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A "KATY" HOLDUP.

SANDIFHS HAD AN EASY TIME IN ROBBING EXPRESS CAR.

Passengers Were Also Touched--Amount Secured Was Small--Eight Men Have Been Arrested and Taken to Jail--The Women Not Molested.

Denison, Texas, August 14.—Yesterday morning at 1 a. m. at Caney tank, on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, forty miles north of Denison, passenger train No. 3, south bound, was held up. The express car was looted, the safe dynamited, the mail car rifled and a small amount of money taken.

The passengers on the train were held up and robbed of their money, but in no instance would the robbers take diamonds, watches or jewelry. The express car was badly wrecked by the dynamite used in blowing open the safe. No passengers were injured and no violence was done any of the passengers or train crew.

After the work was done, the robbers, who seemed to enjoy the situation, sat around and laughed over the matter. The whole affair was carried out without a hitch, and it is believed the men have had experience in this line of business. While the robbery was going on the operator at Caney, hearing the shots, advised the Denison office that the train was being robbed. After holding the train two hours the robbers left, going into the bottoms. The trainmen cut out the wrecked express car and ran down to the Caney station, advising the officers up and down the road. The express company claim they lost nothing, and Conductor Dolan estimates the passengers' loss at about \$200. Both safes were demolished by the explosions and the baggage car was wrecked.

The point where this robbery was committed is one of the most favorable spots in the Indian Territory for a robbery. It lies about eleven miles south of Atoka, Choctaw Nation in the dense woods of the Caney and Boggy bottoms, which extend through the most sparsely settled section of the Choctaw Nation and afford the robbers protection from pursuit in that direction, and a man or men knowing the country could easily elude officers and get away.

A few hours after the Caney robbery was committed eight men were arrested by the deputy United States marshals who were on the ground soon after the robbery was committed. Shoes which were worn at the train were found where they had been taken off and hidden, and they were taken to the bloodhounds for scent and then the robbers were put on the ground, where the robbers worked and ran a trail straight to where the arrests were made. Soon after the robbery there was a heavy rain in the vicinity where it was committed.

In possession of one of the men arrested was found an old suit of clothes, described as being worn by one of the robbers, some of the shoes worn and one of the masks. These were found about the premises where the arrests were made. One pair of shoes was found in the fire box of a cook stove. The men were taken to Atoka, where they were lodged in jail. The men under arrest all live around Caney and are well known in that vicinity.

They officers have four suits of clothes, shoes and masks used in the robbery at Caney, and these have been taken in charge by the officers to offer as evidence.

A Farmer Assassinated.

Austin, Texas, August 14.—Oscar Perry, a young farmer residing near Lytton Springs, about twenty-five miles from Austin, was the victim of an assassin at midnight last night. He was asleep when some one fired a load of buckshot into him from an open window near his bed. His wife was not injured. The assassin escaped.

Manila.—Superintendent of Schools Atkinson is preparing a magnificent reception for the 600 American school teachers, who are expected to arrive here in a few days from San Francisco.

Engine Went Into The Ditch.

Austin, Texas, August 14.—Passenger train No. 1 (southbound) on the International and Great Northern, while running forty miles an hour, hit a cow on the curve near Elliot at 11:50 last night. The engine turned over and rolled into the ditch. It was a miracle that the engineer and fireman were not killed. The fireman and baggagemaster were slightly bruised. No passengers were injured. The train was twelve hours late.

THE BATTLE IS ON.

STRIKERS AND MAGNATES ARE NOW FACE TO FACE.

The Contest Is Being Waged With Vigor by the Leaders of Both Sides—Trust Has the Best of It—Importing Men Successfully—50,000 Out.

Pittsburg, Pa., August 13.—The action of the Amalgamated men at Chicago Joliet and Bay View in refusing to come out on the general strike order promulgated by President Shaffer of the Amalgamated association and their failure to secure any recruits in the Carnegie group throughout the Klackminetas valley and the big plants at Youngtown and Columbus have been markedly disappointing to them. They are keeping up the fight, however, in a spirited manner and claim that they have strength in reserve which will surprise their opponents.

In witness whereof I have hereunto signed my name and caused the seal of the State to be affixed at Austin this, the 13th day of August, A. D. 1901, Joseph D. Sayers, Governor.

By the governor: John G. Tod, Secretary of State.

A Slick Depositor.

Chicago, August 14.—It leaked out here today, says the Inter-Ocean that one of the Chicago banks was recently swindled out of \$30,000 in cash in a skillful manner. An effort is being made to keep the matter secret and not even the name of the bank is given. It seems that a depositor of several years' standing appeared a few days ago in the bank president's office with a draft on London for 6000 pounds sterling which was perfectly good. The depositor informed the president he desired to deposit this London draft and at the same time check against it, presenting his check for \$30,000 for the president to O. K. The latter put his initials on it and thought nothing of it. The depositor then went into the bank and deposited his London draft and on the following day presented a check for \$30,000, which was paid, the teller knowing that amount was to his credit on the books. Later in the day he again appeared at the window and presented the check for \$30,000 which had been O. K.'d by the president. This check was also paid. Nothing more has since been seen of the depositor.

Hayden vs. Cranfill.

Dallas, Texas, August 14.—After a trial lasting exactly sixty days and that has cost Dallas county alone about \$7000 the jury in the famous Hayden-Cranfill damage suit were finally discharged tonight after having been out since Thursday last. The jury at 6 p. m. announced to Judge Morgan of the Forty-fourth district court that they could not agree upon a verdict. This was the third trial of the suit. The first trial was held over eighteen months ago and resulted in a verdict of \$30,000 for the plaintiff. The court of civil appeals reversed this, remanded the case and the second trial one year ago, resulted in a hung jury. This action was repeated tonight. The case is one of the most celebrated in the State's legal annals. Rev. Dr. S. A. Hayden sued Rev. Dr. J. B. Cranfill and about thirty other prominent Baptist ministers and laymen for \$100,000 damages. He alleged this amount damage had been done him by defendants ousting him from the State Baptist general convention, held at San Antonio in 1897. All the State, and Baptists in particular, have watched the course of the struggle.

The Big Strike.

Pittsburg, Pa., August 14.—Neither side moved today in the great industrial conflict between employers and employees in the steel trade and the result is still in the balance. The strikers made gains at Pittsburg, McKeesport, Wheeling and Bellaire in the last twenty-four hours, but in the main the advantage is still with the mill owners. Both sides claim to be preparing moves that will bring confusion to the other, but neither side has shown its hand. The general situation tonight can be briefly summarized as follows: Ten men, five of them skilled, quit at the Lower Union mill of the Carnegie company in Pittsburg and joined the strikers. Their defection represented the first break in the Carnegie forces of more than 15,000 men. The strikers were jubilant, but the company claims to have filled their places at once and there will be no more desertions at any of the plants.

St. Louis.—C. E. Miner, general Western passenger agent of the Mexican Central railroad, with headquarters in this city, died of heart failure.

Kruger's Failing Health.

New York, August 14.—Reports of Mr. Kruger's failing health are not authoritatively confirmed, says the Tribune's London representative. Specialists may be required for his injured eyesight, but feeble heart action is the real source of danger and can not be guarded against.

Christina.—Four-fifths of the town of Faraland, on the North Sea, has been destroyed by fire. About 1200 people were rendered homeless.

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Is the Monroe Doctrine to Stand? New York, August 13.—A dispatch to the Journal and Advertiser from Paris says: Germany certainly, and probably France also, are striving to upset the Monroe doctrine by trying to purchase Cay Romano and Cayo Cruz, two of the islands of the Greater Antilles, just off the northern coast of Cuba.

Neither country seeks to gain control through a German syndicate, the chief of which is Baron Adolf Oppenheim of Paris.

Cayo Romano is the third largest Spanish island of the Greater Antilles and both islands, being the nearest to the United States coast would give foreigners power, through their commanding position.

Territory Oil Boom.

Fort Sill, August 13.—Oil companies with fabulous sums announced for their capital are being organized hourly in the new town of Lawton near here. Twenty or more "promoters" and "oil experts" had bottles of oil in display today. No gushers have been brought in. The excitement is not confined to any particular district. Evidence of oil can be found in all directions.

The district is about eleven miles north of Lawton. Oil locators have plastered the entire country with mineral claims and an Ottumwa, Iowa, company has 2000 acres staked in one body. Another company claiming a capital of a quarter of a million dollars, has laid a large tract ninety miles north-east of Lawton, and a third company has been organized, on paper at least, and placed its capital stock at a million dollars.

Drowned in the Bath.

New York, August 13.—Sterling Mullah of Edinburgh, Scotland, was drowned while in a bath with a party of friends at Point Pleasant, N. J., with Edward Childs Cronan, George Smith of the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Houghton of the publishing firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and Mr. C. C. Cook. The life guards warned them of the bad current, at which they laughed. Soon, however, several were beyond their depth, but apparently enjoying the swim. Finally all made for shore, but Mr. Mullah and Mr. Cronan were unequal to the task. A life guard swam with a line to Mr. Cronan and rescued him, but before anyone could reach Mr. Mullah he was lost. Mr. Mullah was an artist of some reputation.

Tragedy Near Austin.

Austin, Texas, August 13.—A crowd of Mexicans tried to kill Constable Sellers at McNeill Saturday night. A big Mexican, accompanied by three or four pals, walked into a saloon and threw a six-shooter into the face of the constable, and told him to throw up his hands. Deputy Constable Brooks was also in the saloon, and when the Mexican made this demand both officers drew their guns and opened fire. The Mexican shot first, and it is a mystery how he failed to kill Sellers. Brooks fired just after the Mexican, and the leader of the gang fell to the floor mortally wounded. The other Mexicans fled.

Bloody Tragedy Near Elgin.

Austin, Texas, August 13.—A bloody tragedy in which two boys 15 years old, participated, occurred yesterday afternoon at Pleasant Grove, four miles from Elgin. The boys are the sons of William Owens and George Carter. The boys met in front of the church while services were in progress, when the Owens boy stabbed the Carter boy to death. Much excitement prevailed.

Bomb Exploded in a Saloon.

Chicago, August 13.—A dynamite bomb or a bottle of nitro-glycerine, presumably the latter, was exploded in the rear of George Little's saloon on South Clark street late last night, killing one person and injuring five others.

While mystery surrounded the affair, the police are inclined to believe that the man who caused the explosion was killed. He was jealous of McConnell's attentions to Ruby Fox.

CLAIMING VICTORY.

CHICAGO, JOLIET AND BAY VIEW DECLINE TO QUIT WORK.

Iron Masters Are Jubilant—Strike Leaders Deny These Claims—Are Disappointed, but None of the Leaders Would Discuss the Western Defection.

Pittsburg, Pa., August 12.—The iron masters are claiming victory in the great steel strike. They base their claim upon the refusal of the Amalgamated men at South Chicago, Joliet and Bay View to obey the general strike order of President Shaffer and their success in maintaining operations in other plants where it was anticipated there would be serious trouble. The strike leaders meet the claims of victory with the assertion that their cause is making satisfactory progress, and that they will show themselves masters of the situation before the contest has progressed much further. They do not conceal their disappointment at the refusal of their Western brethren to strike, but none of the leaders would discuss the defection.

President Shaffer refused to meet the newspaper men who sought him, and kept within the seclusion of his home. The other leaders who were seen intimated that there would be developments today and throughout the week that would materially change the situation. It was said they were counting upon strong aid from the American Federation of Labor and other organizations of union labor, but those bodies have not yet given any public indication of what they will do. The Amalgamated association has developed great strength in the Wheeling district and has made gains in some of the Pennsylvania districts, but it will be this afternoon before the lines of cleavage will be marked with sufficient clearness for a count of the men.

The steel officials were in communication last night with their superintendents and district managers, and at 11 o'clock made public the results of their reports, which showed that South Chicago, Joliet and Bay View, at Milwaukee, had voted to stay in; that the Ohio works of the National Steel company at Youngstown and the King, Gilbert and Warner plants of the National Steel company at Columbus had resumed work without trouble; that the Homestead, Edgar Thomson, Dequense, Upper and Lower Union and Howard Axle Works of the Carnegie group, employing more than 15,000 men, had resumed work without trouble; the converting and blooming mills of the National Tube company at McKeesport had started without difficulty and that Bellaire had been only partially crippled. They were also advised that the men of the Boston Rolling Mills at McKeesport had notified the National Tube company that they would go out tomorrow, and that while the National Tube plant at McKeesport would be started, it was certain that many men would go out. They were also notified that their Wheeling plants were crippled, and that it was uncertain whether they would be done there. Their advices also said that the Clark mill here, which has been running non-union for several days, would be started up as usual tomorrow morning, and that there was no doubt about its operation. The steel officials were elated over the showing of the Carnegie plants in Illinois, Ohio and Wisconsin, and expressed confidence of speedy victory over the Amalgamated Association.

National Vice President Walter Larkins of the Amalgamated Association, discussing the situation in the Wheeling district, said: "At the Riverside plant of the National Tube company the plate and tube mills be off Monday morning, and possibly the steel department. Already we have taken into membership in the Amalgamated 650 of the 800 skilled men of the Riverside, and the remaining 150 workers in the steel department have asked us to call a meeting, at which they may organize a lodge, which will be done. We have succeeded in tying up the Bellaire plant of the National Steel company. We organized 250 of the skilled men Saturday and at a meeting this afternoon there were more accessions. The Bellaire plant of the American Tin Plate company is closed, as are the Aetna-Standard mills of the American Sheet Steel and American Steel Hoop companies. The Mingo Junction plants of the National Steel and American Steel Hoop companies are also closed.

The meeting of the Ohio Valley Trades and Labor Assembly this afternoon passed resolutions denouncing Andrew Carnegie and calling upon the union labor people of Wheeling to vote against the acceptance of the \$75,000 offered Wheeling for a library building."

Secretary Williams Gave Out an Interview.

Last night, in which he placed the blame for the strike on the refusal of the officials of the United States Steel Corporation to arbitrate, and declared that before the strike was over thousands of men in other trades would be drawn into it to save the Amalgamated Association and the principles for which it stands.

SAVANNAH, GA., AUGUST 12.—Eighteen miles south of Savannah, on the line of the Seaboard Air Line Railway the charred trunk of the body of Joe Washington, the negro ravisher of Mrs. J. J. Clark, was found yesterday—mute evidence of the dreadful tragedy of Saturday night. Washington was captured at Liberty Saturday afternoon and brought to Ways Station. He was taken before Mrs. Clark, who identified his positively as the negro who had assaulted her. The negro's identification by his victim sealed his fate. There was a mob of 400 men clamoring at a distance for his life, but the leaders of the mob, numbering less than a dozen, carried out execution the plans of vengeance they had formed. The rest of the mob was not permitted to come within 100 yards of the place where Washington met his death. This was at a spot a few feet from the railway track and not 500 yards from the house in which the negro committed the crime. He walked to his death without a tremor and met it without a prayer or an appeal for mercy. He admitted his guilt of crimes incident to the principal one, but to the end stubbornly refused to acknowledge that he had assaulted Mrs. Clark.

Burned at the Stake.

Savannah, Ga., August 12.—Yesterday morning at 1 o'clock 200 armed men rode up to the jail, rang the bell, called the Sheriff, F. M. Fly, and asked for the Mexican prisoner, Gregorio Cortez. Yesterday evening at 5 o'clock Sheriff Fly heard that the mob was coming and secured his colls and doors and sent his keys off, remaining in the jail with only one deputy and the jailer. When asked for Cortez, Sheriff Fly very positively refused and told them they could not have him and he wanted no trouble. Upon this advice the mob tried to break down the door, using a telephone pole. Sheriff Fly then went outside, fired a shot, got the attention of the leaders of the mob and after a reasoning talk together, the mob dispersed, only firing a few shots as they left. Cortez says he is sure they had come to hang him, and he was very much frightened, but seemed all right today. Sheriff Fly deserves much commendation for the cool, determined manner in which he handled and dispersed the mob. Sheriff Fly took Cortez to San Antonio yesterday evening via Lockhart and San Marcos.

Steel Officials' Plans.

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MUST WIN STRIKE.

FEDERATION OF LABOR HELP MORALLY AND FINANCIALLY.

Compens Says the Contest is One of Principle on the Part of the Strikers and All Branches of Union Labor Must Stand Up for Fair and Right.

Pittsburg, Pa., August 10.—There were gravely important developments in the strike situation today. The United States Steel corporation moved decisively in its strike campaign order directing that the great De Wees Wood plant at McKeesport be dismantled and removed to the Klackminetas valley. President Compens of the American Federation of Labor, after a two days' conference with President Shaffer and his associates, issued a formal statement tonight specifically pledging the federation to the moral and financial support of the Amalgamated association.

His written review of the train of events leading to industrial quarrels sustains the course of the Amalgamated association and decides that nothing remains but to battle for the cause of unionism.

The official announcement of the order to dismantle the De Wees Wood plant was a great surprise, and McKeesport received it at first without doubt. Actual preparations were made later in the city for the dismantling and there is little room for doubt that it will be torn down. The strikers heard the order in a spirit of defiance. They simply said that it showed the Steel corporation was convinced that it could not reopen the plant in the face of the opposition of the Amalgamated association. Strike leaders here said that the order was a bluff that had been worked unsuccessfully before and declined to take it seriously.

The steel officials declined to give any reason for the order, but it is openly stated here that the pronounced sympathy of citizens and city officials at McKeesport with the strikers is responsible for it. It is also said that the plant of the National Tube company at McKeesport will be abandoned and the old Carnegie plant for a time plant at Conaught, Ohio, revived.

The De Wees Wood plant was founded about forty years ago and is one of the best known plants in Pennsylvania. Its yards and mills cover between twelve and fifteen acres; it has employed 1200 men at its busiest times and its cost is placed at \$5,000,000 by officials of the Steel corporation.

Test Comes Tonight.

Pittsburg, Pa., August 10.—Less than twenty-hours must elapse before the general strike order of President Shaffer becomes effective, but in well informed quarters there is still doubt as to the men and properties that will be affected by the order. The mill managers say that the final showing on Saturday and Sunday will be far under the claims that are being made by the Amalgamated association. President Shaffer would not talk figures today, but his associates were positive that their final claims were correct. The final appeals to the men will be made at a series of meetings to be held tomorrow at which President Shaffer and the other leaders will be speakers.

Killed Many Boxes.

Tien Tsai, August 10.—General Mei has returned here and professes to have killed or dispersed a hundred boxes and brigands.

Trainmen Deafened Row.

Cleveland, Ohio, August 10.—Grand Chief Morrissey of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen today denied that the trainmen were in consultation with the Amalgamated association officials quo warranto proceeding the anti-trust laws.

Victoria, B. C.—Heavy gales off the Australian coast during July caused the loss of several vessels and a number of lives.

The Darragh Well Is In.

Beaumont, Texas, August 9.—The well of the Darragh Oil company, situated on block 38, Spindle Top Heights gushed at 6:30 last evening, making the twenty-third gusher in the field and the sixth well brought in during the past eight days. This well's thence a stream to the top of the derrick early in the day, but it became choked and refused to flow for a while. However, there was no hesitation about the second flow, the well demonstrating that it was of the true gusher type and one of the best in the field. The newest gusher is 997 feet deep and six inches in diameter at the bottom. It is located in the midst of a number of gushers on the Hogg-Swayne purchase and does not enlarge the proven field in any particular.

There are still three or four wells that are expected in at any time and others are getting down near the cap rock. The number of spouters should be increased to thirty within ten days.

Forty deaths from heat occurred in St. Louis one day last week.

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Pittsburg, Pa., August 10.—There were gravely important developments in the strike situation today. The United States Steel corporation moved decisively in its strike campaign order directing that the great De Wees Wood plant at McKeesport be dismantled and removed to the Klackminetas valley. President Compens of the American Federation of Labor, after a two days' conference with President Shaffer and his associates, issued a formal statement tonight specifically pledging the federation to the moral and financial support of the Amalgamated association.

His written review of the train of events leading to industrial quarrels sustains the course of the Amalgamated association and decides that nothing remains but to battle for the cause of unionism.

The official announcement of the order to dismantle the De Wees Wood plant was a great surprise, and McKeesport received it at first without doubt. Actual preparations were made later in the city for the dismantling and there is little room for doubt that it will be torn down. The strikers heard the order in a spirit of defiance. They simply said that it showed the Steel corporation was convinced that it could not reopen the plant in the face of the opposition of the Amalgamated association. Strike leaders here said that the order was a bluff that had been worked unsuccessfully before and declined to take it seriously.

The steel officials declined to give any reason for the order, but it is openly stated here that the pronounced sympathy of citizens and city officials at McKeesport with the strikers is responsible for it. It is also said that the plant of the National Tube company at McKeesport will be abandoned and the old Carnegie plant for a time plant at Conaught, Ohio, revived.

The De Wees Wood plant was founded about forty years ago and is one of the best known plants in Pennsylvania. Its yards and mills cover between twelve and fifteen acres; it has employed 1200 men at its busiest times and its cost is placed at \$5,000,000 by officials of the Steel corporation.

Test Comes Tonight.

Pittsburg, Pa., August 10.—Less than twenty-hours must elapse before the general strike order of President Shaffer becomes effective, but in well informed quarters there is still doubt as to the men and properties that will be affected by the order. The mill managers say that the final showing on Saturday and Sunday will be far under the claims that are being made by the Amalgamated association. President Shaffer would not talk figures today, but his associates were positive that their final claims were correct. The final appeals to the men will be made at a series of meetings to be held tomorrow at which President Shaffer and the other leaders will be speakers.

Killed Many Boxes.

Tien Tsai, August 10.—General Mei has returned here and professes to have killed or dispersed a hundred boxes and brigands.

Trainmen Deafened Row.

Cleveland, Ohio, August 10.—Grand Chief Morrissey of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen today denied that the trainmen were in consultation with the Amalgamated association officials quo warranto proceeding the anti-trust laws.

Victoria, B. C.—Heavy gales off the Australian coast during July caused the loss of several vessels and a number of lives.

The Darragh

THE BRACKETT NEWS

Office in Postoffice Building.

CHARLES KARTES,
Editor and Publisher.

Entered at the postoffice at Brackettville, Kinney county, Texas, as second-class mail matter.

The columns of The News are at all times open for communications of interest to the public.

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R. STRATTON, County Judge
O. F. SEARGEANT, Co. & Dist. Clerk
JOS. VELTMANN, Assessor of Taxes
J. W. NOLAN, Sheriff & Tax Collector
E. P. MALONE, Treasurer
E. A. JONES, County Attorney
C. F. HODGES, Surveyor
J. M. BALLANTYNE, H. A. Inspector
E. L. HODGES, J. P. Precinct No. 1.

SATURDAY, Aug. 17th, 1901.

A chunk of ice in ours, please,
To chill our solar plexus
For it's hotter'n-whew!
In this section of old Texas.

KINNEY COUNTY will no doubt be put in the El Paso District. Well, we have no kick coming because we are out off from Bexar.

THE NEWS is in receipt of a letter from the Nueces, describing a wonderful baby. As the letter was not signed by the proper name of the writer, we cannot publish it.

AUGUST 13th was the anniversary of the battle of Manila, in which a number of Brackett boys participated, having joined the 23d Infy. 8th Army Corps, at the outbreak of the war between Spain and the United States. All of our boys feel proud of the day when Spain's flag was hauled down and Old Glory floated in its place. The boys who went from here were:

Walter S. Ballantyne
Arthur J. Veltmann
John H. Stadler
George Kornrum
Leslie and Mont Reed
Wiley Howell
Munro and Lovado Whiteley
Charles Craddock.

With fifteen British against one Boer, the war goes on. While these Dutch farmers do not have dance hall music in their souls, and are not as "pritty" as the fowl journalist, nor as "smooth" as the average mayor of the average municipality, tackled upon their native heath, they are scrappers from who started the trouble. If the pirates of the Chamberlain-Milner-Rhodes kidney have the South African singe-cats faded, they have trouble to prove it.—Claridge's Stock-Farmer.

MR. HARRY WARREN in a letter to the Eagle Pass Guide about the existence of charbon on the West Prong of the Nueces says:

"The charbon disease is there; a few deaths of animals have occurred from it. One peculiarity of this disease seems to be that it attacks fat animals, and death follows quickly; one of the symptoms of the disease is a collection of blood in the head. Blood is frequently found on the ground by the corpse of the dead animal, which seems to have run from the nostrils. All animals dying of this disease should be burnt immediately after death. People even are not exempt from contracting the disease, and those persons having to deal with animals dying of charbon should be very careful not to touch the dead animals."

THE NEWS has interviewed two of the most prominent stockmen of that section, Mr. J. W. Weaver, of Loss Creek, and Mr. H. H. Levering, of West Prong, and they emphatically deny the report. Both ride the range all the time and say that cattle are fat and that there is no disease of any kind among them. It is true that once in a while an animal dies, but it is from eating poisonous weeds, accident, or natural causes, but none from charbon. The sending out of such reports as the above is liable to cause great injury to the stock interests of this section.

Affidavit of Commissioners' Court.

In the matter of County Finances in the hands of M. P. Malone, Treasurer of Kinney County, Texas.

Commissioners' Court, Kinney County Texas, in regular quarterly session, August term 1901.

WE THE UNDERSIGNED, as County Commissioners within and for said Kinney Co., and the Hon. R. Stratton, County Judge of said Kinney County, constituting the entire Commissioners Court of said county, and each one of us, do hereby certify that on this, the 12th day of August 1901, at a regular quarterly term of our said Court, we have compared and examined the quarterly report of M. P. Malone, Treasurer of Kinney county, Texas, for the quarter beginning on the 1st day of April 1901, and ending on the 30th day of June 1901, and finding the same correct have caused an order to be entered upon the minutes of the Commissioners' Court of Kinney county stating the approval of said Treasurer's Report by our said court, which said order recites separately the amount received and paid out of each fund by said County Treasurer since his last report to this Court, and for and during the time covered by his present report, and the balance of each fund remaining in the said Treasurer's hands on the 12th day of August 1901, and have rendered the proper credits to be made in the accounts of the said County Treasurer, in accordance with said order as required by Article 27, Chapter 1, Title XXV, of the Revised Statutes of Texas, as amended by an Act of the Twenty-fifth Legislature of Texas, at its regular session, approved March 20, 1897.

And we, each of us, further certify that we have actually and fully inspected and counted all the actual cash and assets in hands of the said Treasurer belonging to Kinney Co., at the close of the examination of said Treasurer's Report, on this the 12th day of August 1901, and find the same to be as follows, to-wit:

JURY FUND

Balance on hand on June 30th 1900.....	\$	47 11	
To amount received since said date.....		50 68	
By amount to balance.....			97 79
Total.....		97 79	97 79

Balance to credit of said Jury Fund as actually counted by us on the 12th day of August 1901, and including the amount balance on hand by said Treasurer at the date of the filing of his report on the 30th day of June 1901, and the balance between receipts and disbursements since that day, making a total balance of.....

		97 79	97 79
--	--	-------	-------

ROAD AND BRIDGE FUND

Balance on hand on June 30th 1900.....	\$	1725 81	
To amount received since said date.....		23	
By amount disbursed since said date.....		649 80	
By amount to balance.....		1076 24	
Total.....		1726 04	1726 04

Balance to credit of said Road and Bridge Fund as actually counted by us on the 12th day of August 1901, and including the amount balance on hand by said Treasurer at the date of the filing of his report on the 30th day of June 1901, and the balance between receipts and disbursements since that day, making a total balance of.....

		1076 24	1076 24
--	--	---------	---------

GENERAL FUND

Balance on hand on June 30th 1901.....	\$	2295 28	
To amount received since said date.....		15 61	
By amount disbursed since said date.....		381 00	
By amount to balance.....		1929 89	
Total.....		2310 89	2310 89

Balance to credit of said General Fund as actually counted by us on the 12th day of August 1901, and including the amount balance on hand by said Treasurer at the date of the filing of his report on the 30th day of June 1901, and the balance between receipts and disbursements since that day, making a total balance of.....

		1929 89	1929 89
--	--	---------	---------

SCHOOL FUND

Balance on hand on June 30th 1901.....	\$	5530 09	
To amount received since said date.....		1 20	
By amount disbursed since said date.....		122 00	
By amount to balance.....		5409 24	
Total.....		5531 29	5531 29

Balance to credit of said School Fund as actually counted by us on the 12th day of August 1901, and including the amount balance on hand by said Treasurer at the date of the filing of his report on the 30th day of June 1901, and the balance between receipts and disbursements since that day, making a total balance of.....

		5409 29	5409 29
--	--	---------	---------

PERMANENT SCHOOL FUND

Bonds.....	\$	1000 00	
Notes.....		3542 40	
Total.....		4542 40	

RECAPITULATION

Balance to credit of Jury Fund on Aug. 12th 1901.....	\$	97 79	
Bal. to credit of Road & Bridge Fund on Aug. 12th 1901.....		1076 24	
Balance to credit of General Fund on Aug. 12th 1901.....		1929 89	
Balance to credit of School Fund on Aug. 12th 1901.....		5409 29	
Total cash on hand belonging to Kinney County in the hands of said Treasurer as actually counted by us.....		8513 21	

ASSETS

In addition to the actual cash as above, we find the following assets belonging to the said County, and to the credit of the following funds, which is also in the possession and custody of said Treasurer, to-wit:

Bonds \$1000.00.	Notes \$3542.40.
------------------	------------------

WITNESS OUR HANDS, this 12th day of August A. D. 1901.
R. STRATTON, County Judge
J. W. WEAVER, Com. Prec. No. 2.
T. L. WHALEY, Com. Prec. No. 3.
J. F. MCCORMICK, Com. Prec. No. 4.
SWORN TO AND SUBSCRIBED before me, by R. Stratton, County Judge, and J. W. Weaver, and T. L. Whaley, and J. F. McCormick, County Commissioners of said Kinney County, each respectively on this, the 12th day of August 1901.
O. F. SEARGEANT, Clerk County Court, Kinney Co.

EDUCATE THE NEGRO?

For what? In order that they may have brain sufficient to commit crime of the deepest dye? It will be observed that the negro who commits rape and other similar crimes is the so-called "educated" negro. To "educate" a negro means to place him on about equal footing with the lowest, most ignorant of the white race; to do this means to endanger the lives, and quiet of the community in which the "educated" negro dwells. But we didn't begin this article to moralize on the race question, but simply to cite the readers to an example of the "educated" negro which has come directly under our observation. It is this:

Last Saturday evening "Prof" J. S. Wilson, who was here to teach the Del Rio colored school, went to the livery stable of Mr. P. H. Rose, hired a horse and buggy under the pretense of driving around town for a few hours, but instead, drove direct to Brackett a distance of 35 miles and "took in" that city at a rapid gait.

Left Brackett on his return to Del Rio and when about 7 miles from here the horse he was driving drooped dead. He walked on to town and notified Mr. Rose of what had occurred. The drive to Brackett, 35 miles and return, making a distance of some 70 or 75 miles within about 7 or 8 hours as hot as the day was, is sufficient to kill most any animal. The horse was one of Mr. Rose's best buggy animals, for which he had refused \$90.00 a few days prior to his death. Mr. Rose accepted the "Prof's" note for \$80.00, with no security, which we deem very unwise. The "Prof." should have gone to jail on a charge of "cruelty to a fellow beast" if nothing more, and Mr. Rose would have had some chance of recovering damages, as it is he has none.—Del Rio Record.

THE material for the construction of the Eagle Pass branch to Brackett is expected at Spofford within the next few days. At Waldo, it is reported, a big construction gang is laying side-tracks preparatory to beginning the work of straightening the main line.

Hello, just what you want.

Dr. Wm. J. Partrick has opened his dental office again at the Post Hotel, Fort Clark. All kinds of dental work done with neatness and dispatch, at reasonable prices.

Moore's Pills are a guaranteed cure for all forms of Malaria, Ague, Chills and Fever, Swamp Fever, Marial Fever, Bilious Fever, Jaundice, Biliousness, fetid breath and a tired, listless feeling. They cure Rheumatism and the lassitude following blood poison produced from malarial poisoning. No Arsenic, Acids or Opium. Do not ruin stomach or teeth. Entirely tasteless. Price, 10c per box. Dr. C. C. Moore, No. 310 North Main Street, St. Louis, Mo.

\$250 Reward.

The above reward will be paid for the apprehension and conviction of any and all parties caught stealing our cattle. Ranch in Kinney County. Reward will be paid when sentences passed.
WEST & BENNETT.

\$250 Reward.

I will pay the above Reward for the Arrest and Conviction of any party or parties caught Stealing any of my Cattle. Ranch in Kinney and Val Verde Co's.
R. A. CANNON.

J. F. NANCE,

Jeweler and Watchmaker

GENERAL REPAIR WORK A SPECIALTY.

A nice line of watches and jewelry kept in stock. Orders filled at once for articles not in stock.

Artificial Stone Works.

Tombstones, Monuments, Tiling, Curbing, or for any other purpose.

This is a copyrighted work, and is made by a chemical process. It is guaranteed to withstand all atmospheric agencies, will not seam open by expansion or contraction, like some natural stone of inferior quality. It has been improved to perfection, and will not turn black or brown. It gives perfect satisfaction for tombstones and is nice enough to adorn the grave of anyone, although it costs about one-fourth as much as marble.

I can build a cistern that will never leak, or repair old cisterns so they will never leak again. Write to me or call at my shop in Uvalde.

J. C. CRIDER, Uvalde, Tex.

LA ESTRELLA DEL NORTE STORE.

Peanuts, Onions, Eggs, Sausage, Second-hand furniture, Meat Market and barber-shop.

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who also has a complete stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Wagon timber and paints.

Fresh Peloncillos.

Baled hay and charcoal.

Scott's Safety Razor,



with corrugated roller guard, will give you a perfect shave, and you positively cannot cut your face. You run no risk in buying one, as it is

Absolutely Guaranteed

to give satisfaction or we refund the money. At your store, or we mail it postpaid on receipt of \$2.00.

CAUTION.—If you purchase at the store, insist on Scott's Safety Razor, with corrugated roller guard.

Send for circular describing our Case Sets. GEO. A. SCOTT, 24 Broadway, New York.

Know How to Travel.

In a recent discussion on a certain railroad bill in the New York legislature Assemblyman Weekes of New York happened to say: "Now, suppose there was an excursion from New York to Buffalo and I wanted to go. Under the existing law what would I have to do?" "Get a pass," interrupted Assemblyman Frisbie of Schoharie. The roar of laughter which followed showed that the joke had not failed for lack of appreciation and that Frisbie knew how to travel.

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CURES Malaria, Biliousness, Constipation,
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LARGE BOTTLE, SMALL DOSE.
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Leave orders for **Bottled Soda Water.**

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Ironbrew, Strawberry, Lemon, Sarsaparilla, Buck Pop, Cream, Ginger Ale a specialty.

Milk, Cream and Butter.

Have a fine herd of Jerseys and will deliver above at your door at market price.

John Herzing.

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WINDMILLS.

We have opened in Del Rio a General Supply House, and can sell you anything in our line and duplicate San Antonio prices. We carry a complete stock. The Dandy Windmill the best made, steel and wood tower.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office W F. Holmes' Drug store. Hours 8 to 12; 1 to 5. Residence No. 11, Fort Clark. Calls day or night promptly attended to.



A Woman Only Knows
what suffering from falling of the womb, white, painful or irregular menses, or any disease of the distinctly feminine organs is. A man may sympathize or pity but he can not know the agonies she goes through—the terrible suffering, so patiently borne, which robs her of beauty, hope and happiness. Yet this suffering really is needless.

McELREE'S Wine of Cardui
will banish it. This medicine cures all "female diseases" quickly and permanently. It does away with humiliating physical examinations. There is not continual expense and trouble. The sufferer is cured and stays cured. Wine of Cardui is becoming the leading remedy for all troubles of this class. It costs but \$1 from any druggist.
For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, the "Ladies Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.
MRS. C. J. WEAVER, Nash-Ville, Tenn. writes:—"This wonderful medicine ought to be in every house where there are girls and women."

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LOCAL EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

Happenings of interest in Brackett and Kinney County.....

DEL RIO, Aug. 6, '01.
 Editor Board.—In 1873 as county surveyor of Kinney county, I was asked by the commander of the "Dutch Battalion" on the west prong of the Brazos. About that time I was called on by a few gentlemen, Armstrong, Gorman, Gorman, and a few others to survey pre-emption in the vicinity of Silver Lake, (which I so named). About one-half mile below this lake lived Geo. Schwandner with a bunch of sheep. A year or two before this his wife and child had been killed by Indians near the bottom, and his wife (about 8 years old) taken by them to Mexico, and some years after returned by Albert's father who walked to their residence in the mountains and paid \$1000 in gold for his boy and returned home unmolested. About a mile above Silver Lake I was shown the "Dutch Battle Ground," so named on account of a lot of Union renegades congregating there preparatory to going to Mexico. The party was betrayed by one of their number into the hands of some of Col. Duff's regiment, many of the renegades being killed, the evidence of the fight being plentiful when I saw the ground. Our surveying party nooned it on the north side of Silver Lake near a little spring at the head of a precipitous bluff 100 feet high. A little above this spring was considerable of a cave—several smaller ones around and above the larger one—and in these caves were hundreds of human skulls, some skeletons of human and horse stored away, wrapped up in waxed paper to be carried away. I was told on board high in half circles near the mouth of the large cave, and the evidence about that parties had camped there at times before.
 Before calling our dinner an immense pile of honey and millions of bees was in sight under large overhanging cliffs 75 or 80 feet above us. Some of our party set to work cutting openings to ascend the ledges to get to the honey. I picked up a cactus in the spot that a cannon got off at an angle of degrees and fired three shots into the edge of the plume of honey, when down came honey, bees and comb, a barrel full, which stopped further climbing and furnished honey, wax and honeycombs for all for many days.
 These were the good old days of 'bar most and honey, pecky injuns and other smaller ones, a person or fellows interested and a saying and sometimes chasin' themselves, U. S. claiming not to have a constitution in our colonies. Ask W. K. Jones how he and Schneider lost their when they killed an Indian at midnight when about to lose their horses.
 A. F. Dignowity.

Deputy Sheriff Adolph Bitter had an exciting race Sunday afternoon while arresting an escaped prisoner from the Del Rio, by the name of Trinidad. Adolph located him at the house of a Mexican near Jim Stansbury's place. As Adolph went into the house he spied Trinidad going over the back fence and halted him. Just as Adolph started to go through the gate Trinidad made a run for his horse which was tied close by, and attempted to get his sixshooter out of the saddle-pocket, but being pressed to close he took to the brush. The race was a hot one and on reaching the old graveyard, Trinidad dodged back of a bush and picking up a rock threw it at Adolph, just missing his head. Adolph knocked the rock down, but on regaining his feet he made another dash for liberty. By this time Adolph was mad and cracked Trinidad over the head with his gun which was accidentally discharged, the bullet cutting a hole through the top of Trinidad's hat. This accident cooled the prisoner's desire to escape for a few minutes. He made two more desperate attempts before being finally placed behind the bars. Sheriff Wernette was notified of the arrest and came down after the prisoner. Trinidad is a hard case, and was serving a sentence, when with two other prisoners he made his escape from the Del Rio jail. The horse he was riding when he escaped, Adolph was stolen from him. He is the same fellow who was sentenced here, years ago, for stealing a horse and his saddle.

Aug. Studer and Fred Bitter went after the finny tribe this week and caught—well, its too hot to repeat it.

Mr. Borroum reports the range dry. He is having tanks built, which we hope will be filled brim full in a few days.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets cure biliousness, constipation and headache. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. For sale at Holme's drug store.

Mr. Joseph Meier is comfortably installed in his new shop opposite the postoffice, where he will be pleased to see you.

When you feel that life is hardly worth the candle take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They will cleanse your stomach, tone up your liver and regulate your bowels making you feel like a new man. For sale at Aolme's drug store.

Prof. Hickman having resigned the principalship of the Brackett school to accept that of the Del Rio school, Prof. A. H. Horn of Del Rio, has been employed by the School Board to teach here.

Infant mortality is something frightful. Nearly one-quarter die before they reach one year, one-third before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen! The timely use of White's Cream Vermifuge would save a majority of these precious lives. Price 25 cts. For sale at Partrick's drug store.

Professor A. H. Horn accompanied by his wife, and Mrs. James Melymont, were here from Del Rio Thursday returning yesterday. Prof. Horn was here for the purpose of securing a house, as having secured the principalship of the Brackett school, he expects to move here about the 25th. THE NEWS extends to Professor and Mrs. Horn a hearty welcome.

Constipation means the accumulation of waste matter that should be discharged daily, and unless this is done the foul matter is absorbed and poisons the system. Use Herbine to bring about regularity of the bowels. Price 50 cts. For sale at Partrick's drug store.

Paul Stadler of Brackett was in the city Sunday. John Stadler the famous catcher of the celebrated team of Brackett, who are champions of West Texas, was in the Gem city this week.—Del Rio Record.

Making the new Congressional districts is about as perplexing as Johnson grass.—Waco Times-Herald.

If you are suffering from drowsiness in the day time, irritability of temper, sleepless nights, general debility, headache, and general want of tone of the system, use Herbine. You will get relief and finally a cure. Price 50 cts. For sale at Partrick's drug store.

Assessor Joe Veltmann left yesterday for Corpus Christi, where Mrs. Veltmann and children are spending the summer. Mr. Veltmann expects to be gone about two weeks.

KEEP your eye on Brackett.

Sheriff Vann, President of the Sheriff's Association of Texas, is a splendid man and means well, but he has overlooked some very important matters about the diabolical deed of unjust outrage upon white women. Here they are boiled down:
 A black shadow rests over every home in the seagambian belt of Texas, where women discuss its somber awfulness in whispers and with pallid lips, while their husbands, fathers and brothers are afraid to leave them alone in the house.
 The honor of one white woman is worth more than the filthy lives of all the mean niggers in Texas, and she is going to be protected by the special law which men have made, whose business it is to protect her, if it makes the air of Texas smell to Heaven with fricasseed nigger.
 And finally, the thing for the Governor, the sheriff and the militia to do, is to keep their noses out of the matter. And if they do not, the thing for the people to do is, politically speaking, to make their blanket-blacked heels break their necks.—Claridge's Texas-Stock-Farmer!

Rev. Francis R. Godolphin of Del Rio, was in town yesterday enroute to Mr. Borroum's ranch, where he will spend a week or two rusticating.

For sale at R. V. Sauer's.—Pure brown Leghorns chickens and eggs, honey, bee supplies, and multiplying shallots.

To remove a troublesome corn or union: First soak the corn or union in warm water to soften it, then pare it down as closely as possible without drawing blood and apply Chamberlain's Pain Balm twice daily; rubbing vigorously for five minutes at each application. A corn plaster should be worn for a few days, to protect it from the shoe. As a general liniment for sprains, bruises, lameness and rheumatism, Pain Balm is unequalled. For sale at Holme's drug store.

Alamo Council, Order of Columbus, was instituted here last Wednesday night, in Odd Fellows Hall, by Mr. A. M. Gildea, the district organizer for Western Texas. The officers elected were Chas. Kartes, Commander; J. E. Fritter, Advisory Commander; Miss Margaret Ballantyne, Secretary and Treasurer; Adolph Bitter, Marshal. The council will meet again to-night (Saturday) when the Charter will be closed and officers installed.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY IN CHICAGO.

Higgen Bros., the popular South Side druggists, corner 6th street and Wentworth avenue, say: "We sell a great deal of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and find that it gives the most satisfactory results, especially among children for severe colds and croup." For sale at Holme's drug store.

Two Mexicans got into a difficulty Monday afternoon and one was badly out with the neck of a bottle. Both were put in the calabozo.

A Village Blacksmith Saved His Little Son's Life.

Mr. H. H. Black, the well-known village blacksmith at Grahamsville, Sullivan Co., N. Y. says: "Our little son, five years old, has always been subject to croup, and so bad have the attacks been that we have feared many times that he would die. We have had the doctor and used many medicines, but Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is now our sole reliance. It seems to dissolve the tough mucus and by giving frequent doses when the croupy symptoms appear we have found that the dreaded croup is cured before it gets settled." There is no danger in giving this remedy for it contains no opium or other injurious drug and may be given as confidently to a babe as to an adult. For sale at Holme's drug store.

The little folks will have a party next Tuesday night.

San Antonio International Fair opens October 19, closes October 30, 1901.

Mr. George Petty of Live Oak was here this week and reported his section flourishing, notwithstanding the dry weather.

COMMISSIONERS' COURT.

The following business was transacted by the commissioners at their regular quarterly session beginning Monday.

Reports of E. L. Hodges, Justice of the Peace, Prec. No. 1, J. W. Nolan, Sheriff, and O. F. Seargeant, County Clerk, were examined and approved.

The following claims were ordered paid:
 Wm. Kitach, repairing casing on pump, \$1.50.
 Dr. Fegan, for attendance on paupers, \$9.00.
 J. W. Nolan, stamps, box rent etc., \$4.00, attendance county court, \$4.00; feeding prisoners, May, June, July, \$82.70.
 John Phillips, work on courthouse and jail, \$45.00.
 William Holmes, medicine for paupers, \$13.90.
 T. L. Whaley, 5 days as Road Supervisor of Prec. No. 2, \$15.
 J. W. Weaver, 3 days service as Road Supervisor Prec. No. 2, \$9.00.
 W. R. Partrick, supplies for paupers, \$15.50.
 O. F. Seargeant, collector's certificates, quarterly report etc., \$59.25.
 J. S. Morin, collecting delinquent taxes and professional services, \$34.00.
 M. J. Schaffar, work on windmill, \$2 00.
 Maverick, Clark Litho. Co. supplies, \$6.25.
 Roach & Co., for supplies, \$70.39.
 Chas. Kartes, stationery, \$5.75.
 Jos. Veltmann, for assessing taxes for 1901, \$476.44.

Ordered that the following property be released and taxes cancelled: E. L. Hodges, lot 7, block 2; C. and L. Filiopone, lot 10, block 1; Mrs. G. A. Rose, lot 11, block 3, L. Moscatelli, lot 5 1-2, block 1.
 Jos. Veltmann, assessor, presented the tax rolls for 1901, which were examined and approved.

Ordered that Jas. Nolan, Sheriff and Tax Collector, be charged with the following amounts, as the same appears from the tax Advolern:
 Pub. Bidge & Imp. \$ 4373.11
 Road and Bridge..... 4373.11
 District School..... 2625.98
 \$ 11543.45

W. A. Holmes resigned as Justice of the Peace of Prec. No. 3, R. E. Cannon was appointed.

Ordered that the time for holding the different Justice's courts for civil business be as follows, effective 1st of Sept:
 No. 1, 1st Monday in each month.
 No. 2, 2nd Tuesday
 No. 3, 3rd Wednesday
 No. 4, 4th Thursday

Ordered that Fannie Bridges be placed on pauper list and allowed \$15 per month beginning Aug. 1st.

Barbershop
 Shaving and haircutting in latest styles.
 R. E. Wood, Proprietor.
 Koranum Building.

Large Numbers of Immigrants.
 Large numbers of immigrants are arriving by various steamers from Europe. The Tunisian brought seven hundred, mostly English and Norwegian; the Vancouver, 275, while about 900 are at present quarantined at Grosse Ile, in consequence of the appearance of two cases of smallpox on the steamship Lake Champlain. In three days last week the Canadian Pacific Railway handled over 1,500 immigrants. Most of them are for the Northwest, and are of a superior class.

Germany Conquering Paris.
 The Germans are now conquering Paris more effectively than they did in the days of Bismarck. William and Von Moltke. The Germans are gradually edging in everywhere in the French capital. They are in finance, banking, exploitation, commercial houses, professional houses. In their tenacious way they are gradually ousting Frenchmen from many of the best investments and employments in the center of France.—Foreign Letter.

How Corked Bottles Travel.
 Numbers of experiments have been made to test the speed and destination of corked bottles thrown into the sea in various parts of the world. The most remarkable example we ever heard of was that in which a bottle traveled 6,000 miles in about two years and a half—roughly, at the rate of six and a half miles a day. It traveled from 63 degrees south latitude and 69 degrees west longitude to western Australia.

Millions in Oysters.
 In the last year \$2,260,000 worth of oysters were shipped from Greenwich, Bivalve, and Raurite River, N. J., and 3,000 men, with 520 boats, were licensed to engage in the great New Jersey oyster industry in south Jersey, according to a report just completed by the New Jersey state oyster commission.

Expert Postal Authorities.
 A humorist, wishing to test the ingenuity of the Indian postal authorities, sent a letter from Bombay to a friend in Calcutta, addressed as follows: "So-and-so, Esq., the City of Stinks and Statues." It was delivered without the slightest delay.

Calls Himself Unique.
 Senator Burrows of Michigan said in a recent after-dinner speech in Detroit: "In one respect, at least, I am unique. I am probably the only Michigan-lander in politics who has absolutely no right to the title of lumber king."

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A lawyer is strongest when fee-blest.
 A music-loving woman should acquire a husband.
 Every time you wrong your neighbor you harm yourself.
 By his conduct every man in the world fixes his own value.
 If the master is negligent the servant will not be diligent.
 Be very careful how you let remarks fall—they may hurt a friend.
 All men are more or less foolish, but some men outgrow their foolishness in time.
 A great deal of shocking language is due to the receipt of C. O. D. telegrams.
 A laugh bought at the expense of propriety costs far more than it is worth.
 The frown of a true friend is better than the smile of a cunning enemy.
 Thousands of men and women suffer from piles, especially women with female weakness have this suffering to contend with in addition to their other pains. Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment will quickly effect a cure. Price, 50 cts. in bottles, tubes 75 cts. For sale at Dr. Partrick's drug store.

The Order of Columbus

Organized February 10, 1897. Only 4 years old. Now is your golden opportunity to be a join young and vigorous fraternal order, with the most solid and improved plan

of any organization in existence. 4,000 new members admitted during 1900, and 265 Councils instituted. Men and women admitted upon equal terms.

Security, Equity, Perpetuity.
 Protection at absolute cost.

A. M. Gildea, the District Deputy is here from Del Rio, and will institute a council next week. All charter members will be taken in at a fee of only \$2.50. Miss Margaret Ballantyne has been appointed assistant organizer and will explain the workings of the order to any ladies wishing to join.

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Fresh Candies and Cigars
 Prescriptions accurately Compounded at all hours.

Holmes' Drug Store,
 Fresh Prescription Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Stationery, Cigars, Combs, Brushes, Perfumery, Soaps, Sponges, Shoe Dressing, Dye Stuffs.

Fishing tackle of every description.

W. F. HOLMES.

"The most popular resort in West Texas."

THE California Exchange
 F. S. FRITTER, Proprietor.

The very best brands of wines, Liqueurs and Cigars always kept in stock. Fresh Beer on tap night and day. Following are some of the excellent brands of Liqueurs kept:
 Rose Valley, Belle of Bourbon, Paul Jones, Saratoga Rye, and other brands.

MAIN STREET. BRACKETT, TEXAS.

Meat Market
 Fresh meat sold at all hours of the day. Also
 General Merchandise. Restaurant.
 Pascasio Mesa.
 MAIN STREET.

GEO. LEE
Blacksmith & Wheelwright
 Solicits your patronage. He has had thirty-five years experience at the business, and guarantees his work to be first-class. All work entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.

General Repairing

NEW BAKERY
 KIEFFER & BITTER, Proprietors. Bakery on Main Street.
 FRESH BREAD, PIES, CAKES, DELIVERED EVERY DAY
 Brackett, Texas.

THE ARBOR SALOON.
 FRED BITTER, Proprietor.
 CITY BEER, LEMONADE, SODA WATER.
 The Arbor has a lunch counter in connection, where meals can be secured in short order. Oysters, ham and eggs, Swiss cheese, etc.
 Main Street. Brackett, Texas.

SILVER DOLLAR SALOON.
 F. A. Rose, Prop.
 Ice cold City Beer, Soda Water, Cigars etc.
 A pleasant and popular resort. Polite treatment to everybody.

Pan American Exposition.
 BUFFALO, New York, May 1st. to October 31st 1901.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC,
 "SUNSET ROUTE."
 THE BEST SERVICE IN THE SOUTH.

LOUISIANA, MEXICO And TEXAS, CALIFORNIA,
 Through Excursion Sleepers.
 To Cincinnati and Chicago, making DIRECT CONNECTIONS for Buffalo and the Pan-American Exposition.
 Standard and Excursion Sleepers, TO ALL POINTS NORTH, EAST, SOUTH AND WEST.
 FREE CHAIRS ON ALL TRAINS.

S. F. B. MORSE, L. J. PARKS, J. McMILLAN,
 Pass. Traf. Mgr. Gon. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. Dist. Pass. Agt.
 Houston, Texas. Houston, Texas. San Antonio TX.

SERIOUS CHARGES

New York, Aug. 13.—Edgar A. Whitney, the man who has made the statement to Justice Jerome on Saturday in which he said that the police and the agents of several crusading societies accept money for protection from pool-room keeper was interviewed in the Tombs.

He said: "My relation with Chief Devery at police headquarters were merely those of a business man. I went to see him several times in connection with my legitimate business as a private secretary of the firm of Burdett & Whitney. I will not say whether I saw Chief Devery outside police headquarters. While I deny that I arranged with Chief Devery at police headquarters connections through the police telephone operators with the precincts, I do not say that Chief Devery did not make arrangements."

Police Commissioner Murphy said that he did not feel called upon to take the initiative in any investigation of Deputy Commissioner Devery or Wardman Glenier in connection with the alleged tipping off of poolrooms. He said he had asked District Attorney Philbin to make prompt and forcible prosecution of both men in case the evidence in the district attorney's possession should indicate them to be guilty.

Gov. Odell's private secretary, James G. Graham, called on District Attorney Philbin. He delivered a letter from the governor requesting the district attorney to inform him, as soon as possible, of all the facts in the recent accusations against the police department.

Immediately after the proceedings before Justice Jerome, in which the cases against Whitney and Burdett were put over, a conference was held by the justice, Frank Moss, of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and Assistant District Attorney Schurman and others from his office. The conference was to decide the further steps toward offenders yet to be named. The conference lasted from 2 till 7 p. m., and Whitney and Burdett were submitted to a further secret examination.

Deputy Superintendent Hammond and Agent Dillon of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, brought a mysterious witness into the room and it is said the man gave evidence corroborative of that given by the two prisoners as to the acceptance of money believed to have reached the police through illegal resorts.

Asked as to what had taken place, Justice Jerome refused to go into details. He said, however, that he had received a letter from Gov. Odell regarding the alleged acceptance of money by the police and that he had answered. He would not give out the letter or answer.

David A. Carvalho, the handwriting expert, was one of the persons who entered the room. He remained for about an hour. It is stated that he went over the fragments of the paper which Whitney tore up when arrested Friday and threw from a window and which were recovered and were pasted together. It was also said that Mr. Carvalho examined some checks and other papers in the case.

To Be Dismantled

Youngstown, O., Aug. 13.—The official announcement was made Monday afternoon that the Youngstown plant of the American San company would be dismantled and the machinery shipped to other plants of the concern. These works employ seventy-five hands.

Asbestos Factory Burns

Paris, Aug. 13.—Pernod's asbestos factory at Pontarlier, one of the largest in France, was struck by lightning during a storm. Within a few moments all the buildings were ablaze, as well as the immense reservoirs of spirits in the cellars. A stream of burning alcohol was soon pouring into the river, causing the utmost alarm. The factory was completely destroyed, the damage being estimated at 8,000,000 francs.

Soon Have Absolute Title

New York, Aug. 13.—By act of congress of 1893, 3,110,400 acres of land in the Indian Territory were conditionally ceded to the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railroad. This land has not yet fallen into the absolute possession of the railroad, but will change hands during next few weeks. It is understood that the land will be offered for public sale immediately after and will be disposed of by the railroad exactly as was that in Kansas during the last few years.

After the Pests

New York, Aug. 13.—Dr. Alvah H. Doty, the health officer of this port, who has been of late carrying on a warfare against mosquitoes, beginning his operations on Seaton Island, has issued a statement concerning the operations, which have been prosecuted with a view to determine definitely if possible whether the malarial fever parasite is transmitted from one person to another by the female of the on-apeles species of mosquito.

Corn Up Again

New York, Aug. 13.—More activity, excitement and higher prices prevailed in corn futures at the produce exchanges Monday than at any time this season or any other season since 1892. Speculation in corn that was carried to an enormous extent in July and which advanced prices to 62c here and 59 7-8 in Chicago, quieted down the latter part of the month, awaiting the report of the government authorities on the question of damage in the corn belt.

TEXAN TOUCHED.

But He Made Matters Decidedly Unpleasant for Other Party.

New York, Aug. 13.—John A. Lomax of Austin, Tex., boarded a Chambers street car at Broadway Sunday evening and sat down beside a powerfully built man, who was reading a newspaper. As the car was nearing West Broadway the Texan felt a slight tug at his hip pocket and placing his hand there found that his leather bill holder, containing \$110 in cash and three drafts for \$50 each, was missing. Mr. Lomax grabbed the young man and demanded his money, but was knocked down. Lomax, regaining his feet, again attacked the pickpocket and a hot fight ensued, the conductor taking a hand, but a stunning blow on the jaw sent him to the floor of the car. Policeman Burke, of the city hall was then called. The Texan and the pickpocket had struggled out on the rear platform, and when the thief got a glimpse of the officer he wrenched his right hand free and seizing the bill book from his pocket threw it into the street. The thief attacked the officer, but Burke drew his pocket stick and soon conquered him. He was taken to the Leonard street station. He said he was William Conley, 23 years old, a clerk.

TREASURE RECOVERED.

All the Bullion Put in the Bay Except \$80,000 Worth Secured.

San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 13.—It was stated at the office of the Selby Smelting company that a force of divers under the management of a detective agency had taken \$65,000 worth of gold from the spot where it was hidden by Winters, making nearly \$200,000 already recovered.

The fact that Winters has not been charged with any crime lends additional weight to the belief that he will be leniently dealt with by the officers of the law for confessing the crime and locating the spot where he secreted the bullion.

These promises to be a lively fight between the detectives over the reward, money, and the matter may eventually be taken into court for settlement.

Detective Morse, who, it is stated, definitely fixed upon Winters the authorship of the crime, states that he obtained his first information from Donaldson, an employee of the works who formerly roomed with Winters. Acting upon this information Morse gathered sufficient evidence against Winters to warrant the arrest of the latter. Morse, who is a detective for the Selby people, does not claim any of the reward, but states that a large portion of it should be divided between Donaldson and Sheriff Veale of Contra Costa county. The lawyers of the last named are drawing up papers setting forth the claims of Donaldson and Veale. Their claims are opposed by the other detective agencies in the case.

Winters claims to have come from Los Angeles and Texas.

Novel Trip

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 13.—In a little steamer built especially for the purpose, eight Chicago families, numbering twenty-four persons have left this city on a journey to Mobile, Ala., where they will colonize a tract of land on the Fish river.

The steamer will go down through the old canal to LaSalle and then into the Illinois river. At Peoria it will take a pilot, which will guide it down the lower Illinois and the Mississippi rivers. It will go out the South Pass of the Mississippi through the Eads jetties, and from the river mouth will turn north again to enter Lake Pontchartrain and go through the lake and the connecting island waterway to Mobile. There it will be used as a freight and passenger steamer on the Fish river.

The bank of Childress, Tex., has failed. It is thought depositors will receive all their money.

Libel Decision

Memphis, Tenn., Aug. 13.—Chancellor Heskett has decided that the publication of libelous matter cannot be restrained by the process of injunction. The complainants in the case sought to enjoin a local publication from issuing an edition upon the personal and professional standing of complainants. The decision was based upon two grounds—first, the freedom of the press is impaired; second, the right of trial by jury is invaded.

Terrific Storm

Greenville, S. C., Aug. 13.—A terrific electrical storm visited this section, doing considerable damage in the mill village of the American Spinning company. A six room house was struck and Miss Victoria Levi and Miss Busbee were almost instantly killed. Clingman Ward was also struck, but is still living, although his condition is still serious. Four children of the Russell family, who were occupants of the house, were also shocked into unconsciousness.

Work of Lightning

El Paso, Tex., Aug. 13.—During a heavy thunder storm Sunday evening lightning struck the railway section house at Chavativa, Mexico, 100 miles south of this city, and killed a young American who, with two companions, had taken refuge in the building. The man's name was unknown to his companions, they having just previously met him, and there were no papers to identify the corpse. It was not known he was dead until next morning.

Four Arrested

Houston, Tex., Aug. 13.—Something of a surprise was occasioned Monday afternoon by affidavits being made out against Police Officers Henry Lee, J. C. James, William Higgins and Oscar Roubine, charging them with the killing of the late J. T. Vaughn, who was shot and killed two weeks ago at night near the stair entrance to his place of business, on Congress avenue. Officer Weiss of the police force was shot and killed just before J. T. Vaughn was.

THE HOUSE

Thanked Escort of New Yorkers, but in a Modified Way.

Austin, Tex., Aug. 13.—When the house met Monday morning the oath of office was administered to W. C. Rochelle of Bowie, who succeeds Judge Dillard, resigned. Mr. Rochelle was assigned to the committee on senatorial districts and all other committees to which his predecessor had been appointed.

Messrs. Houts and Bullock introduced a bill to redistrict the state into judicial districts reducing the number of districts and equalizing the amount of work. Referred to committee on judicial districts.

Messrs. Satterwhite, Smith and Beatty introduced a resolution expressing the sorrow of the house and expressing sympathy with the family of Hon. L. D. Lillard on account of the death of Mr. Lillard, formerly representing Freestone county in the house. Adopted by a rising vote.

Mr. Palmer introduced a resolution reciting the necessity of redistricting the state into judicial districts and calling upon each district clerk in the state to furnish all data pertaining to the work done by the district judge and courts.

Mr. Thurmond moved that the resolution be tabled subject to call in order that the house might secure as much information as the senate is supposed to have gathered on the same subject. The resolution was tabled, 49 to 41.

The resolution of Little in regard to the visit of the New York delegations to Texas held the boards in the house for an hour and a half Monday, and furnished the text for a good many speeches of a political character. The resolution in an emasculated form was finally adopted. While it was members of the house who were known as "Hogg men," who originally hopped on the resolution, the Joe Bailey crowd came to the front in their opposition to it and in defense of the anti-trust law of Texas.

Resolution was adopted as follows: Whereas, A resolution was passed by the house of representatives of the regular session of the Twenty-Seventh legislature of the state of Texas extending an invitation to the chambers of commerce of the state of New York and the Merchants' association of the city of New York, in connection with the invitation from the governor, to appoint a committee from each body to visit the state of Texas; and Whereas, Said invitation was accepted by each of said commercial bodies and the committees were, during the month of April, shown the different sections and institutions of this great state so far as their brief stay would permit; therefore be it

Resolved, By the house of representatives of the state of Texas, in special session assembled, That we express a hope and belief that the commercial interests of the two great states may become more closely united as a result of their visit, under our laws as they now exist. Be it further

Resolved, That while we manifest our appreciation to the committees selected by the representatives and appointed by the speaker of the house of representatives for the faithful performance of their duties in conducting the visitors throughout the state, yet we can not agree with them that the laws adversely criticized by them ought to be changed. Be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be printed in the House Journal, that a copy be sent to the chamber of commerce of the state of New York and the Merchants' association of the city of New York, through the chairmen of their respective committees, and that a copy be sent to the chairmen of the committee from the state of Texas.

Texas Promoted

Corpus Christi, Tex., Aug. 13.—Editor Hardwick has received a dispatch stating that Capt. A. F. W. MacManus, a former Corpus Christi boy, has been appointed adjutant in the Philippines. Capt. MacManus resigned as prosecuting attorney of Nueces county to take the Kenedy rifles to the front, and at the close of the Spanish-American war accepted a commission in the army sent to the Philippines. He is well and favorably known all over southwestern Texas.

Declared OK

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 13.—The machinists' strike inaugurated thirteen weeks ago was declared off by the strikers and the men still out will return to work as soon as their employers will take them back.

Walderses Arrives

Hamburg, Aug. 13.—Field Marshal Count von Walderses arrived here. He was met at the railway station by Emperor William, Crown Prince Frederick William, Prince Eitel Frederick and Count von Buelow. His majesty's greeting of the field marshal and the officers accompanying him was most cordial. He kissed Von Walderses on both cheeks. The emperor and the field marshal drove together to the castle amid plaudits of the crowd.

Much Money Spent

Kansas City, Aug. 13.—Col. Skinner of the British army, an English officer who has been stationed in the United States since the outbreak of the Boer war, buying horses and mules, returned to Kansas City from New Orleans. He says that approximately 100,000 animals have been shipped from this vicinity through the port of New Orleans during the past three years. The average paid for these animals is \$50 a head, making the total expenditure \$5,000,000 in Missouri and Kansas.

Tennessee Tragedy

Knoxville, Tenn., Aug. 12.—M. D. Taylor, a well known citizen of Knox county, was killed at his home, ten miles from Knoxville, on Sunday by Willis Hollins, a negro. Taylor reprimanded the negro for striking his 9-year-old boy and Hollins crushed his skull with a brickbat. Taylor escaped, but can hardly elude the officers now searching for him. He would fare badly at the hands of residents of Taylor's section.

FORTUNATE FORT.

Interesting Happenings Transpiring in Several Southern States.

Vicksburg, Miss., is to have a \$40,000 city hall.

The widow and family of a prominent deceased newspaper man.

The total loss by recent fire at Shreveport, La., was \$125,000.

The Castleton stock farm, near Lexington, Ky., was sold to James R. Keene of New York for \$85,000.

At Louisville, Ky., Clement Buchter shot and killed his daughter, Irene, 19 years old, and wounded his wife.

Elsie Mills, 22 years old, was killed at Mills Springs, Va. The dead girl's little brother said their father did the deed.

An agent is at Knoxville, Tenn., looking for heirs to \$2,000,000 worth of property in the oil fields of Beaumont, Tex.

Lieutenant Commander James C. Cressop of the inspection board of the Norfolk, Va., navy yard, died there of blood poisoning.

Nashville, Tenn., voted to subscribe \$1,000,000 to the capital stock of the Nashville and Clarksville railway, and Clarksville voted \$100,000.

Mrs. Hagan and three children, who had sought refuge from a storm in a school-house near Mount Hennen, La., were struck by lightning and killed.

Gen. G. Moxley Sorrel, who was a distinguished Confederate soldier, died at the home of his brother, near Roanoke, Va. He was on Gen. Longstreet's staff.

S. D. Allbright, ex-president of the American Hardware company, was arrested at Nashville, Tenn., charged with the alleged embezzlement of \$5000.

The supreme convention of the Independent Order of Immaculates, one of the strongest negro organizations in the country, was held at Huntsville, Ala.

David R. Searcy, grand secretary of the Knights of Honor and connected prominently with other fraternal orders, passed away at New Orleans, aged 46 years.

Before the largest attendance ever seen at a game in Memphis, the Southern League baseball club of that city defeated the Chickasaws of the same place. The game was for the benefit of the steamer Norfolk, used as a ferry boat between Norfolk, on the Roads, Va., and Old Point Comfort, burned to the water's edge. Her crew of twelve men, who were asleep, barely escaped.

The Alabama constitutional convention adopted a resolution permitting women who possess \$300 worth of real estate to vote on bond questions, and no city can issue bonds unless voters so say.

Gen. Rufus P. Neely, aged 93 years, died at Bolivar, Tenn. He was in the Seminole war, the war with Mexico and followed the stars and bars of the Confederacy in the civil war. Fifty years ago Gen. Neely was a power in Tennessee politics.

Strike Commences

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 12.—The great steel strike is on. Then general order of President Shaffer of the Amalgamated association became effective Saturday and thousands of workers left their places to return at some indefinite time in the future, either victorious over the iron masters or in humble defeat.

The order to strike was generally obeyed wherever the workers were organized and enrolled in the lodge of the Amalgamated association.

Bullion Recovered

San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 12.—Jack Winters, who was arrested for the Selby smelting works robbery, has confessed the crime and so far \$110,000 worth of bullion has been recovered from the bay, where he had sunk it. For three days the detectives made efforts to induce Winters to confess, but without avail. Finally he asked to see Superintendent Ropp of the works, who, he said, was the only friend he had. He showed the place.

Crispi Passes Away

Naples, Aug. 12.—Signor Crispi died at 7:45 o'clock Saturday evening. He was surrounded by the members of his family and several intimate friends. The news was immediately telegraphed to King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helen. The evening papers assert that the body will be conveyed by steamer to Palermo, where the municipality will arrange for a great public funeral. Sig. Crispi's wife and daughter did not leave the bedside for fifty hours.

A Manifesto

New York, Aug. 12.—A copy of a manifesto that has been issued by Gen. Rafael Uribe-Uribe, the active chief of the Colombian insurrection at Maracaibo, has just been received in this city. Its importance lies in the statement that he is fighting now for the reunion of the Colombia, as the federation of Venezuela, Colombia and Ecuador was known previous to 1820. This, he says, was the ambition of the liberator, Gen. Simon Bolivar.

Will Remain at Work

Chicago, Aug. 12.—There will be no strike by members of the Amalgamated association at the Illinois Steel works in south Chicago. At a joint meeting of the local lodges Sunday, it was decided by an almost unanimous vote to remain at work, and if necessary to give financial support to the striking brethren in other mills. The men explain that they have no grievances and have contracts signed that will not expire for another year.

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Vicksburg, Miss., is to have a \$40,000 city hall.

The widow and family of a prominent deceased newspaper man.

The total loss by recent fire at Shreveport, La., was \$125,000.

The Castleton stock farm, near Lexington, Ky., was sold to James R. Keene of New York for \$85,000.

At Louisville, Ky., Clement Buchter shot and killed his daughter, Irene, 19 years old, and wounded his wife.

Elsie Mills, 22 years old, was killed at Mills Springs, Va. The dead girl's little brother said their father did the deed.

An agent is at Knoxville, Tenn., looking for heirs to \$2,000,000 worth of property in the oil fields of Beaumont, Tex.

Lieutenant Commander James C. Cressop of the inspection board of the Norfolk, Va., navy yard, died there of blood poisoning.

Nashville, Tenn., voted to subscribe \$1,000,000 to the capital stock of the Nashville and Clarksville railway, and Clarksville voted \$100,000.

Mrs. Hagan and three children, who had sought refuge from a storm in a school-house near Mount Hennen, La., were struck by lightning and killed.

Gen. G. Moxley Sorrel, who was a distinguished Confederate soldier, died at the home of his brother, near Roanoke, Va. He was on Gen. Longstreet's staff.

S. D. Allbright, ex-president of the American Hardware company, was arrested at Nashville, Tenn., charged with the alleged embezzlement of \$5000.

The supreme convention of the Independent Order of Immaculates, one of the strongest negro organizations in the country, was held at Huntsville, Ala.

David R. Searcy, grand secretary of the Knights of Honor and connected prominently with other fraternal orders, passed away at New Orleans, aged 46 years.

Before the largest attendance ever seen at a game in Memphis, the Southern League baseball club of that city defeated the Chickasaws of the same place. The game was for the benefit of the steamer Norfolk, used as a ferry boat between Norfolk, on the Roads, Va., and Old Point Comfort, burned to the water's edge. Her crew of twelve men, who were asleep, barely escaped.

The Alabama constitutional convention adopted a resolution permitting women who possess \$300 worth of real estate to vote on bond questions, and no city can issue bonds unless voters so say.

Gen. Rufus P. Neely, aged 93 years, died at Bolivar, Tenn. He was in the Seminole war, the war with Mexico and followed the stars and bars of the Confederacy in the civil war. Fifty years ago Gen. Neely was a power in Tennessee politics.

Strike Commences. Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 12.—The great steel strike is on. Then general order of President Shaffer of the Amalgamated association became effective Saturday and thousands of workers left their places to return at some indefinite time in the future, either victorious over the iron masters or in humble defeat.

The order to strike was generally obeyed wherever the workers were organized and enrolled in the lodge of the Amalgamated association.

Bullion Recovered. San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 12.—Jack Winters, who was arrested for the Selby smelting works robbery, has confessed the crime and so far \$110,000 worth of bullion has been recovered from the bay, where he had sunk it. For three days the detectives made efforts to induce Winters to confess, but without avail. Finally he asked to see Superintendent Ropp of the works, who, he said, was the only friend he had. He showed the place.

Crispi Passes Away. Naples, Aug. 12.—Signor Crispi died at 7:45 o'clock Saturday evening. He was surrounded by the members of his family and several intimate friends. The news was immediately telegraphed to King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helen. The evening papers assert that the body will be conveyed by steamer to Palermo, where the municipality will arrange for a great public funeral. Sig. Crispi's wife and daughter did not leave the bedside for fifty hours.

A Manifesto. New York, Aug. 12.—A copy of a manifesto that has been issued by Gen. Rafael Uribe-Uribe, the active chief of the Colombian insurrection at Maracaibo, has just been received in this city. Its importance lies in the statement that he is fighting now for the reunion of the Colombia, as the federation of Venezuela, Colombia and Ecuador was known previous to 1820. This, he says, was the ambition of the liberator, Gen. Simon Bolivar.

Will Remain at Work. Chicago, Aug. 12.—There will be no strike by members of the Amalgamated association at the Illinois Steel works in south Chicago. At a joint meeting of the local lodges Sunday, it was decided by an almost unanimous vote to remain at work, and if necessary to give financial support to the striking brethren in other mills. The men explain that they have no grievances and have contracts signed that will not expire for another year.

TEXAS COMPRESSED.

Notes of the Moment Sourced from Small States.

Mavor Greisenbeck of Bastrop resigned.

The Jack county fair will be held Aug. 28-30.

Rev. Abe Mulkey is conducting a revival at Brownwood.

Castroville registered \$15,000 of Callahan county bonds.

Dr. J. H. McCorkel, a leading citizen of Smith county, died at Starrville.

A. R. Hopkins filed a bankruptcy petition at Galveston. Liabilities, \$10,856; assets not given.

The Texas and Pacific railway has received two locomotives, the first of a consignment of twenty-five.

The ninth annual reunion of the Pioneers' association of Johnson county will be held at Alvarado Aug. 22 and 23.

The Old Settlers' reunion at Quitman, Wood county, was attended by 3000 persons the first day and 4000 the second.

Romaldo Cortez, alleged to have been implicated in the assassination of Sheriff Morris, and wounded, died in jail at Karnes City.

A number of negroes in McLennan county have received threatening letters ordering them to leave that county. Federal and county authorities are investigating.

The reunion of Confederate veterans of Cherokee county was held at Rusk, and about 4000 people, 500 of them veterans of the Lost Cause, were present. The next annual meeting will be held at Jacksonville.

TALKED CONVINCINGLY. And in Consequence the Sheriff Saved the Life of Cortez.

Gonzales, Tex., Aug. 12.—Sunday morning at 1 o'clock 200 armed and masked men rode up to the jail, rang the bell, called for Sheriff F. M. Fly and asked for the Mexican prisoner, Gregorio Cortez.

Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock Sheriff Fly heard that the mob was coming and secured his cells and doors and sent his keys off, remaining in the jail with only one deputy and the jailor. When asked for Cortez, Sheriff Fly very positively refused, and told them they could not have him. Upon this advice the mob tried to break down the door, using a telephone pole. Sheriff Fly then went outside, fired a shot, got the attention of the leaders of the mob, and after a talk together the mob dispersed, only firing a few shots as they left.

Sheriff Fly took Cortez to San Antonio via Lockhart and San Marcos.

Single's Suit

Texarkana, Tex., Aug. 12.—Mrs. Sallie N. Hudgins of this place filed suit in the Bowie county district court at Boston, through her attorney, Congressman John L. Sheppard, against the Maryland Casualty company for \$5000, basing her cause of action upon an accident policy for the amount named held by the plaintiff's late husband, Wm. T. Hudgins. Plaintiff alleges that her husband's death was the result of accidentally eating several spoiled oysters in one of the local restaurants. Col. Hudgins died nearly a year ago.

Camp County Minerals

Pittsburg, Tex., Aug. 12.—Considerable interest has been aroused in this section over the reports of some expert geologists and oil men, who have found splendid surface indications of oil in the eastern part of this county. Iron ore, copper, lead, sulphur, salt and coal are known to exist in this county, but have never been developed. Prospectors have made a quiet research and found the conditions so encouraging that several thousand acres have been leased.

Newspaper Men in Session

Terrell, Tex., Aug. 12.—Members of the North-Central Texas Newspapers association met here Saturday. Representative newspaper men from all over this country and a number of adjoining counties were in attendance. After the regular programme was disposed of the members were taken charge of by the Industrial association, of Terrell and driven over the city to every point of interest in town. Athens, holds next meeting Nov. 11.

In a Fight near Jackboro

between a sheriff's posse and bandits, one of the posse were killed.

Robbed Safe

Falestine, Tex., Aug. 12.—Constable Lansford of Brushy Creek, about fifteen miles north of here, was of the city and reported a most daring robbery which occurred in that town about 10 o'clock Friday night. Two safes in the stores of F. O. Carroll and Lawrence Elrod were completely destroyed with powder and \$712 taken from them. The postoffice was also in one of the stores, and a good deal of the money belonged to it.

Opening Old Editions

Austin, Tex., Aug. 12.—At a meeting Saturday afternoon of the state text book board the secretary was instructed to notify all county superintendents that all books used in public schools outside of the exempted districts must be those contracted for by the state, and not old editions which second-hand book dealers of northern cities are attempting to palm off on the school children of Texas.

The Colombian Minister and Members of Legation have Left Caracas

FAREWELL CONFECTION.

Such shipments are in South Texas is picking up.

Cotton: around sunset to First bales are much in evidence. Train is growing finely in many spots.

Bilston county reports plenty stock water.

Cotton gins are crowded to their capacity in F-7 county.

Hilsboro's first bale of cotton was received on the 6th.

Corn and Crockett is said to be in better condition than last year.

The first bale of cotton received at Temple noted the raises \$100.

Corn man is heavier in Kimble county this year than for fifteen years.

Dallas received her first sweet potatoes for the season from east Texas. Old settlers in Llano say this year's drouth has been the worst since 1883.

Lavaca county has 3133 dogs valued at \$3203 and 412 sheep valued at \$419.

H. L. Thompson, living three miles out of Hillsboro, has a chicken worth four legs.

Stock were never in better condition than the are now in Schleicher and Menard counties.

Cotton will make from one-half to three-fourths of a bale per acre in vicinity of Nevada.

Guy D. Tarlton of Kimble county, bought eighty-five head of cattle

Not According to Plans

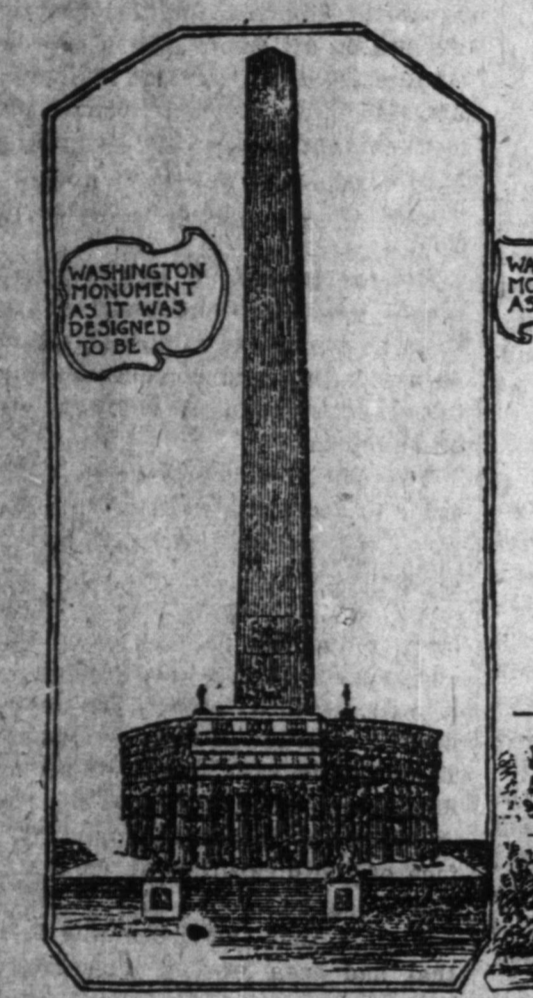
Famous Monuments That Have Never Been Properly Constructed.

We live in a half-made world. So it ever has been since the Tower of Babel was left uncompleted, and so it will be, no doubt, to the end of time. In our hurry to begin things we forget to finish them, and all over the world today the Great Unfinished stares us in the face—some big things waiting its completion, says a writer in New York Press.

There is the Washington monument, that giant obelisk rising up from the low flat back of the white house. Every one is familiar with its present appearance, but few people remember how it was originally designed to look. This tribute of a grateful nation to the father of his country was begun in 1848, and has never been completed according to the original design. Probably it never will be. It was hard work to get it as near completion as it is. When the monument was started all the rulers of the world sent blocks of marble to be placed in the interior

stand with Nelson, Gordon, Napier, Havelock and George IV. Save the mark! And why somebody put a clock in St. Paul's tower, which was evidently designed for one, and place the statues on the pedestals along Blackfriars Bridge, as was originally intended? Then there is Westminster Abbey, which was meant to have a spire, and the much-discussed marble arch, which was designed to have a statue on top of it.

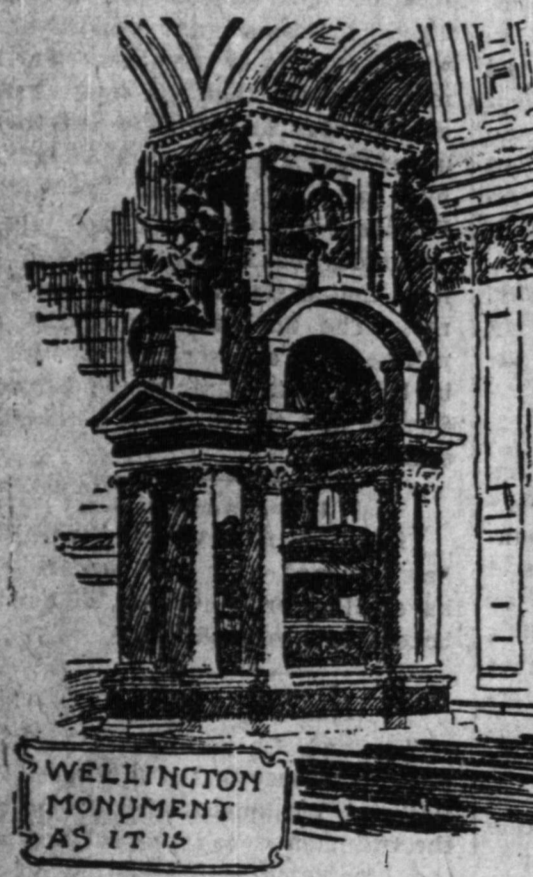
And Westminster Abbey Also



of the ornate, columnated structure which was to surround the lower part of the great shaft. The work of building went on briskly at first, then languished, and finally stopped entirely. It was not until 1876 that work was resumed upon the monument, and not until 1884 that the shaft was finished. All intention of completing the monument according to the original designs seems to have been abandoned, and the unfinished work.

The Grant monument as designed by Mr. Duncan had imposing approaches, with great flights of stairs leading down to the river and many other accessories of which it is now bare. As it is, the monument has an unfinished look, and a glance at the original design will show how far from completion this memorial to the great general is and is probably destined to remain.

Wellington's Tomb Unfinished. England was exceedingly grateful, too, over Waterloo, and when Wellington died decreed him a public tu-



neral and laid him away in St. Paul's Cathedral to the "noise of the mourning of a mighty nation." But she never finished his tomb. The equestrian statue which was to have surmounted the tomb stands headless in the crypt of the cathedral, propped up by some old lumber and tied about with ropes. Where the head is no one knows—it is ever made—and the pedestal which was to support the statue was never completed. The house of lords surprised itself into a discussion of the subject a year ago, and all that could be said officially was that the money appropriated for the tomb ran short and the work had been arrested "in its present stage of development." Yet \$100,000 was appropriated for this tomb fifty years ago. Nobody seems to care now whether it is ever completed or not. After the lapse of half a century patriotism is not easily transmuted into money. The Iron Duke, however, no doubt sleeps very soundly without his equestrian statue perched above him.

London is in a much more half-made state than New York any way, and evidences of incompleteness meet one on every hand, although your true Briton is never tired of talking about "British thoroughness." An empty pedestal in Trafalgar square stands proclaiming daily to a wondering world that England has now no hero to

stand with Nelson, Gordon, Napier, Havelock and George IV. Save the mark! And why somebody put a clock in St. Paul's tower, which was evidently designed for one, and place the statues on the pedestals along Blackfriars Bridge, as was originally intended? Then there is Westminster Abbey, which was meant to have a spire, and the much-discussed marble arch, which was designed to have a statue on top of it.

The abbey is perhaps the most widely known specimen of an uncompleted edifice in the world. Wherever the English tongue is spoken "the abbey makes us we"; yet it never has been finished and probably never will be. The disastrous attempt at completing it made by Sir Christopher Wren when he put up the two incongruous square towers on the west front is a well-known architectural crime, the results

of which are enough to frighten off any other architect from trying his hand on the ancient edifice. The existing abbey is, in a great degree, the building erected by Henry III. after he had pulled down most of the Confessor's building. It was Henry who erected the chapel of the Confessor which forms the rounded end of the choir, or the apsis of the building, the four chapels in the ambulatory that extend around the choir, a considerable portion of the choir itself, a small portion of the transept and probably the chapter house. The nave thus begun was carried forward further in the reign of Edward I., and gradually finished with other portions of the edifice in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and the grand close of the whole work took place in the reign of Henry VII. by the erection of the chapel which bears that monarch's name. The great central tower and the western towers were, however, still unbuild, although the work had been in progress for three centuries. Knight says: "The great central tower and



the western towers were still unbuild, and so to this time, the former remains; the latter have been added to by the architect of St. Paul's in a style that makes us regret that he did not confine himself to St. Paul's and works of a kindred character; most assuredly he was profoundly ignorant of the character and merits of the productions-to which he presumptuously applied the epithet of 'Gothic crinkle-crackle.'"

The first church was built on the site of the present abbey in 184 A. D., and so, with rebuilding, tearing down and adding to, the work of the making of Westminster Abbey has been going on for 1,717 years and the edifice is still incomplete. So it will be in all probability, always remains, chief among the world's Great Unfinished.

Within the inclosure of the Alhambra at Granada stands the unfinished palace of Charles I. of Spain, a structure which the monarch fondly imagined would outvie the palace of the Moorish kings to which it stands adjacent. Charles died before the building was completed, and there it stands to-day after the centuries have swept by, still incomplete.

Near London stands a modern example of unfinished things. It is the so-called Wembley tower, which its projector designed to be 150 feet higher than the Eiffel Tower in Paris. It was

to cost \$1,000,000. The lower platform is all that has ever been built of the structure. This lower platform occupies the same space as St. Paul's Cathedral. So the list might be stretched out. Nearly every one will remember something to add to it. But these few examples cited show what a half-made world this is after all.

Reforms in Spelling.
The United States government appointed a board to decide on the uniform orthography for geographical names, and the recommendations of this body were generally in the direction of increased simplicity—Berling Stratts, for example. The spellings thus officially adopted by the national government were at once accepted by the chief publishers of school textbooks. And these makers of school books also follow the rules formulated by a committee of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, appointed to bring about uniformity in the spelling and pronunciation of chemical terms. Among the rules formulated by the committee and adopted by the association were two that dropped a terminal "e" from certain chemical terms that enter into more general use. Thus the men of science now write oxide, iodide, chloride, etc., and quin, morphin, anilin, etc., although the general public has not relinquished the earlier orthography, oxide and quinine. Even the word toxine, which came into being since the adoption of these rules by the associated scientists, is sometimes to be seen in newspapers as toxine.—International Monthly.

A Triumph in Division.
A lesson in arithmetic is no joke—a painful reality, rather—yet a Boston schoolboy is alleged to have been inspired to humor by the worst of the problems in long division. After he had failed on the sums the teacher set, he asked permission to give one of his own. The privilege was granted. "My aunt has eight children," he said, "and she doesn't like to favor one above another. She was at the market the other day, and she bought eight apples for them, one apiece; but when she got home she found she'd lost one apple. All the same, she divided the apples so as to give each child the same number. How did she do it?" The class hadn't got along to fractions, and the boy insisted that his aunt knew nothing about algebra. So the puzzled teacher finally asked: "Well, how did she divide the seven apples so as to give each of the eight children an equal number?" "She made apple sauce."—Youth's Companion.

Seattle Cemetery.
Seattle has secured ownership of a tract of 100 acres, with a view to conducting a municipal cemetery, in imitation of a project successfully carried out in Cleveland. There a level, finely situated tract of land has been acquired by the municipality, and burial plots are sold without regard to location at the uniform price of 75 cents per square foot. This price includes the actual maintenance of the lot at the expense of the city in perpetuity. The maintenance includes grass seed, sowing, moving and general care-taking. Flowers and shrubs, when required, are, of course, charged additionally. The purpose is to defeat speculation in land for burial places, and to insure perpetual care of the graves. In Cleveland the enterprise is self-supporting, although the charges are very low.

As Good as a Corkscrew.
No doubt you have found yourself in the predicament of having forgotten the corkscrew, and you are out in the fields trying to get a draught from a cold bottle. Here is a new and simple way to overcome the difficulty, the invention of which is to be accredited to a convivial young scientist. Hold the neck of the bottle firmly in your right hand and with your left hold a handkerchief against the trunk of a tree. Now with a quick blow hit the side of the tree covered with the handkerchief. The cork will immediately fly out. Then turn the bottle upward so the fluid will not flow out after the cork.

Where Night Keys Are Taxed.
There is a Viennese custom, brought from the dark ages surely, which requires the paying of twenty heller (about five cents) to secure admission to your own house after 10 o'clock at night, writes a correspondent in the New York Times. If you are calling on a friend after that hour you also pay twenty heller to be let out of the house. There is but one way out of it. By paying three guilden a month (\$120) you are allowed to carry a night key and let yourself in. All this is by law, mind you, and you can be prosecuted at once if you try any American kicking.

Gen. Gordon's Bible.
In the corridors at Windsor stands a little ebony pedestal, and on it a splendid casket of seventeenth century Italian work, with sides of engraved rock crystal. Within this gorgeous setting lies wide open, on a satin cushion, a little well-worn book. It is Gen. Gordon's Bible, and is open at the gospel according to St. John. Below a little plate bears an inscription recording the fact that the Bible was presented to her majesty by the sister of Gen. Gordon after his death. This was one of the most prized possessions of Queen Victoria, and she never failed to point it out to visitors.

SLIMKINS SET EFFORT.
"You never call what kind of a shot you're going to get from the crowd when you're campaigning," said "Jake" Kemple, veteran "spell-binder," at the Phoenix Hotel the other night.

"The State committee sent a kid speaker along with me in Stanton street last October. It was a trying out process for the youngster, a rich kid in Columbia and the son of a lawyer. Just for fun, call him Slimkins. Slimkins are a long Prince Albert coat, and over that a light, short, fall overcoat that lacked about seven inches of covering the Prince Albert. Add to that a skyscraper collar, a pair of light-colored tan gloves and a plug hat, and you have a line on the Slimkins getup." The chairman of the cart talk meeting knew me, and as soon as I have in sight Slimkins he got hold of me and said:

"Say, Jake, we dis yer spriggin' on us. If de gans'ls after dis picture plate want de 'ol' Jake him look like 'tirty cents'."

"I said I guess the young fellow wouldn't make an end break, but the chairman looked apprehensively at him and at his clothes. It was arranged that my alleged friend should follow the chairman who made a good short talk. When Slimkins got up he was badly rattled, but he removed his overcoat, tossed his gloves into his tall hat, and said:

"Fellow-citizens and Republicans of the Fifteenth Assembly District: The aw—issues of the campaign—aw—have—aw—been a fully promulgated—aw—by the gentleman who has just spoken—aw—what I—aw—a—hardly know what to talk about."

"Talk about a half-minute 'n' set down, an' let the fat lobster spake his piece," said a hoarse-voiced man on the far edge of the crowd.

"That settled Slimkins," added Mr. Kemple. "He seemed to shrivel up. Soon his short light overcoat faded away in the darkness toward the Bowery. The fat lobster referred to was myself, and I had a hard time getting started. I told the State committee about it afterward, and Slimkins was scratched off the speakers' list."—New York Tribune.

AN ANTIPODEAN LUNCH IDEA.
The free lunch system of the United States is a thoroughly American institution, but, transplanted to Australia, it flourishes at least as luxuriously as its parent in the great republic, says a writer in Beverages. There a person purchasing a glass of beer at an inn or restaurant may supplement it, free of charge, with a cut from a joint or a choice of dishes.

Under more favorable conditions, Australian hotel keepers and publicans have brought the free lunch system to a point of excellence which fills one not only with an admirable meal, but also with the conviction that it will be impossible to go one better within the limits of profitable transaction.

The injury, therefore, that has been worked upon the rapidly extending free lunch business may be gauged from the fact that in Sydney, where the Sydney several first-class hotels where, by purchasing a 12-cent drink, you may partake of cold luncheons the equal of which, if eaten in a restaurant, would cost several times the money—without the drink.

In these places there is no indiscriminate self-help by the patron, no spoiling of the symmetry of the sirloin by hungry and inexperienced carvers, no ruthless wrecking of the lobster salad by selfish selectors of lobster without the proper proportion of lettuce. You are attended to at a handsome cedar counter and whatever you may fancy, and as much of it as you care for, is served by the waiters in attendance.

NO SERIOUS DAMAGE.
Brainy Bowers—"De bull's a-comin' all right, an' I s'pose me biographer when he comes to write me life 'll say de position was critical, but dat's a lie."

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There is a Viennese custom, brought from the dark ages surely, which requires the paying of twenty heller (about five cents) to secure admission to your own house after 10 o'clock at night, writes a correspondent in the New York Times. If you are calling on a friend after that hour you also pay twenty heller to be let out of the house. There is but one way out of it. By paying three guilden a month (\$120) you are allowed to carry a night key and let yourself in. All this is by law, mind you, and you can be prosecuted at once if you try any American kicking.

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Banana Flour.
Carefully selected, well-ripened bananas are dried and then ground into a meal; it has a pale grayish color. The banana flour may be prepared in a variety of ways, the same as cornstarch; it cooks in a few minutes. It can be made into a gruel or porridge, and constitutes a highly nutritious diet in cases of gastric irritability and acute gastritis.

a girl who can cook, my boy, it will be time to think of marrying. When you find a girl who can make up her own bed, knows how to set the table without forgetting something, is able to put up with the preserves, and, above all, is good at sewing, go in and win her, my boy, and you will have my blessing."

"I have resolved, father, to seek such a wife as you describe," said the young man with determination. "I see the folly of seeking a wife in society. I will go to an intelligence office this afternoon and see if I can find one that will answer. And then I'll have mother call on her, and—"

"Young man, I'll break your neck in about a minute!"

"But you said—"

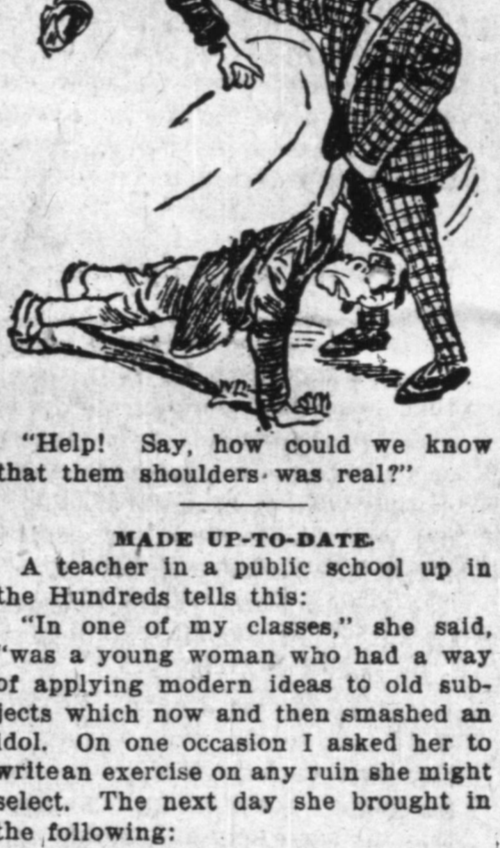
"Never mind what I said. I've changed my mind."—Leslie's Weekly.

THE EXCEPTION.

"Say, Bill, there's one of them padded-up dudes. Look at his cotton shoulders! Let's go an' insult him."



"See here, mister, you oughter git into a museum as de prize stuffed dood."



MADE UP-TO-DATE.
A teacher in a public school up in the Hundreds tells this:
"In one of my classes," she said, "was a young woman who had a way of applying modern ideas to old subjects which now and then smashed an idol. On one occasion I asked her to write an exercise on any ruin she might select. The next day she brought in the following:
"If thou would'st visit fair Melrose a-rite
Take a kodak and visit it by daylight."
This prompted another in the class to turn in this:
"In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier,
But at the quay he plays the mandolin
To ragtime music, not by note, but by ear."
The young women evidently thought they had struck a rich mine in my suggestion, for at the next call one of them handed in this:
"Tis sweet to hear the Dachshund
In the dark
Whine welcome as we draw near
Home, sweet home
'Tis nice to know the Dachshund
Doesn't bark
Or make unseemly racket when we come."
"Well, I saw I had made a mistake, and immediately informed the class that it might in the future confine its ruminations to scenes on Manhattan."
—New York Sun.

LAUGHLETS.
One or the Other.
"That social reformer has a very spectacular way of presenting some extraordinary theories."
"Yes, the man is either posing or supposing all the time."—Washington Star.

He Felt the Disgrace.
"I see since Packman has been employed on the yellow journals, his father has refused to recognize him."
"Indeed! What does his father do?"
"He's serving a life term at Sing Sing."—Life.

A Lack of Celebrity.
"Don't you think that a public man should devote himself to study of his country's history and its present needs?"
"Well, answered Senator Sorghum, "all that is interesting. But it is a mighty slow way to get office."—Washington Star.

His Forethought.
"Streeter tells me he has stopped giving his wife any pin money."
"Stingy of him, I say."
"Oh, no. He leaves a smaller amount in his pocket for her to help herself to when she thinks he's asleep. It gives her more pleasure and she never tells him it isn't enough."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Only Way

A Fascinating Romance by Alan Adair

CHAPTER VII.
Veronica's face was as haggard as Alan's. The blow had been so crushing, so unexpected—that he had not seemed glad to see her, that his heart had not leapt out to her, as hers did to him, that his eyes did not rest for a moment upon the boy, was bad enough; but that there should be another woman in her place! Oh, that was anguish intolerable! At last she spoke. "You love her, Alan?" she asked.

"Better than my life!" he answered passionately.

"Oh!" She gave a little shudder. "Then I will go and leave you to your happiness," she said quietly. "It's the only way—the only way. I will take our boy and go!"

"But you cannot go!" he groaned. "I made you my wife, Veronica, and as long as you live you will be my wife, although my heart and hers may break."

"I break your heart?" cried Veronica. "Why, I would give my life for you. I would not have you unhappy for a moment if I could help it. I love you as much as in the old days, Alan, before the shipwreck. Oh, why was I saved?"

He looked at her, and poor Veronica's heart failed her. There was no love in that look. All the love of Alan's heart was given to Joyce. There was pity and despair, but no love. When a woman loves a man she can soon see the difference. He could not say that he praised God that she was saved, and he did not. "Tell me about it," he said mechanically. If she talked he would be able to think what it would be best to do for her. But as for him, the despair of his heart almost choked him when he thought that in about half an hour he must pull down that beautiful fabric of their lives, must ruin Joyce forever! He could scarcely think of Veronica in his overwhelming agony; but she spoke, glad to see his interest.

"I was washed in shore, into a sandy bay, Alan. I had gone through the anguish of dying; but when the people found me they brought me to, but the shock had been too much for me; I could not remember anything. And then in about five months baby was born, and then it all came to me slowly. I was ill and weak and could do nothing; I could scarcely think. Then at last when I wrote the letters were sent back to me, and I heard a rumor that you had gone back to England. I was penniless. I did not know if you wanted our marriage acknowledged, so I did not write to Mr. Dempster; but as my strength returned my courage died also. I began giving singing and guitar lessons. People were good to me. I worked hard, and at last scraped together enough money to take me in a sailing boat to England. I hate the sea. I was afraid of it; but you were there, and I came. But it was a year before I could find anything of you, and I should not have found you at all but Hutchinson told me he had seen you and had spoken to you."

"Two days ago. But he told me that he had seen you two months ago, and you had spoken of me. You had told him we were married, Alan, which he had not known. He tracked me home from a music shop, where they get me music lessons; but I cannot tell why he delayed."

But Alan could. Hutchinson, in his cruelty, knew that it would be the ruin of Joyce's life as well as his own if this marriage with her could be consummated first. He knew Hutchinson hated him, so this was his revenge!

He tried to think of Veronica, but it was of no use. Joyce's image came before him whenever he tried to think of the poor girl who was his wife. The little boy, also, was looking at him with his, Alan's, own blue eyes, which were so great a contrast to his curly dark hair. That these poor creatures, dependent upon him for love which he could not give, troubled him.

"Veronica," he said at length, "will you go back to where you live and I will write to you when I have seen her?"

"The wife you love?" asked poor Veronica.

"Yes," said Alan. "Will you do that? You know that you can trust me."

"Of course," said Veronica, simply. "I will do what you say always. It is misery to me to think that I have made you so unhappy, when I thought only to make you happy."

"My poor girl," he said, deeply touched by the contrition in her tone and by her sadness, "you would have done very wrong if you had not come."

She gave him her address and left him. When she had gone a little way from him she took her boy in her arms and hugged him fiercely. "He never looked at you, my own," she said—"never once! But you are mother's joy! Oh, Alan, Alan," she wailed, "why was I saved!"

But Alan was standing where she had left him. He told himself that he was not cowardly, but that his heart failed him for this. There was no way out of it. He and Joyce, his wife of six weeks, must part!

At last he roused himself; it was getting late. Joyce already would be uneasy about him. The thought of her pretty wifely solicitude, and how after today it might never be put to the test, overcame him altogether. To feel that Joyce was living, and that he must give her up, that they were both young and loving, and must go on living apart forever, was too much for him. "My God, help us to bear it!" Afterwards it came back to him with profound regret that he had never thought of Veronica at all; but he

could be thankful that he had seen her and had not hated her.

He crept home slowly, like a wounded animal going to its lair. Home! The very word hurt him. And he had Joyce had only this morning talked of buying the pretty house for their summer residence. This morning was it, or years ago! Could it be only an hour or so since he left the station, all unsuspecting of what was to befall him?

For he had been unsuspecting. He had entirely forgotten the woman who he now easily identified as Veronica. He had been happy as it is given to few mortals to be happy. He groaned aloud as he opened the door which led into the pretty hall. His throat was dry; he could not call Joyce. He had evidently heard the opening door, for she came out of the morning-room, which they furnished with the hangings they had bought on the day he had seen Veronica. She called gaily to him and a little reproachfully. "Oh, Alan, how late you are, you naughty boy! And our ride—will you have tea first?"

He simply could not answer. It was impossible; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and his dry throat could not articulate a sound.

"Alan," she called again, "come along, darling."

"I am coming." His voice was, however, so muffled, in a moment she was alarmed. She came running out to him.

"Alan, Alan, what is it? Are you ill, dearest?"

Her unconsciousness almost killed him, together with the thought that he would have to tell her. Then she came up to him and saw his face. In an instant she knew that something awful had occurred. Her jaw fell, and she staggered up to him, putting out her hand and feeling as if she were blind. "She was unconscious no longer, for she remembered vividly the day when he had turned so white, and had told her the reason afterwards as they sat together at the hotel. Her quick mind told her that his ashy greyness and the misery on his face had something to do with his dead wife. Hand in hand they went together into the pretty morning-room, into which she was shining, and they sat down speechless. A bird in a bush close by set up its joyous song. Nature was full of gladness.

Then suddenly he wrenched his hand out of hers and threw himself headlong upon the couch. Jobs broke from him and his shoulders heaved. For a moment she let him weep, and then she knelt down beside him and flung her pretty, soft arms round his neck, and pressed her cheek down which the tears were running, against his, so that their tears mingled together.

"Tell me like this," she said. But he could not speak, his grief was uncontrollable. And so in whispers she began: "It is something about your wife, Alan, your first wife, I mean, poor Veronica!"

He groaned, and an awful knowledge came to Joyce—a knowledge that clutched her heart and made her very being stand still. For a moment she saw nothing distinctly, heard nothing distinctly, only felt Alan's tears upon her cheek. Then, when the mist cleared away: "Is she alive?" she whispered.

"Yes!" he cried.

"Alive? Oh, my poor heart! Alive! Your wife? And I—"

He sat up then and grasped her hands in his. "You, you!" he cried. And the agony of his voice came back to Joyce for years after. "You! I've got to give you up, Joyce! You, the wife of my heart, my own, my soul! You've got to be as nothing to me! How can I do it?"

"I don't know," she said feebly. "And yet, Alan, you must!"

"Do you think I don't know it?" he cried. "Do you think I would have you live with me while my wife was living? Do you think I should let one person in this world point a finger of scorn at you? Do you think I should let you sell your beautiful white soul for me? Oh, Joyce, I love you too perfectly for that, you are too dear to me for that! I will say good-by to you, my own, and never look at your face again; but I will not let you live disgraced. But the parting—the parting!"

Veronica's white face uplifted to his, Joyce's hands grasping his, Joyce's whole being suffused by love for him, and he had to give her up! No more exquisite agony had to be imagined than this moment's, and yet, when it came to the actual doing of it, it so far transcended the imaginings of it that this interview almost seemed sweet in comparison.

"The parting!" she re-echoed. "The parting? You mean that we must cease living in the same house! In the same place, together? Alan, can we do it? Will strength be given us? Oh, what shall we do?"

(To be continued.)

President Receives About \$90,000.
The president receives a salary of \$50,000 a year, his house free, and this includes the heating and lighting. The grounds are cared for, his conservatory is filled with flowers, and the gardener who cares for it is paid by the government. The only servants whose wages the president is called upon to pay are his own personal ones, for the doormen, messengers, clerks, and, in fact, every one connected directly or indirectly with the executive department are, of course, government employes. He receives, also, as the head of the army, fodder for his horses and his stable is the property of the government. There are other allowances and, taken all in all, it is estimated that the president receives in various ways between \$80,000 and \$90,000 a year, or its equivalent.

It has been found that smallpox patients are least marked when kept in rooms darkened with red curtains.



I wish that I had known the days
When everything was right;
When singers sang the sweetest lays
And intellects were bright;
When there were ne'er a fool or scamp
Life's sweetness to alloy;
When all things bore perfection's stamp,
When grandeur was a boy.

I listen with uncovered head,
Although it causes pain,
To learn how far true bliss has fled,
'Till I ne'er return again.
The little pleasures that we know,
How faintly soon they die;
Compared to those of long ago
When grandeur was a boy.

Ah, there were actors in that time,
And mighty statesmen, too,
And orators whose words would chime
Even to the echoing blue.
The railway, with its clang and hiss—
I'd spurn the idle toy;
Could I but know the days of bliss
When grandeur was a boy.

Why must we plod with patience great
And only find at last
How vain it is to imitate
The glories of the past?
And as I think on days ago,
This question will annoy:
"Why has the world kept running on
Since grandeur was a boy?"

The Path of Joy.

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ.
(Copyright, 1901, Daily Story Pub. Co.)
"I am dead tired of everything."
She looked out of the window as she said it and the haggard look on her face proved that she meant it. Life had been rather hard on her. The prettiest of the debutantes three years before, she had not been one of those who married after their first season. Only envious people said it was Amante's fault. A great many said it was because the girl desired and expected too much of her suitors, disdaining wealth and position and looking for the realization of an ideal.

for freedom and for change. She changed from red to pale.
"Listen," whispered the gypsy still holding a hand in both her own, "listen! You shall only be ten days with us to gain joy. It is written in the stars. Then—" and she leaned over and whispered—"then, my sister, life is yours."
Amante was red enough now. She deliberated. Suddenly the fascination of the adventure swept her from her moorings.
"I will go," she whispered, "I will meet you tomorrow at noon across the river."
It seemed a sudden resolve to Amante's father, this one of visiting



her married sister in Chicago, but he was used to her caprices and only insisted on seeing her safely off. He would have been horror-stricken to have known that she alighted at the station across the river and telegraphed to the baggage master at Chicago to hold her trunk. Then she deliberately walked to the river bank and there met Zorel whose beautiful eyes shone with welcome. An hour later two gypsy girls instead of one were strolling about the streets, their heads tied up in gaudy handkerchiefs and gayly purchasing provisions for their journey north.

The gypsy family consisted of a grizzled old man, his son and a fat wife, Zorel, their daughter and other children, and an old man or two. The women and children rode in the great covered wagon, the men on their horses or ponies. The men traded horses and the women sold coarse lace. The first day it was romantic enough, but the day soon tired Amante. Where was the path of joy? How was this existence to bring her heart's desire?
She questioned Zorel, who waited on her with a blind devotion that seemed to displease the mother. Only the grandfather shared Zorel's admiration and devotion.
Amante did not lack courage. She questioned Zorel on the fourth night as they crept to sleep in the wagon bed.
"Where is the path of joy, Zorel? What will happen?"
Zorel's eyes took on their mystical reptile.
"Ahead—it is plainer day by day. Today I see smoke and fire—but it is there."
"Do the others see it, Zorel?"
"Only the old father—Daddy—he sees it clearly. The rest do not see things. Too much beer they drink and not read the stars. But I have not lied to you, my sister."
On the sixth day the old man rose up after his evening meal with a great cry. He spoke some wild words in a strange tongue. Amante clutched Zorel's hand.
"O yes," said Zorel putting her arm about her, "the stars were right, my sister. The time of trial comes, and through it runs the path of joy."



"Go Away With You!"
your joy. See, I will lead you to a happiness."
"How did you know?" faltered Amante. "I never said—"
The gypsy caught her hand quickly and pressed it to her breast.
"We know. 'Tis the pain of love. I will lead you to joy. You shall have your heart's desire—if you will only trust me."
"Where?"
"To the north. That is all I know. You shall be my sister and I will lead you to joy. Have you the courage?"
"Go away with you? How could I? But in her blood was a wild clamor

"Gypsies running from the fire!" he cried and looked back. The wind was driving on a wall of flame. There was no escape for these people in that lowly place, no water course, no plowed field.
It was the work of a moment to give the stop signal, but it took longer to back the train. The passengers were alarmed and the men crowded from the parlor car. One of the first out was a fine and athletic southerner with red cheeks and a proud head.
"The gypsies, the gypsies!" cried the conductor, "they are racing for life. We must save them."
The train backed towards the roaring flames. The gypsies looked back, saw and understood. The men jumped from their horses and went wildly on. The women and children tried to climb the embankment, but sank down exhausted in the thick smoke. The southerner saw two girls clinging to each other and jumped towards them. A few seconds later he heard a voice crying:
"Save my sister! save my sister!"
In the dense smoke he clutched at a form. Again the voice cried:
"Take her, she is yours! Go on, I can follow."
A moment later the train was away as on the wings of the wind. The gypsies were lying on the floor of the baggage car and the parlor car.
It was in the latter that Amante opened her eyes from a dead faint. She looked into the face of Morris Allison. Zorel was tenderly smoothing back her hair.
"Am I alive?" she whispered.
The young man shuddered as he drew about her some of the proffered wraps of the passengers.
"Thank God you are!" he said, "if it is really you. How came you here and in this awful plight?"
He chafed her small and now browned hands and helped to gather up the fallen and luxuriant masses of dark hair. There was a new meaning in his voice, an impulse in his tenderness. Both women felt it subtly.
"How was it?" he repeated, "how came you here?"
But Zorel, with eyes that burned his soul, smiled at him and answered.
"It was decreed."

BELIEF IN REINCARNATION.
Writer Reads It in the Faces of Men and Women.
Strange as it may seem, there are millions of people to-day who believe that the spirits of men and women return to earth after death and are born again into new bodies. The following is an extract of an article recently written for a leading magazine by a believer in the reincarnation theory:
"A boy went to school. He was very little. All that he knew he had drawn in with his mother's milk. His teacher (who was God) placed him in the lowest class, and gave him these lessons to learn: Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt do no hurt to any living thing. Thou shalt not steal. So the man did not kill; but he was cruel, and he stole. At the end of the day (when his beard was gray—when the night was come), his teacher (who was God) said: Thou hast learned not to kill. But the other lessons thou hast not learned. Come back to-morrow."
"On the morrow he came back, a little boy. And his teacher (who was God) put him in a class a little higher, and gave him these lessons to learn: Thou shalt do no hurt to any living thing. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not cheat. Thou shalt not covet. So the man did not steal; but he cheated, and he coveted. And at the end of the day (when his beard was gray—when the night was come), his teacher (who was God) said: Thou hast learned not to steal. But the other lessons thou hast not learned. Come back to-morrow."
"That is what I have read in the faces of men and women, is the book of the world, and in the scroll of the heavens, which is writ with stars."—Berry Benson, in The Century.

Humor in Examination Papers.
The trial of going over examination papers, said the principal of a downtown school yesterday, "has its compensation if one has a sense of humor. Some of the answers are stupidly funny, while others are unconsciously witty. One of the questions in the papers I went over this morning was: 'Name some of the causes of dyspepsia.' One boy's answer was: 'Eating green apples and drinking beer between meals.' Another answered: 'Drinking ice water and after-dinner speaking.' Isn't that delicious? A third boy said dyspepsia was caused by going in swimming on an empty stomach. Another question was: 'Name some of the vital organs of the human body.' One answer was: 'Heart, liver, lungs and lights. These are the eternal organs.'—Philadelphia Record.

Transplanting Large Trees.
Paris has learned the art of transplanting large trees successfully, so that at the earliest signs of decay a street tree may be removed and the symmetry of the vista not spoiled by its successor. For these trees alone the expenses of Paris amount to about \$60,000 a year. The municipal nurseries include a "hospital," or "cure," for the tired trees, where they are restored, if possible, to health and strength in soil that is richer than the city's. In spring and fall these trees on their way to and from the hospital are no uncommon feature in the street scenes of Paris.

Bark and Stone as Food.
In a very unusual season like that through which the province of Palpatana, India, recently passed, it is not uncommon for the people to grind the bark of trees and even stones to mix with their scanty supply of meal and thereby stay the pangs of hunger for a longer period. A small quantity of well-ground bark, or of a soft stone found there, does not seem to be injurious. If, used to excess, however, the diseases incident to starvation become apparent.

Abolishing Cruelty to Animals.
At a recent meeting in London of the Humanitarian League for the purpose of presenting Rev. J. Stratton with a testimonial for his work in abolishing the royal buckhounds, letters from George Meredith, Thomas Hardy and Frederic Harrison were read, all favoring the abolition of sports that were attended with cruelty to animals.

HE RULES HIS STATE.

HERE IS AN AUTOCRAT WHO RULES AS HE PLEASES.

Young Potentate Who is as Absolute as Caesar or Sultan. He is Frederick Francis IV, Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

Frederick Francis IV., Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who recently assumed the reins of government, shares with the Czar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey the distinction of being one of the three only absolute monarchs of the three only absolute monarchs left in Europe. He rules a little principality without any restriction of constitution of Parliament. His word is law. He appoints all officials, levies just what taxes he chooses, and spends them as he wills, and there is no one to question his right. He has the power of life and death over his subjects; may fine them, imprison them, draft them into his army, cut off their heads or turn them, decorate them, enoble them, or dower their daughters, just as the mood strikes him.

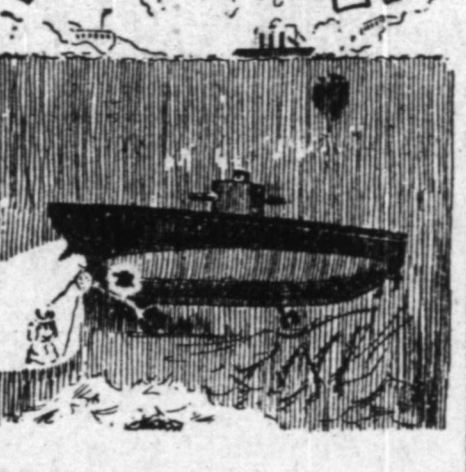


Mecklenburg-Schwerin has been ruled thus ever since the days of Prince Niklot, who died in 1160. The family claims to be the oldest reigning house in Europe, though there are several that dispute this distinction—notably the House of Orange, of which the young Queen of Holland is the head.

HATCHING ALLIGATORS.
Ten Inches Long When They Emerge from the Eggs.
The casual observer would be very much surprised if you were to ask him if he saw any resemblance between a bird and alligator. Paleontological evidence, however, demonstrates that our every-day barnyard fowl and the so-called denizens of the Florida swamps are descendants of identically the same progenitor. But let the casual observer be handed the egg of a common fowl and that of an alligator, and he will be much puzzled to tell you which will hatch a tasty chick and which a lusty "nigger gizzard." Possibly he did not know that alligators laid eggs, and if so, perhaps he will be interested in hearing what a professor of the Johns Hopkins university has been doing. He secured some fresh alligator eggs and kept them in an incubator for a couple of weeks; at the end of that time he noticed a curious squeaking sound coming from the inside of the eggs—the sound which tells the mother that her babies are about ready to appear and should be helped out of the mess of earth and leaves which constitute their nest and in which they are buried. During the act of hatching the professor tells us the little creatures were quite savage and would snap at his fingers. The newly born alligator is about ten inches long, and it is marvelous how he can be stowed away in so small an egg.

Algeria has four zones in which petroleum occurs. One of them is 125 miles long.

SUBMARINE FIGHTERS FOR OUR NAVY.



Washington dispatch: The United States Navy Department will be of France and Great Britain, is experimenting with submarine boats.
A few weeks ago Simon Lake submitted to the Navy Department carefully worked out plans for submarine boats of three orders; a small kind that could be carried by a battleship and used as a picket boat, a larger type for coast defense work and a still larger order for cruising purposes, having a radius of action of thousands of miles. The result of Mr. Lake's interview with the board of construction will be the building of a boat of the coast defense type to be tried in competition with the submarine boats now building for this government; and if this boat accomplish nothing more than Mr. Lake has already realized in his Argonaut, built two years ago, it will be a much more effective military instrument than the present boats of the Holland design, whose subsequent work is substantially limited to a series of plunges of no inconsiderable uncertainty.

The Argonaut was designed to travel along the bottom of the boat resting upon three massive wheels of cast iron, the single one at the stern acting as a rudder. It made numerous descents on its way down the Chesapeake and traveled over all kinds of bottom, some of which was so soft that the divers would sink nearly up to their waists when leaving the boat. Other bottoms were found to consist of hard sand, on which the wheels made no impression. It was run up hill and down dale and across dredged channels, and at all times it was found that it could be readily maintained so nearly buoyant that these gradual ascents and descents made no perceptible difference in the power required to propel it. It was found that it would mount over any obstacle over which it could get its bow, for the boat's pressure upon the bottom could be regulated to the matter of either one pound or twice as many tons as the occasion and currents might require.

The feature about the boat that made the greatest appeal to the popular mind was the diving chamber. It was in there, air-loved off from the rest of the craft, that the air pressure was gradually increased until it equaled the pressure of the water without. Then Mr. Lake would unfasten the big iron door in the floor and let it drop outward, while the water would rise nearly to the flooring and then subside quietly to a level with the manhole rim. Out below the diver would pass, the

bottom. If the water were clear, plainly in sight, while big-eyed, inquisitive fish would look up into the brightly lighted chamber. It was all so much like Jules Verne's famous story, and yet it was true.
The boat which Mr. Lake is now contracting to build will have all of the desirable features of his earlier boat bettered, and with some additional ones of a decidedly unique order. For obvious reasons Mr. Lake won't let the public know the details of most of these, but he gives them thus, for the first time, a general knowledge of the craft which promises to revolutionize the history of submarines for naval work.
Mr. Lake has conceived a scheme by which his boats, when in a semi-submerged condition similar to that shown in the left hand corner of the sketch, are rendered invisible. Mr. Lake gives assurance of the absolute

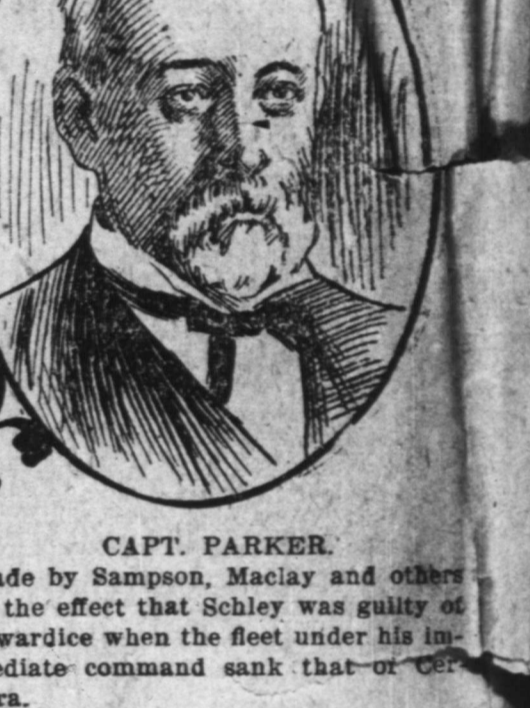
practicability of this, although it is not free for publication. It is only necessary for any one who has been out to sea at all to recall the difficulty of "picking up," that is, catching sight of, a good big can buoy, the position of which is known, to conceive of the task of sighting the armored hood of one of Mr. Lake's boats even without its disguising feature. It would be a hard job to catch a fair glimpse of the boat with all its deck-house out of water; and that is the condition in which it would be able to do a large share of advance scout work.



JUDGE WILSON.

It is not generally known, but it is possible to keep within sounding of 150 feet, the maximum diving depth of the boat, off our coast at distances of from seven to seventy-five miles. With an advance guard of pickets like these, it would be possible to establish the most effective blockade with the minimum of expense and effort. To connect with the cable the boat of close bearing would locate the spot, lower its two anchors, and slowly draw itself down to the junction box. The diver would then go out, complete the circuit, and communication could at once be held with the shore. By moving slightly the boat, the anchor, the boat could observe every movement of the enemy until well up, directing the station ashore as to the speed and compass bearing of the approaching foe, and then, if discovered, sink completely out of sight in three seconds. Should

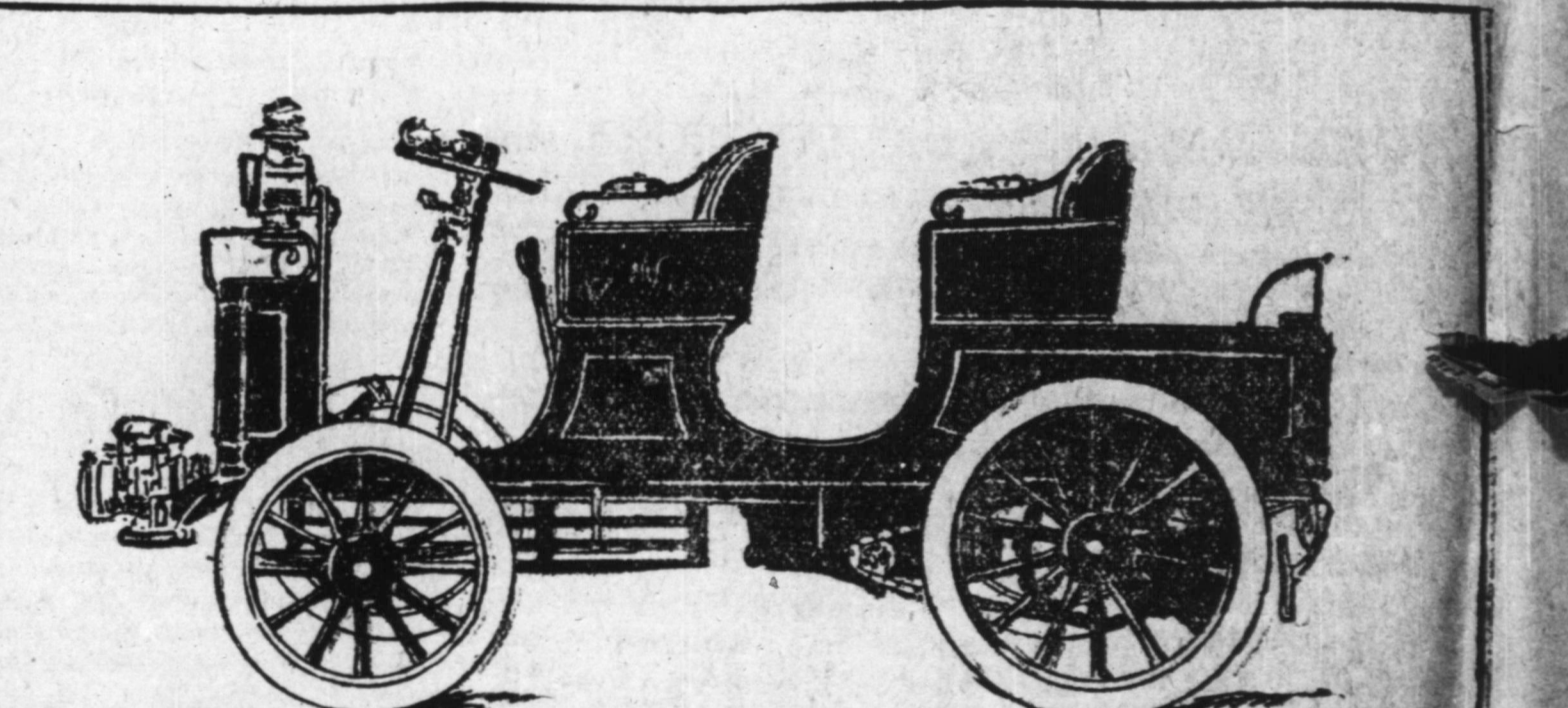
it wish to attack, all it need do would be to cast loose the sealed end of the cable, raise its anchors, and have at the enemy. If the approaching foe be light craft or torpedo boats, this coast defense submarine could effectively use its two one-pound guns on them, and that while presenting only the target of its tower. At night, against such small craft, it would be better for it to do that than to waste its torpedoes; and the boat is so designed that should this part of its hull be damaged, it can be completely cut off from the rest of the boat, while navigation could be carried on from below.



CAPT. PARKER, made by Sampson, Maclay and others to the effect that Schley was guilty of cowardice when the fleet under his immediate command sank that of the



A King's Motor Carriage.



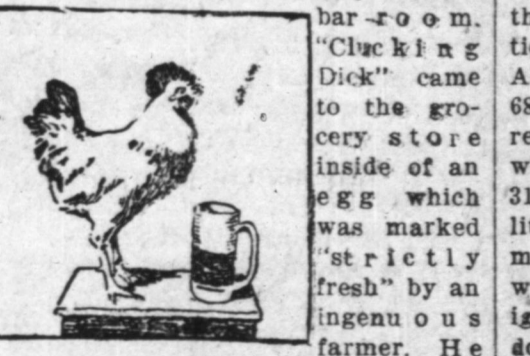
King Edward's latest motor car is one of the finest vehicles of its kind yet built. Unlike most motor cars it is remarkable for the neatness and elegance of its appearance, and though substantially built, it is comparatively light. It is a sort of motor phaeton, having seating accommodation for half a dozen persons, one behind the driver on the front seat, a couple on the middle seat, and a box for two footmen at the back. This is not by any means the first motor car the King has had made for him; for, like the King of the Belgians, his Majesty takes a keen interest in horseless carriages, and has had two built for him previously. This latest motor car, however, will mark something of a new departure, for during the coming season the King intends to take regular rides in it in Hyde Park.—London Daily Express.

Absentee Landlords.
The story that Mr. John D. Rockefeller is to make his home in England is probably incorrect. But if such a thing should happen it would hasten the day when the United States will adopt drastic measures to check the evils of absentee millionarism. Of course we have no objection to the expatriation of any money-hooper who finds the air of America too raw for his lungs. But we do object to having the wealth accumulated by the energy, labor and ingenuity of the American people sent abroad to maintain a useless colony of Astors, Bradleys, Martins and Van Alens.

When the ownership of American property is transferred to Europe by hundreds of millions at a time the process assumes the proportions of a national disaster. It will have to be stopped. If nothing else will stop it a graduated income tax reaching 50 per cent on overgrown revenues sent to owners living abroad probably will.—Chicago American.

Express trains in Russia do not run over twenty-two miles an hour.

Rooster That Drinks.
One of the most prominent politicians of St. Louis is a rooster. "Cluckin' Dick" by name, which for nearly a year has inhabited a Carr street grocery and bar room.
"Cluckin' Dick" came to the grocery store inside of an egg which was marked "Fretfully Fresh" by an ingenious farmer. He hatched himself out on the day of his arrival and has ever since been the presiding genius of the place. He drinks his glass of beer twice a day and in the evening sips his three fingers of whisky with all the pleasure of an old toper. The men who frequent the barroom have taught "Dick" to be a politician and a baseball fan. When the St. Louis club wins "Dick" flies to the top of the ice box and crows lustily. When John Sweeney



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Alabama's Mistake.
The Alabama Constitutional convention has disappointed its friends by adopting the "grandfather clause" creating a hereditary aristocracy of ignorance. The census returns show that a straight educational qualification would insure white supremacy in Alabama. Last year there were 299,680 white men of voting age who could read and write, and 73,474 negroes—a white majority of 137,206. There were 31,524 illiterate whites and 101,977 illiterate negroes. It is not a superhuman feat to teach a man to read and write. If Alabama wants her 31,524 ignorant white men to vote she will do better to educate them than to sneak them into the franchise by way of a fictive "grandfather clause."—New York Journal.

Many countries have curious methods of raising money to reduce taxation. In Hesse, Germany, taxes have been put upon bachelors, and have to pay 25 per cent more than married men. The reason has been that many well-to-do people have emigrated to Prussia, and it is

20TH. CENTURY GIRL.

She is plastic and elastic and can trip the light fantastic in a style enthusiastic with abundant grace. She is sweet and pettish in a bunch of great combs and keeps up at her feetness in a manner debonaire.

She can dance on the alley with ten pins and make a tally, and the boys around her rally when she's out upon the links.

And she'll patter round and chatter on most any weighty matter, but she's thinking through her hat—er little thinker never thinks.

Oh, she's happy when she's frappe and is throwing bright and snappy bits of Chilkoot Pass at chappy, freezing out the spoony boys.

And the measure of her pleasure in her never-ceasing leisure is a little world of treasure in unmitigated joys.

She'll abuse you and amuse you and both well and ill she'll use you, and she'll finally refuse you, tho' heart-broken you implore.

But don't bother—get another—be content to be her brother, for she'll like to see her mother mopping up the kitchen floor.



The Man By the Roadside.

BY WILL S. GIDLEY.
Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.

A man suffering from half a dozen gunshot wounds lay dying by a Kentucky roadside—a man grizzled and gaunt, and upon whose lean face was the bronze of fifty summers and many a jagged seam and scar.

A rabbit poked its nose inquiringly through the bushes as he lay there, and then at a sudden movement from the dying man turned and scuttled swiftly away.

Then a big blue-bottle fly came buzzing around the helpless man, wetting in his own life-blood beside the rude mountain trail, and after five minutes of blundering and bumping against his battered features finally settled down on the raw edge of a wound, just below the matted hair on his forehead and began patiently drilling into the sensitive flesh.

The exquisite pain seemed to revive the mortally wounded sufferer and awaken his instinct of self-preservation. His right hand stirred by his side, and then crept slowly—slowly but surely—up toward his blood-stained forehead.

Inch by inch it advanced—that garbled, claw-like hand—until it was on a level with the demerol probe into his wound; and then with a sudden movement he brought it down, crushing the life out of his tormentor. "Ha, ha! I got yeh, did I?" he chuckled hoarsely. "Wush I could reach out an' mash ole Cy Grandy under my hand same ez I did their fly! I'd die happy then. Yaas, I'd be willin' to go to hell if I c'd send Cy that fast—the treacherous, cowardly skunk!"

The wounded man rolled over and made an effort to rise to a sitting position, but the attempt was a failure.

"The sneakin' ole devil has got me fixed for good an' all this time. I'll be a dead man inside of two hours," he went on, huskily. "Yaas, I'll be a dead man, an' ole Cy Grandy'll be goin' round braggin' 'bout how he wiped me out. D—him! ef I had my horse an' was able to ride I'd follow him up an' settle matters with him yet, but I hain't got the stren'th left to do it. I've got lead enough in me to kill an elephant. Ole Cy meant to make a sure thing of it. That bullet in my back alone would've fixed me. I must've struck the muscle that works my legs, I reckon, 'cuz I hain't had no use of 'em since it hit me. But my mind is clear an' my right arm is all right yet, an'—an'—"

"Whisky! Whisky!"

"Yaas, I'd give the rest of my life, sech as it is, fer just one more chance at the man who shot me down an' flung me here in the bushes to die like a dog!"

"Yaas," he resumed after a pause, "to die like a dog an' rot by the roadside; but by the Eternal, I'll get even with him yeh kin bet! He will find that I am more of a snake than a dog. A rattler can strike back even when it is dyin', an' I'll live long enough to give ole Cy Grandy his death-wound yet! Yaas, I'll do it, if it takes a hundred years!"

Another pause longer than before, and then the man by the roadside went on in a hoarse whisper:

"I—I'm petrin' out mighty fast, my stren'th is goin' but I've got just ez much grit ez ever. Ef I only had

stren'th to brace up my physical powers I'd—"

He stretched out his right hand and it came into contact with a smooth, blood-shaped object lying on the blood-soaked grass by his side.

With an eager cry of joy he clutched it and hugged it to his bosom.

"Whisky! whisky! I'm good for an hour longer now!" he whispered, eagerly. "It dropped from my pocket when I fell here among the bushes an' I thought I had lost it. Thank God, it will give me stren'th an' courage for the job ahead of me!"

Still clasping the flask to his breast he fumbled with nervous, eager fingers at the stopper until it came out, and then pressing the mouth of the flask to his dry lips, he thirstily gulped down the contents.

"Ah! that's the stuff! I feel more



like a man now," he muttered thickly as the last drop went trickling down his throat. I like whisky with an edge to it—suthin' the'll put new life in a corpse. I'm with a dozen dead men this mornin', an' I'll down ole Cy Grandy yet or know the reason why. I reckon he'll be sorry he didn't con-fis-cats that flask of moonshine when he had the chance. Ef it warn't fer that bullet in my back I'd feel 'bout ez chipper ez ever. Bet I kin pull a trigger with the best of 'em yet. Lemme see; what is my gun?"

Reaching down he drew a heavy six-shooter from his hip pocket and swung it into position for action. His steely eyes gleamed with the helpful glitter seen in the eyes of a wounded snake or a wild beast at bay. There was a smile on his face—the crafty, vindictive smile of a savage lying in wait for his prey or gloating over the suffering of his victim tied to the torture-stake.

A little brown bird alighted on a twig above his head and began cheerily singing, but with a wave of the hand and an impatient oath he frightened it away.

Then a buzzard wheeled lazily overhead, scanning with hungry eyes the earth below, and as the wounded man looked up and saw it he broke into a sardonic laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Yeh seen ole Cy Grandy out with his gun an' yeh thought he'd left some grub fer yeh along the road behind him, did yeh? Well, yeh got fooled that time. Yer dinner ain't quite ready fer yeh yet, an' 'twon't be till ole Cy gets back!"

He raised his revolver to a level with his right eye and squinted steadily along its shining barrel. For fully a minute he held it thus, and then dropped it to his side with the remark:

"Hand an' nerve ez steady ez ever fer the time bein', an' now all I ask of the Lord in His mercy an' goodness is to send Cy Grandy back here to git his deserts—an' send him quick, before the effects of that whisky works off an' my stren'th begins to give out. Got to save it all now fer the final clinch!"

A half hour passed during which the wounded man neither stirred nor spoke.

His eyes were half closed, but all his senses were on the alert.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by the sound of a horse's hoofs clattering on the hard mountain roadway and rapidly approaching the spot where lay the wounded man.

Instantly he was all attention. He turned his face toward the point from which the horse was evidently coming, and all his faculties wrought up to the

highest tension were strained to catch the slightest sound.

Nearer and nearer came the approaching footsteps, until finally they halted near the spot where the man and the pistol lay waiting.

"I thought so," gleefully whispered the wounded man to himself. "It's ole Cy Grandy on his way home, an' he wants to make sure I'm dead. Waal, he'll find out I ain't ez dead ez he'll wish I was when he sticks his nose through these bushes."

Slowly, painfully he raised himself on his left elbow. The exertion sent the red life-blood gushing forth afresh from the gaping wound in his back, but he heeded it not. His whole mind was intent upon the movements of his enemy. His right hand firmly grasped the stock of the heavy revolver, with his ready forefinger grimly caressing the trigger; his lips were pressed tightly together; his eyes gleamed brighter, more balefully than ever, and his whole attitude was one of intense nervous expectancy.

The waiting man heard the horseman spring to the ground with a swagmer and an oath.

Then heavy footsteps approached the spot where he lay, the bushes parted and a bloated, rosy-bearded face with bloodshot eyes appeared in the opening.

"Good God! alive yet, an'—an'—"

For one horror-filled instant the bloodshot optics gazed fascinated into the basilisk-like orbs behind the pistol; then a shot rang out, the owner of the bloated face and bloodshot eyes pitched heavily forward across the body of his adversary, the waiting steed gave a startled snort and galloped riderless away—and two men were left lying by the roadside instead of one.

A PEBBLE FOR EVERY OATH.
An Artistically Profane Golf-Player's Record Turned In.

There is a well-known young man in Omaha, who does several other things better than he plays golf. He is a past master in artistic swearing. In fact, his anger finds expression in such coherent streams of expletives that his reputation as a member of the Country Club is based chiefly on this accomplishment. But to get at the story of a famous bit of golf playing this loquacious young man did last week. His record is 137 or thereabouts and every time he makes the round of the course his score grows worse and he gets more vehement in giving expression to what is uppermost in his mind. Last Wednesday before he started on the course one of the young man's friends jokingly remarked: "Every time you swear put a clod or a chip or a piece of gravel in your pocket." This was early in the afternoon. Just as the sun was sinking in the west a weary young man with bulging pockets staggered into the club house. His friends had forgotten him and supposed he had gone home. As he entered the door he emptied a coat pocket and pebbles rolled all over the reception room floor. "That's the plain d—ns," he exclaimed. From another pocket he dumped 100 pebbles which stood for a stronger number of the purely masculine vocabulary. Other pockets produced still more pebbles and clouds which represented other bad words. His friends tried to call a halt, but he persisted in littering up the floor, remarking: "This ain't a circumstance. Just wait till you see the wagonload of oats the caddy and the teamster are bringing." This story is told on the authority of friends of the artistically profane young man.—From the Omaha Bee.

TO FLY 600 MILES AN HOUR.
Machine Invented by a Professor in Nashville University.

Mr. Adolph Brodbeck, professor of Greek in the University of Nashville, Tenn., is at work upon a design for an air car which he proposes shall make six hundred miles an hour, making the flight from New York to San Francisco in eight hours, including stops. He has been at work on the machine for several years, and hopes to perfect it soon. His ideas are between those of the flying machine and the locomotive, and he purposes to avoid the drawbacks in both of them. In brief the air car which Professor Brodbeck will build is to be cigar-shaped, and made of hardwood, aluminum and glass. All round the air car is an aeroplane, standing at right angles to its center, and designed to maintain its equilibrium after the manner of the wings of a soaring bird. At the rear of the car and between it and the inner edge of the aeroplane are to be the screws, propelled by electricity, one lifting and the other pushing the car. One set of wheels will rest on top of the twin rails and another set will turn against the under surface of the same rails. Thus when a car is moving at low speed its weight will be on top of the rails, and when going at a rapid rate it will be held to place by the under set of wheels.

Culture Reflected in Buildings.

In general—always in the long run—the average level of artistic excellence in the buildings of any given community is determined by the average artistic culture of its population. Individual buildings may stand far above this level of excellence, but others as far below it will bring down the average to the level of the local taste. In time every town and village and city gets just about the sort of architecture it really wants. That is, after all, only one way of saying that architecture of any place and age is the natural product and expression of the culture and civilization of that time and place. This is the great and significant fact which gives to the history of architecture its vital interest. Every great building, every great class of buildings, stands for definite historic causes and forces. The magnificent cathedrals of the middle ages are no more conceivable as the products of our own day and generation than is a modern twenty-story office building imaginable in ancient Thebes or Memphis.—The Forum.

Evolution of the Houseboat.

Houseboating has been an aristocratic English institution for more than 100 years. But the idea is older even than that. The houseboat in crude form has existed almost as long as civilization itself. Marco Polo found it in China, and millions of the population of Burmah and India are born, live and die in floating habitations which closely resemble the platted huts of their landsmen brothers. The houseboat, as we see it in the south coast waters today—the square-cornered, slow-moving craft, which it must be confessed is not always a thing of beauty, though undeniably a joy forever—first made its appearance in the river Thames. It is a concomitant part of the social machinery of Mayfair, as important a factor indeed to the pleasure-loving Britisher as his great house in Portman square, or his ancestral country seat, or his hunting lodge in Scotland, or his yacht off Cowes.—Cosmopolitan.

Geometric Use of Private Cars.

A car-renting company in New York city buys old Pullman coaches, tears the inside furnishings out, and paints them according to the wishes of its customers. Whatever kind of private car a man may wish he may order—parlors, handsomely carpeted, sitting rooms, dining rooms, sleeping compartments, smoking rooms—all with equipment more or less perfect according to the price. And cars are refitted in this way and sold for prices varying from \$1,500 to \$15,000. Very handsome and serviceable cars have been built from the old "castaways," and the man of moderate means can travel privately and comfortably in a home of his own. It is an interesting evidence of American manufacturing thrift and of the growth of wealth.—World's Work.

In India and Persia sheep are used as beasts of burden.

BRITONS L OUR TOOLS.

American Applied Now Used by Most English and Foreign.

The American Kneipp tool is now found in practically every progressive English works, says a London newspaper. In itself, the makers are now using American patterns and are paying the American inventor heavy royalties. This is anything of trade conditions as is the other fact, that the American tool at Birmingham frequently receives inquiries for American makes of such peculiarly Midland articles as axes, cold stamped, builders' ironmongery and steel butt hinges. The engineering strike was the real commencement of the introduction of American steel goods into England, the great cycling boom was the beginning of the introduction of the American automatic tool. English firms had to increase their output. Some of them turned to America for machine tools. Others saw these tools and their use spread here like wildfire. In turret lathes and ordinary tools the Americans have been especially successful. In the old-time British lathe the workman lost time by substituting one tool for another. In the turret lathe a selection of tools is fitted in the lathe and the workman by turning his turret brings the tool he wants into use. To save time is to save money, and, though the Americans charge high prices, often demand heavy royalties and though British workmen and masters by means care for these new inventions, the stress of competition has forced them to adopt them.

Vibrate to Be Cured

New Panacea Prohibits Medicine and Times Patients to Concert Pitch.

A new cure-all has come across the ocean to this country, which in many respects is as picturesque as the Kneipp cure and which promises to have as great a vogue. Fashionable invalids in New York have taken it up, and now it is spreading among the great army of the sick and ailing in other parts of the country. Like the panacea of the Swiss priest, the new cure taboos the use of medicines, but its application requires no such inconvenient procedure as walking barefoot in wet grass in the early morning. Disease, according to the new idea, is a mere matter of altered vibration. If you have a headache, or dyspepsia, or rheumatism, or nervous prostration, or any other ailment in the catalogue, you are, or that part of you affected is, out of tune—your rate of vibration has become too fast or too slow and needs adjusting. To effect the proper adjustment communicated is at least a delicious "new" sensation. The writer learned this during a recent visit to one of the New York "institutes" where many women go daily to be vibrated. The place is not pretentious. It looks like an ordinary doctor's office, plus the machine, which might be taken for one of those relics of the Spanish Inquisition to be found in all dentists' offices. An electric motor is geared to a small spindle, and to the side of the spindle is attached a long steel rod, which, when the motor is revolved at great speed, moves rapidly in unison with it, like a piston rod. To the end of the piston rod is attached a heavy leather glove with the fingers cut out. The operator places her hand in the glove, and the piston rod, moving rapidly back and forth, gives to her hand a vibratory motion, which makes it feel as though it were being

receiving attention, their poverty inducing them to make and sell as fast as possible, and hasty work is never good work. It is the whites who are responsible for the poverty of the Indian, in the destruction of his game, the obliteration of his hunting grounds and his introduction to sundry vices and diseases; hence, it is our duty to better his state, not as now, by pauperizing him with gifts, but encouraging him to continue what is best in his work.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Limestone Age.

By the census of 1900 it was shown that granite and limestone were the chief building stones in use in the United States, the amount of limestone quarried being about 50 per cent greater than the amount of granite; and sandstone, marble, slate and blue-stone following in the order named. During the five years following the census of 1890 there was a general depression in the building trade, as in other branches of American industry, and a falling off in the amount of stone quarried. Since 1898, however, there has been a large increase in the demand for building materials, and it has been supplied largely from two sources—Indiana limestone and Georgia marble. Indiana limestone, quarried in steadily increasing amount, is shipped to other states, one of the Indiana railroads deriving more revenue in a year from limestone than from any other item of freight income. Kindred stone is found in other parts of the Union. Georgia marble comes chiefly from the counties in the northern portion of the state near the Tennessee border.—New York Sun.

Jerry Cooper Rare Good Luck.

Jerry Cooper considers himself one of the luckiest men in England, and not without reason. He used to be a gymnastic instructor in the navy. Then he went into the merchant marine, and five years ago while on a trading vessel off Newfoundland the donkey engine on board blew up, killing four men and knocking Jerry speechless and deaf. Yet a man even in this condition must live, and to gain a means of livelihood when he returned to England he gave exhibitions of conjuring and contortions. A week or two ago he had a bad fall, which made him unconscious, and upon regaining himself he found that speech and hearing had come back to him. And in all Britain there's no one happier than Jerry Cooper.

James Gordon Bennett's Owl.

The owl, "big-eyes and solem," is Mr. James Gordon Bennett's favorite bird. The singular ornament of an owl at bow and stern of his magnificent new steam yacht Lysistrata will not strike those who know his preference as so strange, after all. On his famous old yacht, Namouna, one saw owls everywhere—stuffed, plaster, marble, silver, bronze, wooden owls, of all sizes, and in every position. Owls peered into the corners of the dining table, formed pepper boxes, served handles to walking canes, fire irons, paper knives, perched on the backs of his chairs, and so forth. It is the same at his delightful entree in Paris. Buffalo Commercial.

Hungry Bears Destroy a Railroad.

A logger named Johnson, who has a logging camp somewhere near Deep River, away down the Columbia, was in town looking for engines and wire cables to pull the logs cut out to the tramway says the Morning Oregonian. He has been using horses for this work, but says he will have to use engines hereafter, as the bears tear up his skid roads. The grease used in the skids has attracted the bears, which not only lick the skids clean of grease, but dig them out and ruin the road in search of the grease which has been absorbed by the earth. He says the bears pursue their mischievous labors chiefly in the night, and he cannot stay up nights to shoot them.

Cure for Mosquito Bites.

Professor Dr. Vogeis, director of the national board of health at Buenos Ayres, according to German papers, has found a remedy for mosquito bites. He states that he discovered it by accident during his trip to Paraguay to study the pest. He had been supplied with all sorts of remedies, among them naphthalene, an article of no value whatever against the pest, but on using it for mosquito bites he found it of surprising effect. It neutralizes the poison, even when the spot bitten is greatly inflamed. If fresh bites are rubbed with naphthalene no swelling follows. The professor considers naphthalene almost a specific against mosquito poisoning.

American Rag-Time Inspiring.

There is one American tune that is bound to go all over India, back to England, and even to Australia, as it has taken the British contingent by storm. When the Ninth Infantry band began to play "A Hot Time in the Old Town" everybody was on his feet in a second, wild dances were indulged in, and the band had to play it at least five times, and then again later in the evening. From the very first it "caught on" with the British, and now it has reached something of that power with which the famous "Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay" rolled around the earth.—Leslie's Weekly.

Marquis is a Dairyman.

The marquis of Ripon, who recently celebrated his golden wedding, has been a dairyman for years. In and about the picturesque town of Ripon, Yorkshire, may be seen milk wagons bearing his formal title, "The most noble the marquis of Ripon." He also has a milk store in London, where country dairy products are sold.

Enthusiasm will lead a man to do things that Common Sense could not drive him to attempt.



THE PEDAL TREATMENT.

The new curists strap you to a machine and shake you (or vibrate you) until, like a pendulum, you get back into your normal swing.

The system does not belong to any one person like the Kneipp cure. It came from Europe, and already there are half a dozen "institutes" in New York city and any number of practitioners who will bring their machines to private houses and give special treatment. There is one place in 5th avenue where the fashionable are taken to their hearts' content. There is another in the heart of the shopping district, where tired women may stop in and be "restored" after a day's bargain hunting, and there are several "institutes" in the residential districts.

The Fundamental Theory.

Every new cure must have its fundamental theory. Here is the theory upon which the vibratologists go. In the first place all things are in a state of vibration—light, sound, heat, are vibra-



VIBRATING MESSAGE.

tion itself. But even those things which are popularly supposed to be in a state of inanimate rest, the houses in which we live, the very furniture upon which we sit, are said to be in a state of vibration. And so the very act of living is a matter of vibration. In other words, every living animal and vegetable pulsates according to its individual wave length. Every part of every animal has its rate of vibration, which, when normally maintained, keeps the member in a state of health, but which, when it departs from the normal, induces a state of disease. At least so say the high priests of the new movement, who reason, therefore, that the use of medicine is a very roundabout way of producing what can be accomplished with a few odd shakes. And since the writer himself saw the miracle of the palsied take place under his eyes by means of a vibration machine and since the machine itself is not so complicated but that, in the hands of an ingenious man, it might be constructed from an old sewing machine—perhaps within certain wide limits the contention is true.

A Pile for Navajo Art.

Americans have been slow to awaken to the fact that we have in this land, among a people of which the Old World knows nothing and the New World little, arts that are quaint, original and worthy of long continuance. Such are the textiles of the Navajos, the baskets of the various western tribes, and the bead and quill work of yet others. For centuries our Indians wove and embroidered, and none except their red neighbors gave attention to them. Now that their work is at last

gently on the sufferer's forehead the

Shell's Eye Salve

You may use with perfect safety Mitchell's Eye Salve. That's not true of pungent drugs. "Mitchell's" is a standard and popular article. It actually does what it claims to do. Price, 25 cents.

Sawyer's Pommel Slicker
Sawyer's Pommel Slicker is a waterproof garment of great value. It is made of a special material that is not only waterproof but also fireproof. It is a standard and popular article. It actually does what it claims to do. Price, 25 cents.

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SKIN TORTURES

And every Distressing Irritation of the Skin and Scalp Instantly Relieved by a Bath with

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And a single anointing with CUTICURA, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. This treatment, when followed in severe cases by mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood, is the most speedy, permanent, and economical cure for torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp humours with loss of hair ever compounded.

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USE CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and inflammations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women and mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate and delicate properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure with the purest of cleansing ingredients and the most refreshing flower odours. It unites in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the BEST skin and complexion soap, and the BEST toilet and soap in the world.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour.
Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales, and soothe the thickened cuticle; CUTICURA OINTMENT, to soothe itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe the inflamed skin; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood; CUTICURA SET, to soothe the most torturing itching, burning, and scaly skin, scalp, and blood humours; CUTICURA SET, to soothe the most torturing itching, burning, and scaly skin, scalp, and blood humours; CUTICURA SET, to soothe the most torturing itching, burning, and scaly skin, scalp, and blood humours.

U. HOUSTON, No. 33, 1901
Mention This Paper.

Torpedo tubes made of aluminum instead of steel have been placed on board of two destroyers at Portsmouth. The use of these tubes at present is experimental, but so considerable will be the saving in weight—an important matter in connection with light craft like destroyers—that it is successful, aluminum tubes will be generally used in place of steel tubes.

A most adorable trait in any girl, at any season, is enthusiasm. It belongs to girl life to be eager and spontaneous, to be vehement and inclined to the superlative.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Still More Counterfeiting.
The Secret Service has unearthed another band of counterfeiters and secured a large quantity of bogus bills, which are so cleverly executed that the average person would never suspect them of being spurious. Things of great value are always selected for imitation, notably Roosevelt's \$100 bills, which has many imitators but no equals for disorders like indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness and general debility. Always go to reliable druggists who have the reputation of giving what you ask for.

Fundy bay, in Nova Scotia, has a tide of sixty-eight feet.

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

When a boy is proud of his jackknife, why, he pockets his pride.

A good habit; gettingtakin OXIDINE for Malaria, Chills and Fever.

The factory hand who sings at his work lets up with the whistling.

WILL WE MAKE LIFE?

THE NEW CENTURY MAY REVEAL THIS MARVEL.

Frying Into the Arch-Secret of Dame Nature's Laboratory—A Physiologist Who Believes that the Problem Will Some Day Be Solved.

The famous Professor Haeckel says that man will some day learn how to make life—that he will know how to produce a living substance by artificial processes. Perhaps the new century may hold in reserve this greatest marvel, which will enable the physiological chemist to assume the role of a creator. It may be only in a small way, but it will be wonderful none the less. After all, the problem is simply to create a bit of protoplasm, which is the basis of all life, the clay of the potter—the substance, in short, out of which all animals and plants are built up. And surely that ought not to be so very difficult, considering what a very ordinary stuff protoplasm is. Take a spoonful of the white of an egg, and you have it, practically. White of egg, in fact, is nearly pure protoplasm. The composition of protoplasm being absolutely known, the chemist has no great trouble in imitating it. So many parts of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon are put together, and there you are. Artificial protoplasm has been made of albuminous substances and oils, and the product has actually had a movement of its own simulating life; but the movement was due merely to chemical causes. Viewed under the microscope, the stuff had exactly the same apparent structure as protoplasm, but there was no life in it, and no reproductive principle. The difference between a thing living and a thing dead is not a matter of structure or chemical composition—the two may be exactly the same in both respects—but in the ability which the living thing has to renew its own cells and propagate fresh ones. Blood taken out of the veins of a living animal is the same as the blood that remains in the veins, but the latter is continually developing new corpuscles—is alive, in other words—while the former does nothing of the kind. Why is it so? In the answer to that question lies the arch-secret of Dame Nature's laboratory. It has never been plausibly guessed at as yet, but there is no good reason for taking it for granted that it will never be found out. Prof. Haeckel calls attention to the fact that in trying to create life man is only making an effort to accomplish what the plants in anybody's garden are doing all the time. They take so many parts of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen and convert them into protoplasm, the living substance. Science can combine these elements just as nature does, the proportions being exactly known, but not yet so as to produce life. "But I believe firmly," says the great physiologist, "that the problem will some day be solved, and the artificial production of life become an accomplished fact." If a drop of blood be drawn by pricking one's finger and viewed under a high microscopic power there will be seen, among numerous little disc-shaped bodies which float in it and give it its red color, a comparatively smaller number of somewhat larger colorless bodies of irregular shape. If the drop be kept at the temperature of living blood these colorless corpuscles will be seen to exhibit a marvelous activity, changing their forms with great rapidity, drawing in and thrusting out prolongations of their substance, and creeping about as if they were independent organisms. Each is a tiny mass of protoplasm, and has a nucleus of its own. It is a structural unit of the human being taking shape as an aggregation of such corpuscles. It is the same way with all other animals, though they are built up on different structural forms, and some, like the amoeba, are so low down in the scale of creation as to consist of but one such cell. A plant is able to take carbonic acid, water, and nitrogenous salts, and convert them into protoplasm. That is the way in which vegetable organisms grow. An animal cannot do this, and so would starve in the presence of any quantity of such raw materials.—Philadelphia Times.

DE MORES WIRE FENCE.

Marquis Tells Westerner He'll Shoot Him on Second Offense.

When the Marquis de Mores took possession of his 20,000 acres in the Bad Lands he proceeded to put up barbed wire fences says G. W. Ogden in Everybody's Magazine. One of the first to make this innovation in the Bad Lands was a hunter named Frank O'Donnell. He was heading in for the river one day and almost fell from his horse in astonishment when he saw the new fence. So great was his surprise he could not call to his mind appropriate oaths. He cut the wire and rode on toward Medora in silence. They told him there who was responsible for the breach of Bad Lands etiquette and he called on the marquis.

"Say, pardner, what in the—do you mean by putting up that fence?" he demanded with an injured air. De Mores replied that he was merely fencing his own property, as was customary in civilized lands. "Well, I just cut a gap in the blanket-blank thing up yonder on the hill," said the hunter defiantly; "that's the way I'll treat your fence whenever it comes in my way." "The next time you cut my fence," De Mores said, without changing color or showing the least sign of anger, "I'll shoot you on sight." O'Donnell's jaw fell, and he looked in amazement from one to another of the men who stood around. Then he mounted his horse and rode away.

Study What You Must Attend.

Scientists now acknowledge that education has most effect upon mediocre minds. It can do a great deal with them, less for those who are defective, and still less for those highly endowed; for talented persons, even though they may receive all the usual courses of intellectual training, usually educate themselves, says the Woman's Home Companion. They gain their most valuable education through the exercise of their strongest faculties. Work is their tutor and self-direction their college. Parents and tutors need to have a care that their efforts to be helpful to children do not interfere with the natural development of their faculties. This is sometimes done through not recognizing their special abilities, quite frequently from a wish to fix their destinies in accordance with some conventional standard. We should study the individuality of our child from his birth, so that we may avoid a wasteful employment of his energies in pursuits that are alien to his disposition and foreign to his needs.

His Honey Was Missing.

The Kansas City Journal tells this story: "Frank Anderson was for years a well-known commercial traveler who made Galena. He was passionately fond of honey, and the proprietor of the hotel at Galena, at which he always stopped, always had some on hand for him. On one trip Anderson took his wife along, and as they approached Galena he mentioned to her that he was getting to a place where they could have some honey. When the pair were sitting at the supper table that night no honey appeared, and Anderson said sharply to the land waiter: 'Where is my honey?' The waiter smiled and said: 'You mean the little black-haired one?' Oh, she don't work here now."

Portable Churches.

There are portable churches, as well as schoolhouses, and the Reformed church in Pennsylvania is thinking seriously of adopting them for congregations not yet financially able to erect permanent buildings. These movable churches are made of corrugated galvanized iron, fastened to a wooden framework, which framework is covered on the inside with a waferscotting, lining the hole side and ceiling. The churches can be made any size and on any plan. One seating 300 persons can be put up ready for use at a cost of \$1,500.

A Pious Hope.

Judge Rice of Novena is perhaps lacking in a sense of humor, but he is the most punctual man in Indiana. When made superintendent of the Sunday school he at once set about to reform in the matter of attendance and punctuality. A few Sundays ago he had the pleasure of making the following statement: "My dear fellow-workers and children, I am able to announce today that out of the entire school only one person is absent—little Maggie Wynn: Let us all hope that she is sick."

SELF-HELP FOR WOMEN.

Those Who Are Nervous Are Given Simple Rules.

When you are asleep, it is to be hoped that you are still. Few people are when they are awake. If one observes the crowd in the streets, it is curious and most disagreeable to see how small the number is who are not constantly making grimaces and working their faces or jaws in some manner. I have heard it said it was bashfulness that caused this, but it has not been my observation that bashfulness was so widely distributed an American trait; besides, how does twisting the face help to keep one in countenance? No, it is not bashfulness; it is misdirected nervous energy, which ought to be adding the movements of their legs or getting stored up somewhere in the central nervous reservoirs for future use. Learn to keep still when you rest; when you move, move with the part of the body needed; do not waste your force by walking with your arms and face as well as with your legs. If circumstances force an unusual and fatiguing amount of exertion upon you, break it now and then by periods of absolute rest. No matter how brief these rest periods will be useful if you make them complete and perfect in the way described. This is a little of mental as well as bodily exertion. A minute or two minutes of quiet, with closed eyes if possible, with four tetanion relaxed and the gearing of the machinery thrown off for the moment, will help and refresh you greatly. Here, again, more may be gained if the ability to relax mentally can be secured. In a fashion similar to the withdrawing of muscular tension. Learn to empty your mind when not using it.—Dr. John Mitchell in Harper's Bazar.

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RATES ARE REASONABLE.

A False Impression Corrected—Pan-American Exposition Railroad Fares and Hotel Rates Low as Could be Expected.

Buffalo, N. Y., July 30.—A joint meeting of railway passenger agents, hotel and newspaper men was held this afternoon with the view of adopting some means for correcting so far as possible the impression that appears to prevail at distant points that railway rates to the Pan-American Exposition are high and that hotel rates in Buffalo are excessive. The conference revealed the fact that Buffalo can accommodate two hundred thousand visitors in its private houses and hotels at rates ranging from fifty cents to two dollars per night, and that no one need pay more than one dollar for a first-class lodging in a private house. It was also shown that the railroad rate is lower than for any other former exposition for a five, ten or fifteen day ticket, according to distance, being at the rate of one fare plus one dollar for the round trip, from all parts of the country. The Niagara Falls cheap, one-day special excursions of former years, when trains were overcrowded and everyone subjected to great discomfort, are remembered only so far as the low rate is concerned, and this is quoted as showing what might be done. The passenger agents assert that the present half rates are as low as can reasonably be expected. An extension of the present limit has been looked for, as it gives too short a time for anyone to see the big exposition, but it has not yet been modified. Other points which the representatives of the publishers' association will lay stress upon are that the Exposition is completed in all details and that both Buffalo and the Exposition are well policed and as free from dangerous characters as any city in the country. A joint committee was appointed to deal with questions affecting the Exposition and the proper welcome and care of guests. The Exposition has had in operation for some time a free bureau of information for the convenience of intending visitors.

A lady writes, "I do not consider it safe to be without OXIDINE."

The female who has money out at interest is not a poor loan woman.

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It makes tight or new shoes easy. Cures swollen, hot, sweating, itching feet, ingrowing nails, corns and bunions. All druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE by mail. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Mystery and disappointment are not absolutely indispensable to the growth of love, but they are often, very often, its powerful auxiliaries.

Pleasant to the taste, always effective and perfectly harmless, these Garfield Headache Powders make the most valuable agency in the cure of headaches.

The oldest perfumes were those recovered from Egyptian tombs, 1,500 to 2,000 years before the Christian era.

A little better than the best:—OXIDINE for Malaria, Chills and Fever.

The Pan-American exhibits include a 122-pound potato.

Hamlin's Wizard Oil Co., Chicago, sends song book and testimonials for stamp. Get Wizard Oil from your druggist.

Don't forget to add salt water when you want to boil anything.

DICKNEY'S OLD RELIABLE EYE-WATER cures sore eyes or granulated lids, strabismic weak eyes, dark spots or harts when applied—feels good.

Overwork kills fewer men than excessive leisure.

I do not believe Plin's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOSTON, Primary Springs, Ind., Feb. 16, 1900.

The world owes every man a living and every woman a loving.

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for," OXIDINE the realization.

If modesty was the fool-killer most women would die of old age.

In Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota, there is a picturesque island which takes its name from the fact that it is uninhabited by man and given over to the cranes. Generations back these birds decided upon this spot for a summer resort. As time went on and the surrounding islands populated no man had the heart to disturb them until now Crane island is pointed out from passing boats as one of the curiosities of the Northwest.

The touching of the human emotions is the most beautiful art in the world. The actor must accept his opportunity and responsibility, and take up the burden in that line which religion is gradually forsaking. And the two interests, the church founded on spiritual law, with its authority, and the stage, with its mission of developing the human emotions, must work together.—Rev. Dr. P. S. Grant, New York.

The directors of the Alexander III. Museum in St. Petersburg have defied the Holy Synod in its ban against two paintings by Repin. One is a portrait of Count Tolstol, barefooted in the dress of a peasant. The other is a symbolical picture called "Get Thee Behind Me, Satan." The exhibition of these paintings was prohibited in Moscow, yet they have been bought for a national art gallery.

I find that the Americans are more civil to brains than to titles. Mental achievement always finds favor with them, and this is the greatest compliment Americans can pay to themselves.—Duchess of Sutherland in a London interview.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.
I, Frank J. Cheney, do hereby certify that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1900.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, etc.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Life is but a temporary harbor on the shore of the boundless ocean of eternity.

OXIDINE is guaranteed to cure Malaria, Chills and Fever. Ask your druggist.

Pictures frames are frequently hung because of their gilt.
Emerson.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease? It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

In certain London hotels wine left on the tables is the waiters' prerogative.

Garfield Headache Powders! A preparation that is beyond criticism. Headaches and nervous conditions are cured and the system is in no way deranged by the use of this simple remedy.

Two billion passengers and 950,000,000 tons of goods are carried in a year on the world's railways.

Gettoking OXIDINE; results guaranteed. Ask your druggist.

He who talks of the unalterable laws of man is an unalterable fool.

WINCHESTER

CARTRIDGES IN ALL CALIBERS from 22 to 50 loaded with either Black or Smokeless Powder always give entire satisfaction. They are made and loaded in a modern manner, by exact machinery operated by skilled experts. THEY SHOOT WHERE YOU HOLD. ALWAYS ASK FOR THEM.

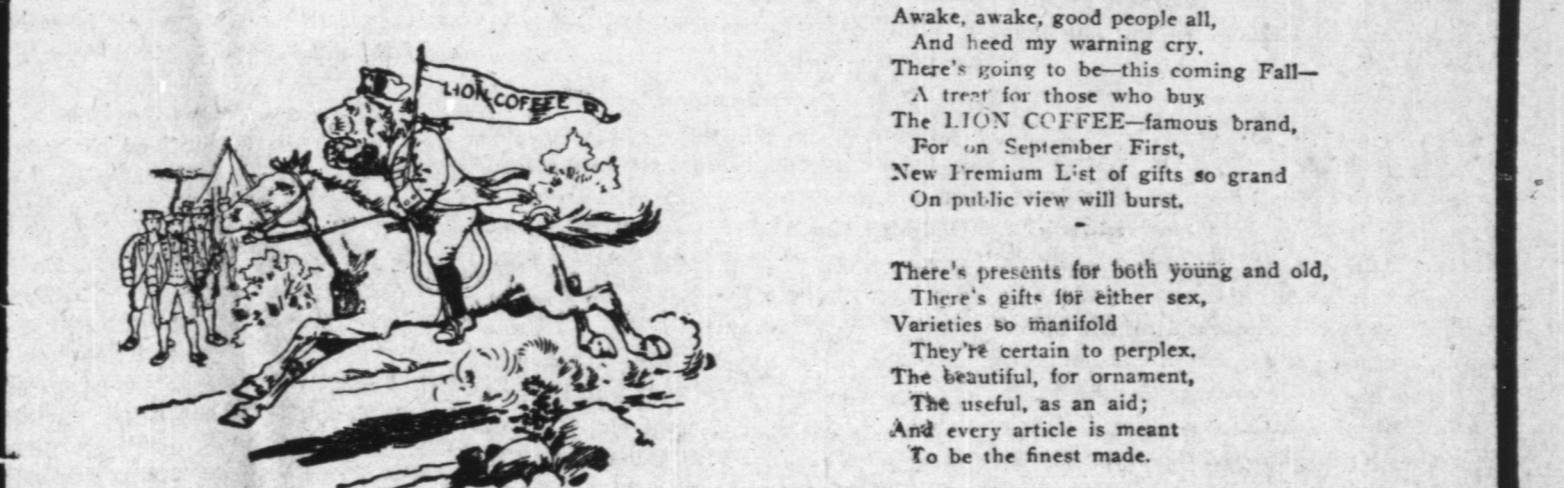
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The Great Practical University of the Southern States. Seating capacity 400. Exceeds in Abundance the thoroughness and quality of any other school. Catalogue Free. Address: C. H. CLARK, Pres., ALAMO INSURANCE BUILDING, SAN ANTONIO.

LION COFFEE

A LUXURY WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL!

"THE MODERN PAUL REVERE."



Awake, awake, good people all, And heed my warning cry, There's going to be this coming Fall— A treat for those who buy The LION COFFEE—famous brand, For on September First, New Premium List of gifts so grand On public view will burst.

There's presents for both young and old, There's gifts for either sex, Varieties so manifold They're certain to perplex. The beautiful, for ornament, The useful, as an aid; And every article is meant To be the finest made.

Remember the important date— First of September next, That is the warning I would state— The subject of my text. And if your grocer has not got The Premium List brand-new, A two-cent stamp inclose to us And 'will be sent to you.

Just try a package of LION COFFEE and you will understand the reason of its popularity. WOOLSON SPICE CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

CURE FITS
FREE
A Full-Size 21 Treatment of Dr. O. P. Felt's Great Remedy for Fits, Epilepsy and all Nervous Diseases. Address: O. P. FELT'S REMEDY, 50 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Wetmore's Best
Your Money Back if you don't like Wetmore's Best.
The first and only chewing tobacco to be guaranteed.
No Premiums.
If your dealer has not Wetmore's Best, send us 50 cents for a pound pack.
Remember the Umbrella Brand.
H. C. WETMORE TOBACCO CO.
St. Louis, Mo.
The largest independent factory in America.

GOOD OLD DAYS



I wish that I had known the days
When everything was right;
When singers sang the sweetest lays
And intellects were bright;
When there were ne'er a fool or scamp
Life's sweetness to alloy;
When all things bore perfection's stamp,
When grandire was a boy.

I listen with uncovered head,
Although it causes pain,
To learn how far true bliss has fled,
'Till I ne'er return again.
The little pleasures that we know,
Alas! How soon they cloy,
Compared to those of long ago
When grandire was a boy.

Ah, there were actors in that time,
And mighty statesmen, too,
And orators whose words would chime
Even to the echoing hye.
The railway, with its clang and hiss—
'Tid spurn the idle toy
Could I but know the days of bliss
When grandire was a boy.

Why must we plod with patience great
And only find at last
How vain it is to imitate
The glories of the past?
And as I think on days ago,
This question will annoy:
'Why has this world kept running on
Since grandire was a boy?"

The Path of Joy.

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ.

"I am dead tired of everything."
She looked out of the window as she said it and the haggard look on her face proved that she meant it. Life had been rather hard on her. The prettiest of the debutantes three years before, she had not been one of those who married after their first season. Only envious people said it was Amante's fault. A great many said it was because the girl desired and expected too much of her suitors, disdaining wealth and position and looking for the realization of an ideal.

Suddenly something had happened. She had met a man to whom she had been attracted and he—well, he had hardly noticed her, his entire time and attention taken up with a girl whom Amante had never considered a possible rival.

In her misery—for real misery it was—Amante despaired. She slept little and arose one morning with an utter disgust for life. Something, something must happen to ease the dull anguish she felt or she would die.

As she leaned from the window in the late spring sunshine she heard voices across the lawn at the servant's gate. Thomas, the pompous coachman, was expostulating with a slender girl who stood there. She was evidently a gypsy. The morning sun shone on her brown face and lit up her large sombre eyes. Thomas was evidently refusing her admittance as in the line of his duty.

"Then a shrill voice came across to Amante's ears:
'Let me in! I would go to my sister. My sister is in trouble and she waits for me there. Let me in!'
Amante's heart gave a strange stir and impulse. She hurried into the hall where the white-capped maid was dusting.

"Go down to the gate and tell Thomas to let that woman in. She seems in trouble. I will come down and see her in a few moments."
So, picturesquely in a purple and gold kimona, Amante hurried down to the porch a few moments later, a mystical butterfly herself with subtle perfumes in the folds of the sinuous silk and with her dusky hair in picturesque disorder.

On the steps sat a woman creature younger than herself, a being of sunburn, of wandering, of untrammeled life; a girl who, with equal chances, would have been as beautiful, as mystical. She was slim and her ragged gown was opened at a throat bare and brown. Her eyes held a wonderful light. The two looked at each other and the gypsy woman spoke:
'You are my sister and in sorrow. Come with me and I will take you to

"Am I Alive?" She whispered.
her married sister in Chicago, but he was used to her caprices and only insisted on seeing her safely off. He would have been horror-stricken to have known that she alighted at the station across the river and telegraphed to the baggage master at Chicago to hold her trunk. Then she deliberately walked to the river bank and there met Zorel whose beautiful eyes shone with welcome. An hour later two gypsy girls instead of one were strolling about the streets, their heads tied up in gaudy handkerchiefs and gayly purchasing provisions for their journey north.

The gypsy family consisted of a grizzled old man, his son and a fat wife, Zorel, their daughter and other children, and an old man or two. The women and children rode in the great covered wagon, the men on their horses or ponies. The men traded horses and the women told fortunes and sometimes sold a coarse lace. The first day it was romantic enough, but the life soon tired Amante. Where was the path of joy? How was this existence to bring her heart's desire?
She questioned Zorel, who waited on her with a blind devotion that seemed to displease the mother. Only the grandfather shared Zorel's admiration and devotion.

Amante did not lack courage. She questioned Zorel on the fourth night as they crept to sleep in the wagon bed.
'Where is the path of joy, Zorel? What will happen?'
Zorel's eyes took on their mystical rapture.
'Ahead—it is plainer day by day. Today I see smoke and fire—but it is there.'
'Do the others see it, Zorel?'
'Only the old father—Daddy—he sees it clearly. The rest do not see things. Too much beer they drink and not read the stars. But I have not led to you, my sister.'
On the sixth day the old man rose up after his evening meal with a great cry. He spoke some wild words in a strange tongue. Amante clutched Zorel's hand.
'O yes,' said Zorel putting her arm about her, 'the stars were right, my sister. The time of trial comes, and through it runs the path of joy.'

for freedom and for change. She changed from red to pale.
'Listen,' whispered the gypsy still holding a hand in both her own, 'listen! You shall only be ten days with us to gain joy. It is written in the stars. Then—' and she leaned over and whispered—'then, my sister, life is yours.'
Amante was red enough now. She deliberated. Suddenly the fascination of the adventure swept her from her moorings.
'I will go,' she whispered. 'I will meet you tomorrow at noon across the river.'

It seemed a sudden resolve to Amante's father, this one of visiting for freedom and for change. She changed from red to pale.
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Gypsies running from the fire! He cried and looked back. The wind was driving on a wall of flame. There was no escape for these people in that lonely place, no water course, no plowed field.

It was the work of a moment to give the stop signal, but it took longer to back the train. The passengers were alarmed and the men crowded from the parlor car. One of the first out was a fine and athletic southerner with red cheeks and a proud head.

'The gypsies, the gypsies!' cried the conductor. 'They are racing for life. We must save them.'
The train backed towards the roaring flames. The gypsies looked back, saw and understood. The men jumped from their horses that went wildly onward. The women and children tried to climb the embankment, but sank down exhausted in the thick smoke. The southerner saw two girls clinging to each other and jumped towards them. A few seconds later he heard a voice crying:

'Save my sister! save my sister!'
In the dense smoke he clutched at a form. Again the voice cried:
'Take her, she is yours! Go on. I can follow.'
A moment later the train was away as on the wings of the wind. The gypsies were lying on the floor of the baggage car and the parlor car.

It was in the latter that Amante opened her eyes from a dead faint. She looked into the face of Morris Allison. Zorel was tenderly smoothing back her hair.

'Am I alive?' she whispered.
The young man shuddered as he drew about her some of the proffered wraps of the passengers.
'Thank God you are!' he said, 'if it is really you. How came you here and in this awful plight?'
He chafed her small and now browned hands and heaped to gather up the fallen and luxuriant masses of dark hair. There was a new meaning in his voice, an impulse in his tenderness. Both women felt it subtly.

'How was it?' he repeated, 'how came you here?'
But Zorel, with eyes that burned his soul, smiled at him and answered.
'It was decreed.'

BELIEF IN REINCARNATION.

Writer Reads it in the Faces of Men and Women.

Strange as it may seem, there are millions of people to-day who believe that the spirits of men and women return to earth after death and are born again into new bodies. The following is an extract of an article recently written for a leading magazine by a believer in the reincarnation theory:

'A boy went to school. He was very little. All that he knew he had drawn in with his mother's milk. His teacher (who was God) placed him in the lowest class, and gave him these lessons to learn: Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt do no hurt to any living thing. Thou shalt not steal. So the man did not kill; but he was cruel, and he stole. At the end of the day (when his beard was gray—when the night was come), his teacher (who was God) said: Thou hast learned not to kill. But the other lessons thou hast not learned. Come back to-morrow.'

'On the morrow he came back, a little boy. And his teacher (who was God) put him in a class a little higher, and gave him these lessons to learn: Thou shalt do no hurt to any living thing. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not cheat. So the man did not hurt to any living thing; but he stole, and he cheated. And at the end of the day (when his beard was gray—when the night was come), his teacher (who was God) said: Thou hast learned to be merciful. But the other lessons thou hast not learned. Come back to-morrow.'

'Again, on the morrow, he came back, a little boy. And his teacher (who was God) put him in a class a little higher, and gave him these lessons to learn: Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not cheat. So the man did not steal; but he cheated, and he coveted. And at the end of the day (when his beard was gray—when the night was come), his teacher (who was God) said: Thou hast learned not to steal. But the other lessons thou hast not learned. Come back, my child, to-morrow.'

'That is what I have read in the faces of men and women, in the book of the world, and in the scroll of the heavens, which is writ with stars.'—Barry Benson, in The Century.

Lightning Strikes Through Feathers.
The popular idea that feathers are a non-conductor of electricity, laboring under which delusion many people scary about lightning climb under feather beds, even in summer, was exploded in a very remarkable manner during the recent heavy thunder-storm. While the storm was at its worst a bolt of lightning struck the center of the public square of a country town and struck a rooster which was running across the opening. It hit him square on the head and of course killed him instantly and also burned all the feathers off his back and sides.—Baltimore American.

Imitation of Wood Carvings.
The Germans are imitating wood carvings in plaster, bronze and other material by a new process which is said to be superior to all other methods in the fact that it produces perfectly the fibers and pores of the wood models. These are usually made of porous oak, and the new plan is to cover them quite thickly with a solution of 2 per cent. collodion, which, when it dries, leaves the usual porous appearance of the wood unaltered, while it renders the model oil-proof. The casting is then proceeded with in the usual way.—Philadelphia Times.

Abolishing Cruelty to Animals.
At a recent meeting in London of the Humanitarian league for the purpose of presenting Rev. J. Stratton with a testimonial for his work in abolishing the royal buckhounds, letters from George Meredith, Thomas Hardy and Frederic Harrison were read, all favoring the abolition of sports that were attended with cruelty to animals.

HE RULES HIS STATE.

HERE IS AN AUTOCRAT WHO RULES AS HE PLEASES.

Young Potentate Who is as Absolute as Czar or Sultan. He is Frederick Francis IV Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

Frederick Francis IV, Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who recently upon attaining his majority assumed the reins of government, shares with the Czar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey the distinction of being one of the three only absolute monarchs left in Europe. He rules his little principality without any restriction of constitution of Parliament. His word is law. He appoints all officials, sends just what taxes he chooses, and spends them as he wills, and there is no one to question his right. He has the power of life and death over his subjects; may fine them, imprison them, draft them into his army, cut off their heads or turn them, decorate them, ennobles them, or dower their daughters, just as the mood strikes him.

Mecklenburg-Schwerin has been ruled thus ever since the days of Prince Nikolai, who died in 1160. The family claims to be the oldest reigning house in Europe, though there are several that dispute this distinction—no-



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HATCHING ALLIGATORS.

Ten Inches Long When They Emerge from the Eggs.

The casual observer would be very much surprised if you were to ask him if he saw any resemblance between a bird and an alligator. Paleontological evidence, however, demonstrates that our every-day barnyard fowl and the scaly denizens of the Florida swamps are descendants of identically the same progenitor. But let the casual observer be handed the egg of a common fowl and that of an alligator, and he will be much puzzled to tell you which will hatch a tasty chick and which a lousy "nigger guzzler." Possibly he did not know that alligators laid eggs, and if so, perhaps he will be interested in hearing what a professor of the Johns Hopkins university has been doing. He secured some fresh alligator eggs and kept them in an incubator for a couple of weeks; at the end of that time he noticed a curious squeaking sound coming from the inside of the eggs—the sound which fills the mother that her babies are about ready to appear and should be helped out of the mess of earth and leaves which constitute their nest and in which they are buried. During the act of hatching the professor tells us the little creatures were quite savage and would snap at his fingers.

The newly born alligator is about ten inches long, and it is marvelous how he can be stowed away in so small an egg.

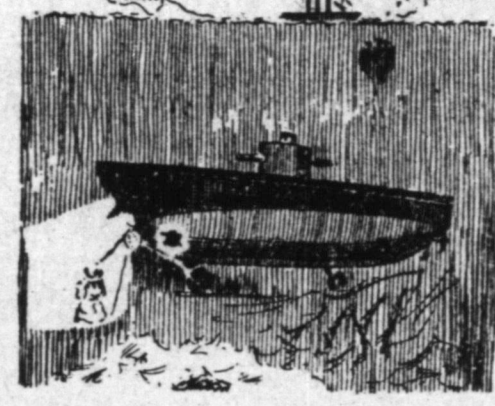
Humor in Examination Papers.
'The grind of going over examination papers,' said the principal of a downtown school yesterday, 'has its compensation if one has a sense of humor. Some of the answers are stupidly funny, while others are unconsciously witty. One of the questions in the papers I went over this morning was: "Name some of the causes of dyspepsia." One boy's answer was "Eating green apples and drinking beer between meals." Another answered: "Drinking ice water and after-dinner speaking." Isn't that delicious? A third boy said dyspepsia was caused by going in swimming on an empty stomach. Another question was: "Name some of the vital organs of the human body." One answer was: "Heart, liver, lungs and lights. These are the eternal organs."—Philadelphia Record.

Transplanting Large Trees.
Paris has learned the art of transplanting large trees successfully, so that at the earliest signs of decay a street tree may be removed and the symmetry of the vista not spoiled by its successor. For these trees alone the expenses of Paris amount to about \$60,000 a year. The municipal nurseries include a "hospital," or "cure," for the tired trees, where they are restored, if possible, to health and strength in soil that is richer than the city's. In spring and fall these trees on their way to and from the hospital are an uncommon feature in the street scenes of Paris.

Bark and Stone as Food.
In a very unusual season like that through which the province of Palputana, India, recently passed, it is not uncommon for the people to grind the bark of trees and even stones to mix with their scanty supply of meal or flour in order to increase the bulk and thereby stay the pangs of hunger for a longer period. A small quantity of well-ground bark, or of a soft stone found there, does not seem to be injurious. If used to excess, however, the diseases incident to starvation become apparent.

No British ship may carry a deck-load of timber into a British port between the last day of October and April 16.

SUBMARINE FIGHTERS PEERS FOR OUR NAVY.



Washington dispatch: The United States Navy Department, like that of France and Great Britain, is experimenting with submarine boats.

A few weeks ago Simon Lake submitted to the Navy Department carefully worked out plans for submarine boats of three orders; a small kind that could be carried by a battleship and used as a picket boat, a larger type for coast defense work and a still larger order for cruising purposes, having a radius of action of thousands of miles. The result of Mr. Lake's interview with the board of construction will be the building of a boat of the coast defense type to be tried in competition with the submarine boats now building for this government; and if this boat accomplish nothing more than Mr. Lake has already realized in his Argonaut, built two years ago, it will be a much more effective military instrument than the present boats of the Holland design, whose subaqueous work is substantially limited to a series of plunges of no inconsiderable uncertainty.

The Argonaut was designed to travel along the bottom, the boat resting upon three massive wheels of cast iron, the single one at the stern acting as a rudder. It made numerous descents on its way down the Chesapeake and traveled over all kinds of bottom, some of which was so soft that the divers would sink nearly up to their waists when leaving the boat. Other bottoms were found to consist of hard sand, on which the wheels made no impression. It was run up hill and down dale and across dredged channels, and at all times it was found that it could be readily maintained so nearly buoyant that these gradual ascents and descents made so perceptible difference in the power required to propel it. It was found that it would mount over any obstacle over which it could get its bow, for the boat's pressure upon the bottom could be regulated to the matter either of one pound or twice as many tons as the occasion and currents might require.

The feature about the boat that made the greatest appeal to the popular mind was the diving chamber. It was in there, air locked off from the rest of the craft, that the air pressure was gradually increased until it equaled the pressure of the water without. Then Mr. Lake would unfasten the big iron door in the floor and let it drop outward, while the water would rise nearly to the flooring and then subside quietly to a level with the manhole rim. Out below the diver would pass, the

bottom, if the water were clear, plainly in sight, while big-eyed, inquisitive nan would look up into the brightly lighted chamber. It was all so much like Jules Verne's famous story, and yet it was true.

The boat which Mr. Lake is now contracting to build will have all of the desirable features of his earlier boat bettered, and with some additional ones of a decidedly unique order. For obvious reasons Mr. Lake won't let the public know the details of most of these, but he gives them thus, for the first time, a general knowledge of the craft which promises to revolutionize the history of submarines for naval work.

Mr. Lake has conceived a scheme by which his boats, when in a semi-submerged condition similar to that shown in the left hand corner of the sketch, are rendered invisible. Mr. Lake gives assurance of the absolute

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For scout work it is intended to have stations well off the coast to which the boats would repair, and by making connection with telegraphic cables sunk there; communicate at once to the

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Counsel for Schley.

Judge Wilson and Captain Parker, both ex-officers of the navy, have been engaged to look after the interests of Rear Admiral Schley in the coming inquiry into the merits of the charges



JUDGE WILSON.



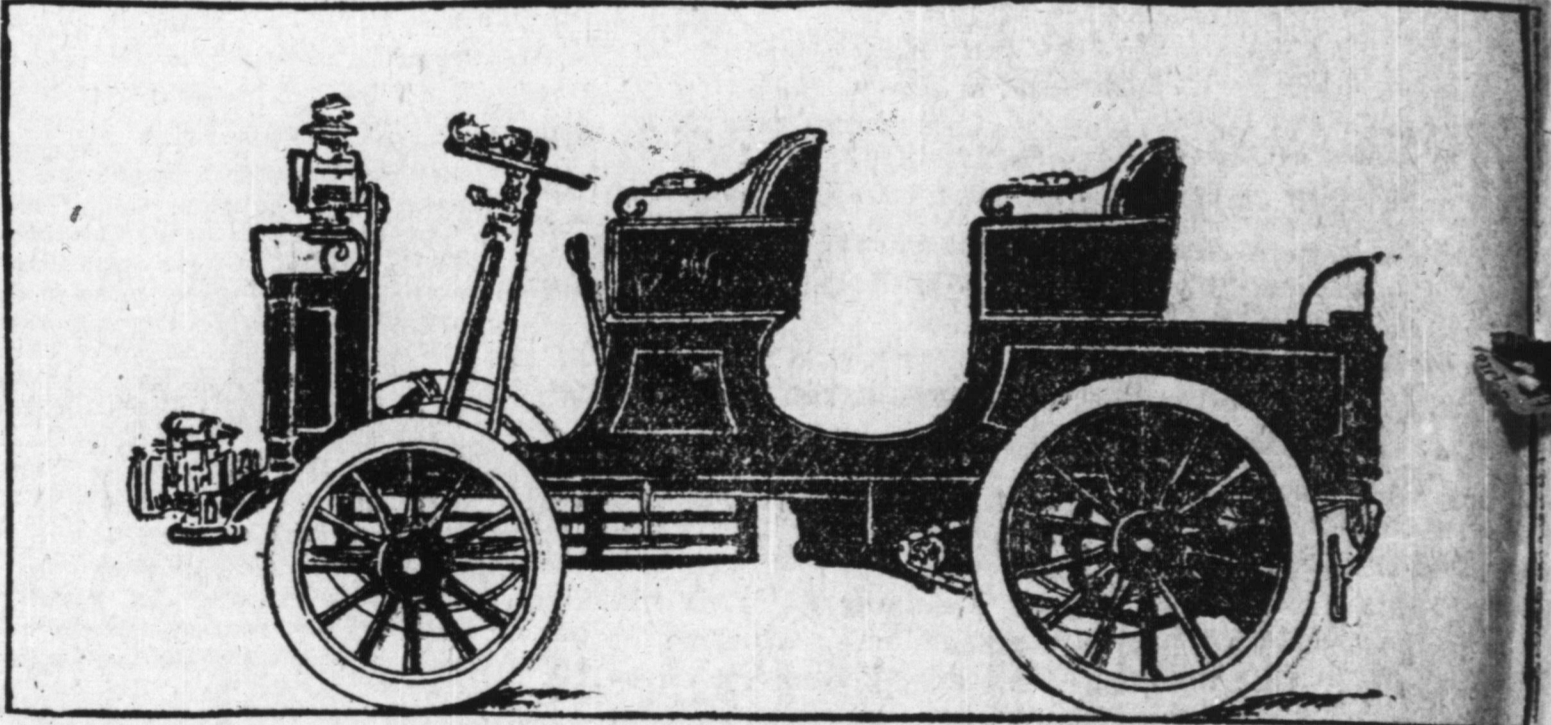
CAPT. PARKER, made by Sampson, Maclay and others to the effect that Schley was guilty of cowardice when the fleet under his immediate command sank that of Germany.

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A King's Motor Carriage.



King Edward's latest motor car is one of the finest vehicles of its kind yet built. Unlike most motor cars it is remarkable for the neatness and elegance of its appearance, and, though substantially built, it is comparatively light. It is a sort of motor phaeton, having seating accommodation for half a dozen persons, one behind the driver on the front seat, a couple on the middle seat, and a box for two footmen at the back. This is not by any means the first motor car the King has had made for him; for, like the King of the Belgians, his Majesty takes a keen interest in horseless carriages, and has had two built for him previously. This latest motor car, however, will mark something of a new departure, for during the coming season the King intends to take regular rides in it in Hyde Park.—London Daily Express.

Absentee Landlords.

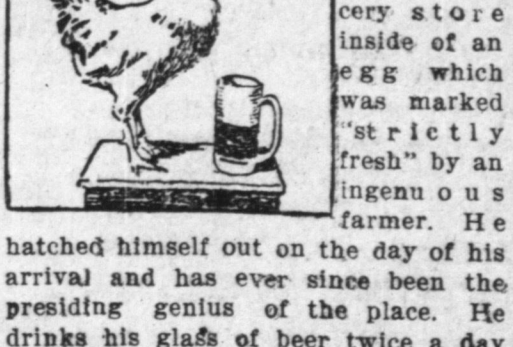
The story that Mr. John D. Rockefeller is to make his home in England is probably incorrect. But if such a thing should happen it would hasten the day when the United States will adopt drastic measures to check the evils of absentee landlordism. Of course we have no objection to the expatriation of any money-hooper who finds the air of America too raw for his lungs. But we do object to having the wealth accumulated by the energy, labor and ingenuity of the American people sent abroad to maintain a useless colony of Astors, Bradleys, Martins and Van Alens.

When the ownership of American property is transferred to Europe by hundreds of millions at a time the process assumes the proportions of a national disaster. It will have to be stopped. If nothing else will stop it a graduated income tax reaching 50 per cent on overgrown revenues sent to owners living abroad probably will.—Chicago American.

Express trains in Russia do not run over twenty-two miles an hour.

A Rooster Eats Drink.

One of the most prominent politicians of St. Louis is a rooster. "Cluck-dick" by name, which for nearly a year has inhabited a Carr street grocery and bar-room. "Cluck-dick" came to the grocery store inside of an egg which was marked "strictly fresh" by an ingenious farmer. He hatched himself out on the day of his arrival and has ever since been the presiding genius of the place. He drinks his glass of beer twice a day and in the evening sips his three fingers of whiskey with all the pleasure of an old toper. The men who frequent the barroom have taught "Cluck-dick" to be a politician and a baseball fan. When the St. Louis club wins "Cluck-dick" flies to the top of the ice box and crows lustily. When John Sweeney,



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Alabama's Mistake.

The Alabama Constitutional convention has disappointed its friends by adopting the "grandfather clause" creating a hereditary aristocracy of ignorance. The census returns show that a straight educational qualification would insure white supremacy in Alabama. Last year there were 200,680 white men of voting age who could read and write, and 78,674 negroes—a white majority of 122,006. There were 31,624 illiterate whites and 181,997 illiterate negroes. It is not a superhuman feat to teach a man to read and write. If Alabama wants her 181,997 ignorant white men to vote she will do better to educate them than to sneak them into the franchise by way of a future "grandfather clause."

Many countries have various methods of raising money to pay their debts. In Hesse, Germany, the taxes have been put upon bachelors. They have to pay 25 per cent more than married men. The same has been that many well-to-do men have emigrated to Prussia, kept in line.



20 TH. CENTURY GIRL.

She is plastic and elastic and can trip the light fantastic in a style enthusiastic and abundant that is rare. She is sweetest and pettiest in a bunch of great completeness and she keeps us at her feetness in a manner debonaire.

She can dally on the alley with ten pins and make a tally, and the boys around her rally when she's out upon the links.

And she'll patter 'round and chatter on most any weighty matter, but she's a thinker never thinks.

Oh, she's happy when she's frappe and is throwing bright and snappy bits of criticism to unmitigated joys out the spoony boys.

And the measure of her pleasure in her never-ceasing leisure is a little world of treasure in unmitigated joys.

She'll abuse you and amuse you and both well and ill she'll use you, and she'll finally refuse you, the heart-broken you implore.

But don't bother—get another—be content to be her brother, for she'll mop up the kitchen floor.



The Man By the Roadside.

BY WILL S. GIDLEY.

Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.

A man suffering from half a dozen gunshot wounds lay dying by a Kentucky roadside—a man grizzled and gaunt, and upon whose lean face was the bronze of fifty summers and many a jagged seam and scar.

A rabbit poked its nose inquiringly through the bushes as he lay there, and then at a sudden movement from the dying man turned and scuttled swiftly away.

Then a big blue-bottle fly came bustling around the helpless man, wattering in his own life-blood beside the rude mountain trail, and after five minutes of blundering and bumping against his battered features finally settled down on the raw edge of a wound, just below the matted hair on his forehead and began patiently drilling into the sensitive flesh.

The exquisite pain seemed to revive the mortally wounded sufferer and awaken his instinct of self-preservation. His right hand, raised by his side, and then crept slowly toward the wound, and he began to bleed.

Inch by inch it advanced—that gnarled, claw-like hand—until it was on a level with the demon fly probing into his wound; and then with a sudden movement he brought it down, crushing the life out of his tormentor.

"Ha, ha! I got yeh, did I?" he chuckled hoarsely. "Wush I could reach out an' mash ole Cy Grandy under my hat, the way I did the fly! I'd die happy then, y'ass, if I'd be willin' to go to hell if I c'd send Cy that fust—the treacherous, cowardly skunk!"

The wounded man rolled over and made an effort to rise to a sitting position, but the attempt was a failure.

"The sneakin' ole devil has got me fixed for good an' all this time. I'll be a dead man inside of two hours," he went on, huskily. "Y'ass, I'll be a dead man, an' ole Cy Grandy'll be goin' 'round braggin' 'bout how he wiped me out. D—him! ef I had my horse an' was able to ride I'd fer him up an' settle matters with him yet, but I hain't got the strength left to do it. I've got lead enough in me to kill an elephant. Ole Cy meant to make a sure thing of it. That bullet in my back alone would've fixed me. It must've struck the muscle that works my legs, I reckon, 'cuz I hain't had no use of 'em sense it hit me. But my mind is clear an' my right arm is all right yet, an'—an' I'd give the rest of my life, sech as it is, fer jest one more chance at the man who shot me down an' flung me here in the bushes to die like a dog!"

"Y'ass," he resumed after a pause, "to die like a dog an' rot by the roadside; but by the Eternal, I'll get even with him yeh kin bet! He will find that I am more of a snake than a dog. A rattler can strike back even when it is dyin', an' I'll live long enough to give ole Cy Grandy his death-wound yet! Y'ass, I'll do it, if it takes a hundred years!"

Another pause longer than before, and then the man by the roadside went on in a hoarse whisper:

"I—'m peterin' out mighty fast; my strength is goin' but I've got jest ez much grit ez ever. Ef I only had

A PEBBLE FOR EVERY OATH.

An Artistically Profane Golf-Player's Record Turned In.

There is a well-known young man in Omaha, who does several other things better than he plays golf. He is a past master in artistic swearing. In fact, his anger finds expression in such coherent streams of expletives that his reputation as a member of the Country Club is based chiefly on this accomplishment. But to get at the story of a famous bit of golf played by this louche young man did last week. His record is 137 or thereabouts and every time he makes the round of the course his score grows worse and he gets more vehement in giving expression to what is uppermost in his mind. Last Wednesday before he started on the course one of the young man's friends jokingly remarked: "Every time you swear put a clod or a chip or a piece of gravel in your pocket." This was early in the afternoon. Just as the sun was sinking in the west a weary young man with bulging pockets staggered into the club house. His friends had forgotten him and supposed he had gone home. As he entered the door he emptied a coat pocket and pebbles rolled all over the reception room floor. "That's the plain d—ns," he exclaimed. From another pocket he dumped 100 pebbles which stood for a stronger number of the purely masculine vocabulary. Other pockets produced still more pebbles and clods which represented other bad words. His friends tried to call a halt, but he persisted in littering up the floor, remarking: "This ain't a circumstance. Just wait till you see the wagonload of oats the caddy and the teamster are bringing." This story is told on the authority of friends of the artistically profane young man.—From the Omaha Bee.

Too Much John Doe.

The campaign against John Doe, Richard Roe and Jane Stiles, alleged fictitious personages who figure principally in divorce cases in Connecticut, mainly as a cover for the co-respondent in such suits, was begun in the Superior Court, New Haven, by Judge Wheeler, during an exparte hearing in a case in which John Doe was named a co-respondent, says the Hartford Daily Times. When the complaint had been read, with John Doe named as the defendant's friend, Judge Wheeler informed counsel for the plaintiff that he would not accept the complaint with John Doe as part of it. Then he said that hereafter while he was on the bench of the Superior Court he would not under any circumstances recognize John Doe in any such suits. He stated that if the co-respondent was known, the name of such individual should be entered on the complaint, and if unknown, then the papers should announce that fact. He had become tired of the John Doe Dodge.

Against Woman Suffrage.

Mrs. Edwin Knowles of Brooklyn, the new president of the Professional Woman's league, does not believe in woman suffrage. Discussing the subject the other day, she said that to her mind the woman suffragist appeared as a ridiculous being. Mrs. Knowles, who enjoys the reputation of knowing what she is talking about, expressed the opinion that nothing was to be gained by enfranchising women. "There are as many ignorant women as men," she says, "and giving woman the right to vote would merely increase the number of voters, while their division on the issues of the day would be about as it is now. The only thing that would be gained would be more trouble for the women." But Mrs. Knowles has a strong belief in club life for her sex. It "broadens" a woman, she says.—New York Times.

D. O. Mills at the Play.

On one occasion in the fifties, an amateur dramatic performance was given in San Francisco for the benefit of some deserving charity. Among the performers was the late Hugh Farar McDermott, the poet, and in a box was Mr. Mills. The play was some classic piece, and the acting was so bad that what should have been a tragedy became a farce. In the last act McDermott dropped his sword, and stooping awkwardly, picked it up. There was a titter in the audience, which increased as the luckless performer asked: "What shall I do with this envenomed blade?" From the banker's gallery came in a queer stage whisper: "Stab yourself, Hugh, and be done with it!"—Frank Leslie's Monthly

highest tension were strained to catch the slightest sound.

Nearer and nearer came the approaching footsteps, until finally they halted near the spot where the man and the pistol lay. The owner of the "I thought so," stealthily whispered the wounded man to himself. "It's ole Cy Grandy on his way home, an' he wants to make sure I'm dead. Waal, he'll find out I ain't ez dead ez he'll wush I was when he sticks his nose through these bushes."

Slowly, painfully he raised himself on his left elbow. The exertion sent the red life-blood gushing forth afresh from the gaping wound in his back, but he heeded it not. His whole mind was intent upon the movements of his enemy. His right hand firmly grasped the stock of the heavy revolver, with his ready forefinger grimly caressing the trigger; his lips were pressed tightly together; his eyes gleamed brighter, more balefully than ever, and his whole attitude was one of intense nervous expectancy.

The waiting man heard the horseman spring to the ground with a swagger and an oath.

Then heavy footsteps approached the spot where he lay, the bushes parted and a bloated, rough-bearded face with bloodshot eyes appeared in the opening.

"Good God! alive yet, an'—an'—"

For one horror-filled instant the bloodshot optics gazed fascinated into the basilisk-like orbs behind the pistol; then a shot rang out, the owner of the bloated face and bloodshot eyes pitched heavily forward across the body of his adversary, the waiting steed gave a startled snort and galloped riderless away—and two men were left dying by the roadside instead of one.

CRITICONS L. OUR TOOLS.

The American flying tool is now used in practically every progressive English workshop, says a London newspaper. In Sheffield itself, the makers of the apparatus, working from American patterns and copying the American inventors have a number of things of trade conditions as the other fact, that the American tool at Birmingham frequently receives inquiries for American articles as well as stamped, and articles as well as steel butt builders' ironing strike.

The introduction of the introduction of American steel goods into England, the cycling boom was the beginning of the introduction of the American machine tool. English firms had to cease their output. Some of them sent to America for machine tools. Others saw these tools and their use and here like wildfire. In turret lathes and ordinary tools the Americans have been especially successful. In the old-time British lathe the workman lost time by substituting one tool for another. In the turret lathe a selection of tools is fitted in the lathe and the workman by turning his turret brings the tool he wants into use. To save time is to save money, and though the Americans charge high prices, often demand heavy royalties and though British workmen and masters by no means care for these new inventions, the stress of competition has forced them to adopt them.

TO FLY 600 MILES AN HOUR.

Machine Invented by a Professor in Nashville University.

Mr. Adolph Brobeck, professor of Greek in the University of Nashville, Tenn., is at work upon a design for an air car which he proposes shall make six hundred miles an hour, making the flight from New York to San Francisco in eight hours, including stops. He has been at work on the machine for several years, and hopes to perfect it soon. His ideas are between those of the flying machine and the locomotive and he proposes to avoid the drawbacks in both of them. In brief the air car which Professor Brobeck will build is to be cigar-shaped, and made of hardwood, aluminum and glass. All round the air car is an aeroplane, standing at right angles to its center, and designed to maintain its equilibrium after the manner of the wings of a soaring bird. At the rear of the car and between it and the inner-edge of the aeroplane are to be the screws, propelled by electricity, one lifting and the other pushing. A light, elevated structure will support the screws. One set of wheels will rest on top of the twin rails and another set will turn against the under surface of the same rails. Thus when a car is moving at low speed its weight will be on top of the rails, and when going at a rapid rate it will be held to place by the under set of wheels.

Culture Reflected in Buildings.

In general, always, in the long run—the average level of artistic excellence in the buildings of any given community is determined by the average artistic culture of its population. Individual buildings may stand far above this level of excellence, but others as far below it will bring down the average to the level of the local taste. In time every town and village and city gets just about the sort of architecture it really wants. That is, after all, only one way of saying that architecture of any place and age is the natural product and expression of the culture and civilization of that time and place. This is the great and significant fact which gives to the history of architecture its vital interest. Every great building, every great class of buildings, stands for definite historic causes and forces. The magnificent cathedrals of the middle ages are no more conceivable as the products of our own day and generation than is a modern twenty-story office building imaginable in ancient Thebes or Memphis.—The Forum.

Evolution of the Houseboat.

Houseboating has been an aristocratic English institution for more than 100 years. But the idea is older even than that. The houseboat in crude form has existed almost as long as civilization itself. Marco Polo found it in China, and millions of the population of Burma and India are born, live and die in floating habitations which closely resemble the hatched huts of their landsmen brothers. The houseboat, as we see it in the south coast waters of today—the square-cornered, slow-moving craft, which it must be confessed is not all ways a thing of beauty, though undeniably a joy forever—first made its appearance in the river Thames. It is a concomitant part of the social machinery of Mayfair, as important a factor indeed to the pleasure-loving Britisher as is his great house in Portman square, or his ancestral country seat, or his hunting lodge in Scotland, or his yacht off Cowes.—Cosmopolitan.

Growing Use of Private Cars.

A car-refitting company in New York city buys old Pullman coaches, tears the inside furnishings out, and paints them according to the wishes of its customers. Whatever kind of private car a man may wish he may order—parlors, handsomely carpeted, sitting rooms, dining rooms, sleeping compartments, smoking rooms—all with equipment more or less perfect according to the price. And cars are refitted in this way and sold for prices varying from \$1,500 to \$15,000. Very handsome and serviceable cars have been built from the old "castaways," and the man of moderate means can travel privately and comfortably in a home of his own. It is an interesting evidence of American manufacturing thrift and of the growth of wealth.—World's Work.

In India and Persia sheep are used as beasts of burden.

Vibrate to Be Cured

New Panacea Prohibits Medicine and Times Patients to Concert Pitch.

A new cure-all has come across the ocean to this country, which in many respects is as picturesque as the panacea of the Swiss priest, the new cure taboos the use of medicines, but its application requires no such inconvenient procedure as walking barefoot in wet grass in the early morning. Disease, according to the new idea, is a mere matter of altered vibration. If you have a headache, or dyspepsia, or rheumatism, or nervous prostration, or any other ailment in the catalogue, you are, or that part of you affected is, out of tune—your rate of vibration has become too fast or too slow and needs adjusting. To effect the proper adjust-

ment the new curists strap you to a machine and shake you (or vibrate you) until, like a pendulum, you get back into your normal swing.

The system does not belong to any one person like the Kneipp cure. It came from Europe, and already there are half a dozen "institutes" in New York city and any number of practitioners who will bring their machines to private houses and give special treatment. There is one place in 5th avenue where the fashionable are "shaken to their hearts' content. There is another in the heart of the shopping district, where tired women may stop in and be "restored" after a day's bargain hunting, and there are several "institutes" in the residential districts.



THE PEDAL TREATMENT.

The fundamental theory. Every new cure must have its fundamental theory. Here is the theory upon which the vibrationists go. In the first place all things are in a state of vibration—light, sound, heat, are vibra-

tion communicated is at least a delicious "new" sensation. The writer learned this during a recent visit to one of the New York "institutes" where many women go daily to be vibrated. The place is not pretentious. It looks like an ordinary doctor's office, plus the machine, which might be taken for one of those relics of the Spanish inquisition to be found in all dentists' offices. An electric motor is geared to a small spindle, and to the side of the spindle is attached a long steel rod, which, when the motor is revolved at great speed, moves rapidly in unison with it, like a piston rod. To the end of the piston rod is attached a heavy leather glove with the fingers cut out. The operator places her hand in the glove, and the piston rod, moving rapidly back and forth, gives to her hand a vibratory motion which makes it feel as though it were being

traversed by an electric current. In fact, to touch her hand gives you a sensation exactly like that obtained from the poles of a battery. Now, imagine a sensitive but overworked Wall street gentleman sitting placidly with a far-off look in his eyes, while the young lady operator applies the thrilling touch of her hand to his forehead or to the base of his aching brain, and there is the cure in operation.

While the operator moves her fingers deftly along the bridge of your nose, bilaterally outward via your eyebrows and then downward back of your ears toward the upper end of your spinal column, she croons softly the reason for it all, telling you minutely just what is taking place inside of you while the process is going forward. Now, since the feeling in your spinal cord is precisely that described by the negro who said that mineral water tasted just as though his foot was asleep, you are not as much impressed by her remarks as you might otherwise be, but there are certain



VIBRATING MASSAGE.

tion itself. But even those things which are popularly supposed to be in a state of inanimate rest, the houses in which we live, the very furniture upon which we sit, are said to be in a state of vibration. And so the very act of living is a matter of vibration. In other words, every living animal and vegetable pulsates according to its individual wave length. Every part of every animal has its rate of vibration, which, when normally maintained, keeps the member in a state of health, but which, when it departs from the normal, induces a state of disease. At least so say the high priests of the new movement, who reason, therefore, that the use of medicine is a very roundabout way of producing what can be accomplished with a few odd shakes. And since the writer himself saw the miracle of the palsied take place under his eyes by means of a vibration machine and since the machine itself is not so complicated but that, in the hands of an ingenious man, it might be constructed from an old sewing machine—perhaps within certain wide limits the contention is true.

words, such as "capillaries," "stagnation," "stimulation," etc., which stick by you and you remember it all afterward as you might a dream.

All sorts and conditions of men and women had the machine applied to them while the writer looked on, for there was nothing in the treatment that required privacy. Some had rheumatism and some had gout, and some had nervous prostration which they wanted cured, and some had nervous prostration for fear of the machine itself, and of what it might do to them, and all the while the voice of the operator crooned low, felling of the wonderful success of the shaking machine abroad, how Prince Pedowich thought it the greatest ever, and how Prince Alexander of Oldenburg recommended it, and Prof. Some-One-Else considered it the monitor of the coming millennium era, until only the veriest skeptic would have denied the efficacy of the new fad.

A Flea for Navajo Art.

Americans have been slow to awaken to the fact that we have in this land, among a people of which the Old World knows nothing and the New World little, arts that are quaint, original and worthy of long continuance. Such are the textiles of the Navajoes, the baskets of the various western tribes, and the bead and quill work of yet others. For centuries our Indians were adorned, and none except their red neighbors gave attention to them. Now that their work is at last

receiving attention, their poverty induces them to make and sell as fast as possible, and hasty work is never good work. It is the whites who are responsible for the poverty of the Indian, in the destruction of his game, the obliteration of his hunting grounds and his introduction to sundry vices and diseases; hence, it is our duty to better his woe, not as now, by pauperizing him with gifts, but encouraging him to continue what is best in his work.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Limestone Age.

By the census of 1900 it was shown that granite and limestone were the chief building stones in use in the United States, the amount of limestone quarried being about 50 per cent greater than the amount of granite; and sandstone, marble, slate and blue-stone following in the order named. During the five years following the census of 1890 there was a general depression in the building trade, as in other branches of American industry, and a falling off in the amount of stone quarried. Since 1896, however, there has been a large increase in the demand for building materials, and it has been supplied largely from two sources—Indiana limestone and Georgia marble. Indiana limestone, quarried in steadily increasing amount, is shipped to other states, one of the Indiana railroads deriving more revenue in a year from limestone than from any other item of freight income. Kindred stone is found in other parts of the Union. Georgia marble comes chiefly from the counties in the northern portion of the state near the Tennessee border.—New York Sun.

Jerry Cooper Considers Himself One of the Luckiest Men in England.

Jerry Cooper considers himself one of the luckiest men in England, and not without reason. He used to be a gymnastic instructor in the navy. Then he went into the merchant marine, and five years ago while on a trading vessel off Newfoundland the donkey engine on board blew up, killing four men and knocking Jerry speechless and deaf. Yet a man even in this condition must live, and to gain a means of livelihood when he returned to England he gave exhibitions of conjuring and contortions. A week or two ago he had a bad fall, which made him unconscious, and upon regaining himself he found that speech and hearing had come back to him. And in all Britain there's no one happier than Jerry Cooper.

James Gordon Bennett's Owl.

The owl, "big-eyed and solemn," is Mr. James Gordon Bennett's favorite bird. The singular ornament of an owl at bow and stern of his magnificent new steam yacht Lysistrata will not strike those who know his preference as so strange, after all. On his famous old yacht, Namouna, one saw owls everywhere—stuffed, plaster, marble, alive, bronze, wooden owls, of all sizes, and in every position. Owls peered into the sea, perched on the dining table, formed pepper boxes, held handles to walking canes, fire irons, paper knives, perched on the backs of his chairs, and so forth. It is the same at his delightful entree in Paris. Buffalo Commercial.

Hungry Bears Destroy a Railroad.

A logger named Johnson, who has a logging camp somewhere near Deep river, away down the Columbia, was in town looking for engines and wire cables to pull the logs cut out to the tramway, says the Morning Oregonian. He has been using horses for this work, but says he will have to use engines hereafter, as the bears tear up his skids roads. The grease used in the skids has attracted the bears, which not only lick the skids clean of grease, but dig them out and ruin the road in search of the grease which has been absorbed by the earth. He says the bears pursue their mischievous labors chiefly in the night, and he cannot stay up nights to shoot them.

Cure for Mosquito Bites.

Professor Dr. Voges, director of the national board of health at Buenos Ayres, according to German papers, has found a remedy for mosquito bites. He states that he discovered it by accident during his trip to Paraguay to study the pest. He had been supplied with all sorts of remedies, among them naphthalene, an article of no value whatever against the pest, but on using it for mosquito bites he found it of surprising effect. It neutralizes the poison, even when the spot bitten is greatly inflamed. If fresh bites are rubbed with naphthalene no swelling follows. The professor considers naphthalene almost a specific against mosquito poison.

American Bag-Time Inspiring.

There is one American tune that is bound to go all over India, back to England, and even to Australia, as it has taken the British contingent by storm. When the Ninth Infantry band began to play "A Hot Time in the Old Town" everybody was on his feet in a second, wild dances were indulged in, and the band had to play it at least five times, and then again later in the evening. From the very first it "caught on" with the British, and now it has reached something of that power with the famous "Ta-ra-tum" de-ray rolled around the earth.—Leslie's Weekly.

Marquis is a Dairyman.

The marquis of Ripon, who recently celebrated his golden wedding, has been a dairyman for years. In and about the picturesque town of Ripon, Yorkshire, may be seen milk wagons bearing his formal title. "The most noble the marquis of Ripon." He also has a milk store in London, where country dairy products are sold. Enthusiasm will lead a man to do things that Common Sense could not drive him to attempt.