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Ed. C. GOTTRY, Proprietor. DEVOTED TO THE GENERAL INTERESTS OF PINE COUNTY, AND THE WELFARE OF ITS READERS. TERMS: $1.50 PER ANNUM

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OLD MILITARY SCHOOL.

Famous and Historic Institute at Lexington, Va.

Dedication of the Stonewall Jackson Memorial Hall Recalls Many Memories of Ante-bellum Days.

[Special Washington Letter.]

Abraham Lincoln attained distinction without a collegiate education. Joan of Arc achieved distinction without a military education. But the young men and women who are looking eagerly into the future should remember that God makes few such characters as Lincoln, and that there was but one Joan of Arc in all history.

Dr. Brown-Sequard it was who sagely remarked that "genius is a nervous disease with which few people are afflicted." That is naively put and strangely true. The young people of the present generation cannot learn too soon that they who succeed in life are they who toil. There is no uniformly successful genius save the genius of labor. If we would succeed we must "trust no future, howe'er pleasant; let the dead past bury its dead. Act in the living present, heart within and God o'erhead."

When there was a great upheaval in this country more than a generation ago and large armies of men were marching and countermarching an unusual opportunity was presented for men with natural military ability to develop their talents. But out of the chaos of it all there arose to the top in the maelstrom of fame only the trained soldiers of West Point military academy. They were trained in the art of war, and their training demonstrated their fitness to command all volunteers.

Many of the men of the south received preliminary training at the Virginia military institute at Lexington. To that place proud fathers and mothers from southern states sent their boys to prepare for West Point; and until this day the same plan is pursued. It is only a few hours' ride from Washington, and upon special occasions a great many gentlemen and ladies go there from this city to enjoy the scenery, the country air and to show their interest in the school. The greatest event in the recent commencement exercises of the military institute was the dedication of the Stonewall Jackson memorial hall. The speakers for the occasion were Hon. John W. Daniel, of Lynchburg; Rev. Dr. J. W. Smith, of Richmond, of Jackson's personal staff, who covered his body with his own as a shield the night he was shot at Chancellorsville, and Dr. Hunter McGuire, of Richmond, who was chief of Jackson's medical corps. The day was also alumni day, and the school's sons came from far and wide to do homage once more at their alma mater. Col. Edmund Pendleton, of Lexington, Va., one of the graduates of the first class turned out, was present and was the recipient of much applause.

STONEWALL JACKSON MEMORIAL HALL, LEXINGTON, VA.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Hemphill, of Louisville, Ky. S. H. Letcher, president of the board, briefly outlined the history of the raising of the funds, and stated that a large part of the money came from Pennsylvania, and that Jefferson Davis made the first contribution. Dr. Hunter McGuire then spoke upon "Personal Reminiscences of Jackson." The exercises were concluded by the address of United States Senator John W. Daniel, who delivered a masterly eulogy upon "Jackson as a Soldier."

The Stonewall Jackson Memorial hall looks out upon the parade grounds, and is connected to the west wing of the cadet barracks by a gothic arch, in which, directly overhead, is the Young Men's Christian association hall and library, capable of seating 250 people. This room has a 32-foot pitch, and is lighted by two large gothic windows. The library is cut off by means of drop roller doors. There are two entrances to this room, which is really the chapel, and perhaps the handsomest room in the new building.

The arch is built of Kentucky blue limestone, and has in raised letters on the face, "Stonewall Jackson," and below is a five-foot wrought-iron grill. The foundation, which is of massive native gray limestone, in some places was placed 40 feet below the surface and grouted with tons of cement.

The rest of the structure is of red brick, with buttresses and battlements of yellow terra cotta. The exterior is in keeping with the cadet barracks, which is after the old baronial castle style.

There is a double entrance from the arch, through quartered oak doors, into a lobby 50x16 feet, with red and gray tiled floor. The hardware here used is of solid bronze. From the lobby there are three doors leading into the main hall; also stairways leading up and down, trimmed and finished in quartered oak. The main hall is furnished in native pine finish, and is 105x50 feet. The acoustics are very fine, as a whisper can be heard from one end of the hall to the other. The windows are of leaded cathedral glass, in blue, green and purple on sides and rear with complementary colors. The ceiling is paneled with turned drops, from which are electric lights, supported by eight massive iron columns. The walls are finished with adamantine plaster.

On the floor over the Jackson hall is the engineering department of five rooms. On what is known as the first floor is the gymnasium hall which is 105x50 feet. The interior walls of this hall have been left in the rough state with a five-foot panel; the ceiling is supported by massive iron pillars. Provision has also been made for a swimming pool in the lower end of this room. The old tower which is connected with the memorial hall by the arch and in which was formerly the drawing academy with library, has been converted into the library with four stories overlooking the rotunda below.

Artillery and signal drill was gone through with by the corps of cadets in the afternoon. The firing with blank cartridges attracted an immense gathering of people. The parade grounds were taxed to their utmost capacity to accommodate the gathering.

The annual meeting of the alumni was held in the Jackson hall, and the committee on the erection of a monument to the cadets who fell at the battle of New Market, reported that they had $950 in hand, and to erect the monument it would require something like $2,800. The committee was continued and will make every effort to raise the necessary amount.

On the way back to Washington there was some freedom of criticism of the managers of the institute and of southern people in general for perpetuating memories of the civil war by erecting statues, monuments and buildings to the memory of confederate chieftains. There was no partisan discussion, and none of it was for publication, but the subject was considered in a philosophical manner. One of the gentlemen, a senator from a northwestern state, said: "It seems to me that the people of the south are doing themselves a great injustice. They are erecting monuments for their children to see and for their grandchildren to study. All of these monuments will be humiliating to future generations, because they are monuments of failure. Future generations will have none of the pride in personal achievements, nothing of the pride of comradeship which enthuses the people of to-day. To them these monuments will be monuments of failure, and in those days the people will not say: 'God only knows which was right.'"

Another senator from a northern state said: "I like to see the southern people do just as they are doing. They are cultivating a military spirit in their young people. They are educating them for deeds of heroism. They are teaching them to love their country. If George Washington and his continental soldiers had been defeated those people would have erected monuments to their memories just the same, unless prevented by British power from doing so. The southern people fought for what they deemed to be liberty. State sovereignty was with them as tangible a thing for battle as was the slogan of our revolutionary fathers for taxation without representation. Let them build their monuments and tell their children how bravely and how well their soldier fathers fought for what they deemed was right."

There are two extreme opinions; between them we may find a middle ground. It makes no difference whether the new hall is named after Stonewall Jackson or Phil Sheridan. It is a school for young men with ambitions in the direction of military affairs. It is an excellent institution and will always maintain the high reputation which has long characterized it. Beneath its roof even now there may be another Stonewall Jackson or Robert E. Lee. But there will be no more rebellion nor effort at secession in this country, and the young men now being educated in military affairs will always be found with gleaming swords beneath the star spangled banner, fighting for one flag and one country.

SMITH D. FRY.

At Rest.

Brown—I hear that Placehunter has obtained a federal appointment at last.

Jones—Yes; he has retired from the cares of office seeking.—Puck.

VIVISECTION IN ENGLAND.

How the English Statute Works—Points For and Against.

A return was lately issued on showing the number of experiments performed on living animals during the year 1896, under licenses granted under the act 39 and 40 Vict., c. 77. It relates to England and Scotland. The number of persons who held licenses was 236, of whom 70 made no experiments. The names of all licensed places are given in a table, and tabular evidence is afforded, establishing these points: (1) That licenses and certificates have been granted only on the recommendation of persons of high scientific standing; (2) that the licensees are persons who, by their training and education, are fitted to undertake experimental work, and to profit by it, and (3) that all experimental work has been conducted in suitable places. There is also a table showing the number and nature of the experiments performed, and specifying whether these were done under license alone or under any special certificate, so that the public may judge which experiments, if any, were of a painful nature. From previous reports it has appeared that the only experiments performed without anaesthetics are of the nature of inoculations or hypodermic injections. These, says the medical inspector for the home office, Dr. G. V. Poore, are now, in order to lessen any chance of misapprehension, placed in a class by themselves. According to the report, the process of inoculation is inadequately provided for in the act of parliament.

"It would be cruel rather than otherwise to anaesthetize an animal before subjecting it to the trivial operation of a prick with a needle, and yet the wording of the act is such that the administration of anaesthetics can in no case be dispensed with except by a certificate (A) stating that 'insensibility cannot be produced without necessarily frustrating the objects of such experiments. Notwithstanding that the wording of certificate A is not wholly applicable to the circumstances, it is nevertheless allowed for inoculations."

The large increase of inoculations and allied experiments which has been noticeable for the last few years is, says the report, likely to continue. The discovery of antitoxins has necessitated a large number of inoculation experiments, as these remedies cannot safely and effectually be used upon human beings without being previously tested on rodents. In one table (Table A) the total number of experiments was 1,516, and in the other (Table B) 5,984. Nearly all the latter were inoculations (made, under anaesthetics, upon rodents), with the object of diagnosing rabies. The licensees have been loyal to the spirit of the act, and there were only two cases in which the letter of the law was quoted as showing the difficulties of interpreting the act in relation to inoculation:

"The first case was that of a licensee who holds a certificate A (dispensing with anaesthetics) for the inoculation of guinea pigs with tuberculous matter. In his annual return he reported four inoculations (as performed under A), for which an anaesthetic was administered. It was necessary to take notice of this, because certificate A is never allowed except for proceedings so slight as to cause no appreciable pain. This gentleman has explained to me that anaesthetics were used because it was necessary to insure perfect tranquility while a minute incision was made in the skin, but that after the recovery from the anaesthetic the animals never afforded any evidence of discomfort. This being the case, it is possible that the experiment might have been performed under the license alone, but it clearly could not be allowed under certificate A, as used in relation to inoculations. The second case was that of a gentleman who holds a license only, and who returned four experiments, which consisted in the attempt (which failed) to give ringworm to four mice by applying the fungus which is the cause of the disease to the backs of the animals by a few bloodless scratches without anaesthetics. It would be cruel, rather than otherwise, to administer an anaesthetic for such a proceeding. No experiment under the license alone, however, can be performed without an anaesthetic, and the licensee held no certificate enabling him to dispense with anaesthetics. It might possibly be contended that such a proceeding is not 'an experiment calculated to give pain' within the meaning of the act. This, however, is a question which has to be decided by the licensee and those who sign his application for a license."—N. Y. Times.

An Abiding Perfume.

Nearly six years ago a farmer who was bringing five or six carboys of essence of peppermint in town had a runaway on West Franklin street near the Christian church, and five of the carboys were broken. Owing to the value of the essence, his loss amounted to something like $1,500, a total loss, with no insurance. The point in reviving the incident is that the pungent odor of the liquid, which heavily burdened the atmosphere in that vicinity for months, still clings to the earth where the liquid was spilled, and the neighborhood small boy delights in mystifying the uninformed by picking up clods of the earth and calling attention to the odor. Occasionally, when the atmospheric conditions are right, the odor rises in such quantity as to be noticeable to passers-by.—Elkhart (Ind.) Review.

GERMANS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Some English Comments on Teutonic "Pushfulness."

The ubiquitousness of the Teutonic trader in Central and South American republics is becoming keenly manifest to many British merchants who formerly considered several of these states as their business preserves, and, to tell the truth, in many cases grew lax and unenterprising in consequence. Colombia is one of the latest South American states to receive official attention from the German government and early in the year its enterprising foreign office sent a specialist to explore that somewhat "warm" corner of the continent. It appears that the richest man in the capital—Santa Fe de Bogota, a city of some 100,000 inhabitants—is a German hatter, whilst a fellow Teuton, a brewer, runs him very close in point of wealth. Evidently the Bogotans go in for good hats and good beer; for both hatter and brewer, though so wealthy, went out from the fatherland as artisans. Both, it seems, have been smart enough to secure lucrative monopolies—one makes all the hats, the other all the beer required in the thirst-creating republic. The capital, though standing 9,000 feet up in the Cordilleras, is very unhealthy, the cold at night being as intense as the heat by day; and so fevers of a virulent kind are not to be wondered at. The Bogotans are described as insufferably proud, lazy, devout after their fashion, and—wholly devoid of morality! The "top hat" and frock coat are de rigueur for all respectable Bogotans! It seems, too, that the German commissioner is by no means smitten with the republic, despite the success of the hatter and the brewer. The explorer had to walk through trackless country from Bogota to Bolivar, a distance of 400 miles.

For nearly a month he had to live on black bread and jerked beef—beef cut into strings and dried in the sun. Jerked beef, as a rule, can only be digested by a healthy boa constrictor. Originally poor, being taken from the more than half wild ox, it is made still more leathery and sapless by the drying process. According to the German commissioner—who is apparently unaccustomed to great hardships, and is now on his way home—a "squarmeal" of jerked beef would be the last a European would require. As a compliment, and a great treat, he says he occasionally was given during his tramp a plantain by the "inhospitable natives" (in the tropics it is difficult to prevent plantains growing.) He adds that, owing to the corruption prevalent in Colombia, a proposal to construct a railway from the capital to the Orinoco, 80 miles in length (and so reduce the time occupied in the transport of goods to and from Europe by over one-half), has been abandoned. Well, there seems little to choose between the more central, at any rate, of the South American republics; and while the Bogotans remain content to let the journey for goods from Europe occupy 48 days, when it estimated the construction of a short railway and the introduction of shallow-draught steamers would reduce it to 22 days, we should imagine that even the Germans won't extend their trade very much in Colombia. Perhaps they will be wise in sticking to Mexico, Argentina, Chili, Brazil and one or two other of the more settled states, in which they have already a very strong hold on the trade.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Kill the Aged.

The Siberian Tchuktchis are totally different in appearance, language and customs from the Alaska Eskimos. They are fairly well disposed, as a rule, excepting during their drunken orgies, which take place, on an average, once a week. It is not safe, on these occasions, to venture abroad, for rifles are discharged indiscriminately in all directions, and, occasionally, into the huts. The strangest custom of this strange tribe is what is called the Kamitok, or putting to death (with their free consent) of the aged and useless members of the community by strangulation with a walrus thong. A Kamitok (which took place during De Windt's stay at Ounwaidjik) is never practiced on women. The Shamans, or medicine men, are practically kings of the place, and woe to the luckless Tchuktchi who incurs their displeasure. — Brooklyn Eagle.

Paris' "Midway."

There is to be a "Midway" at the Paris exposition of 1900. It has not yet been officially named, but the title of Chicago's famous Midway Plaisance has a strong hold on the situation at present, and the chances are that the department devoted to its particular kind of instruction and diversion at the Paris show of 1900 will have the "same old name." The strictly polite name for it now is the "Section of Colonial Exhibits." It will not be restricted to the exhibits of the colonies of France—if it were so restricted it might not be as large as could be wished—but it will be open to all the colonies of the world. It is almost a safe guess to say that the Midway of the coming Paris exposition will be larger than its Chicago prototype.—Chicago News.

The Audible.

"Still, my heart, still!" he whispers.

Among those who are there not a few wonder if he hasn't confounded his heart with the colored shirt he is wearing.

But they say nothing.—Detroit Journal.

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PINE CITY, - - - MINN.

AUGUST—1897.

Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	....	....	....	....

The News Condensed.

Important Intelligence From All Parts.

DOMESTIC.

The steamer Mexico, en route from the Yukon river, struck on a reef off Sitka and went to the bottom. Her 280 passengers were saved. Many valuable specimens collected by naturalists for the Columbian museum at Chicago, together with 180 tons of freight, were lost.

At Chicago after cutting his wife's throat Charles M. Clifford ended his own earthly existence by shooting himself with a revolver, jealousy being the cause.

Three hundred pounds of giant powder exploded in the St. Joe lead mine near Bonne Terre, Mo., killing William H. Waldern and Taylor Dodson.

The councilmen of Fort Scott, Kan., are insisting that an occupation tax be assessed against the ministers of the town as a means of raising revenue to make up the deficiency occasioned by the closing of the saloons.

According to a United States treasury statement the principal articles of domestic exports for July, 1897, shows that the total value of the month's exports amount to $36,945,278, as against $32,645,849 for the same month in 1896, and $29,445,340 for the same month in 1895.

At Hayes City, Kan., Mrs. Walkenstein, wife of a German tailor, shot a jeweler named Mulheim seriously and then shot and killed herself, jealousy being the cause.

In Chicago Judge Dunne held Alderman William Mangler guilty of contempt of court in refusing to tell who offered him $2,000 for his vote and fixed the punishment at $1,000 fine and 90 days' imprisonment in the county jail.

During a quarrel at Forest Home, Tex., J. H. Meadows was shot and instantly killed and Maj. Watson mortally wounded.

John R. Gentry, the king of pacers, in an attempt to lower his own record at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., went a mile in 2:02½.

John Thomas, laboring under the delusion that he was being persecuted, ran amuck at Spokane, Wash., and as a result two men were mortally wounded and a man and a boy seriously injured.

The mutilated bodies of David Delrich and wife were found in their home three miles south of Bellefontaine, O. A bloody ax was found, showing how they had been murdered.

By a strange coincidence Charles Abert, for over 40 years a prominent lawyer of Washington, D. C., and his brother, Maj. James Abert, U. S. A., of Newport, Ky., died at the same time.

Philip Korn, a wealthy coffee planter of San Salvador, died at Tallack Lake, Cal. He was one of the best-known coffee planters in Central America.

William Arey was shot and almost instantly killed by Dr. W. R. Winters at Durango, Col. Alienation of his wife's affections were said to be the cause.

Bud Brooks and Grady Reynolds, convicted at Jefferson, Ga., of the murder of Merchant M. C. Hunt, were sentenced to be hanged Friday, September 24.

President McKinley has accepted an invitation to attend the Ohio state fair at Columbus, opening August 31.

Harold Mosler, 15 years of age, of Kansas City, Mo., while visiting his father's ranch near Chamberine, N. M., was hanged, it was supposed, by neighbors with whom the family have had trouble over their ranch boundaries.

While visiting friends at Montpelier, O., Maud Young, aged 16, shot and killed her friend, Jennie Meyers, aged 19, and then killed herself. No cause was known for the act.

Milton Virden while jumping on a moving train at Milan, Mo., missed his footing and was instantly killed.

A passenger train was wrecked near Caddo Mills, Tex., by some one removing the fish plate. Messenger Rawlins was killed and several passengers injured.

Statistics prepared at the treasury department show that 283,832 immigrants came over last year and brought $3,541,241 with them, an average of about $12 per head.

September wheat sold in Chicago for 84½ cents, an advance of 20 cents in 26 days, and it was expected the price would reach the dollar mark before the end of the month.

The 14-year-old son of Richard Bell, living south of St. Charles, Ia., was bitten three times by a rattlesnake and died in great agony.

Rich gold discoveries were reported to have been made in Trinity county, Cal., one nugget unearthed weighing 2,400 ounces, valued at $42,000.

Herbert A. Willis, the Taunton (Mass.) murderer, who was recently shot in an attempt to escape from the state prison, died in the hospital at that institution.

The leading commercial agencies report a steady increase in trade circles all over the country.

Dr. Winters, who shot and killed William J. Arey at Durango, Col., has been released under $5,000 bonds, after pleading not guilty to a charge of murder.

Prof. Frederick Ward Putnam, of Harvard, was elected president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Detroit. Boston was chosen as the place of meeting for 1898.

Peter Monohan, 74 years old, was hanged in Baltimore, Md., for the murder of his wife. The crime was committed on May 25, 1897.

Maxwell Vas Eaton Potter was killed by the cars while riding his bicycle on the railroad track near Schenck's station, O.

Caleb Lane shot and killed his brother-in-law, Robert Stanley, for dogging hogs at Nashie, Ky. Lane fled to Virginia, but was captured and lodged in jail.

Mr. Pom Kwang Soh, president of the privy council of Corea, and ex-minister to this country, died at his residence in Washington of acute consumption, aggravated by over exertion, aged 43 years.

There were 239 business failures in the United States in the seven days ended on the 13th, against 237 the week previous and 298 in the corresponding period of 1896.

In an attempt by people of Rock Island to secure possession of the books and belongings at the headquarters of the Modern Woodmen of America in Fulton, Ill., a general riot ensued. One man was probably fatally injured and several others received wounds of a more or less serious nature.

The commissioners of the District of Colombia have refused to allow horseless carriages to be used on the streets of Washington, on the ground that they frighten horses and are likely to cause runaways and accidents.

The exchanges at the leading clearing houses in the United States during the week ended on the 13th aggregated $1,153,070,835, against $1,141,862,763 the previous week. The increase compared with the corresponding week of 1896 was 35.9.

One of the largest seizures that ever took place in Hoboken was made when officers seized $8,000 worth of diamonds which R. H. Neubauer, a passenger on a steamship from Hamburg, attempted to smuggle through.

The percentages of the baseball clubs in the National league for the week ended on the 15th were: Boston, .651; Baltimore, .667; Cincinnati, .648; New York, .600; Cleveland, .532; Chicago, .480; Pittsburgh, .452; Philadelphia, .442; Louisville, .443; Brooklyn, .408; Washington, .402; St. Louis, .265.

In a race riot at Palaram, Ark., two negroes and one white man were shot dead.

Estimates of Wall street men in New York bring the total amount to be gained by western farmers this year because of better prices for their crops up to $700,000,000.

It is probable that the great silver mines at Creede, Col., will be closed down on account of the low price of silver.

The tobacco crop in Wisconsin this year shows an increase of 25 per cent. over that of last year.

The gunboat Bennington, with the stars and stripes at her topmast, left the harbor of San Diego, Cal., for Honolulu.

A sawmill boiler exploded near Mound City, Ill., killing I. Hawkins and fatally injuring four other men.

Eddie McDuffie established a new world's bicycle record in Boston for a paced mile, flying start, at 1:38 1-5.

The saw and planing mills of the Tunis Lumber company in Baltimore were burned, the loss being $600,000.

Star Pointer paced a mile at Buffalo, N. Y., in 2:01¾, breaking his previous record by nearly a second.

George Wilson (colored), who had a bad reputation, was lynched by a mob near Myers, Ky.

A terrific storm swept over Hicksville, O., doing great damage in unroofing buildings, and the loss to crops in the surrounding country was great.

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

James Crawford Embry, bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal church in South Carolina, died at his home in Philadelphia.

Populists in state convention at Columbus, O., nominated a ticket headed by Jacob S. Coxey for governor.

J. Hoge Tyler was nominated for governor by the democratic state convention in session at Roanoke, Va.

Corrected returns from the special election in the Fourth Indiana congressional district show a plurality of 1,114 for Francis M. Griffith (dem.) over Rev. Charles W. Lee (rep.). This is against a democratic majority last year of 825 for the late William S. Holman.

James Z. George, United States senator from Mississippi, died at Mississippi City, aged 71 years.

Col. J. R. Haskell, inventor of the multicharge gun, died at his home at Passaic, N. J., aged 65 years.

Ethan A. Hitchcock, of St. Louis, has been offered and has accepted the minister ship to Russia.

Ashley B. Wright, congressman from the First district of Massachusetts, died suddenly at his home in North Adams, aged 56 years.

FOREIGN.

Advices from San Sebastian say that Golli, the assassin of Premier Canovas, in the course of a police examination declared that it would be President Faure's turn next.

Havana advices state that a Spanish spy, Miguel Besta, was hanged without trial by Baldomero Acosta, a prominent Cuban leader.

A treaty has been concluded between Spain and Peru providing that any question arising between the two governments shall be settled by arbitration.

The Spanish government at Madrid has issued an order that all claims for tobacco by American manufacturers in Cuba had been allowed, and the tobacco could be removed.

A new cabinet has been formed in Spain with Gen. Martinez Campos as president.

It was said that the dominion government was fully determined to collect royalties from miners in the Klondike and elsewhere in the Canadian territory in the Yukon.

It was said at Havana on what seems to be the best authority that Capt. Gen. Weyler had sent his resignation to Madrid.

Prince Bismarck in his telegram of condolence to Senora Canovas said: "I have never bowed my head before anyone, but I bow it every time I hear the name of Canovas."

Impressive funeral services were held over the remains of Spain's dead premier at Madrid, and the body was interred in the family vault in the Isidoso cemetery.

The French steamer Ville de Mal Maiaga struck the rocks off Alderney island, on the coast of Normandy, and her captain and five members of her crew were lost.

The count of Turin and Prince Henri of Orleans fought a duel with swords at Vancresson, France, the latter receiving three severe wounds, while the count was only slightly wounded.

A dispatch from Havana says that Capt. Gen. Weyler cabled his resignation to Madrid and was told to remain in Cuba so long as the present ministry holds power.

LATER.

Judge Jackson, at Parkersburg, W. Va., has issued two more injunctions against the striking miners.

Michael Angiolillo, the assassin of Premier Canovas of Spain, was sentenced to death, and garroted within a few hours after the sentence was pronounced.

By the breaking of a coupling pin a train of 25 cars going down an incline in the Wapello mine at Hiteman, Io., was wrecked and three miners fatally injured.

Dr. Tolfie Lawchovnski, a Polish nobleman and an officer in the Belgian guards, attempted suicide in Chicago by taking laudanum.

Justice Field, of the United States supreme court, the 16th, established a record for the longest service on that bench. He was appointed in 1863 by President Lincoln, and is now in his 81st year.

Two masked men entered the home of H. S. Humburger, an aged man living near Hicksville, O. They bound and gagged him and escaped with $1,800 in currency, about $900 in notes, and $9,000 in bonds.

The peace negotiations between the ambassadors and the powers is at a standstill. This is due to the refusal of Lord Salisbury to allow Turkish occupations of Thessaly.

It is announced that papers have been filed in the United States court in Boston on behalf of James McNamara of Jersey City for the appointment of a receiver for the American Legion of Honor.

The Canadian government has submitted formal proposals to this government to establish communication with the Clondyke region in Alaska by the construction of a telegraph line from the head of winter navigation on the Lynn canal to the center of the Clondyke district.

The Great Northern coast bound passenger train was wrecked near Muckilteo, Wash., by a slide that had covered the track. The engineer was scalded, but no one killed.

A passenger train on the Santa Fe road was held up near Edmond, O. T., by six masked highwaymen. A charge of dynamite was placed under the Wells, Fargo express safe, but failed to explode. The robbers secured about $500 from the local safe.

After gambling all night, a party of young men got into a row at Shad's Gap, Ky. James Felt shot and killed Cableb Hatfield and Joe Mallord.

Martial law has been declared in several townships near Pittsburg, Pa.

David G. Swaim, U. S. A., retired judge advocate general, died in Washington, D. C., the 17th, aged 63 years.

The 22d annual convention of the American Banking association was held at Detroit, Mich., with 500 delegates in attendance.

The police of Troy, N. Y., are searching for some trace of 5-year-old Johnnie Conway, who has been abducted and held for ransom. His captors demand $5,000 for his return.

John Saxby was shot and killed by a tramp on the Northwestern road, near Long Point, Iowa. With his brother, Saxby was in a box car stealing a ride, when three tramps entered and demanded their valuables. John refused and was shot.

Bishop Messmer, of the diocese of Green Bay, Wis., has issued a pastoral letter enjoining Catholics from conducting Sunday picnics and excursions.

One of the searchers for Herr Andree met the sealing vessel Aiken about July 25 and was conformed by her captain that one of her crew had shot a carrier pigeon near North Cape and Seven Islands on the north coast of Lapland, bearing a message from the explorer addressed to the Aftonbladet of Stockholm which read as follows: "Eighty-two degrees passed. Good journey northward. Andree."

Three men armed with Winchesters went into the Pineville, (Mo.) bank, forced the cashier to hold up his hands, and secured about $600, mostly silver. A posse pursued the robbers and exchanged several shots without effect. The robbers turned north about four miles from Pineville and escaped.

Chester Schotta, a prisoner at the branch prison at Marquette, Mich., while working in the quarry, made his escape. His parole arrived soon after he was missed.

MARKETS.

Minneapolis, Aug. 17.

Wheat—No. 1 northern, 92 to 93¼c; No. 2 northern, 90 to 90¾c; Sept. 81c.

Corn—No. 4, 23½c.

Oats—No. 3 white, 17 to 18c.

Cattle—Steers, $2.20 to $3.75; cows, $2.75.

Hogs—$3.25 to $3.50.

Sheep—Muttons, $3.10 to $4.10; lambs

Butter—Creamery, extras, 14 to 15c; creamery, firsts, 12 to 13c; dairy, fancy, 12 to 13; dairy, choice, 10 to 11c.

Poultry—Turkeys, 6 to 7c; spring chickens, 12 to 14c.

THE BIG STRIKE.

Developments Make Things Lively in Various Quarters.

Judge Collier Commends Peaceable Attitude of Strikers—Civil and Criminal Suits Against De Armit—Deputies Fight.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 17.—Monday was fraught with exciting incidents in matters pertaining to the miners' strike. Mutiny in the strikers' camp, a probable murder in the deputies' ranks, filing of criminal and civil suits against the De Armits, and the hearing in the injunction case against President Dolan and others, kept both sides to the struggle busy and on the qui vive all day long. That the injunction will be materially modified there can be no doubt, which on its face would indicate a victory for the strikers. The preliminary decree has been continued pending a consultation of the judges and an opinion will probably be handed down by noon to-day. Judge Collier said in court that the strike would go down in history as one of the wonders of the country, and remarkable on account of the utter lack of disorder, for which the strikers are commended, and have the sympathy of the court.

Miners Begin Suit for Wages.

The threatened suits against the New York and Cleveland company for retaining the wages of their striking miners have been commenced. It is anticipated that about 150 suits will result. Each will be for salaries ranging from $15 to $20, which represents two weeks' pay. Three suits were entered before Alderman Toole Monday.

Criminal Suits Against De Armit.

In addition to the civil suits entered against President W. P. De Armit by his former employers for wages, three criminal suits have been brought against Samuel De Armit, a brother of the president. Mrs. Croter, who was evicted on Saturday by Samuel De Armit, has brought a criminal suit charging assault and battery. She says in her charge that her husband was not at home and De Armit took her by the shoulders and threw her out of the house. She says he held a hatchet above her head and threatened to kill her.

Deputies Fight.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 17.—Two deputies, Robert Kerr and Frank Anderson, employed as guardians of the New York and Cleveland Gas Coal company, fought Monday afternoon, and as a result Kerr cannot live. Anderson was in charge of the deputies at Sandy Creek. Kerr, who lives at McKee's Rocks, is a river pilot by occupation. He has served before as a deputy during strikes.

Anderson was in charge of the guards and ordered Kerr to go on the noonday relief. Kerr refused and called Anderson an ugly name. He followed this with a knock-down blow. Anderson arose and was knocked down again. Then he drew his revolver, and, aiming at Kerr's abdomen, fired. The bullet entered Kerr's groin, and he fell fatally wounded. Anderson was placed under arrest by the other deputies and is now a prisoner in the Allegheny county jail.

Will Close All Mines.

Wheeling, W. Va., Aug. 17.—It was decided by the eastern Ohio leaders and miners at a mass meeting Monday at Bellaire, to close all mines, no matter what the circumstances, and no matter how many mill and glass factory workers become idle. There is discontent among the strikers as long as any miners are working, and to put an end to this all miners are ordered out. This will throw 10,000 men idle in the iron and glass works. The action was taken without regard to Ratchford's views.

Judge Jackson has issued an injunction against the strikers at the instance of the New England and West Virginia companies, identical with the ones heretofore issued for the Fayette county and Monongahela operators.

Injunction in Illinois.

St. Louis, Aug. 17.—A special to the Republic from Cairo, Ill., says: Judge A. K. Vickars granted an injunction Monday at Murphysboro commanding the itinerant strikers to desist from trespassing on the grounds or interfering in any way with the employes of the Muddy Valley Mining & Manufacturing company, the Muddy Valley mines, and also from entering on the lands of W. P. Halliday.

Statistics of Immigration.

Washington, Aug. 13.—Statistics prepared at the treasury department show that 283,832 immigrants came over last year and brought $3,541,241 with them, an average of about $15 per head. The Germans were more thrifty and possessed more money than immigrants from other countries. They brought over with them about $38 a head. There were 22,533 immigrants from that country, and the total money brought with them was $858,128.

Senator George Dead.

Mississippi City, Miss., Aug. 16.—United States Senator James Z. George died here Saturday. His death was not unexpected, as he had been suffering with heart trouble a year or more. In May last he and his wife celebrated their golden wedding. A month later she died, and since then the senator has failed rapidly.

Cremated.

Washington, Aug. 17.—The body of the late Col. Samuel Chester Reid, son of the famous Capt. Samuel Chester Reid, was cremated Monday. To-day the ashes will be taken to Greenwood cemetery, Brooklyn, and placed in the grave of his father.

Heath Not Injured.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 17.—There is no truth in the report of a mishap to First Assistant Postmaster-General Heath. The report grew out of an accident to Mr. Heath's brother. The first assistant postmaster-general is in Maine.

MEXICO'S TROUBLE.

Serious Financial and Commercial Situation Confronts the Country.

City of Mexico, Aug. 17.—Exchange on New York rose Monday on the fresh drop in silver to 131, and in some cases 140 was asked. Bankers were in doubt as to what rate to make in view of the condition of the silver market. Dealings were nominal. Exchanges on London went to 21¼ pence, the lowest on record, and implying for this government, in meeting the interest on its sterling debt, a loss at the rate of $2,000,000 per annum. The government can meet this loss by economies and by using the surplus funds, but bankers here say the time has come when something must be done, and the debt should pay a lower rate of interest than six per cent., and also that Mexico is entitled to relief in view of the punctual payment of her gold interest under trying circumstances. It is not to be denied a very anxious sentiment prevails, as the people have come to expect a still further decline in the value of silver, and many predict it will be forced to a point where the dollar will be worth 30 cents in gold. Importations will be generally reduced and all the interests of business except exports will be affected. The commercial crisis is hardly expected, as merchants were not, as a rule, owing heavily abroad. The government and the country are confronting a serious situation, which is the worst for many years.

A RACE RIOT.

Bloody Battle Between Whites and Negroes in Arkansas.

Little Rock, Ark., Aug. 16. — The bloodiest race riot that has occurred in Arkansas in months took place at Palarm station, 30 miles from Little Rock, late Saturday evening. Three men are dead, another fatally wounded and two others badly injured. The dead are: Harrison Kerr, negro, shot all to pieces; Charles Peters, colored, killed outright; Charles Andry, shot through the heart. The seriously injured are: J. T. Clark, Jr., a telegraph operator, shot through the shoulder, probably fatally; R. B. Owens, white, deputy sheriff of Perry county, shot through the groin, seriously wounded.

Owens, a deputy sheriff from Perry county, had a warrant for Harrison Kerr, a negro, charged with murder. When he attempted to make the arrest at Palarm Kerr opened fire on the officer. The first shot struck Owens in the groin, and the bullet, striking silver in the trousers pocket, glanced and inflicted a serious wound. The money in Owens' pocket probably saved his life. Andry and Clark went to Owens' assistance and five more negroes joined in with Kerr. A pitched battle ensued in which over 50 shots were fired.

HOPEFUL SIGNS.

Encourage the Belief in Approach of Prosperity.

New York, Aug. 14.—R. G. Dun & Co., in their weekly review of trade, say:

"Every city reporting this week notes increase in trade, and nearly all bright crop prospects. The great change in business is emphasized by the presence of a multitude of buyers from all parts of the country, by their statements of the situation at their homes and more forcibly yet by the heavy purchases they are making. But the customary signs of prosperity are not lacking. The strong rise in stocks, the growth of bank clearings and railroad earnings, the heavy speculation in many products, but most of all in wheat, have made the week one of surpassing interest even to those who best remember the upward rush in 1879.

"Even the demand for corn, by greatly exceeding last year's, shows that foreign anxieties are serious, for 5,510,135 bushels have been exported in two weeks from Atlantic ports, against 2,514,428 last year. The price has advanced 1.12 cents, notwithstanding enormous stocks being brought over. The urgency of French buying of wheat, reports that Russia will stop exports in order to keep supplies for itself and continued shipments from the Pacific to countries usually having a surplus make even the largest estimates of probable supplies not too great for the possible demand. In all the great industries a large demand for products appears, with strong speculation in materials and in intermediate products in the hands of those who have heretofore issued for the Fayette county and Monongahela operators.

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ASSASSIN SENTENCED.

Anarchist Who Killed Canovas Will Be Garroted.

Madrid, Aug. 17.—Michel Angiolli, the anarchist assassin of Premier Canovas del Castillo, who was tried by court-martial Sunday at Vergara, was found guilty and was sentenced to death. Upon hearing the sentence Angiolli turned deathly pale and had to be assisted from the courtroom. Angiolli will be garroted within the prison.

Angiolli, in the course of the statement, said that he left Foggia in October, 1885, and went to Marseilles and Barcelona, where he took the name of Jose Santos. At first he had no thought of becoming an anarchist, but while at Corinnia he began to be interested in anarchist doctrines. He then returned to Marseilles, and after his expulsion from that city he went to Belgium and London, where he spent most of his time in the society of anarchists. When the execution took place at Barcelona on May 4 of five of the anarchists convicted of participation in the bomb outrage at the feast of Corpus Christi, he conceived the idea of assassinating Canovas. Without seeking an accomplice he proceeded to Spain and carried out the resolution. Angiolli went on to say that the passion for vengeance led him to commit the crime. As he was unacquainted with the manufacture of explosives he used the revolver.

The public prosecutor described the crime as "premeditated murder," and asked the court to impose the death penalty.

FOUGHT WITH SWORDS.

Duel Between Count of Turin and Prince Henri of Orleans.

Paris, Aug. 16.—The count of Turin and Prince Henri of Orleans fought a duel with swords at five o'clock Sunday morning in the Bois de Marechaux Vancresson. M. Leontieff acted as umpire. The fighting was most determined and lasted 26 minutes. There were five engagements, of which two were at close quarters. Prince Henri received two serious wounds in the right shoulder and the right side of the abdomen. The count of Turin was wounded in the right hand. Prince Henri was taken to the residence of the Duc de Chartres and received medical attendance.

The seconds of Prince Henri of Orleans was M. de Leontieff, governor general of the equatorial provinces of Abyssinia, and M. Raoul Mourchon. The count of Turin's were Gen. Count Avagadro de Quinto and Marquis Carlo di Ginori.

The count of Turin, considering the letters of Prince Henri of Orleans to the Figaro offensive to the Italian army, wrote to him on July 6, demanding a retraction. This letter could not be answered until August 11, the day of the arrival of Prince Henri in France. The prince replied to the count's demand by telegram maintaining the right of a traveler to record his experiences.

Five Waterspouts in Lake Erie.

Cleveland, O., Aug. 13.—A strange phenomenon was seen by residents of this city at about eight o'clock Thursday morning. Five dark and enormous waterspouts were seen far out in the lake, moving in an easterly direction. One of these whirling waterspouts went traversing the distance from the western horizon, where they were first sighted by the lookout at the life saving station, to the eastern horizon, where it finally disappeared or struck the shore, in 15 minutes. Two struck the shore near the foot of Wilson avenue, while the other three pursued their easterly course down the lake. The largest spout struck the shore at the foot of Coe street with terrible force. The large gate of the Avery Stamping company was twisted from its hinges and the large timbers scattered in every direction. The shipping department of this plant is now being repaired and a large section of the roof was taken off. Windows were broken and several large sections of the roofs of surrounding sheds were blown off.

Spanish Spy Hanged.

Jacksonville, Fla., Aug. 13.—A special to the Citizen from Key West with late Havana advices states that a Spanish spy, Miguel Besta, was hanged without trial by Baldomero Acosta, a prominent Cuban leader. Besta had been employed by Weyler on a visit Acosta's camp and assassinate him. News of his mission preceeded him, however, and on reaching the camp his execution was ordered. Besta had a bloody record as a professional spy and having been instrumental in sending many Cubans to prison and death.

Census of the Veterans.

Washington, Aug. 17.—E. A. Vanderlip, assistant secretary of the treasury, has ordered a census of the old soldiers, soldiers' widows and army nurses in the employ of the treasury department throughout the country. The object is to know how many of the class are in the treasury service and where they are at work. A complete record will thereby be secured and will be kept in the secretary's office.

Congressman Wright Found Dead.

North Adams, Mass., Aug. 16.—Ashley B. Wright, congressman from the First Massachusetts district, was found dead in his home Saturday evening by his wife. He had been out for a drive and when he returned lay down on a couch. Mr. Wright died of heart failure.

Sold by the Sheriff.

Salmon, Idaho, Aug. 17.—All of the Yellow Jacket Gold Mining company's property, consisting of a 30-stamp mill, 47 mining claims and other property, was sold Monday at sheriff's sale under an execution from the district court to J. S. McChesney, of New York, the judgment creditor, for $175,000.

To Outline Plans.

Portland, Me., Aug. 17.—The officers of the World's and National W. C. T. U. will hold a conference here Wednesday to arrange for the programmes of the fall conventions at Toronto and Buffalo.

MINNESOTA STATE NEWS

Cut Down.

In the expense bills of the state institutions, which were passed by the state auditor recently, was one of $13,611.50 for the building of a new cell room at St. Cloud. It was cut materially, however, when it came to the cash payment, as one bill in the item was $12,276.75 for something over 16,000 days' employment of convicts, charged at 75 cents a day, which left the actual cash outlay, so far as the current month is concerned, of but $1,334.85. The amount charged for the convicts' labor, will, of course, be credited to the institution in some other fund, as otherwise the cost of the building as charged would be only the cost of material, and the incidental free labor employed.

The Foley Gold Mine.

The Foley Gold Mines Company, operating in the eastern part of the Rainy Lake district, make additional shipments of gold last week, making its total production so far this summer $33,000, done with 10 stamps since April. The company has 20 stamps in its mill, but has been unable to supply them with ore. It is now putting in additional machinery and will run 16 air drills next month. The mine cost, before the mill was put at work, about $225,000.

Want a Lake.

The citizens of Rochester have, this summer, been considering the feasibility of constructing an artificial lake. At a meeting of the common council with the citizens' committee previously appointed, Civil Engineer George W. Cooley, of Minneapolis, made a report of the surveys and an estimate of the cost of three different lakes which might be constructed. Rochester has several streams, in any one of which a lake could be made for $30,000.

Lightning's Work.

Henry Frideen, a farmer living in the vicinity of Rush Point, was in the act of whittling kindling wood for the morning fire. A thunder storm was raging at the time, and in the twinkling of an eye the knife was wrenched from his hand and hurled point first into the wall of the kitchen where it was imbedded up to the handle. Lightning had entered through the chimney into the stove and played this prank.

Mad Dog.

The village of Dayton was the scene of an exciting mad dog scare. A dog, that was undoubtedly rabid, made a run through the streets, and people sought refuge anywhere, in houses, stores, upon trees, and all managed to keep out of harm's way. It is reported that many dogs were bitten, besides horses and cows. The dog was finally shot.

News in Brief.

Dr. O. W. Archibald, for many years superintendent of the North Dakota hospital for the insane, has returned from Europe where he visited hospitals for the treatment of throat, ear and eye diseases, and has settled in St. Paul for practice.

The Minnesota drainage commission has awarded Contractor Kennedy, of Fargo, the extension of the Middle river ditch, near Felton. The amount is some $25,000 and work will begin at once.

The name of postoffice, Dodge, Rice county, has been changed to Eklund, and Ole J. Warnes commissioned postmaster. Bennie H. Holt was commissioned postmaster at Starbuck.

Cornsbury A mill, at Minneapolis, has ground 2,000,000 barrels of flour on this crop, and has yet over three weeks to run before the year is ended. This is a great showing, particularly when it is considered that the mill has been idle about five weeks in the 11 months.

Burglars entered the postoffice at Cokato and drilled the safe in two places. They blasted but did not open it. They took three watches from the show case.

It has been decided that the national monument to the Germanic hero, Hermann the Great, will be formally dedicated in New Ulm, Saturday, Sept. 25.

It seems almost incredible, but is a fact, nevertheless, that some inhuman brute cut off the end of the tongue of a cow owned by J. G. Johnson, of Crookston.

The National Grocers' convention, which was to have been held in Minneapolis this year, has been called off.

Allen Boyce was arrested at Argyle for burglary at Ann Arbor, Mich.

The Northern Pacific headquarters Winnipeg are to be moved to East Grand Forks.

A farmers' co-operative creamery company has been organized at Big Lake with a capital stock of $2,900.

The foreclosure sale of the Mankato cement works to L. M. Fulton has been confirmed.

Emil Sramlecek, confectioner and restaurant keeper at Springfield, was burned out.

United States recruiting offices at St. Paul and Minneapolis will be closed Sept. 30.

The board of equalization of St. Paul raised the assessment of the St. Paul City Railway company from $401,275 to $2,500,000, and of the St. Paul Gas Light company from $950,827 to $1,500,000.

For the week ending Aug. 7 the Minneapolis mills turned out 316,920 barrels of flour.

It is estimated there are 150,000,000 feet of logs in the Mississippi river at Dunham's island.

William Lloyd, a traveling spectacle and jewelry peddler, aged about 30 year, was accidentally drowned in Corrigan's lake, Lover grove, by driving his horse into the water and becoming mired.

Gov. Clough has formally requested the chief magistrate of Colorado to return to Minnesota, one Charles Roland, sent to Stillwater some years ago for grand larceny. He was released on parole and went to Colorado where he again went wrong, and was sent to the penitentiary in that state.

W. B. Marston and William Keenan of Minneapolis have been appointed Chippewa pine estimators.

A SENSATIONAL LEAP.

September Wheat Makes a Gain of Six Cents in Two Days.

Chicago, Aug. 13.—September wheat sold from 82⅝ up to 84½ cents on the board of trade Thursday, and at the close it broke to 83¼ cents, a net advance of 1⅝ cents over Wednesday's closing price. Within two days September wheat gained nearly 6 cents and No. spring cash wheat is selling at a premium of 3 cents over the September option. Excitement was intense on the board at the opening. Buying orders were flashed over the wires as fast as the operator could get them from the receiver, and the whole country, and especially eastern experters, was buying everything offered. The bull clique which ran wheat up from 65 to 78 cents and cleared $600,000 by the operation descended on the wheat pit and is credited with having bought 6,700,000 bushels.

Scarcity of wheat to satisfy mature contracts is regarded as the primary reason for the second great spurt in wheat during the present season. The movement of spring wheat, which is already practically protected, has been mostly toward empty bins of millers who have been compelled to shut down for the want of wheat to grind. This movement was expected to go eastward for export, and the unforseen contingency caught the trade napping.

Laboring under the impression that they will see the market advance still higher, the farmers are also said to be stacking their wheat. Forecasters insist that these reserves will be piled upon the markets suddenly, and then the bottom will break and wheat will go down to 75 cents. Robert Lindblom insists that if wheat slumps to 75 cents it will recover and even touch the $1 mark.

DAMAGING STORMS.

Heavy Loss Results from Cyclones in New York.

New York, Aug. 17.—Reports from up the state tell of much damage done by lightning during Monday's storm. The most serious loss was at Copenhagen, Lewis county, where Plankinton Nellis' sawmill, valued at $20,000, was destroyed. A cyclone passed over the eastern end of Fulton county, three farmhouses and many barns and outbuildings being completely demolished. Many people sought refuge in their cellars. Mrs. Robison and son, who lived near Broad Albin, ran from the house when they saw the storm approaching and threw themselves on the ground behind the barn. The structure was blown down and both were seriously injured.

Amsterdam, N. Y., Aug. 17.—Monday a cyclone passed from the west to the east about a mile from the village of Hagaman, a suburb of this city, wrecking several buildings. Three barns were blown down and the house of Joan Harted was wrecked. Mrs. Harted, who was in the building, was badly injured and was brought to the hospital in this city for surgical treatment. The cyclone was of short duration. The damage will amount to several thousand dollars. Crops were badly damaged and in some instances ruined.

WEYLER RESIGNS.

Spanish Commander in Cuba Said to Have Given Up.

Havana, Aug. 14.—It is learned on what seems to be the best authority that Capt. Gen. Weyler has sent his resignation to Madrid. This report is generally believed to be true. There is no doubt that the resignation of Gen. Weyler is due to the assassination of Senor Canovas del Castillo, the premier of Spain, through whose personal wishes Capt. Gen. Weyler was retained in Cuba.

Brutally Slain.

Philadelphia, Aug. 17.—William C. Wilson, aged about 55 years, proprietor of Wilson's circulating library at No. 1119 Walnut street, was brutally murdered Monday night in his place of business. The crime was evidently committed by thieves, who deliberately lay in wait for their victim and, after murdering him, accomplished their purpose of robbery. The weapon used was a heavy hammer, which crushed through Wilson's skull. The murderers had also drawn a towel tightly around the throat of their victim, strangling him. After looting the place of all money that may have been there they made their escape without leaving a clew to their identity.

Requiem Mass for Canovas.

Madrid, Aug. 14.—A requiem mass for the repose of the soul of the late prime minister of Spain, Senor Canovas del Castillo, was celebrated Friday morning. The funeral was a most touching and solemn ceremony. All the troops of the garrison lined the route along which the cortege moved, the flags were lowered and the public buildings, embassies, consulates and clubs were heavily draped with crape. More than 1,000 wreaths were deposited in the death chamber.

Bullion Value of Our Dollar.

New York, Aug. 17.—At Monday's bid price for silver in New York the intrinsic value of the standard silver dollar is 42.25 cents.

Will Attend Ohio State Fair.

Columbus, O., Aug. 13.—President McKinley has accepted an invitation to attend the Ohio state fair at Columbus, opening August 31.

Ferry Boat Capsized.

Berlin, Aug. 17.—A dispatch from Dresden announces that a ferry steamer plying between the old and new towns was capsized by the wash of a large steamer, and over 50 persons were thrown into the water. Seven people are known to be missing, and it is feared the loss of life will turn out to be heavy.

Fell Down a Shaft.

Mexico, Mo., Aug. 17.—John E. Hebert, 40 years old and married, fell down the shaft of the Farmer coal mine, a distance of 40 feet, and was killed.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—In Bombay the plague is carrying off over 500 persons a week still. It is now officially declared that the plague exists in Jiddah, the port from which Mecca is reached.

—Though steamship companies have complained for many years of small earnings Mr. J. J. Bibby, of Liverpool, head of the Bibby line, who died recently, aged 83, left £9,000,000 in personal property.

—Roszdin, in the coal mining district of Silesia, is collapsing rapidly owing to reckless mining close to the surface. One thousand people are already homeless and $500,000 worth of buildings are destroyed.

—Tamworth castle, the home of the Marmions, hereditary champions of England, offered by its latest possessor, Marquis Townshend, at auction, was bid in by the corporation of the town for $15,000. The heralds in Scott's poem hailed Marmion "Lord of Fontenaye, of Lutterworth and Scrivelsby, of Tamworth tower and town." The fishing in the rivers Tame and Anker and rights over five manors go with the castle.

—Bulgaria is thinking of substituting the reformed Gregorian calendar for the Russian orthodox one, a bill for that purpose having been drawn up at Premier Stoiloff's request by Sig. Cesare Tondini de Quarenghi, an Italian mathematician, and Dr. Shishmanoff, president of the Bulgarian court of cassation. It is hoped that after the Bulgarian sobranye has adopted the reform it may spread to all the countries that use the Russian calendar.

—A free fight on top of Nelson's pillar in Sackville street furnished excitement for a Dublin crowd one morning recently. The monument is 120 feet high, and the platform on which the statue stands is about 18 feet square. A Carlow farmer, having made his way up to the platform, threw down his hat and stick, climbed up the flagstaff, and when the keeper and a policeman interfered, tried to throw them over the railing. They succeeded in holding him off till men from the street came to their help and had a hard time getting the crazy man down after they had bound him.

ETIQUETTE OF THE CIGAR.

Some Pointers Picked Up by an American in Mexico.

The man who had been down in Mexico trying to buy up a carload of silver dollars made for the American market and guaranteed worth their weight in sterling silver was in town the other day looking for customers. Incidentally he ran across a Star reporter and offered to sell him a ton or two of dollars. Then the man asked for a light and the reporter, flipping the ashes from his cigar, handed it over to the returned traveler.

"There's such a difference in customs," said the man, taking his light from the borrowed cigar. "Now you notice how politely and thoughtfully—for thoughtfulness is the true politeness—you knocked the ashes off of your cigar when you handed it to me to light mine?"

"Reporters are always polite," suggested the reporter.

"As I was saying," continued the man, unheeding, "there is such a difference in customs. Now, when I went to Mexico the first time I didn't know the Mexican code of manners, and about the first thing I did when I landed was to ask a man for a light. He handed me a cigar with the ashes on. I thought it was bad manners, but I flipped them off and kindled my weed. I did that four or five times, and I always got the same way. Then I began to hope some of them would ask me for a light so I would show Mexico what real manners were. I got a chance one day, and when a man asked me for a light, I flipped off the ashes and, with a salaam at least two yards across in, its widest sweep, I extended him the blazing stump. He took it, of course, because he was too polite to treat a stranger otherwise, but he did it in a way that showed me something was wrong, and I began asking a question or two.

"The result was that I discovered what the true form was and what an ass I had been making of myself trying to teach those old castile soaparoons what the code cigarro was. My instructor told me that the thing to do was to leave the ashes on at their full and to daintily touch the unlighted cigar or cigarette just above the fire line between the ash and the tobacco. After that, being no longer in ignorance, to avoid bloodshed or international complications, I never again was flip with the ashes of my cigar."—Washington Star.

The Turkey Buzzard.

The turkey buzzard is most repulsive in appearance, its featherless neck having a plucked effect which no doubt gave rise to the legend here told. As its name denotes, the buzzard is not unlike a turkey, but its dusty, unkempt appearance is a great contrast to our well-groomed, dignified kings of the barnyard whose namesakes they are. The turkey buzzard has, however, one point of beauty that deserves mention—his flight. He is the embodiment of winged gracefulness. He spreads his wings and floats, seemingly motionless, a black object against the azure of the southern sky, too far away for the watcher to note his ugliness. Without motion of the wings he rises or ascends at will, a pair of dusty pinions resting on the sultry air. You watch him breathlessly until he descends, when the spell is broken, for repulsive and ungainly he stands revealed—the scavenger of the tropics. Yet this poor, ugly, ungainly bird has his uses. Without him the south would be a sorry victim to fevers and diseases bred from offal festering under the fierce tropical sun. As a scavenger he is invaluable, and the law protects him as he plies the calling for which he was created.—Philadelphia Press.

TECUMSEH AND THE COMET.

Told the Indians It Was His "Arrow in Heaven."

A few days ago Ben L. Jones converted the old fort built in 1806 at Fort Hawkins into a barn. Although the old log structure has stood the storm of shot and shell and has been exposed to all the varying changes of weather since that early period, not an unsound timber is to be seen in it to-day. The logs of which it was constructed are as solid and sound as they were at first. The fort was made of Georgia heart pine, and to-day it would burn like rosin if a match were stuck to a ragged end.

The structure was built as a government trading post or factory, where deer skins were purchased from the Indians. During the Creek war, from 1812 to 1814, it was a rendezvous and distributing point for the United States soldiers, and Maj. Phil Cook was in command. Anticipating the dangers from the torch of the treacherous red man, the whites built the fort on a high stone foundation, the floor of the wooden structure extending beyond the rock walls. Portholes were made in the extended floor so as to shoot Indians who might try to scale the walls to set fire to the woodwork.

During the famous Creek war incident by Tecumseh and his brother, who was known as the prophet, this building was in the center of the territory attacked. Tecumseh was one of the most eloquent of Indians, and when the war was begun between Great Britain and the United States he communicated with the tribes from Florida to Canada, advising them that the time, the time for the Indians to reclaim their lands from the whites. He read in an eastern paper that a comet would appear in the sky at a given time. So he notified the Indians that when his arrow appeared in the heavens it would be a sign for them to attack the whites. Old Fort Hawkins perhaps was more vigorously attacked in pursuance of this order than was any other in the country.

The fort received its name from Hon. Benjamin Hawkins, a senator from North Carolina, who had been appointed a commissioner to Georgia to draw up a treaty with the Creek Indians.

The building which Mr. Jones has converted into a barn is a historical curiosity, and interesting volumes might be written about the scenes and tragedies that have taken place around it.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

CURE YOUR RHEUMATISM.

Steal a Dishrag and Rub Yourself with It Every Morning.

"You see that I haven't a particle of rheumatism," said the man with a florid face and a voice that was intended by nature for campaign purposes.

"I feel like a two-year-old. Never have an ache or pain. Don't pay a particle of attention to east winds, rains or changes in the temperature. Eat three meals a day and sleep like a top. A year ago I went around smelling like a bottle of horse liniment. One time I'd be on crutches. Then I'd have an arm drawn all out of shape or a shoulder that was of no earthly use. The first spell I had was with my back and I was about ready to throw up the sponge.

"What did I do for it? Everything under the sun. I had horse chestnuts in every pocket. I carried potatoes till they petrified. I ate lemons till I was as sour as I looked. I took more kinds of medicine than you can find in any one drug store. I was in a boiled state for six months from hot baths. I was massaged into a pulp. I traveled 300 miles to have the disease charmed away and had it worse coming back than I did going.

"One day I met a little old man that must have been 100. He was as spry as a kitten, yet assured me that from the time he was 50 to 70 there was nothing of him but rheumatism. Said his hair ached. He advised me to steal a dishrag and rub myself thoroughly with it every morning. There was no virtue in the treatment unless I stole the rag.

"I would have robbed a bank to get relief. One afternoon I slipped through the back door of a house into the kitchen, grabbed a dishrag and started to limp away. A 200-pound hired girl let out a Tipperary screech and took after me with a mopstick. By the time she had clouted me once or twice I was running like a professional and at the end of half a block I was out of reach of her weapon. I've never had a twinge since. I don't know whether the hired girl, the pounding, the running or the dishrag cured me. I'm rather disposed to think that the rheumatism was scared out of me."—Detroit Free Press.

Freedom of the City.

The freedom of the city was once more than the empty form it now is. When a monarch was making the tour of his dominions, or a nobleman or public character visited a city, it was customary to present him with the key of the citadel, and an address which signified, in one case, the submission and loyalty of the population, and in the other the desire of the people to honor the visitor. Now the freedom of the city of London or Paris is tendered to guests of the nation, or notable public characters, whom it is for any cause desirable to honor. The ceremony now consists in a formal presentation, sometimes of a large key, which is made for the purpose, and always of an address written on parchment and generally contained in an ornamental box. The freedom of the city of London was thus tendered to Gen. Grant during his tour round the world. As practiced in the United States the freedom of the city is a humorous ceremony, generally caricaturing the solemn performances of European capitals.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

London's Parks.

London has added to its parks until they occupy a fourth of the city's area. They have added to the health and prosperity of the metropolis, and the Londoners could not be persuaded to part with any of them.—N. Y. Sun.

FEMALE CONVENT PRISONS.

Institution in Successful Working Order in Europe.

Convent prisons for criminal females are in successful working order in European countries, and the word "convent" by no means implies any especial sectarian influence to be brought to bear upon the prisoners. Mrs. Henry Spooner, who is earnest in advocacy of the sentencing of certain women prisoners to houses of refuge, reiterated in a recent interview statements made before the Massachusetts Prison Reform league concerning the beneficence of this system of reformatory management. We are told, she says, that convicts passed upon as irreclaimable finish their career as good members of society after being in these refuges. Take the large convent refuge at Golden Bridge, Dublin, and the other, a Protestant refuge, established by benevolent ladies. It required not only moral courage but strong faith and devoted love in these ladies, unaided by means of punishment, to undertake this work. And yet this was the report from England as far back as 1861 from the Social Science association. It stated that all were struck with the changed looks and manners of the women from what had been noticed in the earlier stages. There was nothing to remind them that the women had ever seen a prison. The Sisters of Mercy who had charge of the convent refuge had been women of high social position, while the Proestant refuge was in charge of a matron, superintendent and a committee of lady visitors. There was no difficulty in finding homes for the women after their discharge.

The report of the work shows that an influence yet unknown on this side of the water has been felt on the other side, under the refuge system of Sir Walter Crofton. The female officers were of different denominations, all working harmoniously together—Catholic, Church of England, Methodist, etc. Ladies visited the refuges without interference. Each prisoner, on entrance, stated her religious preference, Protestant or Catholic, and was allowed to keep it. The ladies of different denominations visited only those of the same religion. A good influence was exercised, with no proselyting. The ladies were there only to fulfill Christian duties, and the wretched women, cut off from society through their own crimes, felt there were those who cared for their souls.

Though the faces of the women, on entering, were bad, soon a softened expression replaced the sullen, dogged, rebellious look, thus indicating that the governed and governing power were in harmony. The ladies in charge of the refuges had full opportunity of judging of the competency of the women and of the sincerity of their reformation, and were thus in a position to recommend them, and the public placed confidence in their recommendations, and it was the fact that the discharged prisoners feel that they are still under the friendly surveillance of those who have already proved their true interest in them by earnest efforts for their reformation. — Philadelphia Telegraph.

FORMOSA'S CAMPHOR PRODUCT.

Industry Acquired by Japan as Part of Her War Indemnity.

Camphor is now exclusively a product of Japan, since the annexation of Formosa to that country. The camphor tree thrives only in particular localities, where the average early temperature is above 15 degrees C. It is found in Shikoku, Kinshiu and a portion of Izu and Kii provinces. A camphor tree grows at the rate of about 1½ inches a year, and attains a great size, 40 feet in circumference not being unusual. The quantity of camphor produced by a tree increases as the tree grows older, and as much as 80 pounds of camphor has been obtained at one time from trees between 50 and 150 years old.

Crude camphor is obtained by steaming the thin chips of the wood in a wooden cask set over an iron pot, the camphor in a gaseous state being conveyed through a bamboo pipe to a set of two rectangular wooden receptacles placed one within the other. In these the steam is condensed and the camphor solidified. The chips are steamed for 24 hours and then replaced by fresh chips, this process continuing for from ten to fifteen days. When the receptacles become thoroughly cooled the solid camphor deposited in the inner compartment of the upper receptacle is scraped off and put into a dripping tub, where it is left for three days to separate water and oils from the crude camphor. According to information gathered by the National Association of American Manufacturers, the cultivation of camphor trees is considered very profitable in Japan.—N. Y. Times.

Mazarin Bibles Come High.

At the sale of the Ashburnham library in London a copy of the Mazarin Bible brought the good-sized sum of $20,000. The Mazarin Bible is so called because a copy of it was first discovered by De Bure in the library of Cardinal Mazarin in Paris about 1760. Its value for book collectors lies in the fact that it is the first book of any magnitude printed from movable types. It was issued by Gutenberg at Mainz in 1450-55, and for that reason Henry Stevens calls it the "Gutenberg Bible." Before the discovery of this Bible the so-called Bamberg Bible of Pfister was generally regarded as the first printed book, but that honor is now universally accorded to the former work. According to Dr. Austin Allibone, there are six known copies of the Mazarin Bible on vellum. The copies on vellum, however, are all with the copies on paper, 21 of which are known to be in existence. The present value of a perfect copy of the Mazarin Bible on paper is about $15,000, and those on vellum are valued at about $20,000. Practically, however, their value is a variable quantity, depending on what the book collectors are willing to give for them.—N. Y. Tribune.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Prof. William Morris Davis, of Harvard university, read a paper on "The Present Trend of Geography" before the annual convocation of the University of the State of New York, in session in New York city June 29.

—Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in an address to the graduates of the Farmingham (Mass.) state normal school, urged the pupils to cultivate an enthusiasm for the history of their own locality, the state, the nation and the world.

—Pope Leo has issued a decree making sacerdotal the congregation of Josephites, established at Grammont in Belgium in 1817 for the education of the upper and middle classes. All who join the congregation in future will become priests. Cardinal Svampa has been appointed protector of the order.

—Senator Joseph Hawley, when in the class of '47 in Hamilton (N. Y.) college, was at the head of a band of sophomores who stole the college bell. For 50 years the names of the perpetrators were kept secret, but at the recent reunion of the class they were made public.

—When the Estienne school was opened in Paris last year Le Figaro discovered the last male descendant of the great family of printers, a printer as all his forefathers had been, and regretted that the name must die, as he had a family of daughters only. M. Estienne is now the father of a boy, whom he has named Robert, who will be a printer, too, when he grows up.

—John Knox must have turned in his coffin when the moderator of the general assembly of the Church of Scotland officially proclaimed the titles which shall be applied to ministers. Moderators of Presbyteries are to be "reverend," those of synods "very reverend," and the single moderator of the general assmbly during his one year of office is "right reverend," like an Anglican bishop.

—A scholar at Trinity college, Dublin, stands accused of stealing $25,000 from a bank messenger at Limerick junction. The money, in a canvas bag, was left for a moment unwatched on a bench while the messenger was changing from one train to another, and was later found in the possession of the accused, who said he had taken it by accident with his own luggage.

MAKING THE TORTILLA.

The Process of Producing Mexico's Main Article of Food.

The tortilla is typical of old Mexico and is encountered wherever the influence of the cactus republic has reached. It was found as the main article of food among the ancient Aztecs at the time of the Spanish conquests, more than 3½ centuries ago, and the little hand-ground and palm-fashioned corn cake has well held its own down through the ages, being to-day as popular and in as general use as ever.

Shelled corn intended for this use is first soaked over night in limewater until the outer husk of the kernels is loose enough to be removed by being rolled between the hands and is then ready for grinding. This is done by the Mexican women of the lower class, who often work in the doorways of their homes, bending over the historic stone hand-mill, called in Mexico a metate. The mill is simply a rough slab of stone supported by four stocky legs and is made of volcanic tufa, the coarse grain of which is best adapted for the grinding of the corn, beans, chile, seeds, cheese or whatever it may be desired to finely pulverize. The stone handmill is an indispensable item in the culinary outfit of the tropical home. The accompanying hand piece, looking like a rude rolling pin, is placed on the metate and is briskly worked up and down the incline of the crude stone table by the woman as she bends to her work with a steady swing of body, shoulders and arms.

It is claimed that the flour for the tortilla can be perfectly milled only by their ancient methods and when one sees the result of the grinding he is ready to admit that possibly they are right.

As the moist windrows of the meal roll off the grinding board it is caught in a basin and is then ready for being formed into cakes for baking. When ready to bake a woman takes a small lump of the heavy mixture and lays it in the palm of her hand. Then with the other palm she rolls it into a ball and begins to quickly pat it into the required thinness, deftly spreading the fingers to allow it to enlarge its size, and changing it from hand to hand until it is only an eighth of an inch in thickness and generally about six inches in diameter, although sometimes as large as a dinner plate.

The plastic cakes are tossed, one after another, as completed, upon the stove, called a brasero, and as fast as quickly browned and turned they are placed in a steaming heap and enveloped in a cloth to keep them warm.—Woman's Home Companion.

The "Capitulations."

In the discussion of terms of peace between Greece and Turkey, frequent reference has been made to Turkey's demand for the abolition of the capitulations. These capitulations are the provisions by which Greek subjects resident in Turkey share with the subjects of other independent powers the right to appeal from Turkish tribunals to their own consular courts. There are several million Greeks living in different parts of the Turkish empire, and among them are many active business men, and some of large means. Turkish courts are notoriously oppressive and corrupt, and it would be a serious matter to these millions of Greeks if they were left without appeal from their jurisdiction.—Youth's Companion.

Right-Sighted.

The assertion comes from Germany that the majority of people are not only right-handed, but also right-sighted. Ily this it is meant that most persons see better with the right eye than with the left.—N. Y. Sun.

PINE COUNTY PIONEER

ED C GOTTRY Editor and Prop.

TERMS: $1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Entered at the Pine City Post Office as Second Class Matter.

PINE CITY, MINN., AUG. 20, 1897.

A DULUTH dentist has been sued for damages in the sum of $3,000 by a woman who wanted one tooth pulled, whereas the doctor pulled three while the patient was under the influence of an anaesthetic. These damage cases are sometimes ridiculous. The next one may be brought against the attending physician by some irate pater who has been presented with twins, whereas he only desired one.

IT MUST be discouraging to those who have been insisting that the free coinage of silver at a false ratio is the only hope for business prosperity to find that nature is co-operating with those other elements which they insisted were banded against their theory, and is now supplying not only plentiful crops at profitable prices, but producing an enormously increased quantity of gold from new mines as well as old ones in every part of the world.—St. James Gazette.

THE summer training school has come to be a fixed part of a teacher's training, and has an important place in our educational system. It is far better than a normal school, in that it gives its advantages to all teachers of a county, even the poorest being able to spend a few weeks in a summer school, while a very few are able to attend a normal. Increased appropriations and a high standard for instructors in the summer schools will give better results than would three times the amount given to a normal.

THE editor of the Prison Mirror throws the following out just after the refusal of the Younger Brothers' pardon. What does it mean? But there is no danger of offended parties suing for libel:

It has been well said that "only a brave man is capable of showing mercy or pardoning a defeated foe." The lion, with all its ferocious thirst for human blood, has been known to show almost human intelligence in rewarding a kindness, but the slinking coyote gnaws every vestige and laps up the last drop of its victim's blood.

EDITING a paper is a nice business. If we publish a joke people say we are rattle-headed. If we publish original matter they say we don't give 'em enough selections. If we give 'em selections, we are too lazy to write. If we give a man a "puff" we are partial. If we compliment the ladies, men are jealous. if we don't, we are publishing a paper not fit to make a bustle of. If we remain in our office, we are too proud to mingle with the "common herd." If we are on the street, we are not attending to our business. If we wear good clothes, we don't pay for 'em. Now what shall we do? Some may say we stole this from an exchange—and we did.—Hunter Herald.

IT MAY be that Secretary Sherman talked too much about international affairs in his recent interview, but then the English people are doing that all the time, and our papers never say a word about it. When one considers that the rank and file of the English army is composed of hired mercenaries, who fight, bleed and die for England at so much a month, it isn't at all strange that the English press is red-hot for war with Uncle Sam. The average Englishman plays at war from a distance, just as he plays the races, and he isn't any more interested in the outcome. His paid agents do the work. If it becomes necessary America can again show her ability to take care of herself, thank you, Johnnie Bull.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

From the New York sun.

Gold seems to be becoming almost regrettably common, and even its friends must be made a little uneasy by the reports of the discovery of lodes of it in Minnesota. Not that Minnesota is not worthy of having the best there is, or that gold would not be proud to be found in parts of the Gophers, but there are considerations of personal sympathy and respect which make kind hearted folk want to refuse a license to gold miners in Minnesota. It is the home of two of the highest-toning silver-winged spirits of 16 to 1, the Hon. Chas. Argentum Towne, silver Republican, and the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, Populist and Sage of Ninlinger. They not only venerate and love silver, but they regard it as much more important to human life than air is, or water. Not merely the sight, but the mention of gold affects them strangely. Mr. Towne is seized with an uncontrollable spasm of argument whenever he sees or hears of a gold dollar, and Mr. Donnelly feels a rotary motion even when he reads of gold used as a metaphor. The presence of gold in their state will be considered by both of these distinguished economists as a personal insult. It would be much better to leave the Minnesota gold, if there be any, undisturbed than to disturb Mr. Donnelly and Mr. Towne.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED AT LAST

The Colonel's Blank Verse Ideas on the Silver Question Translated for Readers of the Pioneer.

Many of our readers will remember the little brochure which made its appearance the latter part of July, entitled "What I Know About the Silver Question," and purporting to come from the gifted pen of a prominent silver advocate of this city. The clean white pages which followed the title proved an unsolvable mystery to those who had a chance to examine it, even James Hurley and the astute Bede giving up in despair. But our old friend Lycurgus Vox chanced to stopsoff in town one day, and while walking in Robinson Park, found the pamphlet hidden in the grass. Mr. Vox studied long and hard over the mysterious booklet, with its pallid pages, but without result, until it occurred to him to examine it with the famous X ray. Jerking some electricity from a cloud that was passing by, he applied the test, and the mystery was solved, for clear and distinct on the blank pages Mr. Vox traced the following ideas on the silver question:

SILVER IS THE PRODUCT OF MAN.
GOLD WAS MADE BY GOD.

The way to test this is to chew both metals. Gold will stick to your teeth and gums if you chew it (and make no attempt to swallow it) while silver, if chewed, is not adhesive, but it is within the power of every man and woman to spit it out after chewing it, except the oxide of silver, which so adheres to a person who chews the metal that he soon becomes a silver-tongued orator. It makes a man silverodisized. For an example of this, you may look at our ex-congressman, Charles A. Towne.

Silver oxide flows freely through the arteries and veins of every person who inhales it as freely as the juice of a good, ripe watermelon, and adds nothing to the system, neither flesh or bone; but the skull cap becomes broadened, the hair becomes stiff, the ears turn outwards, ready to grasp firmly onto every thing and every dead sound that vibrates through the air. It adds nothing to the cerebrum or to the cerebelum which is encased in the skull of man, but it creates a vacuum for scientists to study. That vacuum is capable of comprehending all our ailments. It is capable of producing political storms and cyclones that sweep through every land, but so far and up to this date, it has never been capaple of producing a comprehensible thought (which the ordinary man could understand) and to convey that thought into good reading matter, so that any ordinary man can understand it, unless they be silver oxidized.

It works like a soap bubble. You can not both catch it and hold it, and if you can't do both you must. Either let the political storms blow and the cyclones sweep over every country until of its own force it is forced into the sea.

Now to prove that the silver question is a very important question for every one of us to understand, let me first say that it is the question that follows us from the cradle to the grave. I have seen new-born babes take their first food from a silver spoon. I have seen the infant drink his milk from a silver-mounted bottle (when the mother could not otherwise care for him). I have seen the youth use his silver napkin ring, and the newly married man present his bride with a silver-mounted parasol. I have seen the husband present his wife with a set of silver-plated knives and forks at the entertainment given by friends in honor of the first born, and I have seen the doctor use the fine silver breathing tube for letting a little good pure and fresh air into the lungs of the Gold Bugs. I have seen the old women use silver rimmed eye-glasses, and their grey-haired spouses smoke out of silver mounted pipes, the tobacco of which was set fire to by matches taken out of small silver boxes on silver stands, placed in the middle of the parlor floor by silver headed grand-mothers; and I have seen silver mountings on the coffins of the infant, youth, man, woman, and even on the coffins of silver haired grand-mothers. I have also seen the harness mounted with silver on the team drawing the hearse and silver-mounted coffin to the grave.

Now who says the silver question is not an important one? Who would dare to throw the question out of politics?

He who would dare do it would be stamped under foot by every man, woman and child in the whole civilized world, and it would be but a question if he had enough silver oxide in his brain to create a vacuum to withstand the pressure brought to bear upon his cranium.

Give but a silver ten cents or a quarter to a child of only one year, or to the minister, or to the Sisters of Charity, and then look at the expressions on the face of the person to whom you give it. They ask God to bless you. Give but a silver ten center or a silver quarter to the man who implores you for bread, and see if it don't please him more than it would if you gave him three-loaves. Give it to the man who is drunk, and his whole countenance will radiate with joy over the extra drinks he is going to have.

I will tell you as a secret that it made Henry M. Teller more prominent than he ever would have been had he not in 1896 talked Silver! Silver!! Silver!!! Silver!!!

Now gentlemen and ladies, children and infants, grand-mothers and grand-fathers, I just want you all to understand if you have any more silver than you know what to do with, I don't care if it be ten-centers, quarters or dollars, you can them to me. I will take charge of them, and see that you will not become silver-oxidized.

P. S.—Silver half-dollars only will be received from Adam Bede.

It will be gala week in Minneapolis Sept. 6 to 11. The Carnival will be more magnificent than ever, while the State Fair will surpass all efforts.

Suffered 25 Years.

Kidney Difficulty. Entirely Cured by 3 Bottles.

REV. A. J. MERCHANT, D.D., PH.D.

Late Presiding Elder M. E. Church, Sharon, Pa. writes Dr. Fenner:

"I suffered 25 years with kidney difficulty. Some 10 years ago I used 3 bottles of your Kidney and Backache Cure.

I can truly say that since that time I have had less backache than I had in 10 minutes before I took the Cure. I feel entirely cured."

KONNARK AND YARNELL
YOU SAIL ON THE CUSHION FRAME
EASIER IN AN AIR THAN IN A SHIP
NOT A JOLT—NOT A JAR—ITS
NOT A JOLT—NOT A JAR—ITS
MADE IN MINNEAPOLIS BY MOORE CARVING MACHINE
SALESROOM 627 1ST AVE. S. SEND FOR CATALOGUE
CALL WHEN IN TOWN
A CARRIAGE SPRING ON WHEELS

First publication Aug 20, '97-4t

Order for Hearing on Claims, Etc.

State of Minnesota, } ss
County of Pine. }

In Probate Court, Special Term.
August 17, 1897.

In the matter of the estate of Benjamin Cannon, deceased.

Letters of administration on the estate of Benjamin Cannon deceased, late of the county of Chenango, state of New York, being granted to Robert M. Cannon, of Cannonville, Delaware county, New York.

It is ordered, That six months be and the same is hereby allowed from and after the date of this order, in which all persons having claims or demands against the said deceased, are required to file the same in the Probate Court of said county, for examination and allowance, or be forever barred.

It is further ordered, that the 17th day of February, 1898 at ten o'clock a. m. at a special term of said Probate Court, to be held at the Probate Office, in the Court House, in the village of Pine City, in said county, be and the same hereby is appointed as the time and place when and where the said Probate court will examine and adjust said claims and demands.

And it is further ordered, That notice of such hearing be given to all creditors and persons interested in said estate, by forthwith publishing this order once in each week for six successive weeks, in the Pine County Pioneer, a weekly newspaper printed and published at Pine City, in said county.

Dated at Pine City this 17th day of August, 1897.

By the Court,
[SEAL.] E. VEENHOVEN,
Judge of Probate.

First publication August 5, '97-4t

Order for Hearing and Notice of Application for Appointment of Administrator.

State of Minnesota, } ss
County of Pine. }

In Probate Court, Special Term,
August 4th, 1897.

In the matter of the estate of Thomas Perkins, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Martin Roberts, of the county of Pine, representing, among other things, that Thomas Perkins, late of the county of Pine, in the state of Minnesota, on the 28th day of June, A. D. 1896, at the county of Pine, died intestate, and being an inhabitant of the county aforesaid, at the time of her death, leaving goods, chattels and estate within this county, and that the said petitioner is next of kin of said deceased, and praying that administration of said estate be granted to M. L. Roberts granted.

It is Ordered, That said petition be heard before this court on Monday, the 30th day of August, A. D. 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m. at the Probate office, in the Court House in Pine City, in said county.

Ordered further, That notice thereof be given to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested, by publishing this order once in each week for three successive weeks, prior to said day of hearing, in the Pine County Pioneer, a weekly newspaper printed and published at Pine City, in said county.

Dated at Pine City, in said county, the 4th day of August, A. D. 1897.

By the Court.
[SEAL.] E. VEENHOVEN,
Judge of Probate.

First publication Aug. 6, '97-4t

Notice of Mortgage Foreclosure Sale

Default has been made in the payment of the debt secured by that certain mortgage which is dated July 16, 1895, and was made by Oliver D. Tucker as mortgagor to Nels Anton and Swen Erickson, as mortgagees, and which mortgage was recorded November 18, 1895, at 1 o'clock p. m., in the office of the register of Deeds of Pine county, Minnesota, in Book H of Mortgages, pages 501, 502 and 503 and which mortgage was assigned by said mortgagees to the undersigned Joseph Schlitz Brewing company by assignment dated July 1st, 1896, recorded July 20th, 1897, at 4 o'clock p. m., in Book "K" of Mortgages, page 297, in the office of the Register of Deeds of said Pine County, and there is now due and owing on the mortgage indebtedness as principal and interest, the sum of $146.50, and also the sum of $25 as attorney's fees, which the mortgagor covenanted and agreed to pay in case of foreclosure of the above described mortgage.

By the said mortgage, there was mortgaged that tract of land in Pine County, Minnesota, to-wit:

Lot numbered ten (10) in block number nine (9), Sandstone Quarries, according to the plat thereof on file and of record in the office of the Register of Deeds of said Pine County; and the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative, and no action or proceeding has been instituted in law or in equity to recover the debt, secured by said mortgage.

By virtue of said power of sale, the said mortgaged premises above described will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash, at the front door of the Court House of Pine County aforesaid, in Pine City, Pine County, Minnesota, on Tuesday, September 21st, 1897, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to pay the amount then due on the mortgage debt and the attorney's fees above stated, and the disbursements to be incurred in this foreclosure.

Dated July 30, 1897.

JOSEPH SCHLITZ BREWING COMPANY,
Assignee of Mortgage.
CHARLES BECHTOFFER,
Attorney for said assignee of Mortgage.

First publication July 30, '97-4t

Order to Examine Accounts, Etc.

State of Minnesota, } ss
County of Pine. }

In Probate Court, special term, July 27, 1897.

In the matter of the estate of Emily McKusick, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Fred A. Hodge, executor of the estate of Emily McKusick, deceased, representing, among other things, that he has fully administered said estate, and praying that a time and place be fixed for examining and allowing the final account of his administration, and for the assignment of said residue to heirs.

It is ordered, That said account be examined, and petition heard by the Judge of this Court, on Monday, the 23d day of August, A. D., 1897, at 10 o'clock a.m., at the Court House, in Pine City, in said county.

And it is further ordered, that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by publishing this order for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the Pine County Pioneer a weekly newspaper, printed and published at Pine City in said County.

Dated at Pine City, the 27th day of July, A. D. 1897.

By the Court.
[SEAL.] E. VEENHOVEN,
Judge of Probate.

First publication July 30 1897 4t

Order for Hearing Upon Petition for Determination of Descent of Land.

State of Minnesota, } ss In Probate Court.
County of Pine. }

In the matter of the estate of Wilson Colwell, deceased.

The petition of James Hurley having been duly made and filed in this Court, representing among other things, that one Wilson Colwell, who resided last prior to his death at La Crosse, in the state of Wisconsin, died intestate at LaCrosse, in the state of Wisconsin, on the 5th day of January, 1894, seized of an estate of inheritance in certain lands in the county of Pine, State of Minnesota, described in said petition, and that more than five years have elapsed since the death of said Wilson Colwell deceased, and that administration has not been granted or had of said estate in this state, and praying that the descent of said lands be by this Court determined, and said lands assigned to such persons as may be entitled thereto by law.

Now therefore, it is ordered, that the said petition be heard at a term of this court to be held at the Court house, in the village of Pine City, in said County of Pine State of Minnesota, on Monday, the 23d day of August, A. D. 1897, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day.

It is further ordered, That notice of said hearing of said petition be given by the publication of this order for three successive weeks in the Pine County Pioneer, a weekly newspaper printed and published at Pine City, in said county of Pine.

[SEAL.] E. VEENHOVEN,
Judge of Probate.

Dated July 23, 1897.

First publication July 30, 1897.

Order for Hearing and Notice of Application for Appointment of Administrator.

State of Minnesota. } ss
County of Pine. }

In Probate Court, Special Term, July 28, 1897.

In the matter of the estate of Alfred G. Perkins, deceased.

On receiving and filing the petition of Mary E. Roberts, of the county of Pine, in said state, representing, among other things, that Alfred G. Perkins, late of the county of Pine, in the State of Minnesota, on the 28th day of July, A. D. 1897, at the county of Pine, died intestate, and being an inhabitant of this county at the time of his death, leaving goods, chattels and estate within this county, and that the said petitioner is next of kin of said deceased, and praying that administration of said estate be to S. G. L. Roberts granted.

It is ordered, That said petition be heard before this court on Monday, the 23d day of August, A. D. 1897, at 10 o'clock. a. m. at the Probate office, in the court house, in Pine City, in said county.

Ordered, further, That notice thereof be given to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested, by publishing this order once in each week for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the Pine County Pioneer, a weekly newspaper printed and published at Pine City, in said county.

Dated at pine City, the 28th day of July, A. D. 1897.

By the Court.
[SEAL.] E. VEENHOVEN,
Probate Judge.

First publication July 30, 1897. 4t

Order for Hearing and Notice of Application for Appointment of Administrator.

State of Minnesota. } ss
County of Pine. }

In Probate Court, Special term, July 27, 1897

In the matter of the estate of Agine Trudell, deceased.

Upon receiving and filing the petition of Michael Trudell, of the county of Pine, representing, among other things, that Agine Trudell, late of the county of Pine, and state of Minnesota, on the 17th day of November, A. D. 1896, at the county of Pine, died intestate, and being an inhabitant of this county at the time of her death, leaving goods, chattels and estate in this county, and that the said petitioner is the surviving husband of said deceased, and praying that administration of said estate be to Michael Trudell granted.

It is ordered, That said petition be heard before this Court on Monday, the 23rd day of August, A. D. 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate office, in the court house, in Pine City, in said county.

Ordered further, that notice thereof be given to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested, by publishing this order once in each week for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the Pine County Pioneer, a weekly newspaper printed and published at Pine City, in said county.

Dated at Pine City, the 27th day of July, A. D. 1897.

By the Court.
[SEAL.] E. VEENHOVEN,
Judge of Probate.

Clearing Sale!

All Summer Goods in Dry Goods and Clothing will be sold regardless of cost.

This means what it says. Dont miss a good thing.

G. A. CARLSON,
RUSH CITY, MINN.

Don't Despair! Don't Give Up!

If you have been looking for a good place to trade, don't give up, but keep on looking. Maybe after you have looked everywhere else,

You will Drop in on Us

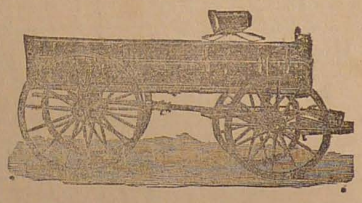
Then you'll have found the place you want—absolutely the best place—the Best, because you get the best service, the best goods, the best price.

Nobody can ask for more than this, and this is what everybody gets at our store. So keep on looking, but if you are wise, you'll come to us first.

It saves no end of time,
Then saves no end of money.

BARNEY H. HARRIS,
Rush City, Minn.

ADAM BIEDERMANN,

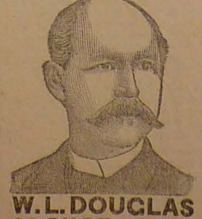


—DEALER IN—

Wagons, Buggies, Cultivators, Plows, Seeders, Hay Rakes, Spring-Toothed Harrows, Mowers and Binders,

Blacksmithing and Wagon Making a Specialty.

PINE CITY, - - - MINNESOTA.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE Best in the World.

For 14 years this shoe, by merit alone, has distanced all competitors.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $3.00 and $2.50 shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible at these prices. Also $2.50 and $2.00 shoes for men, $2.00, $1.75 and $1.50 for boys.

W. L. Douglas shoes are indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers as the best fit, style, fit and durability of any shoe ever offered at the prices.

They are made in all the latest shapes and styles, and of every variety of leather.

If dealer cannot supply you, write for catalogue to W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass. Sold by

H. BORCHERS, Agt.
Pine City, Minn

Burlington Route

Finest Trains on Earth From

ST. PAUL

AND

MINNEAPOLIS

TO

St. Louis

PINE COUNTY PIONEER.

PINE CITY, MINN., AUG. 10 1887.

CHIPS AND SHAVINGS.

Local Chips Picked up Around Town and Shavings Clipped From Our Exchanges.

—The
—Best
—Ice Cream
—That can be made
—At the Drug Store
—On Saturday and Sunday.

—For binding twine go to Sticha & Petricka.

—Miss Amelia Brandes is spending the week visiting relatives in St. Paul and North St. Paul.

—The bugle of Wild Bill the chimney sweep was heard in town on Thursday.

—Go to Veverka's restaurant and bakery for milk shakes, and all kinds of soft drinks. He keeps them constantly on hand.

—C. K. Bryant, special agent of the North American Casualty Co., was in town yesterday, in the interest of his company.

—Minneapolis will be a blaze of glory State Fair week, with its magnificent Carnival of Polaris, illuminations, parades, etc.

—Arthur Buttrick arrived in this place the first of the week and is again employed at the depot rustling freight and baggage.

—The St. Paul & Duluth railroad company will transport free of charge all donations to the flood sufferers at Sturgeon Lake.

—Bands from all over the state are going to Minneapolis to take part in the great "Carnival of Polaris," State Fair week, Sept. 6 to 11.

—Morris Edwards spent the first of the week camping on Mission island. He reports having had a very fine time and says he feels like a new man.

—The beauties of ancient Rome are rivaled by the sights and scenes of Carnival week in Minneapolis, Sept. 6 to 11, same time as the State Fair.

—Mrs. H. P. Greeley, Miss Phoebe Greeley, Mrs. Marsh and son, all of Stillwater, are visiting at the residence of their son and brother Douglas, our popular Auditor.

WANTED—To exchange dental work for a good milch cow---must be young and a good milker.
DR. TROWBRIDGE,
Pine City.

Remember when you come down to Rush City, to see what bargains I can offer you in the line of summer goods. BARNEY H. HARRIS.
Rush City.

If the holder of ticket No. 1056, which drew the buggy, does not show up by the first of September, the buggy will be drawn over again.
BARNEY H. HARRIS.

—Sticha & Petricka have just received a large stock of scythes which they guarantee. If not found satisfactory they can be returned and exchanged or the money will be refunded.

—Hans H. Seeger brought us in a sample of wheat grown on his farm in the town of Pokegama which stands about five feet tall and has the largest heads we have seen this year.

—Services in the Presbyterian church next Sunday as follows: Morning at 10:30, subject, "The Path of the Just." Evening service at 8 o'clock; subject, "Courage." All are invited.

—Mr. Berg has rented his store building just east of this office to a Mr. Jonas, who will put in a fine stock of fancy dry goods, also a complete line of ladies furnishing goods, including millinery.

—For all kinds of materials for knitting, crocheting, embroidering, and all kinds of fancy work, also stationery, school supplies, blank books, etc., call on Miss S. Shearer, at old postoffice building.

—A new school house is being built near Pokegama Park, for the new school district. Miss Maggie Heywood will have the honor of teaching during the first term, commencing about October 1st.

—The finest and best line of clothing and ladies' and gent's furnishing goods on the line of the St. Paul & Duluth, can be found at G. A. Carlson's store at Rush City, and he sells at prices that defy competition.

—Fred Clarke, Walter Lindeke and Albert Schacht, of St. Paul, came up on Saturday and are camped on the west shore of Lake Pokegama near the Indian camps. They expect to remain until about the 11th of next month.

—Mrs. M. H. Carlin was taken one day last week to St. Joseph's hospital to be treated. Mrs. Carlin has not been feeling well for some time and it was thought by her friends that a change might prove beneficial to her.

—Stolen—From the photograph tent of the undersigned in Pine City a few days ago, a box of dry plates, also an open face 4 oz. flower engraved silver watch; finder write Jonas Loranson, the photographer, at Rush City and get reward.

—Last Wednesday was fair day and of course it rained. We have never had a fair day since the first one but what it has rained, and it is getting to be proverbial that whenever it is fair day we are sure of a stormy day. But notwithstanding the wet day we had a fine fair.

—Peter Nelson, of Danewood, had the misfortune to have his hoop mill burn down one day last week. The morning of the mill was a heavy loss to Peter he having just started it up and there being no insurance on it makes it doubly hard.

—Robt. Hoffman is busily employed these days in fixing up an engine for Hugh Alguire, of Rock Creek, preparatory to starting out with his threshing machine. We have been informed that Robert will have charge of the engine this fall.

—N. A. Crittenden, the popular clothier of this place, has just received one of the largest and best assortments of shoes of all kinds that ever came to the northeastern portion of the state, and is selling them at prices that defy competition.

—John Hurley, of North Branch, came up on Tuesday and spent a day visiting his brother James and sister Mrs. J. D. Vaughan. John returned home on Wednesday but will return in a short time and spend a week or so camping near this place.

—Alfred Hobbs, Taylors Falls, came up on Monday to see about getting a school in or near this place, and to attend the teachers examination that was held on Tuesday and Wednesday. Alfred has the reputation of being a first-class teacher.

—William Vaughan, of North, arrived in this place on Sunday morning and spent the week camping out on the shores of Pokegama. Will has been at work in the postoffice at the Branch for some time past and a vacation of a week or so will do him a world of good.

—All persons contemplating traveling, should call on our local ticket agent as he has coupon tickets for sale, and can furnish you transportation to any and all points in the United States. Don't forget to buy your tickets at this station when going traveling.

—Don't forget to take in the excursion and Indian war dance at Pokegama Park on Sunday the 22d inst. Over 50 Chippewa Indians, in feathers and war paint, will perform their celebrated tribal war dance. The fare for the round trip including the war dance 35 cts.

—Dr. Trowbridge is now located in our city and can give ample time and attention to the care and treatment of all operations and work to be performed. The Doctor being located here does not need or have to slight any operations or treatment by being rushed for time.

—Services in the M. E. church on Sunday next as follows: Morning at 10:30, subject, "David and His Thoughts of God." Evening at 7 o'clock, Young People's Meeting. At 7:45, preaching service; subject, "An Ancient Invitation." All are especially invited to these services.

—The teachers examination which has been advertised in the PIONEER for some time was held on Tuesday and Wednesday. Quite a number of teachers took the examination; Superintendent Blankenship informed them on Tuesday morning that he was going to mark their papers close and those that fell below the standard would not recieve a certificate or be allowed to teach.

—Mrs. Mavis, who resided on the Sellers place, died very suddenly on Wednesday morning. She was enjoying her usual health up to Tuesday evening at about 7 o'clock, when she was taken sick, and gradually sank until Wednesday morning at 3 o'clock, when death ended her sufferings. Besides her husband, two sons, both residents of Pine county, are left to mourn her loss.

—John Stochl has purchased the house and two lots owned by Mrs. Warner on the east side of the track and will immediately move his family to this place. Mr. Stochl is a cigar maker by trade and will start a factory as soon as he gets his family settled. Jos. Veverka has been handling his cigars for some time and those who have smoked them pronounce them very good.

—A. G. Kingston, of Tower, has rented the new store recently built by Wm. Tierney and will put in a large and complete stock of general merchandise. Mr. Kingston has two other stores, one at Tower and another at Virginia. He will buy everything the farmer has for sale so as to supply his stores on the Range with farm produce. We are glad to welcome Mr. Kingston to Pine City.

—George Titus Wilson's singing class will give a recital in this place a week from tonight (Friday evening August 27,) assisted by the class from Rush City. Mr. Wilson is a first-class teacher and his scholars have made wonderful advancement under his instructions. Those who attend the concert will be fully repaid, as it promises to be one of the best ever given in this place. See small bills for program and prices.

—Mr. G. D. Bruce Tudor, of the well known firm of St. Paul and Louisville opticians, Tudor & Co., was in town on Friday and appointed W. F. Glasow sole agent for the sale of their celebrated adamantine lenses. A competent specialist from this firm will make regular visits to Mr. Glasow's store for the purpose of diagnosing and correcting all irregular eye troubles. No charge made for thorough examination. No fancy prices. Notice of first visit will appear in next issue.

—On account of the stormy weather last Sunday, the Indian war dance that was to have come off at August Bergman's dancing pavilion, was postponed until next Sunday. Every one who never saw an Indian war dance, should not miss this chance as it will be an exact reproduction of the dance the Chippewa's indulged in before going to war, and also after they returned home, provided they were successful. There were upwards of seventy warriors present on Sunday last and we have been informed there will be several more next Sunday. Remember a round trip ticket including a ticket to the dance costs you the small sum of thirty-five cents. The steamer "Stowe" will leave the dock at 7 a. m. and will continue to make trips all day as advertised for last Sunday.

FARMERS' INSTITUTES.

During State Fair week, Sept. 6th to 11th, there will be a daily series of Farmers' institutes held on the fair grounds at Hamline. The program is being arranged by Prof O. C. Gregg, State Superintendent of Farmers' Institutes. They will be held about 9 o'clock each morning, and concluded in time for the participants to inspect the exhibits. Valuable lectures and discussions will take place which cannot fail to fail to be of interest to every farmer.

MINNESOTA WHEAT BOOMING.

From the Minnesota Lake Tribune.

Wheat sold at this place last Friday, Aug. 12, for 82c. per bushel. A year ago last Friday, wheat sold for 42c. per bushel, and two years ago Friday for 57c per bushel. It is to be noted that according to the above figures, which are authentic, wheat has advanced almost 100 per centum during the last twelve months. A steady raise in the wheat market to 100 per centum, in such a short period, is, we believe, unprecedented in a time of peace. The wheat crop may be light in this part of the country, but if prices will hold up, it is apparent that the increase in value is adequate to offset the deficiency of the crop, and come out with less labor and more money.

PATCHES FOR JADAM.

From the Duluth Evening Herald.

Auditor Halden this morning received a sample of the clover grown in Independence township, and though this is a good year for clover it is a remarkable specimen. It is a single stalk, and it measures six feet eight inches from root to tip. It is not a picked specimen or an abnormal growth, according to the man from whom it was received, Erick S. Erickson, but a fair sample of what clover can do if allowed to do its best. The latter accompanying the sample is also interesting, because it introduces the style of note paper now said to be in use in Independence township. It is written on birch bark, and accompanying it are several loose sheets of the same material, which Mr. Halden proposes to send down to J. Adam Bede at Pine City, for patches.

The Carnival King

Throws open the gates of his capitol city, and cordially invites all loyal subjects to Minneapolis, State Fair week, Sept. 6th to 11th, to witness the Carnival of Polaris, the most bewildering and beautiful series of pageants ever attempted in the west.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

At a regular meeting of Pine City Lodge, No. 167 A. O. U. W. on August 14th A. D. 1887, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, An Almighty Providence has in His wisdom called brother Alfred G. Perkins from our midst to his reward,

And Whereas, In his death our lodge has lost a devoted member, and his family a kind and loving father,

And Whereas, To show our sympathy individually and as a lodge,

Be It Resolved: That we extend to the family and relatives our heartfelt sympathy in this their sad bereavement, and may they be sustained by the arm of Him who is able to console all in their darkest hours of affliction.

Be it Further Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Lodge, and a copy thereof be sent to the A. O. U. W. Guide for publication, and a copy be given to the family of the deceased brother.

A. H. LAMBERT,
E. E. BARKER,
HENRY J. RATH,
Committee.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

The Empress of Germany is said to agree with her royal husband that woman's sphere is the kitchen, the nursery, and the home, she may be right from her standpoint, but woman's real sphere, from the appearance of things, is the country boarding on the Saint Paul & Duluth Railroad, where lovely woman has been manufacturing the numerous summer resorts this season. The Duluth Short Line has so many potent attractions that it is impossible to enumerate them, suffice it, it offers practical advantages to the business man and pleasure seeker, because its fast modern trains run smoothly and at convenient hours to and between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, West Superior and all points, where close connections are made with boats and trains running to all points of the compass. Always take the Duluth Short line, and be in the swim.

For maps, circulars, and general information, apply to ticket agents, or to J. B. Stone, general passenger agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure.

Just as the name suggests, this valuable remedy cures certainly and speedily all ailments of the back, kidneys, bladder or urinary passages. It removes sediment from the urine and kidneys, thereby giving you a strong, vigorous feeling, where now you feel dull and sluggish. Dropsy, gravel, weak bladder so common among old men, it has never been known to fail in these cases. Sold by druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1 per bottle, six bottles for $5, by Breckenridge.

CHEAP MEATS FOR CASH MONEY.

	per lb.		per lb.
Soup meat	4c	Veal stew	5c
Rolled Steak	8	Veal chops	8
Roast beef	7	Veal cutlets	10
Trimmed Sirloin steak	12½	Veal roast	8
Salt pork	6c	Mutton stew	5
Ham	8c	Mutton roast	8c10
Ham	12½	Bologna sausage	5c 10
Sliced ham	15	Weiner sausage	10
Fresh pork	6c8	Sirloin steak	10
Lard	6c8	Porterhouse steak	10
Beef stew	5	Shoulder steak	8c 10

Remember that these prices go only on strictly cash sales.

JOS. W. NEUBAUER.

What family but experiences, in the course of a year, many slight accidents, such as cuts bruises, burns, scalds, swellings, etc., besides headaches, neuralgia, and rheumatism? We scarcely know how to begin to extol the virtues of "Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief" for all of these. We imagine some doubter at once raising the cry of "nostrum." Let us make our argument short. If you will buy a 25c or 50c bottle, and, after using it are not satisfied, the dealer will refund you your money. We desire that this remedy be given a trial. Its merits will attach you to it. Sold by Breckenridge.

Dr. Fenner's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic.

This famous remedy, by a famous physician, has the virtue of being originated by one of America's most eminent medical authorities, and has been long and successfully used and prescribed in cases of debility, nervousness, impure blood, etc. For "building up" the system it is impossible to find its equal. The first bottle is guaranteed to give satisfaction, by Breckenridge.

Dr. S. O. Francis.

Office in Hurley block, in rear of Sticha & Budget office. Residence second door north of the Methodist church.
PINE CITY, - - MINN.

Dr. R. L. Wiseman.

Physician and Surgeon.

Office is J. F. Stone's cottage.

Dr. A. C. Trowbridge,

Dentist

Office opposite Pokegama Hotel. Office hours, 8 to 12 a. m., 1 to 5 p. m.

Bakery and Restaurant.

Fresh Fruits and Confectionery

Soft Drinks always kept on hand.

FRESH BREAD, CAKES and PIES

Always on hand. Well-made Cakes or Pies made to order. Meals and lunches at all hours, from 7 o'clock a. m. to 9 p. m. Come and give me a trial.

JOSEPH VEVERKA,
Pine City, Minn.

CHAIRS!

I have a new and large stock of

Diners,
Rocking Chairs,
Children's Chairs,
High Chairs,

UPHOLSTERED CHAIRS,

COBBLER SEAT CHAIRS.

Newest Styles, Lowest Prices.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

H. N. WELCH,

Furniture and Hardware.

Pine City.

POKEGAMA PARK HOTEL.

A. Bergman, Manager.

Beautifully located on the shore of Lake Pokegama, about five miles from Pine City. Best of accommodations furnished at reasonable rates. Steamers run regularly between Pine City and the lake

LAND——LAND.

If you wish to buy land in Pine county, you should look over the tracts of land for sale by the undersigned near Pine City Mission Creek, Brook park and Hinckley.

Prices from $4 to $6 per acre on very easy terms. E. G. MELLEM,

23 Endicott Building, St. Paul.

A Pointer

Cool, Refreshing Soda Water, and Ice Cream at the Soda Fountain

Breckenridge's

DRUG STORE,

In New Brick Building.

Pine City, Minnesota.

THE POKEGAMA,

R. WHITE, Propr]

Strictly First-Class in Every Respect.

R. White,

Veterinary Surgeon.

Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, and for years located in St. Paul, is now located in Pine City.

Dr. White has made arrangements to be in Rush City every Fair day.

This hotel is beautifully situated on the bank of the river, close to the steamboat landing, and but two minutes walk from the depot, post office, and public park. Especial attention given to the accommodation of tourists and sportsmen.

Sample rooms for commercial men. For terms, or other information, Address the proprietor.

Champion Binder and Mower

Is the most perfect cutting machine ever produced, Correct mechanical construction, latest and best improvements.

EASY RUNNING,
HANDSOME. DURABLE.

STICHA & PETRICKA,

Agents,

Pine City, Minn,

We are offering Special Cash Bargains in ammunition shot guns, fishing tackle, etc., garden seeds, corn cultivator, harrows, plows, windmills, wire fence, threshing machines engines, or anything else you want in the line of Hardware

Gold Medal Flour

Is the Result of time, money, work and study, all culminating in the highest science of flour making.

All for the good of humanity, Washburn, Crosby Co. have perfected the process of producing the best that wheat contains.

Use nothing but Gold Medal Flour if you would have sweet, wholesome bread.

All grocers sell it.
All wise people buy it.

THE

Pine City CASH STORE

CARRIES A FULL LINE OF

General Merchandise, Boots, Shoes, Etc.

Also Farm Produce, Flour and Feed, Lime and Plastering Hair.

F. J. RYBAK, Propr.,
Pine City, Minn.

THE STORY TELLER

THROUGH THE SHADOWS.

There's no sun to cheer the valley
Where death's chilling waters flow;
And of coast and clime beyond it
Those on this side do not know.

Birds sing not above those waters;
There mysterious ravens chant,
Giving earth no name nor inkling
Of the land beyond their haunt.

Nothing grows by that cold river;
And grew lily there or thorn,
Would it hint of what is yonder—
Noon or ban, or murk or morn?

Yet must all go through that darkness,
Lighted by no cheering beam,
Through the waters and the shadows
That o'erhang the chilling stream.

For no bridge o'erspans that river,
Nor can mortals sail the wave;
Nor can science guide the farer,
Or enhearten to be brave.

Nor can reason give the pilgrim
Boatman, compass or a bark;
Yet by faith he gains the daring
For the torrent and the dark.

Faith inspirits him with visions
Of the Heaven of his quest,
Of a land beyond the shadows,
Of the country of the blest.

And right onward to that Heaven,
Onward through the chilling stream,
Gladly, calmly, fares the pilgrim,
Couraged by faith's cheering beam;

Onward to eternal splendors
Where majestic mountains rise
In the radiance of the sunshine
Of the country of the skies.

Fragrant roses bloom forever
In the paradise above,
And the lilies to the zephyrs
Breathe the sweetness of their love.

In the forest aisles of Heaven
Birds and brooks and zephyrs sing
Of the beauties and the glories
Of the country of the King.

And the music of the numbers
Of the minstrelsy on high
Shall intensify and sweeten
Through the ages of the sky.
—Aella Green, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

JACK AND JILL.

BY J. A. FLYNN.

"IT'S sush a drefful pity," said little Babs, "for Auntie Jill to be sowwy and cwy!"

"Well, she needn't cry unless she likes," observed Rex, who understood things, being nine.

Auntie Jill, who heard them from the dark corner behind the curtain, stole away to her bedroom, because she hadn't half done her crying. Then the plot began.

"Girls and ladies," protested Babs, "have to cwy sometimes, 'cause they do. If Daddy doesn't cut off my hair and make me gwow up a man I shall cwy when I'm a lady."

"It isn't any good," objected wise Rex. "When I'm a man I shall be a hunter, and kill Indians and lions, and sha'n't cry for anything."

Babs shook her golden head. "I should cwy if they hurted you, Wex. Wouldn't you cwy if a big lion catched me and eated me all up?"

Rex put one arm protectingly around her, because nine is old and big, you see. "No, Babsy. I should kill the lion; that would be ever so much better. Let's play tibby-cat's a lion, and shoot him with the popgun, shall we?" But tibby-cat bolted to the apple tree, and the rocking horse was broken, and Rex had split the doll playing headsman to her "Lady Jane Grey."

"I wis' Auntie Jill would come downstairs an' play duffink," sighed Babs.

"I'd rather Uncle Jack take us fishing, or play bull," said Rex. "Are you sure mamma said he wouldn't ever come here again?"

"Certain sure," assented Babs; "an' he wasn't our Uncle Jack, never any more, mamma said—truly, Wex."

"He never was our uncle, really," explained the future hunter, "only going to be. But he was real nice, and I don't see what Auntie Jill wanted to go and change him for. It's just like women and girls."

"I'se sure Auntie Jill wouldn't be naughty, ever," said loyal Babs, indignantly.

"Then what is she crying for?"

"I speeks 'cause Uncle Jack—"

"You said he wasn't uncle any more, Babs."

"Well, 'cause Uncle-that-used-to-be-Jack—"

"That isn't right, either, Babs. He's Jack-that-used-to-be-uncle."

"You've wewy queer mankind, Wex," pouted his six-year sister.

"Don't be a goose," replied Rex, loftily.

"Well, I'se sure Uncle Jack has been naughty, 'cause Mammy looked drefful angwy when she telled me about him. An' Auntie Jill is cwying 'cause—'cause she cwies when you're naughty and has to be shut in ze cupboard."

"You're a horrid little kid, Babs," said Rex wrathfully, marching away.

"No, I'se not. Don't go away, Wex, pease don't. I'se—I'se so welly miserable." And kind-hearted little Babs threw herself along the rug and sobbed.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Rex, after he had soothed her with two kisses, a marble, a "conqueror," and half an apple stolen out of the dining-room. "We'll go and tell Uncle Jack that auntie's crying awful and he'd better come and say he's sorry—else no one won't love him ever any more."

"Oh, Wex," cried Babs rapturously, "wouldn't it be beauful! An' I would wear my new hat, if you could get it down from ze cupboard, so I would be nice and spectable. I'se sure mammy wouldn't mind if we were going to fesh Uncle Jack." So Rex tiptoed on a chair for the hat, and primed the popgun as a protection against lions and robbers, and they went round by the sweet stuff shop, because they generally went that way with Uncle Jack, and a heavy new penny was burdening Rex's pocket. Besides, everyone knows that brandy balls are excellent nourishment for travelers of they get lost in the woods. And if they eat them before they get lost, they make sure of them, and don't "sticky" their pockets. Thanks to such prudential measures, the young explorers reached the plank across the ditch in good spirits, and happy as bold travelers should always be.

The plank was not a long one; but the water was so near Rex's feet when they dangled, and it was such a good opportunity to shoot fish if they should appear, that it took a good while to cross over. Then they had to go the long way round the lane, because the field was full of cows; and, as Babs said: "Cows are drefful fings, 'cause zey might be bulls." So the afternoon afternoon was turning to evening when they reached the fish pond where Uncle Jack ought to be. But no jolly uncle appeared—perhaps his mamma had put him in the cupboard, because he was so naughty and made Auntie Jill cry. Rex and Babs began to feel cold and tired.

"I wis—I wis we had a lot of tea," lamented Babs.

"Perhaps we shall come to a camp," said Rex consolingly, "travelers always do. Then they will give us some buffalo cooked in a pot on three sticks over the fire; and tell us where Uncle Jack is."

So they trudged on, cheerfully, a little farther. But it got so dusk, and the cows looked so large and wild in the fading light that they might almost be real buffaloes—which are very different from play ones, as everybody knows. Bab's shoe stuck in the mud, and couldn't be found, and Rex fell in some stinging nettles, and they both got scratched scrambling through a hedge. So poor little Golden-hair sat down on a bank and cried, and Rex stroked her head, and would have cried too, if crying hadn't been out of the question for a big boy, who was nearly a man, dada said.

Just then Farmer Burton came along with his dog Rover. He found them some apples out of his pocket, and listened attentively whilst they explained matters. Of course, he ought to take them straight home, but—the wicked smile crossed the old man's lips—they had come out to find Uncle Jack, and perhaps it would be a good thing if they found him. He had seen him walking distractedly about in Sleepy Hollow a few minutes ago, and he knew something about lovers' quarrels. Why, when he was courting Dame Margery, 40 years ago, they parted forever once a month! But he didn't tell the youngsters anything about this, only took up Babs on his broad shoulders, and walked along so fast that Rex had to trot to keep up with him.

"Why does you laugh, Misser Burton?" inquired Babs.

"Oh, because you're such a funny little girl to go hunting buffaloes."

"But it was Wex zat was goin' to shoot zem," asserted she.

"Oh, I beg his pardon," said the jovial old farmer. "Perhaps he would like to stop behind and shoot them now?"

But Rex thought they'd better be getting home as it was so late. Buffaloes, he admitted, in his private mind, were not so nice to hunt in the dark.

As they were crossing the hollow, a big gentleman came striding along.

"Here's Uncle Jack!" they both exclaimed at once.

"Why, Babs—Rex!" cried he in amazement. "Whatever—"

"Oh, they've come to look after you, Mr. Jack," said old Burton, solemnly. "They'll tell you all about it. Perhaps you'll see 'em home as it is getting late."

So saying he disappeared over a stile with remarkable agility for his years and size. All the way home he laughed, until Rover thought that he must be going mad, like some ill-balanced dogs in hot weather. All that evening he chuckled to himself, until his dame confided to the hired man that the master had something on his mind for certain; and the hired man thought that "mebbe he'd had an offer for the heifer." But not for many a long day did he tell the story of the hunters.

"Well, you young pickles!" said Jack, who used to be uncle, "what the dickens are you doing here? What the deuce am I to do with you?" he added, under his breath, as he shouldered the girlie.

Babs looked at Rex, and Rex looked at Babs. "We were looking for you," said the hunter at length.

"'Cause we fort—" said the huntress; and then she, too, stopped.

Uncle Jack smiled dismally and kissed them both. "Well?" he inquired.

"We 'spected you'd been naughty," explained Rex.

"To Auntie Jill," added Babs, "'cause she's been cwyin'."

"Awful!" said Rex, solemnly.

"An' we 'spected you'd be solly," pleaded Babs, cuddling up to him.

"Else no one wouldn't love you," put in Rex, emphatically, feeling that his advancing years justified a judicial attitude.

Jack hesitated and a queer lump came up in his throat. Jill was a tiresome little tease. It hadn't been altogether his fault. But Jill crying! Dear little Jill! "Who told you to come?" said he, looking puzzled.

"Nobody," answered Rex.

"We tolded our own selves," explained Babs.

Of course Jill wouldn't send them; he might have known that. "Why do you think Auntie Jill cried because I'd been naughty?"

"'Cause she cwies when Wex is naughty, an' mamma puts him—"

"Don't be such a donkey, Babs," interrupted Rex, indignantly.

"Well," said Jack, "I suppose I must take you young rascals home, anyhow."

"An' say yoo's solly," pleaded Golden-hair.

"I should if I were you," counseled Rex, putting his hand in that of Uncle-who-used-to-be, because he was a very nice uncle, and nine isn't so old in the dark. "Men must put up with something from girls and ladies, and he kind to them," he preached, solemnly. "That's real true, My dada says so."

Jack didn't say much, but he held their tiny light and unreliable hands as well as Babs in the gloomiest part of the lane, where no one could see.

So it wasn't long before they came to the house, where everyone seemed in trouble except Tibby-cat, who was dozing unconcernedly in front of the fire. Dada, who had just come home, was starting out to look for them; Sarah, the nurse, and Jane, the housemaid, having just returned from a vain search. Jill was blinking over the kitchen fire about "them children" till she let things burn, and mamma was sobbing on the sofa in the drawing-room because she was not well enough to get up. Poor Auntie Jill was most stretched on the rack of pain; and cried all her tears away in the afternoon and had none left for the babies.

What a shout of delight went up as they came in through the open door! Dada snatched up his boy and mamma called eagerly for them from the drawing-room, so Jack followed in with Babs half asleep in his arms. Dada and mamma looked nowhere but at the children, whilst Jack and Jill looked everywhere but at each other. Then Rex and Babs laughed and chattered and began to explain matters. "We've fetched Uncle Jack," said Rex, in a matter-of-fact tone, "to see Auntie Jill. And he's going to take us fishing tomorrow afternoon, if you'll let him."

"An' he's goin' to be so welly, welly good," asserted Babs, emphatically, "zat Auntie Jill won't be solly and cwy, not ever any more."

Mamma looked astounded and Auntie Jill found just one tear to come half out of each eye—for it hadn't been all Jack's fault, really, you know. Jack stepped a little nearer to her and half held out one hand and half didn't. "Don't be silly, children; you do not understand," said mamma, reprovingly. But dada smiled one of his quiet smiles, as, taking one little one up on each knee, he sat down on the sofa beside mamma. "I think they do," said he.

Then Jack got very near Jill and took hold of both her hands. "My dear little Jill," said he, very earnestly. And she put her head on his shoulder and cried and said—but really it isn't fair to tell what she said. Anyhow it must have been satisfactory to Rex and Babs, for those young scamps laughed with glee at the prospect of unlimited fishing, and ball, and swings, and pennies, now that Jack-that-used-to-be-uncle-that-was-to-be was reinstated.—St. Paul's.

TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION.

Fresh Air the Best Prescription for Weak Lungs.

By those who remember the cruel disappointment and the dashing of hopes which followed the announcement seven years ago that Koch had discovered a cure for consumption, the news of the preparation of another remedy by him will not be hailed with unmixed delight. It is possible that a real remedy for this disease may be found some day, and when it is we may be sure that there will be little delay in its adoption by physicians; but the premature publication of these alleged "cures" is greatly to be regretted because of the misery and heartrending sorrow which their failure causes to thousands of disappointed sufferers.

But while waiting for the discovery of a cure for consumption, we can use one which we have at hand in abundance, and without cost to the patient. Fresh air, fresh air, and more fresh air is the chief prescription for one whose lungs are weak, though fresh air, like any other remedy, is of no service unless it is taken into the body. For this purpose exercise out-of-doors is needed—exercise, often to the point of fatigue, which will quicken the breathing, expand the lungs, and fill them with pure air.

It has been stated by a Boston physician that the use of the bicycle has lessened the amount of consumption among women, and if this is so, the explanation is not far to seek. Devotion to the bicycle leads women to exercise in the open air, and more energetically than would be possible for most of them in any other way.

In Denmark the postmen often have very long routes in the country regions, and are obliged to walk or ride many miles a day in all kinds of weather; but unfavorable as such positions would seem to be, they are eagerly sought after, and of all men, by consumptives who want to get well. It has been proved that the work is life-saving, for, despite the hardships and the exposure to wind and rain and snow, almost all the invalids who adopt the life become robust and hearty.

Of course, to be effective, open-air exercise must be begun early in the course of the disease, and should always be carried out under the direction of a wise physician, since it must usually be supplemented by the use of tonics and other remedies.

A great many are cured in this way unknown to themselves, for physicians tell us that a large proportion of those who die from other causes are found to present the signs in their lungs of cured consumption, and there is little doubt that the cure has been effected by nature's remedy, of which the patient has unwittingly availed himself.—Youth's Companion.

Another Matter.

Strict devotion to the truth is commendable, but it sometimes leads to curious situations. A young man who was paying court to a young lady was thus addressed by her mother, who was perhaps not the most agreeable person in the world:

"And so you want me for a mother-in-law?"

"Ah-ah, it's n-n-ot exactly that," stammered the young man, "but I don't see how I can marry your daughter without your being my mother-in-law!"—Youth's Companion.

A GREAT CHERRY ORCHARD.

How an Immense Crop is Handled on a California Ranch.

Probably there is no better known and certainly there are few larger ranches in the state of California than that owned by the Meek estate. It is situated a little way outside the city of Oakland and it covers a huge tract of land between San Lorenzo and Hayward. It is spread over 3,200 acres of some of the finest fruit-bearing country on the Pacific coast. A thousand acres of this extent is in fruit, for the most part cherries.

The ranch is owned and controlled by the two Meek brothers and their sisters, how skillfully may be known from the fact that in spite of hard times and a depressed market there has never been a year when it has not paid, and paid liberally. A full crop of cherries from this wonderful orchard will bring its owners anywhere from $50,000 to $35,000.

The season's cherry picking goes on at a great rate, and a little army of pickers toil from tree to tree, stripping the branches like a swarm of locusts.

The sight is picturesque, for the pickers come by families and live in the cherry orchard in a small village of tents. At the height of the season nearly 150 pickers are employed. They are of all ages and both sexes, as the work is of such a nature that it can be performed as well by women as by men, as well by a ten-year-old girl as by a grown man. The pickers are, of course, boarded at the expense of the ranch, and besides are paid from 75 cents to a dollar a day, so that a wife and two or three children can make as much money during the few weeks of the picking season as the head of the house can earn during the entire year.

After the picking the cherries are taken over to the packing house and handled at once. The riper cherries are sorted out and put upon local markets, while the more backward are shipped east. The force of packers can dispose of 420 boxes per day. Two thousand boxes go to the car load, and must be hurried to their destination as speedily as possible, for there is no fruit that loses its flavor quicker by overkeeping than the cherry. For the same reason the boxes must be rapidly marketed, for they will not keep many hours in the heat of an eastern summer. There are plenty of difficulties in the way of getting the California cherry upon the dining tables of the eastern consumer, but with ordinary care and a fair season the prices obtainable are not bad. In Chicago a ten-pound box of California cherries can be made to bring a dollar if properly handled, while in New York, though the eastern local market comes into competition, the same quality will sometimes sell for 12 cents a pound.—San Francisco Wave.

"THREAD TOOTH."

Dental Trouble the Result of Using the Teeth in Place of Scissors.

The dentist looked at the incisor about which complaint had been made and nodded significantly.

"I see," he said. "Thread tooth."

The words conveyed but little intelligence to his hearer, and, failing to comprehend their significance after a few moments' reflection, she asked what he meant by it.

"You do a great deal of sewing, don't you?" he said.

"Yes," she replied in a bewildered way; "but I don't see—"

"And you bite your thread instead of cutting it, don't you?" interrupted the doctor.

"I don't know—"

"Well, I know. Of course you do. Nothing else could have made this tooth look as it does. This biting of thread is the most pernicious thing in its effect on the teeth that a woman can do. It is surprising how many of them have unconsciously fallen into the habit. It would require only one little ill-balanced dose in hot weather. All that evening he chuckled to himself, until his dame confided to the hired man that the master had something on his mind for certain; and the hired man thought that "mebbe he'd had an offer for the heifer." But not for many a long day did he tell the story of the hunters.

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HUMOROUS.

—An editor, observing that the census embraces 17,000,000 women, asks rapturously: "Who wouldn't be a census?"—Tit-Bits.

—A Remarkable Woman.—Mrs. McCorkle—"My wife has a better memory than any other woman I know." Mr. McCrackle—"Indeed?" Mr. McCorkle—"Yes; she always remembers what's trumps."—Judge.

—"Herbert Watts is a clever fellow. He couldn't find an umbrellah that would roll tight enough to suit him. What do you suppose he did?" "I cawn't imagine." "He had an umbrellah covah made for his cane."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—Prison Visitor—"Why are you here, my poor man?" The Poor Man—"Fer takin' a loaf o' bread and a ham-bone, mum." "How said" "You bet your life it was said. Why, lady, right along side o' that bread an' meat was a dozen bottles o' beer, and I didn't know nothin' about it!"—Indianapolis Journal.

—Thinking Aloud.—Mrs. Phillips—"George, why were you swearing so terribly in the back yard just now?" Mr. Phillips—"Swearing, my dear? Did I swear? Well, bless me, I was so busy getting this piece of wire disentangled from the lawn mower that I didn't know I had time to do anything else."—Cleveland Leader.

—"What is an average?" asked the teacher. The class seemed to be bored, but a little girl held out her hand eagerly. "Please, it's what a hen lays her eggs on." Bewilderment followed, but the mite was justified by the lesson book, in which was written: "The hen lays 200 eggs a year on an average."—Household Words.

DINNER FOR A SNAKE.

Gradual Absorption of a Frog by a Water Moccasin.

It is not often that one has an opportunity of watching a snake swallowing his live prey when the snake is free and on his native soil. A summer idler near the Newman Springs bridge, on the Shrewsbury river, the other day stopped for a rest at the site of an old rustic summer-house. A spring there was dammed up years ago and the summer-house built over the pond so that wanderers could sit and refresh themselves there. The summer-house rotted and fell, and the pond filled with many seasons' fall of leaves from the surrounding oak and chestnut trees.

As the idler sat on a remnant of the old dam a frog about four inches in length was suddenly projected from under the leaves. At first the idler was puzzled to know how it managed to stand in the air in such a manner, but soon he saw that it was held in the jaws of a snake. The snake was less than two feet long and was what was known locally as a water moccasin. His head was about half an inch broad and his neck smaller in size than an ordinary lead pencil. The frog in the thickest part was about two inches across. The snake's jaws were closed just over the end of one of the frog's hind legs, and even that was such a mouthful that it seemed as if the jaws were stretched to their utmost.

In and out among the leaves the snake slowly twisted and turned, working his jaws all the time till he had worked the smaller end of the frog's leg down his throat. Then he became more quiet. Now he began a slow, monotonous task. His jaws worked continuously, but with a motion hardly perceptible, aided by an occasional strained contortion of the snake's neck. Soon the frog was but a mere lump in the snake's throat, and finally it passed downward. Then the snake raised his head and neck in a graceful curve and his little nervous, forked tongue shot out at regular intervals. Then, spying his observer for the first time, he slid quickly under the leaves just in time to escape a blow with a light stick. It took the snake about 15 minutes to swallow that frog, and no doubt he had swallowed many larger ones.—N. Y. Sun.

Buttercups Are Poisonous.

It is not generally known that the buttercup, which is such a favorite flower with children, has poisonous qualities, yet such is the case, and an inquest has recently been held on a boy who, after eating some buttercups, died within a few hours with all the symptoms of irritant poisoning. The buttercup belongs to the ranunculaceae, and nearly all the members of this group possess poisonous qualities, chiefly of an irritant nature, though a few narcotic principles are to be found. The virulence of the poisonous varies very much, but there are very few individuals of this order which are harmless. The various species of buttercups have all irritant properties, and in the absence of better drugs they have occasionally been used as vesicatories. Cows avoid buttercups, but hogs and some other animals can eat them with impunity. The active principle is volatile, so that when the buttercups are dried with hay or exposed to the air they become inert. Luckily the buttercup, though pretty to look at, does not usually tempt children to eat it wholesale, otherwise cases of poisoning might be less rare than they fortunately are at present.—London Lancet.

His Plea.

The Tramp—Madam, I saw you give some money awhile ago to an organ-grinder.

Mrs. Jones—Yes, but I can't afford any more to-day.

The Tramp—But I'm a more deserving case, madam. If you get money to a man what plays de organ, surely yer can't refuse a man what don't? — N. Y. World.

A Mexican Custom.

A strange custom is followed by Mexican farmers. They use oxen of one color in the morning, and another color in the afternoon. They do not know why, but they know that it must be the right thing to do, because their forefathers did it.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

LAST OF THE WILD BIRDS.

They Are Being Exterminated All Over the World.

The Smithsonian Institution sounds a note of alarm. It declares that civilization is sweeping the wild birds off the face of the earth at such a rate that before long hardly any species of feathered creatures will survive save those which are domesticated. The next few years must witness the extinction of many species already becoming rare, while during the last quarter of a century scores of other species have been totally extirpated. Thus is threatened a great change in the fauna of the world—a change that is only too apt to be attended by results most damaging to the interests of mankind.

Take, for example, that wonderful bird called the "rhea," which represents the ostrich on the American continent. Though already becoming rare, the survivors of this magnificent species are being hunted systematically in Argentina and North Patagonia for the sake of their feathers. And what do you suppose the long and handsome feathers are used for? For millinery? Not a bit of it. They are employed in the manufacture of feather dusters. Thus it appears that one of the most beautiful creatures placed on the earth by a beneficient Creator for the benefit and admiration of mankind is to be destroyed forever for the sake of cheapening the production of feather dusters.

The famous Labrador duck used to be common enough in the markets of the United States, migrating in winter as far south as New England. In summer it was plentiful along the Labrador coast and about the mouth of the St. Lawrence river. Like the eider duck, to which it was allied, it bred on rocky islets, where it was safe from foxes and other carnivorous quadrupeds. But sportsmen visited the islets annually and destroyed the breeding birds wholesale. They had no asylum to turn to, the shore of the mainland being infested by four-footed enemies, and the result was inevitable.

The well-known Carolina paroquets, the only parrots native to the United States, are near to final extinction. Formerly they ranged all over the eastern part of this country, as far north as New York and westward to Texas. At present the few survivors are confined to remote parts of southern Florida and the Indian territory. The species has been wiped out in a most ruthless and wanton manner. These little birds sleep inside of hollow stumps, hanging by their beaks, which are stuck into crevices. A while ago the so-called "passenger pigeon" flew by millions in the Ohio valley and east as Massachusetts. Now only a few of them are left. They have been shot by wholesale, and while they lasted were commonly utilized for shooting from traps.—Boston Transcript.

NEW TRICK TO DRAW TRADE.

Shrewd Business Man Who Takes Advantage of Human Curiosity.

On a street off one of the main thoroughfares a plainly-clad young man stood gazing into the window of a shoe-shop. A messenger boy, thinking the object of the young man's attention must be something worth seeing, stopped and gazed, too. The pair were joined by a clerk on his way to lunch, and presently quite a little crowd had swarmed up. There was nothing special to see, after all; just tiers of commonplace shoes, with plain unmeaning their prices. As fast as the people in the crowd found that it wasn't one of those idiotic mechanical toy monkeys, or a live sparrow—the latter is a great curiosity in a window—they passed on. One or two, perhaps, went into the shop for further inspection of some pair of shoes that had caught their fancy.

The young man waited until the crowd had quite melted away. Then he strolled on to the next corner. A straggling group of men turned past him and toward the shoeshop. He overtook them and walked briskly until he reached the window that seemed to attract him. There he stopped short and began to gaze at the shoes with an earnestness that was conspicuous. Every one of the crowd following paused to investigate the attraction. One of them went into the store to look further. The rest went on, the young man with them as far as the corner.

A dozen times an hour, all through that afternoon, was the performance repeated. At six o'clock the youth himself entered the store.

"Everything satisfactory, I hope?" he said to the well-dressed man near the door.

"Quite so. Come again to-morrow," was the answer. And the well-dressed individual handed the youth a large, white coin.—Chicago Times-Herald.

What He Was Good For.

"Why do they keep that old man around here?" inquired the porter's friend, superciliously, observing an aged individual in shirt sleeves, who sat scribbling at a desk. "What's he good for?"

"Good for about $3,000,000, you chump," replied Dennis, scurrilully. "That's the old man."

And such are the eccentricities of our language that the friend understood without more words.—Washington Times.

The Other Man's House.

"Much better, isn't it, to own your own home and pay no rent?"

"It is in a general way, but it has its disadvantages. A fellow can't go around driving nails anywhere he pleases in the woodwork of his own house, you know." — Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Soft Answer.

Mr. Benham—I wish I were single again.

Mrs. Benham—You horrid wretch. What would you do if you were?

"Marry you again."

"O you darling creature."—Modern Society.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

PERMANENT ROADS.

How to Build Them and the Materials to Be Used.

The best road construction requires right material. The three principal things are stones, gravel and clay. Each town where suitable stones are plenty should own one or more stone crushers. Crushed stone forms the very best material for the foundation of a good road. Gravel is next in importance, and clay can be profitably used on sand, and in some instances sand on clay formation.

The lack of proper drainage in the roadbed is the cause of a large part of the poor roads in the country. Good drainage of the roadbed is as important as the use of good material. A substratum constantly gorged with water from hidden springs can never be depended upon to build on and afford a dry and solid road. The first essential is to get rid of the water on the surface and below it.

The right policy of road improvement contemplates more or less permanent improvements upon town and county roads each year. The fault of the district system and the appropriated labor method is that only

Fig. 1.

CROSS SECTION OF DRAIN.

temporary work is done, so, by the time the annual round of repairs is gone through with, the money appropriated is so far exhausted that an outlay for permanent improvements is not warranted; whereas if a competent commissioner had the roads in charge, certain portions of the worst places which now call for annual repairs should be permanently made over, even if it takes a higher appropriation yearly for a few years. Take, for instance, a stretch of road where the soil is springy, or for any cause the drainage is imperfect. No permanent improvements can be made in such places without proper drainage is effected.

To do this adequately open a ditch four feet or more wide and three and a half to four feet deep in the center of the travel. Fill this with rough stones, placing the first ones thrown in so as to form an open drain; fill in the stone till within a foot of the top, using the smallest stones for the top; if a crusher is in use the coarser of these, which is best, then cover with evergreen boughs or straw and finish with gravel. The idea is shown in Fig. 1. The important thing is that these drains always lead to and end at an open culvert. This is an effectual remedy for "honey pots" or slough holes when the frost is leaving the ground in spring.

The town of Winthrop, in this state, is noted for its good roads. Nearly

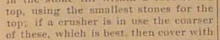


Fig. 2

CRUSHED STONE ON CLAY.

30 years ago the town discarded the district system, and elected a road commissioner who has held the place to the present time. From almost impassable highways in the spring of the year, that is, over certain portions, these 65 miles of highway have been transformed into smooth and dry roads. Nearly four miles of stone drains have been put in, varying from four or five rods in length to over 100 rods long.

Gravel forms the best material for road surface. Sand has no use in the roadbed except in clay or kindred formation. A clay foundation is one of the worst for good and permanent road building. Clay packs in dry weather but softens up easily during

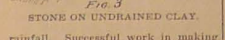


Fig. 3

STONE ON UNDRAINED CLAY.

rainfall. Successful work in making a solid and durable roadbed on a clay foundation has been done in this town. The first section was put down two years ago and thus far affords a dry, solid, and apparently durable roadbed. For years the practice had been, annually and as often as rains and large amount of travel rendered the road muddy and uneven, to haul on crushed stone and keep the surface fairly smooth and even. Two years ago the surface was covered with crushed stone, three or four inches deep, and thoroughly pressed down with the steam roller. On top of this screened stone and coarse gravel was placed two inches deep and rolled. A finishing coat of ground granite, an inch or more in depth when rolled, gave a hard and even surface. The roadway is some 30 feet from ditch to ditch. Such roads are costly to build, of course, but the universal opinion among men of good judgment in these matters seems to be that such thorough work pays, and is the cheapest in the end. See Fig. 2.

In using the road machine on the country roads the proper thing to do is, first, to run the plow along the outer limit of the gutter or ditch. This gives a straight ditch and loosens up the soil so that two horses will carry the machine about as easily as four will without the plowing. As a rule, the travel of the road should not be disturbed by plow or machine where a fairly good roadbed has previously been secured. Neither should the soil and wash of the ditches be carried up by the machine and placed on the surface. Soil makes soft road. This should always be covered in deeply in some way, and let the hard pan or substratum form the top.

In some places it is necessary to remove the top soil a foot or more in depth and fill in stone. Such places frequently occur where it is not practicable to drain otherwise, and when the soil is retentive and heavy, freezing deeply in spring. It is well to cut down squarely just beyond the wheel ruts, a foot or more and let the soil form a shoulder to hold the stone. Form the ditches upon the sides rather shallow so as not to remove the support to the shoulder which holds the stone from sliding from the roadbed. See Fig. 3.

Stones from the fields and useless wall upon the roadside may be used at the bottom, finishing off with small cobbles and crushed stone with a good coat of gravel over all.

It is about impossible to make satisfactory roads on clay without in some way providing drainage, so contrived that the least possible water will remain in the material which forms the travel of the road. Deep side ditches, a narrow roadbed with a high crown, thus making the water level 20 inches to two feet below the travel is one way to form a very fair road out of very poor material. This is improved by a mingling of sand, gravel or "shingle," with the clay to such proportions as the readily available supply will admit—even to one-half. This commingled gravel or other solid substance should extend at least a foot below the surface to bind the clay and withstand heavy travel.—L. F. Abbott, in Ohio Farmer.

KEEPING UP CALVES.

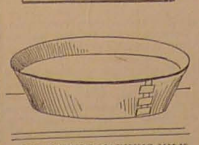
Indoor Summering After June Has Great Advantages.

The practice of keeping calves housed the first summer of their lives is becoming more and more general each year among progressive dairymen and beef raisers. Those who are endeavoring to find profit in either of those branches of stock raising are finding out that protection from heat, flies and dried pasture is about the cheapest and most effective plan to adopt. No doubt one principal reason why more calves are not housed, says Farmers' Advocate, is that it would involve a certain amount of regular labor in the shape of "chores" which so many object to in the summer season; but unless we take a lively, practical and self-sacrificing interest in our business in these times we cannot hope to reach the goal of greater profits in our business. The wide-awake and enterprising competitors who do things because they should be done and not drive the line at a point where an undertaking adds to or takes from a little of present personal comfort, are the ones that wear the hopeful expression to-day and declare that the times are mending. There is no question in the minds of those who have tried both plans but that indoor summering has great advantages over pasturing after the third week in June. So far as turning the calves out a few weeks on the fresh pasture before the heat and flies become harmful is concerned, there can be no greater disadvantage, provided the calves are not less than six or seven weeks old and the pasture is abundant and of good quality. Perfect liberty at this time, along with fresh grass or clover, skim milk, and a lick of oat chop, oil cake, or the like, will start the youngsters in the way to be profitable feed consumers. So long as these favorable conditions exist in the pasture lot there is no advantage in making changes, but when the time comes that a cool, dark stable and mown clover or oats and tares would give the calves greater comfort, just at that time should such conditions be administered. This is more particularly applicable to calves that are to become beefers, because we want to sell for money some time in the future every pound of gain our feed has made and not allow any of it to be lost after being once beneath the skin. With dairy calves rapid development, when of a muscular character, is very important. A stunted animal is always much less profitable than it would have been had its growth been continuous, because its digestion will be stronger and it will become a larger, better-looking beast, with greater capacity for service.

MARKING THE MILK.

It Enables One to See at a Glance Just When to Skim.

Where the milk is set in shallow pans it is wise to mark each day's milk, as "Tuesday morning," "Tuesday night," etc. In this way one can see at a glance just when to skim, and does not have to stop to reckon up the number



DEVICE FOR MARKING MILK.

of pans used each day. It is also often desired to mark a particular cow's milk, and method of attachment is shown in the cut. A strip of pasteboard has its end bent over and wire inserted as shown. The fold is glued down, thus holding the wire. Bend the double wire and hang it over the pan's edge.—N. Y. Tribune.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Two kittens in the garden are equal to a small cyclone.

No top on radish or other plant, no root. At least that is our experience.

Build a structure like a corn crib, with shelves in it, for drying onions.

Apply soap to the bark of trees now and it will lessen the number of borers.

Better than wrapping the ends of whiffletrees, when cultivating the orchard, is to use a gentle horse and have the whiffletrees very short. — Western Plowman.

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

Many a Little Maid Weeps Because of Her Plainness.

There is such a thing as the brutal truth, and it is usually the ugly duckling of a family who suffers from it. I know a girl who was a very awkward child; she was undersized, thin, delicate-looking, supersensitive, but with an intense love for beauty in any form, says an exchange. An only daughter and well loved, she has never been told that she was less charming to look upon than other girls. But one day when she distinguished herself by reciting a long poem at a school examination, she heard her aunt say: "Well, it is to be hoped she will be clever, for she is ugly enough." From that day on that child was a pensive but suffered untold agonies. She imagined slights and dreamed of ill-treatment which she believed were hurled at her because she was ugly. She drew her hair back from her face, braided it simply, unconsciously giving it the best treatment, for she saw no use in trying to make herself look pretty. She took long walks by herself and talked to herself, sympathizing, poor little soul, with herself, and gradually, from these very solitary conversations, her voice grew to be low and sweet, while the walks in the open air made her healthier. When the proper time arrived her mother, who had never dreamed of her unhappiness, so well concealed, uplifted the long braids and charged her maid with the dressing of the hair of mademoiselle. The years had gone by, and she was about to make her debut. At this coming-out party there was the present one and who had hurt her feelings so many years before. Now this aunt looked at her and said: "Well, really, you have grown to be passably looking." The debutante fled from the room. Nothing would induce her to come back. But as time went on there came a lover who saw how deep were the dark eyes, and told her so, who listened to the soft voice and praised it, and who eventually won this little lady. He never ceased praising her, and she grew to be a happy woman, and a happy woman is always a beautiful woman. No Nemesis overtook the aunt, but the rule in the house of this happy woman, her niece, is: "Never tell a child of its imperfections; make it conscious only of its charms, and they will increase." — Chicago News.

STRUCK THE WRONG TOWN.

Fire Protectors Not Wanted in That Village.

"Upon learning that your little city was devoid of fire protection," said an agent for a fire extinguisher to the president of the village, "I resolved to visit you and the trustees with a view of establishing a complete system to protect your homes and business from the ravages of fire."

"You needn't say another word," replied the chief executive, with a fierce look upon his countenance. "We have had considerable experience in that line ourselves, and we don't intend to be partner of you silk-hatted city men rope us in again. I'll take the time and pains for once and convince you that the whole blamed system is a curse to anything and everything. Come around here with me. Do you see that ruined barn, the flame-charred house and sheds and that black fence? Young man, that is the work of your own machines, and you'd better take my advice and scatter out of this before the folks find you out."

"I know, my dear friend, but I'm not selling such engines of destruction," insisted the surprised agent.

"Well, now, that's all nice enough. The last one of you fellows preached the same thing. He came here and got us to build a whoppin' big fire in the alley. We soaked the boards and boxes with oil just as he asked us to. We touched the match and away she went. 'Now turn on your fire business,' said I, and he began to flourish the brass pail around. Then he twisted the handle on the top. Some kind of white foaming liquid spurted out and covered him. The fellow dropped on the ground and commenced to yell. The machine had bursted. Up he jumped and legged it across lots—we never saw him again. The fire caught the fence and spread to the sheds, house and barn. Cleaned up a good $2,000 worth of property. Seems to me we've had enough of fire machines, so don't waste your time looking for trouble, because that's all you'll find around here."

The agent, silent, plodded his weary way to the railroad station and took the next train out.—Detroit Free Press.

How to Make Curry.

Purchase at a trustworthy druggist's three ounces of coriander seed, three ounces of the best tumeric, one ounce each of black pepper, mustard and ginger, half an ounce of cardamon seeds and one-quarter of an ounce of cumin seeds. This recipe comes from India, and dates back to the days of that famous English gastronome, Dr. Kitchener. It is still the rule most often used to-day. Sometimes a quarter of an ounce of cayenne pepper is added to it. Pound the seeds to a powder and add the other ingredients. Mix them thoroughly, and keep them in a bottle closely corked from the air. —N. Y. Tribune.

English Beef Hash.

In one tablespoonful of butter cook slowly, until slightly browned, one tablespoonful of chopped onion; add one cupful of dry boiled rice, one pint of diced cold cooked beef, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper, and sufficient strained tomato to moisten. Cover, until slowly for ten minutes, and turn out on a hot platter, garnishing with parsley.—Boston Budget.

For Sunday Suppers.

Butter an enameled meat plate and cover with a layer one-half-inch thick of boiled potatoes mashed while warm with an egg and a little milk. The edges should be crimped the same as for an open tart.—Idle Hours.

THIS PHOTOGRAPHER KNEW.

Consequently He Succeeded Where Others Failed.

There is a South side girl who until recently her friends thought the hardest person in the world to please. Not in general, but in a particular crochet of hers, that was photography. She used to have an inordinate number of likenesses of herself taken. The proofs generally seemed to please her very well, but upon receiving the finished product she would go away somewhat disappointed and in a day or so inform her friends that the pictures were not a success, that she didn't like them at all and that she was going to try some other studio. It was in this that the latter persisted that the pictures resembled her very much, or that they were exquisitely finished, or that they were from one of the best artists in the city. She continued to be dissatisfied again and again. She would point out an imaginary speck or what she considered a defect in light or shade, then criticise the pose and say that she looked like a fright and finally wonder how the photographer could ask such prices for so mediocre a piece of work.

She was not by any means bad looking, but many of the photographers flattered her. Her friends knew that she was aware of this, consequently they could not attribute her peculiarity to injured vanity. They made various guesses and surmises at the reason of her fastidiousness, but all were sooner or later disproved. At last, when they had about given up she came home one day perfectly radiant. She explained that she had at last found a photographer who understood his business. She dilated on the fairness with which he had posed her and his thorough appreciation of everything truly artistic. Then she produced some very inferior photographs. Her friends were amazed. They couldn't believe she was serious. She went on descanting on her successes.

"I won't need to have any more taken, girls," she said.

They were at a loss for her reason until the conclusion of her ecstasy, which ran about as follows:

"Yes, he's just the loveliest photographer I ever went to. So thoroughly appreciative. Why, do you know, when I left he asked permission to put one in the window."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Story of a Scarecrow.

There is an honest Swede employed as a gardener in the East End, and his deliberate speeches are a source of much delight to his employer. He has been much annoyed by thievish birds, and a few days ago suggested that a scarecrow would be a good thing. It took him some time to make the employer understand what he meant, but finally he realized it was a dummy bird scarer, "lak in ol' country."

The employer fell in with the idea and told the Swede to rig up a frame. When this was completed the latter was given a bundle of cast-off clothing to dress up the dummy. He looked askance at the garments as he put them on the sticks and was evidently much impressed by their excellent condition. He glanced down at his own clothes from time to time and seemed to be making a silent comparison. Finally he put the scarecrow in the garden and returned to his employer, who stood at some little distance. He looked at the work of art with his head very much on one side, and finally said,

"Say, mister?"

"Well, John?"

"Ay tank maybe it was better I change clothes with scarecrow, or else stand myself in his place."

He couldn't bear to see the dummy wearing better clothes than he did.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

B. & O. Improvements.

The work of straightening the track and reducing the grade at Tabbs Station on the second division of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad was recently completed, and the first train to use the new line was No 1, the New York and St. Louis flyer. A heavy grade and three bad curves have been eliminated by this work. A mile east, at Meyer's Hole, a similar improvement has also been completed after months of work. Several reverse curves and a nasty and dangerous dip are done away with at this point. Near Myer's Hole, at Tables, the alignment of the track is being materially changed, and, as in the other two improvements, bad grades and sharp, annoying curves are being removed. This part of the work will be done in sixty days and then a series of very dangerous places will have been entirely removed. This work in its entirety means the hauling of several additional cars in each freight train, besides reducing the danger of derailments to almost nothing. The second division, running from Cumberland to Brunswick, will soon be in first-class condition and more cheaply operated than ever.

A Partner in Crime.

"Parson," said the dying man, "do you believe in a doubled confession?"

"Under certain circumstances," said the reverend gentleman.

"Well, it is this way. Years ago I was a passenger on the Great Consolidated Street railway."

"Yes, go on."

"Oh, I hate to tell it."

"Go on."

"And one day in a moment of vicious insanity, I beat them out of a nickel fare!"

He sank back exhausted.

"Listen," said the reverend man, "it may comfort you. Can you bear me?"

"Yes, yes."

"You needn't feel so worried about beating that gang of robbers out of a paltry nickel—I beat 'em every chance I get!"

And the dying man passed away with a peaceful smile.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease,

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures and prevents swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Foiled Again.

A savage light shone in her eyes as she stealthily approached him whom she hated. The lethal weapon was in her grasp. He, all unconscious, remained passive.

Nearer and nearer she came. Then—

A wave of disappointment swept over her mobile countenance.

The fly she had been making a sneak on was on the other side of the screen.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Bicycle Girl.

"I'm sure I'll never be able to walk up the aisle with pape."

"Why not, my child?"

"Papa is so ridiculously low-geared."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Facts About Alaska.

Write to P. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., Great Northern Railway, for "Facts About Alaska," or send ten cents in stamps for "Alaska, Land of Gold and Glacier," a beautifully illustrated booklet, containing maps and descriptive matter.

Dear Old Boston Again.

Visitor—I hear there is sickness next door. Is it contagious?

Phillips—Oh, not at all, madam; merely contiguous.—N. Y. Truth.

"And now—" Nero bent his glance toward imperial Rome in flames and twanged the lyre string carefully to see if his instrument was in tune—"I'll give 'em some appropriate music!" Bringing down the bow with a flourish, he soon had the quick strains of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night!" quivering from his violin.—Puck.

Home-Seekers, Look!

The beautiful valleys of Arkansas—lying on both sides of the Little Rock & Memphis R. R., and extending along its tracks for miles—offers special inducements to home-seekers. The best pasturage, the richest cereal lands and finest farming country in the New South. This Year Yield of Land now thrown open to settlers. Come and buy while you have the chance to make your own selection. For any information, call on, or address, Rudolph Fink, General Manager Little Rock, Ark., W. H. Morrison, Gen. Pt. & Tkt. Agt., Little Rock, Ark., Little Rock & Memphis Railroad.

Left Him Guessing.

"I don't know whether I have been complimented or not," said Chollie.

"What is the occasion?" asked his friend.

"Miss Figg told me she believed I was more intelligent than I pretended to be."—Indianapolis Journal.

Confinement and Hard Work

Indoors, particularly in the sitting posture, are far more prejudicial to health than excessive muscular exertion in the open air. Hard sedentary workers are far too wont, after office hours to take much needful exercise in the open air. They often need a tonic. For such the best tonic is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a renovant particularly adapted to weak invalids and feeble nature. Use also for dyspepsia, kidney, liver and rheumatic ailments.

Insulted.

Tenspot—Why are you so angry at the doctor?

Mrs. Talkalot—When I told him I had a terrible tired feeling he told me to show him my tongue.—N. Y. Truth.

Cheap Excursion to Virginia Springs.

Wednesday, August 25th, the Big Four and C. & O. railway will sell excursion tickets to White Sulphur Springs, $14.00, and Virginia Hot Springs $15.00, good return ing ten days. Call on or address J. C. Tucker, G. N. A., No. 234 Clark street.

Fun for Her.

"Does Miss Merry smile upon your suit, Chumley?"

"Smile? She laughs till you can hear her a block every time I propose."—Detroit Free Press.

Free Trip to Alaska.

From St. Paul to Alaska for nothing. Two tickets given away. Enter the "Klondike" word contest. Limited to the first 500 subscribers. You won't see this again. Address Home & Garden, Newspaper Row, St. Paul, Minn.

Love alone makes the heart rise to know the secret of all being. Failing in this knowledge, man may know many things, but nothing truly; for all much knowledge stays with outward shows.—Henry Jones, M. A.

Since P. M. Sharples, of West Chester, Pa., has delivered to Mr. W. I. Moody, of Nashua, Iowa, 500 Dairy Separators for use in the new system whereby the farmers are saved 10 cts. per 100 lbs. of milk, he has received orders from five other Creamery Managers for similar outfits.

The only worthy end of all learning, of all science, of all life, in fact, is that human beings should love one another better.—George Eliot.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

He—"Would you scream if I should kiss you?" She—"And if I were to allow you to, would you squeal?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. Pickert, Van Sielen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, '94.

A man will get up earlier to go fishing than for any other purpose.—Washington Democrat.

Iowa farms for sale. $1 per acre cash, bal'nce ½ crop until paid. J. Mulhall, Waukegan, Ill.

A difference of tastes in jokes is a great strain on the social fabric.—George Eliot.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

All the talent some men have is a real loud voice.—Washington Democrat.

MRS. CURTIS, NEW YORK.

Tells Her Experience With Ovaritis.

A dull, throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat low down in the side, with an occasional shooting pain, indicates inflammation.

On examination it will be found that the region of pain shows some swelling. This is the first stage of ovaritis, inflammation of the ovary. If the roof of your house leaks, my sister, you have it fixed at once; why not pay the same respect to your own body?

Do you live miles away from a doctor? Then that is all the more reason why you should attend to yourself at once, or you will soon be on the flat of your back.

You need not, you ought not to let yourself go, when one of your own sex holds out the helping hand to you, and will advise you without money and without price. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and tell her all your symptoms. Her experience in treating female illnis greater than any other living person. Following is proof of what we say:

"For nine years I suffered with female weakness in its worst form. I was in bed nearly a year with congestion of the ovaries. I also suffered with falling of the womb, was very weak, tired all the time, had such headaches as to make me almost wild. Was also troubled with leucorrhœa, and was bloated so badly that some thought I had dropsy. I have taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and several of her Blood Purifier, and am completely cured. It is a wonder to all that I got well. I shall always owe Mrs. Pinkham a debt of gratitude for her kindness. I would advise all who suffer to take her medicine."—Mrs. Annie Curtis, Ticonderoga, N. Y.

TOWER'S TRADE MARK FISH BRAND

POMMEL SLICKER

The Best Saddle Coat.

Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the hardest storms. Substitutes will disappoint. Ask for 1895 Fish Brand Pommel Slicker; it is entirely new. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

NOTICE TAKE THIS LABEL ON NO OTHER THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

TUMORS and MALIGNANT GROWTHS (Cancerous) a specialty for past eighteen years. DR. F. R. GOLLEY, Milwaukee, Wis.

SICK HEADACHE! ALWAYS TRACE IT TO THE LAZY LIVER.

Poisonous matter, instead of being thrown out, is reabsorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue, it causes congestion and that awful, dull, throbbing, sickening pain.

Cascarets CANDY CATHARTIC REMOVE THE CAUSE BY C.C.C. STIMULATING THE LIVER,

Making the poison move on and out, and purifying the blood. The effect is ALMOST INSTANTANEOUS.

LADIES whose sensitive organism is especially prone to sick headaches, DO NOT SUFFER, for you can, by the use of CASCARETS, be Relieved Like Magic.

ALL DRUGGISTS. 10c., 25c., 50c.

"FOOL'S HASTE IS NAE SPEED." DON'T HURRY THE WORK UNLESS YOU USE SAPOLIO

Winchester Gun Free. Send your name on a Postal Card and the gun will send you our 136 page illustrated Catalogue free. Winchester Repeating Arms Co. 130 WINCHESTER AVE. NEW HAVEN CONN.

WHAT WIT IS! A unique work, with illustrated brochure, with description of the Venezuelan Centennial and information about Venezuela, sent on receipt of 6 cents in stamps. Date of publication, May 1st to Oct. 20th, 1895, the National Day, Oct. 12th, 1895, and 1897. Can be obtained by sending eight cents in stamps to G. A. TYSON, Gen'l Agt. Venezuelan Bureau, 1 & 3 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md. Mention this paper.

Weeks Scale Works, STOCK, COAL, HAY, GRAIN AND COTTON SCALES. BUFFALO, N.Y.

$12 to $35 Can be made working for us. Parties preferred who can give their whole time to the business. Spare hours, though, may be profitably employed. Good opening for men and city work as well as country districts. J. E. GRIFFITH, 11th and Main Streets, RICHMOND, VA.

OPIUM and Whiskey Habit cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D., Atlanta, Ga.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for 1200 Inventions Wanted. Expert Tells 4 Ks. 915 F Wash. D. C.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

WINONA SEMINARY FOR GIRLS WINONA, MINN. A Boarding and Day School conducted by the Franciscan Sisters. Thorough Literary, Musical and Commercial courses. School of Music, Expression and Art. For catalogue address THE DIRECTRESS.

FRANKLIN COLLEGE ing free, with plan to earn funds.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER.

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

WHEN a man who is yet young arrives at the conclusion that life holds nothing more for him and that he can only devote himself to the good of others, there is still plenty of keen wretchedness in store for him. If he gets up after a bad blow and is actively miserable and somewhat hateful and resentful, he can yet be happy. But self-immolation is not natural, and anything unnatural brings its own punishment. Another person and other people cannot be the center of the universe for very long. There may come a jar that will put you out of plumb for a bit, but you swing back to your normal position.

The jar that came to Osborne was a hard one. The girl to whom he was engaged told him that her parents were forcing her to marry a certain rich man. Now parents, in these days, do not force one to marry anybody; but Osborne would have believed whatever the girl had chosen to tell him. He believed this, and thought she was a beautiful, suffering martyr, and there was a tragic scene, which she did cleverly, and a parting. After that Osborne lost even ambition, which had been a ruling passion almost above his love. The girl was mean enough, too, to keep his misery active by writing to him, now and then, bewailing her gilded captivity.

Life, he told himself, was henceforth a vain thing, only fit to be used in the service of others. It is not easy to serve others picturesquely in the army. There are no needy and no fallen ones—because when they fall they cease to be in the army. So Osborne bethought him of his brother Alexander.

Alexander lived on a ranch—as Osborne had done. He was 17 years old. At 16 Osborne had been the support of a widowed mother and two children. He had had no boyhood in particular. It had all been work, making the ranch pay. Only those who have tried it know what that means. Alexander was not afflicted after this fashion. He lived on his new stepfather, and was envious of his brother.

Now when Osborne brought Alexander on to San Antonio, the first evening of his arrival he spoke to him thus: "There's a first-class school right in the town, Alex." Silence. "I want you to study hard, youngster, to make up for the time you've lost up there in the wilderness."

Alex braced his feet against the porch railing and tipped back his chair. "It strikes me I've lost more fun than about anything else. It ain't fair, Herbert. You've been having a picnic for the last eight years, while I've been slaving in the fields; and I don't see it in the light of settling down right away to digging at books. I want a swing."

If a nature is ambitious, it cannot be altered. The ambition may transfer its object from self to some one else, but it will not die. Osborne's had transferred itself to his brother. So his heart sank. But he had learned toleration. "Well, I'll give you three months. But you must study to make up for it."

"Three months nothing! What's the matter with six?"

"A good deal is the matter. You'll be nearly 18 in six months, and you don't know as much as the average boy of 14. Of course I'm not blaming you for that. You haven't had a fair chance." Osborne forgot that, at 18, he himself had passed the competitive examination.

"I guess I haven't—at that or anything else."

Young Osborne had gone barefoot all his life, and had never had a whole new suit of clothes to his back, nor a dime to call his own. Osborne gave him dancing pumps and various seemly suits and a reasonable allowance.

But he thought the allowance small. "Say, Herbert, I can't make out with that measly ten. Make it 15, will you?" he complained.

"No," said Osborne.

Osborne's "no's" were always definite, but Alexander persisted. "Why not? You've a lot more than you need."

"I know best about that. Ten dollars is enough, and it's all I can give you. I've your education to pay for, recollect. You've no expenses outside of an occasional theater ticket and tennis ball—or you shouldn't have."

"You always did catch all the plums," said Alexander.

Then the mail orderly gave Osborne a letter from the girl. Osborne locked himself in his workroom, and read it and believed every word of it. And living—even for others—seemed a hard thing for the next few days.

Alexander felt his oats promptly. He excelled at baseball, he learned tennis and dancing by magic and he rode well. Osborne had never been so popular. He had served the Mammon of Ambition exclusively until he had transferred his allegiance to the God of Love. Since then he had been a martyr—and martyrs are more pleasing in stained glass than in life. And now he returned to the first cult, and ambition filled him. He rejoiced in his brother's beauty, which was of the Bertie Cecil type, in his magnificent stature, in his agility and his athletics. He mounted him on the finest horse to be had in that part of the country—and wore a shabby uniform himself all winter. He read with him for two hours daily, and was well pleased when the boy remembered just enough to give his conversation a peculiarly brilliant turn. He argued great things from this when Alexander should go to school. But when he went to school, Osborne saw the truth.

"Alex, the account of you is very bad. You've barely scratched through on two things, and you've failed on mathematics altogether. I've told you that mathematics is the test at the Point," Osborne admonished.

"Oh! come, I say; let up, Herbert. I'm trying to learn this piece." He picked on with beautiful absorption at the guitar the lieutenant had given him.

"Put up that thing and listen to me."

Alexander obeyed, as all men did when Osborne willed.

"I am going to get you into West Point at 20. When I say I am going to do it, you know it is going to be done. Don't you? None of it depends on you except the study. I can't make you drink, but I'll take you to water and keep you there until you find it will be easier to drink. You can go back to the ranch if you like, but I'm not afraid you'll like. I don't want to treat you as a small boy unless you act the part of one. You can learn, and you must learn, or the theaters will stop, and the hops will stop, and the guitar will stop—also the tennis. You have been cutting time, but henceforth you will study four hours a day and I will sit with you to help you and see that it is done."

So four hours out of every 24 Osborne put to the use of teaching one who did not wish to learn. Density can be bored through with patience. It is the India rubber of indifferent cleverness that resists. After some of the struggles, Osborne would lie awake for the rest of the night from sheer nervousness. The boy slept with unruffled brain. The lieutenant almost came to forget the girl. But never quite. A letter would come when Alexander was most inert, and Osborne would stare straight in front of him and grit his teeth, and wonder that a man could live with both sides of his nature thwarted and cut back.

But he had his reward. Alexander went into the academy at 20. He was the handsomest and most popular cadet in his class—and he failed in the first year.

Just how such things are done no one is ever quite sure; but in Osborne's case it must have been sheer force of determination. Alexander was reappointed, and he himself was made instructor at the Point.

He stood over the cadet with the stinging lash of his ambition; and Alexander was graduated 15. Osborne unwisely took some credit to himself.

"Nonsense," said Alexander, "I'd have done it alone. The first mile was only bad luck; don't think it's your circus."

"It doesn't make any great difference to me whose circus it is, so that you come out all right. I'm only glad you're getting some ambition."

"Ambition be hanged! It's the one word in your lexicon. I'm sick of the sound of it. It is the sin by which the angels fell. Look out you don't fall, angel brother."

"I'm not likely to fall, but I shouldn't mind it, if it put you on a mountain height."

"No heights for me. I can't breathe rare air," answered the younger.

Now, in the course of army events it came to pass that a strange fate made Alexander Osborne second lieutenant in the troop of which his brother was first lieutenant. And the first lieutenant continued his ambitious goading. Alexander was independent at present, and resisted to some purpose. He would not spend his nights in study and his days in wire pulling. The war department did not reward that sort of thing, he said; it was action it approved. Wait until his time for action came—then he would satisfy his brother.

And the time for action did come. But the action was disappointing. They marched 200 miles, and then marched back again. Alexander complained loudly that he had had no occasion to display his prowess in battle.

He should have been quite safe in this for that evening they would be once more in Grant. But the Indian host is not to be reckoned with. At sunset—within ten miles of the post—the Apaches caught the battalion in a ravine, and kept it there until well into the night.

The moon came up and showed to the bucks hiding behind the cedars and scrub-oaks on the rise, the soldiers penned in the gully below them. It was merely, for the latter, a question of holding out and having a few men killed. The danger was not great unless the Apaches should be reinforced or the couriers should not reach the fort. So the men took shelter behind bushes and rocks, and fired at the flashes of light in the darkness above them. The officers walked about in the deep shadows, firing, too, and giving orders.

First Lieut. Osborne was with his sergeant and another lieutenant when he came upon Second Lieut. Osborne crouched down between two rocks, his arms clasped over his bent head and his carbine dropped on the ground beside him.

There was no mistake to be made. The other lieutenant hesitated, the sergeant drew back. But Osborne went up and touched his brother with his foot.

"Lieut. Osborne," he said, to the junior, "go and report to the officer in command, Capt. Clarke. I shall have preceded you and have reported you for cowardice."

He went in search of the captain, and made his report, and Second Lieut. Osborne was sent under arrest back to the dismounted horses in the rear. Then the first lieutenant threw open his blouse and covered his breast with a wide, white silk handkerchief that gleamed even in the shadow, and walked out into the full moonlight.

It was a matter of only a moment before the hidden Apaches saw him with the white target on his bosom. And two of them, at least, took aim at the target and hit it full in the center—and First Lieut. Osborne pitched forward on the stones.—San Francisco Argonaut.

—The Japanese government now issues every day three weather charts, which include observations in China and the Liu-Kiu islands, enabling captains to ascertain the movements of storms several days in advance.

WAR REMINISCENCES.

"BILL PRICE."

A Wisconsin Man Who Was Kind to the Soldiers.

"Run out an extra coach for these soldiers."

"Which one?"

"The best one, the easiest riding one, for they are all sick or wounded."

I heard this conversation at Sparta, Wis., 32 years ago while on a brief leave of absence. It was between the proprietor of the stage line running from Sparta to St. Paul and one of his foremen.

The cluster of sick and wounded soldiers on their way home had attracted my attention, and I was talking with one of them when the proprietor gave his order. I asked him if he knew the proprietor's name. He didn't. Then a citizen was questioned.

"That's Bill Price. Some folks call him Judge Price, but most of us call him Bill."

By this time both the regular and extra coaches had appeared. The wiry, quick-spoken proprietor gave personal attention to placing the soldiers in the easy coach.

"Mister," said one of the boys, whose shattered arm was still in a sling, "they gave us only a month's pay, and it took all that to buy my ticket to Sparta. If you will take me to Garden Valley I will pay you when we get there."

"We will see about it. Get in. How many of you soldiers have bought tickets?"

The rest had tickets.

"Have you got any money left?"

About half of them had none and the balance had but little.

"Jake, run into the office and tell the agent to come here."

"Did you want me, Mr. Price?" asked the agent.

"Yes. Can't you learn the rules of this stage line? Crippled and sick soldiers like these ride free. Return their money and hand that Garden Valley man five dollars."

I watched the proceedings with deep interest, and was about to thank the proprietor for his generous conduct when he gave me a searching glance, a general size-up look.

"Are you going our way?"

"Yes, sir."

Catching sight of the gold cord on my trousers, he said: "You are an officer.

"GO AND BUY A TICKET."

Those privates get small pay. You get big pay. Go and buy a ticket."

"Thank you, sir, I have already done so."

"What are you standing here for? Why don't you get in? We are late."

"I was watching a man who has more heart than gall. I'd rather miss a ride than to have caused seeing you load these poor fellows into that coach."

That was my introduction to Judge William T. Price, a Wisconsin man whose memory will be kept green as long as that of any other man the Badger state ever possessed.—J. A. Watson, in Chicago Times-Herald.

INGALLS' SPOTTED DOG.

His Owner Turned the Laugh on Gen. Grant.

Gen. Ingalls had just returned from a trip to Washington, and brought with him an English spotted coach dog, which followed him everywhere through camp, and attracted no end of attention. A dog of any kind was rather an unusual sight in an army in the field, and an animal of the peculiar marks and distinctive bearing of Ingalls' companion excited widespread remark. Every time the dog came to headquarters Gen. Grant was certain to comment upon the animal, and perpetrate some good-natured joke at the expense of his classmate. The dog followed the general to his quarters, and expressed his feelings by an agitation of his caudal appendage. To describe his actions astronomically, it may be said that he indicated anger by imparting to his tail a series of longitudinal vibrations, and pleasure by giving it a gentle "motion in azimuth"—familiarly known as a wag.

One evening as the general was sitting in front of his quarters Ingalls came up to have a chat with him, and was followed by the dog, which sat down in the usual place at its master's feet. The animal squatted upon its hind quarters, licked its chops, pricked up its ears, and looked first at one officer and then at the other, as if to say: "I am Gen. Ingalls' dog; whose pup are you?" In the course of his remarks Gen. Grant took a look at the animal, and said: "Well, Ingalls, what are your real intentions in regard to that dog? Do you expect to take it into Richmond with you?" Ingalls, who was noted for his dry humor, replied with mock seriousness and an air of extreme patience: "I hope to; it is said to come from a long-lived breed." This retort, coupled with the comical attitude of the dog at the time, turned the laugh upon the general, who joined heartily in the merriment, and seemed to enjoy the joke as much as any of the party.—Gen. Horace Porter, in Century.

ONE AGAINST EIGHT.

A Youthful Picket and a Brave Ossawatomie Teamster.

"I remember of being very much interested in the summer of '62," said Judge Waterman, "by a performance of a boy on picket post.

"He was about 14 years old, and not over four feet six. A squad of eight of the enemy's cavalry charged him. He stood his ground firmly, waited until they were within easy range, and shot one of them. The rest, apparently assuming that he had support among the timber near by, quickly retreated.

"George B. Holmes, another boy in my command, was a resident of Will

"POURED A BUCKET OF WATER OVER THEM."

county. At Rocky Face ridge there was a two or three days' assault on a fort in front of Dalton. In spite of advice, Holmes took a position, one of the days, at the edge of some woods in front of the fort, exposing himself openly to the enemy's sharpshooters. He often had told me that he could not be hit by a rifle ball. Not only did he stand in full view, but he would motion the enemy's riflemen, indicating on which side of him their bullets struck. Finally he was hit squarely in the head, and instantly killed.

"I mention this boy not only on account of his presence of mind, but also because of the apparently contradictory elements in his character. The braggadocio, the wildness usually found in men who run unnecessary risk, was from him entirely absent. He was quiet, systematic in habits, and in no sense a fighter or a ruffian. I think that he was, as he said, firmly convinced that it was his destiny never to be struck by a hostile bullet."

Mr. August Schilling, of George H. Thomas post, recalls an incident in which a man's entire reputation was reversed in less than a minute. "It was before Atlanta," said Mr. Schilling. "Our battery was ordered to retire from the front line on account of the damage the horses were receiving. We were just about to move back, when a shell struck one of our caissons. The shells in them began to explode, too, like a pack of gigantic firecrackers.

"At this point a driver—not a gunner, but a driver — who always had been rated more or less of a coward, calmly stepped up to that caisson of exploding shells and poured a bucket of water over them. As soon as the tow plugs were wet the danger was over. The whole thing had been accomplished without the slightest sign of excitement or indication that the incident was anything out of the ordinary."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SAVED THE CAPTAIN'S LIFE.

How Gen. M. C. Butler Served a Union Officer.

"I saved the life of a union officer, Capt. Loeser, of New York, at the battle of Trevelian Station," said Gen. Butler, "and I was very sorry I could not save his property as well. I came suddenly on a road just as two couriers ran out and covered a union officer, who was mounted.

"The man had surrendered, but he would have been shot to pieces if I had not interfered.

"He handed me his sword and his belt, containing his pistol holder, and asked me if I would send him to Gen. Rosser. He said he was in mortal dread of being robbed and knew Gen. Rosser and would feel safe in his hands.

"I told him he would be perfectly safe with me, but, appearing satisfied, I told two men to take him to Gen. Rosser, and gave specific instructions that he must not be molested on the way.

"His guard waited with him along the road until Gen. Rosser's command could come up, and as soon as it did the men made a dash at him, saying: 'Yank, we want store boots.'

"It was all in vain. The guard protested, saying Gen. Butler had given orders the prisoner was not to be molested. They said they belonged to Gen. Rosser's command, and not to Gen. Butler's, and they stripped Capt. Loeser then and there.

"I met him after the war, and we laughed about it many a time. Capt. Loeser is now dead."—N. Y. Herald.

A Story of the Petersburg Mine.

A surgeon told us a story, one of the many echoes of the mine affair, about a prisoner who had been dug out of "the crater" and carried to one of our field hospitals. Although his eyes were bunged and his face covered with bruises, he was in an astonishingly amiable frame of mind, and looked like a pugilistic hero of the prize ring coming up smiling in the 27th round. He said: "I'll jest bet you that after this I'll be the most unpopular man in my regiment. You see, I appeared to get started a little earlier than the other boys that had taken passage with me aboard that volcano; and as I was comin' down I met the rest of 'em a-goin' up, and they looked as if they had kind o' soured on me, and yelled after me: 'Straggler!'"—Gen. Horace Porter, in Century.

—All the vehicles belonging to the Vanderbilt family are black, with maroon body, the spokes of the wheels being shot with red.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

SUMMER.

"In the dusty weather
Midges fly about,
Katydids and crickets
Keep up quite a shout;
And the great grasshopper
Climbs up in your frock;
And the silly bantam
Blows the four-o'clock.
Oh, the heart is weary
Through and through, they says,
All the earth is panting
In the sun's warm rays.
Sitting on the doorstep,
Knitting grandma lace—
Oh, I hate the summer!"
Cried little Sour-Face.

"Blush and bloom of roses,
Cherries hanging high,
Daisies in the meadow,
Blackbirds in the sky!
Beautiful deep shadows
Up the grassy lanes!
Bushes red with berries!
Soft, delicious rains!
Flying down the strawstack,
Hiding in the hay—
Fun and light and laughter
All the livelong day!
Helping with the baby
As the hours fly!
Oh, I love the summer!"
Cried little Sunny-Eyes.

—Louise R. Baker, in Youth's Companion.

AN ELEPHANT'S FOOT.

One of the Most Ponderous Pieces of Animal Anatomy.

Anyone who has stood at the foot of an elephant must be aware that it is a ponderous piece of anatomy, but its actual size is best illustrated by an anecdote.

Two men in the Central park zoo were speaking on this subject, and one of them thought the circumference of the foot must measure at least four feet.

His friend laughed at this, but the younger man, after a second time gauging the size, insisted that his guess was correct.

"Nonsense—quite impossible!" exclaimed his friend.

And then, as the younger man still claimed that he was right, they laid a wager and referred the matter to the keeper.

"What is the circumference of the fore foot of that big elephant?" they asked.

"The circumference of an elephant's foot is very nearly half the animal's height," was the keeper's answer.

"Will you be so good as to measure it?" asked the amazed visitor.

And the keeper got a long cord and went in beside the monster, Bazzle, who stands eight feet five inches in height.

"Of course I measure while the animal is standing squarely on all fours," he said. "If I were to take the foot up from the floor, it would not be quite so large; a small part of that size is caused by the spreading out of the soft matter of the foot by the pressure of the animal's own weight."

He drew the cord around the monster foot, held it up, and measured it with a tape line. The figures showed four feet two inches.

The man who had lost the bet slaving in it, with the remark that he did not think he was paying too dearly for that curious bit of knowledge.—Golden Days.

LONG-HEADED PRINCE.

One of Victoria's Grandsons Displays Rare Financial Genius.

At the age of 10½ years Prince Alexander of Battenberg, son of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg, Queen Victoria's son-in-law, has proved himself such a genius for financiering that it is unlikely he will ever find himself in the "hard-up" condition of his father, who, until his marriage to Princess Beatrice, the queen's daughter, had a difficult task to make both ends meet.

Little Prince Alexander recently applied to his mother for an extra allowance of pocket money, which was

PRINCE WITH A LONG HEAD.

promptly refused. He thereupon wrote the queen, telling her of his grievance, but her majesty only reiterated the good advice of her daughter.

The prince, of an age when money talks and "good advice" is lost, promptly sold his grandmother's letter for four pounds and ten shillings, and apprised her of the fact. It is reported that her majesty was somewhat upset.

Summer Resort for Cats.

A New York lady and her daughter recently opened a hotel for cats, and it seems to have turned out a paying concern, for they receive a large number of both winter and summer boarders. The cats' hotel is situated close to the Hudson river, and rejoices in the name of Naurashaun farm. For three dollars a cat is boarded for one month, and there are no extras. Each cat has its own little home, and even its own yard, which is turfed. Pussy is an exclusive creature, and often dislikes to be made to eat, or, indeed, to mix much with her fellows. Curiously enough, the only other boarders taken are parrots and canaries.

Where Experience Fails.

John Doe—Experience is the only thing that will teach some men.

Richard Roe—And even that occasionally fails. I see that a man in New Jersey recently married his divorced wife.—N. Y. World.

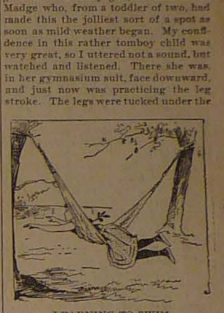
A HAMMOCK SCHOOL.

How to Learn to Swim Without Going Near the Water.

Madge was determined to know how to swim. To be sure, there was no water within many miles of her home, but a fortnight was shortly to be spent by her close to that most lovely swimming ground, the Long Island sound. She had firmly made up her mind that, in all the bravery of her new bathing suit, she would calmly walk in waist deep and then strike off, swimming like a frog, before the eyes of the astonished family, all this to take place the very first day they all went bathing together.

Such a picture, in the mind's eye, formed the most delightful surprise that any girl of 12 could possibly imagine, but how was it to be managed, with no place for practice? This is the very question I am setting out to answer, for, as Madge accomplished her design and became an expert swimmer, and yet obeyed the command, "Don't go near the water," there is no reason why other girls—and boys—should not prepare themselves for summer fun, and also lose forever all fear of drowning, by practicing the same means used by her.

This wonderful swimming school was held on the back veranda; the apparatus that held her in position to practice to a nicety the most practical leg and arm movement imaginable was nothing more nor less than an ordinary hammock. The only teacher was a silent one, consisting of a few directions she had read, given by Dr. Walker, written out and hung where she could consult them. When I first saw this figure, with its arms and legs moving so strangely, it seemed as if the back veranda had suddenly become the playground of a crazy girl, instead of the Madge who, from a tolerable swimmer, had made this the jolliest sort of a spot as soon as mild weather began. My confidence in this rather tomboy child was very great, so I uttered not a sound, but watched and listened. There she was, in her gymnasium suit, face downward, and just now was practicing the leg stroke. The legs were tucked under the



LEARNING TO SWIM.

abdomen and (first stroke) then both quickly flung out, wide apart (second stroke), just as one has seen a frog do—so, by the way, is the best swimming master in the world. The last stroke was to draw the legs together while still out straight with all the strength the practicing swimmer possessed. One, two, three, she counted, and the legs were submitting so well to the training that I longed to try it myself. Why had I never thought to have my boys learn swimming this way? What a blessing such practical work would have been on a rainy day.

As I watched the gyrating legs with a kind of fascination they suddenly became still, and now the arms were in play with a motion reminding one of the movement of oars. Madge by this time knew I was there and beckoned me nearer. "Now watch my hands and arms, aunty," and with the palms downward she held them to her chest, the elbows close to her sides. "First movement," she called out; then out shot the arms forward, side by side; now "second movement" was called, then with the hands turned thumbs downward she swept them as far as possible away out into the sea of air, and "third movement" was accomplished.

Over and over again the girl practiced these movements, and day after day it was kept up until arms and legs became flexible and were ready to take as naturally as ducks to water. The exercise was soon followed out, and as little thought as one gives when walking "leg over leg as the dog went to Dover." After all, this is the true secret of learning to swim—to use the arms and legs in the water with as little thought as one gives to their motion on land, and if this has been attained while beating against the air only think of the pleasure of using these motions in the cool, clear water!

Once the leg stroke is conquered in learning to swim more than half the battle is fought; the arms afterward fall in naturally to their share in the water propelling. Dr. Walker says this may be attained to perfection by those who can't manage to practice in a hammock by lying across the wooden footboard of a bedstead, using a pillow under the body and clutching the mattress with the hands to preserve the proper balance. Beware lest anyone across such a scholar in such a swimming school, for he will surely be clapped into a straightjacket and carried off to Bedlam. Practicing in due seclusion, however, there is no reason why young girls and boys should not come to their holiday-making this year armed—yes, and legged—for speeding through the water as speedily as on a bicycle going downhill.—Emily Ford, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

She Didn't Think So.

Nora was in her night dress. Mrs. Strong, having given her a good night kiss, reminded her gently, as usual, not to forget her prayer for God that she be made a good little girl.

"Must I ask Him that every night, mamma?" Nora asked, gravely.

"Yes, little one," her mother replied.

Nora was thoughtful for a moment. "Mamma," she said, in an injured tone, "is I such a dreffully bad little girl as all that?"—Demorest's Magazine