

HARD TIMES NO MORE!

What is what you will think when you see our New Goods and get our prices.

You will realize that the road to **ECONOMY** leads through **OUR** store.

We have recently returned from Galveston, where we made our purchases, believing on investigation that with deep water for the entrance of the largest vessels and its competing steamship lines giving it very low freights it is today the cheapest market in the United States. Hence we say to the people of Haskell and surrounding counties that they can save a good deal of money by doing their trading at our store. We simply ask them to investigate the question.

We have put in a much larger stock of staple dry goods than we have ever handled before and you will not have to pass our house to get any thing you want in this line from a yard of chaff cloth to the heaviest domestics and jeans, or a pair of blankets. We have also added a line of ladies and misses ulsters, mackintoshes, slickers, ducking coats and vests and overcoats. And you will find the prices all right and quality tip top.

In our dress goods and notions department the ladies will find all the new styles and the latest novelties in dress fabrics, gloves, belts, laces, and a new line of sash ribbons, etc., in fact everything that goes to make up a fashionable modern costume. We flatter ourselves that we have made a choice selection in these lines—one that will be approved by our lady customers.

WE HAVE FOR THE FIRST TIME PUT IN A

FULL STOCK OF CLOTHING

And if woolen goods could be produced by sunshine and showers, gathered by the winds, woven by the fairies and made into garments by magic, their perhaps clothing could be sold under our price, but under no other conditions. Our stock of both men's and boy's clothing is complete.

BOOTS, SHOES AND HATS

For gentlemen, ladies and children in all sizes and styles, at prices as enticing as any one can offer you.

ANOTHER NEW ADDITION TO OUR STOCK IS A NICE LINE OF

QUEENSWARE, TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY, TINWARE, ETC.

MILLINERY Last, but not least, we wish to say that we have fitted up a neat room separate from the main store where we will have a complete line of stylish millinery, which will be in charge of a thoroughly competent milliner and where the ladies can have quiet privacy.

We cordially invite all who feel interested in getting goods at the lowest possible prices to call on—

I. G. CARNEY & Co., - - - Haskell, Texas.

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FOSTER & SCOTT.
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

Civil practice exclusively, with special attention to land litigation.
Practice in all the courts and transact a general land agency business. Have complete abstract of Haskell county land titles.
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GOOD NEWSPAPERS
At a Very Low Price.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS (Galveston or Dallas) is published Tuesdays and Fridays. Each issue consists of eight pages. There are special departments for the farmers, the ladies and the boys and girls. Besides a world of general news matter, illustrated articles, etc.
To order the SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS and the WEEKLY NEWS for 12 months for the low shipping price of \$1.00 cash.
This gives you three papers a week, or 12 papers a year, for a ridiculously low price. Send in your subscription at once. This low price cannot last long.

A Few Extracts From Henry George's

We quote the following extracts published in the Literary Digest from the speech of acceptance by Henry George upon his nomination for mayor by the democrats of Greater New York in opposition to the Tammany candidate.

Mr. George was nominated by a mass meeting in Cooper Union where four anti Tammany organizations including the peoples party and the Manhattan single tax club asked him to be their candidate:

"Fellow Democrats and men who voted for William Jennings Bryan: I accept your nomination. From now until the election closes, I am yours. [A voice: And after the election is over.] Ay, and after election too. I am a democrat. I can not divide into parts the questions which I, as a citizen, have to deal with for the very reason that I oppose unequivocally and unalterably this monstrous tariff in all its forms, for the same reason that I would vote wherever I could for the utter abolition of the tariff; for that same reason I am opposed to the interference with individual liberty which we see here in New York.

"I am a Democrat in the Jeffersonian sense, because I believe in the principles and stand for the philosophy of Thomas Jefferson. For that reason my line in everything on which a citizen can vote is clear and certain. It was for that reason that I voted in the last general election. It was because the Chicago platform how much I might differ with this thing or that thing, represented to me the coming to the front of the great common people and principles, that I stood for it; that I voted for it; that I was sorer than I had ever been before that it was defeated. Defeated, I still hope, to rise again, and now for that principal I stand.

"[The city] convention has acted. It has registered the will of whom? Cries of 'Crocker!' Of Crocker. A man whom you know has grown rich on what? Ay, that is the question. On what? He dictates the Demo-

cratic nomination. Is it the Democratic nomination? As a Democrat I say No. The real Democracy, the Democracy of Thomas Jefferson, the regular Democracy, as I hold it, tenders me the nomination to-day. I have sought by every means to have some one else come forward to take this place. I would gladly support him.

"It was not until it was shown to me that unless I took this nomination Mr. Crocker, representing himself, would poll the votes of the Democracy of Greater New York that I consented to stand. Now I accept. Such powers as I have, such strength as is left me, such ability as I still can wield is for your cause—the greatest of causes.

"I am a Democrat—not a silver Democrat, nor a gold Democrat, but a Democrat who believes in the cardinal principles of Jeffersonian Democracy, to whom this great truth is self-evident—that all men are created equal. On that principal I stand; that principal, so far as I have power, will be carried forward.

"The great office for which you named me gives me no power to carry out in full my views, but I can represent the men who think with me, the men who believe that all men are created equal, and whether it be success or failure matters nothing to me. [A voice: 'Something to us.'] Something to all of us, something to our friends and relatives in far-off lands, something for the future, something for the world.

"To make the fight is honor, whether it be for success or for failure. To do the deed is its own reward. You know me, know what I think and what I stand for. Eleven years ago on this very date, in this very place, I stood on this platform to accept the nomination of the United Labor Societies, the United Democracy, for mayor of New York. I made the fight.

"I won the race, I know, as you know. The votes cast for me were counted by the system which prevailed then for Mr. Abram S. Hewitt [hisses], the savior of society. We

were poor and it had been a hard struggle. No newspaper was with us. What was the use of complaining? [A voice: 'Not a bit.'] Not a bit. No word of complaint escaped my lips. Personally I was glad to be relieved. I had done my duty. I had done my duty. I had fought my battle, I had been defeated. [Cries: 'You had been robbed—cheated.'] Robbed or cheated, defeated, anyhow. I addressed myself to work. It is over. It is done. The very same principle the very same platform is here to-day, and is here in the name of Democracy. [Applause, and a voice: 'The very same man.']

"A little while ago it looked to me, at least, as though that defeat which the trusts and rings and money power, grasping the vote of the people, had inflicted upon William Jennings Bryan [applause] was the defeat of everything for which the fathers had stood, of everything that makes this country so loved by us, so hopeful for the future. It looked to me as though Hamilton had triumphed at last, and as though we were fast verging into a virtual aristocracy and despotism. [Cries of 'Never.']

"You call me to raise the standard again, to stand for that great cause, to stand as Jefferson stood in the civil revolution of 1800. I accept. [Cries: 'And you will be elected.'] I

believe I will be elected. I believe and I have always believed, that those so-called Democrats but fooled with the principal; that there was a power, a power that Jefferson invoked in 1800, that would cast aside like chaff that encumbered and cast it down. I have always believed that in the common people, in the honest Democracy, the Democracy that believes that all men are created equal, lay the power that would revivify not merely this imperial city, not merely the State, not merely the country, but the world.

"No greater honor can be given to any man than to stand for that. No greater service can he render in his day and generation than to lay at its feet whatever he has. I would not refuse if I died for it. What count a few years? What can a man do better or nobler than doing something for his country, for his nation, for his age? Gentlemen, fellow Democrats—I accept your nomination with out wavering or turning. Whether those who stand with me be few or be many, from henceforward I am your candidate for the mayoralty of Greater New York."

Very low railroad rates will be announced in a few days for the Abilene Country Round-Up and Fair, the 2nd week in November. F. C. Digby-Roberts has the matter in charge and that is a guarantee that the business will be managed as it should be.

Weakness manifests itself in the loss of ambition and aching bones. The blood is watery; the tissues are wasting—the door is being opened for disease. A bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters taken in time will restore your strength, soothe your nerves, make your blood rich and red. Do you more good than a special course of medicine. For sale by All Dealers.

EVERYONE desires to keep informed on Yukon, the Klondyke and Alaskan gold fields. Send 10c for large Compendium of vast information and big color map to Hamilton Pub. Co., Indianapolis, Ind. [45]

For Mothers!

These discomforts and dangers of child-birth can be almost entirely avoided. Wine of Cardui relieves expectant mothers. It gives tone to the genital organs and puts them in condition to do their work perfectly. That makes pregnancy less painful, shortens labor and hastens recovery after child-birth. It helps a woman bear strong healthy children.

Wine of Cardui

has also brought happiness to thousands of homes barren for years. A few doses often bring joy to loving hearts that long for a darling baby. No woman should neglect to try it for this trouble. It cures nine cases out of ten. All druggists sell Wine of Cardui. \$1.00 per bottle.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, the Ladies' Advisory Department, The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.
Mrs. LOUISA HALL, of Jefferson, Ga., says: "When I first took Wine of Cardui we had been married three years, but could not have any children. One month later I had a nice girl baby."

A Cure That Cures.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Cures itching scalp, dandruff, and restores the hair to its natural color. Keeps the scalp cool and moist. For the hair of the young and old. Price 15c. Sold everywhere.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC
Are you suffering from Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Headache, or with Bowel, Kidney or Liver Complaints, you can be cured by Parker's Ginger Tonic. If you are wasting away with Consumption, Female Weakness, Anemia, or any ailment, if you have a bad cough or cold, you will find relief in Parker's Ginger Tonic. If you are debilitated by disease, age or disposition, and your system needs invigorating or your blood needs purifying, you can always depend on PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. Made from Ginger and many other of the best medicines known in the West Health and Strength Restore your health—far superior to Bitter, Sarsaparilla of Ginger and other Tonics. It Has Saved Hundreds of Lives; It May Save Yours.

Buy a box or 61 bottles of your druggist and be sure our signature is on the outside wrapper. Boxes & 61 C. City, N. Y. Large supply in bottles, 50c each at Druggists. Hovey & Co., Long Island City, N. Y.

THE CONSUMPTIVE

is weak in the vital power that heals, the power that repairs waste, that resists the encroachment of disease. There is a way to build up these weakened powers—to get back the blood that nourishes and revives. What has been done many times can be done again, and Parker's Ginger Tonic has many times given back the heat that had disappeared. If it is worth your while to have good digestion, to sleep well, to feel the warmth of life in your veins, Parker's Ginger Tonic will contribute those. The obstructions that irritate and cause pain—that wear out and exhaust the life are eliminated by it, and it brings nutrition, better blood and new strength and life.

THE POPULAR FAVORITE.

For beautifying the hair and restoring its growth and color is Parker's Hair Balsam.

FREE TO LADIES ONLY.

A Beautiful Floral Calendar for 1898.

To ladies who have taken Brown's Iron Bitters will be sent free a beautiful Floral Calendar, without advertising in it. Send two 2c. stamps for postage. Write address plainly and be sure to mention this paper. Brown's Iron Bitters Co., Baltimore, Md.

16 to 1

This is about the ratio of summer tourists who go to

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Ft. Worth & Denver R'y

(Texas Panhandle Route.)
As Against all Competitors.

THE REASONS ARE
Shortest Line, Quickest Time
Superb Service, Through Trains,
Courteous 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. H. KEELER,
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WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY AND ACTIVE gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible, established house in Texas. Monthly \$65.00 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. En close self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. W. Chicago. 48

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RASHVILLE, TENN., GALVESTON AND TEXARKANA, TEX. Bookkeeping, Short-hand, Typewriting, etc. The most thorough, practical and progressive schools of the kind in the world, and the best situated ones in the South. Indorsed by bankers, merchants, ministers and others. Four weeks in bookkeeping, with an extra credit twelve weeks by the old plan. J. F. DRAGON, President, is author of DRAGON'S NEW SYSTEM OF BOOKKEEPING. "Bookkeeping Made Easy." Home study. We have prepared for home study books on bookkeeping, penmanship and shorthand. Write for price list. "Home Study" Extract. "PROP. DRAGON—I learned bookkeeping at home from your books, while being a position as night telegraph operator. I am now a night telegraph operator for Carter & Patten Wholesale Grocers, South Chicago, Ill. (Mention this paper when writing.)

Haskell Free Press.

J. R. POOLE, Publisher.

HASKELL, TEXAS.

Mr. Andree is unavoidably postponed on account of the inclemency of the weather.

They tell of women who are habitual cologne drinkers. Perhaps the poor things are not aware that cologne is intended solely for outward application.

When Shakespeare wrote, "Farewell the neighing steed," he was not thinking of the displacing bicycle, but his prophetic spirit could not better have foretold the decision of many an enthusiastic wheelman.

"Every horse swapper in Georgia" was invited to attend a Horse Swappers' State Convention held in Covington, Sept. 21-23. We do not learn that the politicians made any protest; but in some states such a call would indicate that the projector planned to unite all the financiers, orators and statesmen, and start a winning political party.

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands has dismissed the princeling picked out by her mother, and affirms that she means to wait until 1899—when she will be nineteen years old—and then choose a husband for herself. What the Dutch statement is, is not reported, but all young ladies of Wilhelmina's age are convinced that, under such a queen, Holland will be a good country to live in.

There has been a meeting of the Emperor of Germany and the King of Italy at Homburg, with the usual accompaniment of banquets, toasts and military reviews. Emperor William's speech was noticeable for the emphasis which he placed upon the Dreikaiser alliance between Germany, Austria and Italy—and his declaration that it stands "unshakable and firm." King Humbert's reply was cordial, but less emphatic.

Another tribute to American manufacturing superiority is conveyed by the announcement that Japan is about to abandon the English steel rail on her Imperial railway, and substitute for it the heavier American rail, known as the Pennsylvania standard. Japan is a wide-awake country, with keen commercial instincts, and her preference for American manufactures, if sufficiently encouraged, may do much to change the existing trade relations in the far East.

The late Sir Isaac Holden, who died recently in England at the age of ninety-one, had an interesting career. He was the son of a working miner, and began work himself at the age of ten, but his thirst for knowledge led him to seize every opportunity of study. He invented the ladder match while teaching in a school at Reading. Before he was thirty he had made important inventions in woolen machinery, and he soon became the head of an enormous manufacturing business which now employs four thousand workmen in its factories in England, France and Belgium. His habits of life were simple, and his conduct was shaped by strong religious convictions.

The official figures of the working in Germany for the year 1896 of the system of compulsory cooperative insurance have made their appearance, and they show the number of persons so insured to have been 18,386,000, of whom 3,409,000 were employed in shops or factories, 12,990,000 were agricultural laborers, and 690,000 employees were of the state. The number of accidents to the insured was 74,897, of which 6,448 terminated fatally. The expense of the cooperative system during the year was \$7,000,000 marks, or \$13,400,000. Whether on account of the growth of the manufacturing industries or for some other reason, the number of accidental deaths in a year is larger in Germany than in any other country of Europe, and presumably, though there are no authentic figures in connection with the matter, the number of accidents not resulting fatally is larger in Germany than in any other European country, too. Under the German system a workman who pays the equivalent of 40 cents a week for three years, if he begins before the age of 20, receives, on attaining the age of 65, the sum of \$77. The German compulsory insurance system divides the annual premium into three equal parts, one paid by the workman, one by his employer and one by the state. In other countries in which efforts have been made to establish the system of cooperative insurance the returns have not been so favorable as in Germany. In France, for instance, where the number of employees in factories is large, though not so large as in Germany, the total receipts from premiums from accident insurance policies last year were only about one-quarter of the sum realized in Germany.

One who heard Lord Kelvin and Lord Lister at the late meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, was struck with their gentleness of voice. There was a restfulness in the tones. No "fine frenzy" helped the spectator to imagine for a moment that he was listening to one who made declamation take the place of demonstration. How well this simplicity symbolized that true science will never mistake vociferation for verity! Quackery loves the "sounding brass" of long words and a loud voice.

The newspaper man who is looking for a foundation for a fortune should turn toward Utah. In the state there are twenty-one towns with from 1,000 to 2,000 inhabitants, none of which enjoy the luxury of a home paper. Nine of these places are county seats.

Nine-tenths of the people consume about one-tenth of what they need. One-tenth of the people waste nine-tenths of what they do not need. What secret vice sustains these conditions? There is a place in history for him who shall answer correctly.

ALL IS QUIET NOW.

Quarantine Restrictions Have Been Removed at Galveston and Houston. Galveston, Tex., Oct. 18.—The sun that makes its particular business to shine on Galveston is rising after having been set for a week the quarantine restrictions being removed has permitted the railroad people to open their lines and the stuff that is offered threatens to flood the tracks. In every department of commerce the blood is beginning to flow healthfully again and to-day the boom will be on in earnest. There is a prospect of being compelled to do two weeks' big work in a period of seven days. The Santa Fe general offices are being returned to Galveston and before Tuesday night it is expected that all will be doing business at the old stand. Mr. Johnston, chief clerk of the Santa Fe, says that a road is now open for business all along the line. Mr. Johnston says the Santa Fe did not send a single bale of cotton by the all-rail route during the past week. "A tremendous pressure was brought to bear on us to do so, and on Tuesday it looked like we would have to give in, but we asked our connections and the big shippers to give us a few hours, and on the following day we were happy to inform them that we were moving freight into Galveston in the meantime we had asked our Chicago connections to quote us rates to the Atlantic seaboard in case our connections in Texas should insist upon the cotton moving that way before our line was open to the gulf, but we were able on Wednesday to thank these eastern connections and to inform them that our line was open to our own port."

Houston, Tex., Oct. 18.—Except for the comatose condition of business interests in this city has entirely recovered from the paralysis consequent upon the declaration of Dr. Gutteras that yellow fever existed here and in Galveston. The refugees who stampeded when the first alarm was sounded are beginning to return. Railroad traffic is rapidly assuming its normal condition and business is beginning to improve, but some time must elapse before the evil effects of the scare are entirely overcome. Dr. Mason, the last of the Gutteras suspects, was released from quarantine yesterday with the members of his family, and Messrs. White, Humphrey and McCutcheon, who have been confined at the doctor's residence with him since Tuesday last.

TEXAS STATE FAIR.

It Was Opened at Dallas Under Brilliant Prospects. Dallas, Tex., Oct. 18.—The twelfth annual meeting of the Texas State Fair and Dallas Exposition was inaugurated Saturday. All things considered the opening was a most auspicious one, and the prospects for a most successful fair and exposition are regarded as most flattering by President Knepfley and the gentlemen who are associated with him in the management of the great enterprise. The attendance Saturday was excellent, and the bulk of the adult visitors came from the surrounding towns. The weather was cool and pleasant and the grounds never presented a more attractive appearance.

There is no prettier spot in Texas this year than the fair grounds. The driveways and walks are graveled and in excellent condition, the trees and shrubbery are green and thriving and well kept, and there is no dust to annoy the visitor or to ruffle the temper. The space between the main entrance and well kept flower garden. There are rows of shade trees on either side of the broad boulevards and stately palms and ferns and flowers everywhere. To the right of the main entrance is a deep park containing several fawns.

Want Waterworks. Austin, Tex., Oct. 18.—The commission of agriculture yesterday morning received a letter from T. J. Bolton, register of the United States land office at Los Angeles, in which he states that after his term expires next February he intends locating somewhere in Texas. He asks for description of land in different parts of the state, together with maps, pamphlets, etc. He also expresses a desire for a certain class of land that exists peculiarly in south Texas. He wants to purchase not less than 300 acres of the finest land.

Big Camp Meeting. Abilene, Tex., Oct. 18.—The Baptist Sunday-school and colportage camp-meeting began here Friday night. A large tent has been stretched in which to conduct the meeting, which will be devoted to Sunday-school work in the way of drilling Sunday-school workers. The meeting is one of three of its kind to be held in the state, and some of the best Sunday-school lecturers in the state are expected to be present. Rev. E. G. Townsend's gospel car is also expected.

To Purchase Land. Commerce, Tex., Oct. 18.—At a mass meeting of citizens at the city hall Friday night it was decided to ask the city council to issue bonds for the purpose of obtaining waterworks for the town. A corps of surveyors has been at work for several days, and made a report. A committee was appointed to draft a petition and ask the citizens to sign it, and present the same to the council next Monday night. The works, as proposed, will cost about \$18,000.

Fodder Killed. Edward Langtry died in an insane asylum at Chester, England, recently.

It is reported that the Steamer Dauntless has left on another filibustering expedition.

Not Half Bad. Simkins—"I'm studying a work on ensilage." Timkins—"Ensilage? What's that?" Simkins—"It's the art of keeping anything that is green in its natural state during the winter." Timkins—"Oh, I see! You are making arrangements to live until next spring."

CHAS. A. DANA DEAD.

The Veteran Journalist Passed Away at His Home. New York, Oct. 18.—Charles A. Dana editor of the New York Sun died at his home in Glen Cove, Long Island, at 1:20 o'clock yesterday evening.

Mr. Dana's death had been expected for several hours and his family and physicians were at his bedside when the end came. His condition has been such for several months that the members of his family had kept themselves in constant readiness to go to his bedside at any moment. On Saturday morning he had a relapse and it was apparent that recovery was impossible. Several times, however, he rallied, but toward night began to sink. During the night there were feeble rallies, but they did not last long. Yesterday morning it was seen that the end was but a few hours off and his attendants remained almost constantly at his bedside.

The end came quietly. The extreme heat of Friday and Saturday had much to do with hastening his death. On Friday Mr. Dana showed signs of distress and everything possible was done to relieve him. He had been weakened by his long illness and during the summer was several times thought to be on the verge of a fatal collapse, but each time rallied. He did not improve much with the coming cooler weather and the sinking spells became more frequent.

On Friday Mr. Dana was able to take only the slightest nourishment and this condition continued. Paul Dana and his sisters, Mrs. Draper, Mrs. Underhill and Mrs. Branan, were at his home on Saturday morning and were warned to remain there. They were at the bedside when death came.

The cause of Mr. Dana's death was cirrhosis of the liver. On June 9 he was at his office, apparently strong and healthy. The next day he was taken ill, and he never afterwards visited New York. He was 78 years old.

Preparations for the burial have not yet been completed.

THE TRITON SUNK.

It Was Bound From Havana to Bahia Honda, Pinar del Rio.

Havana, Oct. 18.—The gunboat Maria Christina, which left this port Saturday for the scene of the wreck of the coasting steamer Triton, bound from Havana to Bahia Honda, Pinar del Rio, which sank Saturday morning between Dominico and Mariel, has returned, accompanied by the tugboat Susie, which went with her. The two vessels arrived here at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon, the gunboat having on board nineteen and the tugboat twenty-three of the members of the lost ship's company, of whom thirteen are civilians and soldiers. The whereabouts of the others of the company are unknown.

The Triton struck the rock during a heavy rain storm. Her cargo shifted and fifteen minutes later she sank in 12 fathoms of water. A scene of terrible confusion and panic ensued. As soon as the passengers realized the meaning of the crash, in a wild struggle they rushed for the boats. The first boat that was lowered was capsized immediately and all of its occupants were drowned in the whirling waters. The next was struck by an enormous wave and turned over, drowning twenty, but the frail craft righted again and eight who had been thrown out regained it.

Some were good swimmers and kept themselves afloat for hours; others floated about for twenty-four hours on planks. Four soldiers, on planks, whom the strong current carried east of Havana, opposite the Moro Castle, were saved yesterday morning by a pilot boat going toward Cardenas. They declare that Saturday evening there were many others near them on planks, but when yesterday morning came all others had disappeared. Some of them probably became food for sharks.

Those who were rescued tell heart-rending stories of the scenes during the terrible quarter of an hour before the Triton sank. An army captain, his wife and daughter, went down together locked into a last embrace. A mother with twins 15 months old, drifted helplessly away on the crest of a great wave. All of the other ladies and children were drowned. Just as the Triton was sinking Capt. Ricardo, her commander, committed suicide by shooting himself with his revolver. It is impossible to give the exact number of those who were lost, but it is estimated they were no fewer than 150. No passengers' list has been found.

The consignees of the vessel, which carried a cargo, were not insured. The forty-two rescued persons suffered severely from exposure. All of them were more or less bruised, and many of them were badly wounded.

All virtue consists in having a willing hand, if only you do not doubt, and are filled with love for Him rather than fear for yourself.—Fenelon.

Damaging Fire. Iowa Hill, Cal., Oct. 18.—Iowa Hill, a mining town situated in the mountains of Placer county, was visited by a most damaging fire yesterday morning. The fire started in the Central hotel, and within a very few minutes the hotel was a mass of flames and the walls were falling in. Two lodgers, William Golden and William Owens, perished in the flames. The remains of both were burned beyond recognition. As to the origin of the fire, there are conflicting stories.

Fodder Killed. Guthrie, Ok., Oct. 18.—Near Renfro, Grant county, two traveling jewelry and spectacle peddlars, hailing from St. Louis or Chicago, quarreled over the division of the profits on the day's sales, and one of them struck the other over the head with a piece of scantling, fracturing his skull. From the effects of which he died in an hour. The murderer escaped, and there is nothing to establish the identity of either man except that the dead man had told that his name was Joseph Sidway or Sidonsay.

Five Fever Deaths at New Orleans.

New Orleans, La., Oct. 18.—While the new cases did not run up rapidly here yesterday, the deaths were somewhat numerous, comparatively speaking, having reached five as early as 6 o'clock yesterday evening.

One of the fatal cases, however, presents the same old story of neglect and concealment. Domenico Miceli's case appears under both heads, new cases and deaths. He had been taken ill some time ago at 441 South Basin street, where there had previously been a case, and whence a death had resulted. No report of Miceli's sickness was made to the board and no doctor called in until it was too late to do anything for the man. He was an Italian, more of whom have succumbed to the present fever in proportion to cases than all of the other nationalities put together. The Gould cases were reported four days ago, and the patient was reported to the Hotel Dieu, dying there yesterday. James Burns' case was reported on the 9th and he died yesterday morning.

The case of Matthew Levy was of some days' standing. William Bokkefeld, who was among the deaths yesterday, was the bookkeeper of the Metropolitan bank. He came here a few years ago, has a wife and six children in Germany, and was in good circumstances. He was taken sick on Monday, and died before noon yesterday.

In deference to the protest that has been made against the indiscriminate taking in of patients to Touros Infirmary, the management of that institution has decided that in future the hospital will receive only those who have been first visited by the physicians of the institution and their removal recommended. The object, it is understood, is to prevent too large an influx of patients into the institution.

The agitation against the quarantine regulations of the board of health is encouraging violations of the regulations. There is a very considerable sentiment against continuing the quarantine system, and the result is that the board of health having reduced the number of its guards, inmates of houses are slipping out into the street whenever they have a mind to. It is not considered possible, without the expenditure of large sums of money, to maintain cordons around infected houses strong enough to prevent egress and ingress. Whether or not the fact of people coming out of and going into infected houses is having the effect of spreading the fever is a disputed question among the authorities, but the belief is growing that the board will not seek much longer to maintain the quarantine system, but it hoped to keep down the fever. The board of health continues to reduce expenses. It is chopping off clerks and cutting down guards, and if the governor does not soon respond with the money asked for, the board will get to bedrock shortly, and disperse with most of its extra help.

Patton of the board said yesterday evening that he had been in communication with the governor, but that nothing definite had been learned as to whether or not the money would be forthcoming. The board has been counting on paying off its employees during the beginning of this week. The work of sanitation is kept up, and the pumps of the old sanitary association are now in full working order, and are throwing 8,000,000 gallons of water into the gutters daily. The city is in a fairly clean condition.

A HORRIBLE CRIME.

Two Men Charged With the Murder of an Infant.

Charlotte, Mich., Oct. 18.—A horrible story of depravity has been revealed. John Bigley and Frank Miller were charged with the murder of an infant with a pitchfork and the burning of its body. The child was born to Bigley's unmarried daughter on his farm. An investigation was ordered, which resulted in Bigley and Miller being locked up. Saturday afternoon Miller, who is the husband of Bigley's other daughter, confessed that the child was born alive, and that it was killed by running the prongs of a pitchfork through its body, being forced to do so by Bigley, who stood over him with a knife and swore he would kill him if he refused. After the child was dead he says that Bigley took the body into the house and tossed it into the stove. The sheriff has found considerable evidence corroborative of Miller's story. The supposed grave of the child was opened, and no body was found there.

Its Origin. Teacher of class in rhetoric—"What is your idea of the derivation and significance of the expression, 'a train of thought'?"

Gifted Pupil—"It's got something to do with a feller havin' wheels in his head, hain't it?"—Chicago Tribune.

Acquitted of Train Robbery. Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 18.—John A. Kennedy, who has been on trial in the criminal court for the past week, charged with being the leader of the Chicago and Alton passenger train robbery at Blue Cut in December last, was acquitted yesterday. Nine ballots were taken, the first resulting in 8 to 4 for acquittal. The verdict was reached at 11:30 Saturday night, but was not delivered to Judge Wofford until 10:30 yesterday morning. The spot at which the robbery occurred was made famous by the James and Younger boys.

The Durrant Case.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 18.—Theodore Durrant, the accused murderer of Minnie Williams and Blanche Lamont, is reported to be breaking down. Within the past few days he has been shown signs of nervousness and irritability, and even the visits of his parents, to which he formerly looked forward with almost childish eagerness, have been received with indifference. It is the impression of the jail officers that he will collapse completely if a decision of the supreme court should prove adverse to him.

FIELD RESIGNS.

His Resignation Will Take Effect December 1, 1897.

Washington, Oct. 15.—The following is part of a letter given out yesterday afternoon:

Supreme Court of the United States, Washington, D. C., Oct. 12, 1897.—Dear Mr. Chief Justice and brethren: Near the close of the last term, feeling that the duties of my office had become too arduous for my strength, I transmitted my resignation to the president, to take effect on the 1st of December next, and this he has accepted, with kindly expressions of regret, as will be seen from a copy of his letter, which is as follows:

"Executive Mansion, Washington, Oct. 5, 1897.—Hon. Stephen J. Field, associate justice of the supreme court of the United States, Washington, D. C.: My dear sir—In April last Chief Justice Fuller, accompanied by Mr. Justice Brewer, handed me your resignation as associate justice of the supreme court of the United States, to take effect Dec. 1, 1897.

"In hereby accepting your resignation, I wish to express my deep regret to you that you feel compelled by advancing years to sever your active connection with the court of which you have so long been a distinguished member.

"Entering upon your great office in May, 1863, you will on the 1st of next December have served upon this bench for a period of thirty-four years and seven months, a term longer than that of any member of the court since its creation, and throughout a period of special importance in the history of the country, occupied with as grave public questions as have ever confronted that tribunal for decision.

"I congratulate you, therefore, most heartily upon a service of such exceptional duration, fidelity and distinction. Neither can I overlook the fact that you received your commission from Abraham Lincoln, and, graciously spared by a kind providence, have survived all the members of the court of his appointment.

"Upon your retirement both the bench and the country will sustain a great loss, but the high character and the great ability of your work will live and long be remembered, not only by your colleagues, but by your grateful fellow countrymen.

"With personal esteem and sincere best wishes for your contentment and happiness during the period of rest which you have so well earned, I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

My judicial career covers many years of service. Having been elected a member of the supreme court of California, I assumed that office Oct. 13, 1857, holding it for five years, seven months and five days, the latter part of the time being chief justice.

On the 10th of March, 1863, I was commissioned by President Lincoln a justice of the supreme court of the United States, taking the oath of office on the 20th day of the following May. When my resignation takes effect my period of service on this bench will have exceeded that of any of my predecessors, while my entire judicial life will have embraced more than forty years.

A NEGRO LYNCHED.

It Occurred in Cleveland County, Arkansas, Over Racial Trouble.

Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 15.—Another negro has met a tragic death in Cleveland county as a result of the racial trouble which began there on Aug. 23, when a riot occurred at a negro picnic near Kendall, in which one white man was killed and another severely cut and beaten.

Tom Parker was lynched Wednesday night near Kendall, making the third negro to meet a violent death as a result of the picnic riot.

One negro was lynched on a trestle the night after Johnson was killed. Several other negroes have been arrested at different times on suspicion of having taken part in the riot, among them being Tom Parker. There was no evidence against him, however, and he was released. Ten days ago a party of negro whitecaps attempted to run Parker out of the county. In this attempt one of the whitecaps was shot and killed by Parker. He was then arrested and taken to Rison, where, after a hearing, he was exonerated and returned to his home. Wednesday Parker was again arrested by Tom Scanlin and taken to Kendall. Authentic information from Rison, the county seat, states that Parker was taken out and lynched. It is not known who composed the mob, but it is said to have been made up of the friends of the negro whitecap killed by Parker.

Gen. Weyler recently granted amnesty to forty-six political prisoners.

Valuable Package Lost. Chicago, Ill., Oct. 15.—Somewhere between Omaha and Denver a package containing \$14,000 has been lost. The money was sent by registered package by a bank in Chicago to a financial institution in the west.

Inspector James E. Stuart of the postoffice and his men have been hard at work on the case several days, but their endeavors can trace the money westward from Chicago only as far as Omaha. At that point all records of the small fortune are lost.

\$850,000 Fine. Raleigh, N. C., Oct. 15.—The city of Durham was yesterday visited by the most destructive fire in its history. Seven four-story wooden frame houses filled with tobacco and eight dwellings were destroyed. The total loss is \$850,000 with \$200,000 insurance. The fire originated at 11 o'clock on the roof of a building owned by H. J. Bass & Co., and spread rapidly, enveloping the whole block. At 12 o'clock assistance was telegraphed for from here and a special train was sent half an hour later.

Situation at New Orleans.

New Orleans, La., Oct. 15.—It was the old story here yesterday. The yellow fever situation showed no decline in the number of cases reported. The death count was about normal. There has been no increase in the malignancy of the disease. Wednesday's record of nine deaths was simply exceptional. It was 7 o'clock last night before a third as many deaths were reported as had been in the previous twenty-four hours. The existing conditions are not favorable for quick stamping out of the disease. The weather is warm and sultry and unusual for this season, and if it keeps up there will be little improvement for the time being.

The board of health report: Cases of yellow fever 31; deaths 4; total cases yellow fever to date 726; total deaths from yellow fever to date, 81; total cases absolutely recovered, 331; total under treatment, 315.

Prof. Metz said yesterday evening that up to 23 there had been 719 cases altogether of yellow fever, and 423 feet of infection. Since the beginning of the sickness 163 feet have been absolutely wiped out and there remained but 296 with approximately 215 cases under treatment. The figures, the doctor said, were gratifying owing to the fact that they showed that good work had been done throughout the sanitary methods in removing places that if left alone might have helped to breed an epidemic.

Washington, Oct. 15.—Surgeon General Wyman's bulletin of new cases and deaths from yellow fever yesterday is as follows:

Franklin, La., one case, fatal; Mobile, 5 cases, 1 death; Flomont, Ala., 4 cases; Bay Minette, Ala., 1 case, fatal; McHenry, Miss., 6 cases; Edwards, Miss., 6 cases; Clinton, Miss., one death; and Biloxi, Miss., 13 cases and 1 death.

Dr. Gutteras, the expert who has been making a tour of the yellow fever district for the marine hospital service, is on his way to Philadelphia to resume his duties in one of the colleges there.

A FEARFUL CRIME.

A White Woman Pushed Against a Hot Stove by a Negro Friend.

Mayfield, Ky., Oct. 15.—Esmer, the 18-year-old wife of John McKelvy, an employee of the Mayfield Transfer company, lies at the point of death writhing in terrible agony. Every bit of clothing she wore was burned off from her save the bands at her neck and waist.

While she was cooking dinner just before noon a negro woman entered the kitchen and demanded her pocket-book and jewelry. The black virago then attacked Mrs. McKelvy and in a scuffle pushed her against the cooking stove. Mrs. McKelvy's clothing was ignited. The negro woman fled through the back yard and Mrs. McKelvy's screams aroused the neighbors. Mrs. McKelvy had presence of mind to turn on the hydrant and fall under the stream, too late, however, to keep her clothing from burning off, but probably saving her life. When assistance arrived she was burned from neck to feet.

Physicians were summoned at once and are trying to relieve the suffering woman. Officers are scouring the town for the perpetrator of the vicious deed. Mrs. McKelvy could tell nothing but that the assailant was a negro woman and that she demanded her money and rings. Indignation runs high and if the woman is caught she may be harshly dealt with.

A Bloody Tragedy. Muscogee, I. T., Oct. 15.—A bloody tragedy in which three men lost their lives occurred on Spanier creek, twelve miles southeast of here about 4 o'clock yesterday morning. The killed are J. B. Jourden, a respectable farmer of the vicinity; Moses Miller, a noted desperado, and Bill Watson, a Cherokee outlaw. Jourden, a well-known farmer, was returning home after having spent the night sitting up with a sick friend a few miles away. He noticed two rough looking strangers lying by the roadside. His suspicions were aroused and he went to his brother for assistance. The Jourdens returned to where the men were lying and asked them who they were. The desperadoes replied with a shot and Joe Jourden fell back dead, shot through the heart. John Jourden then opened fire on the desperadoes and killed them both. United States deputy marshals were notified of the tragedy and on arrival at the scene identified one of the dead men as Moses Miller. The other was identified as a Cherokee fugitive named Watson.

For Girls. Pick husbands out like catanulopes. With care your choice decide; It is not wise to take the one Which are too smooth outside.

Railroad Men Convene. Peoria, Ill., Oct. 15.—The conference of the four railroad brotherhoods did not end until 11:10 last night, when it adjourned sine die, having agreed upon a plan of international federation, which will be submitted to the approval of the lodges of the trainmen in the United States, Canada and Mexico. The report sent out to the effect that Grand Master Arthur of the Brotherhood of Engineers, had blocked the conference has no foundation.

Postmasters Appointed. Washington, Oct. 15.—Fourth-class Texas postmasters were appointed yesterday as follows: Daingerfield, Morris county, Rufus Forrester; Eudora, Angelina county, Sidney White; Manvel, Brazoria county, C. O. Ralston; Shiner, Lavaca county, R. G. Seydler; Tona, Kaufman county, James Gale.

Ordering by Sample.

A young woman entered a telegraph office in a Maine town, and asked the operator if his line made connection with Boston. So says the Lewiston Journal, which proceeds to tell the story thus: On being answered in the affirmative, the woman opened her portfolio, took out a bunch of sample cards, and asked the operator to send a card to her home. She laid down the written blank, two samples, one marked "A," the other "B," and a quarter. The message read: "Sellum & Sellum, Boston, Send, express, five yards sample 'A' and six yards 'B.'"

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascara, Candy Catty clean your blood and keep it clean. No dirt on the face, liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, black-heads, and that ugly liver complexion by taking Cascara, beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed. 10c, 20c, 50c.

The only way to avoid the sting of ingratitude is to deposit all your gift money to your own credit in the bank.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind and colic. 25 cents a bottle.

A pretty woman can't be as good as she looks.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascara. Candy Catty, cure constipation forever. Permanent cure. No medicine after first day's use. Dr. J. C. Winslow's Sufferer, Sold for FIVE CENTS a trial bottle and treated. Put it in your catalogue.

An old bachelor is single because he does not choose to marry.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascara Candy Catty at the rate of 25c. If it C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

What has become of the old-fashioned boy who made fiddles with sections of a cornstalk?

Scrofula Cured

Face and Head Covered with Sores, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured them.

"My face and head were a mass of sores, but since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla these sores have all disappeared. I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal for scrofula." IDA A. WEAVER, Palermo, Ill.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take. 25 cents.

TEXAS LADIES Don't Lie. Mrs. J. C. Winslow's Sufferer.

Quincy, Ill., writes: After 12 years' suffering from scrofula, the doctor said I was cured by Dr. J. C. Winslow's Sufferer. My husband of Constipation, our little girl of Nervousness, and I took more of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cured me of my Painsful Menstruation and carried Mrs. Fields safely through Childbirth. My Sufferer regulates the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, and leads to the cure of both "Black Drains" and "Zellin's Liver Regulator" did not leave my bowels in such good condition as this. Now I take Hood's Sarsaparilla for a dose, and had rather pay the cost of my Sufferer than to buy any other "Black Drains" or "Zellin's".

Bad Taste in the Mouth. Digestion is the grand process by which nature repairs the waste of the body, when the individual is in health it is performed with great faithfulness and regularity, and without giving rise to any disagreeable sensations.

Indigestion in its worst form consists of a deviation from this ordinary mode of health. It is the deficiency or disorder of character of those secretions which are essential to the conversion of food into blood. The best corrective for this condition is Hood's Sarsaparilla, a few doses of which will remove the offensive taste.

A. B. Perkins

I will never be without Dr. J. C. Winslow's Sufferer. I cured me of Chronic Constipation and I cured my wife of Chronic Constipation. I cured my child of Chronic Constipation. I cured my mother of Chronic Constipation. I cured my father of Chronic Constipation. I cured my brother of Chronic Constipation. I cured my sister of Chronic Constipation. I cured my nephew of Chronic Constipation. I cured my niece of Chronic Constipation. I cured my cousin of Chronic Constipation. I cured my aunt of Chronic Constipation. I cured my uncle of Chronic Constipation. I cured my grandfather of Chronic Constipation. I cured my grandmother of Chronic Constipation. I cured my great

CAUSED A PANIC.

A Glider Fell on an Audience in an Opera House, Killing Three People. Cincinnati, O., Oct. 16.—The "Dangers of a Great City" on the stage of Robinson's opera-house last night was cut short by a tragic realization of the dangers of a great city.

The house was fairly well filled. A little before 8:50 a lady in the audience says she heard a creaking noise which continued for five minutes before the catastrophe. She gave it little attention, thinking it was a part of the performance. Presently the plastering began to fall in small particles at first, but enough to alarm some of the timid or cautious, who retired. A little later the plastering began to shower down in great chunks. It came from the ceiling above which supported the dome. There was a rush from the gallery, which was not well filled. The balcony was soon emptied. Those in the dress circle retired as promptly as possible and strange to say without an apparent panic. The crowd of these to the door obstructed the passage of people from the parquet, which accounts in a measure for the number of casualties. Nobody expected at that moment any other danger than from the falling plaster. Suddenly and with a great crash the great central riss of the ceiling, eighty feet long and thirty feet wide, came plunging down. The ends of it struck on the two gallery wings and doubled it up in the center, sending it down into the parquet with a great scattering of joists and timbers.

Nothing on the stage was harmed. Of course there were moans from the injured, and as often happens, loudest from those least hurt. The news spread rapidly and there was a rush of patrol wagons and officers went to the scene. The salvage corps with its wagon was first on the ground and it was followed by all the police patrol wagons, which carried the injured to the Cincinnati hospitals.

The list of hospitals showed three dead, five dangerously, if not mortally and twenty-six more or less seriously injured. In addition to these a large number, probably twenty-five or thirty, were so slightly injured as to be able to walk home. Of the dangerously wounded at the hospitals several would require amputation, yet every one is refusing to submit to the operation. A score of surgeons volunteered their assistance to the hospital corps.

The scene in the front of the hospital door was a sad one. Hundreds of people gathered there clamoring for the names of the injured. An attendant stood at the door with a list of those brought to the hospital and answered these anxious inquiries. Many names were inquired for that were not in the hospital.

The dead: Miss Lucy Cohen, Mrs. George Kleeman, an unknown man. Dangerously injured: Mr. Goldman, Mrs. Studder, Mary Studder, Mary Hahn, an unknown woman. Seriously or slightly injured: Pearl Hall, Grace Connor, C. K. Weiss, Robert Weyle, Mary Hess, John White, Amelia Wyle, Mary Howe, Ella Mooreman, Della Algier and her three children, Stanley, Joseph and John; Daisy Fairhead, S. E. Long, S. J. Fairland, T. E. Wiley, Fred Jenks, Wm. Moden, W. J. McCabe, Clint Deal, Kate White, Maggie Studder, Amelia Well, Samuel Casenbaum, Clint Steele.

The cause of the accident was attributed to the wood trusses which had rotted away from their fastenings.

Cabinet Meeting. Washington, Oct. 16.—The cabinet was in session for two hours yesterday. Most of the time was devoted to a discussion of the financial opinions of the government. This included both receipts and expenditures. The latter were the special object of consideration, as it is the wish of the administration to keep the expenditures from exceeding the receipts. The different heads of departments have been engaged for some time upon the estimates of their department, and efforts are being made to have reductions made wherever possible. In both the war and navy departments there is pressure for larger expenditures for coast defenses, rivers and harbors and for increase of the navy. The recommendations of the bureau officers in this department have been scanned very closely, and reductions will be made if found compatible with the public interests. In the other departments there is no urgent demand for increases. Various other departmental matters were brought before the cabinet and several members remained after the meeting to consider them with the president.

Inconsistency. Ho-Edward is very inconsistent. He-Why so? He-Ho refuses to mind his wife, yet he minds the baby.—New York Times.

Noted Burglars Arrested. Chicago, Ill., Oct. 16.—Chief of Detective Coleran and four of his men effected one of the most important arrests of criminals recorded for years.

Result of Efforts of the Officers. One of the most successful and daring burglars of the United States and Canada are under arrest and \$25,000 worth of stolen property is in the hands of the police awaiting identification.

News from Illinois. Illinois, Miss., Oct. 16.—The board of health reports new cases 19, total cases 374, total deaths 14, now under treatment 89. Scanton has nine new cases as follows: Mrs. Chas. Oilman, Cornelius Davis, Geo. Davis, Mrs. J. L. Ostrom, Walter Lyons, Elijah Bowman, all whites, and three colored. McHenry reports two new cases, Misses Lulu and Maud, daughters of Postmaster Kunzman. All sick progressing finely.

Forty-Eight New Cases at New Orleans.

New Orleans, La., Oct. 16.—Fever cases rolled rapidly in yesterday. By 1 o'clock there had been seventeen reported, by 3 o'clock there were thirty-four, and by 6 o'clock there were forty-eight, so that early in the evening the prospects were excellent this day would show the high water mark. The large number of cases, however, did not represent a corresponding increase in deaths. From a single house on Bourbon street four cases were reported in a bunch by Dr. Formento, and in his official statement to the board the doctor wrote that, some what remarkable to say, the cases were taken almost simultaneously.

A somewhat similar condition of affairs was reported from 708 and 710 Third street. Two cases were found on one side and three on the other, and the report of them was made in a group. The cases, as usual, are confined to no particular locality of the city, and the yellow flag was run up in every direction. An excellent feature of the situation, however, is that recoveries and discharges of patients are numerous. This is the fortieth day of the fever, and yesterday afternoon the total number of recoveries exceeded the total number of cases now under treatment, showing the success which the local physicians are meeting with in treating the cases.

The board of health officially reports: Cases of yellow fever 48, deaths 3; total cases of yellow fever to date 774, total deaths from yellow fever to date 84; total cases absolutely recovered 351; total cases under treatment 289. The weather bureau reported a storm in the gulf yesterday, with the possibility of its reaching New Orleans. The weather is a trifle cooler. It is still warm enough to rapidly develop cases. The weather bureau says that up to the present October weather is about average. A frost can not be reasonably expected inside of a month.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 16.—Ever since the appearance of yellow fever in Texas refugees from Galveston, Houston and other cities in the Lone Star state have been flocking to St. Louis. A special train carrying sixty-five passengers from Galveston and Houston arrived Thursday night. Among those on board was Dr. John Guiteras, the yellow fever expert of the United States marine hospital. He said there was absolutely no danger in allowing these refugees to come to St. Louis.

CHARGED WITH MURDER.

Ell Shaw Detained by the Police Officials on Two Accusations.

Camden, N. J., Oct. 16.—Ell Shaw was taken into custody by the police officials yesterday afternoon and formally charged with the murder of his mother, Mrs. Sarah Shaw, and his grandmother, Mrs. Emma Zane, which occurred in this city Tuesday morning. The arrest was based on newly discovered evidence, including the finding of a 32-caliber revolver, of which two chambers had been fired, at the bottom of a chimney. The pistol was thrown into the chimney through a stove hole in the room in the third story which had been occupied by Shaw.

The police also discovered, on close examination of the floor of Shaw's room, several blood prints. Shaw was found at the home of a cousin, entertaining his sweetheart, whom he was to have married to-day.

When charged with the crime Shaw protested his innocence, and in answer to the question as to the ownership of the revolver said it belonged to him. He was then told of the blood spots on the floor of his room. He grew pale and reeled against the side of his cell, talking incoherently.

Prosecutor Jenkins rigidly cross-examined Shaw for three hours. When he left Shaw's cell the prosecutor stated that he felt sure he had the right man. The motive for the crime, he said, was doubtless a desire on the part of Shaw to inherit the property belonging to his grandmother and mother, in order to be married. His salary was small, and he had made arrangements to rent an expensive house.

Bernstein Won. New York, Oct. 16.—In the arena of the Green Point Athletic club Joe Bernstein of New York and Billy O'Donnell of Memphis fought twenty lively rounds last night. Bernstein cut out the pace from the moment they shook hands and before ten rounds had been boxed O'Donnell was badly used up. Bernstein kept pegging away with a noncommittal return from the Memphis boy, but the former held the Tennesseean safely all through the mill and at the close of the twentieth round was declared the winner.

Fish Poisoners have so polluted the streams near Valley View, Ky., that dead fish are washed ashore by the wagon load.

Sealing Experts. Washington, Oct. 16.—The state department confirms the report given out by the foreign office in London that Great Britain assents to a meeting of experts in Washington on the seal question, and Mr. Hay cables that Prof. Thompson, the British expert, was to sail immediately. It is expected the conference of the delegates of Russia, Japan, and the United States will hold its first meeting the last of next week and the meeting of American and British experts will probably take place a week later.

Overcome by Heat. Chicago, Ill., Oct. 16.—One death and two prostrations is the record for the hottest October day in the history of the local weather bureau. All October records in the weather were broken yesterday when the mercury touched 87 in the auditorium tower. People in the street declared it was 100 in the shade. At Springfield, Ill., and Dubuque, the temperature ranged from 80 to 88, breaking all records.

No New Cases.

Galveston, Tex., Oct. 16.—No new cases were reported in Galveston yesterday. All of the cases pronounced yellow fever by Dr. Guiteras have recovered. The last of them, James Seawell, was discharged yesterday. Of the four cases since reported by local physicians, Lorenzo Solari and Arthur Ketch have been discharged, George Morgan is rapidly recovering, and Isadore Mayeur, the last case reported, is doing well.

Physicians report that the dengue epidemic is fast dying out. Nearly everybody has had it, and there is little material left for it to work upon. There has been no fatality. But one death occurred in Galveston yesterday; that was a suicide. The death from all causes for the week ending Friday evening were ten. Two of these deaths were from suicide. None were from fever of any type.

Houston, Tex., Oct. 16.—The officials of the city of Houston and of the Southern Pacific railway made an unsuccessful effort yesterday to raise the Beaumont and Orange quarantine against this city and Galveston. At 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon a special train, furnished by the Southern Pacific, left Houston with city and railroad officials to meet delegations from Liberty, Beaumont and Orange, with a view to arranging for a train to run as far east as Orange. The train consisted of a sleeper and a day coach. Mayor Rice had intended to make the trip, but remained here and met the Galveston delegation instead. At Dayton, in Liberty county, the train was met by a special train from Beaumont, bearing representatives from Liberty, Beaumont and Orange, about thirty in number.

The authorities of Liberty county held the Beaumont special nearly an hour before agreeing to let it come to a consultation with the Houston people, holding at first that if the train came west of Liberty it could not return through Liberty. When the two trains met it took but a few minutes to get down to business.

Dr. Max Urwitz, representing the Houston advisory board of health, gave a history of all the cases reported there as suspicious, closing with his personal declaration as a physician experienced in yellow fever that no yellow fever existed in Houston. This seemed to satisfy the eastern people personally, but the end of it all was this ultimatum: "If Dr. Swearingin will say that there is no yellow fever in Houston or Galveston we will raise the quarantine in an hour; otherwise we are not warranted to act."

They read a lot of rules under which the Southern Pacific may run trains, but they were such that Mr. VanVleet promptly stated that they could not be accepted. Then the two delegations parted, each going its way, without anything having been accomplished.

CORSICANA FAIR CLOSING.

It Was the Most Successful Fair in the History of the Association.

Corsicana, Tex., Oct. 15.—The most successful fair in the history of the Navarro County Fair association was concluded yesterday. It was the fifth annual meeting, and it may be truthfully stated, the management says, that the exposition was far better than it has ever before been, the attendance much larger and the general result far more satisfactory.

The racing attractions, too, were good, and the track record for a mile was lowered, the black, long lean and lanky Independence, Missouri, horse, John A. Sea, coming under the wire on the opening day, Tuesday, in 1:21 1/4. Aside from this there were other fast pacing and trotting races, and the running contests presented some close finishes and exciting sport.

Yesterday was Corsicana day, and the concluding festivities were attended by a large crowd, not reaching, however, as great a number as the multitude that passed through the gates on home industry and confederate days.

Trust Deed.

Hillsboro, Tex., Oct. 16.—H. C. Neuman, dealer in groceries, filed a deed of trust at midnight Thursday night for the benefit of his creditors, with H. N. Spooner trustee. The preferred creditors are: A. E. Graham \$175, Winfrey & Walker \$100, J. G. Neuman \$90, H. N. Spooner trustee. The preferred credit bank \$300, Hill County National bank \$200, Stroud-Gibson Grocery company \$100, M. P. Brewley \$44. Attachments were run on the stock yesterday by the Stroud-Gibson Grocery company for \$153.68, and by M. T. Jones Lumber company on two notes for \$37.60 each, less credits.

A cotton gin was burned at Silgo plantation, La., the other night.

Nat Lee committed suicide at Fayetteville, Ark., recently.

Tax Collections.

Denison, Tex., Oct. 16.—County Tax Collector Joe Stanfield came in Thursday from Pilot Grove community, in the southwestern portion of the county where he has been collecting taxes for several days, and said: "Collections are better this year than they have been since I have been in office. Paying has been more prompt, and the amount collected thus far has been in excess of that collected to this date in the preceding years."

Made a Narrow Escape.

Mexia, Tex., Oct. 16.—Dr. W. E. Caruth had a miraculous escape from death yesterday morning while driving near the railroad. His horse became frightened at a passing freight train and backed the vehicle, containing the doctor, into it. The buggy was completely demolished and the horse killed, but he did this no one, not even himself, can explain, as he was thrown under the buggy, and apparently under the train.

FEVER SCARE SUBSIDING.

All the Suspicious Cases at Houston and Galveston Improving.

Galveston, Tex., Oct. 15.—No new suspicious cases were reported yesterday. Of the eight cases reported by Dr. Guiteras on Saturday night, three were then convalescent; he withdrew his diagnosis as to one case; Charles Neynaber has been discharged; Andrew Ketch of the local staff of the Galveston News has recovered, but will not be formally discharged for two or three days. The other two cases are recovering. Of the four cases since reported, Lorenzo Solari was discharged by the attending physician yesterday; George D. Morgan and Henry Stawinsky are convalescent. Isadore Mayeur, the case reported on Tuesday, is doing well.

There was but one death yesterday, a colored woman who died from consumption. The total deaths since last Friday are nine, none of whom were from any kind of fever. There has been no infant mortality. Three of these nine deaths were of colored persons. The total deaths in the same period last year were thirteen.

Houston, Tex., Oct. 15.—The situation here yesterday was about as it was Wednesday, so far as the yellow fever scare reaches. Few citizens believe that there is yellow fever here.

Dr. Stuart was forced by the number of cases of sickness on his hands to decline to visit Galveston.

The cases diagnosed as yellow fever by Dr. Guiteras are doing well, and, while the doctors here have decided that they did not have yellow fever according to their knowledge of the disease, yet one of the strongest cards to settle the matter finally had not been played—the mortality consequent upon yellow fever. Dr. Guiteras himself told the doctors here it was one of the surest evidences. While the doctors knew it before, they desire to use it as coming from Dr. Guiteras, because if the mortality does not realize or result one of the doctor's greatest arguments will be brought against him. Dr. Max Urwitz, an experienced yellow fever doctor, and one of the leading physicians of this city, had this to say yesterday afternoon: "There is positively nothing new. I do not believe there is a case of yellow fever in town. I've seen thousands of cases and attended hundreds professionally, but I have not seen one single case this season, or one approximating yellow fever."

Navasota, Tex., Oct. 15.—The following signed statement explains itself: I positively assert that we have not had a single suspicious case of yellow fever in Navasota; and further, any one who says that I stated that we had a case of yellow fever in this city lies. Signed by D. L. Peoples, city health officer. Approved by D. A. Jameson, M. D., health officer of Grimes county.

CORSICANA FAIR.

Over Six Thousand People Witnessed the Parade on Confederate Day. Corsicana, Tex., Oct. 15.—The officers of the fair association were all smiles yesterday. They had smiles coming. The multitude was on hand Wednesday, and that too in large-sized numbers, and yesterday the attendance reached even a higher mark. On the Home Industry occasion the school children took a day off from their books, and they seemed to be the happiest mortals alive the whole day long. They went early to the fair grounds, and they saw everything that was to be observed, and went away late in the afternoon, their countenances showing that they had enjoyed the occasion to the fullest extent.

And so it was yesterday. It was Confederate day, and the grounds were turned over to the veterans of the Lost Cause. They came and they were rolled in on all incoming trains in big-sized crowds. Different buildings were decorated with the American and the Confederate flags, and bunting was floating from many places. The programme was carried out to the letter. The procession was formed at the city hall at 9:30 o'clock in the morning, and the march was from that point on up Eleventh street to Fourth avenue, where the procession turned and came down Boston street. The streets were packed and jammed, and over 6000 people cheered to the echo the procession.

After Horse Thieves. Sherman, Tex., Oct. 15.—Still the chase after parties who stole Butler Carpenter's horses Sunday night goes on. A note from Officers Melton and McAfee states that they were, yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock, north of Willis, T., and has positive information that they were on the trail of the parties. The thieves have circled and crossed their own trail several times. Up to the present time the chase has covered at least 300 miles of actual riding. The officers express no doubt of being eventually able to overhaul and take both thieves and the horses.

All is Quiet Now.

Fort Worth, Tex., Oct. 15.—The people of Fort Worth have almost ceased discussing the local fever situation, there being nothing in that line to discuss and the appearance of Col. L. J. Polk, general manager of the Santa Fe, about the streets and at his office has robbed the reckless gossipers of all foundation upon which to base their dark and ominous whisperings about suspicious cases. Fear has been allayed and quiet restored.

Lost His Money.

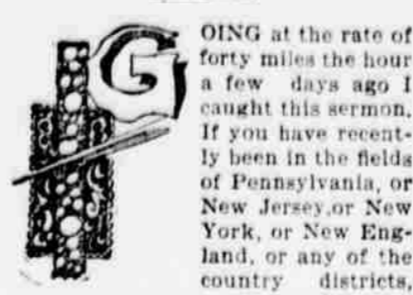
Sherman, Tex., Oct. 15.—Probably the worst case of "blues" in Texas was experienced yesterday by G. N. Echols, a farmer, who lives six miles southeast of the city. He sold his cotton and says he placed \$100 (five \$20 bills) in his pocket. When on his way home and quite a distance out of town he put his hand in his pocket and the money was gone. He returned to the city, but it was the old story of a needle in a haystack.

There was a severe earthquake shock at Granada, Spain, recently.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"CORN HUSKING TIME." SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Following Text: Job, Chapter V, Verse 26: "As a Shock of Corn Cometh in His Season.—The Harvest Waiting for the Lord.



OING at the rate of forty miles the hour a few days ago I caught this sermon. If you have recently been in the fields of Pennsylvania, or New Jersey, or New York, or New England, or any of the country districts, you know that corn is nearly all out. The sharp knife struck through the stalks and left them all along the fields until a man came with a bundle of straw and twisted a few, and these wisps of straw into a hand, and then gathering up much of the corn as he could compass with his arms, he bound it with this wisp of straw, and then stood it in the field in what is called a shock.

It is estimated that there are now several billion bushels of corn standing in the shock, waiting to be husked. Sometime during the latter part of next month, the farmers will gather, one day on one farm, another day on another farm, and they will put on their rough husking apron, and they will take the husking peg, which is a piece of iron with a leather loop fastened to the hand, and with it unshath the corn from the husk and toss it into the golden heap. Then the wagons will come along and take it to the corn crib.

How vividly to all those of us who were born in the country come the remembrance of husking time. We wait for it as for a gala day in the year. It was called a frolic. The trees having for the most part shed their foliage, the farmers waded through the fallen leaves and came through the keen morning air to the gleeful company. The frosts which had silvered everything during the night began to melt off of the top of the corn shocks. While the farmers were waiting for others, they stood blowing their breath through their fingers, or treshing their arms around their body to keep up warmth of circulation.

Roaring mirth greeted the late farmer as he crawled over the fence. Joke and repartee and rustic salutation abounded. All ready, now! The men take hold the shock of corn and hurl it prostrate, while the moles and mice which have secreted themselves there for warmth attempt escape. The withe of straw is unwound from the corn shock, and the stalks, heavy with the weight of grain, are rolled into two bundles, between which the husker sits down. The husking peg is thrust in until it strikes the corn, and then the fingers slip off the sheathing of the ear, and there is a crack as the root of the corn is snapped off from the husk, and the grain, disprisoned, is huried up into the sunlight.

The air is so tonic, the work is so very exhilarating, the company is so alithe, that some laugh, and some shout and some sing, and some banter, and some tease a neighbor for a romantic ride along the edge of the woods in an evening, in a carriage that holds but two, and some prophesy as to the number of bushels to the field, and others go into competition as to which shall rifle the most corn shocks before sundown.

After a while, the dinner horn sounds from the farmhouse, and the table is surrounded by a group of jolly and hungry men. From all the pantries and the cellars and the perches of fowl on the place the richest dainties come, and there is carnival and neighborhood reunion, and a scene which fills our memory, part with smiles but more with tears as we remember that the farm belongs now to other owners, and other hands gather in the fields, and many of those who mingled in that merry husking scene have themselves been husked "like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

There is a difference of opinion as to whether the Orientals knew anything about the corn as it stands in our fields; but recent discoveries have found out that the Hebrew knew all about Indian maize, for there have been grains of the corn picked up out of ancient crypts and exhumed from hiding places where they were put down many centuries ago, and they have been planted in our time and have come up just such Indian maize as we raise in New York and Ohio; so I am right when I say that my text may refer to a shock of corn just as you and I bound it, just as you and I threw it, just as you and I husked it. There may come some practical and useful and comforting lessons to all our souls, while we think of coming in at last "like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

It is high time that the King of Terrors were thrown out of the Christian vocabulary. A vast multitude of people talk of death as though it were the disaster of disasters instead of being to a good man the blessing of blessings. It is moving out of a cold vestibule into a warm temple. It is migrating into groves of redolence and perpetual fruition. It is a change from bleak March to rosy June. It is a change from manacles for garrulous, to the transmuting of the iron handcuffs of earthly incarceration into the diamond wreathlets of a bridal party; or to the suggestion of my text, it is only husking time. It is the tearing off of the rough sheath of the body that the bright and the beautiful soul may go free. Coming in "like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." Christ broke up a funeral procession at the gate of Nain by making a resurrection day for a young man and his mother. And I would that I could break up your sadness, and halt the long funeral procession of the world's grief by some cheering and cheerful view of the last transition.

We all know that husking time was a time of frost. Frost on the fence. Frost on the stubble. Frost on the ground. Frost on the bare branches of the trees. Frost in the air. Frost on the hands of the huskers. You remember we used to hide behind the corn stacks so as to keep off the wind, but still you remember how shivering there was the body and how painful was the cheek, and how benumbed were the

hands. But after a while the sun was high up, and all the frosts went out of the air, and hilarities awakened the echoes and joy from one corn shock went up, "Aha, aha!" and was answered by joy from another corn shock, "Aha, aha!"

So we realize that the death of our friends is the nipping of many expectations, the freezing of the chilling, the frosting of many of our hopes. It is far from being a south wind. It comes from the frigid north, and when they go away from us we stand benumbed in body and benumbed in mind and benumbed in soul. We stand among our dead neighbors, our dead families, and we say, "Will we ever get over it?" Yes, we will get over it amid the shoutings of heavenly reunion, and we will look back to all these distresses of bereavement only as the temporary distresses of husking time. "Weeping ceases at night, but joy cometh in the morning." "Light, and but for a moment," said the apostle as he clasped his hands, "light, and but for a moment." The chill of the frosts followed by the gladness that cometh in "like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." * * *

Perhaps now this may be an answer to a question which I asked one Sabbath morning, but did not answer: Why is it that so many really good people often find a good man with enough pains and aches and distresses, you would think, to discipline a whole colony, while you find a man who is perfectly useless going about with easy digestion and steady nerves and shining health, and his exit from the world is comparatively painless. How do you explain that? Well, I noticed in the husking time that the husking peg was thrust into the corn and then there must be a stout pull before the swathing was taken off of the ear, and the full, round, healthy, luxuriant corn was developed; while on the other hand there was corn that hardly seemed worth husking. We threw that into a place all by itself and we called it "nubbins."

Some of it was mildewed, and some of it was miced nibbled, and some of it was great promise and no fulfillment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! After the good corn had been driven up to the barn we came around with the corn basket and we picked up these nubbins. They were worth saving, but not worth much. So all around us there are people who amount to nothing. They develop into no kind of usefulness. They are nibbled on one side by the world, and nibbled on the other side by the devil, and mildewed all over. Great promise and no fulfillment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins.

They are worth saving, I suppose many of them will get to heaven, but they are not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with those who went through great tribulation into the kingdom of our God. Who would not rather have the pains of this life, the misfortunes of this life—who would not rather be torn, and wounded, and lacerated, and wrenched, and husked and at last go in amid the very best grain of the granary, than to be pronounced not worth husking at all? Nubbins! In other words, I want to say to you people who have distress of body, and distress in business and distress of all sorts, the Lord has not any grudge against you. It is not derogatory, it is complimentary. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and it is proof positive that there is something valuable in you, or the Lord would not have husked you.

Now, in heaven all their offensiveness has been husked off. Each one is as happy as he can be. Every one he meets as happy as he can be. Heaven one great neighborhood reunion. All kings and queens, all songsters, all millionaires, all banqueters. God, the Father, with his children all around him. No "good by" in all the air. No grave cut in all the hills. River of crystal rolling over beds of pearl, under arch of chrysopeprase, into the sea of glass mingled with fire. Stars at the gate of the granary and the grain come in; out of the frosts into the sunshine, out of the darkness into the light, out of the tearing and the ripping and the twisting and the wrenching and the lacerating and the husking time of earth into the wide open door of the king's granary. "like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

Yes, heaven, a great sociable, with joy like the joy of the husking time, corn picked up so big as being dead and no one there feeling so big as being dead to speak to some one who is not so large. Archangel willing to listen to smallest cherub. No botling of the door of caste at one heavenly mansion to keep out the citizen of a smaller mansion. No clique in one corner, whispering about a clique in another corner. David taking none of the airs of a giant killer. Joshua making no one halt until he passes, because he made the sun and moon halt. Paul making no assumptions over the most ordinary preacher of righteousness. Naaman, captain of the Syrian host, no more honored than the captive maid who told him where he should get a good doctor. O! my soul, what a country! The humblest man a king. The poorest woman a queen. The meanest house a palace. The shortest life time eternity. And what is more strange about it all is, we may all get there. "Not I," says some one standing back under the galleries. Yes, you. "Not I," says some one who has not been in church in fifteen years before. Yes, you. "Not I," says some one who has been for fifty years filling up his life with all kinds of wickedness. Yes, you.

There are monopolies on earth, monopolistic railroads and monopolistic telegraph companies, and monopolistic grain dealers, but no monopoly in religion. All who want to be saved may be saved, "without money and without price." Salvation by the Lord Jesus is as common sense in this matter. You cannot expect to get to Charleston by taking ship for Portland, and you cannot expect to get to heaven by going in an opposite direction. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Through that one gate of pardon and peace all the race may go in.

"But," says some one, "do you really think I would be at home in this universal society if I should reach it?" I think you would. I know you would, remember that in the husking time there was a great equality of feeling among the neighbors. There at one

corn shock a farmer would be at work who owned two hundred acres of ground. The man whom he was talking with at the next corn shock owned but thirty acres of ground, and perhaps all covered by a mortgage. That evening, at the close of the husking day, one might come home a roan span, so frisky, a ill of life, they got their feet over the east. The other man walked home with a great difference in education, great difference in worldly means; but I noticed at the husking time they all seemed to enjoy each other's society. They did not ask any man how much property he owned or what his education had been. They all seemed to be happy together in those good times.

And so it will be in heaven. Our Father will gather his children around him, and the neighbors will come in, and the past will be rehearsed. And some one will tell of victory, and we will all celebrate it. And some one will tell of great struggle, and we will all praise the grace that fetched him out of it. And some one will say, "Here is my old father, that I put away with heartbreak. Just look at him, he is as young as any of us." And some one will say, "Here is my darling child, that I buried in Greenwood, and all the after years of my life were shadowed with desolation. Just look at her! She doesn't seem as if she had been sick in mind. Great sociality. Great neighborhood kindness. And some one will say, 'What though John Milton sat down on one side, and John Howard sat down on the other side. No embarrassment. What though Charlotte Elizabeth sat down on one side, and Hannah More sat down on the other side? No embarrassment. A monarch yourself, why be embarrassed among monarchs? A songster yourself, why be embarrassed amid glorified songsters? Go in and time.

RAISES MINT.

This is the Queer Business of a Woman in Michigan.

Buffalo Express: A little woman up in Michigan carries on a very remunerative business raising mint. She is Mrs. Mary Weber, and she inherited the business from her father. Some of the mint is raised in hot beds, and these are in the hands of her children, who are the objects of constant care by the family, which consists of the widow and a grown-up son and daughter of 16 years. The profitable season is between the months of May and October, and June, the best month of all. The mint roots are set out in May, and the proprietress time is given to them from that date until late in the autumn. She clips and bunches the mint in the afternoon and evening, and the morning is given to sales. She drives to the leading hotels and makes the sales herself. It is not necessary to solicit custom. Most of it has been inherited with the mint bed. The men who patronized her father give their patronage to the daughter. She is not without competitors, but they are all of the male sex and are not as gallant as might be expected. Mrs. Weber, like the wise business woman she is, refuses to say how much the prolific bed yields, but it is safe to say that she keeps it big house "going," and puts aside the desired sum in provision for a "rainy day." She has supplanted her income by dealing in lemons and straws. Every summer she drives into the country for a radius of twenty miles in search of rye straw that will serve that purpose. If she finds the kind she desires she buys it in the field. But she is very hard to please in the matter of the quality of the straw, and has finally settled to the patronage of a farmer named Black Jack, who has a yearly contract with her. Womanlike, she cannot tell what is most desirable in the straw, but she "knows when she sees it," and after all that is quite sufficient.

Gibbon in Parliament.

Edward Gibbon, the great historian, sat in parliament for many years, but achieved no success in the house. One morning, he tells us, "as he was destroying an army of barbarians," a knock came to the door, and the tempter appeared in the shape of a friend offering to secure him a seat in parliament for the borough of Liskeard. Gibbon represented the borough for ten years (1774-1783) without ever opening his mouth; and once when moved to do so he lacked the confidence to carry him through. The great speaker filled him with despair, and the bed ones with terror. He grew heart tired of "this parliamentary prattle" and of "the noise and nonsense of the Pandemonium," as he terms parliament in his letters.

LATE SERMONS.

Individuality.—The whole process of nature is to individualize, picking out this man, this class, this body, and cultivating it. Rev. B. O. Aylesworth, Christian, Denver, Colo.

True Wealth.—Christ was humble and poor, yet He was the living incarnation of all true wealth and charity and holiness.—Rev. Dr. Rader, Congregationalist, San Francisco, Cal.

Immortality.—In every man's life there are indications of an indeterminate future, for if there is no immortal life, the moral part of man is stripped of all significance.—Rev. J. H. Merchant, Methodist, Akron, O.

National Hope.—The hope of our nation is in our womanhood, because women train our children. Again, the hope of our nation is with the young manhood, that follows this maternal training.—Rev. Dr. Hancher, Methodist, Kansas City, Mo.

A Remedy for Ills.—The gospel of the church is the remedy for the ills of mankind. When we hear of people in distress let us do our best to minister to their sufferings and help them in the struggle of life.—Rev. John Stephens, San Francisco, Cal.

Changeable Men.

The Parisians appear to think that the czar is going to give them the freedom of Alsace-Lorraine in a gold box; but it is impossible for his majesty to be up to that kind of snuff.

The Rev. Frank Vrooman of Chicago, who says he has been frozen out of one church and starved out of another, and that therefore he will go to the Klondike, is evidently fascinated with precisely that kind of misery.

The story goes that the emperor slapped the face of a seaman and the seaman struck back and blacked the imperial eye, and that thereupon the seaman drowned himself. Let us hope the story is untrue. The loss of a good seaman is a serious thing. But the theory that the black eye came from a rope's end is certainly unfortunate, because that ought naturally to have been applied to the imperial back.

London has a crusade against harrising. It is urged that they are dangerous as they are ordinarily used; and we all know that as a weapon in the hands of a determined woman they have frequently mutilated and sometimes killed. What are they, however, in comparison with the ordinary pin about a dozen of which are worn about the waist, for no legitimate purpose that any man has ever been able to discover?

A Parisian who suspects that the food or drink which he has purchased is adulterated, can have the article analyzed free of cost at the municipal laboratory. If impurities are found the city undertakes the prosecution of the tradesman, and after conviction the offender is not only liable to fine and imprisonment, but may be obliged to display in his window a sign reading, "Convicted of Adulteration." There is room for a similar law in this country.

The pulpit of a little eastern church has long stood enough to one side of the platform to disturb the congregation's sense of proportion; but any protest met with a quick rejoinder from the aged minister. The wife of the sexton, taking matters into her own hands, says the Church Economist, moved the pulpit toward the center an inch and gained her point, though it took time for the old doctor never noticed the difference. Some citadels must needs be stormed from the front, but more victories are won and more reforms inaugurated by methods which do not antagonize, and in which tact is joined to persevering moderation.

There is a grain of truth in the assertion humorously put forth by a western paper that "lying is expected in a politician as much as in a circus man, a hunter or a fisherman, and nobody pays any more attention to it." The writer had in view those who are described by the word "politician" in its deprecatory sense. But in a republic every man should be a politician, taking the word in its primary and best meaning. No one would say in seriousness that every man should be untruthful regarding his political acts and purposes. Even a diplomatist should not be a liar. One of the greatest of those said that he made it a rule always to tell the truth, that, since no one would believe him, it served the purpose of diplomacy better than silence or evasion. Besides, he kept his conscience clear.

An American at Shanghai writes: A subject that is attracting much attention in China in these days is the rapid increase of Russian influence. The special embassy sent by the czar to Peking is the most in evidence, but fully as significant is the removal of the Russo-Chinese Bank at Peking to palatial new quarters. These will also house the Eastern Manchurian railway and alongside will be the mansions of the Russian president and the Chinese vice-president of the railway. All these are intended to lavish hospitality, and as the Chinese are much impressed by the splendor of a nation's representative, Russia will be easily first at the court of the middle kingdom. Russia's diplomacy has always been oriental, and this appeals far more to the Chinese than the inflexible but just policy of the English. In connection with diplomacy, the Russo-Chinese Bank is a very important feature. The Manchurian Railway Company is about equally divided between Russian and Chinese officials, but all their quarters are equally palatial. The Chinese government has deposited 5,000,000 taels in the Russo-Chinese Bank, part of which will no doubt be applied to the payment of its share in the cost of construction of the railway. It is said also that the bank is an active competitor with Sheng Taotai for the projected railway line from Tien-Tsin to Peking and that it has also offered to loan 500,000 taels to the government for the improvement of the Peking.

The governments of Europe will do well to sequester anarchists on some small island, as proposed. The scoundrels couldn't get along without some kind of government, and they would shoot the leaders of it one after another until there was nobody left to shoot the last man. This country will soon do likewise.

The Kansas preacher who agitates himself against ice cream at church socials is so friendly radical that some day he will cry out for a little of that alleviator to cool his parched tongue.

Even an Amerer may be amusing. The Amerer of Afghanistan compares himself to a swan on a narrow lake, with a pack of wolves (meaning Russia) on one bank, and a Bengal tiger (England) on the other bank. The gobbling-up process, whether by wolves or by tiger, seems to him imminent and unavailing.

It having turned out that a Virginia white man recently lynched was innocent, it is the solemn duty of the "best people" of the locality to lynch the lynchers.

"CALIFORNIA JOE."

(By W. F. Cody.)



In 1874 I was acting as guide to the Big Horn Mountain expedition against the Indians, of which Gen. Anson Mills was in command. One day we were marching along the very summit of the big divide between the Big Horn and the Powder rivers and came to a halt to rearrange the pack-train, saddles and so forth. We were fully 400 miles from the living place of any human being. So when all of a sudden we saw a man on the hills at a distance in the rear we watched him pretty sharply. He was on horseback, traveling quietly along in the same direction we were headed. Gen. Mills asked me if I had any of my men out. I had none, and we made up our minds that it was an Indian.

As we drew nearer, however, I saw it was a white man, and in a few minutes I recognized my old acquaintance, California Joe. And a curious spectacle to behold he was. He was mounted on a tough, battered-up looking old bronco with a saddle that looked as though it might have been service since the days of the Forty-niners. His dirty buckskin leggings had been so shrunken by frequent drawings and dryings that they were drawn up above the tops of his boots and nearly to his knees. His boot heels were so worn down that they were nearly obliterated and his buckskin shirt was a maze of grease and dirt. He had a Navajo blanket and an old blue army overcoat strapped to his saddle, while on one side of the bronco there dangled a piece of raw elk meat. His rifle was an old Hawkins musketeer.

"Hello, Joe," I shouted as soon as he was within hearing. "Where in the world are you going, away off here?"

"Oh, nowhere in particular," he replied. "Jest out fer a mornin' ride."

Gen. Mills and the officers had heard of Joe, and when I introduced him all around him very warmly. They pressed him with questions and I did the same. But it was no use. We could get nothing out of him save that he was "jest out fer a mornin' ride," as he had said when I first hailed him.

"Well, Joe," I said at last, "don't you want to go along with us?"

"Waal, no," he said slowly; "least unless you've got some terbaccer. I don't travel with no Government outfit unless they've got terbaccer."

Tobacco was rather scarce in the command, but such of the officers as had any contributed their mite, and Joe was supplied temporarily and agreed to go with us. His knowledge of the country made him invaluable as a guide, although he was generally trailing along behind with the soldiers.

of the occupant of the grave has now slipped my mind.

"The man in this grave," he said, "was one of a party of us that was trapped, and prospectin' ever so long ago at the mouth of the Columbia river; doing a little work for the Astors trappin' and doin' a little work for ourselves trappin'. But there wasn't no lead in sight up that way that promised to pan out, so we all allowed we'd strike back towards the Missouri river, prospectin' as we went along."

"We went through Idaho and Montana and worked along in western Wyoming. One day while we was goin' slowly along down a tributary of the Shoshone river, all of a sudden we see aughtin' glittin' in the bed of the stream. Nuggets! That's what they was. Big and little yellow nuggets scattered around in the bottom of the stream. No man livin' ever seen the like of it. We never stopped to bother about our broncos. We just splashed into that stream hands and feet and began clawin' out them nuggets. In less'n half an hour we had the bank heaped up and scattered all about with 'em."

"Then we thought about the broncos, and all I need to tell you is that we loaded down the broncos and loaded down ourselves with them gold nuggets until we couldn't carry another ounce. We threw away everything we had and could get along without and took nuggets on in its place. Then we struck out. Our plan was to get to the Missouri and then build a raft and float down to St. Louis, and we did, only when we got right where we are now standing the man lyin' under them stumps took sick all of a sudden and in two hours he was dead. We buried him and he fixed that grave jest the way you see it now. Nuthin's ever touched it. That I'd swear to."

"Well," asked one of the officers, "what did you do with your nuggets?"

"Oh, I cashed mine in St. Louis, went to New York, and from there went to Paris. It was nearly two years before the last of it was gone. Then I got over to England and worked my way round to the Pacific coast on a sailin' ship."

Gen. Mills' lips were trembling with suppressed laughter as Joe wound up his yarn, for he knew the old man's reputation as a liar. At last he controlled himself and said gravely:

"Joe, you said every man and every bronco was carrying all the gold possible."

"That's the fact, Colonel."

"Couldn't have carried another ounce among you?" continued the officer.

"Not an ounce," said Joe.

"Well, now, if that's the case, Joe, what did you do with all the nuggets that belonged to this man here in the grave?"

"That's jest the pint, Colonel," said Joe, eagerly. "That's jest the pint. What did we do with all that man's nuggets? Why, we buried them with him and they are right there in that grave now, and there's \$100,000 worth of them if there's a cent. That's why I've been lookin' fer that grave for the last twenty years; that's why I wouldn't tell you only that I was jest out fer a mornin' ride when you all wanted to know where I was goin'; that's why it all bust out of me in a heap when I seen the man in the ground and said 'I'd get there at last.'"

Fully a hundred soldiers had caught enough of Joe's yarn to be pretty well stirred up by it, and notwithstanding the old man's awful reputation as a liar, the circumstances of his triumphant expression when he first caught sight of the grave as well as his earnestness of manner and the circumstantial detail of his story—all this had more effect even on some of the officers than they cared to admit, and more than one wistful eye went sneaking back to the lonely grave when the order was given and the command resumed its march.

I won't deny that I was a good deal interested myself, and when we camped that night, a few miles further on, I kept a sharp eye on Joe's movements. I fully believed he would take the first chance to sneak off to that grave. I didn't know whether he had noticed my watching him and had given up trying to slip away from me or not, but pretty soon he gave me a wink and in a few minutes we were out of sight, talking together.

"Look here, Bill," he said as soon as we were alone, "do you want to see some fun?"

"Of course I do," I replied.

"Well, then, you come along with me; we can make a sneak right now," said Joe.

As we stood grouped about it Joe came up. He looked at the grave for a moment, and then suddenly dashed his greasy coyote-skin cap on the ground, and in a voice that thrilled curiously in contrast with his usual listless drawl, he cried out:

"At last!"

It was some time before he would answer any of the questions that were fiered at him, but finally, in response to an inquiry by Gen. Mills, he said:

"Do I know anything about that grave? Waal, I reckon I do, bein' as I helped make it myself."

And then he told his story, slowly and with a good deal of dramatic power. The name he gave as being that

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FOR THE CURIOUS.

Twenty years ago England had 11,619 male and 14,901 female school teachers. Last year there were 66,310 female, and only 26,270 male teachers.

Frenchmen in Mexico have started a movement to create funds for the erection of a monument to mark the spot where Emperor Maximilian was shot.

Washington, D. C., has long been a mecca for Southern negroes. According to the latest census of the city, there were 88,000 negroes in a total population of 277,000.

The seraglio at Constantinople is a group of palaces belonging to the sultan. It is a triangle three miles long and contains more than 100 buildings, some of great splendor.

A messenger boy of the Western Union office in Brantford, Conn., is 87 years old, and recently walked twenty miles to deliver a message, for which he received the sum of \$1.

It is shown by the annual report of one of the largest mining companies in Colorado that since the organization of the company the average cost of producing \$1 in gold has been 37 cents.

In the early days of the eighteenth century the consumption of beer in England amounted to forty-three gallons per inhabitant. In 1888 the proportion stood at twenty-seven gallons.

The popularity of precious stones now is—the pearl first, the ruby second and the diamond third.



HOW THE OLD MAN DID LAUGH.

God. We believe in a Supreme Creator and Ruler of the universe, who, so far as I can see, is like the God of our brothers who have been won over to Christianity. Our ceremonies of recognition are, of course, very different, but the two parties get along peacefully and harmoniously. There are eight clans among the Onondagas—the Beaver, the Wolf (my own), the Deer, the Bear, the Eel, the Mud Turtle, the Swamp Turtle and the Snake.

"We have four celebrations during the year. In January comes the burning of the white dog, the big day of the year, which is as much the recognition of the advent of the new year as anything else. In April and May we dance because it is time to plant our crops; in September we give thanks if the crops are going to be good, and in November we celebrate because they have been good."

Then La Fort walked slowly over to the Council House, where a crowd of white people were impatiently waiting. He addressed them and used a white man's excuse for charging an admission fee to the green-corn dance. He said that times were bad. Then, by way of extension, so far as he was concerned, he added that the hard times had not affected him, as he had as much as he ever had, but he wanted to help the dancers. La Fort then sold tickets at a window, which a young bravo took up at the door.

The side walls and ceiling of the Council House are of oiled matched pine. Two chandeliers hang from the ceiling, each having three globes colored red, white and blue respectively, probably a conceit of the government agent. On the floor and around the long room are double rows of benches painted yellow. The spectators at the dance completely filled these benches. To see the dance there were men, women and children. Just as the dance was about to begin the bell at the Indian church, not far away, rang, calling the Christians to Sunday school.

Here were found a dozen tall, lithe, wiry, muscular young braves, engaged in the great national game of baseball; that is, they were knocking up and catching "flies." The ball-players said that there would be a green-corn dance in the afternoon, just when depended upon Chief La Fort. In the shade back of a house not far away, sat this old chief of the Six Nations, smoking a fat and cheap cigar. He was surrounded by half a dozen of the tribe.

La Fort is a good specimen of the highest type of the civilized Indian. He is well along in years now, and his hair and mustache are gray. His English is excellent for one of his limited opportunities. Among the tribes of the Six Nations his word is law. Not only is he the head of the Iroquois League, but he also is the chief of the Onondagas. All the Indians within his jurisdiction have great respect for him. He was at the head of the New York Indians who were at the Columbian Exposition, and he said last Sunday that a man from New York had been to see him in the previous week about going with some of his race to the Paris exhibition, and that he had agreed to go.

"We shall have the dance by-and-by, when fifty or a hundred people gather here," said La Fort, in response to an inquiry. Then he added that the Indians wanted to make it pay by charging a small admission fee to the Long House. After a while there came a perfect string of carriages and bicycles, and by 3.30, when the dance was begun, there were several hundred persons on the ground.

While waiting for the white people to come, the chief spoke about the Onondagas and their ceremonies. "I have not taken a census of the people on the reservation in three years," said he. "The last one showed about four hundred Indians, men, women and children, and the number is about the same now. There are between seventy and eighty families. Twenty years ago there were only 280 persons here, so you see we have increased in numbers. The state gives us an annuity of money and salt. Last year we got \$4.44 to each inhabitant, and 150 bushels of salt to the entire reservation. The United States government gives twenty yards of cloth to each family annually. We have our farms and are content. I am the head of the Six Nations and alone have the right to open the Council. I am a man of peace, and have devoted all my life to the advancement of my people."

"There are two parties here," continued the chief. "We call them the old party and the new party. The white men speak of the old party as being pagan and the new party as Christians. I am of the old party, but we are not pagans. A pagan does not believe in

ameter and five feet tall. During the warm weather it had not been in condition, Indians seldom came to the so-called pagan ceremonies.

Three young Indians took seats on a low bench in the center of the room. The dancers formed a circle around them. They were dressed in their usual fantastic costumes. The men on the bench began to beat their rattles made of mud turtle shells, and one of them tapped a kettle drum. Soon to this was added the accompaniment of the stamping of one foot and the singing of the war song. All this was begun lightly and slowly, and the volume gradually increased, when suddenly one of the dancers uttered a war whoop, which was echoed by the others, and the dance began. They danced in a circle around the players, and their performance consisted chiefly of a great stamping of feet and waving of arms, with an occasional war cry, which was the signal for a pause for rest.

Then came the green-corn dance. The bench in front of the Council House was turned lengthwise with the room, and the three Indians who sat upon it not only shook their mud turtle rattles, but also pounded with their hands upon the bench. They sang a wilder song, but Chief La Fort said that there was no meaning to it—just mere words, which fitted the wild tune. The gyrations of the dancers were about the same as in the previous dance. Toward the end of the dance the Indian women joined in, but they were rather unemphatic as compared with their swarthy, gaudy male companions. The squaws were not in costume.

Then came what was announced as an "all women dance." The men sat on two benches facing one another, and sang and pounded with their hands on musical instruments, while the women, keeping shoulder to shoulder, danced with a sort of hitching motion.

Very remarkable are the "jumping cocoons," recently described by Dr. Sharp in the Entomologist, and found in South Africa. The cocoon is formed by the mother insect, and is very hard. The pupa, when ready to emerge, must cut its way out. The front of its head has "a sharp chisel edge," and by driving this against the inside of the shell it gradually makes a hole. The violent motions of the pupa within cause the cocoon to leap so that one has been seen to spring out of a small glass tumbler.

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HAT heathen recognition of the blessings of Divine Providence, the annual green corn dance, was held by the Onondaga Indians last Sunday," writes a Syracuse, N. Y., correspondent. As is customary with them, some ceremonies were held in the latter part of the preceding week, of which the whites were not made acquainted. It is said, and it is undoubtedly true, that the real green-corn dance is held on the quiet—although there is a good deal of noise about it—and that the public ceremony, which always takes place on Sunday, is to satisfy the curiosity of the whites and their mercenary yearnings of the noble red. The dance was at first fixed for a week ago Sunday, but was postponed for a week. The reason assigned for the delay was that old Chief Daniel La Fort was ill. The real reason was that the number of white persons on hand was too small to make it profitable to the dancers.

Your correspondent drove out to the Onondaga reservation last Sunday afternoon. It lies nine miles from the beautiful valley south of this city. Coming into the Indian settlement you pass numerous houses occupied by the Onondagas, some of which are neat and comfortable and speak well for the thrift of the inhabitants, while others are badly in need of ordinary and extraordinary repairs. The Council House is in the centre of the settlement and just off of the main road. It is a long, narrow, one-story building, painted white, with green blinds and a red roof.

Here were found a dozen tall, lithe, wiry, muscular young braves, engaged in the great national game of baseball; that is, they were knocking up and catching "flies." The ball-players said that there would be a green-corn dance in the afternoon, just when depended upon Chief La Fort. In the shade back of a house not far away, sat this old chief of the Six Nations, smoking a fat and cheap cigar. He was surrounded by half a dozen of the tribe.

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IN THE ODD CORNER.

QUEER AND CURIOUS THINGS AND EVENTS.

All Books Have Their Uses—The Milk Queen—A Pretty Widow with a Big Farm—How an Honest but Shrewd Yankee Turned a Trick.

September.
By Monroe H. Rosenfeld.
AVES of grain stir in the breeze,
Golden in the amber haze,
Oh, the yellow harvest seas
In September's glorious days!

With the harvest joy elate!
Yonder, on the zigzag rail,
Piping to the speckled mate,
Hark, the calling of the quail,
With the harvest joy elate!

Swings the scythe in brassy arm!
And t' a' up uplifts glow
With a wealth of gorgeous charms,
Beaming on the vales below.

Rainbow colored leaves now tint
Forest tops afar, anear,
Cooler breezes give a hint
Of the falling of the year.

Summer like a queen has flown,
But her beauty lingers still,
In the noontide bee's low drone,
In the bird o'er vale and hill!

Apples ripen in the sun,
Peeping from the changing leaves;
Silver brooks that seaward run
Sing a welcome to the sheaves.

Welcome to God's harvest time!
Breezes pipe it as ye go!
Ring, ye scythes, a joyous chime,
As ye swing in arms a-row!

Shout the tidings o'er the earth!
Echo them to Heaven's dome!
White, with hearty cheer and mirth,
Now we sing the Harvest Home!

All Books Have Their Uses.
"Is there any book in the library for which there has never been a call?" said Librarian Hill as he repeated the question which he had been asked. "Well, there may be, but really I shouldn't like to bet that there is. On the contrary, it seems safe to say that every book in the library has been called for at some time or other since it has been in our collection. Every book, even those that seem most useless to most people, has its use, and somebody is able to find some information for which he is searching in that very book which perhaps seemed likely never to be called for. I have just had good proof of this. Recently we moved about 10,000 books over to the new library building on Michigan avenue. Of course, those which were transferred were those for which we believed no one would ever be likely to call. They were ancient patent office reports, old documents issued by the British government and old public documents from Washington. But not a week had passed since then that we have not had to send over to the new building at least ten times for some book or other that we had thought no one would ever demand.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Honest but Shrewd Yankee.
There was a funny case of international honesty down in Arizona, just on the line between that territory and Mexico. A Yankee farmer lives there, one Amasa Barrow by name, and it is his business to raise chickens. Chickens feed is cheap in Mexico, and chickens bring fine prices in Arizona, but to raise fowls in Mexico and bring them across the boundary or to buy the feed and bring it across would involve the payment of a considerable duty, which would eat the profits about as fast as the hens could eat the corn. As for smuggling that was not to be thought of.

Amasa is a Yankee and is so honest that his neighbors say he wouldn't take advantage of a man in a horse trade. But he is also full of Yankee ingenuity, and after deep cogitation he built a long, slim hen coop, one half of it in Arizona and the other in Mexico. On the line there is a gate. Over the line there are barns containing feed. At feeding time the gates opened and the chicken fancier shows his flock into Mexico, where they eat their meal. Then he shuts them back to the protection of the American flag, where they digest this Mexican grain, lay their eggs and carry on their family affairs. Mr. Barrow saves about 50 per cent on grain and makes that much on his chickens, and if there is any smuggling done it is done by the innocent and responsible biddies.—Washington Times.

Respect for the Nerves.
Respect for the nerves, then, demands the avoidance of overwork of every kind, whether mental or physical. Too much eating is overwork of the digestive organs, too much bicycling draws too heavily on the heart and lungs, too much thinking or fretting overtaxes the brain. In fact, overworking the digestive or assimilative organs or straining the heart or lungs goes to the nerve centers to register the fatal lesion; for so long as the derangement is not beyond the power of vital force to rectify it, it is but temporary and the equilibrium will be restored. The true theory of living a healthy life would seem to be this: Take care of the nerve centers; do this, guard against overwork, that is, over-expenditure of nervous force. But a majority, perhaps, of fairly intelligent people do not know when they are making the most destructive inroads upon their vital supply, and such ignorance is very hard to reach with the enlightenment of science. A person of very strong stomach by eating a bit of pickle may bring about a nervous waste greater than that caused by a day's hard labor. He has made a demand upon a set of disordered nerves, and they cannot supply the force. It is like heating a poor, weak horse because he cannot draw a load. Excesses are what prevent success.—Editor's Outlook, in the Chautauquan.

The Milk Cure.
"Lactophary" is a new curative treatment which a Transval doctor has discovered and writes of in The English Mechanic. Having noted the facts that milk absorbs poisonous germs from a bucket, he decided that it might be possible to turn this germ absorbing power to a therapeutic account. He put his ideas to the test, and now asserts that he has cured persons of smallpox, fevers, diphtheria and other

maladies by simply wrapping them in milk sheets. The patient is laid on a mattress covered with blankets and is packed in a sheet just large enough to envelop the body. This sheet has first been saturated in 1½ pints of sterilized milk and is applied without wringing. After the pack, which lasts about an hour, the patient is sponged with warm water or is put into a warm bath. A case of smallpox was accordingly treated in this manner, and the eruption was well out the milk sheet so quickly drew the poison from the skin as to effect immediate convalescence.

A Pretty Widow with a Big Farm.
Mrs. Adelaide E. Sherry, of West Point, Ind., is the owner and manager of one of the largest farms in the Hoosier state. She is a young widow of versatile capabilities. Her farm of 1,000 acres lies ten miles south of Lafayette and eight miles north of the celebrated Baden Baden Springs. Two hundred walnut trees of fifty years' growth rise from a lawn of four acres surrounding the handsome buildings, giving the estate its name, Walnut Lodge. Mrs. Sherry hires and directs her large corps of assistants, indoors and out, entertains generously, drives over the estate daily, buys pigs and calves, ships Percheron horses to Germany, cattle and hogs to Chicago, cribs annually an average of 10,000 bushels of corn, travels extensively, and writes for publications. Mrs. Sherry has lately returned from a sojourn in the Holy Land, and "after hushing is done," she purposes investigating occult philosophy among the Mahatmas in their mountain abodes in India.

An Historian's Memory.
The members of the Chickamauga national park commission were driving along a country road near the limits of the great battlefield a few days ago, says a St. Louis Globe-Democrat correspondent, when General Henry V. Boynton, the chairman of the commission, remarked to his companions in the vehicle:

"About a mile from here there ought to be a church near Ringgold. I haven't seen the place for more than thirty-three years, but I remember going into the graveyard when our army was down here and being impressed with a curious inscription on one of the tombstones. It read like this: 'He lived to enliven the happiness of his parents.' Three years, eight months, twenty days. When death tore him from the mountain brow

An angel caught and bore him o'er the world and placed him in God's white house; To live and play through all eternity."

The other members of the commission thought this was such a fine chance to test the memory of the war historian that they drove on down the Ringgold road to see that epitaph. In the course of a mile they came to an old country church with a graveyard, as General Boynton had described. They left their carriage when inside, found the tombstone, and verified the inscription exactly as it had been repeated to them.

Figure of a Bird in a Knot of Sycamore.
Here is a very interesting curiosity reproduced from a photograph taken by Mr. Alfred Holme, of Manchester.

When Elephants Have Toothache.
From Answers: It is not easy to tell when an elephant has got a toothache, but it is best to keep out of his way when you do know it. A London surgeon, who had been for many years in India, says he would sooner risk a railway accident than meet an elephant with a toothache. It appears that a toothache affects an elephant in a more severe manner than it does any other animal. Elephants have very sensitive nerves, and a touch of toothache often brings on madness. Providing you are able to chain down an elephant and draw out the offending tooth, the brute is certain to be affectionate to you afterward. Here is an instance: An elephant in Bengal, India, became affected with toothache, but the keepers managed to secure it while a dentist drew a decayed tooth—the cause of the trouble. After a time the elephant seemed to understand that the dentist was trying to do something for his pain, and he gave every evidence of appreciating the attention. When the operation was over he frisked round the dentist like a young lamb.

Keeping the Old Man Cowed.
While stopping one night at a farmhouse in Missouri, a traveler was astonished to see his hostess walk up to her husband about every fifteen minutes and box his ears or give him a pull. In the morning the guest, seeing the woman alone, asked an explanation of her conduct, and her reply was: "You see, stranger, me and the old man has been fighting for ten years to see who shall box this here ranch, and I have just got him cowed, but if I should let up on him for a day he would turn on me again, and my work would all go for nothing!"

A True Bear Story.
Speaking of law and the enforcement of discipline in Yellowstone Park, I heard the story of a bear there which I consider exceedingly important not only as a comment on the discipline of the park, but as a moral lesson on which is in domestic obedience. The story is literally true, and if it were not I should not repeat it, for it would have no value. Mr. Kipling says, "The law

of the jungle is—obey." This also seems to be the law of Yellowstone Park. There is a lunch station at the upper basin, near Old Faithful, kept by a very intelligent and ingenious man. He got acquainted last year with a she bear, who used to come to his house every day and walk into the kitchen for food for herself and her two cubs. The cubs never came. The keeper got on very intimate terms with the bear, who was always civil and well behaved and would take food from his hand without taking the hand.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.

Jamie, the Cripple, a beautiful story for the Guidance of Our Junior Friends—How Ralph Became the Happiest Boy in the Village.

My Little Sweetheart.
HEN early sunshine brightly o'erspreads
The city roofs and spreads along the street,
Down town to work my little sweet-heart
And we, each morn', at the same corner meet,
And oh, for all the world, I would not miss
The long day's comfort that I find in this.

Sometimes her step is quickened when she sees
Me from the distance hastening pace,
Sometimes her glances seem inclined to lead—
Sometimes they meet my own, with friendly grace.
Sometimes she blushes, but through all discreet,
She never smiles, though oft my eyes en-treat.

Onward she hurries with the hurrying throng,
I too, onward by another way,
Wondering if her sweet maiden thoughts belong
To me, or for one brief moment of the day—
As all the hours my tender thoughts inclose
Her lovely soul, like buds about a rose.

My little sweetheart, whose dear name, alas,
I know not—neither how she lives nor where,
Nor to what toil her light feet daily pass,
I only know that she is good and fair,
And that the sad old world's a better place
And Heaven is nearer since I've seen her face.

Jamie, the Cripple.
(By Lucy F. Gerrish in Union Signal.)
"Hurrah! Ten cents every week for all the errands I do!" shouted Ralph to his friend Herbert, as he rushed out of the house on his way to school.

"I wish I could have ten cents," said Herbert, softly, "but I don't think my mamma could spare it to me, there are so many of us; and, you know, Jamie is sick so much, we have lots of bills to pay. Poor Jamie! I do wish his back would not keep growling so crooked and ache so; I would like to have him grow well."

The two boys started off to school; and during the opening exercises Ralph was thinking all the time what Herbert had said about little Jamie. He knew Jamie was a cripple, but he did not realize that he must suffer a great deal.

"How did God happen to make him that way?" said Ralph to his mother that night.

"He did not make him that way, dear," replied his mother. "He was running about the field after a beautiful yellow butterfly. It flew over the old iron fence; and, as Jamie was very small, he tried to get through after it; but the fence gave way and fell, crushing little Jamie beneath it. His cries attracted the men who were at work in the field, and they took him up gently and carried him home, never to walk again, as he had injured his spine. So he has to keep in his chair all the time; and mamma thinks he must be a very patient little boy—much more so than some little boys who have everything—and I am sure God must be proud of such a patient little sufferer."

"I should not have thought God would let that horrid fence come down," said Ralph.

"It was not God's fault; he made Jamie well and strong. But other things were careless, and did not keep the fence as it should be kept."

"Do you suppose He would care if I bought an awful lot of candy with my money?"

"I am afraid He would think Ralph rather selfish."

The next day was Saturday. Ralph kept hearing the word "selfish," and his heart seemed full of the story of little Jamie.

The bright little silver piece still stayed in his pocket. Twice he was tempted to spend it for candy, and twice something said in the little heart, "Selfish!"

Another week went by, and still another and another, until four little silver pieces, making forty cents, were nicely put away in a little box.

One night as his mother kissed him good-night, she said, "What is the matter with my boy, that he is so quiet and thoughtful?"

Ralph choked back a lump which would come in his throat, and with a cry said, "O, mother, I can't get that word 'selfish' out of my heart, and I do wish I could make God see me not so selfish. I tried to think I was not so selfish, but I know I was."

"Never mind," said his mother; "if you are really sorry, God will understand."

"Mother, dear, I know what I will do with my silver pieces. I will give them to Jamie to buy whatever he wants; and half of all I can earn Jamie shall have."

"That is mother's noble, unselfish boy. To give others pleasure, dear, will give you much more pleasure than the money possibly could."

The next day the silver pieces found their way to the sick child; and such a happy boy as little Jamie was, and such a happy face Ralph wore!

The next Saturday night beside his bed he found a piece of paper on which were the words "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and beside the paper a beautiful picture of the Boy Christ; under this, "To my dear little Jamie, that it may help him to be unselfish."

FOR WOMEN AND HOME.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

What Fashionable Women Are Now Wearing—The Latest Dinner Gown—A New Reception Toilet—Notes About Women.

Seek Not to Understand Her.
I'll seek her heart to understand,
If but enough thou knowest
To prove that all thy love, like sand,
Upon the wind thou throwest.
The ill thou makest out at last
Doth but reflect the bitter past,
While all the good thou learnest yet,
But makes her harder to forget.

What matters all the nobleness
Which in her breast resideth,
And what the warmth and tenderness
Her meek coldness hideth,
If but ungenerous thoughts prevail
When thou her bosom dost assail,
While tenderness and warmth doth ne'er
By any chance, toward thee appear.

By any chance, toward thee appear.
Sum up that book thou hast won
Of kindred feeling there,
How few for Hope, to build upon,
How many for Despair!

And if e'er word or look declareth
Love or aversion, which she beareth,
While of the first, no proof thou hast,
How many are there of the last!

Then strive no more to understand
Her heart, of whom thou knowest
Enough to prove thy love is sand
Upon the wind thou throwest;
The ill thou makest out at last
Doth but reflect the bitter past,
While all the good thou earnest yet
But makes her harder to forget.

What Women Need.
That the thing that a woman needs
Most to keep up her health and spirits

is change. Not necessarily a constant variation of scene and occupation, but a brief relaxation once in a while from the humdrum duties of her routine existence. That nothing thrives well that is not occasionally transplanted to some other spot, there to take in new ideas, to acquire fresh thoughts, to store up something that will be food for reflection when once more the burden of regulation existence is shouldered. That there is a most harmful idea existing among certain good housekeepers and excellent women that if they were to leave home for one day everything would at once collapse into

bination of color as may be found on the canvas of some master in color.

A Woman With a History.
The ingenuity of the book agent has not been exhausted, if an incident that occurred the other day in a lawyer's office down town is to be taken as characteristic, says the New York Sun. The principal partner is one of the best known lawyers of the New York bar. One day last week a woman came into the outer office, and, asking for the head of the firm, said that she was anxious to see him on important business. The clerk gave her the stereotyped answer, Mr. So-and-So was busy one of her said, but he offered to take in her name. Then she produced a card to which she added some words in pencil. The clerk glanced at it and saw that beneath her name she had written "A woman with a history." He gave it to his employer, who was, indeed, busily engaged. The unusual card attracted his attention, and the woman was shown into his office. She gave no evidence of having had a history, and seemed rather a business-like, cheerful young person.

"I wrote on my card," she said, "that I have a history. That is true. It is one of the best of the United States ever published, and it is the cheapest." Continuing the description so rapidly that there was no time for the lawyer to interfere, she told him all that she wanted to before he had called in a clerk to show her out. She did not succeed in selling a copy of the book, but she got nearer the great man than any book agent had ever done before.

Stationery Styles.
Chatting recently on the new things in his line, the head of the stationery department of one of the leading stores gave some interesting advance information. Wedding invitations for the season of '97 and '98 show some slight changes in style. The sheet of paper is now more nearly square and so requires an oblong envelope, while the increased reception of at home card confers in shape to the sheet when folded. The paper used by the best stationers is of pure white, with antique finish, differing materially from that

used in general correspondence. The engraving in vogue is the strong heavy English round hand, with more grace in the hair-line curves and slightly more ornate than the style of last season. Visiting cards for women are more nearly oblong than formerly and are of thinnest bristol cardboard, engraved also in the heavy English round hand. For men the extreme mode is the small eard, lettered in the antique Roman or severe Latin style. These are especially designed for club use. The angular or single line style of script is quite out, all engraving now running to the English script, with heavily shaded curves and lines. In stationery there is an effort to introduce startling effects such as Rivera blue and French crimson with monograms in black; but as these are extreme novelties they are not likely to take with women of conservative taste.

A Desirable Trunk.

With its provision for transporting the season's hat with both safety and ease, the latest trunk is a genuine boon to traveling womanhood. To each side, each end and to the bottom is attached a round cushion stuffed with hair; over the cushion the hat is placed and is secured by a long hat-pin thrust through the crown. The cushion rests as firmly yet as lightly as upon its owner's head, and can be carried to the antipodes without danger or harm. The one drawback and the one objection that instantly occurs is cost; but even that can be obviated if one be a bit clever and shrewd. The trunk proper shows no peculiarity, no speciality that is its own. Round cushions stuffed with hair, nailed fast to one of the ordinary sort, and their edges covered with tump, neatly tacked on, serve every purpose and are within the reach of all. As no weight is involved, those that have already become weakened with service can be made to serve, or new ones of inexpensive make can be converted into the costlier sort.

Co-operative Housekeeping.

It is a rather curious fact that most of the opposition to co-operative housekeeping comes from the rank and file, the leaders in domestic science almost unanimously agreeing that if the right theory is practically carried out co-operative housekeeping cannot fail of success, and that the trouble with most of the experiments that have ended so disastrously lay in lack of common sense. Mrs. Helen Campbell devotes a chapter in her work on Household Economics to what she calls "organized living," though she says it is not so much co-operation as combination that is desired in the housekeeping of a community. She wants to see the busi-ness of cooking and cleaning transferred to the hands of experts so that the mistress of a home shall not be burdened by tasks to which she is unfitted by nature or education. This will give employment to many needy women and more leisure to the house-mother.

A Remarkable Check.

The Paris Kentuckian says: "Mr. James McClure of the Agricultural Bank tells this one: 'One of our depositors recently gave his wife a check for \$10, the check being regularly filled out and duly signed, except that it was made payable to 'sweetest of the sweet.' When the lady presented the check for payment I innocently inquired: 'Who is this 'sweetest of the sweet?'" "Why it's me," she replied. "I told him to endorse the check, which he did, and handed it back." "But, Madam," I said, "you must endorse it just as drawn, to the sweetest of the sweet." She snatched up the pen and wrote the words below the name, and I paid the money. It is the most remarkable document in our possession, and will be framed and hung in the bank."

Seedless Fruits.

Dorothea asks if there are ways by which gardeners produce seedless melons and similar fruits? Answer: It is said that seedless melons can be produced by what is equivalent to cuttings from the vines. A plant is encouraged to grow luxuriantly, then it is pruned down to the earth until it strikes roots. Then the new plant is severed from the parent stalk, and the melons it bears are likely to have but few seeds. Seedless pears are sometimes produced, and it is said that they come from trees grown from cuttings.

Cleo de Merode, the Paris stage beauty, who is coming to this country on the modest salary of \$9,000 a month, has been receiving only \$40 a month at the opera in Paris. She has no right to the name de Merode, she was fond of a certain Belgian prince of that house. In many ways she is frank and simple hearted, and is only 23, in spite of her meteoric career. It is said her comrades in the ballet are not jealous of her, in spite of the fact that she is the prime favorite with people great and small.

A New Dinner Gown.

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A GOWN WITH RUSSIAN MOTIF.

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A Mid-Ocean Wish.

From Harper's Bazar: "There anything we can do to cheer you up, Miss Wilbur?" "Oh, I don't know; you might draw me." "That would be fatal excitement for you." "Then—draw somebody else—anything to give variety to those monotonous ways."

THE FROZEN DEEP.
A NOVEL BY
WILKIE COLLINS.
INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER X.

A man who well knew the use of his instrument. "Oh, my," he thought, "if I had only been born a carpenter instead of a gentleman! A good ax, Master Bateson—I wonder where you got it? Something like a grip, my man, on this handle. Poor Crayford! His words stuck in my throat. A fine fellow—a noble fellow! No use thinking, no use regretting; what is said is said. Work! work! work!"

Plank after plank fell on to the floor. He laughed over the easy task of destruction. "Aha! young Aldersley! It doesn't take much to demolish your bedplace. I'll have it cut down! I would have the whole hut down if they would only give me the chance of chopping at it."

A long strip of wood fell to his ax—long enough to require cutting in two. He turned it, and scooped over it. Something caught his eye. Letters carved in the wood, he looked closer. The letters were faintly and badly cut. He could only make out the first three of them, and even of those he was not quite certain. They looked like C. L. A.—if they looked like anything. He threw down the strip of wood irritably.

"Damn the fellow (whoever he is) who cut this! Why should he carve that name of all the names in the world?"

He paused, considering—then determined to go on again with his self-imposed labor. He was ashamed of his own outburst. He looked eagerly for the ax. "Work, work! Nothing for it but work." He found the ax and went on again.

He cut out another plank. He stopped and looked at it suspiciously. There was carving again on this plank. The letters F. and A. appeared on it. He put down the ax. There were vague misgivings in him which he was not able to realize. The state of his own mind was fast becoming a puzzle to him.

"More carving," he said to himself. "That's the way these young idlers employ their long hours. F. A. Those must be his initials—Frank Aldersley. Who carved the letters on the other plank? Frank Aldersley, too?"

He turned the piece of wood in his hand nearer to the light and looked lower down it. More carving again, lower down! Under the initials F. A. were two more initials—C. B.

"C. B.," he repeated to himself. "His sweetheart's initials, I suppose. Of course—at his age—his sweetheart's initials."

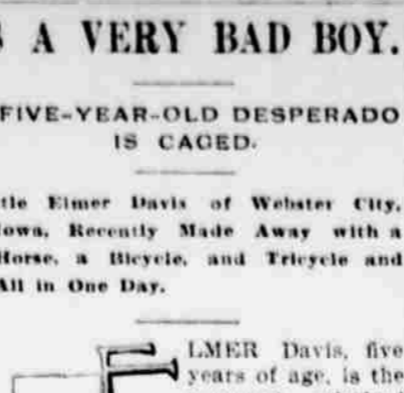
He paused once more. A spasm of inner pain showed the shadow of its mysterious passage outwardly on his face. "Her cypher is C. B.," he said, in low broken tones. "C. B.—Clara Burnham."

He walked with the plank in his hand, repeating the name over and over again, as if it was a question he was putting to himself. "Clara Burnham? Clara Burnham?"

He dropped the plank and turned deadly pale in a moment. His eyes wandered furtively backward and forward between the strip of wood on the floor and the half-demolished berth. "O God! what has come to me now!" he said to himself, in a whisper. He snatched up the ax with a strange cry—something between rage and terror. He tried fiercely—desperately—to go on with his work. No strong as he was, he could not use the ax. His hands were helpless; they trembled incessantly. He went to the fire; he held his hands over it. They still trembled incessantly; they infested the rest of him. He shuddered all over. He knew fear. His own thoughts terrified him.

IS A VERY BAD BOY.
A FIVE-YEAR-OLD DESPERADO IS CAGED.

Little Elmer Davis of Webster City, Iowa, Recently Made Away with a Horse, a Bicycle, and Tricycle and All in One Day.



ELMER Davis, five years of age, is the youngest criminal ever dealt with officially in the state of Iowa. Within a few days he stole a horse and buggy, a bicycle, a tricycle and a quantity of household goods.

At the request of his parents he was sent to the State Reform School at Eldora.

Until a year ago the family resided in Webster City, says a dispatch from that place. From here they moved to Marshalltown. The father of the boy is an industrious and respectable man, who takes great pride in his children. They are always dressed neatly, if not richly, and the whole family is good looking. Little Elmer is the next to the youngest, small and very bright. Until a short time ago there was nothing out of the ordinary in his conduct. He was regarded as a promising child, and was a great favorite with the boys and girls of his neighborhood. His bright eyes and curly hair never failed to attract the attention of passers-by. His parents loved him devotedly, and had no thought that his precocity would take such a startling turn.

When the family lived here the little fellow was much admired by the neighbors, and the parents were highly esteemed. When the report came that the boy had developed into a thief, those acquainted with the family could not account for it and could hardly believe it to be a fact. When the report that he had been committed to the Reform School at the request of both of his parents was confirmed, people could only wonder. Several weeks ago the boy developed a mania for thieving. He was not at all particular about what he stole. The first thing that he happened to fancy would mysteriously disappear, and would finally be found in his possession. At first he confined his operations to his father's house, but when he commenced to appropriate and secrete the property of the neighbors, there was much talk and the parents of the boy were deeply mortified. When

above seventy degrees in the winter. Air every room systematically every day, no matter what the outdoor temperature may be. Always have fresh air in the bedroom; there is nothing more poisonous in "night air," the popular belief to the contrary notwithstanding.

In a word, don't be always afraid of catching cold; don't coddle, but meet cold and wet and changes of temperature like a man—or rather, like a horse and you will then run a better chance of being as strong as a horse.

Of course, you must strengthen your armor where it is weak, but if you recognize in yourself a weak place, a cold spot, don't cover it up with more clothes, but toughen it, and toughen your entire body until it is one homogeneous resistant whole.

HYSTERIC ON WHEELS.
Peculiar Hallucinations of Bicycles Becoming a Recognized Disorder.

"Bicycle hallucinations are becoming a recognized nervous disorder," said a doctor to a reporter for the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "I know of half a dozen cases or more. One woman came to me and claimed she couldn't ride on a street where a street-car line was in operation. Every time a car came along she had a wild impulse to topple over toward it. She simply couldn't help it. Another woman said that whenever she rides her wheel she has an idea that somebody is scorching close behind her. She feels the scorching's presence and expects every moment to be hurled to the ground. If she rides in company with friends she doesn't notice the unpleasant sensation, but it comes to her again as soon as she is alone. A man came into my office a few weeks ago and said there was something wrong with his eyes. I looked at them and they appeared all right. He told me that whenever he rode his wheel—and he was very fond of riding—the ground began to slip away from in front of him and the whole landscape seemed to curl up—and it kept on curling as long as he rode. I fancied I knew what ailed him. I told him to sit up straighter and to keep his eyes off the wheel. I guess I cured his malady, for he hasn't come back. I have another patient, a young girl. When she rides she trembles violently and this imparts a trembling motion to her wheel. It doesn't appear to exhaust her, but she is very much worried because she can't stop it. I think she will outgrow the tendency as she gets older and stronger."

NEW BUSINESS.

Boys Hired to Patch Repair Shops to Help the Repair Shops.
New York Sun: There is already a distrust among wheelmen of the road-houses which have repair shops running in connection with their bicycle racks, and there is one place in particular which has come to be regarded with suspicion by persons who have had their wheels suddenly fall victims to incapacity when least expected. One philanthropist who was anxious to ascertain if the grounds for his distrust were good several times submitted his wheel when it was in perfect condition to the care of the boys in charge of the racks. Every time it was injured. On Sunday one man found a cut plainly made with a sudden slash of a knife in a tire at this same place, and there were, within the experience of a very small circle of persons, several accidents of the same character. The result was that the man in charge of the repair shop was busy all day, and there was not a bicycle under his care that had not been handed over to the charge of the boys who watch the wheels left there by the guests. There are already a number of patrons of the place who are convinced that the boys in charge of the racks have some interest in seeing the repair shop prosper. This is conducted by a young man who runs it entirely on his own responsibility. With the tank fixed supposed to be at work on the approaches to the cycle path and the other parts of the suburbs beset with little danger to wheels, bicycling is taking on new terrors. But there is none of them more difficult to avoid than these accidents that are so closely connected with the attentions of the rack boys at the suburban road-house.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
A Sure Thing for Smith—Why Erastus' Horse Was Fast—His Catching Average—A Sign of Cultivation—Flotsam and Jetsam.

Just as Happy.
HEY, silent sat, while round them soft
The whispering breezes crept;
On high the moon,
A kindly cloud,
Its face averted kept.
The stars were filled
With envy of
The light within
Her eyes.
At least, he thought
so, and he looked
Disdainful at the skies.

They silent sat; no intoned word
The tenderness did break;
No need was to voice their love,
No rather of them spake.
She smiled—a ripple faint and vague
Her charming lips did curl—
She laughed, and straight delicious went
His brain all in a whirl.

They silent sat; did seem strange
In rhythm sweet and soft
The refrain of their love and did
Repeat it oft and oft.
Now was the time, it would be thought,
For him to say the word,
But not a sound did pass his lips
Nor was one by her heard.

They silent sat; it did seem strange
On her part, if not his.
Nor did a word from either come
When he stole a sudden kiss.
No, could wave did voice his thoughts,
Nor did it keep them muffled—
Their finger ends they used, you see,
For both were deaf and dumb.

Laconic.

An instance of prompt obedience to orders is reported by the Electrical Reviewer.

The president of an electric railway company complained to his superintendent, a Hibernian named Finnegan, that his daily reports of trouble on the line were too long—too wordy. "Cut 'em short," said the busy president. The superintendent's next report of a car off the track satisfied all hands. It was:

"O'fagin.
"O'fagin.
"Awayagin."
"Finnigan."

No Monotony.

According to the statement of the ten-year-old daughter of a Massachusetts clergyman, there are ways of making an old sermon seem almost new.

"Molly," said one of the friends of this young critic, "does your father preach the same sermon twice?"

"I think perhaps he does," returned Molly, cautiously, "but I think he talks loud and soft in different places the second time, so it doesn't sound the same at all."



She—"Oh, Mr. Smith, won't you recite for us this evening?"
He—"Really there will be so many strangers present, that—ah—"
She—"Oh, don't mind them, they'll be gone before you're half through."

A Public Benefactor.

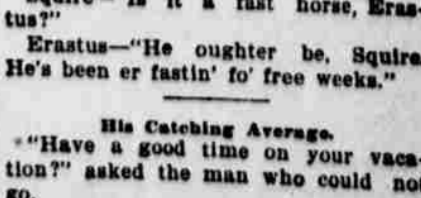
Mr. Smithkins (drawing up his will) —To the Pockville Home for Incurables I leave and bequeath the sum of \$10,000; to the Pockville Orphan Asylum, \$40,000; to the Pockville Baptist church, \$5,000; to start a town library in the town of Pockville, \$10,000; to — Mrs. Smithkins' Goodness met are you crazy? You ain't worth ten cents, and you know it.

Mr. Smithkins—Oh, shut up and lemme be alone! I'm going to take this will round to the president of the Pockville National Bank and have him witness it. I've got to overdraw my account there for \$27 next week.

Working Together.

A Kansas man was talking of that state yesterday and the "good times" there.

"Business brisk, is it?" he was asked.
"Well, it's pretty lively," he replied—"at least, in my town."
"What business are you in?"
"Well," he replied hesitatingly, "my wife is chief of police, and I'm on the force!"—Atlanta Constitution.



Fast Indeed.
Squire—"Is it a fast horse, Erastus?"
Erastus—"He oughter be, Squire. He's been er fastin' fo' free weeks."
His Catching Average.
"Have a good time on your vacation?" asked the man who could not go.
"Made a record of 750," cheerfully answered the young man.
"Did what?"
"Proposed to thirty-six girls and was accepted by twenty-seven."
A Sign of Cultivation.
"Somebody must be cultivating the widow."
"Yes."
"Any way, her weeds have disappeared."

Building Bill Testifies.

Building Bill was on the stand as a witness for the defense in the case of Bronco Charlie, charged with shooting and wounding Everlasting Ephraim. Ordinarily there would have been no prosecution in such a case, but Bronco Charlie had used a shotgun, and as the statute of the frontier prescribed Winchester or six-shooters, public sentiment was aroused.

The prosecuting attorney was a recent arrival from the east, and his method of procedure was in itself enough to clear a prisoner before any jury in Arizona. He asked:
"Was the man shot and wounded?"
"Yes," was the answer.
"Was the gun loaded?"
"I dunno."
The lawyer thought he saw a chance to confuse the witness. "Now, sir, will you please explain to the court, sir, how a man could possibly be shot with a gun that was not loaded, sir?"
"I suppose," answered Bulldozing Bill, with a grin, "that god-darned thing was like you and this here case you er tryin' to make out. It went off whether there was anything in it or not."

The jury forgave Bronco Charlie's disregard of good form.

Better Left Unsaid.

Two glazing girls pushed their way into the crowded car. The one was pretty, and knew it; while the other wasn't, and didn't seem to know it. After a great deal of squeezing that almost took their breath away, they at last reached the front part of the car. They kept up their giggling until a man who was trying to read in the corner seat got up in disgust and went out on the front platform. Although they both wanted to sit down, neither wished to deprive the other of the seat.

"You take it, dear," said the pretty one.
"I wouldn't enjoy it at all if I knew you were standing," replied the other. Then they began giggling again. At last, when another woman rushed up to take it, the pretty girl shoved her friend into the seat, saying: "The first thing we know we'll lose it. Besides, my dear, it's better for you to take it, because I'm more likely to have a seat offered me."
The homely girl stopped giggling and turned red in the face, and when her friend got out about a mile beyond she never as much as bade her good-bye.

An Estimate.

Father—in asking for the hand of my daughter, young man, I trust that you fully realize the exact value of the prize you seek? Prospective Son-in-Law—Well—er—I hadn't figured it quite so close as that, but I guessed it at about \$500,000.—San Francisco Examiner.

Paper Defense.

Foreman—Why doesn't the editor finish this editorial on "Let America Defy the World"? It's only half done. Assistant—Oh, he got scared a while ago and ran out at the back door, and hasn't been back since. A mad scribbler came in.

Method in His Madness.

Mr. Wellwood (in his friend's kitchen)—Say, Henpeck, you must have been crazy when you bought such a lot of paper and wooden plates! Mr. Henpeck (chuckling)—That's just what my wife said, until she began throwing them at me.

Not a Break.

Barines—Perfidious woman, you have broken my heart. Miss Wheeler—Oh, I don't think it is as bad as that. Nothing worse than a small puncture.—Indianaapolis Journal.



SOME PICTURES OF HIM TAKEN A YEAR AGO.

THE AVOIDANCE OF COLDS.

In a recent issue of the Companion a few words were said concerning the usual modes of catching cold, and mention was made of the various especially sensitive areas of the body, or "cold spots," but nothing was said as to the best means of protecting these spots and preserving the body in general from colds.

It is not always sufficient, however, to point out a danger; it is often of even greater importance to show how the danger may be averted. Most people properly recognize a cold as avoidable, and they are greatly to be commended for the prudence they exercise in protecting themselves; but if they did not know it, they are really doing all they can to make themselves susceptible to colds by weakening their resisting powers.

A German professor once wrote a long treatise, with a learned title, on how to avoid catching cold. After tracing the history of colds from the earliest ages, studying their causes and symptoms, and cataloguing the remedies which have been used by the most eminent physicians of all times, he concluded with a short chapter on prevention.

His plan was to inure the back of the neck to drafts by having some one direct a current of air upon it from a bellows three times a day. The writer had the correct idea, although its practical application was clumsy, and he was a long time in reaching it. The best and only way to escape colds is to meet the causes that produce them and not to run from them.

Let the body be hardened by a cold sponge bath or even a cold plunge, followed by brisk rubbing with a "scratcher" towel every morning. Let the clothing be adapted to the season, though always as light as possible, but keep the neck uncovered—no turned-up coat collar, no muffler, no boa. Never let the temperature in the house rise

THREW AWAY THE GAME.

Because He Didn't Want the Old Man's Daughter.

Some one had just read a story of two men who had played a game of cards for the hand of a girl, says the Detroit Free Press. "I never believe such yarns," declared one of the listeners. "Some fellow just imagines and then writes them up."

This was the cue for the man who had seen much of the world before settling down. "I saw two men play for a bride once. I was down south as a sort of companion and body guard for an invalid who was traveling through the mountains on a horseback. A storm kept us for three days at a place where the daughter of the house was one of those stately beauties who occasionally find among the mountaineers. One of her own people wanted to marry her and her affections were centered on a shrewd young Yankee who was down there for some purpose he kept to himself. Both the suitors happened there one evening during our presence, the young native called the girl's father aside and after he had declined to let the two fight for his daughter it was decided that a game of old sledge must determine her fate. I sat behind the Yankee, while the father was at the shoulder of the man he favored. One game of seven points was to settle the fateful controversy.

"I noticed that my man played indifferently, but luck was with him and he had six points to his opponent's five. On the deal my man got the ace and deuce, which made him a winner, and I was about to congratulate him, when he gave my leg a squeeze that went to the bone.
"What have you for high?" he asked.
"King."
"What for low?"
"Four spot."
"She's yours," and the voice was sad. Nervously shuffling the deck, he congratulated the beaming young mountaineer. "Not a word now," he said, when he got me alone. "I didn't want her. Had I said so the old man would have taken it as an insult. Had I wanted her and won her I would never have lived to marry any one."

The first sermon in Maine was delivered at Monhegan, August 9, 1607.

THE POPE'S COURT.

The court of Pope Leo XIII. comprises 1,000 persons. There are twenty valets, 120 house prelates, 170 privy chamberlains, six chamberlains, 300 extra-honorary chamberlains, 130 supernumerary chamberlains, thirty officers of the noble guard and sixty guardsmen, fourteen officers of the Swiss guard and palace guard, seven honorary chaplains, twenty private secretaries, ten stewards and masters of the horse, sixty doorknockers.

The Readers Do the Work.

Many Roads—I wrote a poem to-day. Reta Bit—Ain't writin' poetry a good deal like work? Many Roads—Not in dis case. It was a magazine poem.

RAM'S HORNS.

A fool's company is not hard to find. Opinions never change the weather. Honesty has never found a substitute.

Gold loses its shine, when it is gotten by guile.
The best safe for your money is a prudent wife.
A giant among giants is not aware of his own size.
The ass might sing better if he didn't pitch his tune so high.
The man robs others who does not make the best of himself.
Nothing can happen without bringing good to those who love God.
Everybody says, "Go up higher," to the man who is "getting there."
Call a little man great, and other little people will throw up their hats.
To get the good out of the years, we must learn how to live each hour well.
Whenever an ass brays, he probably thinks he has enlightened the world.
The devil cannot be less merciful to men than they have been to each other.
A shallow man may always see the face of a fool by looking into a deep well.
We may stand on the highest hill. If we are only willing to take steps enough.
If you talk to a mule about voice culture, take care to keep away from his heels.

The first sermon in Maine was delivered at Monhegan, August 9, 1607.



CHAPTER XI.
Till at work!
"So you lay for I exclaimed, looking at the half-demolished bed-place.
"Give yourself a little rest, Richard.
The exploring party is ready to start. If you wish to take leave of your brother officers before they go we have no time to lose."
He checked himself there, looking

FEVER AT NEW ORLEANS.

The Plague Still Spreading, but the Death Rate is Small. New Orleans, La., Oct. 13.—The fever situation grew no worse here yesterday, but at the same time there is no rift yet showing through the clouds, and the promise is not bright for the immediate reopening of the avenues of industry.

Cases of yellow fever 38, deaths 3; total cases of yellow fever to date 634, cases absolutely recovered 277, total cases under treatment 359.

Yesterday's deaths: Joseph Collette, 1163 Constance; Allen Giles, Tournoir innery; J. Strum, 2523 Claiborne. Mobile, Ala., Oct. 13.—Three new cases in the twenty-four hours ending last night; no deaths in the forty-eight hours ending last night.

Discharged: Mrs. W. P. White, Eugene and Burd; T. P. Wagner, Joseph Pierre and Charles A. Girod. Total cases to date 129, deaths 20, discharged 72, under treatment 37.

Postmaster Appointed. Washington, Oct. 13.—The following Texas postmasters were appointed yesterday: Coveville, Collin county, Samuel A. Higdon; Dial, Fannin county, L. D. Shifflett; Eastland, Eastland county, C. M. Sparr; Goforth, Hays county, John W. Alled; Handley, Tarrant county, Joseph W. Smith; Hammond, Buchel county, Nels O. Pierson; Lilly, Hunt county, J. H. Johnston; Lost Spring, Wharton county, S. V. Wilson; Ozona, Crockett county, Powell Herndon; Proloch, Sterling county, Lou V. Colbaugh; Seadrift, Calhoun county, Mrs. Minnie Dierlam.

Monetary Commission. Washington, Oct. 13.—The monetary commission at its session yesterday discussed the preliminary reports submitted by the committee on metallic currency, and also a partial report on demand obligations.

Masons Convene. Baltimore, Md., Oct. 13.—The opening exercises of the thirteenth triennial and also the centennial convocation of the general grand chapter Royal Arch Masons of the United States was held yesterday morning at the temple on North Charles street.

Miss Cienfuegos in New York. New York, Oct. 13.—It was said at the Cuban junta here yesterday that Senorita Evangelina Cosio Cienfuegos, the Cuban girl who recently escaped from the prison in Havana, will make her bow before a New York public some time to-day.

Berling Sea Conference.

Washington, Oct. 13.—Secretary Sherman has written a reply to the note of Lord Salisbury, expressing regret at Great Britain's declination to take part in a Berling sea conference in which Russia and Japan are to participate.

The answer states that the United States government views with astonishment the determination of Great Britain not to participate in a conference including Russia and Japan, and the statement is made that up to the 23d of last month the United States authorities had fully expected that the conference would proceed with Russia and Japan as well as Great Britain present.

At one of these verbal exchanges, it is stated Lord Salisbury said he would advise with the officials of the foreign office concerning the subjects discussed, which included the participation of Russia and Japan.

ALASKAN NEWS. A Report Received at the Interior Department Regarding the Gold Boom. Washington, Oct. 13.—Sheldon Jackson, United States general agent of education for Alaska, writing from St. Michaels under date of September 13 has sent a report to the interior department regarding the gold boom.

Miners Strike. Chattanooga, Tenn., Oct. 13.—The miners employed at the coal mines of the New Saddy Coal company, near this city, about 500 in number, went out on a strike yesterday for an increase in wages.

Cabinet Meeting. Washington, Oct. 13.—The cabinet meeting yesterday was attended by all members except Secretary Wilson. After about an hour's session, Secretaries Sherman, Alger and Long left the White House, and the others discussed what the president suggested of the affairs in their respective departments.

Fever Situation Improved.

Galveston, Tex., Oct. 14.—The people of Galveston did not fall over each other in a wild scramble for seats on the special refugee train of the International and Great Northern, which left for St. Louis yesterday afternoon.

The hall was opened by a meeting of the city council at 10 o'clock, and it was not a meeting either. Mayor Rice was of the opinion Tuesday night that it was necessary to call a meeting of the city council to pass an ordinance empowering the board of health to visit any cases of sickness in the city.

FATAL ACCIDENT. One Man Killed and Others Injured by Falling Rafters. Plano, Tex., Oct. 14.—One of the worst accidents that ever occurred in the history of this city happened about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon at the new Baptist Church, in course of erection, killing one man outright and seriously injuring five others, three of whom will likely recover.

Blind Hinges. Blind hinges are being made with a semi-circular cog on the part which is attached to the blind, with a rod which ends in a gear wheel at one end to mesh in the cog on the blind, the other end projecting through the wall into the room and ending in a knob or lever by which to turn the blind from the inside.

Bitten by a Mad Dog. Greenville, Tex., Oct. 14.—Walter Bell of Caddo Mills was bitten on the arm yesterday morning by a mad dog. The wound was cauterized and he came here to apply a mad stone. The stone could not adhere to the wound, so he hopes the poison is destroyed.

Denison, Tex., Oct. 14.—M. C. Vaughan, a prominent merchant of Caddo, while trying to place a belt on a flywheel in his gin at Caddo, I. T. Tuesday afternoon, was dangerously hurt in the lower part of the abdomen and thigh.

Profitable Age to Sell Steers.

J. W. Robe.—There are evidently two or three ways of raising steers, which materially affects their growth; and upon this much depends when they should go to market in order to bring the highest price, hence quantity and quality of food eaten must enter largely into a correct answer.

NEW ROUTE TO HEALTH. Little, frosted, palatable tablets, in a dainty enameled metal box, just right for the vest pocket or the lady's purse.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS. WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

Keep in Good Form during the winter. Riding will do it, and a Columbia bicycle will do it best of all. You can depend on a Columbia Bicycle to give you plenty of winter exercise and just as good service as it will in summer.

STANDARD OF THE WORLD means that Columbias are the patterns for all others. \$75 to all alike. Hartford Bicycles, Better than any except \$50, \$45, \$40. POPE MFG. CO., Hartford Conn.

Chemical Milk Preservers.—The preservation of milk by chemicals, even if it were justifiable to practice it, is not a procedure that in any manner or form should be contemplated by far-sighted people, nor is it in any way conducive of better results towards attaining a milk which keeps qualities sufficiently prolonged to serve all requirements, as methods such as cooling, Pasteurization and sterilizing, and which are now conceded to be the only methods which should be contemplated anywhere.

MY BABY.

My baby is so fat and healthy since I am well again. As long as I was under the weather my baby was so peevish and thin that it was enough to make me cry to look at it. Your restorative Little Willie's baby began to recover.

EVERYBODY SAYS SO. Casarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, active and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels.

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Extraordinary Longevity.

An interesting statement has lately appeared in the daily press to the effect that there has just died in the Basque provinces a man aged one hundred and forty-eight years six months and nine days.

NO MISTAKE. Thousands have been cured promptly of NEURALGIA BY ST. JACOB'S OIL. BLACK LEG. Beware of Imitations. NONE GENUINE WITHOUT OUR TRADE MARK.

CANDY CATHARTIC. Cure Constipation. REGULATE THE LIVER. ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Cancer of the Face.

Mrs. Laura E. Sims, of Dawson, Ga., says: "A small pimple of a strawberry color appeared on my cheek; it soon began to grow rapidly, notwithstanding all efforts to check it. My eye became terribly inflamed, and was so swollen that for quite a while I could not see."

A Real Blood Remedy. Cancer is a blood disease, and only a blood remedy will cure it. S. S. S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) is a real blood remedy, and never fails to permanently cure Cancer, Scrofula, Eczema, Rheumatism or any other disease of the blood.

NEURALGIA BY ST. JACOB'S OIL. BLACK LEG. Beware of Imitations. NONE GENUINE WITHOUT OUR TRADE MARK.

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J. E. POOLE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Advertising rates made known on application

Terms \$1.50 per annum, invariably cash in advance.

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

Saturday, Oct. 23, 1897.

LOCAL DOTS.

—Dr. E. E. Gilbert has gone to the Dallas fair.

—Capt. R. F. Hunter was in the city this week.

—A good heating stove for sale or trade. A. LEE KIRBY.

—Mr. H. R. Jones attended court at Rayner this week.

—Mr. T. J. Lemmon has gone to the Dallas fair.

—Judge P. D. Sanders attended court at Rayner this week.

—Just come to see me with your cash if you want LOW prices.

S. L. ROBERTSON.

—Judge H. G. McConnell attended court at Rayner this week.

—Messrs S. W. Scott and A. C. Foster attended court at Anson last week.

—Messrs A. C. Foster and W. B. Anthony left Monday on their wheels for Dallas.

—Dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes, hats, &c., all CHEAP at S. L. ROBERTSON'S.

—Judge J. W. Evans has gone to the Dallas fair and may visit friends in Ellis county before he returns.

—Mrs. J. H. Meadors left Tuesday for Dickens City where she will visit relatives for a week or two.

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

—The admission fee for the Round Up and Fair is going to be very small. Chiarm. Bentley and his committee say the object is going to be to give the best entertainment possible at the least expense to those who shall attend.

—Mr. John Jones has ginned over 600 bales of cotton. He thinks he will gin 1200 bales this year.

—Mr. Walter Meadors and Miss Ethel Hills were married on last Sunday at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Anthony.

—Parties owing me will recollect that all accounts, notes, &c. were due Oct. 1st and some long before Business can't run without money. A hint to the wise will do.

B. H. DODSON.

—Mrs. R. E. Sherrill, Sr. left Wednesday for Alabama where she will spend some time visiting her daughter. Mrs. Sherrill has many friends here who wish her a pleasant trip.

—There are more good horses in the Abilene Country than in any other part of Texas. The very best of them will be on the grounds at the Abilene Country Round-Up and Fair the second week in November.

—Ladies come and see our millinery department, its the only First-Class ever here; its private and nice.

T. G. CARNEY & CO.

—Messrs Keister & Hazlewood had Mr. Kelly to put them in a splendid brick flue at their business place. It is a neat job.

—Owens Bros. wish to state that they have opened up their beef market again and will keep fresh beef for sale all the time.

—The gin took fire Monday but was promptly extinguished with the fire apparatus. The fire originated in the north stand, burned down the lint flue into the condenser, and into the press where there was a half bale.

—The very best cattle of all breeds to be found in Texas are those of the Abilene country. They are going to be on exhibit at the Abilene Country Round-Up and Fair, the 2nd week in November. D. L. Middleton will be in charge of this department.

—Mr. J. L. Jones caught his horse around the neck the other day and the horse got scared and just ran completely over him, hence Mr. J. complains of being sore.

—We saw a letter today, dated 13th inst., from the Southern Pacific Transportation Co. to S. Lapowski & Bro., explaining the long delay in the transportation of their goods. Several hundred packages were sent to Algiers and then back to New York, and are now en route to Galveston by special steamer, from which point they will be dispatched to Abilene. Read the special announcement in today's Reporter.

Spaniards Want Cuban Annexation.

Matanzas, Cuba, via Key West, Oct. 18.—The business element in Havana and elsewhere seems to have arrived at the conclusion that the Madrid government, can not end the war on the basis of autonomy to Cuba, as there are not enough loyalists among the autonomists to hold public office. At least that is the claim the conservative Spaniards make. In addition the latter express the belief that the autonomists, even if they were placed in power, would not be able to preserve peace and protect life and property from the lawless elements.

In view of this condition of affairs, a number of important merchants and sugar planters of Spanish origin, in conjunction with several Cubans of prominence, have been holding secret meetings and corresponding with people in various parts of the island with the object of ascertaining the views of the commercial and planting community in Pinar del Rio Havana, Matanzas and Santa Clara provinces, as to the future for Cuba most likely to further their interests and those of the island in general.

It is expected that the majority of the replies will be favorable to annexation of Cuba to the United States, as the Washington government alone, apparently, is able to guarantee peace in Cuba and the protection of life and property.

As soon as it was ascertained that this element of persons appealed to are in favor of annexation, a committee will be sent to the United States with instructions to lay the case of Cuba clearly before business men of prominence in the United States and ask the latter to unite with the business men of Cuba in a petition to the Washington government, asking the United States, in view of the failure of the conservatives to suppress the insurrection by force of arms, and pointing out the impossibility of the liberals ending the war by establishing an autonomous form of government, to bring about the annexation of Cuba to the United States.

The plan of Senor Sagasta, the new Spanish premier, to give autonomy to Cuba, is far from giving satisfaction and has greatly increased the feeling of discontent. The autonomists party, it is pointed out, exists only in name, the actual majority of the autonomists being in the insurgent ranks, and with the exception possibly of Senor Montoro and a few other prominent autonomists, the masses of the party are in sympathy with the rebels.

Consequently, it will be seen, the Spanish government, which has consulted Senor Montoro on the subject is finding difficulty in obtaining the suggestion of names of autonomists to fill offices under an autonomist form of government. It would be imprudent, it is added, to give such offices to the party known as the reformists, as the more influential Spaniards hate them, and the adoption of such a policy would possibly mean rioting and even worse. Besides the masses of the resident Spaniards are strongly anti-autonomists and there is little or no prospect of making them change their minds.

Recognizing the difficulty of the task before Senor Sagasta, it is not astonishing that the business community in Cuba is exchanging views on the subject of annexation to the United States, especially as a general uprising of the Spanish element is feared if the Spanish government persists in pushing its autonomist policy. Business men believe that autonomy is only the first step towards independence in Cuba, and the feeling of commercial classes being that annexation to the United States and the consequent safeguards to life and property is far preferable to the establishment of a new republic in Cuba.

The city of Bayamo, one of the most important in the province of Santiago de Cuba, has been quietly abandoned recently, its inhabitants moving, as a rule, to Veguitas, fearing a repetition at Rayamo of insurgent raids on Victor de la Tunis. The recent release of large numbers of political prisoners from different political settlements was due to the disgust experienced in certain Spanish circles here at the extreme severity exercised towards them, but it is now believed the Spanish government intends to grant general amnesty.

It is said here that some very warm cable messages were exchanged between Gen. Weyler and members of the Sagasta cabinet during the first days in office of that ministry.

—If you owe me and can raise the money please don't wait for me to ask you for it. I need it; in fact, I must collect. Respectfully,

S. L. ROBERTSON

Wall Paper and Paint

We have sold Wall paper for twenty years. This year we have the prettiest patterns and lowest prices. Our Paint (Masurys) will stand longer than any brand of mixed paint ever used in this country, and twice as long as white lead.

BASS BROS. - Abilene, Tex.

P. S. We are headquarters for new and 2nd hand School Books, with covers. One of the firm spent a month in buying our HOLIDAY goods. SPECIAL PRICES TO DEALERS.

NEW GOODS! IMMENSE STOCK!

Now open and Ready for our customers.

No Dingley tariff!

We got into the Chicago market just in time to make our purchases before the rise caused by the new tariff law—in fact we had to pay a little advance on only one piece of dress goods. This advantage will go to our customers in lower prices, and we will be able to

Defy competition!

We didn't buy our goods straight through at one or two houses, but took the most tempting offers made us here and there, paying cash and thus getting our goods at very low prices, besides dodging the tariff, hence we are in position to defy competition at home and to sell so cheap that it won't pay you to go to the railroad towns to buy. We stand ready to prove this if you are enough interested in prices to come and see.

Quality all Right.

We guarantee the quality of our goods to be first-class all the way through and we invite comparison on this as well as on prices.

Staple Dry Goods.

Our stock of staple and heavy dry goods is very large and complete—Domestics, Calicoes, Checks, Cottonades, Drillings, Cotton Flannels, Jeans, Linseys, etc., in great variety.

Dress Goods.

In our dress goods department will be found all the latest fabrics in the most stylish colorings, designs and weaves, as well as the most desirable and serviceable things approved by past experience. The kinds and styles are too numerous to mention here.

Notions and Trimmings.

A great variety in these lines; something designed to suit the taste and please the fancy of everyone.

Shoes.

Well, we've got them for everybody! Little and big, common and fine ones. Lots of them on our shelves now and \$2.00 worth more soon to be here. You can't buy shoes anywhere, railroad or no railroad, cheaper than from us—we've got too many and they must go.

Clothing.

Great stacks of clothing weight our counters down; the biggest and best lot you ever saw in Haskell, and, like our other goods, the prices are right—just step up stairs and we'll fit you in price, style and quality.

Other Lines.

There are many other lines of goods and various specialties which we have not space to mention, but will be pleased to have you call and let us show you through our stock and quote you prices—they will be so low that you'll think the railroads didn't charge any freight on them.

MILLINERY. Miss Wilson is again in charge of this department which is well stocked with hats and trimmings of the latest styles. Yours for business,

F. G. ALEXANDER & CO.



2 CANS OF B. T. BABBITT'S PURE POTASH IS EQUAL TO 3 of any Other BRAND.

3 Cans of any Other Brands, - 25 cts.
2 Cans of B. T. Babbitt's PURE POTASH - 20 cts.
SAVES THE CONSUMER, 5 cts.

INSIST ON HAVING B. T. BABBITT'S Pure Potash or Lye.

Special Announcement.

S. Lapowski & Bro., have had their entire stock of fall goods held up by the quarantine, at Algiers, and shipped back to New York, from which point they are notified by the Southern Pacific Co., that a steamer will at once be dispatched with them to Galveston. Just when these goods will arrive it is hard to say, but when they do come, two months late, they will be at once put on the market regardless of cost, and sold wholesale and retail at unprecedented low prices, by order of the wholesale houses, as the season is too late to otherwise dispose of them. Watch these columns for notice of their arrival and for unheard of prices.

—Mr. L. S. Jones was in the city Wednesday.

—If you owe me and can raise the money please don't wait for me to ask you for it. I need it; in fact, I must collect. Respectfully,

S. L. ROBERTSON

Say boys that little play made on men has last week don't go. We can knock that play to pieces. Come and see us. T. G. CARNEY & Co.

Card of Thanks.

Haskell, Texas, Oct. 17th 1897.

I wish to express through the columns of your valuable paper my sincere thanks to the people of Haskell for their kind service rendered me during my babies illness, and especially to Dr. Gilbert and wife.

Yours truly,
J. J. ALBIN.

—Figure with us if you want low prices. We don't mind losing a few dimes if we can get your love, influence and tongue to going our way.

T. G. CARNEY & CO.

Valuable to Women.
Especially valuable to women is Brown's Iron Bitters. Backache vanishes, headache disappears, strength takes the place of weakness, and the glow of health comes to the pallid cheek when this wonderful remedy is taken. For sickly children or overworked men it has no equal. No home should be without Brown's Iron Bitters. For sale by All Dealers.

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, 368
Vernon Cobb, 260
Jerald Hills, 365

Free Press Scholarship Contest

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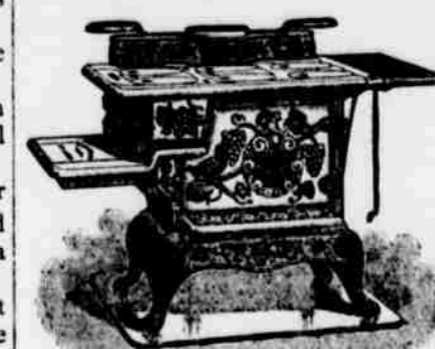
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Full Stock, Work Promptly to Order.

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

Your Trade is Solicited.



IT IS TIME To Think of BUYING A STOVE.

We have just received a

Car Load.

POPULAR BRIDGE BEACH & CO'S COOKING

AND HEATING STOVES.

These stoves are first class in every particular and will be sold at prices that will beat going to the railroad for them.

Call and see them.

McCollum & Wilbourn Co.

FOR Crayon, Box Paper and Tablets

Of All Kinds; Pens, Pencils, Ink, Double & Single Slates, Go To **McLemore's,**

HE HAS JUST GOTTEN IN A BIG LINE AND CAN SUIT YOU WITH ANY KIND YOU WANT. . . P. S. He also has a big stock of BLOTTERS and LEDGERS.

THE ANSON ROLLER MILL

Is a candidate for your business in its line. It gives you—
33 1-3 lbs. Good Patent Flour and 10lbs. 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.

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 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.