competition to which they were subjected by more energetic countries. Spanish agriculture is not excepted from this general decline. Up to the present day nothing in the shape of farming machinery has been introduced, all farm work being still carried on by manual labor. Such a state of affairs could only result, as it has done in a sort of national bankruptcy. But the example and contact with other nations and people has led to a sort of revival of the ancient spirit of rivalry which dominated the Spanish race some hundreds of years ago. The revival is as yet but in spirit, which, although nearly crushed with the weight of impoverishment, now seems to aspire to better things. The agricultural condition of the country has indeed become so depressed that the government has had to look the matter seriously in the face. In the estimate of 1897 the sum of \$340,000 has been voted for the relief of the agricultural industry, and for immediate use. The form in which it is to be given is to grant temporary freedom from succession duties, and on the transfer of property. All cattle, implements, plants, seeds, etc., imported from other countries, for the improvement of agriculture, are to come in duty free. "Cheap money for farmers" is to be provided for by encouraging and promoting facilities to companies for obtaining loans for agricultural purposes, presumably on a combined co-operative mortgage on the farms of the members. As most of the farms are already mortgaged, the government will accept a second mortgage to meet the case. The Spanish agricultural department will also purchase certain plants and seeds, which will be distributed to the best advantage.

General Greely, the Arctic explorer, has lately lost a finger. The immediate cause of the amputation was too much hand shaking, which brought back an old disease of the finger bones; and that was due to frost bite. So those of us who never went to the Arctic regions may still shake hands without danger of losing our fingers. Nevertheless, many a public man must wish that the Oriental fashion prevailed of shaking one's own hand, rather than of submitting it to the repeated squeezing of a crowd of admirers.

An Ohio man sold his wife and family the other day for \$100, and then went and bought a wheel for the money. And if he had not been so quick about it he could have saved \$25 by the recent cut. Those Ohio men are always in such a rush.

An experimental race was recently made in a French office between a skillful typewriter and an expert penman, the test being the number of times a phrase of eight words could be reproduced in five minutes. The penman lost.

MINERS EXCITED.

Blood Was Shed, Which Almost Caused a Riot.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 14.—Injunctions by the court have put a stop to marches by strikers against the New York and Cleveland Coal company for a time at least. But in the execution of the injunctions the sheriff and his deputies narrowly escaped precipitating serious trouble.

As it was, the first blood of the strike was shed. Henry Stewart, one of the sheriff's deputies, struck Jacob Mott, a drummer of the McDonald band with the edge of his brass horn and cut a severe gash above his eye.

The sight of the blood wrought up the 1000 idle miners to such a pitch that a desperate conflict was imminent. The deputies were also excited and noisy. The strikers were jeering and yelling and urging a further rush down the road. On the crowd there were enough angry strikers to annihilate four times the force of officers on the ground.

Capt. Bellingham, Sheriff Lowrey, Chief Deputy Richards and Superintendent DeArmitt were the only cool men in the assemblage. To them belongs the credit of averting a riot. When Bellingham saw there was danger of his men getting beyond his control, he commanded a halt and addressed himself to the task of restraining the most belligerent. So well were his efforts directed that he soon had restored comparative order.

Sheriff Lowrey had a difficult task to perform, but he handled it well and by his coolness and good nature did much to neutralize the bitterness and strife invited by the behavior of his subordinates.

The strikers finally retired and marched back to their camp. There were several other brushes with the deputies, but no actual collision.

After the miners returned to camp the officers held a conference with their attorney and he advised them to quit marching until the court had heard the argument next Monday on the bill in equity brought by the New York and Cleveland Gas Coal company, as it might injure their cause if they were brought up for contempt before the court.

President Dolan then issued orders that no marches should be made on any of the mines of the New York and Cleveland Gas Coal company until further orders, although marches may be made against other places. In place of marching mass meetings will be held and speeches made as a means of keeping the miners of the company from going to work. Two meetings will be held at Plum Creek to-morrow afternoon, at which addresses will be made by prominent strike leaders. The miners of the New York and Cleveland Gas Coal company will be urged to be present.

The feature of the situation yesterday morning was the fact that the women sympathizers for the first time in the strike participated in a daylight demonstration and like their brethren in the cause, had the injunction read to them and were ordered to cease using the public highways for a parade ground.

There was no sign of trouble last night. Strikers remained within their camps, and although the deputies were on guard they had little to do.

CASTILLO'S FUNERAL.

All the Troops of the Garrison Were in Line When the Cortage Passed.

Madrid, Aug. 14.—The funeral of Senor Canovas del Castillo yesterday was a most touching and solemn ceremony. All the troops of the garrison lined the route along which the cortage passed, the flags were lowered and the embassies, consulates and clubs were heavily draped with crepe as well as the public buildings.

More than a thousand wreaths were deposited in the death chamber. A salvo of artillery announced the starting of the funeral procession, which moved slowly through an enormous crowd in which all the heads were bare and many eyes were weeping. A peculiarly poignant scene ensued as the duke of Glomayer, Marshal Martinez Campos, Marquis Pazo de la Merizade and the other pall bearers lifted the coffin.

Senora Canovas in a clear and firm tone said: "I desire that all should know that I forgive the assassin. It is the greatest sacrifice I can make, but I make it for the sake of what I know of my husband's great heart."

Asking for Information.

Denver, Colo., Aug. 14.—Gov. Adams has been asked by the Italian consul, Jos. Cuneo, to determine whether Italians have a right to work in the Cripple Creek district. Dr. Cuneo is also preparing reports to the Italian ambassador to Washington and to King Humbert at Rome regarding the forcible exclusion of twenty-six Italian laborers from the Cripple Creek district by a band of over fifty armed and irresponsible men.

Hanged for Revenge.

Earham, N. M., Aug. 14.—A coroner's jury investigating the death of Harold Morley, aged 15, who was found hanging to the limb of a cottonwood tree. The boy left home on horseback and was evidently lassoed from his horse and then dragged to the tree from which the body was found suspended. Revenge on the parents is supposed to be the cause of the murder. The boy's mother is postmaster at Chamberino and his father is a railroad division superintendent at Kansas City.

Plenty of Wheat.

San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 14.—The sea wall is blocked with wheat, which has been pouring into this city for some days past from all sections of the state. Five steamers are alongside discharging wheat and the huge sheds which are 100 feet long by 200 feet wide are filled up to their utmost capacity. Orders have been issued to clean up vacant lots in the vicinity of the sea wall to accommodate the grain shippers and the Lombard street wharf is also being cleaned for the same purpose.

Spanish Anarchists Expected.

Washington, Aug. 14.—Commissioner Powderly of the Immigration bureau has sent the following letter of instructions to immigrant officials at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Quebec, Canada, relative to the anticipated arrival in this country of Spanish anarchists:

"Information has reached this bureau that the Spanish anarchists, headed by the effect that one Planas, a leader of the Spanish anarchists, has been expelled from France, being conducted to Havre, from which port it is expected that he will sail for the United States. I am also advised that Tarrida Molino, another Spanish anarchist, is believed to have gone to England, and probably is en route to this country. A careful inspection should be made of arriving passengers, in order that should any of this class be detected, a careful examination can be had as to their right of admission into the United States under existing laws."

It is stated at the bureau of immigration that there is no law under which persons can be excluded on the ground that they are anarchists. Nor is anarchy anywhere declared to be a crime, so that if Planas and Molino are refused admission into the country the refusal must be based absolutely on the fact that they come within the general immigration law as to paupers, contract laborers, criminals, etc. This law expressly provides, however, that nothing in this act shall be construed to apply to, or exclude persons convicted of a political offense, notwithstanding said political offense may be designated as a felony, crime or misdemeanor involving moral turpitude by the laws of the land whence he came, or by the court convicting him."

KLONDIKE COUNTRY.

Not One-Half of the People Will Get Over the Mountains This Winter.

Astoria, Ore., Aug. 14.—The Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's steamer, George W. Elder, has returned here from Dyea. The Elder left Dyea the 9th instant. She confirms previous reports that both the White and Chilkoot passes are blocked. The route from Skagway and White Pass is more level and easier traveling, though twenty-five miles farther, but the prospectors are lured in Lake Bonnet, the second lake above Lyndenman, where travelers by Chilkoot pass are landed. Besides, there is plenty of timber on Bennett lake to build boats, while there is none on Lyndenman.

Nearly all of the Elder's passengers were landed at Dyea, the vessel lying a mile and a half out in the bay. Passengers and goods were lightered ashore at a cost of \$10 a ton for freight. Officers of the Elder say that not one-half of the people will get over the mountains this winter. Many are selling their outfits and returning. Letters from parties who went upon the Elder advise their friends not to go this fall, as they can not get through.

San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 14.—During the past week the Klondike fever has abated somewhat in this city owing probably to the discouraging reports received from Dyea. There are plenty of people who announce their intention of trying the Chilkoot route in the spring, and of those who are anxious to go at once a large proportion seem disposed to travel via St. Michaels and up the Yukon. Promoters of expeditions by this route are ready with profuse assurances that the trip can be made before the closing of navigation, but in some cases they are careful not to bind themselves in any way to take passengers through this fall. At the offices of the steamship companies it is reported that inquiry for tickets is diminishing.

Killed an Old Man.

Florence, Ala., Aug. 14.—Eli Burney, for hidden to visit his sweetheart, shot and fatally wounded the girl's father, V. B. Green, of Whitehead, Ala., yesterday. The shooting occurred at Green's home in the presence of the girl, who attempted to save her father. Burney made his escape and is being pursued by officers.

Both are well-to-do farmers and neighbors. Burney had been visiting the daughter for months, but recently offended the father.

Green, who is 70 years old, told the young man to keep away from the place. Burney armed himself and going to Green's house was met by the old man and his daughter at the door. He was denied admittance and shot the old man down.

Amassa Jackson who committed suicide in London lived in New Orleans.

Spotted.

Raiser—"Are there any spots on that young Jack Pott's character?"
Buffer—"Only a few poker dots, that's all."

Charged With Bribery.

Little Rock, Ark., Aug. 14.—A special grand jury of the entire municipal government of the town of Paragould, Ark., except the aldermen, treasurer and street commissioner, were arrested Thursday, charged with bribery and corruption in office. For some time damaging reports have been circulated against the city officials on account of their alleged connection with saloons and gambling houses. These reports became so frequent and were so openly made as to produce a public scandal.

Foreign Lumber Trade.

Tacoma, Wash., Aug. 14.—Henry Hewitt, formerly one of the millionaire lumbermen of Wisconsin, now connected with the St. Paul and Tacoma Lumber company of this city, arrived in Tacoma yesterday after a year's trip to Japan and China. Australia and Siberia. He is the first American lumberman to go to these countries for the purpose of bringing up trade for American products. He reports unexpected success and has established trade relations in all of the countries named.

TRAIN WRECKERS.

They Removed a Rail and Caused a Serious Wreck.

Denison, Tex., Aug. 14.—The Katy had one of the worst passenger wrecks yesterday morning and it has had in this section for years, and is one of the greatest wonders that there was no larger loss of life. It was one of those modern miracles for which there is no accounting.

Passenger train No. 34, via Dallas from Hillsboro to Denison, was coming north just a mile south of Caddo Mills, Hunt county, when suddenly the engine and coaches left the track, the latter turning over.

Express Messenger W. H. Rawlins was killed outright.

Thomas R. Murphy on engine 55, was pulling the train, and when the engine stopped out on the prairie it was still erect, and Murphy and his fireman uninjured.

The train at the time it left the track was on time to the minute, making the usual schedule time and moving as peacefully along as it ever did. Suddenly the rail on the east side of the track slipped and the entire train left the track. Luckily it was on almost level ground, and the dump was not sufficient to turn the train over on its side immediately, or the number of deaths would have been limited only to the number of the train crew and passengers.

When the train had stopped on the ground, the passengers were looked after and quiet was restored. Conductor E. P. Jones, who was in charge, went back to investigate the cause of the trouble.

There was no trouble in discerning exactly what had caused the train to go in the ditch. Some fender had taken a wrench and removed the nuts from the fish plates at the joints, and pulled the spikes from the rails and placed all of them on the ends of the ties, placing the fish plates in such shape that the train would be bound to go in the ditch. The rail having no support of plates or spikes, slid off as soon as the train struck it. What the motive could have been in wrecking the train is beyond human ken. It certainly was not robbery, because the train rarely carries anything valuable in its cargo, and no attempt was made to take anything after it was stopped.

OLD SETTLERS.

They are Holding Their Annual Reunion at Venus.

Cleburne, Tex., Aug. 14.—Yesterday the old settlers of this county, the men who came here when the footprints of the white man were few and far between on this fertile soil, held their annual reunion at Venus, in the eastern part of this county, and will continue this evening. There was a tremendous crowd present, not altogether of old pioneers, for year by year they have crossed the great divide till now only a few of their gray heads are to be seen. But their sons and daughters are eligible to membership and they with the newcomers, swell the crowd till this beautiful little city is crowded to its full capacity. They are being royally entertained by the people of Venus. This is a new town, which has sprung up almost as if by magic in this black land valley, which is as fertile as a river bottom, and is as fertile as a river bottom.

Mr. J. C. Smyth delivered the address of welcome in a manner that made the old pioneers feel at home.

Major E. M. Heath, president, responded on behalf of the association.

Judge W. F. Ramsey of Cleburne, delivered a very interesting address, full of reminiscences, with now a lot of humor and then a vein of pathos which held the attention of the crowd and pleased them. Miss Mollie Hutchison of Alvarado delivered an oration which was listened to with much attention.

All of this was interesting, but during the intermissions the old fellows would gather in groups and live over again those early days when, as one of them put it, "We had no steam cars nor telegraphs nor bicycles, but when everybody was honest." These were the real interesting features to them more than anything else.

To-day Senator Roger Q. Mills will speak.

Charged With Forgery.

Colorado, Tex., Aug. 14.—A young man by the name of Lon Kuykendall was arrested late Wednesday night by Sheriff M. Murray, charged with forging the name of Col. E. Sheehan, a prominent stockman to a check for \$40, and passing the instrument on one of the merchants. On the way to jail Kuykendall made an unsuccessful attempt to capture the sheriff's pistol, and then wrenched himself loose and started to run. McMurray fired several shots at the escaping prisoner, which only made him run faster, and at last the officer settled down to steady waiting and ran his man down after a chase of six blocks.

Confederate Veterans.

Walnut Springs, Tex., Aug. 14.—The sixth annual encampment of the Albert Sidney Johnston camp, No. 115, United Confederate Veterans, met on Wednesday in Railroad park, where the surroundings were pleasant—good shade, plenty of cool spring water and a lively crowd. Speeches were made by Hon. R. Q. Mills, A. J. Baker, H. P. Brown and Mr. Searcy. This was the last day, and when the camp is dismissed, perhaps never more will all the gray beards meet again on earth.

New Druggs Boat.

Sabine Pass, Tex., Aug. 14.—Messrs. Christie & Lowe, the government jetty contractors, have purchased the steam tug Stella for \$12,500. The Stella is considered one of the best and latest tug boats in this port and cost over \$20,000 when new. She will be used in towing rock barges, brushmats, etc., to the jetties which are now under construction. Assistant Government Engineer James L. Bronlee came down Monday with his crew to start the new jetty work.

USEFUL THOUGHT WAVES.

Discord in One's Own Mind Creates Disturbance in Others.

What volumes of potential energy are wasted, and far worse, in negative and discordant mental activities! We are not thinking for ourselves, but for the world. With the shuttle of thought in the loom of mind, we are weaving the multi-colored fabric of conditions, and these not merely immaterial but to be outwardly actualized and manifested, says the Arena. If one in his own soul strikes the discordant notes of anger, envy, avarice, selfishness, or even those seemingly more harmless ones of simple fear, weakness, grief, pessimism or depression, he is creating and vibrating those conditions far and near, thereby stirring the corresponding chords in other souls into sympathetic activity. The sphere of outward action is limited, while that of thought is boundless. Mere doing makes ephemeral reputation, while quality of thinking determines, or rather is, vital character. Every one's thought-images are being constantly impressed upon both himself and others. His mind is a busy factory where conditions are positively manufactured. He weaves their quality, consciously or unconsciously, into every nerve, muscle or tissue of his own body. His materialistic thought tethers him in a little circle of limitation, while boundless green fields lie beyond waiting for occupation. His mental pictures of evil, disorder and disease photograph themselves not only upon his own mind and body but upon those of his fellows. One cannot afford to think much about evil, even for the well-intentioned purpose of its suppression.

The true remedy is its displacement. Thought-eggs when it confers realism, familiarity and finally dominion. To silence discordant strings in ourselves or others we must vibrate their opposites. To truly sympathize with a friend who is quivering with trouble or sorrow is not to drop into his rhythm and intensify it as is usual—but to lift his consciousness by striking a higher chord in unison. The road to mental and physical invigoration lies through the dynamics of formative thought. Our way to elevate other lives is also through their creative mental energies. When the art of projecting thought vibrations on a high plane is systematically cultivated, and the concentration habit developed, potency for good is increased a hundred-fold. Force is no longer squandered in waste but uselessly discordant negotiations, but intelligently conserved in positive vigor and exuberance. Purposeful thought ministrations, spiritual and pure in quality, accurately and scientifically projected, like an arrow toward a target, will be the great harmonizing and uplifting agency that will transform the world. Vibrations of love, peace, spirituality, health, serenity and harmony will be radiated in ever-widening circles, striking responsive unities that are only waiting for a well-directed concordant impulse. The dynamics of mind, when generally utilized, will be the sovereign balm that with scientific accuracy will heal all the infidelities of society. It will usher in not only reform but regeneration. In its copious fullness it will overflow from the altitude of spiritual development, until the subordinate planes of intellectuality, ethics, therapeutics, sociology, economics and physics are swept, purified and uplifted. The highest includes everything below.

A New Bicycle Game.

A new bicycle game, or rather a game which can be played on wheels, has lately been evolved by a cycling genius. It is called the Royal game, and requires a court or field divided into alleys. Two teams of nine riders each take part, and the field is divided into a right and left field, with the courses chalked out plainly. An alleyway constructed of ropes or cables, extends from the upper to the lower field on the division line between right and left fields. Cables also form two upright sides between which the play-wheel rolls, and is driven backward or forward by the riders in passing at any point between the lower and upper field. The play-wheel is a single bicycle rim, having a four and one-half inch pneumatic tire. The idea of the game is to drive the play-wheel from the center field, through attacks of opponents to a goal ahead, the riders using sticks especially made for the game. The ends of the alleyways are the goals for the respective teams. Players ride in single file and always circle to the left. Thus the two teams are constantly meeting and passing each other in opposite directions on the upper side of the alleyway. Royal is a game requiring swift riding and much skill, and a novice would scarcely venture to form one of a team.—London Cycle.

What He Escaped.

An old revolutionary soldier in Portland had a small pension, of which he was very proud, and by doing such work as he could he secured a sufficient income to provide for his modest wants. One day he slipped at the top of a flight of stairs and fell almost to the bottom. The mistress of the house hurried to him in great alarm and asked if he thought he was seriously injured. "I guess not, ma'am," he said, rising stiffly to his feet and gasping with fright; "I don't think I'm killed. But when I was half-way down stairs, ma'am, thinks I, 'I'm a-going to lose my pension, sure!'"—Argonaut.

What Was He There For.

"Mr. Speaker, the new member quavers: 'I should like to rise to a question of privilege.' The gentleman from Kansas has the floor."

"I want to know if I got a right to mention that I got a lot of pure Jersey heifers to sell in the speech I am going to have put in the Record for circulation in my district!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

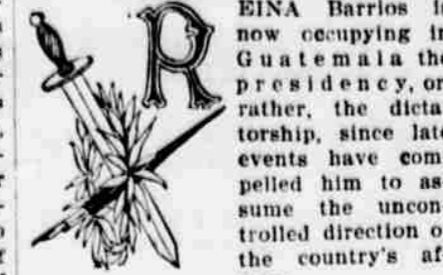
Worse Luck.

Bacon—It is said that bad luck will pursue you if you carry the handle of your umbrella down. Egbert—But I happen to know that much worse luck will overtake you if you happen to lay it down.—Yonkers Statesman.

FAVORS OUR IDEAS.

WHY GUATEMALA HAS A DICTATOR.

Gen. Barrios Likes the American Way of Doing Business and Wants to Trade With This Country—British Influence is Against Him.



EINA Barrios is now occupying in Guatemala the presidential office, or rather, the dictatorship, since late events have compelled him to assume the uncontrolled direction of the country's affairs.

He is a nephew of Gen. Rufino Barrios, who was killed in 1885 at the battle of Chalucapa by the Salvadoreans and other Central Americans opposed to his scheme of restoring the ancient confederacy under Guatemalan influence and moral direction. Gen. Jose Maria Reina Barrios was only 13 years old when he marched in 1866, with the small troop of patriotic volunteers led by his uncle, Rufino Barrios, in his first but unsuccessful assault upon the government of President Carrera. The young volunteer participated in the several attempts to free his country from tyrannical government and won his military grades on many battlefields.

He was married in New York ten years ago to Miss Algeria Benton of New Orleans. He was elected president of the republic on March 15, 1892, and his term will expire next March. On May 31 last he met with the most serious, if not the first, opposition of the



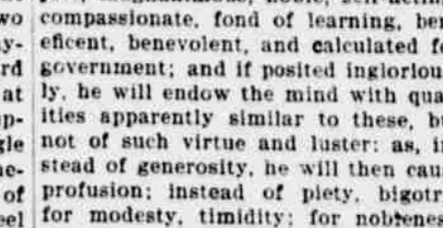
national assembly. This happened about a government bill proposing to make in the United States a loan of \$15,000,000, destined to finish the northern railroad of Guatemala and to promote other enterprises. It was impossible to get a quorum for several sittings and finally the president was compelled to dissolve the assembly and assume himself all the powers which the constitution gave him.

President Reina Barrios is popular among his countrymen, notwithstanding the fact that the favors the introduction of American ideas, inventions and products in his country. All the British influences are at work against him.

WRITER OF ADJECTIVES.

Ptolemy Was the Greatest User of the Qualifying Words.

The greatest writer of adjectives that the world has ever known was Claudius Ptolemy, the renowned Egyptian astronomer and astrologer, who flourished in the second century. The present revival of the latter science has recalled the use of adjectives by famous wizards of the Nile. Here is a passage from one of the books which has come down to us through the centuries having lately been reprinted: "When Jupiter alone has dominion of the mind, and is gloriously situated, he renders it generous, gracious, pious, reverent, joyous, lofty, liberal, just, magnanimous, noble, self-acting, compassionate, fond of learning, beneficent, benevolent, and calculated for government; and if posited in serious, he will endow the mind with qualities apparently similar to these, but not of such virtue and luster as, instead of generosity, he will then cause profusion; instead of piety, bigotry; for modesty, timidity; for nobleness, arrogance; for courteousness, folly; for elegance, vulgurousness; for magnanimity, carelessness; and for liberality, indifference. Concluded with Mars, and being in glory, Jupiter will make men rough, warlike, skillful in military affairs, dictatorial, refractory, impetuous, daring, free in speech, able in action, fond of disputation, contentious, imperious, generous, ambitious, irascible, judicious and fortunate; but, if thus connected, and not placed in glory, he makes men mischievous, reckless, cruel, pitiless, se-



years he directed the suburbany at that city. Mr. Roberts has found time to write several books. He has been honored by Yale and Hamilton, both of which institutions have conferred upon him honorary degrees.

For a Life of Good Work.

Six years ago, when Miss Kate Adams was 21, she was called the belle of Topeka, and it was commonly supposed that she was the heroine of a society novel written about that time by a Topeka minister, in which several other well-known people figured conspicuously. Now she has given up society to devote her life to nursing. When she went to Philadelphia two years ago to enter the deaconesses' house of the diocese of Pennsylvania genuine sorrow was expressed by her friends, and many hoped that before her two years of preparation had ended she might change her mind. But she did not and the service by which she will be set apart as deaconess will take place next January in the Episcopal cathedral at Topeka. Miss Adams has been called by Bishop Millspaugh to do special work in Kansas this summer, but she will return to Philadelphia in October to take the three months' hospital training which will complete her course.

What a Model Bakery Should Be.

What should be the essential conditions of a model bakery? First, the building should be above ground, perfectly drained and ventilated, well organized, absolutely clean, and the expense of labor should be of no consideration. The men should be systematically inspected with regard to their personal cleanliness, having, in the first place, been selected for employment on the ground of their good general health and temperance. The hours of labor should be limited and convenience for washing purposes should be provided. The buildings should be dust-proof in order to make dust contamination impossible; the ovens should be fired at the back of, and not in, the bake-house itself. Water used should be of the very best and guaranteed quality, and in order that only a proper proportion should be used for its corrosion being equivalent of flour, it should be measured by meter. These are roughly the essentials to a typical bake-house.

CURE YOUR RHEUMATISM,

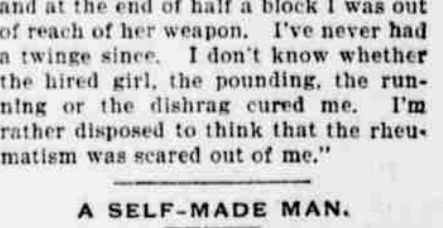
Steal a Dishrag and Rub Yourself with It Every Morning.

"You see that I haven't a particle of rheumatism," said the man with a florid face and a voice that was intended by nature for campaign purposes, says the Detroit Free Press. "I feel like a 2-year-old. Never have an ache or pain. Don't pay a particle of attention to east winds, rains or changes in the temperature. Eat three meals a day and sleep like a top. A year ago I went around smelling like a bottle of horse liniment. One time I'd be on crutches. Then I'd have an arm drawn all out of shape or a shoulder that was of no earthly use. The last spell I had was with my back, and I was about ready to throw up the sponge. What did I do for it? Everything under the sun. I had horse chestnuts in every pocket. I carried potatoes till they petrified. I ate lemons until I was as sour as I looked. I took more kinds of medicine than you can find in any one drug store. I was in a boiled state for six months from hot baths. I was massaged into a pulp. I traveled 500 miles to have the disease charmed away and had it worse coming back than I did going. One day I met a little old man that must have been 100. He was as spry as a kitten, yet assured me that from the time he was 50 to 70 there was nothing of him but rheumatism. Even his hair ached. He advised me to steal a dishrag and rub myself thoroughly with it every morning. There was no virtue in the treatment unless I stole the rag. I would have robbed a bank to get relief. Afternoon I slipped through the back door of a house into the kitchen, grabbed a dishrag and started to limp away. A 200 pound hired girl let out a Tipperary screech and took after me with a mop stick. By the time she had clouted me once or twice I was running like a professional and at the end of half a block I was out of reach of her weapon. I've never had a twinge since. I don't know whether the hired girl, the pounding, the running or the dishrag cured me. I'm rather disposed to think that the rheumatism was scared out of me."

A SELF-MADE MAN.

Treasurer Roberts Was Once a "Devil" For a Country Paper.

Ellis Henry Roberts, United States treasurer, began life as a compositor in the office of a country newspaper. The various steps which he took upward from the "devilship" to Uncle Sam's counting room were made wholly by his own personal effort. In his early youth he entered a printing office and while learning his trade not only supported himself but secured a thorough education. He fitted for college and was graduated with the second highest honors in the class of 1850 at Yale. In 1851 he became editor and part owner of the Utica Herald and for thirty-five years controlled the policy of that paper, having in the meantime become the sole proprietor. During all this time he had been more or less active in politics. He served as delegate to the Republican national conventions in 1864, 1868 and 1876. In 1866 he was elected representative to the state legislature. Four years later he was elected congressman and served two terms. In 1889 he was appointed by Harrison as assistant United States treasurer at New York and during the subsequent four



years he directed the suburbany at that city. Mr. Roberts has found time to write several books. He has been honored by Yale and Hamilton, both of which institutions have conferred upon him honorary degrees.

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What Was He There For.

"Mr. Speaker, the new member quavers: 'I should like to rise to a question of privilege.' The gentleman from Kansas has the floor."

Worse Luck.

Bacon—It is said that bad luck will pursue

My Fellow Laborer.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Exactly six months from that day my book, "The Secret of Life," appeared, and everybody will remember the excitement that ensued. Of course, prophecies so startling were violently attacked, but I only smiled and waited; for I knew that my conclusions could no more be seriously disputed than the law of gravitation. And now the attackers are all silent, and mankind (I say it without false modesty and without pride) blesses the man who has been the means of demonstrating the glorious cause and objects of our hitherto inexplicable existence, and of supplying the key to the mystery of life, and the agony of death, that is, as the religions foreshadowed, but the portal to the larger and more perfect life. Yes! My work is done, and well done, and I can die in peace, knowing that even here I shall never be forgotten!

A week after the book appeared, I received from Fanny this rather weakly worded letter:

"Dear Geoffrey," it began, "so you have found it! And you had had the generosity to publicly acknowledge my share in the work; and my name will go down to future generations linked with yours! It is more than I deserve, though it is just what I should have expected from you. Had I known how near we were to success, I would never have gone away. I am very wealthy, and, in a small, unsatisfactory fashion, powerful, also, as I told you I should be, and shall be more so soon. Joseph has got into Parliament, where, notwithstanding the competition, I think that his entire want of principle ought to carry him a long way. And yet, Geoffrey, I miss you as much as ever, and almost long for the old days. It is hard to have to mix with a set of fools, who smile and gabble, but cannot even understand what it is that we, or rather you, have done. I was so sorry to hear about John. Well, we must each to our own fate. Good-bye."

"FANNY."

I returned no answer to this letter, nor have I ever seen Fanny since, and I hope I never shall see her again. Of course, everybody has a right to look after his or her own interests, and on this ground I do not like to think too hard of her. I used to believe that there was a great deal of prejudiced nonsense talked about women, and that they were as capable of real and good work and of devotion to a single end as we men are. Many and many is the argument that I have had with Fanny herself on this point, for she was wont so confidently to declare that marriage was the education of a man, and the education of a woman's one object in life, and she was capable of carrying out in a satisfactory manner. But now I confess that my belief is shaken, though I know that it is unjust to judge a great and widely differing class from the experience of an individual. And, after all, she was well within her right, and it is impossible to blame her. I had absolutely no claim upon her, and she was undoubtedly wise to provide for herself in life, when so good an opportunity came in her way. It was a little abrupt, and her explanations were rather cynical, but I have no cause for complaint, and she could not marry her myself; why should I have objected to her marrying anybody else—even that young man Joseph?

And yet, I only say it to show how weak I am. I am still fond of Fanny. Hide-Thompson, and still feel sad when I think of her sudden and final departure. Next to my wife's death, it has been the greatest sorrow of my life. If she had stopped with me, she should have had her full share in my triumph, and had all the honors and good things that have followed on its heels. She overvalued herself, she saw too far, and yet not far enough. But I dare say that, after all, this is but another form of the personal vanity to which I fear I am constitutionally liable, and, as such, a weakness to be mortified, especially when a man is hobbling as fast as I am toward the quiet church-yard gates. Well, this is the true history of my relations with Fanny Denely.

(THE END.)

RETALIATION

A Short Story Concluding in Our Next.

ISTEN, Mr. Marbury! Let me try to prove to you I am not so guilty as you think."

"I know, of course not. You gentleman intends to be dishonest, but it is to be regretted that public opinion will not see it in that light," replied the junior partner of an extensive mercantile firm in the city of notions.

"Too true; if you, knowing me for the last ten years, will not believe me, how can I expect sight else from strangers? Here I have been, under your eye, with the charge of the books for this long time, and never have failed to give entire satisfaction to all, until now. If you had not discovered this I should have been able to refund the amount before the end of the year. I know that I did wrong; but in the frenzy of my despair I did not think it wrong. Mr. Marbury, have mercy! do not expose me to the firm! Only keep this knowledge you have gained until January, then, if I have not returned the amount, with interest, I will not ask for further forbearance," pleaded the young man.

"Everett Morse, it matters little what I believe. I care not whether you are innocent or guilty. Fate has thrown you in my power, and I glory in it. I have no love for you. Years ago you crossed my path, and have almost, if not entirely, blasted my hopes of happiness. Clara Dayton smiled on me, until she met you. Since then you have occupied the position I had hoped to gain. Promise to leave town, to resign

all hopes of Clara's hand, and I will have mercy. Hear me out: I will give you as much time as you wish to return the money, and will also make an arrangement to send you to Europe, on business for the firm. I had intended going myself, but this affair has changed my plans somewhat. Now, if you have no answer, you must either conclude to give up your lady-love, or stand before the world a felon."

"Mercy! Mr. Marbury, is this mercy? Oh, heaven pity me! How can I give her up? You do not mean it!"

"When Clara Dayton hears the man who has sought her love stands before the world branded with dishonesty, she will most likely release you from this task. I will be a severe blow to her proud nature."

"She will never believe it. I will go to her and tell her all. Mr. Marbury, let me tell you how I was so sorely tempted, and yielded. You have heard that when my father died, he left his affairs very much embarrassed. The old homestead was mortgaged. This had been a great grief to my mother. She thought of losing this home, most valuable for the loved associations connected with it. You know, too, that my brother and I have been trying to redeem this property. The last note was due, I could not meet the payment. This has been a trying year to me. My mother's illness has very much increased my expenses; then, worse still, my brother's misfortune in breaking his attending to his business. So the whole burden has been on me. I felt sure that as soon as Abbott could return to his work, I should be able to return the loan, as I considered it. Fatal mistake! I now see that any swerving from the right path is certain to bring its punishment. But will you not, for the sake of my poor widowed mother, spare me? It will kill her to hear I am even suspected of dishonesty, she is so feeble now. Do not demand this terrible sacrifice of me. But just! be generous! be merciful!"

"The useless sir! I have told you on what terms I can treat with you. I love Clara, I love my own wife, and cannot relinquish the chance of winning her. It will be impossible for you to remove the suspicion that will follow you. The fact of your employer's want of confidence in you will be sufficient to condemn you. Accept my terms. Go to Europe without seeing Clara again. Take your own time to return the money, and at the end of one year, if I have failed to win her, you are free to seek her anew, and I will give you my word never to mention this affair again."

"I see too plainly I have no other chance. If Clara loves me, as I have hoped, she will remain constant, regardless of appearances, for that time. Thank heaven, I have not sought to bind her by an engagement. Every chance is against me, though. What will she think of my leaving without telling her good-bye, even?"

"Just what I wish her to—that you do not love her any too devotedly. I will take your regrets to her, of 'pressure of business, and time,' and such little excuses. Of course she will be mortified, and disappointed, and in this state of her feelings I doubt to triumph. One mine, I do not doubt being able to make her love me. Such love as mine must meet a response."

"Be it so, George Marbury, but there's a future, thank God. A time when we shall both stand before a just judge. Are you not fearful you may yet need the mercy you now deny me? If not on earth, you surely will above."

"Clara, my daughter, why will you treat Mr. Marbury with so much indifference? He is a very fine young man and seems very much attached to you. There was a time when I thought you liked him a little. I think you thought more of Everett Morse than he deserved. It is very evident, if he had loved you, he would not have gone away without saying a word. Banish him from your mind, and try to smile on one whose long devotion merits some kindness from you."

"Mother, I cannot help thinking there is some mystery relative to Everett's leaving as he did. I feel perfectly sure he loved me. Every word and action told it plainly. Every moment that he spent with us, he was engaged, but there was an understanding between us. Only the night I last saw him he said to me, 'When I come again I shall bring a ring to place on the finger of a certain lady fair, and try to win from her a promise, which will make me one of the happiest men on earth.' Six months have passed since then, and not a word from him. That he is living, and well, I know, for Mr. Marbury told me they had a letter from him by the last steamer. What can he mean, mother?"

"There is no doubt of one thing; he has trifled with sun, and therefore is not worthy of one thought or regret. Clara, Mr. Marbury has spoken to me and asked my approval and influence in his favor. I believe he will make you a kind, loving husband. He is wealthy and will place you in a position worthy of you. I wish very much you would accept him. You know how hard a struggle it is for me to keep up a respectable appearance. Your brother must continue his studies, which is very expensive. After he graduates will probably be a long time before he can get sufficient practice to enable him to help us. Our little is dwindling fast away, and it is absolutely necessary for you to take some thought for the future."

"Have patience, mother, dear; bear with me a little longer! When another six months have passed away, if I have not heard from Everett, then I will relieve your mind and make Mr. Marbury as happy as a withered heart can. Let me have a year, mother, to recover from my lost love. Custom, you will allow, takes time to those whose hearts are with the dead. If Everett is false, then he is dead to me. I will, no doubt, like Mr. Marbury very well; as a friend, I respect him very much now. You may bid him hope, but nothing more, just yet."

"Days, weeks, months rolled rapidly past, but no tidings came to the anxious, waiting heart. Still the dead silence continued."

"Two weeks only remain of the allotted time. Never had the days passed so slowly to George Marbury."

Oh, the dreadful suspense! What, if after all his plotting, he should fail to win her! He must make another appeal to Mrs. Dayton.

All is joy now. She consents to be his. A few more days pass by, and, at length, but one remains. But what cares he! Standing before the altar, clasping the hand of her he would have risked salvation to gain, he is supremely happy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EARLY MAN IN AMERICA.

Man Was Lower in Savagery Than Any We Know.

The climate which covered this world was of course, somewhat different from the present, says Lippincott's. It was colder and the precipitation was greater, but the existence of certain plants shows that a comparatively temperate climate prevailed to the south of the ice; yet it was anomalous. Animals which loved the cold and those of a torrid land were curiously mingled. Troops of mastodons wandered over the land and gorged themselves on the soft twigs of spruce and fir. The slow lumbering, weary rhinoceros wallowed in the muddy streams and lakes. Moose and reindeer ranged the woods; perhaps the Indian story of the great white moose, a survival transmitted from palaeolithic days, when this animal was actually larger than now. Doves of horses and oxen roamed the plains; but they were slain for food, for not yet had man learned the value of beasts of burden.

Early man could have set at naught the Chinese legend that the mammoth belonged to the nether world and died if he breathed the outer air, for only too often he must have met these giants of old, protected from the cold by a covering of long, black hair and thick red wool.

All this time, while the great floods were pouring seaward and gigantic animals were stalking up and down the banks of our rivers and lakes. . . . Judging from skeletons found in Europe, palaeolithic man was short of stature and had a low, receding forehead. It is supposed that he had a yellowish skin, which was covered with coarse hair much like the Aintu of Yezo. He was strong in body, but he had the diminutive mind of a child. Wild and fierce, he knew little of pity or of love; he was lower in savagery than any we know, but he bore the stigma of a better race; he was only a hunter, living on the animals he had slain and the roots and nuts he could gather. At war with his neighbor and at war with himself, his wife was racked with fears and torments, and his mind filled with debasing superstitions, which civilization has hardly yet wholly eliminated.

CREOLES OF NEW ORLEANS.

Intense Conservatism Is Their Distinguishing Quality.

"One of the most distinguishing qualities of the creole is his conservatism," writes Ruth McEnery Stuart in the Ladies' Home Journal. "His family traditions are of obedience and respect. It begins in his church and ends in his wine cellar. He cares not for protesting faiths or new vintages. His religion and his wines are matters of tradition. Good enough for his ancestors, are they not good enough for him and his children? His most delicate home is situated behind a heavy, but handsome, somber and forbidding in its outward expression, asking nothing of the passing world, protecting every sacredness within. The creole lives for his family—in it. The gentle old dame, his great-aunt, perhaps, and neaine to half of his children, after living her sheltered and contented life of threescore and ten years behind the great green gate that opens as a creaking event at the demand of the polished brass knocker, will tell you with a beautiful pride that she has never been to the American side of her own city—above Canal street. If she will admit you as her guest to her inland garden, within her courtyard gate—and be sure she will not do so unless you present unquestionable credentials—if she will call her stately ignored negress, Madeleine, Celeste, Marie or Zulmie, who answers her in her own tongue, to fetch a chair for you into the court before the clematis tree and the grape myrtle—if, seeing you seated, she bid the maid of the tignon to further serve you with orange flower sirup or the timid glasses of liqueur or anisette from a shining old silver tray, you will, perhaps, feel that the great battened door has been, indeed, a conservator of good old ways, and that its office is a worthy one, in preserving the sweet flavor of a picturesque hospitality, whose old-world fragrance is still unspiced by innovations and untainted by emulation or contact."

"All But."

Eccentric pronouncement is especially out of place in the pulpit, although some preachers seem not to think so. An English magazine tells how one offender was reproved: The curate of a London church whose pronouncement is more pedantic than proper is in the habit of alluding to the heir-apparent as if his name were written "Awbib" Edward. He was asked the other day why he so significantly excluded the Prince of Wales in his prayer for the royal family.

"Exclude him! What do you mean?"

"Why," said his friend, "you always pray for all but Edward, Prince of Wales!"

Safe to Condemn Him.

"Dah's only one time," said Uncle Eben, "when it's safe to condemn a man an' dah's when he puts on a melancholy look an' stands in ter tell 'bout how old he's gettin' ter be."—Washington Star.

Worth Trying For.

Tom—Be careful, old man. Keep away from her, and avoid a broken heart. Her father has a will of iron.

Jack—Yes—but he has a will of gold, too.

"I see that the magazines are arranging to get out some very fancy Easter numbers," said she. "Yes," replied her husband; "and so, I suppose, are the people who write the price tags for spring millinery."—Washington Star.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

MAGNETISM OF CHRIST LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: "His Name Shall Be Called Wonderful"—Isaiah, Chapter IX, Verse 6—An Unusual View of the Savior.

HE prophet lived in a dark time. For some three thousand years the world had been getting worse. Kingdoms had arisen and perished. As the captain of a vessel in distress sees relief coming across the water, so the prophet, amid the stormy times in which he lived, put the telescope of prophecy to his eye, and saw, seven Jesus advancing to the rescue. I want to show that when Isaiah called Christ the Wonderful, he spoke wisely.

In most houses there is a picture of Christ. Sometimes it represents him with face effeminate, sometimes with a face despot. I have seen West's grand sketch of the rejection of Christ; I have seen the face of Christ as cut on an emerald, said to be by command of Tiberius Caesar; and yet I am convinced that I shall never know how Jesus looked until, on that sweet Sabbath morning, I shall wash the last sleep from my eyes in the cool river of heaven. I take up this book of divine photographs, and I look at Luke's sketch, at Mark's sketch, at John's sketch, and at Paul's sketch, and I say, with Isaiah, "Wonderful!"

I think that we are all interested in the story of Christ. You feel that he is the only one who can help you. You have unbounded admiration for the commander who helped his passengers rescue our souls, himself falling back into the waters from which he had saved us.

Christ was wonderful in the magnetism of his person. . . . After the battle of Antietam, when a general rode along the lines, although the soldiers were lying down exhausted, they rose with great enthusiasm and huzzas. As Napoleon returned from his captivity, his first step on the wharf shook all the kingdoms, and two hundred and fifty thousand men joined his standard. It took three thousand troops to watch him in his exile. So there have been men of wonderful magnetism of person. But hear me while I tell you of a poor young man who came up from Nazareth to produce a thrill such as has never been excited by any other. Napoleon had around him the memories of Austerlitz and Jena, and Badajoz; but here was a man who had fought no battles; who wore no epaulettes; who brandished no sword. He is no titled man of the schools, for he never went to school. He had probably never seen a prince, or shaken hands with a nobleman. He is only extraordinary person we know of as being in his company was his own mother, and she was so poor that in the most delicate and solemn hour that ever comes to a woman's soul she was obliged to lie down amid camel drivers grooming the beasts of burden.

I imagine Christ one day standing in the streets of Jerusalem. A man descended from high lineage is standing beside him, and says, "My father was a merchant prince; he had a castle on the beach at Galilee. Who was your father?" Christ answers, "Joseph, the carpenter." A man from Athens is standing there unrolling his parchment of graduation, and says to Christ, "Where did you go to school?" Christ answers, "I was a great scholar." A man of such an unheralded young man attempting to command the attention of the world! As well some little fishing village on Long Island shore attempt to arraign New York. Yet no sooner does he set his foot in the towns or cities of Judea than everything is in commotion. The people go out on a picnic, taking only food enough for the day, yet are so fascinated with Christ that, at the risk of starving, they follow him out into the wilderness. A man comes and falls down flat before him, and says, "My daughter is dead." A beggar tries to rub the dimness from his eyes and says, "Lord, my eyes may be opened." A poor, sick, panting woman pressing through the crowd, says, "I must touch the hem of thy garment." Children, who love their mother better than any one else, struggle to get into his arms, and to kiss his cheek, and to run their fingers through his hair, and for all time putting Jesus so in love with the little ones that there is hardly a nursery in Christendom from which he does not take one, saying, "I must have them; I will fill heaven with these; for every cedar that I plant in heaven I will have fifty white lilies. In the hour when I was a poor man in Judea they were not ashamed of me, and now that I have come to a throne I do not despise them. Hold it not back, oh weeping mother; lay it on my warm heart. Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

What is this coming down the road? A triumphal procession. He is seated, not in a chariot, but on an ass; and yet the people take off their coats and throw them in the way. Oh, what a time Jesus made among the children, among the beggars, among the fishermen, among the philosophers! You may boast of self-control, but if you had seen him you would have put your arms around his neck and said, "Thou art altogether lovely."

Jesus was wonderful in the opposites and seeming antagonisms of his nature. You want the logic and consistent, and you say, "How could Christ be God and man at the same time?" John says Christ was the Creator: "All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made." Matthew says that he was omnipresent: "Where two or three are met together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Christ declares his own eternity: "I am Alpha and Omega." How can he be a lion, under his foot crushing kingdoms, and yet a lamb licking the hand that slays him? At what point do the throne and the manger touch? If Christ was God, why see into Egypt? Why not stand his ground? Why, in-

stead of bearing a cross, not lift up his right hand and crush his assassins? Why stand and be spat upon? Why sleep on the mountain, when he owned the palaces of eternity? Why catch fish for his breakfast on the beach in the chill morning, when all the pomegranates are his, and all the vineyards his, and all the cattle his, and all the partridges his? Why walk when weary, and his feet stone bruised, when he might have taken the splendors of the sunset for his equipage, and moved with horses and chariots of fire? Why bore a drink from the ewe when out of the crystal chalice of eternity he poured the Euphrates, the Mississippi, and the Amazon, and dipping his hand in the fountains of heaven, and shaking that hand over the world, from the tips of his fingers dripping the great lakes and the oceans? Why let the Roman regiment put him to death, when he might have ridden down the sky followed by all the cavalry of heaven, mounted on white horses of eternal victory?

You can not understand. Who can? You try to confound me. I am confounded before you speak. Paul said it was unsearchable. He went climbing up from argument to argument, and from antithesis to antithesis, and from glory to glory, and then sank down in exhaustion as he saw far below him other heights of divinity unascended, and exclaimed, "that in all things he might have the pre-eminence."

Again: Christ was wonderful in his teaching. The people had been used to formalities and technicalities; Christ upset all their notions as to how preaching ought to be done. There was this peculiarity about his preaching, the people knew what he meant. His illustrations were taken from the hen calling her chickens together; from salt, from camels, from fishing tackle, from the hard earth, from a dejected owl. How few pupils of this day would have allowed him entrance? He would have been called undignified and familiar in his style of preaching. And yet the people went to hear him. Those old Jewish rabbis might have preached on the sides of Olivet fifty years and never got an audience. The philosophers sneered at his ministrations and said, "This will never do!" The lawyers caricatured, but the common people heard him gladly. Suppose you that there were any sleepy people in his audiences? Suppose you that any woman who ever mixed bread was ignorant of what he meant when he compared the kingdom of heaven with leaven or yeast? Suppose you that the sunburned fishermen, with the fish-scales upon their hands, were listless when he spoke of the kingdom of heaven as a net? We spend three years in college studying ancient mythology, and learn how to make a sermon, and then we go out to save the world; and if we can not do it according to Claudio's "Sermonizing," or Blair's "Rhetoric," or Kames' "Criticism," we will let the world go to perdition. If we save nothing else, we will save Claude and Blair. We see a wreck in sight. We must go out and save the crew and passengers. We wait until we get on our cap and coat, and find our shining oars, and then we push out methodically and scientifically, while some plain shoeman, in rough fishing gear, and with broken oar lock, goes out and gets the crew and passengers, and brings them ashore, and says, "What a ridiculous thing to save men in that way! You ought to have done it scientifically and beautifully." "Ah," says the shoeman, "if these sufferers had waited until you got out your fine boat, they would have gone to the bottom."

The work of a religious teacher is to save men; and though every law of grammar should be snapped in the unsharpened and there be nothing but awkwardness and blundering in the mode, all hail to the man who saves a soul.

Christ, in his preaching, was plain, earnest and wonderfully sympathetic. We cannot dragon men into heaven. We cannot drive them in with the butt-end of a catechism. We waste our time in trying to catch flies with acids instead of the sweet honeycomb of the Gospel. We try to make crab-apples do the work of pomegranates.

Again: Jesus was wonderful in his sorrows. The sun smote him, and the cold chilled him, the rain pelted him, the thirst parched him, and hunger exhausted him. Shall I compare his sorrow to the sea? No; for that is sometimes hushed into a calm. Shall I compare it with the night? No; for that sometimes gleams with Orion, or kindles with Aurora. If one throne should be thrust through your temple you would faint. But here is a whole crown made of the thorns of Spina Christi—made of sharp, stinging thorns. The mob makes a cross, they put down the long beam and on it they fasten a shorter beam. God him at last. Those hands, that have been doing kindnesses and wiping away tears—hear the hammer driving the spikes through them. Those feet, that have been going about on ministrations of mercy—battered against the cross. Then they lift it up. Look! look! Look! Who will help him now? Come, men of Jerusalem—ye whose dead he brought to life; ye whose sick he healed; who will help him? Who will seize the weapons of the soldiers? None to help! Having carried such a cross for us, shall we refuse to take our cross for him?

Shall Jesus bear the cross alone. And all the world go free? No; there's a cross for everyone. And there's a cross for me.

You know the process of ingrafting. You bore a hole in a tree, and put in the branch of another tree. This tree of the cross was hard and rough, but into the holes where the nails went there have been grafted branches of the Tree of Life that now bear fruit for all nations. The original tree was bitter, but the branches ingrafted were sweet, and now all the nations pluck the fruit and live for ever.

Again: Christ was wonderful in his victories.

First—over the forces of nature. The sea is a crystal sepulchre. It swallowed the Central America, the President, and the Spanish Armada as easily as any fly that ever floated on it. The inland lakes are fully as terrible in their wrath. Galilee, when aroused in a storm is overwhelming, and yet that sea crouched in his presence and licked his feet. He knew all the waves and winds. When he beckoned they came. When he frowned, they fled. The heel of his foot made no indenture on the solidified water. Medical science has wrought great changes in rheumatic limbs and diseased blood, but when the muscles are entirely withered, no human power can restore them, and when a limb is once dead, it is dead. But here is a paralytic—his hand lifeless. Christ says to him, "Stretch forth thy hand!" and he stretches it forth.

In the Eye Infirmary how many "dis-eases" of that delicate organ have been cured! But Jesus says to one born blind, "Be open!" and the light of heaven rushes through gates that have never before been opened. The frost or an axe may kill a tree, but Jesus smites one dead with a word.

Chemistry can do many wonderful things, but what chemist, at a wedding, when the refreshments gave out, could change a pail of water into a cask of wine?

What human voice could command a school of fish? Yet here is a voice that marshals the scaly tribes, until in the place where they had let down the net and pulled it up with no fish in it, they let it down again, and the disciples lay hold and begin to pull, when, by reason of the multitude of fish, the net brake.

Nature is his servant. The flowers—he twisted them into his sermons; the winds—they were his lullaby when he slept in the boat; the rain—it hung glittering on the thick foliage of the parables; the star of Bethlehem—it sang a Christmas carol over his birth; the rocks—they beat a dirge at his death.

Behold his victory over the grave! The things of the family wall become very rusty because they are never opened except to take another in. There is a knob on the outside of the sepulchre, but none on the inside. Here comes the Conqueror of Death. He enters that realm and says, "Daughter, of Lazarus, sit up!" and she sat up. To Lazarus, "Come forth!" and he came forth. To the widow's son he said, "Get up from that bier," and he goes home with his mother. Then Jesus snatched up the keys of death and heaven, witness to his girls, and cried until all the grave-yards of the earth heard him, "O Death! I will be thy plague! O Grave! I will be thy destruction!"

It is a beautiful moment when two persons who have pledged each other, heart and hand, stand in church, and have the bans of marriage proclaimed. Father and mother, brothers and sisters stand around the altar. The minister of Jesus gives the counsel; the ring is set, earth and heaven witness it; the organ sounds, and amid many congratulations they start out on the path of life together. Oh that this might be your marriage day! Stand up, immortal soul. The Beloved comes to get his betrothed. Jesus stretches forth his hand and says, "I will love thee with an everlasting love," and you respond, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his." I put your hand in his, henceforth be one. No trouble shall part you—no time cool your love. Side by side on earth—side by side in heaven! Now let the blossoms of heaven's garden fill the house with their redolence, and all the organs of God peal forth the wedding march of eternity. Hark! "The voice of my beloved! Behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills!"

Use of Manure.

I have had some experience in the use of manure in one way. I have never tried it as Professor Sanborn speaks of in his natural state, not even when fermented with manure or sweetened with lime or ashes. I have only used it as an absorbent when perfectly dry (air dried), writes John Webster in Our Grange Homes. I cut the peat from the peat-bed with spades made for that purpose, and after proper handling it is stacked, and when dry it is hauled to a shed near by where it is stored for future use. In this state it is of good quality, it costs as well as a fertilizer, and this is one of the uses that I make of it. I have burned about eight to ten cords a year of it for nine years and find it a good fuel, being for some purposes better than wood, and lasting and burning about like hard wood. It will burn in any kind of a stove or fireplace readily. It will ordinarily make from seven to ten cords of ashes, or about two barrels to the cord, which are very valuable as a fertilizer for clover, peas and grass generally. I put on about one-half bushel to the square rod and think that the ashes about pay the expense of cutting the peat. In handling the fuel there is a certain amount of waste which I use as an absorbent. If there is not enough of this one can maul up enough in a day to last a month, this pulverized manure or peat I use in the stable behind the cow. One bushel basket full is enough to keep the floor dry behind twenty cows through the night. In the morning half the manure back from the platform and dry the floor to milk on by scattering on about three pecks more of the same. This will make everything as dry as a dust mat in August, and will save all the urine and places the manure itself in the best condition to become available as a fertilizer. One cord contains seventy-five heaping bushels, which would last as I use it six weeks. I think that if farmers would try this way once that they would certainly find it a saving over any other way. This dry peat is also one of the very best absorbents and deodorizers to use in trying and handling night soil, and is every way better and cleaner than road dust. Much beds are placed everywhere in New England and Canada, and this seems to be the way to use them. Wet manure is too heavy to handle much.

Believes in Summer Fallow.

Much has been written about cleaning land and keeping it clean without any summer fallowing; indeed, summer fallowing is looked upon by many as old-fashioned and out of date, but where a farm is dirty and foul with noxious weeds, thistles, charlock, couch, or any other weeds, we know of no method of cleaning it so well as a good thorough summer fallow. Besides cleaning the land, summer fallowing is the best preparation for a crop of wheat, and we have often observed how much better land that has been prepared and is in good manurial condition will withstand our usual summer droughts than other land of the same quality not prepared so. When that highly-favored people, the children of Israel, were promised a land (said to be one of the fairest and most fertile portions of the earth) God commanded them to allow the land to lie untilled every seventh year, and on each occasion when the command is given or renewed, this idea, among others, is "it is a year of rest unto the land," "then shall it rest and be still," and because the chosen people disobeyed and neglected this command, they were carried into captivity "until the land had enjoyed her Sabbaths, because it did not rest in your Sabbath when ye dwelt in the land."—Walter Riddell.

Draft of the Fallow.

Our experiment stations are looking into almost everything connected with things endeavoring to determine the amount of the draft of the plow that is used for different parts of the work. At the University Farm of New York it was found that 55 per cent of the total draft is used for cutting the furrow, 33 per cent in overcoming the friction of the sole and land slide, and but twelve per cent in raising the furrow. In 1867, Hon. J. Stanton Gould found that 55 per cent was expended in cutting the furrow, 35 per cent in overcoming the friction, and ten per cent in turning the furrow. Pulverizing is done altogether by the mold board in turning the furrow, and hence the importance of having the mold board do precisely what the farmer wants at a particular time. Really every plow should have three or four different mold boards; one if it is desired to throw the furrow flat and cover up rubbish, another if it is desired to kin the furrow, leaving it rough as possible in fall plowing, and perhaps one or two more covering purposes between these two extremes. We think there should be a good deal more attention paid to matters of this kind in the future than in the past, as farmers are really but beginning to study the subject of tillage.

Our Grass Crop.—In order to be successful in grass farming it is necessary, above all things, that we obtain a good stand of grass in our rotation crops, whatever the rotation may be, which should not be more than three or four years apart; that is to say, we should have a good sod to turn under every three or four years. Without it the soil becomes too compact. Rotation is not a fad of the age, and no man has a patent upon it. Nature began it long ago. When the forest oak and hickories have been removed a thick growth of evergreens appears; in New England, where the white pine forests have been cut away, the maple, chestnut and oak have sprung up. A similar voluntary succession is found in the timothy meadow, followed by blue grass.—Ex.

Catering to Customers.—The customers are the ones to please. It matters not what the farmer may wish to do, so long as he does not conform his operations according to the demands of the market which he sells. If the customer is satisfied with the article, he will receive the price well, and the farmer will be able to dictate his terms to a certain extent; but when the farmer sends to market articles that he does not desire he simply loses his time and labor.—Ex.

Keep clean fresh water always before your poultry. Clean water and an airy, dry and clean poultry house are the best preventives of disease known.

A Gun Game in Ohio.

The latest advertising "fake" to strike this city, says the Ashabula, Ohio, News, is the chewing gum game. The makers of this gum put a coupon bearing one letter of the alphabet in each 5-cent package of the gum, and advertise that make certain words the letters that make certain words they will give him a present of a watch, bicycle or something of that kind. H. Smith, the teamster for Messrs. Richards Bros., wholesale grocers, is the first lucky purchaser of this kind of gum so far, for he has succeeded in acquiring the letters that make the words that entitled him to any \$100 bicycle in the market. He has more than enough of the letter "k" to win the bicycle, and if he had one "k" would be entitled to \$200 worth of diamonds. So intense is the interest manifested by some of the gum chasers that one of the trolley car conductors is said to have offered \$25 for the letter "w." It is necessary to complete the words necessary to win a prize. Th' w's, d's and c's seem to be the scarce letters.

To be always polite to the people at home is not only more ladylike, but more refined than having company manners.

Haskell Free Press.

J. E. POOLE, Publisher.

HASKELL, TEXAS.

A woman's fads thrive on a man's objections.

The first step of knowledge is to know that we are ignorant.

No man ever gets quite so close up to God as he does when his little child is sick.

If you wake up some morning in the top of a tree please remember that the cyclone season is on.

A Boston paper is trying to determine "why men suicide." When it finds out it should try to discover why men wedded.

The new Chicago city directory gives the name and address of Mr. Yell. So long as he is not a college yell the public will not attempt to shut him up.

It costs \$5 to kiss a Georgia girl and \$15 to kiss a Pennsylvania widow, and experienced men who have sampled stock in both states say the latter is worth the difference.

Ouzoun-Ada, a port of the Caspian, which is the starting point of the Transcaspian railway, was visited by an earthquake some years ago, and since then it has become open to steamers which could not enter it before, owing to the shallow water.

A dispatch from City of Mexico says the efforts on the part of physicians in charge of the insane hospitals for women to discover some safe narcotic which should produce sleep have resulted in bringing into daily use in that institution a simple remedy prepared from the seed of white zapote. It produces a tranquil sleep and since it has been used no deaths from cerebral congestion have been known at the institution.

The latest available statistics regarding the Bank of Spain state that on Sept. 29, 1897, its note circulation was 961,900,000 pesetas, against which it held 495,000,000 pesetas in gold and silver. On the same date the bank had private deposits of 410,800,000 pesetas, and had advanced 175,700,000 pesetas on mortgages and 132,400,000 pesetas on commercial paper. The Spanish treasury's account with the bank was then over drawn 1,100,000 pesetas.

A Texas paper says that Texas is still third in hogs, of all the states in the Union. In a few years she will be first. Iowa now comes first with 3,737,970. Missouri next with 3,074,329. Texas third with 2,944,065. Texas has 659,403 more hogs than Ohio, 694,604 more than Illinois, 1,284,343 more than Kansas and 1,690,194 more than Nebraska. As compared with last year Iowa shows a decrease of 1,116,537. Missouri a decrease of 95,982. Ohio a decrease of 171,964. Illinois a decrease of 143,579. Kansas a decrease of 16,765. Nebraska a decrease of 25,795 and Texas a decrease of 91,054, which shows that this good state is still in the business of raising hogs, and with this year's feed crop this will be amply demonstrated.

A heathen sculptor, who had carved a colossal statue, continued so long at work upon the crown of the giant's head that his admirers grew impatient. "You are wasting your labor," they said. "What need is there that you should chisel every hair? No one will ever look so high, and the pains you are taking will never be appreciated." The sculptor only answered: "It must be perfect; the gods can see." No better argument than the notice of Omnipotence could be given for obscure perfection. Flowers come to finished bloom and beauty in wilderness where no eye of man ever looked. In the conduct of life small perfections show character, for they spring from a higher fidelity than human eye-service. "He that is faithful in little is faithful also in much."

One of the greatest storekeepers in the world has established what he terms a store cadet school for boys in his employ. All the boys between certain ages are required to attend, or to show that they are pursuing studies elsewhere. The school is held on two evenings in the week, and on school evenings supper is furnished free to the boys. The studies are similar to those pursued in business colleges, with instruction also in physical exercises. A little more than a year has passed since Mr. Wanamaker began the experiment in his Philadelphia store, and the results are encouraging. In addition to the direct results, there should be a further outcome—an increase in the number of those who, though they have to work for a living, refuse to listen to the thoughtless cry that rich men universally do not sympathize with, or sacrifice for the welfare of, the poor.

A senator in congress has proposed an amendment to the rules of the senate, excluding from the chamber former members of that body who use their privilege of admission to the floor to engage in lobbying. Coming from a person not a member of the senate, such an implication against former occupants of seats in the highest legislative body in the republic might be dismissed as unworthy of credence. But it is presumable that Senator Hale knew what he was doing when he proposed the amendment, and if it does not become a rule, more is the pity.

The foreign demand for good American horses is increasing. United States Secretary of Agriculture Wilson lately received from the minister of war for Belgium an official communication inquiring if horses suitable for cavalry service can be purchased in this country; if so, at what price, in what numbers and in what localities, the cost of shipment to the seaboard, also how bred. Other countries have sent to America for cavalry horses during the past few months. Of course such animals as are suited for cavalry service do not command fancy prices.

FOUGHT WITH SWORDS.

The Count of Turin and Prince Henri of Orleans Have an Encounter.

Paris, Aug. 16.—The count of Turin and Prince Henri of Orleans fought a duel with swords yesterday morning in the Bois de Marechoux at Vaudesson. M. Leontoff acted as umpire. The fighting was most determined and lasted twenty-six minutes. There were five engagements, of which two were at close quarters. Prince Henri received two serious wounds in the right shoulder and the right side of the abdomen. The count of Turin was wounded in the right hand. Prince Henri was taken to the residence of Duc de Chartres and received medical attention.

The condition of Prince Henri of Orleans was as satisfactory yesterday evening as could be expected. The doctors, after consultation, expressed the opinion that no important organ was touched, but absolute rest is necessary for recovery.

Owing to rumors at Naples and elsewhere the public had not expected the duel to come off. It was, therefore, quite private.

The official account, furnished by the seconds, reiterates fully the circumstances leading up to the encounter.

The count of Turin, considering the letters of Prince Henri of Orleans to the Figaro offensive to the Italian army, wrote him on July 6, demanding a retraction. This letter was answered Aug. 11, the day of the arrival of Prince Henri in France. The prince replied to the count's demand by telegram, maintaining the right of a traveler to record his experiences.

The official account then describes the arrangements for the duel, gives the names of the respective seconds and says that at their first interview they agreed that the encounter was inevitable. By common accord the conditions were settled as follows:

The weapons to be the duelling swords, each combatant to use that of his own country, but the blades to be of equal length.

Either combatant to be at liberty to maintain the ground he gains and each to be allowed the space of fifteen metres within which to advance or retire; each assault to continue four minutes; the combat to be resumed in the positions occupied and only to terminate on the decision of the four seconds or the advice of the doctor, when one of the adversaries is manifestly in a state of inferiority; the conduct of the meeting to be entrusted alternately to the two parties, lots being drawn at the commencement.

It says that in the first assault Prince Henri was hit in the right breast, though the weapon did not penetrate the thorax. On the strength of the report of the doctors the seconds decided that the combat must go on. The second assault was stopped because the combatants came into close quarters. In the third assault the count of Turin was hit in the back of the right hand, but the wound was slight. In the fourth assault the umpire, Major Leontoff, declared that the sword of Prince Henri was bent and stopped the engagement long enough to furnish the prince with a new weapon.

In the fifth assault the combatants again got into close quarters and were immediately stopped. Prince Henri, in a counter blow, being hit in the right lower region of the abdomen. The doctors on both sides examined the wound and decided that Prince Henri was rendered by it clearly inferior to his antagonist. Major Leontoff and M. Mourichon proposed that the combat be stopped, and this was done by common accord.

While his wound was being dressed, Prince Henri, raising himself upon the ground, extended his hand to the Count of Turin, saying: "Allow me, monsieur, to shake hands with you." The count extended his hand.

The physicians were Drs. Toupland and Hartman, on behalf of Prince Henri, and Dr. Carle on behalf of the count.

Cutting Affray.
Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 16.—James Elbert, arrested as a suspicious character and supposed to be an anarchist, created big excitement yesterday morning at No. 3 police station house by slashing five policemen with a razor. One of the officers, George McIntyre, is horribly cut on the face, one wound extending from the ear to the throat taking part of the ear. His condition is serious. He was finally overpowered.

A Destructive Fire.
Baltimore, Md., Aug. 16.—The large saw and planing mills of the Tunis Lumber company, at the foot of Boston street, on the water front, were destroyed by fire last night. Fire was communicated to the structure by a bolt of lightning and the conflagration was only subdued after it had wrought damage to the extent of \$600,000. The property burned and the estimated damage to each were heavy.

Weyer Reported to Have Resigned.
New York, Aug. 16.—A dispatch from Havana, Cuba, via Key West, says: "I have learned on what seems to be the best authority, that Capt. Gen. Weyer had sent his resignation to Madrid. This report is generally believed to be true. There is no doubt that the resignation is due to the assassination of Senor Canovas del Castillo, through whose personal wishes Weyer was retained in Cuba. The report of Weyer's resignation is a cause for satisfaction among Cuban sympathizers."

Tea Burned.
San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 16.—Forty chests of adulterated tea which had been condemned by Inspector Toohy have been burned in a large furnace in the basement of the appraiser's building, the importer having failed to either appeal from the inspector's finding or export the stuff at his own expense, which is required by the new law passed by congress and approved on March 2, 1897. This is the first destruction of tea under the provisions of the new law.

The Miners.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 16.—A laden sky and fatal showers contributed to the feeling of depression which existed at the miners' camps at Turtle and Plum Creeks yesterday. The men huddled together for shelter under the commissary tents and, having nothing else to do, put in the time smoking and discussing the strike in all its phases. The spirit of aggressiveness, however, has largely died out. The same grim determination to stick it out until starvation brings defeat or their efforts victory is apparent, but there are no propositions to attain their end by force or to go contrary to the sheriff's orders.

The men all realize that in opposing the law as represented by the sheriff and his deputies they would have about the same success as in butting their heads against a stone wall. They have no love for the deputies, although there is an absence of that sanistic repartee between the factions that have characterized former strikes. There were no marches yesterday morning. This has been the usual Sunday custom at all the camps; but even if it had been otherwise, the strict orders of all strike leaders to wait quietly until to-day would have prevented them.

Sunday has been usually used by the men to do missionary work among the working miners. None of them attempted to see any workmen yesterday and kept severely away from the company's houses.

The march in Westmoreland county will begin as soon as the injunction is settled in court. Much anxiety is expressed as to the outcome. The men stake everything on their ability to show the right to assemble and march on the public roads.

There was a large mass meeting at Plum Creek. About 1000 strikers and 200 miners from the Plum Creek mines were present. Speeches were made by President Hatchford, Samuel R. Gompers, James R. Sovereign and the local leaders. The meeting was orderly and there was no interference from the deputies.

There is a possibility of the customary march taking place this morning in spite of the strict orders issued by President Dolan against such a course. Some of the men are fretting under the restraint and Capt. Bellingham, who is in charge of the camp, said last night that he had not decided whether to allow the march or not. The deputies are on the alert and say they will arrest any one who may participate.

One family from the company's houses has been evicted and their household goods are on the roadside near Center. It is probable other evictions will take place.

RACE WAR.

Bloody Encounter Between Deputy Sheriffs and Negroes.

Little Rock, Ark., Aug. 16.—A bloody battle between deputy sheriffs and a gang of negroes occurred at Palarm, a little town near the line between Pulaski and Faulkner counties, late Saturday evening. As a result of the engagement three men are dead, another fatally wounded and one or two less seriously injured. The dead are:

Harrison Kerr, a negro, shot to pieces and found lying dead in the road.
Charley Peters, a negro, killed outright.

Charles Andry, a white man, shot through the heart by a negro.

The wounded are: J. R. Clark, Jr., telegraph operator, shot through the shoulder, wounds considered fatal; D. R. Owens, a deputy sheriff, shot through the groin and seriously injured; two or three negroes, extent of injuries not known.

The terrible affair was caused by Deputy Sheriff Owens trying to arrest Harrison Kerr. Kerr was wanted in Perry county on the charge of murder, and Owens, who had a warrant for his arrest, found him at Palarm with a crowd of five or six other negroes.

When Owens called on Kerr to surrender the negro drew a pistol and fired at the officer, the bullet striking some silver money in his pocket and glancing, making a serious wound in the groin. The silver doubtless saved Owens' life.

The officer summoned Clarke and Andry to his assistance and Kerr's companions joined him in resisting arrest. A regular battle took place, in which fifty shots were fired, and when the shooting had ceased Charley Peters and Charles Andry lay dead in their tracks; Clarke had retreated to his rifle and fell upon the floor, and Owens had rolled into a ditch near by. Kerr and the remainder of his companions had fled. The whole town was aroused and soon a posse was in pursuit. Harrison Kerr was found lying in the road a mile away, shot all to pieces. The posse continued the pursuit of his fleeing companions, and if they are captured they will very probably be strung up to a convenient limb.

Labor Rewarded.
The dreamy eyed inventor looked up suddenly and slapped his hand down on the desk with vigor. "What have you thought of now?" asked his wife. "I've got an idea that fills a long-felt want. It is a cyclometer that sticks extra distance on the record when a man climbs a hill."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cure Guaranteed.
The Bride—I always heard that love was blind. The Bride—But marriage is an excellent oculist.

A Good Reason.
The scarred and grizzled veteran was recounting stories of his war days. "Yes," he said, "that bullet would have entered my heart had it not been turned aside." "Mother's bible?" queried a listener. "Pack of cards?" "Sweeheart's picture?" No, gentlemen, it was because the aim was bad and the bullet never came near me."

Poet—I have here a poem written on the Washington monument. Editor—Why don't you stay up there with it?—Philadelphia Record.

A Bold Robbery.

Paris, Tex., Aug. 16.—A bold robbery which was enacted on the outskirts of the city was reported to the police late Saturday night. A party giving as his name Bailey and stating that he was here Saturday night on his way to Honey Grove maintained that two highwaymen with handkerchiefs over their faces approached him at the crossing of the Santa Fe and Texas and Pacific railroads, about a mile southeast of the city, and demanded all the money he had in his possession. He told the officers that under threat of killing him he surrendered about \$23 in cash and that as soon as they had received the amount they walked deliberately away and in an unconcerned manner. Bailey declared to the officers that he was at the crossing with the hope of catching a freight train to Honey Grove. He stated that he could not identify them, but they were dangerous-looking men, and having no weapons to defend himself against attack, he gave up the money. It took the complainant some time to reach the city, thus enabling the bold midnight robbers to get away. The officers have received no information of their whereabouts nor have they any intimation as to which way they went from the scene.

KUKLUX NOTICE.
Negroes are Warned to Leave—Thought to be the Work of Boys.
Marble Falls, Tex., Aug. 16.—As the time draws nearer there seems less fear of the notice to negroes at this place. None of the negroes have made preparations to leave, and it is generally supposed that the notices are the work of some mischievous boys or a few idle croakers. All the negroes living here grew up in this immediate neighborhood, and are of a better class than commonly met with. The notices are condemned by every class of people, and if there is such a "klan" they will find escaping punishment hard work. The sheriff tackled up notices yesterday warning all persons making such threats, calling attention to the stringency of the law and his duty. He invokes the people to discourage all such threats. The following is the full text of the notice:

"Notice: This notice is directed to the colored population residing within the limit of Marble Falls, Texas. You are hereby warned to leave town by the 15th day of August, 1897. We don't want to have any trouble if you can possibly avoid it, but one thing is sure, you must leave town or you lay yourselves liable to death, either by dynamite, nitro-glycerine, poison or powder and lead. Now, take our advice; you had better fix to leave. The impudence of the majority of your race in our town compels us to do this. Your presence causes collections to be taken up for the widows, and you are the cause of the ruin of youths. We have joined hands and solemnly sworn by all that is good and bad, whether we reach heaven or the utmost pit of hell, that we would carry out our plans. Now leave by the 15th, or we will take immediate action. Of course, we dare not show you our faces, but if you fail to comply with these orders we will await the first possible opportunity of acting."

THE KUKLUX KLAN OF 1897.
"Marble Falls, Tex., Aug. 5, 1897."

Endeavorers' Meeting.

Cleburne, Tex., Aug. 16.—The meeting of the Christian Endeavorers of Johnson county Saturday night, at the Cumberland Presbyterian Church was quite interesting. Mason Cleveland welcomed the delegates in a short speech, which was responded to by Rev. Charles Dore, D. Hourland of the Methodist church, and Rev. F. M. Gilliam of the Cumberland Presbyterian church of Brownwood made interesting talks.

Yesterday sunrise prayer-meeting, led by Miss Pet Heath, and an Endeavor sermon by Rev. L. P. Collier, were the principal features of the meeting aside from the Endeavor work proper.

Dipping Still Continues.

Fort Worth, Tex., Aug. 16.—Work of dipping cattle with a view to finding a preventive for Texas fever still continues. It is already evident that the half has never been told touching hardness of the Texas tick, in fact, he seems to be about as well capable of holding his own as does the Texas steer. The authorities are still enthusiastically at work and speak hopefully. There is nothing to give the public touching the matter at this time.

Accustomed to His Escapes.

Scene: A solicitor's office. Enter excited and perspiring caller—"Here, I want to—I must—see Mr. Feeble!" Clerk—"Very sorry, sir; but Mr. Feeble died yesterday."

Caller (hastily)—"Oh, well, but I won't detain him but a moment."—Tit-Bits.

School Fund.

Georgetown, Tex., Aug. 16.—The apportionment of the state school fund coming to Williamson county will be about \$39,000, which amount is nearly \$2500 more than the county received last year. In addition to the above sum there are local taxes in various towns in the county amounting to about \$12,000. This gives Williamson county a fund of nearly \$51,000 for public school purposes. The present scholastic population of the county is 9500.

Could sharpen Nipples on His Cheek.
"Pa sent me over to borrow your lawn mower. An' he says that wouldn't you prefer to sharpen it yourself?" "Why should I prefer to sharpen it?" "Cause pa says he's so awkward about such things an' he might turn the edge."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Habitual Squeezes.
He—Yes, we used to have a woman operator on the board of trade. She got on the wrong side of almost every squeeze. She—I wonder why? He—Oh, 'cause of habit, I suppose.—Detroit Journal.

Tannery Closed Down.
Clearfield, Pa., Aug. 13.—The Falls Creek Tannery, at Falls Creek, this county, has closed down because of the appearance of a peculiar and terrible disease among the employees, of whom four died within a few hours after they were seized. It is supposed to be caused by handling some hides which were imported from China and contained the germs of an unknown and dangerous disease. Measures will be undertaken to stamp it out before it spreads any further.

Dauntless Not Fired On.
Jacksonville, Aug. 13.—The report that the tug Dauntless was fired upon Wednesday by the gunboat Wilmington is erroneous. The tug was out on a brief trial trip and was passing the gunboat at a high speed when a blank cartridge was fired as a signal to lay to, which was immediately obeyed. The officer boarded the tug and inquired her destination. On learning the truth he remained aboard and was cordially entertained by the tug's owners.

FOREIGN BOATS.

They Carry Fifty Per Cent of the Business of This Country.

Washington, Aug. 13.—According to records of the treasury department British vessels are carrying over 55 per cent of the merchandise of the United States, both of imports and exports. Examination of figures for the first six months of this year shows the total imports in vessels have been of the value of \$432,689,981, and of domestic exports in vessels \$452,800,405. The percentage of imports carried in American vessels 15.35, and in foreign vessels 84.65; imports in vessels the British have carried 55.89 per cent, the Germans 11.49, French 5.64, Dutch 3.3, and all other foreign 8.61. Of domestic exports only 8.19 is carried in American bottoms, 91.81 being carried in vessels of other nations. British vessels carry 68.23 per cent of the value of exports by vessels, German 8.92, French 2.19, Norwegian 2.95, and all other foreign 9.54.

The value of imports carried in American vessels for the six months ending June 30, 1897, was \$66,425,149, and of that carried in foreign vessels \$267,261,832, and the value of exports for the same period carried in American vessels was \$37,113,168, and of that carried in foreign vessels \$415,687,238.

The value of sugar which has been largely brought from the West Indies in American vessels carries the percentage on imports in American vessels higher than the value of domestic exports.

Since 1870 the bureau of statistics has stated the value of merchandise imported and exported in cars and other land vehicles. During the first half of the present year the value of imports carried was \$20,168,149, and of exports \$27,297,619.

Washington, Aug. 13.—Attorney General McKenna and Solicitor General Richards are making a careful study of the questions involved in the construction of section 222 of the new tariff act, and it is expected that an opinion covering the subject will be sent to Secretary Gage early in the coming week. The main question at issue is whether teas and other goods shipped from China and Japan by vessel to Vancouver, B. C., and then by rail in bond to the United States are subject to the 10 per cent discriminating duty imposed by section 222. It is stated at the treasury department that a very large proportion of the teas and other products of China and Japan are so shipped to the New England and other Eastern cities at a less rate than charged by way of American lines of railroad from San Francisco. Eastern exporters of these commodities therefore are said to be opposed to any construction of the act which would impose the additional 10 per cent duty. The Boston and Maine Railroad company have asked to be heard on the question pending its final determination and the attorney general has concluded to give them a hearing next Saturday morning before the attorney general has not yet been decided, but it is understood that either ex-Senator Edmunds or Former Assistant Secretary Hamlin will appear in their behalf. It is also probable that American transcontinental lines will be represented at the hearing on the other side of the question.

BOY-LYNCHED.

He Was Roped from His Horse and Hanged to a Tree.

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 13.—A special from El Paso, Tex., says: Harold Morley of Kansas City, Mo., the 15-year-old son of a division superintendent of the Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf railroad, left his father's ranch near Chamberino, in Bona Ana county, New Mexico, last Friday evening to visit neighbors. Sunday evening the boy's horse came in alone and search was made for the youth. His body was found hanging in a cottonwood tree on the main road. He had evidently been dead twenty-four hours. The ground showed that the boy had been roped from his horse by mounted men and strung up in the cottonwood. The murder is supposed to have been committed by Mexican neighbors of the Morleys, with whom the family has had trouble over their ranch boundaries.

ENORMOUS WATERSPOUTS.

Five Were Seen in the Lake at Cleveland, O., at Once.

Cleveland, O., Aug. 13.—A strange phenomena was seen by the residents of this city at about 6 o'clock yesterday morning. Five dark and enormous waterspouts were seen far out in the lake moving in an easterly direction. One of these whirling waterspouts traversed the distance from the western horizon where they were first sighted, by the lookout at the life saving station, to the eastern horizon, where it finally disappeared or struck the shore near the foot of Wilson avenue, while the other three pursued their easterly course down the lake.

The largest spout struck the shore at the foot of Coe street with terrible force. The large gate of the Avery Stamping company was twisted from its hinges and the large timbers scattered in every direction. The shipping department of the plant was badly damaged and a large section of the roof taken off. A box car on the track at the side of the shipping house was drawn sixty feet one way on the track and then blown to the end of the track in the opposite direction. Windows were broken and several large sections of the roofs from surrounding shops and sheds were blown off. Then the force of the whirlwind, for such it was, seemed to spend itself.

The path seemed to be about 500 feet in width and pursued a southeasterly course through the city. No one was injured.

Caused a Sensation.

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 13.—John C. Svenningsen, a veteran of the civil war, lately returned from South America, has visited the soldiers' home at Santa Monica in search of an old army comrade and was astounded to find that he himself had been registered as an inmate of that institution for more than two years. The result of the discovery and exposure is that Peter Mickelsen, an aged inmate of the home, is under arrest.

Then It Is Appreciated.

"Nothing succeeds like success, eh?" remarked re-elected Senator Vest to re-elected Senator Teller.
"Especially when one is successful in succeeding one's self," replied Mr. Teller.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Forfeited Lands.

Washington, Aug. 13.—Acting Secretary Ryan of the interior department yesterday reaffirmed a former action of the department in the matter of forfeited lands of the Mobile and Gird land grant in Alabama, involving about 200,000 acres. The lands, of the uncompleted road were forfeited under the general forfeiture of railroad lands but the law contained a provision protecting bonafide purchasers of lands which had been patented to the company.

Very Pious.

Tom—Is Miss Saintry really as pious as people think she is?
Ethel—Oh, yes; I'm certain she is.
Tom—What makes you so sure?
Ethel—Why, her clothes fit her horribly.—New York Times.

A Reflection.

Summer Hoarder—This raspberry jam must be imported.
Landlady (highly pleased)—Why, what makes you think so?
S. B.—Because I find so many foreign substances in it.

Situation in Sofia.

Sofia, Bulgaria, Aug. 13.—The Austrian charge d'affaires, Baron Call von Kumbach-Rosenburg, has left Bulgaria on an indefinite leave of absence. His departure is owing to the refusal of the Bulgarian premier, M. Stouffoff, to comply with the demand of the Austrian government to formally disavow an interview with the premier published in the Lokal Anzeiger last month, in which referring to the insistence of Austria upon the punishment of Capt. Boetschek, the former aide de camp of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, recently convicted of the murder of his paragon, Anna Salomon, an Austrian subject, he drew an insulting parallel between the venality in official circles in Austria and Bulgaria.

London, Aug. 13.—The Austro-Bulgarian trouble is a suspension, rather than a rupture of diplomatic relations. Baron Call von Kumbach-Rosenburg, having trusted the business of the legation to the secretary, Baron Hoenningsson, during his absence.

It is not likely to remain as they are for the present, and as Bulgaria survived a breach with Russia she will also survive a breach with Austria. It is suggested that her masterful premier, Stouffoff, will embarrass Prince Ferdinand, who must choose between dismissing his premier and offending Austria. It is also alleged that the sultan urged Prince Ferdinand to resist with a view of creating a diversion of European pressure now exercised upon Turkey with reference to the peace treaty.

Russia according to a dispatch from St. Petersburg in the Politische Correspondenz, declines to give the slightest assistance to a declaration of Bulgarian independence and the dispatch says all the powers desiring the preservation of peace would equally resist such a step.

London, Aug. 13.—Dispatches received from Vienna show that the Austria Hungary government is intensely indignant at the utterance of M. Stouffoff, the Bulgarian premier, and at the latter's refusal to apologize for them. The Pesther Lloyd in an inspired article says: "If the politicians of Bulgaria, where the officially authorized trade of murder flourishes, don't appreciate the importance of the cessation of diplomatic relations, it will be necessary to apply stronger measures, of which we have plenty at our disposal. We have nothing to do with M. Stouffoff in this matter. It is Prince Ferdinand's duty to atone for his premier's abominable conduct."

Gold Being Received.

Galveston, Tex., Aug. 13.—The steamship Gyller, Captain Alishager, came up from quarantine yesterday. She has just returned from a trip to Vera Cruz, and among her cargo from Porto Rico she brought in \$220 in United States \$20 gold pieces, consigned to the Texas Star Flour Mills. A reporter called at the office of Mr. Remershofer and found his desk partly covered with small piles of the gold coin. He stated that the money was part of \$10,000 received in payment for flour and commodities sent to Porto Rico. The gold had been accumulated in a bank there and the arrival of the Gyller afforded a good opportunity to return it to this country and thus avoid the trouble of exchange, expressage, etc.

Plenty of Rain.

Waco, Tex., Aug. 13.—Rain continues to fall in spots in McLennan county. From elevated points yesterday afternoon rain could be seen falling from black clouds in areas ranging from one mile to five miles wide. Between Waco and Hewitt the road is wet and dry alternately, on one place the dry strip being only half a mile long. Sections of a brilliant rainbow appeared yesterday afternoon, the arch being broken in three places by clear sky. About one-third of the county has been fairly soaked.

A Large Snake.

Waxahatchie, Tex., Aug. 13.—Wednesday evening just before dusk Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Exline were out walking and came near stepping on a huge snake. The snake was stretched out at full length and frightened Mrs. Exline. Mr. A. S. Exline, who has seen thousands of these old monsters in his day, secured a club and killed the intruder with one fell blow. After the snake had been killed and stretched out he measured five feet and some inches.

Broad Oklahoma Laws.

Under the caption, "Common carriers," there are Oklahoma laws regulating transportation on the high seas. The nearest tide water is more than 800 miles away, and not a stream in the territory could be traversed by a boat large enough to use steam.—Ex.

The Widow's Wile.

"Dawson declares that if he marries at all he will wed a widow."
"Yes, that is like him; he is too lazy to do any of the courting himself."—Tit-Bits.

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

Organization is Effected at Fort Worth and Officers are Elected.

Fort Worth, Tex., Aug. 13.—The North Texas wholesale grocers met yesterday afternoon to consider the advisability of organizing an organization along lines similar to that of the Southern Grocers' Association.

After an executive session organization was determined upon. The rules and by-laws for the government of the association were adopted, after which an election of permanent officers to serve one year was held as follows: Ed Want, Fort Worth, president; H. H. Shear, Waco, first vice-president, and S. A. Pace of Corsicana, second vice-president. F. Q. Taylor, of Gainesville, was chosen secretary and treasurer.

An executive committee consisting of T. S. Stinnett of Wichita Falls; E. E. Williams, Paris; H. A. Stewart, Dallas; J. M. Radford, Abilene, and A. L. Smith, Temple, was chosen, said committee to hold at least four meetings each year.

The president was empowered to, at his pleasure, name a grievance committee of three members.

Secretary E. E. Hooker of the Southern Grocers' Association, was present from Richmond, Va., and he urged all Texas wholesalers to unite with the parent body. A majority of those on hand did this. It was announced that the wholesale grocers of South Texas would meet in San Antonio, Messrs. Paul Waples of Fort Worth, and Cameron of Weatherford, were chosen delegates to be on hand from this body at such organization. The object of this association is to advance the interest of both wholesale and retail grocers of North Texas. The Delaware hotel was thanked for use of rooms in which to hold the meetings.

CUTTING AFFRAY.

Abbe Tanner Was Wounded Near Tyler and Seriously Stricken.

Tyler, Tex., Aug. 13.—Tuesday night at 8 o'clock Abbe Tanner, living six miles south of town, while on his way to church, was waylaid and so severely cut that he will die. His throat was cut from ear to ear and his windpipe severed. He also received several bad wounds in the shoulders.

His assailants left him on the roadside for dead. Tanner made his way to the house of T. J. Ingram, a short distance away, and on whose place he worked, and made known to him who his assailants were. Officers

IN THE ODD CORNER.

SOME STRANGE, QUEER AND CURIOUS PHASES OF LIFE.

Battle Scene Pictured on a Tomb—How an Elephant Won a Battle—The "White Horse" of Berkshire—A Salt-Incrusted Lake.

Grace Darling. (Published by Request.) LD ocean's waves rolled wild and high, and angry surges roared. While fiercely down a stormy sea, Unceasingly poured. The lightning's fitful flashings showed. A wrecking vessel's form, That tossed on giant billows, rode A plaything of the storm.

Her white sails rent are streaming high Against the frowning skies; As where the deep goes whirling by Her fallen banner flies. She reels, she plunges, bounds, recedes, And now her towering mast, Bows meekly down its tattered reeds, Before the mighty blast.

Hark! hark!—a wall, a fearful cry— To land the strong winds bear; In every tone is agony. In every note despair! Death hovers round that barque of doom, He lingers for his prey; And 'neath his feet a yawning tomb The parting waves display.

They rear their foam-crests high; that crowd Of living men they crave; And shall they in their watery shroud Enfold the good, the brave? Oh, who shall snatch them from the brink Where ruins open wide? The boldest landmen shuddering shrink To stem the awful tide.

Far, far away upon the shore A simple maiden stands; Stretched from a slender ear Lies in her folded hands. Each rude breeze, as it hurries by, Flings back her fluttering hair; While flashes from her earnest eye A hope that scorns despair.

"My father! shall that barque," she cries, "Go down in yonder sea? In vain for aid those prayers arise! It must not, cannot be! Unmoor the boat! away, away! I will not linger here; This is no season for delay. No time for doubt and fear.

"I would be gone; my father, dare, With me to perish here, To save you helpless victims there, To brave the flood or die? A few brief moments, and each tongue The choking waves shall hush; And, where those cries and groans have rung, O'erwhelming waters rush.

"Heed, heed that wall of deep distress To us the tempest bears; Oh, let us prize our lives the less! Be 'hance to rescue theirs! Fear not for me; my hand is strong, My heart is stronger still; And God, to whom those waves belong, Can quell them at His will."

She ceased; her sire, inspired, unshaken The boat, and seized the oar, And fearless o'er the billows dashed, That laved the sheltering shore, There stood an angel bright beside The maiden at the helm; He stayed the flood, He soothed the tide, Nor dare a wave overwhelm.

She gazed upon the skies above, The lightning's blazing path, With holy faith and hope and love, That awe'd the storm-god's wrath; And safe they reached the sinking wreck, Where raving waves still flew, And bore from off her briny deck Her pale, despairing crew.

Then swiftly through the breaking foam The quivering boat scuds back, And bears her burden safely home, Though death is on the track. Unhurt by wind and storm and wave, Upon the beaten strand, The rescued from a watery grave With loud thanksgiving stand.

How felt she then, that noble one, Whose aid deliverance wrought, And ere destruction's work was done, The ark was safely brought, Compassion's heart had ceased to flow, Her beating heart was stilled; A joy as sweet as angels know Her pure, young spirit filled.

Days passed: a glorious meed of fame Time to the maiden bore; And thousands breathed her hallowed name Unheard, unknown before. She cared not for the world's praise Still Nature's artist chide, And shrank from admiration's gaze, A spirit undefiled.

But vain are wreaths to bind her brow, Or songs of sweetest jubilee; The world's applause she does not now— Grace Darling is in heaven! She hath reward—the robe, the crown, The harp of heavenly tone, The smiles of God, the high renown Of those around the throne.

And while its rest her spirit takes In that pure, blissful sphere, Her deeds of noble daring make Her name immortal here. The muse of England's poets, fired, Shall wait it o'er her name, And transatlantic bards, inspired, Roll back the deathless strain. —Amanda M. Edmond.

Battle Scene Pictured on a Tomb. On one of the walls of a tomb recently discovered in Egypt by Professor Flinders Petrie, is pictured a battle scene anterior in date to anything yet found that description. Previous to this discovery the earliest representation of a battle that found at Beni-Hasan of twelfth dynasty date, which is a poor and tame depiction when compared with this campaign against the Sati of southern Syria. Here the Egyptians are seen armed with the early battleaxe, a stick to the end of which a thin piece of metal is attached. The Sati are armed with bows and arrows. Some of the Sati lie dead, pierced with arrows; others are engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with their enemies, while others still break their bows in token of submission. In the lowest register of this mural decoration an Egyptian is seen carrying off a Sati girl on his shoulder, while others among the victors are driving the male captives onwards—the only representation yet discovered which shows the Egyptians bearing away the spoils of a vanquished foe. Within the walled fort of the Sati is the most curious scene of this very interesting fresco. At first sight the battle appears to be between men and women, and, though the women clearly belong to the Sati tribe, the men are neither Egyptian nor Sati. The natural supposition is that they are the Bedouin allies of the Egyptian who, like the modern Bedouins, prefer plunder to fighting. These Bedouins, seeing the Sati defeated in the field, have scaled the walls by means of a ladder only to be met and decimated by the women. In every

FOR WOMEN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

A Few Hints About What to Wear and How to Wear It—A Novel Bolero—A Pretty Costume for the Tennis Court.

Queen Vashti. T CAME to pass in ages of long, long ago. Ahazuerus, his power and riches to show. The princess and nobles, the great and the small, To a feast at his palace invited them all.

In the court of the palace, for seven days through, were strung. On fine purple cords which from silver rings hung. Low beds of fine silver, and seats of pure gold. On pavements of marble of fineness untold. Fruits swaying in clusters, the air all perfume. With the fragrance of roses, all beauty and bloom.

And he gave them to drink in vessels of gold. Each vessel a wonder of art to behold. Royal wines in abundance, becoming his state. While feasting and drinking was early and late.

The revel was joyous, the singing of song, The clatter of wine cups waxed loud and strong. The haughty young monarch and all of his hosts. Were merry with wine and the giving of toasts.

So, on the seventh day, this vain, drunken king Commanded the chamberlains before him to bring. Young Vashti, the queen, with the beautiful face. To show to his nobles her beauty and grace.

Her Homemade Hat Trunk. The mother of several daughters to

Roentgen Rays and Cardiac Affections. At Berlin a few days ago, before the congress on internal diseases, Prof. Benedict, of Vienna, stated that the most important result of the employment of the X-rays in this department of medical science had been the ascertainment of the strength and extent of the heart's movements in healthy and unhealthy conditions. They had shown that the work performed by a sound heart had been greatly overestimated, and they had thus rendered the vibrations of a diseased heart easier to understand. Doctors were now in a position to learn the size and position of the vital organ in cases where the former methods of auscultation and percussion had afforded them no help. By the Roentgen rays it was possible to observe deterioration of the valves at a much earlier stage than previously, and to gain exact information as to the relations between the heart and the diaphragm, as well as to observe the movements of that membrane. In the early diagnosis of disease of the lungs, stomach, and kidneys, the rays rendered doctors important assistance; and it would in future be possible to gain a knowledge of diseases at a stage at which they had previously entirely escaped detection.

Salt-Incrusted Lake. One of the great curses of the gold-bearing districts of Western Australia is lack of water. The government constructs rain water "soakers" or reservoirs, and the owners of sheepruns sink spouting artesian bores, and yet in some parts decent water fetches 75 cents a gallon and upwards. Black Flag lake, shown in accompanying picture, serves to indicate the dreary desolation of the region. The lake is incrustated with salt, much as a lake in more favored climes might be covered with ice. The tracks of a regular high-



A MODISH ENSEMBLE.

That modest young creature, that fair queen of old, Refused to appear before courtiers so bold. With wrath the refusal of Vashti was heard. With wine and with anger the monarch was stirred.

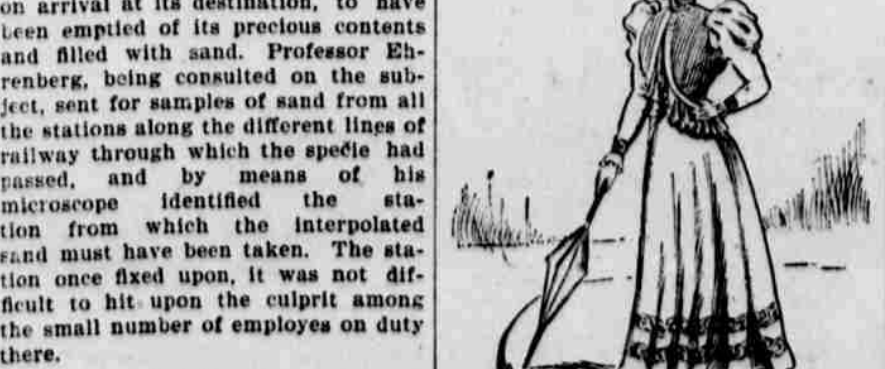
"And what shall we do to Queen Vashti?" he said. Unto his counselors, the wise men who led. "She performed not the will of her lord, And unto his name will reproach surely bring."

Then Memucan answered, in deep, solemn tones. "The queen hath done wrong to the king not alone. But princes, and nobles, and all men like-wise. Shall now suffer contempt in all women's eyes."

"So let it be a law to the Persians and Medes. That unto Queen Vashti another succeeds; And that every man in his own house shall rule. With Solomon's wisdom or that of—Le Malek."

This saying pleased the king and princes. Also every other man. And so the king did according. To the word of Memucan. Apple River, Ill.

A Novel Bolero. Boleros cling to stylishness and are sure to keep on doing so as long as new



sorts can be devised. Varied as they are already, novel ones are still possible, as the accompanying picture proves. This was all tucked from top to bottom and was edged with black lace insertion and a deep plaited ruffle of foundation. Beneath it was a sleeveless fitted vest, the material of all being reseda green pongee. Two rows of the inser-

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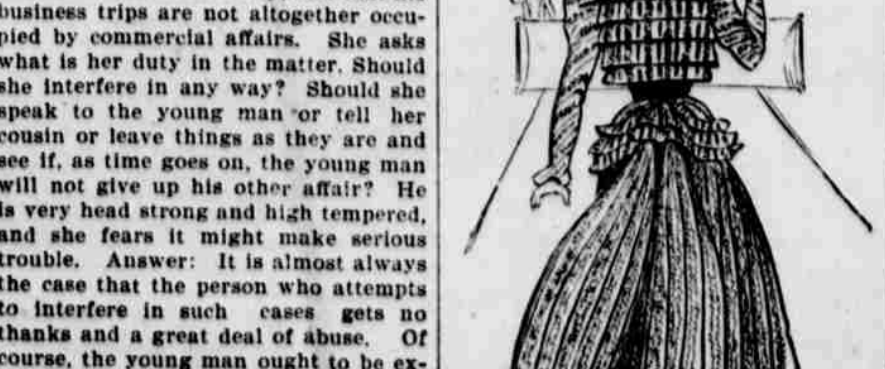
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DAIRY AND POULTRY.

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.

Doctoring Fowls. IN THE A B C of poultry culture, J. H. Davis, the author, says: Doctoring fowls is time and money wasted.

If I ever cured a fowl of any affliction I do not know it. Of course a few got well, but they might have got well had I left them alone. And I believe that I have killed scores of good birds by doctoring them; by attempting to do something I was entirely ignorant of as far as the cause or the proper remedy to be employed is concerned. If there are any genuine remedies, which I doubt. Beware of drugs and condition powders in the poultry yard. Nature does not demand such things. When you use them you violate nature and practically weaken, debilitate and finally destroy entirely the vitality of your birds. It took me years to learn this. And if others will profit by my experience they will save money, time and much worry. A fowl that has to be pampered with drugs to keep it on its feet is worthless. If a fowl be very sick, drugs will not save it but hasten its demise. If only slightly ailing, the bird will get well without medicine. Decapitate rumpy fowls and cremate their bodies. If the fowls have cholera, remove the well ones to a clean location, and thoroughly deodorize and clean up the old house and yards. Remove the sick and ailing birds to distant quarters, feed them on boiled rice and give them scalded milk to drink for a few days, and they may

recover. If they get worse under this treatment, kill them and cremate their bodies. And so treat all the afflictions to which fowls are subject. This is the common sense way of managing them. Finally I have no faith whatever in medicines for sick fowls, and furthermore I believe thousands of fowls are killed every year by drugs. One trouble is that the doctoring of fowls is merely guess work. Such a thing as a correct diagnosis is impossible. But when a fowl is sick we are inclined to doctor it, more especially if the bird be valuable. We think the fowl will die if something is not done for it. And so we take the risk and give it some medicine, hit or miss. If the fowl survives the dose of medicine and the affliction, we give ourselves the credit for the cure, and are thus encouraged to repeat the dosing process whenever opportunity offers. Our experience is that nine sick fowls out of every ten die if they are badly sick. There is only one affliction that I ever have cured, or can cure, or even now try to cure, and that is gapes in chicks. I happen to be very intimate with a man that happens to pose as a fancier, although he has had out a year or two of experience with a few fowls. In a closet at home he had a hundred pounds of Quack's condition powder or egg food (?), "warranted to make hens lay and keep them healthy." On the shelves were bottles of castor oil, Douglas mixture, liniment of iron, sulphur, quinine, calomel, salts, pain killer, several preparations for roup, cholera, tapes, etc. It was a miniature drug store, and all for the fowls. I saw him kill several of his best birds by dosing them with castor oil at night, for they were dead in the morning. Since then he has sold off all his fowls and quit breeding, and declares there is no profit to him in the business.

Standard Varieties of Chickens. Langshans.—Langshans are the smallest and most active of the Asiatic class. They are a practical fowl in more senses than one, and their prolific laying and excellent qualities make them a profitable fowl for the farmer and market poultryman. They are one of the oldest varieties of poultry and have always been held in popular esteem. The shape of Langshans is distinct from that of the Brahma or Cochins, and should not be confused with either of the last-named varieties. Langshans have white flesh and dark legs, while the others are yellow skinned and yellow-legged. The quality of the flesh of the Langshan is excellent, being fine grained, tender and nicely flavored. As layers they rank among the best, averaging from twelve to thirteen dozen a year, and as winter layers they are to be recommended. The chicks are hardy and mature early. Langshans are good sitters and mothers, being of gentle disposition; they are easily kept in confinement or on tree range. Being excellent foragers, they are ideal fowls for the farm, and will gather during the year a considerable proportion of their food. The Langshan is a stylish, medium-sized bird, not overgrown or gawky in appearance, of active nature and lively disposition. Many confound the Black

Cows Milk for Foals. The Live Stock Journal has the following remarks on the feeding of foals with cow's milk: "When the milk of the dam proves insufficient for the young foal it should be supplemented

PAIR OF BLACK LANGSHANS.



PAIR OF BLACK LANGSHANS.

by cow's milk. Indeed, in any case, if it is desirable to force the growth and condition of foals, cow's milk may be freely given to it, in addition to two or three feeds of oats daily. Many thoroughbred foals are given cow's milk 'in almost any quantity' both before and after weaning, and Mr. William Day, the celebrated breeder and trainer, believes "without any evil results." While recommending this for the young animals in the early stage of existence when following the dam, the same authority strongly discommends the practice of giving them beans, peas, clover, or any kind of condiments or condimental foods. Cow's milk, being considerably poorer in saccharine matter than that of the mare, should be sweetened by the addition of sugar to make it more palatable to the foal as well as more nutritious, by imitating as closely as possible the natural product of the mare. It is well not to supply foals with milk from herds known to contain tuberculous subjects, although the horse is not, like cattle and human beings, very susceptible to tuberculosis. Still, in valuable studs, even the chance of infection should be avoided."

Chicken Cholera and Rabbits. While Dr. Koch has been endeavoring to isolate the microbe which has destroyed the cattle of a continent, it is interesting to observe the fact that the people of Australia have gone seriously into the business of cultivating a deadly bacillus with the view of saving their continent from the devastations wrought by millions upon millions of rabbits. The war against the rabbits has been going on for a number of years. The government of New South Wales has within the past several years expended considerably more than \$4,000,000 in attempts to exterminate the rabbit pest. This sum of course makes no account of the amount expended by private citizens and landowners; and it is a trifling sum as compared with the losses that the rabbits have inflicted. The minister of public lands for New South Wales says that since 1880 the government has spent a quarter of a million dollars in building a little less than one thousand miles of rabbit-proof fencing, a sort of "trocha," as our Spanish friends would say, against the insurmountable rabbits. But the rabbits increase and multiply, and the problem is far from solved. A conference of delegates from all parts of New South Wales has lately been held in Sydney for further consideration of this obstacle to the colony's prosperity. It is in the colony of Queensland that the experiment of enlisting the microbe has been entered upon. It is the bacillus of chicken cholera, as isolated by Pasteur, that they are cultivating in Queensland and scattering over the country where the rabbits prevail, concealed in pellets of "poilard." It would not appear as yet that any great measure of success has attended the scheme. Dr. Koch, fresh from his scientific triumphs in Africa, should now be sent by the British government to aid in the extermination of the Australian rabbits.—Review of Reviews.

It takes more time to recover from overwork than can be gained by it.

Adapted for the Work. One who has made a thorough investigation of the subject says that of the 700 members of the American Library Association the large majority are women. There are various reasons why this calling is pre-eminently a

whom the question of a hat trunk became a pressing one in summer when the family went on its travels, contrived to make a very useful one out of an unused trunk. She tacked a piece of quilt over the bottom of her trunk, and with long hat pins fastened the big hats to the padded bottom; then she sewed with long stitches other be-pumpled and beribboned headgear to the bottom of the under tray, so placed that their crowns fitted nicely in among the crowns of the hats on the trunk floor. That disposed of the Gainsboroughs and larger hats, and in the tray she pinned the sailors and wheeling hats, turning the next tray upside down to give them room.

A Serious Situation. Barbara is a very attractive girl, about twenty-two years old. She has a girl cousin about her own age of whom she is very fond. Her cousin is engaged to a young man whom they have known all their lives. The girl has, of course, the most implicit faith in her lover and he is apparently devoted to her. Barbara has, however, learned beyond the shadow of a doubt that this young man is carrying on a not very creditable flirtation with a woman in the nearest city, and that his business trips are not altogether occupied by commercial affairs. She asks what is her duty in the matter. Should she interfere in any way? Should she speak to the young man or tell her cousin or leave things as they are and see if, as time goes on, the young man will not give up his other affair? He is very head strong and high tempered, and she fears it might make serious trouble. Answer: It is almost always the case that the person who attempts to interfere in such cases gets no thanks and a great deal of abuse. Of course, the young man ought to be exposed, and if Barbara is willing to take the chances she might go to her cousin with positive proofs and then let her follow her own inclinations as to the future.

red silk blouse, over which was worn a bolero tucked from the yoke to the hem, front and back. The sleeves were plain coat sleeves slightly puffed at the shoulder. A high brimmed sailor hat with a broad band of red and black satin, was worn with this dress, and even a stock or broad linen collar could be attached to the waist.

Costume for the Tennis Court. Tennis players practice all the year for the tournament, and when tournament day comes they put forth not only their best strokes with the racket, but their best games as well. A tennis tournament dress is part of every tennis girl's summer wardrobe. One of the Asbury park tennis players had a very pretty skirt of surah in black and white stripes, with a little fancy design of reseda in between the stripes. It was a full girdle in the back, trimmed around the hips with ruffles of the goods; it was of ordinary walking length, but, being nicely stiffened, it set out around the feet to permit running. It was belted with a broad black satin girdle. The waist was of a dark

Look Out for the Dish Cloth. Look out for the dishcloth in warm weather. Many think that any old thing will do for a dishcloth, and when it gets too black to use any longer, a new rag is substituted, and the old one thrown on the ash heap to rot. The dishcloth will sour in half an hour these blistering days if it is not washed with soap and rinsed and hung in the sun to dry. All the washing will not sweeten it unless it is put where it will dry. It is simply awful to sit down to a table where the dishes smell sour, but you often do, in nice houses, too, where you would expect to find everything immaculate.

Modes for Summer Days. Veils to be worn exclusively with walking hats have very deep borders. Ever so many designs in kid and leather belts are developed in bright reds and greens.

White hats are seen trimmed with big bunches of white violets, with immense green leaves.

The surprise waist is coming in again, and muslin bodices cut in this style, finished with a soft fichu, will soon be seen.

Appie-green chiffon and white and purple laces make a magnificent trimming for a stylish large hat of fine black Milan straw.

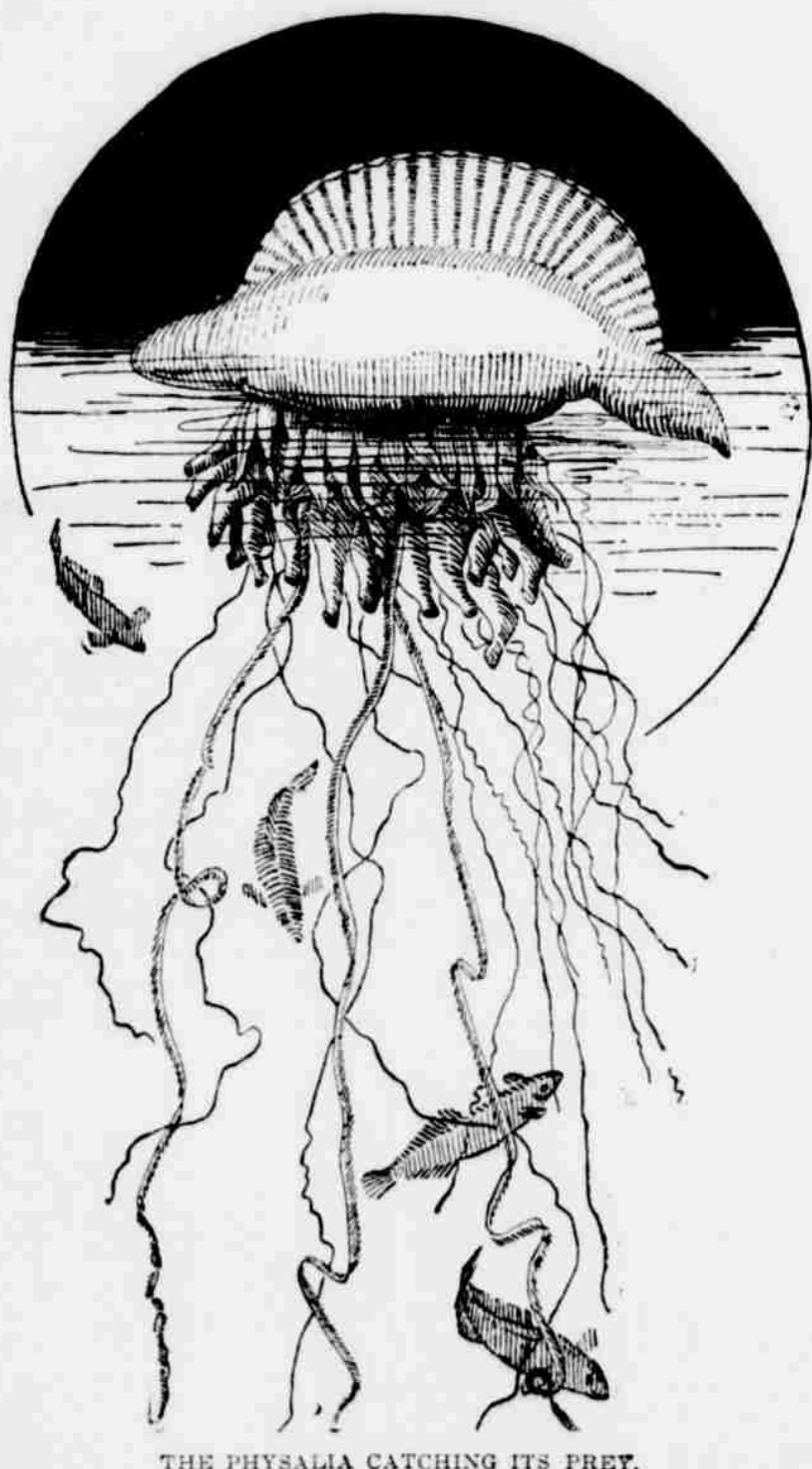
A new glove for midsummer use is of a mixture of silk and linen, and the colors shown are white, tan and black. There are all new styles in lisle gloves. Judging from the crowds at the different counters, women generally have all their staple shopping done; that is, dress goods and the like, and they are now purchasing ribbons, collars and general accessories to the toilet.

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THE PHYSALIA

J.O. NUGENT N.Y. LEDGER

It was long thought that the Physalia was an isolated individual. But, according to recent researches, they form, like the Praya, a sea bladder. Sailors call it a sea bladder, from its resemblance to that organ. It is also known as the "Portuguese man-of-war," from its fancied resemblance to a small ship as it floats along under its tiny sail. Let us imagine a great cylindrical bladder dilated in the middle, attenuated and rounded at its extremities, of eleven or twelve inches in length, and from one to three broad. Its appearance is glassy and transparent, its color an imperfect purple, passing to a violet, then to an azure above. It is surmounted by a crest, limpid and pure as crystal, veined with purple and violet, in decreasing tints. Under the vessel float the fleshy filaments, waving and contorted into a spiral form, which sometimes descends perpendicularly, like so many threads of celestial blue. Sailors believe that the crest that surmounts the vesicle performs the office of a sail, and they tell the navigator how the wind blows, as they say, Demeter, the veracious historian of the Antilles, tells the following story. This "galley over Physalia," however agreeable to the sight, is most dangerous to the body, for I can assert that it is freighted with the worst merchandise which floats on the sea. One day, when sailing in a small boat at sea, I perceived one of these curious animals and was curious to see its form, but I had scarcely seized it when all its fibres seemed to clasp my hand, covering it as with bird lime, and scarcely had I felt it in all its freshness, for it was very cold to the touch, when it seemed as if I had plunged my arm up to the shoulder in a caldron of boiling water. This



THE PHYSALIA CATCHING ITS PREY.

BEATEN AT HIS OWN GAME.
A Louisville Attorney Who Taught His Client a Clever Trick.
From the Louisville Courier-Journal: A barrister of the city court is very much chagrined on account of a trick played on him by one of his clients, thereby causing him to lose a fee of \$25. Several days ago a man was arrested on a charge of "shooting at without wounding." This picturesque figure of the city court, who brags that the rich coloring of his nose had cost him a small fortune, was consulted and consented to defend the man. Before the trial came up the barrister called his client from the court room and said: "Now, the only way you can get out of this scrape is to play insane. Whenever a question is put to you, instead of giving an intelligent answer, just wave your hand in front of your face and whistle. The judge will at once adjudge you insane, and, of course, you will be all right."
The man consented to play insane, and took his seat on the stand.
"What is your name?" asked one of the attorneys.
The defendant looked idiotic, waved his hand and then whistled.
Everybody in the court room began to laugh. Question after question was asked the man, but he answered all of them by waving his hand and whistling immediately afterward.
"I adjudge you insane," said the judge.
"Ah, what did I tell you," said the barrister, walking over to his client and congratulating him. That was a magnificent play. I will charge \$25 for defending you and would like to have my money now."
The alleged insane man looked worried and scratched his head. He never said a word, but he waved his hand through the air, gave a short, shrill whistle, and bade the attorney a fond adieu.
The Fire Flies of the Tropics.
One of the fireflies of the West Indies has two tubercles situated on its thor-

ax or chest, which give forth a light so powerful as to enable the smallest print to be easily read. A few of these flies put under a glass make a good reading lamp, and the inhabitants use the lamps so made for household purposes. The women use them for decoration on the festive days. The brilliancy of the spectacle presented by myriads of fireflies, glancing or scintillating through the darkness of a tropical night has but to be once witnessed to create enthusiasm on the subject of "living lights." Once seen it can never be forgotten. Flying about in countless myriads, glistening like stars on a clear winter night, flashing and disappearing, glancing and dancing, whirling and gyrating in mazy evolutions, no words are sufficient to describe the scene and its effect on the mind of the fortunate traveler who witnesses it. It is one of the sights of a lifetime. The inhabitants of the tropical world regard these insects from the practical, and not from the poetical or artistic standpoint. By means of a lighted torch they entice them into their houses, where they devour those intolerable pests, the mosquitoes, of which they seem passionately fond.
Dogged.
"They say Smith's wife treats him like a dog."
"No, regarding that report I was told by a relative of Smith's that Smith's wife never kisses him when he doesn't want to be kissed."
"The life of a dumb beast is not, it will be observed, necessarily happier than that of any other kind of a beast."
—Detroit Journal.
Also Queer.
A woman's way is a puzzling one
And past all finding out.
For when she's 18 she will claim
She's 20—with a pout.
But when she's 30—lo! behold,
To questions he'll stand pat;
And claim she's 18—so a man
Can't tell just where she's at.

RUBIES BY HUNDREDS

A FRENCHMAN SOLVES THE PROBLEM.

Some curious details are given in letters from missionaries in regard to the visit of a German traveler, Dr. Wolfe, to Chang-Sha, the capital of Hunan, which never before had been entered by a foreigner. It seems that the doctor gained his point and entered the forbidden city, but his visit was a mere farce, as he was not permitted to go about in the city or to see any of its features. He simply was carried in a closed chair to the prefect's room in one of the government halls, where he was entertained with refreshments, and an hour later was taken back swiftly in the same way. Hunan is the province of China which has gained notoriety as the most bitterly anti-foreign and anti-Christian of any in the empire. For years the mandarin in charge of the telegraph service attempted to connect Chang-Sha with the other large cities of China, but he was forced to give up, as the people burned his poles and threw the workmen into the nearest river or pond. Only three years ago an effort was made to run the telegraph line to Siberia through one corner of Hunan, but native prejudice was still so strong that the wire and poles were destroyed and the workmen were driven beyond the boundary of the province and warned under pain of death not to return. It is only within the last year that an imperial decree was issued ordering the Hunanese not to molest the builders of the telegraph. It is expected that Chang-Sha in a few months will be connected with the rest of the world by telegraph. It was at Chang-Sha that the atrocious books attacking the Christian religion were published about eight years ago. Chou Han, a literary graduate and a man of means, was the author of these libels on Christianity, which were illustrated with pictures too vile to describe. Dr. Griffith John, a well-known missionary, exposed the authorship of the books, and described the publisher who was sending them out. Through Li Hung Chang an imperial decree was secured prohibiting any further publication of the books, and an order was issued for the destruction of the wooden type from which they were printed. This order was evaded by Chou Han removing the type to his country place, forty-five miles away, but a curious feature of the matter was the change of heart on the part of Chou Han. Dr. John sent him letters calling his attention to the injustice of attacking a religion of which he knew nothing personally. He also sent Chou Han the Bible in Chinese, with considerable literature that explained the chief tenets of Christianity. Chou Han made no reply, but his publisher, who is now one of Dr. John's friends, assured the missionary that Chou Han had ceased to rail against the Christian religion, though the story of his conversion was without foundation. Chou Han appears to be a man of much nobility of character, for he has given away in charity the greater part of a large fortune, retaining only a small farm sufficient for the support of himself and his son. Formerly when he visited Chang-Sha he put up at one of the temples; now he stays at a cheap hotel. It is the general opinion that Dr. Wolfe's persistence in entering Chang-Sha has aroused the curiosity of the people, and that his conduct will make it more difficult for any other traveler to penetrate into the interior of Hunan. Dr. Wolfe waited fifteen days for permission to enter Chang-Sha, and on March 19 this was granted. In a closed chair he was taken through the gate at 3:45 p. m., and at 5:45 p. m. he was brought out in the same way, his chair curtains being let down all around so that he was in absolute darkness, unable to see anything. After leaving Chang-Sha he went to Heng-Chou, where a street mob hooted at him and pelted him with clods of earth. They tried to pull him down to the water to drown him, but he escaped and reached Lyntang. There his three bearers became alarmed at the violence of the people and deserted him. Left alone, with no knowledge of the language, Dr. Wolfe was forced to make his way by water back to Handtow.—New York Sun.

ENTERING A FORBIDDEN CITY.

Dr. Wolfe, a German Traveler, Spends Two Hours in Chang-Sha.

Some curious details are given in letters from missionaries in regard to the visit of a German traveler, Dr. Wolfe, to Chang-Sha, the capital of Hunan, which never before had been entered by a foreigner. It seems that the doctor gained his point and entered the forbidden city, but his visit was a mere farce, as he was not permitted to go about in the city or to see any of its features. He simply was carried in a closed chair to the prefect's room in one of the government halls, where he was entertained with refreshments, and an hour later was taken back swiftly in the same way. Hunan is the province of China which has gained notoriety as the most bitterly anti-foreign and anti-Christian of any in the empire. For years the mandarin in charge of the telegraph service attempted to connect Chang-Sha with the other large cities of China, but he was forced to give up, as the people burned his poles and threw the workmen into the nearest river or pond. Only three years ago an effort was made to run the telegraph line to Siberia through one corner of Hunan, but native prejudice was still so strong that the wire and poles were destroyed and the workmen were driven beyond the boundary of the province and warned under pain of death not to return. It is only within the last year that an imperial decree was issued ordering the Hunanese not to molest the builders of the telegraph. It is expected that Chang-Sha in a few months will be connected with the rest of the world by telegraph. It was at Chang-Sha that the atrocious books attacking the Christian religion were published about eight years ago. Chou Han, a literary graduate and a man of means, was the author of these libels on Christianity, which were illustrated with pictures too vile to describe. Dr. Griffith John, a well-known missionary, exposed the authorship of the books, and described the publisher who was sending them out. Through Li Hung Chang an imperial decree was secured prohibiting any further publication of the books, and an order was issued for the destruction of the wooden type from which they were printed. This order was evaded by Chou Han removing the type to his country place, forty-five miles away, but a curious feature of the matter was the change of heart on the part of Chou Han. Dr. John sent him letters calling his attention to the injustice of attacking a religion of which he knew nothing personally. He also sent Chou Han the Bible in Chinese, with considerable literature that explained the chief tenets of Christianity. Chou Han made no reply, but his publisher, who is now one of Dr. John's friends, assured the missionary that Chou Han had ceased to rail against the Christian religion, though the story of his conversion was without foundation. Chou Han appears to be a man of much nobility of character, for he has given away in charity the greater part of a large fortune, retaining only a small farm sufficient for the support of himself and his son. Formerly when he visited Chang-Sha he put up at one of the temples; now he stays at a cheap hotel. It is the general opinion that Dr. Wolfe's persistence in entering Chang-Sha has aroused the curiosity of the people, and that his conduct will make it more difficult for any other traveler to penetrate into the interior of Hunan. Dr. Wolfe waited fifteen days for permission to enter Chang-Sha, and on March 19 this was granted. In a closed chair he was taken through the gate at 3:45 p. m., and at 5:45 p. m. he was brought out in the same way, his chair curtains being let down all around so that he was in absolute darkness, unable to see anything. After leaving Chang-Sha he went to Heng-Chou, where a street mob hooted at him and pelted him with clods of earth. They tried to pull him down to the water to drown him, but he escaped and reached Lyntang. There his three bearers became alarmed at the violence of the people and deserted him. Left alone, with no knowledge of the language, Dr. Wolfe was forced to make his way by water back to Handtow.—New York Sun.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

The Child's First Grief.
"Call My Brother Back to Me!"
"Story of a Moth—Story of the Lost Children and a Bear."
The child's first grief, or "Call My Brother Back to Me!" is a story of a boy who had a very dear brother who had been taken away from him. The boy was very sad and wanted to see his brother again. He went to a magic land where he found his brother and they were reunited. This is a very touching story for children to read.

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THE MEXICAN RIVER GUARD.

His a Dashing and Gaudy Cavalier and Rides Well.

In this territory any intelligent, active, courageous man wants a nice easy thing of it, let him go down to Eagle Pass, Texas, where he can hire out as a "river guard." It will be his duty to prevent smuggling along a shallow and traitorous stream for something like 1,000 miles. The pay will be \$20 a month, and he must furnish his horse. He will get one hour's sleep each week and the chance is that he will be shot before his term expires. While he is alive he will be allowed to board himself and pay his own doctor's bills. In addition to this he will have the satisfaction of serving his country and the knowledge that he can no more stop smuggling than he can fly. The life has its compensations, of course. A man is in the open air. The climate is balmy. He is much looked up to by dwellers along the banks. There is always some Mexican girl to love him because he wears a six-shooter. If his scruples be not rigid there is constant opportunity to make money. This is done by being somewhere else when goods are crossed. Many river guards have grown wealthy. This is particularly so with those on the Mexican side. There is, for instance, a heavy Mexican tariff on American cattle. It is a kind of retaliatory duty. The Mexican populace loves beef, of which it does not get any too much. If a Texas stockman desires to make an honest dollar exporting 1,000 head and he can find the right kind of a guard on the other side, why, he will make the honest dollar. The guard will make several honest dollars.

The river guard is generally a picturesque animal. Almost always he is young, and sometimes he is good-looking. His horse is fat and speedy. His saddle, weighing 20 pounds, is braced with small gold plates attached to his bridle reins near the bit flash in the sun. He wears a crimson scarf about his waist. He calls this a "banda" and uses it to keep up his tight trousers. His short jacket has metal buttons and his hat, of the high, wide-brimmed Mexican brand, is trimmed with silver braid. Around his middle is a broad belt holding cartridges, and from it swings a Colt's revolver. Under his right knee nestles a Winchester carbine. One would suppose that a less conspicuous dress would conduce to efficiency and safety, but with the river guard efficiency and safety do not count for anything against looking pretty. He does not reflect that few corpses are attractive. His calculation is that it is the other fellow who is going to get hurt. With all his vanity, he is vigilant and constantly moving. He makes long and lonely rides along the yellow river night and day. If he encounters a band in the act of crossing, he has a fight on his hands. Single guards have been known to fight and put to flight bands of a dozen smugglers. They have been known also to have been killed. When this happens a sullen splash in the stream closes the chapter. One of the hardest riders, game fighters and most keen-scented officers ever upon this frontier was Trinidad Cruz, but nobody knows where Trinidad's bones are now. He disappeared about a year ago, and two

days afterward his horse was found grazing upon the prairie with a blood-stained saddle turned under him.

A RATIONAL SPARROW.
Recognized Timely Aid and Remembers the Helper.
The truth of the following incident is vouched for by a correspondent of the (Ky.) Courier-Journal. It is a rare occurrence for animals in a wild state to select man for a companion and friend, yet well authenticated instances when this has been done are a matter of record. The following instance is vouched for by my correspondent, a young woman who is a close and accurate observer: Last week my brother (a lad of 12) killed a snake which was just in the act of robbing a song-sparrow's nest. Ever since then the male sparrow has shown his gratitude to George, for a companion and friend, yet well authenticated instances when this has been done are a matter of record. The following instance is vouched for by my correspondent, a young woman who is a close and accurate observer: Last week my brother (a lad of 12) killed a snake which was just in the act of robbing a song-sparrow's nest. 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The Haskell Free Press.

J. E. POOLE,
Editor and Proprietor.

A circulating rate 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, Aug. 21, 1897.

LOCAL DOTS.

—Sewall is happy again.
—New Dry Goods at S. L. Robertson's.
—Mrs. A. Z. Sewall and children came home last Saturday.
—Misses Lillie Scott and Lemnos Millhollon went to Anson this week.
—Boys' knee pants at S. L. Robertson's.

—Rev. M. L. Moody left yesterday for Sweetwater to bring his family home.
—Fresh choice lemons and hams at S. L. Robertson's.

—A protracted meeting was begun at the Baptist church at this place on Friday night.

—New flour—Albany Mills fancy patent just received at S. L. Robertson's.

—Mr. W. H. Parsons has furnished for the exhibit a jar of very fine Chinese cling peaches.

—Mr. J. W. Parker of Austin is here on a visit to his children and mother at Mr. Cason's.

—Masons glass fruit jars only \$1 a dozen for half gallon size at McCullum & Wilbourn Co's. The cheapest they were ever sold at here.

—Mr. J. L. Jones furnished the committee with a jar of fine peaches this week for the county exhibit.

—A fresh stock of pure honey, maple syrup and buckwheat flour—a mighty nice combination now when you can't get choice molasses.

S. L. ROBERTSON.

—Dr. Gilbert reports the arrival of a new daughter on Monday at the home of Commissioner J. M. Perry.

—All persons indebted to me for wheat or oats please pay up. Must have the money right away.

J. S. RIKE.

—A bevy of girls were out Wednesday night giving a vocal serenade on our side of town it was coyotes.

—A beautiful line of new glass ware, new styles and very cheap at McCullum & Wilbourn Co's.

—Dr. Gilbert has as of late a look as an old bachelor since his wife went visiting and left him to keep house.

—Mr. J. F. Jones is enlarging his gin buildings and his new outfit of machinery will arrive in a few days.

—New Hats—just received at S. L. Robertson's. Best assortment and lowest prices in town. Call and see them.

—Mr. E. Bivins has returned, having been pronounced cured of his mental ailment by the asylum authorities.

—Leave your watch work at the McLemore Drug Store. Promptness and satisfaction guaranteed.

O. NICHOLSON
Wichita Falls, Tex

—If the present cotton prospect holds out, as there is every promise of its doing, our farmers will have to import more pickers.

—Remember that S. L. Robertson always makes lowest prices for cash.

—Mr. Hugh Meadors is having a residence built in the northwest part of town and will hereafter abide under his own vine and fig tree.

—Two barrels of fine syrup and molasses in to-day at S. L. Robertson's. Also other fresh eatables.

—Mr. Russel Debard who came up last week to see his wife, who was sick at her father's, left for home again this week after witnessing a decided improvement in her health.

—A forty pound feather bed for sale, nearly new, cheap. Apply at this office for particulars.

—Judge McConnell, H. S. Post, J. M. Baldwin, W. B. Anthony and J. F. Jones went to Abilene this week as attorney, litigants and witnesses on one side of a law suit.

—Ladies we have the prettiest and largest stock of queensware, both plain and decorated, ever brought to Haskell. It was bought before the passage of the tariff law and will be sold very cheap. Call and see it.

McCULLUM & WILBOURN CO.

—We learn that the mother of Messrs G. R. and Hill Walton has come from Missouri and will reside with Mr. Hill Walton, whose wife died this summer.

—Mr. T. G. Jack tells us that the new gin in the Sand Hills is a settled fact. Wagons have gone to bring the machinery. It will be located on Mr. M. H. Lackey's place.

—Do you want a Mitchell wagon best made; if so see W. W. Fields & Bro., who will sell it to you at Abilene price.

—Mr. S. W. Scott and wife and Misses Mary Tandy, Una Foster, Bertha Fitzgerald and Edna Ellis and Messrs Marshal Pierson, Walter and Will Tandy betook themselves to the Clear Fork Thursday on a fishing expedition.

—The "other fellow" hasn't brought us wheat, oats, etc., on subscription account yet—you will please do so now if you are owing subscription and haven't the money to spare. We can't carry old accounts always.

—Mrs. W. T. Jones wishes to say to her patrons, and to the public in general, that she will return from Tenn. in the early fall and will resume her music class. Thankful for past patronage, she respectfully asks for a continuance of the same.

—The past ten days have been more or less cloudy with partial showers falling in every direction, two or three of which struck the town. One result very pleasing to sweltering humanity, is a great modification of the previously high temperature. We do not look for any more very hot weather.

—New goods just received at S. L. Robertson's. Red and blue figured prints with a good variety of other choice colors, Percales, Bleached and Brown Domestics, Drills, Cotton Checks, Shirting, Cheviots, Pants goods, ready made shirts and pants for men and boys, spool thread, laces and other notions. Call and see them.

—Mr. T. D. Isbell of Knox county was here this week. He expressed his intention of moving to Haskell this fall in order to give his children the advantages of our excellent school. Mr. Isbell is a prominent citizen of Knox county, having served it both as sheriff and judge.

—Attention of farmers is directed to the advertisement of the Anson Roller mill. This mill is turning out a good line of patent flour in several grades and makes a liberal exchange of flour for wheat.

They invite your patronage through your home paper, give them a chance at your business.

—Mr. J. T. Lawley is back again after his visit to the Nashville exposition and to relatives in Alabama, looking as fresh and chipper as a lark. He says in fact that after coming out of a heavily timbered country, where the roads are walled with growing trees and are so narrow that a person can't get a fresh breath back to Texas' broad expanses a man feels like a bird must feel when freed from a cage.

—Persons wanting furniture will do well to drop in and see Mr. Peery's large and well assorted stock and get his prices when they go to Seymour. He now has a fresh and well assorted stock and invites your trade and says he won't be undersold. See his advertisement in another column.

Stray Notice.

Taken up by W. H. Jasper at his home on Marshall farm about 20 miles N. W. from Haskell in Haskell county and estrayed before J. W. Evans, J. P. Prec. No. 1 on the 31st day of July 1897. One light bay mare mule about four years old with small scar on left forearm. No mark or brand.

In witness whereof I here to sign my name and affix the seal of the county court this 5th day of August, A. D. 1897. G. R. COUCH,
Clerk Co. Ct. Haskell Co. Tex.

[SEAL]

ONE OF THE GOOD THINGS

As life passes we all meet with more or less sickness and suffering. Especially do mothers often find life checked with pain. Much of this need not be if Parker's Ginger Tonic is rightly used and in season. It carries vital energy into the very heart of the system, re-activating functional activity and dispelling pain. It enables the system to utilize the food consumed, restoring nutrition, making new and better blood and building up the tissues. Functional disorders, with the many forms of distress they cause are abated by it, and through its agency sleep comes natural again and many discouraging ills disappear.

MAY BE LOST FOREVER.

Your hair once lost, may be lost forever. Parker's Hair Balsam will restore the tresses, dark and lustrous as in youth.

THE IRON STABLE

J. L. BALDWIN, Propr.

First class single and double rigs and careful drivers.

Commercial Trade

A Specialty.

Horses boarded by day, week or month at reasonable rates.

I solicit a good share of your patronage.



HERE WE ARE AGAIN WITH
ROOTS SHOES
Always in the Lead!

**MORE BOOTS & SHOES,
500 Pairs of them!
ALL STYLES AND SIZES FOR EVERYBODY.**

We are just receiving an invoice of 500 pairs of boots and shoes. There are fine, medium and heavy goods in the lot, as well as all styles to suit all tastes.

As to prices—well you know our way about prices—always as low as the goods can be put—never undersold by anybody. Just come and see, if you want shoes.



Our Dry Goods Department is still well up in the various lines, but as the season is a little advanced we are cutting prices to the bottom notch so as to clear out the summer goods and make room for a big fall stock. Come and see, you will be satisfied with the prices.

Our Staple and Fancy Groceries Department we always keep fresh up and ready to fill your order for something good to eat at bottom prices.

T. G. CARNEY & CO

FURNITURE

Largest Stock West of Fort Worth!

Two Car Loads Just In From Factory.

PICTURE MOULDING, WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES.

COFFINS AND ALL UNDERTAKER'S GOODS.

—EMBALMING A SPECIALTY—

I always keep my stock full, and I won't be undersold. Call on me.

T. H. C. PEERY, SEYMOUR.

THE ANSON ROLLER MILL

Is a candidate for your business in its line. It gives you—

33 1-3 lbs. Good Patent Flour and 10 lbs. Bran

—Per Bushel for Wheat Testing 60 Pounds.

Flour and Bran kept constantly on hand for sale.

You can save money by buying from us.

J. E. JOHNSON, Propr., - - - Anson, Tex.

—The county exhibit committee want samples of threshed wheat, oats, barley, rye, millet, Kaffir corn and all similar grains, also stalks of corn with ears on, Kaffir corn, milo maize, etc., with the heads on—all these should be in bunches of five or six stalks, and should be cut before the seed is fully mature so that they will not shatter out. In short they want samples of everything raised in the county, no matter what it is so it is good of its kind. If you have anything that will make a good sample bring it in, don't wait thinking the other fellow will bring in something better. We failed just that way to get as large a number of bundles of grain as we ought to have had. Samples of grains should be in quantities of one peck each. Bring samples to the Free Press office or to Mr. Sherrill's store.

marked also in passing that at the same time the money changers are making an exactly opposite pressure on silver; witness, Mexico. Moral—A truth stated but referred to a wrong predicate is as much a deceit as if it were all false. Better not to say funny things if you have to infer a lie to do it.

The Cowboys' Reunion promises to be one of the important institutions of Northwest Texas. Fort Worth would have done well to secure their next meeting. If properly advertised and held at a point so accessible and so well prepared to take care of a big crowd as Fort Worth, the unique and exciting exhibitions would draw visitors from all parts of the United States—Tex. Live Stock Journal.

With city surroundings the performances would look too much like something in the line of Bill Cody's wild west show. If the "tender feet" want to see the cowboy in all his glory let them come out to his own stamping ground where he is at home in boots and spurs and sombrero and where his lasso swings free as a thing of life. Haskell will take care of the visitors.

—Mr. Walter E. Kimbell, representing the Austin Nursery, F. T. Ramsey, Propr., will be in a short time to take orders for all varieties of standard fruit and shade trees at from 5 to 15 cents each. This nursery was established in 1860 and is thoroughly up to date on Texas fruits and guarantees to deliver healthy, sound trees here at above prices. Wait and see the agent.

A College Education

Will be Given away Free by the Free Press

TO THE MOST POPULAR

Young Man in Haskell County. A Complete Course in Metropolitan Business College at Dallas.

Do You Want a Business Course?

We have perfected arrangements with the Metropolitan Business College, at Dallas, one of the best institutions of the kind in the South, whereby we can award to the person receiving the highest number of votes by 12 o'clock, noon, on November 1st, 1897, a scholarship in this reliable business college.

CONDITIONS.

Any man, of any age, married or single, in town or country, in Haskell county, may enter as a contestant for the scholarship, provided his immediate family is a paid-up subscriber to the Haskell Free Press.

HOW TO VOTE.

Each week there will appear in the Free Press a coupon which may be voted by anyone properly filling it out. Take it to McLemore's drug store and it will be duly registered and deposited in a sealed box. Votes may be mailed to him or to the Free Press and they will receive the same prompt attention as if delivered in person.

The votes will remain in the box until November 1st, at 2 o'clock, p. m., when the judges, Messrs. W. W. Fields, R. E. Sherrill and J. E. Lindsey will open the box, count the votes and declare the winner.

The vote will be published in the Free Press each week up to October 30th.

Each new subscriber to the Free Press will be allowed fifteen coupons or ballots.

Each subscriber renewing will be allowed ten coupons or ballots.

For each year's back subscription paid up by any subscriber we will allow ten coupons or votes.

Persons subscribing for the paper to be sent to friends will be entitled to the coupons as above—15 for a new subscription.

Extra ballots may be secured at this office or at McLemore's drug store at following prices: Single ballot 5c; 25 ballots, \$1; 50 ballots, \$1.75; 100 ballots, \$3 and 500 ballots, \$5.

Besides the above every subscriber is entitled to use the coupon printed in his paper each week.

N. B. All the above will be on a cash basis.

The voting has begun and up to date stands as follows:

Frank Vernon, 36
Vernon Cobb, 91
Jerald Hills, 95

Free Press Scholarship Contest
To have the \$500 Scholarship in the Metropolitan Business College

J. F. CLARK,
Jeweler and Optician,
Abilene, - - Tex.

I Can

save you money when you need:

- MACHINE OILS,
- CALIFORNIA DOG POISON,
- WALL PAPER,
- WAGON OR BUGGY PAINT,
- TABLETS,
- WRITING PAPER,
- LANTERNS,
- LAMP GOODS,

or any kind of

DRUGS.

I want your trade,

A. P. McLEMORE.

P. S. Condition Powders 15cts lb

M. S. PIERSON, President. A. C. FOSTER, Vice-President. J. L. JONES, Cash. LEE PIERSON, Asst. Cash.

THE HASKELL NATIONAL BANK,

HASKELL, TEXAS.

A General Banking Business Transacted. Collections made and Promptly Remitted. Exchange Drawn on all principal Cities of the United States.

DIRECTORS:—M. S. Pierson, A. C. Foster, J. L. Jones, Lee Pierson T. J. Lemmon.

MORE GOODS, Fresh Goods, NEW GOODS

Constantly arriving to keep up the assortment in our stock and supply our customers with all the latest things that come out.

A fresh shipment of
**STYLISH DRESS GOODS,
LAWNS, NOVELTY PRINTS**
just received.

Also a nice line of
GENTLEMEN'S DRESS SHIRTS & UNDERWEAR.

We have also replenished our stock of
SHOES AND SLIPPERS

to supply some missing sizes and late summer styles.

We will continue to keep our stock freshened up from week to week so that our customers can depend upon finding at our store anything they want and all of it the latest and best, and we

Guarantee our Prices to meet all competition.

F. G. Alexander & Co.

J. W. BELL,

Manufacturer & Dealer In

SADDLES and HARNESS.

Full Stock, Work Promptly to Order.

Repairing done neatly and substantially. Prices reasonable and satisfaction with goods and work guaranteed.

Your Trade is Solicited.

McCULLUM & WILBOURN CO.

Our aim is to keep a well assorted stock of general hardware, tools, cutlery, etc. We also handle a good line of stoves, wind mills, pumps, etc.

The best and most popular makes of plows, planters, cultivators, wagons, etc. Anything not in our stock will be procured promptly.

We shall continue to handle furniture, carpets, mattresses and general housefurnishing goods and solicit your trade in these lines.

We keep in stock an assortment of coffins, trimmings, etc., and can fill orders promptly.

McCULLUM & WILBOURN CO.

P. D. SANDERS,
LAWYER & LAND AGENT.

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

OSCAR MARTIN,
Attorney at Law,

HASKELL, - - TEXAS.

E. E. GILBERT,
Physician & Surgeon.

Offers his services to the people of Haskell and surrounding country.

Specialties: Diseases of Women a Specialty. Office at McLemore's Drug store.

J. E. LINDSEY,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
HASKELL, - - TEXAS.
Office at A. P. McLemore's Drug store.