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THE KLONDIKE EPIDEMIC

The Whole Country Is Now Suffering from the Gold Fever.

Thousands Expect to Accumulate Wealth, Some by Digging for It, Others by Buying Mining Shares.

[Special Correspondence.]

It's a veritable disease, this Klondike craze. Wherever you go, people talk about Alaska gold and the riches to be had for the mere picking up. Although the season is far advanced, hundreds of intrepid men, made mad by the greed for yellow nuggets, and daring women in search of independence and wealth, are determined to reach Alaska's shores during the present season.

The tales of hardship and privation told by miners who have returned from the new Eldorado have no deterrent effect. Each one of the embryo argonauts thinks that he or she will succeed in crossing the ice-clad passes of Alaska in safety. Each has doubts about the success of his fellow travelers, but in his own good fortune he has implicit confidence.

Last Saturday I met a young fellow who had just arrived in Chicago from Dawson City. He had money in his purse and plenty of words in his mouth. Like the rest of the Klondikers whose sayings have found their way into print, he volunteered the information that the Yukon and Stickeen river gold fields were simply inexhaustible and that men familiar with mining could not fail to get rich, "provided"—and this proviso seems regular stock in trade—"they can endure the rigors of the climate and have plenty of provisions and clothing."

Then the picking up of gold nuggets is not exactly what some of the enthusiastic prospectors seem to think it is. Before the nuggets can be picked up, the ground has to be thawed out.

THE CHILKOOT ROUTE, CROSSING DYEA RIVER.

This is something of a task when you consider that placer gold is always found next to bedrock, from six to thirty feet below the frozen Arctic surface. "Big fires are built at night," so one man describes the operation, "and allowed to burn 12 hours. It takes one cord to the fire. When the ashes are removed the ground is found thawed a few inches. The loose gravel is removed and the fires rekindled. This process is kept up. The wood is carried half a mile in some cases." But coupled with this information comes the assertion that there are still thousands of easily-reached claims in Alaska and the Northwest Territory which will pay as high as $20,000 a year to the man who will work them.

A promise like this knocks out all fear of danger, and makes appear trifling the specter of starvation which hung about the Klondike last winter, when flour was sold for $1.20 a pound and five pounds of lard brought $13; when miners had to pay $1.50 for a cup

JOAQUIN MILLER.
(The Most Distinguished of Klondikers.)

of alleged coffee and a ham sandwich; and when 200 men,—with $1,000,000 worth of gold dust and nuggets among them, came within an ace of actual starvation.

Half of the terrors of the journey from Dyea, the new port of entry north of Juneau, across the Chilkoot pass to Lowson City has never been told. Hundreds of those now on the way, and hundreds of those about to start, will either not survive the trip or forever injure their health. But once inoculated with the Klondike virus, nothing will stop a fortune seeker from attempting to reach the fabled region. Some will succeed in getting there. Some will "strike it rich." About them we shall hear much next summer. The unfortunates who may fall by the wayside and those to whom the bowels of the earth shall yield none of their riches will suffer the obscurity which is the inevitable result of failure.

How universal the gold fever is is evidenced by a superficial glance at the list of names of those who have already started for the north and those who are about to start. There is, first of all, old Joaquin Miller, "poet of the Sierras," bowed down by years, but strong in the conviction that Fortune is waiting in Alaska to shower auriferous gifts upon him. Then we have Lucky Baldwin, the California horseman, who hopes to restore his tottering fortune by rich strikes in the Northwest Territory. And beautiful Kueline Beveridge, daughter of a former lieutenant governor of Illinois, and a sculptor of international fame, who prefers traveling over mountains and freezing rides on dog sledges, with gold at the end of the road, to an art career in New York. And Mrs. Caroline Westcott Romney, of Chicago, who intends to publish a newspaper at Dawson, devoting her leisure moments to digging for gold in adjacent creeks. And a young woman from Chicago whose purpose is the establishment of a school for miners, a sort of academy in the wilderness. And last, but not least, two Catholic nuns whose sole aim in braving the dangers of an arctic winter is the taking care of the sick and disabled. One streak of humanitarianism and Christian charity in a chaos of selfishness the like of which has not been seen for many years.

But not only those who expect to line their pockets with precious ore in the far-away mines are suffering from the golden malady. In every city and village of the country the disease prevails. In the short space of time intervening between the receipt of the news of the finds and the 20th of August, Klondike companies have been organized with a capitalization of scores of millions. From New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle and Toronto circulars are being sent out to everybody in the land, offering stock, "which is sure to pay enormous profits," at ridiculously low prices. Commercial companies, trading companies, mining companies, many of them managed by one enterprising individual located in an 8x10 office in a city skyscraper, are willing to share the fortune to be reaped next year with a disinterestedness that is simply astonishing; unless one should happen to be of a humorous turn of mind, when it becomes amusing. Stocks that will be worth $1,000 per share a year hence—according to the prospectus—can now be had for $10. So, after all, we who stay at home have a chance of getting a slice of the riches of Alaska; and without fatigue, too, and without having to forsake our comfortable beds or sacrificing our tenderloin steaks and home-made bread. Many have availed themselves of these tempting opportunities, one company of which I know, capitalized at $2,500,000, or thereabouts, having already disposed of 70 per cent. of stock at ten cents on the dollar. The happy stockholders of this concern live in all parts of the country, from Maine to California, which gives renewed assurance that the wealth of the Klondike will be evenly distributed, without enriching one section at the expense of another.

The only organization which has thus far exhibited boggish proclivities in connection with the Klondike gold output is the dominion government of Canada, which has fixed the rate of royalty on all gold mined in the Yukon river country at 10 per cent. on a weekly output of $500 and at 20 per cent. when the output exceeds $500 a week.

However, if even half of the reports now current are true, the richest auriferous deposits are located on the American side of the international boundary line, and as the United States does not exact royalties or commissions from lucky miners they will have to pay no tax on the gold they may accumulate in that blessed star-spangled region.

In the meantime, tax or no tax, thousands are preparing for the northern journey next spring, buoyed up by the hope of becoming independently rich; and their hope is bound to be realized, too, if the words of the philosopher that "experience is more precious than gold" contain even a grain of truth.

G. W. WEIPPERT.

Wonderful Woman.

"What makes you think she is a contortionist?"

"She can put on her stockings without sitting on the floor.—Town Topics.

NEW BUILDING NEEDED.

Present Government Printing Office Should Be Vacated.

In the Early Days All the Printing Needed by the Government Was Given Out by Contract.

[Special Washington Letter.]

The government printing office is 37 years old; but the building in which it is housed looks as though it might be 37 centuries old.

Previous to the 31st day of May, 1860, the government printing had been done by contract in various ways. The first federal congress which met in New York, March 4, 1789, provided for the printing of 600 copies of the acts of congress, and 700 copies of the journals of the senate and house of representatives.

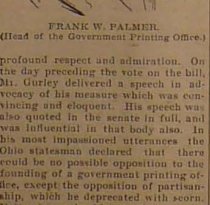
The first appropriation made by the federal congress which provided specifically for printing, was enacted in 1794, "for the expenses of fire wood, stationery and printing work." The same act made an appropriation of $2,261 for the secretary of state, "including the publication of the laws of the first session of the Third congress."

From 1794 to 1819, the government printing was given by contract to the lowest bidder; but on March 3, 1819, a concurrent resolution was passed providing for the election of a printer for congress, who would print all bills in English type on foolscap paper. The resolution fixed the prices to be paid for the various kinds of work to be done by the printer of congress.

A joint resolution was passed on August 3, 1846, dispensing with the services of a congressional printer, and reviving the old contract system. This method of printing the work of congress continued until 1852, but it grew to be expensive and unsatisfactory, and an act was passed providing for a superintendent of printing, whose duties were "to advertise for proposals from dealers in paper, and buy all paper used by the government, and superintend all the printing done for the government, by the house and senate printers." The act also fixed the prices to be paid for composition and press work.

It is a significant fact that the government printing was regarded as a matter of such importance at this early day that on one occasion it almost led to a duel. In 1841, Senator King, of Alabama, and Senator Henry Clay, of Kentucky, became involved in a bitter controversy over the appointment of the senate printer, and Senator King challenged Senator Clay to fight a duel. A compromise was effected by the mutual friends of the senators and no duel was fought.

Congressman John A. Gurley, of Ohio, was chairman of the committee on printing of the house of representatives in 1860, and he was the author of the bill to establish a government printing office, which was passed by both houses of congress and approved by President Buchanan on May 31, 1860. Although his name is not often mentioned now in public print or in private conversation all of the employes of the government printing office know Mr. Gurley's name and reputation, and speak of him with



FRANK W. PALMER.
(Head of the Government Printing Office.)

profound respect and admiration. On the day preceding the vote on the bill, Mr. Gurley delivered a speech in advocacy of his measure which was convincing and eloquent. His speech was also quoted in the senate in full, and was influential in that body also. In his most impassioned utterances the Ohio statesman declared that there could be no possible opposition to the founding of a government printing office, except the opposition of partisanship, which he deprecated with scorn. Epitomizing the history of the public printing, Mr. Gurley said:

"Sir, the public printing has been made a subject of general discussion, strife, and even quarrels, in both houses of congress, and between the various political parties, with short intervals, for a full half century, and up to this very hour is as prolific a source of public debate, personal speculation and common scandal as at any former period. It has brought more contempt and disgrace upon our government than have come from any single cause that can be mentioned.

"If we consult the records of 1819 we shall find as far back as that the congress of the United States floundering in the mire of printing rascality, unable either to get its work done at the proper time, as stipulated, or even with tolerable accuracy. It was horribly executed, on poor paper, and never ready when wanted.

"The efforts of the spoilsmen of all parties have ever been to crush out the labors of those seeking a radical and genuine reform in that department. The mere partisan does not want the door of the treasury closed against him just as he is about to lay hold of its keys; and as the printing spoils have been regarded as among the most valuable under the government, mere politicians have always had a strong desire to retain them."

Public Printer Palmer is a splendid executive officer who has had great experience in the printing business and who occupied the position of public printer under the Harrison administration. He says: "I am not a spoilsman in the strict sense of that word, although I believe that the political party placed in power by the people should dominate the affairs of every administration. While I am not a spoilsman, I am at the same time opposed to the application of the civil service law to the government printing office. I think it is absurd to require printers and bookbinders to pass school-boy examinations. It is also the height of folly to require laborers and skilled workmen in the various branches of the printing office to pass civil service examinations. The civil service commission knows nothing about the printing office, and certainly has but a faint conception of the administration of the office of the public printer, with his 3,000 assistants. Therefore I think that appointments to the government printing office should be made solely upon the judgment of the public printer, as to their fitness and character. Under existing civil service rules it is not possible for the public printer to select his assistants for the most important positions in the office. Only old men, who served in the union army, are given preference over school boys."

THE COMPOSING-ROOM.
(Busiest Spot in the Government Printing Office.)

Every member of the printer's craft in the country who is connected with any department of the "art perservative of all arts" should insist that one of the noblest temples on the globe be erected at the capital of the American republic, which would serve not only the purpose of a practical workshop, from which to issue all the public printing, but as a stately monument to that noble art which more than any other has contributed to the advancement and progress of humanity.

The first public printer was John D. Defrees, of Indiana, who was appointed early in 1861 by President Abraham Lincoln. He held the office until August 31, 1866, when he was removed by President Andrew Johnson, and Cornelius Wendell was appointed, but his tenure of office was very brief. The congress was at that time in controversy with President Johnson, and in the winter following the congress changed the method of appointment and on March 1, 1869, Mr. Defrees was restored to office by the senate under the title of congressional printer.

On April 14, 1869, A. M. Clapp, of New York, was appointed and held the position until June 1, 1877, when John D. Defrees was appointed by President Hayes. During his second term of office Mr. Defrees did a great deal of work in the matter of organization, and he held his position until April 14, 1882, when Sterling P. Rounds, a well-known type founder of Chicago, was appointed by President Arthur.

President Cleveland appointed Thomas E. Benedict, of New York, on April 13, 1886, and President Harrison appointed Frank W. Palmer, of Chicago, to succeed him. On May 7, 1894, Mr. Benedict again became public printer, and held that position until he was succeeded at the beginning of the McKinley administration by the appointment of Frank W. Palmer, who now holds that position.

The original building erected for the use of the public printer in 1856 was purchased by the government in 1860, including the entire printing plant, for $146,545, although the original owner, Mr. Wendell, claimed that the building and outfit cost him $180,000.

The building as it now stands is about five times as large as the original building. It has grown in size by the construction of additions, but the entire place is in a ramshackle condition, and every public printer for 20 years has urged the congress to make appropriations for the erection of a safe and suitable building.

SMITH D. FRY.

Bicycle Tax in Italy.

The Italian government intends to levy an annual tax of 12 francs on all bicycles in use in that country.

The Crown Roller Mills.

Rush City, Minn.

New and Improved Machinery.

First-Class Flour Guaranteed.

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FRESH AND SALT MEATS.

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AND GAME IN SEASON.

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Also Carries a First-Class Line of Rubbers and Slippers.

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Dr. E. L. Stephan,

Physician and Surgeon.

—Office at Drug Store—

Hinckley, - - Minnesota.

A. J. Stowe, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon.

Graduate of the University of New York City, 1887. Office in new building first door north of Postoffice. Residence second house north of office.

Rush City, - - Minnesota.

Robt. C. Saunders.

Attorney at Law.

Hinckley, - - Minnesota.

S. G. L. Roberts.

Attorney and Counselor at Law.

Pine City, - - Minnesota.

Ed. C. Gottry,

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First-Class Livery Rigs Furnished at any hour.

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Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

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Manufacturer of Harness

And Dealer in Trunks, Valises, etc.

Horse Supplies of all kinds constantly on hand, Repairing a Specialty.

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Pine City, Minn.

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Especial attention paid to the Farmers' trade. When in the city call at the old stand and look over my goods and prices, and see the inducements I can offer.

Pine Co. Pioneer.

W. P. GOTTRY, Publisher.

PINE CITY, - - - MINN.

ONE HUNDRED AND NINE THOUSAND locomotives are at present running on the earth. Europe has 63,000, America 40,000, Asia 3,300, Australia 2,000 and Africa 700. In Europe, Great Britain and Ireland take premier position with 17,000 engines, Germany has 15,000, France 11,000. Austria Hungary, the second largest continental country, has 5,000.

A QUEER polyglot religious service was held at the Seamen's temple at Douglas, on the Isle of Man. The Gospel was read in Gaelic, a hymn sung in Manx, prayer offered in Welsh and the sermon delivered in English. On a previous Sunday the Lord's prayer was said in Cornish, a language the last speaker of which died in the early years of this century.

DWELLERS along the Hudson have a queer complaint against the big steamers on that river. The boats are provided with immense search lights, which they flash along the shores, with painfully dazzling effect when the beams strike the windows of a dwelling. A suit against the steamers is threatened by the superintendent of a hospital located on the river.

MANY people suppose that all gold is alike when refined; but this is not so. An experienced man can tell at a glance from what part of the world a gold piece comes, and, in some cases, from what part of a particular gold district the metal has been obtained. Australian gold, for instance, is distinctly redder than that from California. The Ural gold is the reddest found anywhere.

THE wheat king of the world belongs to Argentina. He is an Italian emigrant named Guazone, and his broad acres are situated in the south of the province of Buenos Ayres. His crop occupies an area of 66,270 acres. He numbers his workmen by the thousand, and each one receives a certain share of the profits. When his season's crop is harvested he fills over 3,000 railway trucks with grain.

RECENT wars have been remarkable for their brevity. The war between Turkey and Greece practically lasted only three weeks. The war between Japan and China lasted six months. The French declared war against Germany in July, and Sedan fell in the following September. Russia declared war on Turkey April 24, 1877, and on December 12 the porte requested the mediation of the powers.

RECENTLY a small boy ate buttercups and as a result died. Since then there has been published a list of poisonous wild flowers, popularly considered harmless, but certain to be fatal if eaten by a careless person or ignorant child. These flowers are buttercups, celandie, wood anemone, daffodils, narcissus, lily, snowdrop, jonquil, wild hyacinth, monk's hood, foxglove, nightshade, briony, mezeron and henbane.

THE soot ejected by a smoke-stack weighs more than is commonly supposed. The stack of a German sugar factory had been provided with a soot-catcher. Six days afterward the soot was removed, and it was found that during this time 6,700 pounds had accumulated. The stack of such a factory is estimated to throw out during the period of a year which it is in operation the enormous quantity of 200 tons of soot.

MRS. MAY FRENCH SHELDON, a native of this country, who has, however, spent most of her life in England, has been elected a member of the English Royal Geographical society, and is the only woman who ever received that distinction. Some years ago she was elected an honorary member of the Anthropological society, of Washington. She is a woman of many talents and her African explorations have been of much value to science.

THE Canadian department of marine has undertaken to perform an unprecedented feat, namely, to tow an island out of the way of navigation. A large piece of marsh land became detached at Rat Portage, and sailors noticed an island floating around in the Lake of the Woods. The mayor of the town telegraphed to Ottawa, and the department has telegraphed its agent to secure a tug and tow the island out of the way of navigation and moor it, as it is most dangerous.

WHAT appears to be an almost incredible story is told by several reliable men who are engaged in Gallagher Bros.'s saw mill., on the Franklin mountain, near Walton, N. Y. During a terrific storm recently, which was accompanied by hail, one of the employes, Burt Nichols, found a large hail stone that measured 16¾ inches in circumference. After the storm had ceased Mr. Nichols picked up the frozen lump, and the sun was shining brightly on it then. He buried it in the sawdust, and next morning it was as large as a person's fist. The ground was covered with hail of smaller size.

IT is claimed that there is at least $100,000,000 of gold resting on the bottom of the ocean, chiefly underneath the regular so-called turnpike routes traversed by ocean steamers. Gold is one of the few metals that the acids of salt water do not consume. A plan is suggested by which a diving locomotive will make its way to the ocean's ooze, where, with a 2,000 candle searchlight, a hundred million more or less of ocean treasures can be scooped up. This may be as practicable as some of the plans suggested for getting to and from the Klondike region with a chest full of gold.

SIX WERE KILLED.

And Many Others Were Injured in a Natural Gas Explosion.

Broad Ripple, Ind., the Scene of the Terrible Disaster—Boiler Explosion in Illinois Kills Two Girls.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 6.—Broad Ripple, a suburb of Indianapolis, ten miles from the city proper, was Saturday morning the scene of one of the most terrible disasters that has ever visited the state. Six persons were burned to death and many people are lying in the homes of neighbors burned, scarred and racked with pain from broken bones. Four buildings occupying a block of the town are in ruins. Of the six dead nothing but charred and blackened bones with hanging strips of foul-smelling flesh remain.

The Victims.

Following is a list of the dead and injured:

Killed.—Jacob Darling, painter, crushed by falling wall.
Henry Ernest, laborer.
Pius Gresh, grocer, aged 19, burned to death.
Albert Heyworth, huckster, Westfield.
John Porter, farmer.
Charles Yount, single, 35, crushed to death.
Injured.—Harry Bolton, Oakland, cut across knee.
Charles Culbertson, cut by flying glass, leg hurt.
Jacob Cruse, four ribs broken.
John Doaks, back broken, will probably die.
Amos Day, cut in face by glass.
Jesse Day, blown out of second-story window and badly hurt.
Frank Featherstone, arm cut.
Orville Heady, street car conductor, injured internally, will probably die.
F. W. Heaton, bruised.
Emuley Johnson.
Thomas Jones, cut about head.
Charles Jones, cut about face and arms.
James Mitchell, New Augusta, legs broken.
Ed Morris, shoulder dislocated, compound fracture right arm and burned.
—— Norvill, Indianapolis, fingers torn off and head cut.
Will E. Privette, deep cut across face.
Charles Roberts, cut over eye.
Vinton Record, leg cut, injured about the head.
Frank E. Watts, burned and bruised.
Edgar Watts, burned and bruised.
J. B. Watts, burned.
Joseph Wambaugh, injured about the body.
Clare Whittaker, Oakland, ankle broken.
Oliver Wright, bruised and cut.

TWO GIRLS KILLED.

Awful Result of a Boiler Explosion at Morton, Ill.

Peoria, Ill., Sept. 6.—Morton, Tazewell county, ten miles from Peoria, was the scene of a terrible explosion Sunday afternoon. Tillie and Emma Beyer were killed outright, and Albert Beyer, Frank Beyer, Cassie White and Mrs. Louis Moschel were badly injured. The Beyer boys will probably die. The boilers in a brick building used as a mill, electric light power house and pumping station exploded, demolishing the building and damaging the water tower, 150 feet distant. Houses for blocks were also damaged. Fireman George Grimm entered the builing a few minutes before five o'clock, started the fires in the boiler and then went home for supper. He says there was 25 pounds of steam and cannot explain what caused the explosion. The Beyer children were playing in the yard next to the mill and were unable to get away. The boiler caught one of the little girls and carried her 150 feet, she landing on the top of a barn. She was crushed to pieces. Flying iron crushed the skull of her sister, killing her outright.

ANDREWS DECIDES.

Will Be the Head of the New Cosmopolitan University.

New York, Sept. 4.—Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, president of Brown university, Providence, R. I., whose resignation as head of the faculty of that institution is still in the hands of the officers, has accepted the position of president of the new Cosmopolitan university, founded by John Brisken Walker.

Trusted Man Missing.

Chicago, Sept. 4.—Warrants charging embezzlement have been issued for the arrest of Charles M. Charnley, for 15 years treasurer of the Presbyterian board of aid for colleges and academies. He cannot be found. The American Surety company caused the warrants to issue, and alleges that Mr. Charnley has confessed to a shortage of $50,000, the trust funds contributed for educational institutions having been used in speculations on the board of trade.

Dives from a Bridge.

Chicago, Sept. 7.—George W. Clarke broke the world's high-dive record Monday afternoon by jumping off the railing of the Halsted street lift bridge when the structure was raised to an elevation of 165 feet. The diver was taken out of the river uninjured and placed under arrest by the policeman whom Clarke had evaded when preparing for his perilous leap.

Ward, the Eloper, Suicides.

Chicago, Sept. 4.—Russell Ward, the Englishman whose elopement with Mrs. John Bradbury, of Los Angeles, Cal., caused a sensation in July last, has committed suicide. He threw himself from a moving passenger train on the Northwestern road at Wheatland, Ia., Thursday night, and was instantly killed.

All Mills Running.

Manchester, N. H., Sept. 7.—The Amoskeag mills started on full time Monday after a shut-down of one month. Eight thousand operatives thus return to work. All the big mills in the city are now running.

Colorado Republicans.

Denver, Col., Sept. 4. — In convention here the Colorado republicans renominated Charles D. Hoyt for justice of the supreme court, and the silver republicans in session at Glenwood indorsed him.

For a Ship Canal.

New York, Sept. 4. — A company has been incorporated in this city with a capital of $75,000,000 to construct a ship canal from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico.

TOILERS MARCH.

Organized Workmen Observe Labor's Annual Holiday.

Chicago, Sept. 7.—Filing between vast throngs of applauding citizens, cheered by lusty lungs and inspired by the martial music of 23 bands, 40,000 of Chicago's sturdy sons of toil marched through the streets in honor of labor's great day.

Business was suspended, and the vast majority of the down-town stores were closed, but their employes, as a rule, did not mingle with labor's cohorts.

St. Louis, Sept. 7.—The feature of Labor day celebration in this city Monday was an address by Hon. W. J. Bryan at Concord park. The biggest crowd ever seen in the park greeted the speaker. His speech throughout was enthusiastically applauded. Previous to the meeting Mr. Bryan reviewed a parade of 15,000 laboring men.

Philadelphia, Sept. 7.—Crushing out of "government by injunction," the municipal ownership of gas and water plants and street railways, the government ownership of coal mines, telegraph service and railroads, and the establishment of postal savings banks —these were the keynotes with which John P. Altgeld sounded a grim warning and pointed a moral Monday afternoon. Altgeld was the principal speaker at a meeting of workingmen held under the auspices of the Union Labor league at Washington park on the Delaware.

Springfield, Ill., Sept. 7.—An immense labor day celebration was held here under the auspices of the Federated Trades assembly of Springfield. The city was gayly decorated with flags and bunting. There were excursions in the city from Peoria, Decatur, Jacksonville, Taylorville, Edwardsville and Glen Carbon, bringing thousands of strangers.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 7.—Labor day was not observed generally in Pittsburgh. All the mills, factories and other industrial establishments, with but few exceptions, were running as usual, and but few workmen laid off to celebrate the day.

Milwaukee, Sept. 7.—Labor day was appropriately celebrated in this city and throughout the state Monday. There were great demonstrations in Milwaukee, Oshkosh, Racine, La Crosse, Superior, Green Bay, Ashland and nearly all of the other manufacturing towns in the state.

TRIBUTE TO OUR SCHOOLS.

President McKinley's Eloquent Address at Ohio State Fair.

Columbus, O., Sept. 4. — President McKinley and his party were special guests of the Ohio state board of agriculture at the fair grounds in this city yesterday. It was school children's day at the fair, and thousands of little folks were scattered through the crowd. President McKinley directed his remarks in part to them, as follows:

"If I had been asked to select a greeting most agreeable to myself it would be that greeting which the committee has prepared of the children of the schools of the state assembled on these grounds. The presence of 40,000 school children commands our affection and inspires our hope, and I congratulate the children of Ohio that they enjoy exceptional opportunities for education at the hands of the government of the state. No other state has higher common school advantages than the state of Ohio. And it is gratifying to know that a half a million children every day in our state crowd the doorsteps of our public schools in thirst for knowledge to fit them for the grave and responsible duties of life. There is one thing of which the United States can proudly boast, and that is our great public school system, where the boys and girls from every walk of life assemble in full equality and enjoy equally with all their fellows the advantages of instruction. I congratulate you all for that. I am glad to meet these school children here to-day. Children's day it is to you now, but in a little while it will be citizens' day with all of you. Upon you in a little while will rest the duty as well as the responsibility of carrying on the great political fabric established by your fathers and bearing the glorious old banner they have so proudly borne in the past. God bless the school children of Ohio. God bless the school children of America, and guide them to intelligence and virtue and morality and patriotism, and with these elements dominating our citizenship our institutions are safe and our republic may be glorious forever." [Great applause.]

At the conclusion of the president's speech he was the recipient of an ovation from the school children and assembled multitude. Brief speeches were also made by Secretary Alger and Senator Hanna. After driving over the grounds the presidential party returned to the hotel. In the evening a complimentary dinner was given by the state board of agriculture to President McKinley and a brief informal reception followed. The president leaves for Canton this morning.

Fatal Railway Wreck.

Waterville, Me., Sept. 6.—An excursion train on the Maine Central railroad was wrecked Sunday morning two miles west of Etna station. One person was killed and 32 wounded. The train was carrying excursionists from Dover and Foxcraft to the Etna camp meeting. The breaking of a flange derailed and overturned a car containing 65 passengers.

Cotton Burned.

New York, Sept. 6.—Twelve hundred and eighty-nine bales of compressed cotton, which arrived from the south by the Morgan line and were to have been shipped east by the City of Fall River, were burned Saturday on the lighter Mystic alongside the Fall River line pier on the North river front. Loss, $25,000.

Man and Wife Drowned.

Plattsburg, N. Y., Sept. 6.—Forest H. Parker, president of the Produce Exchange bank of New York, and his wife, were drowned in Chain lake, in the Adirondacks. They had gone out in a row boat.

New Turkish Minister.

Constantinople, Sept. 4.—Rifaat Bey, until recently councilor of the Turkish embassy in London, has been appointed Turkish minister at Washington, in succession to Mustapha Tachsin Bey.

Heavy Exports.

Washington, Sept. 3.—The government exports for the first seven months of the calendar year were valued at $549,943,879, against $500,572,005 for the first seven months of last year.

NO STEP BACKWARD.

Business Continues to Show Gratifying Activity.

The Tone in All Branches Is Hopeful —Exports of Wheat and Corn Reach Large Figures—Decrease in Failures.

New York, Sept. 4.—Bradstreet's says of business conditions:

"Previous activity in all lines of trade is maintained. There is a better tone to demand from jobbers and the volume of business in wool, leather, clothing, hats, groceries and light hardware has increased. There is a better request for woolen and cotton goods, jewelry and rubber goods and for boots and shoes. Some wholesale merchants at western centers report the largest volume of August trade on record. There has been an increased consumption of cotton by southern mills. Western iron and steel mills have orders to keep them busy until January 1. In the central western states the bituminous coal strike has had a further depressing effect upon the general industrial situation. At the northwest some commercial houses have had to work overtime to meet the demand for goods, and the warm weather is reported to have practically assured the Indian corn crop. On the Pacific coast wheat exports have been checked by inability to secure crews for vessels. Mercantile collections have greatly improved in some sections. Last week's general and unprecedented expansion of prices for staples is continued, wool, cotton and woolen fabrics, hides, leather, white pine lumber, sashes and doors, iron and steel bars, billets and rods, wire nails, barbed wire and southern foundry iron, wheat, corn, lard and sugar having advanced and higher prices being expected for boots and shoes. Lower prices are recorded for cotton, wheat flour and coffee, while those for oats, pork, print cloths, petroleum and coal are unchanged.

As Viewed by Dun.

R. G. Dun & Co., in their weekly review of trade, say:

"Failures in August were in number not 17 per cent. less than in August, 1896, but in amount of liabilities 70.8 per cent. smaller. July and August show a lower average of liabilities per failure than has ever been known in any year or even in a quarter of the 23 years R. G. Dun & Co. have kept quarterly records. The improvement is also well distributed, extending to nearly every important branch of business, but in clothing, jewelry and unclassified trading only two months of the past forty-seven have shown smaller failures—in general stores and furniture only 3; in groceries, hats and iron manufacture only 4; in hat and chemical manufactures only 5, and in clothing manufacture only 6 months of the 47. The ratio of defaulted liabilities to payments at clearing houses has been smaller in July and August than in any other month since early in 1893.

Wheat and Corn.

"Wheat continued its reaction until it had fallen 4 cents more, but then rose 3 cents with the first revival of foreign buying. Western receipts are very large, though not quite as large as a year ago, but Atlantic exports, flour included, rose to 5,534,758 bushels for the week, against 2,175,453 last year. The estimates which command confidence still indicate a yield of 550,000,000 to 580,000,000 bushels winter wheat, turning out so much beyond expectations as to balance much of the loss in spring wheat. Foreign accounts do not improve, and unless much more deceptive than usual the demand for American wheat will far exceed the quantity which can be spared. Continued large exports of corn and buying for export show still more clearly the extent of deficiencies abroad. Western receipts for the week were 10,065,470 bushels, against 3,160,318 last year, and such a movement at this season implies a great export demand not yet reflected in outgo.

"Failures for the past week have been 191 in the United States, against 324 last year, and 25 against 31 in Canada."

A BANK WRECKED.

Institution at Durand, Ill., Closed—Cashier Is Missing.

Rockford, Ill., Sept. 3.—The Bank of Durand failed to open its doors yesterday and Charles A. Norton, cashier and general manager of the institution, has, it is said, skipped town, taking much if not all of the money on hand with him. He is said to have forged the names of prominent farmers to 27 notes for various amounts to rediscount his paper with the Rockford bank. This led to the discovery of alleged crooked work and he fled. The bank had in deposits about $30,000.

Missing Woman Appears.

Keokuk, Ia., Sept. 7.—July 22 the body of an unknown woman was found in a well near Wayland, Mo. It was supposed to be that of Mrs. A. Goins. Two men, named Aker and Hand, were arrested in Walworth county, Wis., and brought to Missouri for trial, where they are now in jail. Monday night Mrs. Goins created a sensation by coming to Keokuk from Wisconsin, leaving for Missouri later. The identity of the woman found in the well is still a mystery.

Germans Celebrate.

Cincinnati, Sept. 6.—The anniversary of the first settlement of the Germans in America, at Germantown, Pa., was celebrated here Sunday with the largest demonstration of the kind ever known in this city. Over 100 German societies participated. All the railways brought excursions. There were parades in the morning and over 40,000 people assembled in the Zoological gardens in the afternoon. Carl Schurz was the orator of the day.

Brothers Drowned.

Stevens Point, Wis., Sept. 6.—Two little sons of Adam Majewski, Mike and August, aged seven and five respectively, were drowned while playing on the banks of the Wisconsin river Saturday. It is not known exactly how the accident happened. The bodies were recovered.

President Leaves Canton.

Canton, O., Sept. 7.—President and Mrs. McKinley remained with their Canton friends until nine o'clock Monday night, when they boarded a Pennsylvania train for Somerset, Pa., there to be the guests of Abner McKinley, of New York, at his summer home.

American Killed by Turks.

London, Sept. 6.—A special from Canea, Island of Crete, says an American named Cyrus Thorpe has been killed by Turks near Hierapetra.

Snow in Scotland.

Edinburgh, Sept. 6. — A snowstorm has swept over Scotland. The Grampian hills are completely covered with snow.

Dropped Dead.

Racine, Wis., Sept. 7.—William Dassler, a tailor, dropped dead of apoplexy.

MINOR NEWS ITEMS.

For the Week Ending September 7.

E. B. Cuthbert & Co., brokers, failed in New York for $500,000.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, consul general, left Cuba for New York on a leave of absence.

An official estimate of the corn crop of Kansas this year placed it at 165,677,280 bushels.

During July 14,774 immigrants arrived in the United States, against 21,471 in July, 1896.

Four masked men held up a train at Irving Mountain, Col., and took $10,000 from the express car.

The First national bank of Greensburg, Ind., closed its doors with liabilities of nearly $100,000.

Virginia republicans will hold their state convention at Lynchburg October 5 to nominate a state ticket.

With appropriate ceremonies the centennial anniversary of the founding of Waynesboro, Pa., was observed.

On the farm of Nathan Cox in Taylor county, Ky., his two young sons were bitten by rattlesnakes and died.

Seth Low has signified his acceptance of the nomination by the Citizens' union for mayor of Greater New York.

The queen regent of Spain will receive Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, the new United States minister, on the 13th inst.

Mrs. G. M. McQuillan was killed and eight persons were seriously injured by the derailing of a train near Cortland, N. Y.

After ten years of comparative luxury Jack McAuliffe, the pugilist, has returned to his old occupation, that of a cooper.

Enrico Mathou, a well-known banker and promoter of several gigantic schemes in Central America, has failed for over $3,000,000.

Charles E. Gower, a molder of Allegheny, Pa., was shot and killed by tramps on a freight train near Beaver Falls. His four companions were robbed.

Thomas R. Morgan, Sr., head of the Morgan Engineering company, dropped dead at Alliance O., from apoplexy. He was an intimate friend of President McKinley.

JEALOUS MAN'S DEED.

Kills His Wife and Puts a Bullet Into His Own Brain at Toledo.

Toledo, O., Sept. 7.—Monday afternoon, in a fit of jealous rage, S. R. Ashwell shot and killed his wife, then turned the weapon upon himself and inflicted injuries that will cause his death. He has been insanely jealous of her, and has repeatedly threatened her life. Ashwell entered the house as his wife sat at the dinner table with her sister at 1513 Scott street, and, without a word, drew his revolver and began shooting. At the first shot she fell under the table, begging him to desist. Her sister, Mrs. Wilson, interfered, and he attempted to shoot her, but she escaped. Then he fired two more shots into the body of his wife, walked out into the back yard and sent a bullet into his own brain.

VAGRANTS BURNED TO DEATH.

Set Fire to a North Dakota Jail and Three Perish in the Flames.

Fargo, N. D., Sept. 6.—Tramps began to rob and pillage stores at Conway, a small town in western Walsh county, Saturday afternoon. The city marshal and a posse captured three of the ringleaders after a hard fight and placed them in the city jail. At one o'clock Sunday morning the jail was discovered on fire and before the flames could be extinguished one of the vagrants was cremated and the other two have since died of frightful burns. It is supposed the men tried to burn a hole through which they could escape and the blaze got beyond their control.

Czar and Sultan Agree.

London, Sept. 6.—The Constantinople correspondent of the Standard says he is credibly informed that the sultan has been in direct communication with the czar and that the correspondence has resulted in the making of mutual arrangements by which the sultan agrees never to use his influence against Russia in central Asia and the czar pledges himself to uphold Turkish rights in Europe.

Farmer Strangled to Death.

Tecumseh, Neb., Sept. 6.—Joseph Mason, a wealthy farmer of Johnson county, was found dead in his dooryard Saturday morning. Finger prints on his throat gave evidence of strangulation. If he was murdered there is no clew as to his murderer. Mr. Mason had been enjoying good health and was in excellent financial condition. He leaves a family well provided for.

Fusion in Nebraska.

Lincoln, Neb., Sept. 3.—As predicted at the start by the party leaders, the three parties, democratic, populist and silver republican, joined hands in fusion and the ticket placed in the field is: For supreme judge, John J. Sullivan (dem.), Columbus; for one state university regent, E. Von Forell, of Kearney (pop.); for the other regent, George F. Kenower, of Wisner (silver rep.).

Five Hundred Meet Death.

London, Sept. 7.—A special dispatch from Madrid says that Mont Mayon, south of the Island of Luzon, Philippine islands, is in a state of violent eruption and that the streams of lava thrown out by the eruption reach to the seashore, a distance of 20 miles. Several villages have been destroyed and 500 persons are reported to have been killed.

Farmers Holding Wheat.

Frankfort, Ky., Sept. 7.—The agricultural commissioner's report shows that 65 per cent. of Kentucky's 11,000,000 bushel crop of wheat is still in the hands of the farmers of the state.

Woman Bicycle Rider Killed.

Boston, Sept. 7.—Miss Mabel Morrill, aged 22 years, of East Cambridge, while riding a bicycle, fell into an excavation and was killed.

YELLOW FEVER.

It Is Said to Be Epidemic at Ocean Springs, Miss.

Quarantine Measures Are Adopted at Several Points—One Death in New Orleans—Little Danger of the Plague Spreading.

Jackson, Miss., Sept. 7.—Gov. McLaurin has just received the following telegram from two members of the state board of health, who went to Ocean Springs, Miss., Sunday to investigate the yellow fever scare:

"After a most thorough investigation in every conceivable light, it is the unanimous opinion of representatives of Louisiana, Alabama and Mississippi state boards of health and the marine hospital service that the fever now prevailing in Ocean Springs is yellow fever.
(Signed) "H. H. HARRANSON,
"J. F. HUNTER."

Flee from the Fever.

Mobile, Ala., Sept. 7.—Despite the quarantine proclamation against yellow fever sufferers at Ocean Springs and vicinity, about 100 persons from Scranton, Biloxi, etc., tried to get into Mobile on the midnight train, but the police surrounded the cars and but four passengers were let off, they being through from New Orleans and being subject to examination by the physicians here. The others were taken on to a point above Mobile, where they will be transferred to the west-bound train and taken back where they came from. It is said the excitement down the road is very great and that crowds went into New Orleans on the late trains. They did not wait for their baggage, and some did not even fully clothe themselves, such was their hurry to leave.

New Orleans Excited Over News.

New Orleans, Sept. 7.—President Olliphant, of the Louisiana board of health, sent a telegram to that board here at ten o'clock confirming the report that the physicians at Ocean Springs had declared the prevailing sickness undoubtedly yellow fever. The doctors of three states came to this conclusion after holding an autopsy on the body of a person who died Sunday.

The fever has been prevalent at Ocean Springs for some time. Two weeks ago, after a careful investigation, the Louisiana authorities declared the disease to be dengue, which it probably was at that time, the disease being mild and the death rate trifling. During the past week, however, the disease has become more virulent and has probably developed into yellow jack.

Decides Upon Quarantine.

The state board of health has decided to enforce a rigid quarantine against Biloxi and Ocean Springs. Quarantine will also be enforced against the other watering places on the gulf coast until President Olliphant returns and more light is obtained on the situation. Guards are to be put on the trains and at the stations, all baggage is to be fumigated and every precaution is to be taken to keep the disease out of the city. The Louisville & Nashville trains have been ordered not to stop at either Biloxi or Ocean Springs. The houses of all people who have returned to New Orleans in the past two days are to be thoroughly fumigated.

Dies of Yellow Fever in New Orleans.

New Orleans, Sept. 7.—Raoul Gelpi, who had been spending the summer at Ocean Springs, was brought to this city Thursday and died Monday. Dr. Walmsley, acting president of the board of health, after an autopsy, announced that Gelpi had died of yellow fever. The board of health has taken charge of the house, which will be thoroughly fumigated and disinfected, and will take all steps to prevent a spread of the disease. The deceased was buried Monday evening. No one was allowed to attend the funeral. Gelpi was 31 years of age.

Doubted in Washington.

Washington, Sept. 7.—The latest information received by Dr. Bailbache, acting surgeon general of the marine hospital service, is to the effect that the disease reported at Ocean Springs, Miss., is yellow fever. This information comes from Assistant Surgeon Wasdin, whose regular station is at Mobile, but who was granted permission to go to Ocean Springs in company with other physicians, and it is in accord with the conclusions reached by Messrs. Harralson and Hunter, of the Mississippi state borad of health, in their report to Gov. McLaurin. Dr. Wasdin's dispatch is as follows: "A second autopsy confirms the diagnosis of yellow fever. There is general acquiescence in this opinion. The town is nearly depopulated. No need of great alarm." Notwithstanding the opinion reached by Dr. Wasdin, the officials here are loath to believe that the disease is yellow fever. While attaching much importance to Dr. Wasdin's conclusions, the bureau, in view of the gravity of the subject, will await a report from Dr. John Guiteras, of the University of Pennsylvania, who has been requested to proceed to Ocean Springs, before any action is taken. The latter is an authority on the disease.

Victory for Strikers.

Philadelphia, Sept. 7.—The strike of the pantaloon makers is practically over and resulted in the contractors acceding to all the demands of the workers. One firm still refuses to come to terms, but it is expected that a settlement with this firm will be reached. With the exception of the employes of this firm, all the strikers returned to work Monday.

Prohibition Candidate for Mayor.

New York, Sept. 7.—The prohibition city convention have nominated William T. Wardwell for mayor of Greater New York; Alfred H. Walker for comptroller, and Thomas Crawford for president of the council. Mr. Wardell is treasurer of the Standard Oil company.

New York Has 2,000,000 People.

New York, Sept. 6.—The population of New York passed the 2,000,000 mark last week, according to the report of the bureau of vital statistics for the week ended Saturday. According to the report the population is 2,000,916.

MINNESOTA STATE NEWS

Foreign Stone.

The contract for the construction of the new state capitol was let by the board of commissioners to the Butler-Ryan company, of St. Paul, the contract price being $690,000. The material to be used is Minnesota (St. Cloud) granite for the basement, superstructure of Georgia white marble, and dome foundation and piers of Kettle River sandstone.

It was evident from the prolonged session of the board that its members could not agree upon the kind of material which should enter into the construction of Minnesota's new state house, and this final result of their deliberations, which is in the nature of a compromise, was not altogether unexpected.

As to the labor interest affected there will be three years' work furnished by this contract to the granite cutters of Minnesota. The rough marble, to be finished at St. Paul, will supply many months of employment to Minnesota workers in soft stone, for granite cutters and soft stone cutters are distinct classes and unable to perform each other's tasks.

As to the amounts of the bid accepted, it is only $5,000 less than the entire amount supposed to be available for the superstructure.

Made a Member.

James J. Hill has been made a life member of the First Minnesota regiment. This was done in recognition of the many courtesies President Hill has conferred upon the Old First, and especially the favors shown at the time of the recent trip to dedicate the monument at Gettysburg. At that time Mr. Hill gave free transportation over the Great Northern road to any members of the First who lived on his lines, and who wished to go to Minneapolis to rejoin the regiment in the excursion to the Gettysburg field. Last of his favors was the bestowal of four Great Northern sleepers for the use of the train and the securing of the remaining number from the Soo and Northern Pacific roads.

Gold at Duluth.

Gus Schroeder, a Duluth policeman who was let out the first of the month as a result of the mayor's policy of retrenchment, is prospecting for gold within the city limits, and he has already found color. He is an old miner and believes he has found a quartz vein bearing gold in paying quantities. Recently he crushed out a small piece of ore and he was rewarded by several specks of gold. He also says that he has good reason to believe there is a placer mining field in the city.

Narrow Escape.

The tenement house of Frank Drowskowski, at Little Falls was totally destroyed by fire, with all the contents. The occupants of the building had a narrow escape and were carried out in their night clothes. The families burned out are those of Peter Miller, Frank Kenopkie, John Drowskowski, Peter Kenopkie. Their loss on the building is $1,800, partially insured. The fire is supposed to be of incendiary origin.

To the Scrap Pile.

Rumors concerning the fate of Hotel Lafayette are again afloat, and it comes on good authority that next season the big building will be demolished. If this is true, it will be a most serious blow to Lake Minnetonka interests, and will practically ruin the north shore as a place of residence except for those who have already established themselves there.

News in Brief.

A farmer near Wells lost 27 hogs by cholera.

Carl Anderson was enticed from the side of his family at the Union depot in St. Paul by bunco men and robbed of $35.

Parry Long, who came to Minneapolis in 1853, died at the age of 99 years.

A stranger unsuccessfully attempted to pass forged checks upon several Red Wing firms. The forger escaped.

The corner stone of the new church of St. Vincent de Paul was laid by Archbishop Ireland at St. Paul, the ceremonies accompanying the event being unusually impressive.

The safe in the Northwestern depot at Redwood Falls was blown open by burglars, the outer door being blown off, but they failed to penetrate the second door leading to the money chest and tickets. The money drawer in the office was rifled, but the burglars secured nothing.

Mrs. Karst, of Grand Meadow, attempted to fill a gasoline stove while burning. She was enveloped in flames in a minute. She died the next day.

A. J. Roekne has been appointed receiver of the Bank of Zumbrota.

While hauling hay a few days ago, Postmaster Brown, of Popple, saw four bears within forty rods of the postoffice. Several in the vicinity have lost sheep, which it was supposed wolves had taken.

The prison committee has ordered about $13,000 worth of additional twine machinery for the state prison, increasing its capacity one-third. It was bought of the John Good Manufacturing company in New Jersey.

Van Dusen, Harrington & Co., of Minneapolis, bought the R. D. Hubbard flouring mill at Mankato for $68,675. This mill was among the assets of the Hubbard Milling company, which made an assignment a few weeks ago.

The common council of Little Falls has passed an ordinance closing the saloons at midnight and prohibiting gambling.

Guy Earl Baker, of Minneapolis, while rowing a boat on Lake Minnetonka, was seized with a fit, and falling into the water was drowned.

During a severe electrical storm at St. Cloud, Sam Orion's big barn south of the reformatory was struck and burned to the ground. Ten horses were stunned and one killed. Nine men were asleep in the barn and three of them, including Charles Volley, were severely stunned, but all got out. Loss on barn about $1,500.

THE LUETGERT TRIAL.

Summary of Testimony Given by Witnesses for the Prosecution.

Chicago, Sept. 4.—Yesterday was the fifth day in the trial of Adolph Luetgert, the sausage maker, charged with murdering his wife and destroying her remains in a vat in his factory. Thus far witnesses for the prosecution have sworn that Luetgert hated his wife,

ADOLPH L. LUETGERT.

that his actions on the night of May 1 were suspicious, that stuff found in the vat contained flesh and bones, efforts of the police to find the missing woman have been futile, and rings found in the vat have been identified by a friend of Mrs. Luetgert as belonging to the supposed murdered woman.

Chicago, Sept. 6.—The strongest blow of the week was given the defense in the Luetgert trial Saturday. Mrs. Christine Feldt, in whom the state presents the motive for the alleged crime, took the stand for the prosecution and furnished the most sensational episode

MRS. LOUISE LUETGERT.

of the hearing. She related declarations made by the defendant which tended strongly to show that he purposed doing violence to his wife as soon as his business troubles were over and settled. She produced letters which he had written to her while in jail. They contained expressions of love, devotion and vows of fidelity. They informed the woman that if she would stand by Luetgert he would go away with her when the trouble was over and they would ever after be happy in each other's company.

BALL AND BAT.

Standing of Leading Clubs for the Week Ended September 6.

The following tables show the number of games won and lost and the percentage of the clubs of the leading baseball organizations. National league:

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Per ct.
Baltimore	77	33	.700
Boston	79	35	.693
New York	71	39	.645
Cincinnati	64	46	.582
Cleveland	57	54	.514
Chicago	51	63	.447
Washington	48	60	.444
Brooklyn	50	63	.442
Philadelphia	50	64	.439
Pittsburgh	47	62	.431
Louisville	49	65	.430
St. Louis	27	86	.239

Western league:

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Per ct.
Indianapolis	83	32	.722
Columbus	76	43	.639
St. Paul	77	46	.626
Milwaukee	73	49	.598
Detroit	64	58	.525
Minneapolis	41	85	.325
Kansas City	33	89	.299
Grand Rapids	35	85	.292

Western association:

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Per ct.
Cedar Rapids	73	36	.670
St. Joseph	70	39	.642
Des Moines	56	52	.519
Rockford	56	54	.509
Quincy	53	57	.482
Peoria	49	59	.454
Dubuque	46	63	.422
Burlington	33	76	.303

Quarrel Ends in Murder.

Richland Center, Wis., Sept. 7.—Dick Thompson was almost instantly killed by Jerome Fry, 13 miles northeast of this city. The men had trouble at a public sale and Thompson followed Fry home.

THE MARKETS.

New York, Sept. 7.

LIVE STOCK—Native Steers	$4 40	@ 5 20
Sheep	3 25	@ 4 25
Hogs	4 50	@ 4 75
FLOUR—Minnesota Patents	5 40	@ 5 85
Minnesota Bakers'	4 40	@ 4 70
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	1 02¼	@ 1 02½
September	1 00	@ 1 00½
CORN—No. 2	35⅞	@ 36
September	36	@ 36¼
OATS—No. 2	23¼	@ 23¾
BUTTER—Creamery	12	@ 18
Factory	8	@ 12
CHEESE—Large, White	9¼	@ 9½
EGGS—Western	16	@ 16½

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Shipping Steers	$2 85	@ 5 45
Butchers' Steers	3 60	@ 4 25
Stockers	3 25	@ 3 90
Feeders	3 80	@ 4 50
Cows	1 90	@ 4 20
HOGS—Light	4 15	@ 4 42½
Rough	3 80	@ 3 95
SHEEP	2 45	@ 4 25
BUTTER—Creamery	12	@ 17
Dairy	9	@ 15
EGGS	12	@ 12½
POTATOES (per bu.)	50	@ 58
PORK—Mess, September	8 82½	@ 8 85
LARD—October	4 75	@ 4 82½
FLOUR—Patents	5 10	@ 6 25
Straights	4 80	@ 5 20
GRAIN—Wheat, September	93⅞	@ 94
Corn, September	30⅞	@ 30⅞
Oats, September	19	@ 19½
Rye	49	@ 49¼
Barley, Choice, New	38	@ 42

MILWAUKEE.

GRAIN—Wheat, No. 2 Spring	$ 93	@ 93½
Corn, No. 3	30	@ 30½
Oats, No. 2 White	21½	@ 22½
Barley, No. 2	44	@ 44½
Rye, No. 1	50	@ 50½
PORK—Mess	8 85	@ 8 90
LARD	4 75	@ 4 80

DETROIT.

GRAIN—Wheat, No. 2 Red	$ 94½	@ 95
Corn, No. 2	32	@ 32¼
Oats, No. 2 White	22½	@ 23
Rye, No. 2	40½	@ 41

ST. LOUIS.

CATTLE—Shipping Natives	$4 20	@ 5 15
Stockers and Feeders	3 50	@ 4 40
HOGS	4 00	@ 4 [illegible]
SHEEP	3 00	@ 3 75

OMAHA.

CATTLE—Native Steers	$4 10	@ 5 00
Texas	3 [illegible]	@ 4 00
Stockers and Feeders	3 50	@ 4 50
HOGS	4 00	@ 4 12½
SHEEP	2 75	@ 4 00

HUMOROUS.

—Hicks—"Have a good time out riding this evening?" Wicks (neophyte)—"Not so good a time as the people who were watching me."—Boston Transcript.

—"He is one of the leading lawyers of the town." "Gets pretty big fees, eh?" "I should say so. Why, it is almost as cheap to buy the grand jury as to hire him."—Truth.

—"Are you one of the striking miners?" asked the woman at the door. "Yes, mum. I'm what dey call a pioneer. I struck 30 years ago and I've never give in yet."—Detroit Free Press.

—Not Spiritual Methods.—"Even a fly can do good by getting a man awake in time to attend church." "Yes, but it doesn't put him in the proper frame of mind to go there."—Chicago Record.

—"They say people in this country spend more money on bicycles than on bread." "That's queer; bicycles can't be eaten." "I know; but then people can't show off with a loaf of bread."—Chicago Record.

—A Consistent Woman.—Mrs. Gilfoyle—"Mrs. Bargain Hunter is a thoroughly consistent woman." Mrs. Kilduff—"Is she?" Mrs. Gilfoyle—"Yes; she is. She has marked her five o'clock teas down to 4:57."—Puck.

—"Do you always say your prayers at bedtime, Mary?" asked the Sunday-school teacher affectionately. "No, miss, not regular, I don't," was the reply. "Why, Mary, are you not afraid to go to sleep at night without asking a blessing?" "Not when I sleep in the middle I ain't, miss."—Household Words.

CONVICT'S SELF-DENIAL.

Saved Tobacco He Received in Prison to Sell for His Family.

Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue Ryan had a queer caller the other day. He was a middle-aged man and carried a heavy valise. He said the valise contained tobacco, which he was anxious to sell, so he could give the money to his family. He was afraid he might be breaking the law and asked Mr. Ryan for advice. The latter asked his caller where he got the tobacco, and the man said:

"For several years I have been a convict in the penitentiary at Michigan City. I was sent up from Indianapolis, and my wife and children still live here. My wife—poor woman—is in poverty, and my children are not big enough to do for themselves. I have been looking out for over a year to this trip home. I knew that my family had no money and that they were sufferin', so I just thought of a plan to help them out when I got home. You know that every convict is allowed tobacco at regular times. If I do say it myself—and it has caused me an awful lot of sufferin'—I have denied myself my tobacco and hid away the plugs as they came into me, so that I could sell them when I got out to relieve my wife and little ones. The tobacco that I have been saving so long is in that valise. There is not a plug in there that isn't as good as the day I got it. I have wrapped them up in tinfoil, so they have kept moist and preserved their flavor. Now, I want to be a law-abiding man from this day on, and I want to know how I can sell this tobacco without violatin' the law, just for the benefit of my wife and children, who need it so bad, the Lord knows, after these years of neglect."

There were tears in the man's eyes when he had concluded his story, and there was a suspicious moisture about the deputy's eyes.

"Before you can sell this tobacco," said the deputy, "you will have to give a bond with acceptable surety for $2,000, and you will have to put a six-cent government stamp on each plug."

The man's head dropped and he looked sick at heart. That would mean the failure of his merciful enterprise.

"Ordinarily that would be the case," said Mr. Ryan, "but I tell you, my man, I don't think that the government would get after you if you would dispose of this to your friends."

A great weight seemed lifted off of the man's mind as he dried his eyes, lifted his valise and trudged off with it down the stairs into the street.—Indianapolis News.

Modern Knighthood.

Knighthood is a cheap commodity in these days. It is modern royalty's substitute for largesse, and, in the historic week that is before us, it will, of course, be scattered broadcast. Though all men sneer at it, there are few who do not covet it. If report speaks truly, 250 applications for the honor have already been received by the authorities at court, and it is likely that most of these fevered, outstretched hands will be allowed to grasp the dingy patent. After all, a title is still a title. The provincial mayor delights to think that, into whatsoever house he enters, his name will be announced with the very same prefix as would be the name of the best-emblazoned baronet, and that his wife will be as good, colloquially, as a marchioness. Even now, the number of those who are not knighted exceeds the number of those who are. Time, doubtless, will reverse these figures. It is quite possible that in the next century a form of application for knighthood will be sent out annually to every householder, and be thrown with other circulars into the waste-paper basket. Further still in the future, knighthood may be one of the lighter punishments of the law. "Forty shillings or a knighthood" sounds quite possible.—London Saturday Review.

Natural Advantages.

Teacher—What kind of a bird did Noah send out of the ark?

Small Boy—A dove.

"I am surprised to find that the smallest boy in the class is the only one to know."

"Please, teacher, his father keeps a bird store."—N. Y. World.

Home Again.

Gavin—Hello! Back from the seashore so soon?

Bailey—Yes. I want to get a little rest before returning to work.—Up-to-Date.

GREASE STOPPED ENGINE.

Exciting Incident Responsible for Nicknaming of an Eastern Road.

"When the road was first built," the story-telling railroad man continued, "which now runs from Harrisburg to Canandaigua, N. Y., it was nicknamed the 'Davy Crockett,' and for many years thereafter the name clung. It was brought about in this way:

"One dark night, when the conductor was taking three passenger cars through to Sunbury, he noticed the headlight of a locomotive in the rear. He instantly informed the engineer of the fact and both began speculating what it meant. The train was running at a high rate of speed, but the headlight in the rear was gaining steadily on them. As there was no lights in the rear of the headlight, they concluded it must be an empty engine. That road twists in and out among the mountains and skirts the banks of the Susquehanna river in such a way as to permit anyone looking back to observe what is going on in the rear for a considerable distance.

"The conductor ordered the engineer to put on more steam, and the latter pulled the throttle wide open. Then followed a wild chase through the night. Pursuer and pursued tore along at the highest speed. Everybody on the cars believed that the engineer of the pursuing engine was either drunk or crazy.

"At last a bright idea struck the engineer. He recalled the fact that a locomotive can make little progress on greasy rails. The contents of two large cans of lard oil were poured on the tracks from the rear of the last passenger coach. The idea proved a great one. Soon the headlight of the pursuing engine grew dim in the distance. When it was safe to do so the train stopped and backed up to solve the mystery. A very funny sight was revealed.

"One of the finest engines on the road, called the 'Davy Crockett'—they gave the locomotives names in those days instead of numbers—had broken away from a hostler up in Williamsport and started down the track on a voyage of destruction. The oil poured on the track had baffled all the destructive abilities that locomotive possessed. There stood the 'Davy Crockett,' puffing and snorting like a Texas steer, the driving wheels buzzing around on the greased track like a flywheel in a machineshop, but hardly moving an inch."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE WILD HOG OF MEXICO.

A Vicious Brute Which Seems to Have No Notion of Fear.

"The most vicious and fearless of the brute creation is the peccary, or wild hog, of Mexico," says C. W. Bartlett, of Laredo, Tex. "This animal seems utterly devoid of the emotion of fear. I have never seen it turn a hair's breadth out of its path for any living thing. Man is its special bete noir. It displays an intelligence in fighting the human strangely at variance with its apparently complete lack of mental instinct. They are rarely found singly, but go in droves of from hundreds to thousands. Their ability to scent men is particularly marked. I have known a drove of them to scent a man a mile off and strike as straight for him as an arrow flies. There is no use to try to frighten them with guns. The cannonading of a full battery would have no more effect on them than the popping of a firecracker. The only thing to do when they get after you is to run away from them as fast as a horse can carry you. And then there is no certainty that they won't catch you. They are nearly as swift as a horse and their endurance is as great as their viciousness.

"A friend of mine encountered a drove of them in a wild part of Mexico a few years ago and his escape was miraculous. He very foolishly shot and wounded a number of them. Then he took refuge in a tree. The peccaries kept him in the tree all that day and through the night. They circled round the tree, grunting and squealing their delight at the prospect of a feast. He soon exhausted his ammunition and brought down a peccary at each fire. But this had no terrors for the beasts. Along toward morning the brutes began to eat the ones he had killed, and when they thus satisfied the cravings of their stomachs they formed in line and trotted off. If they had not had some of their own number to devour they would have guarded that tree until my friend, through sheer exhaustion, dropped from his perch and allowed them to make a meal off him. The wildcats and tigers that infest the Mexican wilds flee from the peccaries with instinctive fear, and even rattlesnakes keep out of their path."—St. Louis Republic.

Murderous Baboons.

A species of baboon inhabiting the colony of the Cape of Good Hope has become a pest to the farmers by destroying their lambs. The baboons haunt the clumps of cactus scattered through the fields and exhibit much cunning in keeping out of the reach of their human enemies. It is asserted that they have taken note of the fact that women do not carry firearms, and therefore need not be feared. But when a man appears the baboons instantly take to their heels. On this account the farmers have lately devised the plan of dressing in women's apparel when they set out to shoot baboons.—Youth's Companion.

A Correction.

"Benjamin," said Mr. Bloobumper to his son, "I heard you allude to a young lady as a 'peach.' You must not do that."

"Do you object to slang, father?"

"Yes, especially to incorrect slang. The feminine form of 'peach' is 'peacherino.'"—N. Y. Journal.

Hard Tree to Kill.

The "life tree" of Jamaica is harder to kill than any other species of woody growth known to arboriculturists. It continues to grow and thrive for months after being uprooted and exposed to the sun.—N. Y. Sun.

A PICNIC IN TINTOWN.

One Which "De Lord Doan Seem Ter 'Prove Of."

The little church in Tintown was going to give a picnic to raise money to pay off Elder Tidings. There had been meetings of committee for a solid week arranging as to where the flock should go, and as to what each should furnish, and as to who should be manager-in-chief of the affair. Some suggested that they should have a flatboat and go up to Towhead island, and others said: "No, we'll des walk up de river till we gits hongry 'nuff ter eat an' den drap down." "What's de matter wid havin' it right hyar to home in our own chutch?" said Rev. Jenkins.

"Dat's de very thing," exclaimed a chorus of voices.

It was finally arranged that each woman who attended the church picnic was to take a well-filled basket, covered with heavy paper, a card inside bearing her name. The baskets were to go to the highest bidder, and the purchaser was to eat with the "good sister" that brought the basket. All of the darkys in Tintown were at once caught with the spirit of the scheme, and arrangements were begun at once, and what preparations they began to make for it. It is hard to beat a southern darky when it comes to cooking, and cakes, pies, chicken and other good things began to find their way into the baskets.

The night for the picnic at last came around, and the little tin church was thrown open for th occasion. Uncle Mosby, a pious looking old deacon, was selected to sell the baskets. Uncle Mosby always looked pious when there was anything going on around the meeting house, but Uncle Mosby had been in jail once for taking a sack of meal from a mill door.

Darkys old and young, children and all, came crowding into the church. Such laughing and moving up to the pulpit where the baskets were to be sold. Uncle Mosby arose, and as he waved his hand for silence said:

"Dis hyar picnic is fer de ben'fit uv de chutch, de cookin' is garanteed, highest bidder gits de grub, cash down, mine yo'."

An old negro at this point arose and said that he would cut a white cake with a ring inside, 15 cents cash down, and the ring guaranteed.

The first basket brought 20 cents, but Uncle Mosby gave them to understand that no more would go at that price.

The bidding became better. It was just here that a new feature was introduced. Jim Drake, a drunken steamboat rouster, came in, displaying $4 or $5, and began to bid. An old sister by the name of Jane Lanein, yelled out: "He carn't eat wid me."

Several others made this same statement but Jim held his ground, and said: "My money is des as good as anybody's money."

"Yo' money is Satin's money!" yelled Aunt Jane.

"Yes, an' yo'd like ter hav' ol' Satin plaster'd all over yo'!" said Jim.

Uncle Mosby waved his hand and said: "Dis hyar picnic am gwine ter be run on principuls uv respec', an' bein' yer ain't in no respectubul condishun, Jim, yo' can't buy no grub."

"Ize jes er bout as 'specterbul ez yo' wuz when yo' stale dat sack er meal, yo' ol' lyin' hipperit."

Uncle Mosby went for him, and squashed a basket over his head. Chicken and "pop" flew in every direction, and four or five joined in the fracas. The women yelled and some one turned out the lights. Jim, the rouster, escaped in the darkness, and took a basket with him as he went, and when an old negro struck a match Uncle Mosby and Elder Jenkins were fighting over in a corner, each thinking that the other was Jim.

When peace was restored it was discovered that seven baskets were missing, and that the cake with the "gold ring" was also gone.

No one knew where they had gone.

Uncle Mosby slowly pinned the collar of his shirt, scratched his head, and said:

"So fur ez Ize concern'd de picnic is adjourn'd. Le Lawd doan seem ter 'prov uv 'em jes now."

Reaching for one of the large baskets he started for the door, saying:

"Peace on urth—good will ter men. Good-night."—Louisville Dispatch.

Delicious Desserts for Summer.

Heavy puddings should be given up entirely during the hot weather. Fresh fruit, if obtainable, may take their place, otherwise a bowl of whipped cream, a caramel, custard, an old-fashioned rice pudding, Bavarian cream, cold farina custard, floating island or dandy pudding will answer every purpose. To make an old-fashioned rice pudding, wash two tablespoonfuls of rice; add to it two quarts of milk, half a cup of raisins, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a grating of nutmeg. Cook one and a half hours in a slow oven, stirring occasionally for at least three-quarters of an hour, then bake, allowing a thin crust to form. Serve cold, with or without cream. A delicious orange puree may be made by peeling nice, juicy oranges and removing all the white skin. Then with a sharp knife cut down the thin sk'n at the side of each carpel, taking out just the pulp, being careful to reject the seeds. At serving time put a portion in a glass, add a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, and about two of shaved ice. Serve at once.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Much Impressed.

Some persons never can make an investment in any article of apparel without finding an excuse for calling everybody's attention to it. Occasionally this proceeding meets with a merited rebuke. "What do you think of that pair of shoes for three dollars and a half?" asked a man of this sort, exhibiting his latest purchase to a friend. "I think it's a good deal of leather for the money," replied his friend, walking around him in a wide circle and looking at the shoes in profound astonishment.—Leisure Hours.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—"Black Beauty," that celebrated story of a horse, is used as a reading book in the public schools of Minneapolis.

—Mr. H. N. Higginbotham, of Chicago, has offered $300 in prizes for the best essays on "The Field Museum" by pupils of the public schools of that city.

—Bishop Thoburn now suffers from a broken arm. While riding from Naini-Tal, Northwest provinces, India, to inspect the missions in Eastern Kumaon, he was thrown from his pony.

—Uganda has advanced enough in civilization to have a hospital established by the government at Mengo, the capital. It will have a men's ward with six beds, a woman's ward with four beds, an operating room and a storeroom. A missionary doctor will be in charge.

—Ex-Ambassador Bayard, before returning home from England, procured a reproduction of the chair used by John Bunyan in Bedford jail, as also a copy of the charges under which he was committed to prison, and proposes to present them to the Baptists at Wilmington, Del.

—Dr. Cheyne, of Oxford, the well-known student of the Old Testament, will deliver a course of lectures at the Union theological seminary, New York, in the autumn, on "Israel After the Exodus." He is also to lecture in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and perhaps at other points.

INDIAN INK.

Consul Fraser Reports on How It Is Manufactured.

An interesting account of the manufacture of the so-called Indian ink, which is made only in the Anhui province of China, is given by Mr. Fraser, our consul at Wuku, on the Yang-tsze, in his last trade report. It is more correctly called China ink—encre de Chine—and from Anhui it goes to every part of China and all over the world. In 1895 about two tons of it, valued at £564, were exported from Shanghai to foreign countries. The materials with which this beautiful black ink is made are sesamum or colza oil, or the oil expressed from the poisonous seeds of a tree extensively cultivated in the Yangtsze valley, and also well known in Japan. To this varnish and pork fat are added. The lamp-black made by the combustion of these substances is classed according to the materials and the grade of fineness, and also according to the time taken over the process of combustion. The paste made of this lampblack has some glue added, and is beaten on wooden anvils with steel hammers. Two good hammers can prepare in a day 80 pieces, each weighing half a pound. A certain quantity of musk of the muskdeer, or of Baroos camphor, for scenting, and gold leaves, varying from 20 to 100 to the pound, are added to give a metallic luster. The materials thus prepared are molded in molds of carved wood, dried, which takes about 20 days in fine weather, and adorned with Chinese characters in gilding. About 32 average-sized sticks of ink go to the pound. The price varies from two shillings or less per pound to as much as seven pounds, there being over a dozen different grades. Nearly all writing is done by the natives throughout China, Japan, Corea, Tongking and Anam with this China ink, rubbed down on a stone ink slab, and applied with a paint brush of sable, fox or rabbit hair, set in a bamboo holder, and when not in use carefully covered with a protecting brass cap. The superior kinds of this ink appear to be used in China, and not exported.—Manufacturer.

Reasons for Divorce.

A North German spouse sought release from a brute of a husband because he advertised her to go to the masquerade as a captive balloon, with a string tied around her ankle. In Idaho of late a wife of that region sought a bill of divorcement, one count in her indictment being that her husband smoked a pipe in their bedroom. In his demurrer he declared that he smoked only the best tobacco; that his wife knew he smoked when he married her, and might rationally have expected the occasional fumigation of their dormitory. He declared also that he habitually smoked on the doorstep, except when it rained, and that his wife objected to his going to the saloon when it did; as to his smoking in the parlor, he averred that he tried it once in his early conjugal days, and had no inclination to repeat the experiment. He was therefore forced to take occasional refuge in the bedroom, but generally smoked out of the window, as a loving and considerate husband should do. No statute was found in the Idaho codex covering the case, which the judge advised them to settle out of court on a basis of mutual tolerance and conciliation.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Not in Good Form.

A couple of stylishly-dressed young women met on Market street yesterday, shook hands, kissed, inquired after each other's health and proceeded to gossip. Suddenly one paused, and, staring at the other in surprise, asked:

"What in the world makes you look so thin?"

"Thin? Why, I weigh more than I ever did."

"But you look as slim as a rail."

The slender girl reflected a moment, then blushed furiously.

"Oh, let me get off the street. I must be a fright," she exclaimed. "I left my hips at home on a chair."—San Francisco Post.

She Wanted to Know.

It was at Asbury Park, and Johnnie Masher had ardently declared his love to Nellie Chaffee.

"I am wholly yours, Mr. Masher," the happy girl replied; "but would you kindly leave your card before you go? Not as a guarantee of good faith," she explained, "but I am curious to know your full name."—Tammany Times.

PINE COUNTY PIONEER

E. 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., SEPT. 10, 1897.

THE NEW STATE CAPITOL.

From the Duluth Evening Herald.

There is a story afloat that the St. Cloud people, who are kicking strongly because the capitol commission preferred Georgia marble to Minnesota granite for the new state capitol, have been considering the question of taking the matter into the courts, by applying to the attorney general for permission to use his name to secure an injunction restraining the commission from using the Georgia stone. The story has some foundation, as a St. Cloud man had an interview with the attorney general on the subject. He did not find Mr. Childs very favorable to the idea, however, as there seems to be little probability that the courts would interfere with the action of the commission. The St. Cloud people who want an injunction base their claims on chaptar 347 of the general laws of of 1895, which says:

"Be it enacted by the legislature of the state of the state of Minnesota. Sec. 1.—All natural stone which shall hereafter be used in the construction of public euildings or other structures for which funds shall be appropriated by the state of Minnesota shall be quarried, cut and dressed within the boundaries of the state. Provided, that this section shall not be construed as prohibiting the use of stone of at least as good a quality for such institutions and buildings whenever the cost thereof is less than that of the native stone."

While the St. Cloud people construe this section as direct and prohibitory of the use of any stone except Minnesota stone, the attorney general contends that the qualifying clause gives the commission full power and authority to use outside stone, as they have decided to do. The bids for Minnesota stone were higher than those for outside stone, and thus the commissioners can claim that they have acted in accordance with the law. The Herald would have preferred to have seen Minnesota stone used, and it believes that the St. Cloud granite would have made a handsome structure, but it cannot see how any good can be accomplished now by taking the matter into the courts, inasmuch as it is practically certain the commission would be sustained. It is a fact that the contract awarded for the construction of the building provides for the use of a large amount of Minnesota stone, and that the Georgia marble will be used only as a sort of veneering. While the capitol will look as if built entirely of marble, it will be largely constructed of Minnesota granite, sandstone and limestone.

The New York Commercial Advertiser thus sets forth the peculiarities of a certain "set" in this country: It seems to be the fashion for many newspaper writers—generally of democratic or mugwump proclivities—to assume that in every dispute with a foreign nation, the United States must be in the wrong. These individuals apparently have unbounded esteem for the statesmen of England or Spain or Japan, and entire lack of respect for the men who guide the fortunes of their own country. When a British, a Spanish or a Japanese official asserts the claims of his government, they describe his action as an exercise of statesmanship. When an American president or secretary of state takes steps to uphold the rights of this nation, they denounce him as a jingo, as an impertinent, ill-bred insulting fellow. The Uriah Heeps of politics are quite sure that the ships of the American navy are greatly inferior to those of foreign countries; that the officers and crews who man them are entirely unfit to be compared with the naval personnel of great Britain, or even of Japan. They regard our system of government as a total failure. They consider our currency and our tariff legislation evidences of barbarism; they are given to sneers at our colleges, educational institutions and manner of life generally. Now all this is detestable to men of sound sense and genuine patriotism. The vast majority of intelligent, self-respecting Americans belong neither to the school of the jingo or to the cult of the abject worshiper of things foreign. They do not sympathize with the men who make unwise or threatening speeches in congress respecting other nations; they believe in cultivating the love of peace rather than in prompting a war spirit. But they do have hearty and unmitigated contempt for the whole class of sneerers and carpers at American ideas, customs and principles. This contempt is well deserved.

ROCK CREEK.

Mrs. I. L. Wescott is reported as being seriously ill.

Rev. Myers, of Brook Park, will preach here Sunday forenoon.

"Hizzonger" the Judge is something of a Sabbath-breaker himself.

School commenced here on Tuesday, with Miss Carrie Anderson as teacher.

J. W. Bassett and Geo. Walton are taking in the sights at the state fair this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Enos will commence housekeeping in the house to be vacated by the Fergusons, on Monday next.

Drs. John C. King and W. S. Rutherford have located here, and we predict they will have a large practice, as they haye a good reputation.

The ice cream social at the residence of H. L. Bassett on Friday night of last week was not very largely attended, still the net receipts were about $4.

There is great excitement in the local circles of prairie chickens, caused by the ravages of Mr. Holmberg. He gets up every morning at 4 o'clock, and up to date he has bagged just one chicken.

It is indeed a very amusing spectacle to watch the frantic efforts of E. L. George and others of his ilk to convince the people that times are not improving. In the last issue of the Enterprise for instance, he enlarges upon certain statements attributed to a certain cigar man, that he "failed to notice any signs of better times, except in the newspapers," etc. We can say in reply to this, that fully NINE OUT OF EVERY TEN of the traveling salesmen we come in contact with, claim they sold more goods during the month of August this year than during the same month in any year since 1892. Something must be wrong when a man is almost scared into a fit for fear that times will be better.

WANTED.—TRUSTWORTHY AND ACtive gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible established house in Minnesota. Monthly $65.00 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. Y, Chicago.

'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.

LIVED WITHOUT BRAIN,

For some months past the medical profession has been interested in the case of a Pennsylvania man, who, after his death, was found to be destitute of brain. Had he lived and come west, even he would have understood the popularity of the St. Paul & Duluth railroad, better known as the Duluth Short Line. because it is such a simple matter. It arises from the excellent service, modern trains, a desire to please, and a fine district through which the road runs. The service between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, West Superior Taylors Falls, and other points, is such as to appeal to the business man and the tourist, who find it just what they want. Hence if you take the Duluth Short Line, you go with the crowd, and get the worth of your money.

For maps, etc., apply to ticket agents, or write to C. E. 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 in the urine and kidneys, [illegible] you a strong, vigorous feeling [illegible] if you feel dull and sluggish. [illegible] bladder so common among [illegible] has never been known to fail. The first bottle guaranteed to give satisfaction, by Breckenridge.

—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.

What family but experiences, in the course of a year, many slight accidents, such as cuts, burns, bruises, sores, 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 "cure-all." Let us make our argument short. If you will buy a 25c or a 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.

Farmers!

The New

Roller Mills

At Pine City

Are now in Full Operation.

Bring in your grists.
We will guarantee Satisfaction.

Feed Grinding of All Kinds.

PINE CITY MILLING COMPANY.

COMMISSIONERS MEETING.

The board of county commissioners met in special session at the auditor's office, on Tuesday, Sept. 7. Present, Chairman Kowalke, and Commissioners Anderson, Simmons, Chmielewski, and Lyden, and Auditor Greeley.

F. Taylor presented an application for licence to sell liquor for the term of one year, beginning Sept. 7, in the town of Kerrick. It appearing that the applicant had complied with all the requirements of the law and no one presenting objections, the license was ordered granted upon the payment of $500.00 to the county treasurer. The bond of F. Taylor in the sum of $2,000 for the sale of intoxicating liquor was filed with the county auditor.

The following resolution, introduced by Chairman Kowalke, was unanimously adopted:

Be it resolved by the board of Co. commissioners of Pine county: That in accordance with Sec. 644, general statutes of the state of Minnesota of 1894, that there be and hereby is appropriated from the revenue fund to the credit of the incidental fund, the sum of $100.

The following applications to purchase forfeited real estate were recommended to the state auditor:

R. G. Robinson, certain lands in T. 38, R. 20.

J. Dosey, certain lands in T. 38, R. 22.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Be it Resolved: That in accordance with law the sum of $50 be and is appropriated out of the general road and bridge fund of this county to help the town of Finlayson repair the government road between Finlayson and north Sandstone quarry.

Be it further resolved that the county auditor be directed to draw his warrant on the county treasurer in favor of the treasurer of said town of Finlayson for said sum of $50, when said town treasurer shall file with him the bond required by Chap. 19, general laws 1891.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Be it resolved: That the sum of $100 be and is appropriated out of the general road and bridge fund of this county to aid the town of Royalton in repairing the Rock Creek and Royalton county road, running east from the Greeley road to where the said county road intersects the Rush Lake and Pine City roads.

Be it further Resolved That the county auditor be and is hereby directed to draw his warrant on the county treasurer in favor of the treasurer of the said town of Royalton, for said sum of $100, when said treasurer shall file with him the bond required by Chapter 19, general laws of 1891.

On unanimous vote the following bills were allowed and ordered prid from the revenue fund:

Washington Co. board prisoners, 2 bills	$ 80.11
O. S. Watkins, coroners fees, 2 bills	14.80
St. Paul Book & Stationery Co	2.25
J J Folsom, pub. proceedings and notices	12.16
Brown, Treacy & Co., blanks	.40
Pioneer Press Co., blanks, 3 bills	3.39
W. Broadholt, service as fire warden	7.99
Thos. Racine, work on survey	3.00
H. J. Rath, clerk of court	12.35
Ed Mitchell, juror fees	1.12
W H Bregger, cleaning flues on C. H.	3.90
G. J. Albrecht, assignment of claim of Mrs. Lizzie Acklin for witness fees at coroner's inquest	1.12

On unanimous vote the following bills were allowed and ordered paid from the poor fund:

Webster & Anderson, mdse to Mrs Ek	$15.00
same, mdse to J. W. Stafford	5.25
same, 1 coffin	15.65
same, Coffin for Mr. Novak	15.00
G W Cunningham, mdse to F. Kolkowski	5.00
same, mdse to J. Marshalek	6.00
F. Pukropp, mdse to F. Kolkowski	5.00
same, mdse to I. Sadowski	12.00
Anton Poferl, board F. DeRoy	20.00
Wm. Russell, board of J. W. Stafford	20.00
Townsend Bros., mdse to Jas. Kelley	7.50
Atwood Lumber Co	10.19
R. White, board of Jos. Burgh	14.56
Mike Tains, burying body of Mat Nioka	5.00

It was ordered that the following bills be laid on the table until next meeting.

O. S. Watkins, coroners fees	$30.70
Andy Melsaac, burying body Jas. Kelley	6.00
Jas. Flemming, hauling " "	5.00
Emma Lundberg, board Mrs. Youngquist	32.00
Thos. Dalton, watching prisoners	10.00
Alex Gann, " "	10.00
Geo. Turcott, constable fees 2 bills	28.54
M. Maddock, serving warrants	7.20

It was ordered that the following bill be disallowed.

Dr. C. A. Betts, service to Robt. Mitchell $10.00

On motion Board adjourned.

DOUGLAS GREELEY,
County Auditor.

Rocky Mountain Tea makes a soft, smooth and beautiful skin. Removes all impurities from the body.

MINNESOTA STATE FAIR

For the above occasion round trip tickets will be sold at this station Sept 4th to 11th inclusive, good to return until Sept 13th, '97, at rate of one fare for round trip, with 50 cents added for admission ticket to fair grounds.

A. J. ARMSTRONG,
Agent.

First publication Aug. 27, 1897.

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

State of Minnesota, County of Pine. } ss

In Probate Court, Special Term, Aug. 23, 1897.

In the matter of the estate of Theresa Maves, deceased:

On receiving and filing the petition of Martin Maves, of the county of Pine, in said state, representing, among other things, that Theresa Maves, late of the county of Pine, in the State of Minnesota, on the 18th day of August A. D. 1897, 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 within this county, and that the said petitioner is the widower of the said deceased, and praying that administration of said estate be to Martin Maves granted.

It is ordered, That said petition be heard before this court on Saturday, the 18th day of September, 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 23d day of August, A. D. 1897.

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

First publication Aug. 20, '97-14.

Order for Hearing on Claims, Etc.

State of Minnesota, County of Pine. } ss

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 three successeve weeks, in the Pine County Pioneer, a weekly newspaper printed and published in said county.

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

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

First publication Aug 6, '97-17.

Notice of Mortgage Foreclosure Sale

Default has been made in the payment of the debt secured by that certain mortgage which is dated July 10, 1895, and was made by Oliver R. Tucker as mortgagor to Nels Amren and Swen Erickson, as mortgagees, and which mortgage was recorded November 13, 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 351, 352 and 353, and which mortgage was assigned by said mortgagees to the undersigned Joseph Schlitz Brewing company by assignment dated July 1st, 1897, recorded July 26th, 1897, at 4 o'clock p. m., in Book "K" of Mortgages, page 237, 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 HECHHOEFER,
Attorney for said assignee of Mortgage.

SPECIAL ATTENTION!

We are now all ready to show you the biggest newest, cheapest line of Dry Goods and Clothing, and at prices that will suit one and all.

DRESS GOODS.

34-inch plain or Checked Suiting, cheap at 20 c per yard; our price per yard	12½c
36-inch half-wool Cashmere in all the new shades, cheap at 25c a yard; our price per yard	19c
36-inch all-wool Suiting, in mixtures or plain, cheap at 35c a yard, our price	25c
38-inch all-wool Dress Flannels, fully as good as any you pay 35c a yard for, our price, per yard,	25c
46-inch all-wool serge, IN BLACK ONLY, wotth 50c per yard, our price, per yard	35c
46-inch all-wool serge in all the new shades. Other stores ask you 65c a yard; our price, per yard	40c
10 pieces of 40-inch new Fancy Figured Black Dress Goods, extra heavy, sold all over for 65 and 75c a yard; wile they last will sell them at, (peryard)	43c
50-inch extra heavy Black Serge cheap at $1.00 per yard; our price, per yard	75c
44-inch all-wool Fancy Mixture Suiting worth 75c a yard; our price, per yard	50c
50-inch all-wool Henrietta, silk finish, in black and in the new shades, worth 90c, only	65c

We have all the new Dress Trimmings in Braid Silks, Velvets and Ribbons.

CLOAKS! CLOAKS!

Are you going to buy a Jacket this fall? If so remember we have for this fall bought the best and cheapest line that was ever shown and if you can't save money by buying from us, ALL WE SAY IS DON'T BUY.

40 Ladies Beaver Jackets, velvet collar, in black, navy and brown, cheap for $6. While they last for	$2.90
25 Ladies Jackets in black and navy only. Fancy velvet collar, new make, worth $6.00, for only	$3.75
25 Ladies' Jackets, all-wool new, stylish garment, worth at the very lowest $8.50. We will sell you one for	$5.00

In fact every garment in our store will be sold for at least one-third less than you can buy them in any other store. Every garment can be seen in our store to prove that what we say is true.

CLOTHING! - CLOTHING.

We have this fall selected the best and cheapest line of Clothing ever sold in Rush City or on the Line of the St. P. & D. road. Every garment sold guaranteed.

25 Men's all-wool Suits in black, gray or brown mixture, single or double breasted, worth $10.00. Our price	$7.00
25 men's all-wool Clay Worsteds in black only, worth $12.50. We say only	$9.00
25 Men's Suits all wool, new nobby, suits, worth $8.50. While they last	$6.50
50 Men's Railroad Suits, strong and durable; worth $4.00; our price	$2.50

BOYS' SUITS

At $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00, $7.00, and $10.00. Children's Suits, $1.00, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00.

G. A. CARLSON,

RUSH CITY, MINN.

LOOK OUT FOR THE CARS

That are bringing our New Stock.

We bought early and we bought cheap.
We came first, and got first choice.
We milked the markets and kept the cream, which enables us to offer

Profitable Pickings to Protected Patrons

who want the worth of their money, and the quintessence of Quality.

Note this: A New Stock,
A Choice Stock,
A Low Price.

We will make it pay you to buy all your goods of us.

Following are some of our Bargains

CLOTHING

Men's Suits from	$2.75 to $18.00
Boys' Suits, -	2.25 to 9.00
Children's Suits -	90 to 4.50
Men's Ulsters, -	3.00 to 16.50
Men's Overcoats. -	4.50 to 10.00
Boys' Ulsters -	2.50 to 6.00
Boys' Overcoats, from	2.50 to 5.00
Children's Reefer coats,	2.00 to 3.00

Underwear.

Mens heavy underwear	$ .50 to $1.50
" Outside shirts,	.50 to $2.00
" All wool Vests,	1.50
" All Wool Sweaters	.75 to 1.75
" Cotton Sweaters, with Sailor collars	.50

Hats and Caps.

Men's Fine Hats from	$1.00 to $2.50
" Woolen hats,	.25 to .75
" Fine Cloth Caps,	.25 to 1.25
" Fine Plush Caps	.75 to 2.00

DRY GOODS.

	per yard
Black Fine Serge, 40 to 58 in. wide from	$ .45 to $1.00
Black Merino, good for Underskirts	.40
Dress Flannels, all Colors, from	.17 to .30
Cashmeres, all colors, from	.22 to .40
Suitings, all colors, from	.10 to .18

Silks.

Silk Satin	70c
Fine Fancy Silks, all Colors, from	16c to 50c

Jackets and Capes.

Fine Ladies' Jackets, latest style	$3.75 to $18.00
" Plush Capes, fur trimmed	8.50 to 15.00
" Cloth Capes, latest style	3.00 to 10.00
Children's Jackets, latest styles	3.00 to 6.00
Children's Cloaks	2.50 to 4.50
Ladies' Mackintoshes	3.25 to 6.00

Hosiery.

Ladies' and Children's all-wool Hose, per pair	$ .20 to $ .45
Ladies' Ribbed Underwear	.15 to .50
Ladies' All-Wool Underwear	.50 to 1.00

Men's, Ladies and Children's Shoes!

BARNEY H. HARRIS,

Rush City, Minn.

PINE COUNTY PIONEER.

PINE CITY, MINN., SEPT. 10, 1897.

CHIPS AND SHAVINGS.

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

—Library Paste, 5c.

—Library Paste 10c.

—Inks and Pencils,

—At the Drug Store.

—Pine County Fair, Sept. 16, 17 and 18.

—For binding twine go to Sticha & Petricka.

—Feed grinding while you wait at the Pine City Roller Mills.

—Everything in the shape of School supplies at the Drug Store.

—Breckenridge has the Best Cigars in the state, at the new Drug Store.

—Quite a number of our citizens took in the State Fair Tuesday and Wednesday.

—Laurence Poferl has charge of the exchange department of the new Roller Mills.

—"The Pride of Pine City" is a Fancy Patent made from Pine county wheat try it.

—Services will be held at the Catholic church next Sunday morning at 9 o'clock.

—Fancy shirt-waist silks for only 16 cts per yard at Barney H. Harris' Rush City, Minn.

For good health, Doctors advise short quick runs, daily before meals. Rocky Mountain Tea will do the business.

—Fresh roasted peanuts, all kinds of fruits in their season, nuts and candies, at Jos. Veverka's.

—Barney H. Harris, of Rush City, will send samples of any of his goods free of charge upon request.

—When you go down to Rush City call on Barney H. Harris, and see his fall line of seasonable goods.

—Don't forget your Fire Insurance. Call on J. Y. Breckenridge. Best companies—cheapest rates.

—On Tuesday the Roller Mill took in over two hundred bushels of wheat from the farmers in this vicinity.

—For a first-class milk shake, or soft drink of any description, call on Joseph Veverka, at the restaurant.

—Mr. and Mrs. Dan Keenan, of Eveleth, are spending the week visiting at the residence of Jas. McLaughlin.

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

—Services will be held at the Presbyterian church next Sunday, as usual at 10:30 a. m. Evening at 7:30. All are invited.

—Arthur Hobbs arrived last Monday, and left at once for his school at Royalton, in District No. 7, where he has been engaged to teach.

—First class ice cream served every Sunday at Veverka's restaurant. He also keeps on hand a first-class stock of fruits, nuts, candies, etc.

—Herman Borchers moved into his new quarters on Front street Wednesday, and now has the finest shoe store in the north-eastern part of the state.

Mr. Loud, together with a party of sportsmen, spent the latter part of last week and the first of this in the neighborhood of Pine City, hunting and fishing.

The work train on the St. P. & D. road is stopping at this place, being employed at the present time in filling the piers and dock at this place with rock and gravel.

—Our new cigar maker, Mr. John Stockl, arrived Sunday last, and is now nicely settly settled in the residence recently purchased from Mrs. M. Warner.

—W. B. Kelsey, of Holyoke, Col., arrived in this place a week ago and spent a few days visiting his sister Mrs. Dr. Barnum whom he had not seen for over twenty years.

—Mrs. M. R. Webster, who has been at Leaf River, Illinois, in attendance at the bedside of her mother for the past three months, returned home on Monday.

—Miss Lulu and Susan Shearer departed on Wednesday for St. Paul, the former to attend one of the schools in that city, and the latter to visit friends for a few days.

—Peter Stroinsky has traded off his small threshing machine for a larger one, 36 by 50, and Pete says that now he can thresh out the grain fast enough for any one.

—There will be an entrance fee of 25 cents charged the competitors in the ladies' and gentlemen's bicycle race at the fair, and first and second money for the winner in both.

—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.

—A. E. Webber began towing down wood from up near the Greeley farm on Tuesday. He has a contract for towing over three hundred cords, and it will keep him hustling to get it down before navigation closes.

—F. T. Wilcox, of West Superior, Wis., has rented the Berg & Ihle store, one door east of the PIONEER office, and will soon open up a complete stock of general merchandise, which he will sell at prices that will astonish you. Call and see Mr. Wilcox when in need of anything in his line.

—The inside of William Tierney's new store is about completed, and A. G. Kingston, of Tower, will soon place one of the largest stocks of general merchandise ever brought to this place in the same.

—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.

—Herman Borchers has moved his stock of boots and shoes into his new store, and is now nicely settled. Herman has a fine building, and when he gets stocked up again it will make a fine appearance.

Miss Mamie Hurley left on Tuesday for Lake City, where she goes to again resume her studies. William and Michael Hurley also left the same day to take the examinations to enter the State University.

—D. S. McKay and wife, of Rock Creek, were in town last Saturday. We understands that he intends moving his family off of the farm, and will make this place his future home. We will be pleased to welcome D. S.

—G. A. Carlson, the hustling merchant of Rush City, in order to properly advertise his large and rapidly increasing busines, has found it necessary to double his space in the PIONEER. Read his new "ad," and see the bargains he offers.

—School opened on Tuesday last with a full force of teachers, as follows: Edward Hamilton, principal; L. Tucker, Grammar Department; Miss M. Jordan, Intermediate; Miss M. Roney, Primary; Miss Jennie Badger, Kindergarten.

—At the drawing which took place in Rush City on Tuesday Joseph Jungbauer of this place held number 2241, the lucky one that drew the $100.00 buggy that Barney H. Harris gave away. Mr. Jungbauer departed on Thursday for his prize.

—Peter Kashik has bought Geo. Humphrey's meat market in the Radden building, and is now attending to the wants of the public in the meat line. We have not learned as yet what Mr. Humphrey will do, but he will probably start another market.

—The St. Paul & Duluth railroad company has a crew of men at work under Ferd. Spearing, putting in a new side track to the Pine City Milling company's gristmill. When the track is completed the mill will be prepared to handle all the wheat that comes in.

—Pine City is looking up, and to be up with the times I have started the Pine City repair shop in Hurley's hall. I will repair boots and shoes cheap. Half-soles, 25, 30 and 40c; patches from 5 to 10c. Come in the hall and up the stair bring all the shoes that need repair. W. A. GREY.

—On Monday evening M. Curry's orchestra went to Sandstone to play for the dance given by the labor association of that place. The dance was well attended and the music gave the best of satisfaction. The boys returned home on Tuesday noon and report having never been treated any better in their lives.

—Services in the M. E. church Sunday, Sept 12 as follows: The Rev. B. F. Kephart will preach at the morning service, to commence at 10:30. Ordinance of the Lord's Supper will be administered at the close of the morning service. Preaching services in the evening at 10:45. All are welcome to these services.

—John Story, traveling for the Minnesota, Montana, North and South Dakota Gazetteer, was in this place on Tuesday and Wednesday, changing the gazetteer so as to conform to our growing village. Mr. Story was very much surprised in the way our village had grown during the past two years. He said "Pine City had grown more during the past two years than any place he has visited."

—The ladies committee in charge of the coming fair wish to urge the necessity of having a full and complete display in the culinary and fancy work department. The buildings have been put in good shape and every facility will be afforded for a fine display, such a display as the people of Pine county are well able to make. Let us see that this department is well represented by a display that will be a credit to Pine county.

—The following comprise the grand Jury, which will convene at the court house in Pine City on Sept. 21, at 10 o'clock a. m.:

R. Wilcox,	R. Blaukenship,
J. T. Craig,	F. Brackett,
Paul Johnson,	Wm. Grissinger,
J. C. Miller,	J. Stinchfield,
Swan Erickson,	Chester Pitt,
Ed Clough,	J. H. Friesendahl,
S. W. Anderson,	August Ausmus,
Geo. Scott,	H. H. Kruse,
Chas. Peterson,	Wm. S. Kyle,
Jas. Hurley,	Julius Dose,
Al. Richardson,	Chas. I. Heywood.

The petit jury, which convenes on Tuesday, the 28th inst., is as follows:

J. A. Maygreen,	Pat Buckley,
Andrew Gilberg,	F. Chmielewski,
John Volby,	H. O. Bassett.
Frank Donasky,	H. Lovcik,
Lars Olson,	H. G. Tyler,
V. C. Foster,	— Trolin,
Chas. Lindstrom,	Jas. Jungbauer,
Ira Wescott,	Peter Overson,
H. H. Ward,	M. Matson,
Wm. Peters,	Andrew Novak,
Peter Persen,	Geo. Hall,
P Shopergren,	A. D. McDonald.

—Rocky Mountain Tea cures constipation, indigestion, headache, liver complaint, gives strength to the whole system.

THE PINE COUNTY FAIR.

To Be Held at Pine City, Minnesota, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16, 17 and 18, 1897.

—The Pine County Agricultural and Stock-Breeders' Association will hold its eighth annual fair at the fair grounds on the north side of the river at this place on the 16th, 17th and 18th of this month, and promises to be the best ever held in the county. Work is being done on the race track, and when completed it will be the best half-mile track in this part of the state. The management are leaving no stone unturned to make the coming fair the best that was ever held in Pine county. Watch the small bills for the program of sports. If you have a fine variety of vegetables, bring them to the fair. If you have good corn, bring a sample to the fair; if you have good wheat, oats, rye, or in fact any grain, bring it along to the fair; and if you have a fine colt, or steer, or cows, don't forget to bring them to the fair and get the premium. The following are the various committies:

HORSE—L. H. McKusick, E. L. Seavy and D. Greeley.

SEPT. LADIES DEPT.—E. L. George.

PREMIUM COM.—Robt. Greig, F. A. Hodge, W. H. Nowark, John McGann, R. Hoagland, Wm. Peters and R. Grant.

LADIES DEPT.—Mesdames J. Y. Breckenridge, J. A. Bede, W. E. Smith, L. H. McKusick, Chas. Vose and Chas. Stephan.

GATE KEEPERS—Geo. Payne and J. C. Miller.

Rocky Mountain Tea is composed of roots, barks, gums and leaves that nature made its great medicine.

PINE CITY VS. ST. CROIX FALLS.

One of the best games of base ball seen in this village this year was the game on Sunday last between a nine from St. Croix Falls and the local team.

The game was called at twenty minutes to two. The home team led all the way through, but in the eighth inning the St. Croix Falls boys came within one of tying the score, which seemed to put renewed life and vigor into the home team, and for one inning a beautiful game of ball was played.

The St. Croix boys are gentlemen, and the local team treated them right royally, and it is to be hoped that we will be enabled to get up a game with them for the last day of the fair, or whenever we can make the necessary arrangements.

The score by innings was as follows:

St. Croix Falls	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	4	0—6
Pine City	2	3	0	1	0	0	1	4	*—11

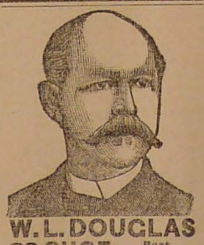
WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY AND ACtive gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible established houses in Minnesota. Monthly $60 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. Y, Chicago.

CHEAP MEATS FOR CASH MONEY.

	per lb.		per lb
Soup meat	4	Veal stew	5c
Round Steak	8	Veal chops	8
Roast, boned	7	Veal cutlets	10
" trimmed	10	Veal roast	8@10
Salt pork	6& 8	Mutton stew	5
Bacon	8& 9	Mutton roast	8@10
Ham	11	Bologna sausage,	5& 25
Sliced ham	12½	Wiener sausage	10
Fresh pork	6@8	Sirloin steak	10
Lard	5@8	Porterhouse steak	10
Beef stew	5	Shoulder steak	6@ 8

Remember that thes prices go only on strictly cash sales.

JOS. W. NEUBAUER.



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, $4.00 and $5.00 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, $2.00 and $1.75 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 these prices.

They are equal to all the latest styles and styles, and of every variety.

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

H. BORCHERS, Agt.
Pine City, Minn

Finest Trains on Earth From

Burlington Route

ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS TO Chicago.

He Likes It.

HON. W. McKINSTRY
Fredonia, N. Y.,
The Veteran Editor of the Fredonia Censor, writes Dr. Fenner:

"I have been using your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic, and desire to say that I like it.

I find it an admirable remedy for the biliousness, languor and nervous depression incident to the changing seasons, sufficiently physicing and yet not debilitating but strengthening instead."

Dr. S. O. Francis.

Office in Hurley block, in rear of Bede's 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 Ghairs,

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,
408 Endicott Building, St. Paul.

NEW STORE, NEW STOCK.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

We are the place to buy

Slates,	Ink,
Pencils,	Pens,
Tablets,	Mucilage,
Box Paper,	Writing Paper,
Envelopes.	Pen Holders.

Breckenridge,

DRUGGIST.

Main Street,

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

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THE STORY TELLER

The Truth at Lone Star.

BY PAUL SHOUP.

WE WERE rapidly getting acquainted. Jerry, who if surnamed has never wasted time telling the news, settled himself on his pine-needle couch, tipped his hat a little further forward so that the sun but gilded the tip of his nose, and delivered his introductory remarks. When the light had filtered its way into the understanding, we knew that he was of more than ordinary importance and his roughing it but the result of a whim; still, nothing but his truthful countenance kept us from salting the tale about the authorities tying down the Atlantic coast to keep it from tipping up when he came west of the Rockies.

Billy Edgerton yawned slightly and drew up his knees. He said he believed it was in poor taste to use titles either before or after a name, even if you did have a right to lean 'em up against both ends, and that was why he was known simply as Billy Edgerton. Incidentally, he informed us that a hundred thousand rubles wasn't such a very large reward for the Russian government to offer for a political offender; but he preferred to take no chances, and therefore came up to Lone Star after he had met and circumvented in San Francisco the fourth detective of the imperial bureau.

Then Johnson, of Colusa, straightened himself up, as if he had just awakened from a sweet dream of peace. "I've an uncle," said he, "who is worth $500,000, and I'm his only heir. I'd think a great deal more of him, though, if it wasn't for my aunt, who don't like him." Here he paused and blew a few rings from his old cob pipe, but the question didn't come. "You see," he added, "my aunt is worth $1,000,000, and I'm her only heir also."

After that there was more silence, and albeit we sprawled lazily in front of the cookhouse. I felt that my autobiography was becoming overdue. As my worldly effects would scarcely comfortably clothe a scarecrow, and nothing short of morocco binding would make my personal history attractive, I looked up at the stranger who through it all had sat quietly on his dejected mule, hoping for a diversion.

"Howdy, gentlemen," he said, turning large and solemn eyes upon us and disclosing a countenance of philosophical graviey. Each of us acknowledged the salutation by slightly shifting his position, and Jerry, whose tongue is that of a multitude, answered "Howdy."

The newcomer removed his sombrero, and his hair fell about his head like a shock of overripe wheat. Then he gently laid his fiddle case across the pommel of his saddle and asked: "Is this a purty good place to stop?"

"We stop here?" answered Jerry, laconically.

"Live tol-bly high?"

"Six thousand feet."

The late addition straightened up, shook his threadbare coat and lifted one cowhide boot, dust-whitened in the crinkles, from the stirrup, and reaching down, softly tapped the earth with it to make sure he was on solid ground. Then he cautiously dismounted.

Jerry, who is inclined to be critical, regarded the mule with disfavor. His owner, noting the glance, remarked: "Jeremiah ain't the finest-lookin' mule in the world, but I couldn't steal a better. I had a sight finer one in Tunis," he added, deprecatingly.

"In Tunis!" echoed Johnson. "Where have you been?"

"In Nashuay, 'n Tunis, 'n Cape Cod, 'n Lisbon some time back. That was before I went to Kobe—went thar from Paris, which is a fair sort of a place. I hated to leave."

Johnson drew his breath and demanded: "Why did you?"

"Mutual objections between me 'n the gov'ment. Two days war all they give me to take my last farewell," he said, slowly rosining his bow.

"What did you come up here for?"

"To git out of civilization," responded the stranger. "I'm disgusted. People lie so thar's trouble everywhere, 'n' the only man you're sure is anywhar near square with the law is the feller jest out'n jail."

There didn't seem to be any use of asking further questions of the newcomer, but I think the opinion was general that to him truth was stranger than fiction. He laid his fiddle on the log and looked attentively at his mule.

"If it wasn't for bein' so oneasy about Jeremiah, who needs a drink, I might play a little tune on the fiddle," he said. Edgerton took the hint and a bucket went down to the creek.

A trifle of a glow in the western sky was all that was left of the day when "Home, Sweet Home" rounded up the performance. I looked at Edgerton, who was lying with his hands clasped behind his head, and thought I saw a tear in his eye; seeing but dimly myself, I wasn't certain. But, then and there, Lone Star adopted Ezekiel and Jeremiah.

We told him of a deserted corral a mile up the road, and he became one of us. Some days, when he felt unusually energetic, he would run a rocker down by the creek for a time, but he preferred to play or sing, and the camp approved of his judgment.

I think that Scroggins was the most unpleasant man who ever saw the sun set in the Pacific. He was so mean that he would quarrel with himself when no one else was around, and strangers passing by the cabin used to pause and wonder at the one-voiced row within. He married a Castilian, who was very fortunate and died a few years after the wedding, leaving their daughter Nita alone with the old scoundrel. The blackest pirate always has the greatest treasure, and Nita was as pretty as her father was ugly, as good as he was bad.

On a claim adjoining Scroggins' lived Atkinson, who was a hard-working young fellow with a title to plenty of pay dirt. Of course there was a new edition of the old yarn of the fervent youth and the lovely maid. As soon as Scroggins suspected the attachment he began to concentrate his enmity, which he had hitherto directed impartially against all men, in Atkinson's direction. After he found other plans ineffective he began seeking a way to reduce Atkinson's earthly necessities to a pine board coffin.

Adjoining claims furnished a pretext for a quarrel. One morning Scroggins eased his revolver in its holster, shouldered his shovel and went out. Instead of stopping on his own property, he deliberately walked some 20 feet over the line and went to work in Atkinson's territory. Atkinson looked at him in amazement, and Scroggins stopped shoveling to return the gaze.

"Ef yer think, Bob Atkinson, that a shadder of a skeleton like yerself hez a patent ter all the pay-dirt in these diggin's, ye're 'way off yer level. Jest take up this trail, ef ye'r lookin' fer trouble. All we want of you aroun' hyar ez yer tracks. Sabe?"

Scroggins made a mistake. His temper was quicker than his hand, and he opened the battle before he brought up his artillery; for as the sight of his revolver left the holster, he heard a little click and raised his eyes to look into the mouth of Atkinson's weapon. Edgerton, coming down the trail, heard Bob speak sharply: "Git! And if you ever set foot on my place again, you'll have to be carried off!" Scroggins looked into his eyes, and then backed slowly and sullenly away.

That afternoon Jerry and Johnson, on their way up from the valley, stopped to rest at Cayuse Bend. As they stood, the silence was broken by the clatter of hoofs, and around the bend, side by side, came two horses. The riders were Bob and Nita.

"Good-by, boys," said the former, as he reined up. "Nita and I are on our wedding journey to happier times, we hope. May we ask that you say nothing of having met us? Luck go with you."

The mist crawled upward through the manzanita and mesquite and hovered over the trail. Bob and Nita slackened their pace and went forward cautiously. It was when the fog was at its thickest that they heard the beating of reckless hoofs behind them. Bob turned his horse's head and grasped his revolver. A dozen gigantic forms loomed indistinctly into view through the fog. As he raised his arm, Nita seized it, crying: "Don't shoot! Surely my father—"

"Hands up!" rang out the command, and half a dozen weapons were leveled at Bob.

"What kind of an outrage is this?" he demanded, recognizing familiar faces.

"Well, you are a cool one!" said Edgerton. "Kill a man and run away with his darter, and then call it an outrage when you are follered up! Reckon you thought it was a personal matter, leavin' old man Scroggins up there in his cabin dead!"

"Dead!" exclaimed Atkinson. "Why, I hadn't even heard of it! Why, am I accused?"

"You'll find out soon enough. You come with us."

Atkinson's horses stood quietly, head and head together. Nita had fainted, and for a moment Bob glanced tenderly down at the white face on his shoulder. Then he looked at the circle of unrelenting faces and said, quietly: "I am innocent. I'll go back and prove it."

Of course Col. Ike Stebbins, as the mainspring of the social machinery of Lone Star, presided at the trial. It was always he who stood at the head of the new-made grave, with reverent face and upraised hand, while the clods fell dully on the pine coffin; he it was who sat with ease and dignity in the chairman's place at public meetings; a baile without the colonel to lead was like the play of "Hamlet" with that gentleman represented only by his regrets; and it was admitted without discussion that no one but Col. Stebbins could properly impersonate the austerity of Judge Lynch.

From the beginning there seemed no doubt of Atkinson's guilt. Edgerton testified to the quarrel of the morning, and Bill Simpson loquaciously related how he thought something was up when Bob sold his claim to him at half its value, explaining that he was in a hurry to leave. Then Jerry and Johnson told of the meeting on the hillside, and each of the posse swore, with due appreciation of his own importance, to Atkinson's guilty actions when they came upon him in the fog. Hezekiah Smith, of the hill-top, clinched the evidence by testifying that he saw the prisoner standing before Scroggins' door at noon.

The jurors had ceased whittling toothpicks and exchanging jokes; their growing solemnity foreshadowed the verdict. Col. Stebbins had with a sigh dismissed the last witness, when Ezekiel strolled calmly in through the open door. He nodded familiarly to two or three acquaintances, and then addressed the judge.

"Colonel," he said, easily, "guess I'd better straighten this thing out a little. Where d'ye plant the witnesses?"

Col. Ike, surprised, looked at him. "Let the witness be sworn," he said. "Well, what do you know about this?"

"I know all about it."

"Who killed Scroggins?"

"I did," said Ezekiel, calmly.

For ten seconds there was silence, and then a smile that broke into a ripple of laughter ran around the room. Ezekiel was maintaining his reputation. The colonel rapped angrily for order with the muzzle of his revolver upon the head of the sugar barrel. "If you are trifling—"

"I ain't triflin'," protested Ezekiel, earnestly. "I never told a lie in my life. It was jest after dinner, an' I was lookin' for Jeremiah. As I went by Scroggins' door, he came out, lookin' ez smilin' ez an undertaker with the toothache. 'Seed my gal lately?' says he, foolin' with his gun. I didn't want to hurt his feelin's by tellin' him I'd seen her ten minutes before with Bob, so I sez, polite-like: 'Sartinly, saw her last week. Lookin' well, ain't she?' 'Stid of bein' pleased, the old man was riled and used language that would have shocked wheat in a harvest field. But I didn't care until he said he could git more music out'n a weather-boarded house with a club'n I could out'n my fiddle'n' bow. Then I was mad 'n' talked back. After assurin' me that I'd disfiggered the lan'scape long enough, only addin' to them plain words some onnecessary trimmin's, he shot at me 'n' I shot back, 'n' this is what I killed him with."

Ezekiel drew out an old horse pistol and handed it to the foreman of the jury. A murmur of interest ran through the crowd, and the jurors whispered among themselves.

Just then a little red-faced man pushed his way through the crowd at the door. "There he is!" he shouted, excitedly. "There's the man that stole my mule!"

We followed his finger with our eyes. He was pointing at Ezekiel, who regarded him philosophically. "Well, I didn't say I didn't, did I?" he asked, mildly.

The newcomer threw his hat in the corner and danced with excitement. "It was this way, jedge. T'other day I tied my mule down at Ransome's Ferry while I went into Pike's place to git some refreshments. When I come out, a little later, the mule wuz gone, an' I never seed him again until to-day, when I stumbled on him, accidental like, at this feller's place up the trail. I want him 'rested, quick!"

We were too much astonished to say anything, but finally Ezekiel broke the silence.

"Don't be too hasty," he said. "I stole the mule, yes. The chap left him tied out thar all day while he was doin' the anaconda act in at Pike's, an' jest out of pity for Jeremiah I rode him off. But that's enough on that subject," as the undertaker remarked when he saw a ten-foot tombstone over the grave of a debtor of his'n; we're considerin' another matter. I didn't say nothin' about Scroggins' death for two reasons: I wanted Nita to leave 'thout hearin' about it, an' Jeremiah had strayed off an' it's a long ways to tell news that'll keep an hour or so."

The jury had been examining the pistol, and Ezekiel's statement was so apparently sincere that their minds began to waver. They looked at Atkinson, then at the stranger, and then at Ezekiel, serenely confident. For a moment they buzzed together, then the foreman, closely followed by the other 11, walked over and held out his hand to Atkinson. In another second Jerry was on a box, cheering frantically. The crowd joined in, and the excitement grew until the hilltop man fell out of the window backward. After awhile the colonel made himself heard:

"The prisoner's discharged. But there's another case to be considered."

"She's waitin' up thar for you," whispered Ezekiel, and Atkinson stayed just long enough to wring a dozen outstretched hands and give his choking thanks to Ezekiel.

Col. Ike rose in his place and the hum of conversation was stilled.

"The death of this man Scroggins appears to have happened in a proper manner, but the mule stealing is more serious. And while in the first instance you are entitled to the thanks of Lone Star, because of the second it is the opinion of the court you'd better leave in three hours, Ezekiel."

"I'll go," said Ezekiel, "but not 'less I can take Jeremiah. I ain't agoin' to walk."

Col. Ike was a man of resources. He dropped a dollar in his sombrero and then passed it among the boys. When he had counted its contents he addressed the owner of the mule. "Your mule is worth just $18, a plugged half and two Mexican dobies, and we've decided to buy him." Then he turned to Ezekiel. "With the compliments of Lone Star camp," he said, smiling.

Ezekiel bowed his thanks, shook hands all around and passed through the door. He unhitched Jeremiah from where his late owner had tied him and clambered into the saddle, with his fiddle under his left arm. Something I saw in his face made me walk alongside to the top of the grade. He looked at me for a moment, quizzically.

"Does what you hear go in at one ear 'n' out t'other, 'stid of your mouth?"

"Secrets that travel take that trail."

"Well, then, I didn't steal Jeremiah. I saw him at the ferry, tuk a fancy to him, an', when the chance offered next day, dickered for him with a man who 'peared to be his owner. But I saw that my reputation needed a smudge to make 'em b'lieve me about Scroggins."

"Then you didn't—" began I, catching my breath.

"Sartinly not," he said, coolly. "I didn't kill him, and I don't know who did—probably some one he did up, settlin' an old score. I'm sure Bob didn't do it, but I couldn't prove it any other way. And he's a mighty nice feller, an' Nita, bless her little heart— Git up, Jeremiah."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Saved in Time.

"Isabel says she has never been in love."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; she was threatened with it once, but a bottle of spring bitters taken in time brought her out all right."—Cleveland Record.

—More men have been self-undone than have been self-made.—Chicago News.

CUBA'S FRIENDS.

The Unexpected Place in Which Two of Them Were Found.

"I never realized how widespread was the interest in the cause of the Cuban insurgents until last week," said a New York man recently. "I was under the impression that sympathy with them was confined to the large cities, where the matter has been agitated by the newspapers and the people are in a position to know something about the merits of the cause. But last week while in Binghamton, N. Y., I had occasion to drive out to a small summer settlement known as Quaker Lake. It is about 15 miles from Binghamton, and the road is through a desolate and mountainous country. One doesn't strike many houses on the way, and to make the trip more cheerless the road passes through the deserted village of Brackney, once a prosperous settlement, whose inhabitants worked in the tanneries. About a mile beyond Brackney I came across a little mite of a house, almost hidden among the trees and about a dozen yards from the road. I would have passed by without noticing it at all, but for a small flag pole which stood in front of it, from which waved the flag of Cuba. Under it was the American flag. A man sat on the ground in front of the house, and, as he didn't look particularly formidable, I got out of my carriage and opened conversation with him on the plea that I wanted a drink of water. I worked the talk around to the flag, and finally asked him who put it there.

"'Me 'n my woman,' he answered.

"'Any interest in Cuba?' I ventured.

"'None, 'cept the interest of a free man in a struggling race,' he said. 'It's this way; me 'n' Sue, that's my woman, have ben reading about this here war fer a long time, an' we allowed we was agin' oppressors and fer them that was trying ter throw off the yoke, every time. We can't see but what this here war is jest American history over agin, an' as we thank the Lord fer our blessings we pray for them as is trying ter get the same for themselves.'

"'But the flag,' I said, 'where did you folks ever get a Cuban flag?'

"'That,' said my new acquaintance, 'is Sue's work. Some fellow down in New York was advertising something with a card which had that Cuban flag printed on it in colors. Sue jest 'lowed she could make one of the flags, and she's done it. Sue made the American flag there 15 years ago, and I put that pole up. We love it, we do, but jest now we think it's fair ter put Cuba on top. The eagle ain't a minding what me 'n' Sue do, because we're patriots and love him first, anyway!'

"The old fellow wasn't around when I drove past again by moonlight on my way back to Binghamton, but the two flags were there, waving in the breeze."—Detroit Free Press.

THE BUMBLEBEE.

The Big Queen Searches for a Home in the Early Spring.

In early spring, when the meadows first take on a tinge of green, and the apple trees put forth their rosy buds, we may often see a single large bumblebee flying low and swiftly back and forth across the lawns or pastures.

These great bees are the queens who have just awakened from their long winter's sleep, and are now seeking some favored spot wherein to commence housekeeping and found a colony; for these insects, like their cousin, the honeybees, live in colonies consisting of three classes, or castes—"drones," or "males," "queens," or "females" and "workers." When our big queen has at last discovered a satisfactory building site, usually a deserted mouse hole, she cleans it of all rubbish and litter, and places within a ball of pollen, in which she lays her eggs. The young grubs hatch out possessed with enormous appetites, and, feeding on the pollen, eat into it in all directions. At last, when fully grown and their craving for food is satisfied, they spin cocoons of silk in the remains of the pollen, and change to pupa. While her family is thus sleeping quietly within their silken cells, the old queen is constantly at work, building up and strengthening the cocoons with wax.

Finally, their sleep being over, the pupa cases burst, and the young bees come forth in all their glory of black and golden livery and gauzy wings.

The first brood consists entirely of workers, who immediately fall to and relieve their tired mother queen of all work and duties, with the exception of laying eggs. They fly hither and thither, always busy and industrious, now plunging into the center of a gorgeous hollyhock or a sunny dandelion, or buzzing about among the modest daisies, or diving head first into some sweet-scented, aristocratic lily or rose, always emerging from their quest for honey covered with the golden dust of pollen. The honey and the pollen thus gathered are stored away, and the eggs laid in the waxen cells from which the workers issued; and the next brood, composed of drones and young queens, feed upon this store of nectar.—St. Nicholas.

It Is Mabel's Chance.

Mrs. Staggs—I have noticed such a great improvement in Mabel Gaswell since she became engaged. She used to be very reserved, but now she is quite affable and shakes hands with everybody.

Mrs. Spiffins—That is because handshaking affords such an excellent opportunity to display her diamond engagement ring.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Doesn't Always Work.

Farmer Furrow—Cheer up, deacon; you know all things come to him who waits.

Deacon Dewgood—Humph! Did you ever catch a hen by laying for it?—Judge.

His Definition.

Mrs. Hornbeak—What is golf, Ezry?

Farmer Hornbeak—Billiards gone to grass.—Puck.

THE FARMING WORLD.

FATTENING FOWLS.

They Should Be Separated and Put by Themselves.

Place six or eight together in a close coop without a roost, and just sufficiently large to allow their moving about without crowding each other. The front of the coop or box only needs to be lathed open work, and should be arranged so as to make it nearly dark as soon as they are done feeding, since during the balance of their existence the more quietly they can be kept the more they will improve. They need no exercise. It must be borne in mind that fat only is added by this process, the lean or flesh must be made before, and unless the fowl has attained the proper standard in this respect it is almost useless to try to fatten it. Now give them plenty of fresh water and all they will eat for two or three weeks in this kind of coop, and at the end of that period they will be better fit for the butcher than they will ever be after that period. The manner of feeding and keeping the fowls in this confinement is a very simple affair, and we have found it efficacious as well as feasible. Cooked food, and all they will devour morning and night, with cracked corn and wheat at noon, will fatten healthy poultry in less time than any other feed that we have ever experimented with. The mash should be composed of good corn meal two parts and boiled potatoes one part. Into a pailful of this meal and vegetable food, well mixed, while hot, drop one pound of lard, tallow or pork scraps, and mix this fat substance through the mass. Feed this while warm, and give only what the fowls will eat up clean at a meal.—Western Plowman.

HANDY ARRANGEMENT.

Description of a Combined Chicken Coop and Pen.

The coop and pen illustrated below have been in use on my farm several years. The coop is made perfectly tight except at one end. The lower two-thirds of this end is slatted and contains a slat door. This coop is intended for the hen and her brood at night or during wet days. A pen which will allow the hen considerable exercise and sunshine on pleasant days is shown adjoining the coop. The three pieces running horizontally are three feet long and two

CHICKEN COOP AND PEN.

inches square. It is slatted with common lath placed far enough apart to allow the chicks to get out of the pen. Only one end of the pen is closed, the other being placed over the door of the larger coop. The pen and coop are fastened together by means of small chains. Set the coop upon wide boards and have it so situated that the pen will cover a nice grass plot. A number of these pens will be found handy, as they can be joined to almost any small coop.—Marie A. Rigg, in Farm and Home.

A FEW DOMESTIC HINTS.

Some Useful Suggestions for the Housewife.

For prickly heat make water slightly slippery with soda and bathe in it.

All cold vegetables left over should be saved for future use in soups and salads.

Silver gilt spoons with flower handles enameled in natural colors make a pretty show.

The one thing for which lace paper may be used and be considered good form on a table is for cheese.

Wrap your fruit jars in newspaper and set in a cool, dark place. The wrapping will prevent the fruit from bleaching.

Pretty fireproof china dishes in their silver wire mountings testify to the popularity attained of late by casseroles, souffles, etc., on our menus.

The candelabarum is to the fore as a dinner table decoration. The lights, softened by colored shades, enhance the beauty of the shining silver and glittering glass.

For tired feet put a handful of common salt in four quarts of hot water. Place the feet in the water while it is as hot as can be borne. Then rub the feet dry with a rough towel.—American Queen.

How to Encourage the Boys.

Every boy on the farm should be given a young animal to raise for himself, he to attend to it and be induced to take an interest in its progress. He will thus early become fond of animals and of farming, and will be more reconciled to farm life when he is grown. The boy who leaves the farm for the city is the one who has never had any opportunities and looks upon farming as drudgery. Labor becomes a pleasure when there is something to strive for, and the early education of the boy on the farm should be by giving him an interest in something. All children love young stock and pet them.

Use Only Level Roosts.

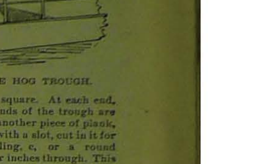
The old-time step-ladder roost, with one round four or five feet from the floor and the others lower until the lowest is near the floor, takes up a large share of space in the poultry-house, and is unserviceable, as the hens will instinctively go upon the high roosts in preference to the lower ones, some of the fowls being forced down while others are injured by jumping off in the morning. It is to high roosts that bumble-foot and lameness may be attributed, and it is cheaper to have low roosts, all on the same level, than to doctor fowls for lameness.—Farm and Fireside.

Keeping fowls on a hard floor will frequently cause swollen feet and legs.

CLEAN FEED FOR HOGS.

An Adjustable Rack Which Accomplishes Its Purpose.

The old notion that a hog prefers to wallow in the mire is a great mistake. The hog prefers clean water and food the same as any animal, but his style of getting it is at fault. This difficulty is easily remedied by some such plan as illustrated below, where an adjustable rack can be fixed for any sized pig or hog so it cannot get into the feed trough. The trough is made of two-inch plank, one plank seven inches the other nine inches, and instead of being nailed at right angles they are 1½ inch-



ADJUSTABLE HOG TROUGH.

es or so off the square. At each end, after the main ends of the trough are nailed in place, another piece of plank, a, is nailed to it with a slot, cut in it for a 3x4-inch scantling, c, or a round straight pole four inches through. This pole or scantling should have a hole bored in each end so a pin may slide through it and the upright plank, a, to keep the pole, c, in place. The pole can then be raised or lowered to suit the size of a hog. In the pole five-eighths-inch holes should be bored 7, 8½, 10 and 11½ inches apart, in which is placed a one-half-inch iron rod (d), two feet long, pointed and driven slightly in the plank on the front side of the trough. These rods never become loose in my trough, but when they are to be shifted, as the hog's size requires, two or three slight taps with a hammer loosen them and they can be driven into the next width of place. My trough is 16 feet long. About 30 inches of one end is partitioned off and kept filled with water, but has the rods in front so the hogs cannot get into it in hot weather. The rods are driven into the trough about one inch from the edge as at e and are pointed from 1½ inches back. The front edge of the trough, f, is rounded so that it will not chafe the hogs.—Marsden Smith, in Farm and Home.

RATIONS FOR HORSES.

Starvation Always Spoils the Shape of a Growing Animal.

We talk about the loss of the horse business from one cause or another, but the most mischief comes from the want of proper food, says an exchange. This means loss to the horse and greater loss to the farmer. A good per cent. of the horses seen on the streets of any town show insufficient or unbalanced food supply. Horses that have been ill-fed when young are almost invariably small, long-legged, light-carcassed and narrow-chested. Some of them have a great deal of energy, but all are soon exhausted, unfit for protracted exertion. Grown-up horses, when much reduced by deficient nourishment, require more food to put them into working order than would have kept them for two or three months in the condition they require to possess when going into work. When a horse is starved, besides losing strength and flesh, his bowels get full of worms and his skin covered with lice. Very often he takes mange, and sometimes he does not moult, or the hair falls out suddenly and entirely off, leaving the skin nearly bald for a long time. The skin of an ill-fed horse is always rigid, sticking to the ribs, and their hair dull, staring, soft, dead-like. If not famished to death they recover strength and animation with good and sufficient feeding, but starvation always spoils the shape of a growing horse.

POINTS FOR STOCKMEN.

Don't keep more horses than you need.

The offspring from a mature sow is stronger than from a young one.

Swine need bulk in their feed. Don't feed on concentrated foods alone.

Pork is one of the very best of meats if swine are properly fed and cared for.

The selection and steady use of the best of even common scrub stock will lead to improvement.

Sows eat their pigs because their systems are out of condition, the result of improper feeding and bad management.

It is dangerous to inbreed swine. If there are family defects they will appear in the offspring in an exaggerated form.

On the whole, the horses would be better off, and so would the owner, if the whip-making industry were abolished.

There is too much talk and not enough action in the matter of reviving interest in the Morgan horse. The Morgan will revive itself if given half a chance.

Sell half the scrub herd, if necessary, and buy a thoroughbred bull. If cattle must rough it take the Hereford, Polled Angus or Galloway. If well cared for the shorthorn is a prize.—Western Plowman.

Wet Bedding Kills Pigs.

One of the most frequent causes for mortality among pigs which are thrifty at birth, but die after a few days, is a wet bed. It will kill them nearly every time. Many cases which have puzzled the owner to ascribe a cause for, might have been traced to this. Rather no bed at all than a pile of damp straw to lie on. Dry, fine straw or chaff is best, but do not neglect to change it frequently, or your pigs will dwindle away, and one after another be found dead, until the last is gone.—Dakota Field and Farm.

MRS. TIBBITTS.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

WHEN did I first become deeply interested in Mrs. Tibbitts? Was it when Frank Tibbits, my young friend and godson, came to me to help him out of the "scrape with Jones" that cost him the tidy sum of $3,000 before it was adjusted to Jones' satisfaction? Or was it when Frank began to get "into difficulties" and I had to compromise with his various creditors? Or was it when the sheriff hung a red flag from his windows and I flew to the rescue of his Lares and Penates?

He was a good fellow, honest, frank, cheerful and industrious, with no more of the get-along ability than a six-months baby. More times than I can count did he start in some small business, to sink all his capital and fail in his enterprise. He had a hopeless faculty for muddling his accounts, letting his bills run up and his stock run down, that I never saw surpassed by a man whose whole intention was honest.

When he married Laura Heywood I held up my hands in amazed horror. Laura Heywood, of all women, to take the place of active partner to one of the great army of incapables! She was the tiniest woman I ever saw—pretty, winsome and gentle, with waving brown hair, large blue eyes, shy and timid, always veiled by snowy lids and long brown eyelashes, hands and feet that might have been stolen from Queen Mab and a voice that was low, sweet and slightly plaintive.

When I would call upon Frank to try to adjust his many and varied business complications and he would sit rumpling his curly brown hair and gazing helplessly at me, I always found Laura with her pretty hands clasped over Frank's, her soft blue eyes looking appealingly into mine and her tender voice cooing consolation, as if her husband was a baby to be soothed and petted.

Well, well, so he was—a grown-up child!

But if she fluttered in the sunshine, the wee, blue-eyed wife, she never complained for herself in the storms. For "poor Frank" many tears were shed, many moans made. She sold all her small finery with cheerful willingness to give Frank a good supper or help to pacify an enraged butcher.

Being an old bachelor and a wealthy one, I came to regard these two as adopted children and to make it my "mission" to set Frank on his feet as often as he knocked himself down. Laura, who was half afraid of me at first, with a vague apprehension of the dreadful things I might do to annihilate Frank if he displeased me, soon became confiding, and would nod her pretty head to enforce my prudent advice in a manner bewildering to see. She learned that my most severe lecture was followed by some removal of the last difficulty, and would nestle her tiny white hands in mine and whisper: "How good you are to us!" with all the loving confidence of a child for an old uncle or grandfather.

But one dreary, dreary day she sent for me by a boy, who said:

"There's something awful the matter at 28 E—— street, sir, and the lady says please come as soon as you can. She's all white and shivering, sir, and couldn't hardly speak. I'd hurry up if I was you, sir!"

Shivering! I looked at the street, scorched and dusty in the blazing August sun, and seized my hat. Something awful! It must be worse than usual, or Laura would have written one of her dainty little notes.

Hurry as I would, it was too late. Upon the sofa where we had settled so much momentous business was stretched the unconscious form of my dear godson, his face rigid and white, his kindly eyes closed, his merry smile gone forever. Two physicians were gravely watching him, and Laura hung over him, tearless, mute, utterly horror-stricken.

"Sunstroke!" one of the doctors whispered to me.

"Not dead?" I said.

"Yes! Can you coax the wife away? She does not understand yet."

It was no time for the indulgence of my own grief. I gently touched Laura's trembling hand.

"My dear," I said, softly.

No word answered me, though my touch had broken the spell holding her. One look into my face, one long, shivering moan, and she dropped at my feet in a dead faint. There was no relative to call in, no woman near and dear to the stricken widow, only the sobbing servant girl. I was like a father in the house, so I stayed while the doctor gave me directions and offered service in other than professional capacity.

It is useless to dwell upon the sad days that followed. Too many such scenes are familiar to all to need description.

Laura was not ill. Young and strong, she bore up physically, and tried, as she pitifully said, "not to be any trouble."

But the little drooping figure, the white, wan face, the desolate eye and quivering lips were in sorrowful contrast to the bright little wife Frank had worshiped. There had been no cloud upon their love, even if life had been full of perplexity, and not one self-reproach or memory of harsh words added to the widow's grief.

Less than nothing, for there were debts to pay, was the result of winding up the business Frank was conducting when so suddenly stricken down. Laura knew this, for there were never any secrets between her and her husband. When the first shock was over she appealed to me, as usual, for advice. "I was thinking of taking boarders," she said. I looked down upon the sweet, pale face, the sky-blue eyes trying to face life bravely, and I thought of the varieties of martyrdom in this plan. How insolent servants would bully her! How swindling boarders would cheat her! How fault-finding women would frighten her!

"I don't think it would do," I said.

"Because I am not a good housekeeper? But I could learn. Frank didn't mind. If I was making a pudding and he wanted me to make out some bills, and the pudding burned up while I did it, he never scolded a bit—only laughed."

"But boarders would scold."

"I wouldn't have anyone to call me away," she said, her tears falling fast.

"Can you make out bills?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! I know all about bookkeeping. I was my father's bookkeeper until he died. At home, you know."

"Well, I think I can get you some to do!"

And I did. By having the work done at very low prices, I persuaded some of my business friends to intrust this work to "a young friend of mine," and took care that the money passing through my hand was sufficiently increased for Laura's wants.

It was amazing to see how bravely she met the trouble, and how much Christian submission lay in her loving heart. She could talk quietly of her brief, happy married life, recalling all her husband's love, and yet patiently bearing her loneliness and sorrow. She worked faithfully, and many acts of charity came from her slender resources for those who were poorer than herself.

I, who had felt a pitying tenderness for the child-wife, was forced to add to that bygone feeling a sincere respect for the true woman developing in poverty and grief to such a noble character. Three years had passed since that August day when my godson died, when there came from California a cousin of Laura's, a bronzed and bearded stock farmer, who had won wealth in that fruitful country by honest toil and fortunate investments. He was the most startling contrast to Frank Tibbitts, a strong, self-reliant man, with a loud voice, a will of iron and a sound, clear head for business. Investing his handsome fortune in various ways, he went into the business of managing his own estate and the recreation of courting his cousin Laura.

"I have loved her ever since she used to bring me her dolls to mend, and cry her blue eyes red over pet kittens," he told me, "but I was a sort of big brother, and when Tibbitts came along, whew! I was nowhere! But I'll win her now, Heaven bless her!"

I gave him my best wishes. Stay! Did I? I gave him my best spoken wishes, and I tried to hope that a second marriage might be as happy as the first, and have none of its perplexities.

But I was sorry to see how this new excitement disturbed Laura's life. Was it a sense of disloyalty to Frank that made her eyes so often bear marks of bitter weeping? Did she fear to trust her cousin that she grew so restless?

She grieved me to the heart by shutting me out from all confidence in the matter. As soon as I spoke of her cousin she would become immensely

"I SPOKE OF HER COUSIN."

dignified and sew or knit in solemn silence, never lifting her eyes from her work. If I praised him she gave a feeble assent. If I blamed him she did not defend him. If I questioned her directly she gave me bare facts without comment. Never once did she give me an opportunity to hint at my knowledge of his hope to win her.

"She knows how I loved Frank, and she is afraid I will blame her for marrying again," I thought.

But I was rather staggered when the California cousin asked me to make his proposals.

"You see she looks on you as a second father," he said, frankly, "and she will let you speak to her. By Jove, I can't get a chance!"

"Why, I thought you were there every day?"

"Well, so I am. But if I hint at my love she begins to talk of Tibbitts. How can a man propose to a widow when she is actually talking about the dear departed as if her heart lay in his grave?"

"They were a most devoted couple."

"But she is so young to go into perpetual mourning. Why, Laura is not 26!"

But, though he pleaded eloquently, I refused to be his messenger of love. That very evening, as I went to see Laura, he dashed out of the house, nearly upsetting me in his haste, and never stopping to apologize. I found Laura crying. How was it? What did I say? What did she say?

All that is my business and hers! But I found the California cousin had asked for a love already given to me, and at this moment a little blue-eyed woman is challenging my admiration for a crowing, kicking bit of humanity that will call me papa, and Mrs. Tibbits ceased to be Mrs. Tibbitts two years ago, when she became my wife.

The California cousin has gone back to California.—N. Y. Ledger.

MORE LUXURY FOR TRAVELERS.

Something About the Omaha Road's Buffet Parlor Cars.

Ever on the alert to provide the most complete comfort and luxury for its patrons, "The North-Western Line"—C., St. P., M. & O. Ry., has just inaugurated a Buffet Parlor Car service between Minneapolis and Chicago, which will not only prove a delightful innovation with all classes of travelers who want the best obtainable, but render daytime travel between here and Chicago a positive luxury.

The service includes two superb cars just from the shops owned and operated by the Railway Co. They are named in honor of the twin cities, "Minneapolis" and "St. Paul," are each sixty-eight feet long, and cost nearly $18,000. They are painted a dark green, with gold trimmings, and are very handsome. Entering the car at the forward end, the beauty and comfort within at once charms and delights. The finish is in polished St. Jago mahogany, inlaid with white laurel wreaths and leaves. The ceiling is of dark olive, with exquisite gold trimmings, and is pierced with six large, ornamental Pintsch gas chandaliers.

The body of the car contains twenty-two luxurious, plush-covered revolving chairs, each opposite a huge window. All the windows are beautifully hung with dark olive silken draperies in keeping with the decorations, besides being supplied with dark green sliding shades. Throughout the floors of each car are laid with heavy velvet carpets, and opposite each revolving chair is an upholstered foot-stool. Twelve large plate-glass mirrors are placed here and there on the sides between the windows, so milady is never at a loss to know if her hat is on straight. At one end is a commodious ladies' toilet-room, and at the other end, screened from the body of the car by a huge plate-glass window, hung with draperies, is the buffet-room. Through the window one catches glimpses of beautiful chinaware, napery, and other things that make buffet service delightful. Still back of the buffet is a capacious smoking-room, supplied with wicker chairs and everything else for a smoker's comfort. At the rear are the gentlemen's toilet apartments.

Besides being the finest parlor cars ever brought to Minneapolis, these cars combine the interesting feature of a Buffet service from which the passenger can select any time of the day any kind of a luncheon to suit his appetite, and at very moderate rates. Tables fit in opposite each chair for luncheon, card playing, or any other uses desired, and inviting menu cards with the time-table of the trains are at the hand for each passenger. Of course a uniformed Ethiopian is at hand, and looks after everybody's happiness.

One of these cars now leaves Minneapolis on Day Train every morning at 7:35; St. Paul 8:15, reaching Chicago 9:55 p. m., and the other will leave Chicago 8:15 a. m., reaching St. Paul 9:55 and Minneapolis 10:25 p. m.—Minneapolis Journal, Aug. 9, 1897.

For Illustrated Folder, giving description of the famous "North-Western Limited" and other through trains, via The North-Western Line between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago, address, T. W. Teasdale, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul.

CURING HICCOUGHS.

More Remedies Than One Suggested in the Story.

"Why don't you stop that hiccoughing?" said one business man to another as they met at the corner of Fourth and Vine streets at the noon hour. The man addressed was all but in convulsions.

"Stop nothing!" said he. "I've been trying every old remedy I ever heard of and every new one that every fool friend was kind enough to suggest. I've held my arms over my head for 15 minutes and extended them like a sign board until they ached. I held my breath until I was all but ready to drop from apoplexy. I've drunk nine swallows of water nine times over, I guess, and two or three chumps have tried to scare me, and did it, too, but to no good. Then another enthusiastic amateur physician hit me in the middle of the back when I wasn't looking and escaped before I could land on him. I would not have done a thing to him if I had caught him. But the hiccoughs are here, and to stay, I fear."

"Set 'em up if I cure you?"

"Will I? I'll set 'em up for a month and throw in a big cold 'bot' besides if you cure 'em."

Then they adjourned to a moistening establishment, and the good Samaritan said to Dan: "Dan, give this gentleman a lump of white sugar."

He took it and dissolved it in his mouth, and the hiccoughs went as if by magic, probably because their stay was over anyhow, and not on account of the remedy, but it cost the cold bottle just the same and some drinks besides. Still, he thinks he got out of it cheap enough.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Where He Agreed with Him.

"What! What!"

The irate old man choked with indignation—

"You want to steal my child from me, to rob me of my daughter? Why sir!—"

His rage got the upper hand of him, and he gasped some more—

"Rascal is no name for you!"

The young man was perfectly calm. "You bet it isn't," he said, slowly; "and if anybody says otherwise there's liable to be trouble."

In the face of such sublime gall what could the old man do?—Puck.

A Sundayschool Interruption. — Clergyman—"St. Paul made one error, my dear children." Juvenile—"Did it let in a run?" —Truth.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKEN.

One Way to Spell Tomatoes, Five to Pronounce It.

One word in its time has many pronunciations. For instance: Mrs. Housekeep the other day was doing her morning's marketing. With her had come the stranger who was spending a week or two within her gates. Standing by while she snapped the beans between her fingers to see that they were tender, parted the husks to make sure that the corn was ripe, pulled the pears out of their paper wrappings and conducted herself generally after the manner of a careful housewife, was the clerk, order book in hand, and obsequiousness on his brow. The visitor began it with:

"These tomaytoes look nice. Get some—there's a dear!"

To which Mrs. Housekeep replied: "Why, certainly, if you like them!" Then to the clerk: "How much are tomahtoes this morning?"

"I'm not sure; I'll ask. Jim," calling to a fellow clerk, "how much is them termaiters?"

"I'll ask the boss. Say," passing the word further back, "watcher gettin for tomattoes to-day?"

"T'mats? O, two baskets for a quarter, I guess."

Therefore, to please her guest who loved "tomaytoes," Mrs. Housekeep invested in some "tomahtoes" and Jim, who was investigating the price of "tomattoes" for the benefit of a fellow clerk who wanted to know how to sell "termaiters," was enlightened as to what he should charge for "t'mats." And the bystander was left marveling at the infinite variety of "English as she is spoke."—Chicago Chronicle.

A Ruined Reputation.

"And you say," said the Sympathetic Person, looking down from the elevation of the doorstep upon the latest applicant for suburban charity, "that you have honestly done your best to find employment?"

"I have, madam."

"You have a regular vocation?"

"I was formerly an expressman."

"In what city?"

"In Boston."

"But, surely, at this season of the year you ought to find work enough as an expressman in a large city like Boston."

"Madam, you do not know Boston. You have heard of the Bacchante? Yes? Then it is only necessary to tell you that I am one of the expressmen who carried her to the station."

"But I do not see—"

"The fact became generally known, madam. From that moment I have ceased to be respectable. There is no one in Boston who will now employ me."—Boston Budget.

Prosperity of Farmers in Tidewater, Virginia.

There is cause for rejoicing among the farmers in Virginia. The crops of melons, potatoes, peanuts, general grain and truck have been unsurpassed and the prices obtained in the Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York markets have been the highest ever paid.

On the first and third Tuesdays of each month Settlers' tickets will be sold from Chicago and the Northwest over the Big Four and the Chesapeake & Ohio Ry., at greatly reduced rates. For particulars and descriptive pamphlet of Virginia, address U. L. Truitt, N. W. P. A., No. 234 Clark St., Chicago.

The Ruling Spirit.

The story is told of a Yankee housewife, who was extremely neat, that she woke one night at the sound of her husband creeping softly out of bed and toward the light-stand.

"What's the matter, William?" she whispered.

"Sh!" he whispered; "there's a burglar coming up the front stairs, and I'm getting my revolver!"

All was silence again, in the midst of which William crept noiselessly to the head of the stairs. Presently there was a loud report, followed by a mad scurrying of feet; then the husband came back, lighted a lamp and returned to the stairway.

"O William, William, did he—"

"Yes, he got away," said the husband.

"Oh, I don't care so much about that," the woman said, "but William, did he—"

"Did he what?"

"Did he wipe his feet before he started up the stairs?"—Youth's Companion.

Mere Bundles of Nerves.

Some peevish, querulous people seem mere bundles of nerves. The least sound agitates their sensoriums and ruffles their tempers. No doubt they are born so. But may not their nervousness be ameliorated, if not entirely relieved? Unquestionably, and with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. By cultivating their digestion, and insuring more complete assimilation of the food with this admirable corrective, they will experience a speedy and very perceptible gain in nerve quietude. Dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation and rheumatism yield to the Bitters.

It Was Taken Awheel.

Mrs. Tenspot—I am so glad that you are engaged to Harold Willoughby. Was it a long courtship?

Miss Skidmore—Not very. My cyclometer registered about 700 miles.—Judge.

Nothing makes a woman so mad as for another woman whom she does not like to make a dress like hers.—Washington Democrat.

Great minds may run in the same channel, but there is plenty of room for more.—Washington Democrat.

On a Tropic Strand.

"She is just simply too sweet for anything!" King Mwptka looked annoyed at his dusky consort's interruption. "I wish you wouldn't bother me with the details of the kitchen, my dear," he said, fretfully. "Set the jars out in the sun awhile till they begin to work and you'll find acid enough! Somehow, you do not seem as capable in culinary accomplishments as mother used to be." And Mrs. Mwptka wept softly as she stirred the fire.—N. Y. Press.

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.

When a woman takes off her coat at church it is not necessarily a sign that she is too warm.—Washington Democrat.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Anything first-class is hard to equal.—Washington Democrat.

Willing to Wait.

His Fiancee—I should tell you, baron, that I will not have a penny of my own until dear mamma is called away!

Baron von Stonyhausen — Den ve mus vait vid batience for vat you call "de happy day," my leetle loaf!—Boston Traveler.

A Doubtful Compliment.—The Count—"Ah, Mees Jones, how beautiful you are!" Miss Jones — "You forget, count, that beauty is but skin deep." The Count—"Mon Dieu! what a thick skin you must have!"—Truth.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice. Dr. G. W. Patterson, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

We never value money as much as we do right after having spent it foolishly.—Washington Democrat.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

Nobody is too poor to have lace curtains.—Washington Democrat.

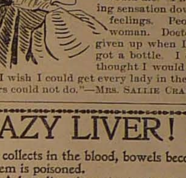
THE HEAT PLAGUE OF AUGUST, 1896.

Mrs. Pinkham's Explanation of the Unusual Number of Deaths and Prostrations Among Women.

The great heat plague of August, 1896, was not without its lesson. One could not fail to notice in the long lists of the dead throughout this country, that so many of the victims were women in their thirties, and women between forty-five and fifty.

The women who succumbed to the protracted heat were women whose energies were exhausted by sufferings peculiar to their sex; women who, taking no thought of themselves, or who, attaching no importance to first symptoms, allowed their female system to become run down.

Constipation, capricious appetite, restlessness, forebodings of evil, vertigo, languor, and weakness, especially in the morning, an itching sensation which suddenly attacks one at night, or whenever the blood becomes overheated, are all warnings. Don't wait too long to build up your strength, that is now a positive necessity! Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has specific curative powers. You cannot do better than to commence a course of this grand medicine. By the neglect of first symptoms you will see by the following letter what terrible suffering came to Mrs. Craig, and how she was cured:



"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and think it is the best medicine for women in the world. I was so weak and nervous that I thought I could not live from one day to the next. I had prolapsus uteri and leucorrhœa and thought I was going into consumption. I would get so faint I thought I would die. I had dragging pains in my back, burning sensation down to my feet, and so many miserable feelings. People said that I looked like a dead woman. Doctors tried to cure me, but failed. I had given up when I heard of the Pinkham medicine. I got a bottle. I did not have much faith in it, but thought I would try it, and it made a new woman of me. I wish I could get every lady in the land to try it, for it did for me what doctors could not do."—MRS. SALLIE CRAIG, Baker's Landing, Pa.

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Bile collects in the blood, bowels become constipated, and your whole system is poisoned.

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Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

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A LIFE HISTORY.

BY JENNY WREN.

I CAN say without vanity, looking back over this long stretch of years, that I was not unjustly called the belle of our town. It was a quiet place during eight long months of the year and I found it dull enough, and wondered why it was appointed that I must drag out my life within its limits, but the remaining four months saw it emerge as the butterfly from its chrysalis, and waken into such fullness of action that it almost compensated. It was during those periods that I learned my beauty entitled me to a wider sphere, or so I thought in my narrowness of judgment; but when, at ball or reception, I saw men leave the richly attired women whom they met the year round to seek an introduction to me, simply dressed and the daughter of a retired officer, it was little wonder that a blush of conscious pride rose to my cheek, or my eye burned with a satisfied vanity.

I was but 18 when I met Vance Wilmour. He was double my age, and when he bent over me with the wonderful grace of manner he so fully possessed, or let his eyes dwell on mine with an impassioned glance, my heart would throb as a voice within would say: "This is love." It seemed as though an emperor had stooped from his throne to ask the peasant girl to share his high estate when he at last told me of his devotion and asked me to become his wife. My father shook his head when I, joyously exultant, asked him to receive my lover.

"He is not the man to make my bright, uncaged bird happy," he answered. "Take care, Madge. No matter how brightly gilded the bars may be, the mountain songster will beat out his life against them in the struggle to be free."

But to all that he might say my ears were deaf. He could bring forward no real obstacle, however, and so I won at last reluctant consent, and six months from the day I met Vance Wilmour I became his wife. At last I was to see and mingle with the world. It was of this I thought, rather than the solemn vows I had just uttered, as side by side we had bade farewell to the old home, and were journeying to the new. Still, all my heart was his, and had he cared to mold me he might have cast it in any form.

I was not long in finding the emptiness of that I had so desired. The home to which my husband had brought me was perfect in its every appointment. The suite of rooms he had had prepared for me to my unaccustomed eye presented a vista of fairyland, and for a time I was happy. But then, as my father had predicted, my wings began to beat themselves against the bars. I learned to recognize that underneath the velvet touch was the iron hold, that I must stand ever ready with a smile, faultlessly dressed, to receive him and those whom he summoned to admire his captive. No weariness, no fatigue gave excuse. I learned then why he had married me. Wealth, station, all were his, but his pride demanded more. My beauty he knew would reflect credit upon his taste. I was too young, too ignorant to interfere with his pleasures or assert my rights as a wife. So he reasoned, and his judgment served him well.

For a year there was little to mar the scene; then my health failed. Excitement and constant gayety did their work. Nature demanded rest, and even he was obliged to recognize the necessity. Then followed months in which I scarcely saw him, when he hardly found time to come to the couch on which I constantly lay to inquire if I were better or worse; and when in my impatience I would greet him with words of reproach or anger he would silence me by some cutting words of scorn, which would leave their sting for days behind. I was utterly unable to cope with him, and when in the spring three years from the date of our marriage he was induced to join a hunting excursion on the western plains I bade him good-by with scarce a feeling of regret.

Six weeks later I was one day summoned to the presence of a gentleman who told me with trembling voice and pallid lips that I was widowed. Their party while hunting had been attacked by a party of Indians and Vance had fallen in the field, while they, to save their own lives, had been unable even to rescue his body. The shock proved more than I could bear, and for months they thought I would not live; but as health and strength crept slowly back a wonderful softness had taken possession of my heart, and I mourned him with a tender pity, burying his faults in his far-off grave.

As soon as I was able to bear the journey I closed my house and turned my face to the old home with a great content nestling in my spirit, that the quiet I had once despised again was to be mine. My dear old father met me with open arms, and I felt when pressed to his breast as though I had gained a haven indeed after my long and stormy voyaging on the sea of life. Two peaceful years passed away and my father's hair grew white and his form bent. I began to think of the time when I should be left alone in the world—alone and desolate.

I had kissed him good night one evening as I passed out and wended my way to the little village church. Sad thoughts had brooded in my memory all day, and I thought thus to drive them away, and, entering the sacred spot whose altar I had stood before as a bride, I fell upon my knees and uttered a prayer for all that sinful, foolish past.

An earnest, musical voice roused me, and, glancing up, I saw that a stranger occupied the pulpit.

I shall never forget the impression Edward Fearing made on me that night. I had listened heretofore to sermons from a sense of duty, but of his every word fell straight upon my soul and planted there a seed. It was as though he were talking to me, and I listened spellbound. He was not in the strict sense a handsome man, but when carried away by his eloquence his eyes would light up with a wonderful brightness and his face almost grow radiant; he seemed possessed of a beauty scarcely earthlike.

The noise of the people rising from their seats as his voice died away recalled me to the present, but it was with an effort I roused myself. I reached home feeling that while such living words could reach my ear life could not be barren.

I entered my father's study, treading softly lest I should disturb the slumber into which he seemed to have fallen. Drawing near, I softly laid my hand on his. It was icy cold. I stooped to kiss his brow, but its marble whiteness revealed to me the awful truth. The desolation which had hovered o'er my spirit all day had been no idle precursor of ill. Death had entered my home and snatched from me the one being left me to love. An awful calm fell upon me. No tears came to relieve my burning lids—not even when I heard the dull thud which gave back to mother earth its own.

It was then that Edward Fearing came to comfort me. It was long ere even his words penetrated the outer crust of rebellious discontent; but he probed his way so skillfully, so tenderly, that ere I knew it the healing waters of comfort rushed in, and found their vent in outward tears.

I do not know when I learned to love my teacher. Does one ever measure the hour, the moment, when love enters their lives? I could see by this passion which awakened in me the meaning of true love and false. No worldly glitter, no fickle allurements were here. The life we must lead together would be one devoted to the Master's service, but I felt nothing could be sacrifice I shared with him. I had told him all my past one afternoon, when he had just left me, and the echo of his words still was ringing in my ear, when an impatient tread across the hall, a shadow darkened the door of the room in which I sat.

I looked up, wondering if Edward had returned, with some forgotten word of fondness on his lips, when, standing with pale face I saw what in that first agonized moment I believed my husband's ghost.

I started with a wild cry, and would have fallen but that his arms caught and held me, and then I knew that it was no spirit, but living flesh which bound me.

Oh, the agony of that awakening, the torture of the thought which slowly burned itself upon my brain, that my love for Edward now was sin, that I who had so lightly talked of sacrifice shared with him must meet a greater sacrifice than any he had pictured, and meet it alone!

All this I endured while I lay seemingly in outward calm, and listened to my husband's story, how he had been left, as his friends supposed, dead upon the field; but how the Indians, strangely moved to pity, bound up the wounds they themselves had caused, and held him for six months captive. Then, procuring his release, and learning I thought him dead, he determined to leave me in that belief, but how his life had grown purposeless, and he grew to feel a vain yearning for home and wife.

"Had I found you married, Madge," he ended, "I would have gone away and made no sign, but instead you still wear the outward badge of widowhood, and though I little dreamed, my darling, that you should have mourned my loss, may I not by that sign plead for pardon? Will you not give me the hope of casting some sunshine on the life I have so cruelly darkened?"

That night Edward and I parted forever. I sent for him and told him all, and watched his face blench while I sat outwardly calm and unmoved.

"God's ways are not our ways," he said at last. "He has shown us how purposeless were the sacrifices we had planned, and He had greater ends in view. May He give us strength to bear."

The months which followed passed as in a dream, but my hands found plenty to fill them. My husband had come home to me a broken man, and I saw day by day that his strength was failing. Oh, how glad I was in those long vigils by his bedside that I had not faltered. A love as of a mother for her child grew in my breast as I watched his remorseful care, his earnest solicitude in my behalf, as his life ebbed away. It was inner as well as outer mourning I now wore, and for a year I lived on alone in my home, with no particular event to note the fleeting time.

One day a letter was put in my hand. I opened it and out dropped two inclosures, one in a hand which even then caused my heart to beat, and one a few lines in a strange writing. Edward's—for it was from him—ran thus: "When I learned that you were free, Madge, the wild, sweet hope rose in my breast that when I could I should come to claim my wife, but it was not to be. I have been stricken with a contagious fever, and my life is rapidly ebbing away. The verdict has gone forth, and I must die. It is but for a little while. I wait you in a better world. God bless you forever and forever." The other was penned after his death, but told what he had withheld, that no life lost on the battlefield showed greater heroism or truer glory. It is little wonder that I recall that bright joyous girl who once bore my name, as another being, as with folded hands I sit and wait. Sometimes my watch grows heavy, but my courage fails not. I wait on with at least contentment to the end.—N. Y. Ledger.

WAR REMINISCENCES.

A FLAG PRESENTATION.

The Very Clever Trick of a Union Colonel.

During our war the colonel of a fine union regiment came to his general, in a high state of excitement.

"General," said he, "I was waited on by two lovely ladies, this morning, who wish to present a flag to my regiment on the coming Fourth of July."

As the brigade was at that time quartered in a very hostile southern city, this produced considerable surprise on the part of the general; but he finally said:

"Well, it will be worth seeing. Turn out your regiment and let the ceremonies go on."

When the famous day arrived, every soldier was clad in his best, and the colonel looked fairly resplendent in his finest uniform. There was quite a large number of spectators present. The young ladies appeared, escorted by some of their male friends, and were given a post of honor.

One of them made a speech, in which she mentioned liberty as among the choicest blessings in the world, and extolled the conduct of our brave revolutionary forefathers. It was a very eloquent address, and was heard by all with approval and delight.

At its close, she uncovered and unrolled the flag, and with a smile upon her face, said, sweetly:

"I now have the pleasure of presenting, sir, to you and your regiment, the grandest and most characteristic symbol of the liberty for which our forefathers fought, that has ever seen the light of day."

She unrolled the flag, which, to the unlimited surprise of most of those present, proved to be a confederate one!

For a moment, there was an intense silence. The southerners present did not dare to cheer, however much they felt like it; the soldiers were sternly restrained by their officers, as well as by their natural chivalry toward the sex.

The colonel's eyes flashed fire; but he was a man of the world, and had been an accomplished politician before entering the war; and, with a gentle and engaging smile, he advanced, and received the flag from the hand of his fair (and unfair) guest. Then, in a clear, resonant, Fourth-of-July tone, he responded:

"Madam, you are my guest, and a lady. I am the colonel of this regiment, which is composed entirely of gentlemen as well as soldiers, and, I trust, I am deserving of the same appellations.

"We have listened with interest to your views as to which is the symbol most typical of freedom of any in the world. We (looking at the colors of the regiment) hold a different opinion, or we should not be here. We are glad to know, too, that our views are gradually gaining ground. We have already received in surrender several flags similar to the one you have just handed me, and shall keep this as a token that at

PROVED TO BE A CONFEDERATE ONE.

last even the fair daughters of the confederacy have decided that their cause is a hopeless one, and have commenced capitulating their colors—eulogizing them, very naturally, as they so do."

The turning of the tables had been accomplished so neatly that the crowd cheered, in spite of themselves; the young lady, who had perhaps harbored an idea that she would be arrested, and made a sort of martyr, rushed away in confusion; and the colonel marched his regiment back to quarters with flying colors. He afterward received a merry note from his acquaintance of a day, apologizing for the trick she had attempted to play upon him, thanking him for the gentlemanly manner in which he had treated her, and acknowledging that he had had the best of the incident.

During a late visit to the Nashville exposition he enjoyed the pleasure of meeting her—now a handsome "Colonial Dame"—and of laughing with her over the incident.—Every Where.

Grant's Tribute to McPherson.

In the battle of the 22d Gen. McPherson was killed. When this news reached Gen. Grant he was visibly affected and dwelt upon it in his conversations for the next two or three days. "McPherson," he said, "was one of my earliest staff officers, and seemed almost like one of my own family. At Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg and Chattanooga he performed splendid service. I predicted from the start that he would make one of the most brilliant officers in the service. I was very reluctant to have him leave my staff, for I disliked to lose his services there, but I felt it was only fair to him to put him in command of troops where he would be in the line of more rapid promotion. I was very glad to have him at the head of my old Army of the Tennessee. His death will be a terrible loss to Sherman, for I know that he will feel it as keenly as I. McPherson was beloved by everybody in the service, both by those above him and by those below him."—Gen. Horace Porter, in Century.

UGLY SISTERS.

An Old Soldier Tells His Experience with a Homely Duo.

When you want to hear good stories you must join a group of veterans. The best time is to find a dozen or two of them gathered about a big heating stove in a postroom, when the weather is cold and the wind whistles. These conditions recall old days when comforts of any kind were all but unknown. Then one of them will thaw out and tell a story, not necessarily of the hairbreadth escape, for the veteran is rather modest in this direction, but a story filled with humor and of a novel kind.

At the George Thomas post some time since some of "the boys" grew reminiscent. One of them had alluded

"I'LL GIVE YOU THIS FIVE-DOLLAR BILL."

to a beauty show then in progress. This led to another remark that there would be no entries if it was for ugly women.

"And that reminds me," said a third, "of a little incident that happened when we were in eastern Kentucky after Humphrey Marshall. Or maybe he was after us. I'm not certain. Anyhow, we passed through a country where the women were proverbially ugly. We had passed hundreds during the day, and generally they called us Yanks, or any old name to make us mad. But we never minded 'em. It pleased 'em, and didn't hurt us.

"But some of the boys got rattled after awhile and concluded to fire a volley back when the chance came, as it soon did. At a farmhouse of considerable pretension, as far as style and size was concerned, was a girl leaning her chin upon her hands on an old swinging gate.

"'Go it, Yanks, or ol' Humphrey'll kitch youns,' she shouted. She was the ugliest woman you ever saw. Towzled hair and dirty red at that, gingham mother hubbard, snub nosed and barefooted. Oh, she was a picture. Johnny Dill, of our company, stepped out of the ranks and surveyed her.

"'Say,' he said, 'if you'll find me an uglier woman than you are, I'll give you this five-dollar bill.'

"Just then her sister put her head out of a window and made some remark.

"'For Lord's sake,' said Johnny, 'there she is. You get the money.'

"And he went and left the five on the gate post."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD OFFICER.

Served on His Father's Staff in the War.

"To the Editor: In your issue of Sunday (18th) last I note an article entitled 'Youngest in Command,' etc., and relating to Lieut. John McAdam Webster, One Hundred and Ninety-seventh infantry, who was commissioned when he was just 16 years of age. When I was in the army of the Potomac I served in Abercrombie's brigade and remember seeing a young stripling dashing about who was delivering messages, etc. I ascertained that he was our general's son, who had been appointed a volunteer aid-de-camp on his father's staff. At a meeting of some old soldiers not long since I met him after 33 years, and in the course of conversation found that he lacked three months of being 15 years of age when he was commissioned second lieutenant in the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh infantry. The family records show that Lieut. Abercrombie was born March 17, 1848, and appointed second lieutenant One Hundred and Twenty-seventh New York infantry January 12, 1863, after he had served for almost a year as volunteer aid-de-camp on his father's staff through the peninsular and other campaigns.

"I have seen his commissions, and have been told by his old lieutenant colonel, S. L. Woodford, now minister to Spain, that he was one of the bravest men he ever saw, and was invariably mentioned in general orders after almost every engagement in which his brigade or regiment participated. He lives in Chicago, and no doubt would give you any data in corroboration of my statement. I have seen his pictures and believe that he was absolutely the youngest officer who actually served in the field in command of troops.

"When last I met him he was at the pension office.

"JOHN T. WILLIAMS."
—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Long Delayed Report.

Col. "Dan" Macauley sent an aid out before a battle in the Shenandoah valley to ascertain the force of the enemy. This was the last Col. Macauley saw of the officer. One day when Macauley was holding court in Indianapolis as mayor, a one-armed man came in and said: "Colonel, I have to report that I found the enemy in force." He was the captain who had been sent out to reconnoiter several years before. He had been wounded, captured, and had a leg amputated and was sent to his home in Massachusetts when exchanged. Passing through Indianapolis it occurred to him that he should report to his commanding officer.—McClure's Magazine.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

NEW SUNSTROKE THEORY.

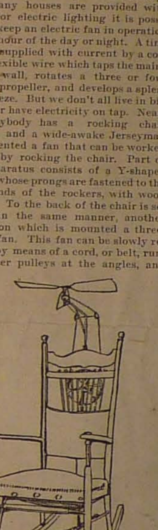
It Is the Result of Years of Study and Experiment.

A new theory has been advanced by Dr. Ira Van Gieson, director of the New York Pathological institute, in explanation of sunstroke. The discovery is the result of years of investigation and experiment. The doctor believes that death in cases of sunstroke does not result from overheating of the blood, but that the sun's rays destroy certain nerve cells and generate an "auto-toxic" poison, which resembles the venom of a rattlesnake in its effects. The purple, swollen face of a victim of sunstroke, the enfeebled heart action, an occurrence of death within an hour or two, convince him that "it is beyond question the most brilliant, straightforward example of an acute, virulent poison, originating within the body, which acts most rapidly and violently upon the nervous system." It first strikes the ganglion cells which operate the heart. Degeneration then progresses with lightning speed. When the poison attacks the brain the cortical cells are destroyed. If the sufferer in such an instance should not die his mind is generally more or less affected. It is said that only a slight change is necessary to transform the fluids and tissues of the body from the useful to the injurious, and a slight failure of the liver or kidneys to act properly produces conditions favorable to formation of poison. Sometimes the nerve cells are only partially destroyed and nature rebuilds them, but they are never in quite the same condition as at first, and if the processes necessary to eliminate the poison from the system are checked, death or insanity is apt to result.

ROCKING CHAIR FAN.

Summer Comfort Obtained by Merely Swaying in Your Seat.

In cities where large office buildings and many houses are provided with wires for electric lighting it is possible to keep an electric fan in operation at any hour of the day or night. A tiny motor, supplied with current by a covered, flexible wire which taps the mains in the wall, rotates a three or four bladed propeller, and develops a splendid breeze. But we don't all live in big cities, or have electricity on tap. Nearly everybody has a rocking chair though, and a wide-awake Jerseyman has invented a fan that can be worked simply by rocking the chair. Part of the apparatus consists of a Y-shaped frame, whose prongs are fastened to the front ends of the rockers, with wood screws. To the back of the chair is secured, in the same manner, another frame, on which is mounted a three-bladed fan. This fan can be slowly revolved by means of a cord, or belt, running over pulleys at the angles, and



FAN FOR ROCKING CHAIR.

down around a wheel on the chair back. A lever, reaching up from the floor frame, and made to shove up and down by the rocking motion, drives the wheel.

It is possible that this particular arrangement has been patented, but almost any ingenious mechanic can construct a gear which will evade the patent and do the business. A wife or mother could thus be rendered very comfortable on a hot day. There are men, too, who probably would not be above taking a quiet smoke in such a chair themselves.—N. Y. Tribune.

Trees Attract Lightning.

An isolated tree offers a most dangerous attraction to lightning. In woods the peril is diminished because the electricity is scattered. Trees with roots deep in humid soil are more apt to be struck than those in drier spots. Trees in damp places are always conductors of electricity. Lightning prefers oaks and rarely touches beeches. Resistance to electrical discharges varies according to the proportion of oily matter contained in the wood. The poplar possesses but little greasy substance and is a good conductor. It is dangerous to those who trust it for shelter, but if planted not nearer than ten meters from a dwelling proves to be a good lightning rod. If certain poplars are easily struck by electric fluid, it is because their roots are in damp soil. All isolated trees should be avoided during a thunderstorm.

Vitality of Microbes.

In France it has been observed that germs of charbon persist in the soils, where animals dying of that malady have been buried, for many years. The burial of one hog that has died from the cholera may cause the disease to appear in swine which may be pastured in the same inclosure during coming seasons. All infected carcasses should be cremated. The microbe of tetanus, smallpox, yellow fever, bubonic plague and some other infectious diseases retain their vitality in the soil.

Right in His Line.

"Queer idea for that brewer to start a frog pond, wasn't it?"

"What did he start it for?"

"For the hops." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ACTION OF THE WAVES.

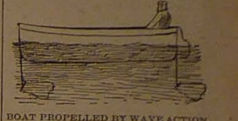
New System Utilizes It for the Propulsion of Boats.

A new motive power for driving a boat has been put into use by Secretary Linden, of the zoological garden at Naples. To the observer the little craft is a mystery. Neither sail, oar, engine nor smokestack are visible. A man sits calmly at the rudder and steers the boat wherever he wills.

All the more remarkable is the motion because it is the result of no power in the boat but rather of the movements of the waves themselves, and the higher the waves the more rapid is the boat.

Secretary Linden was led to adopt this method of propulsion from observing the movements of fishes at the aquarium. The tail motion in particular attracted his attention. After many years of experiment he has adopted a plan of extreme simplicity. From either end of the boat a steel rod extends down into the water. At their lower ends are attached horizontal fins of flexible steel plate.

Every movement of the waves causes these plates to vibrate up and down in



BOAT PROPELLED BY WAVE ACTION.

the water and so to force the boat along. The shape most effective he finds to be of the dolphin's tail fin. For a boat 13 feet long the two fins have ten square feet of surface area. Experiments show that the best size is one-third the surface of water displaced by the boat. In the strong tide of the Gulf of Naples the speed is 3½ miles an hour. It steers like any other boat and will draw another heavier than itself.

A particular advantage of the system is that it can be applied with other forms of propulsion. In connection with life-saving apparatus its value will be inestimable. However rough the water the boat will be forced along without effort from the crew. And the higher the waves the more rapid will be its progress. What value the Linden system may possess in the propulsion of larger vessels remains to be determined. But for small craft its usefulness is already assured.—Illustrated American.

DANGER IN SMOKING.

It Causes Cancer of the Lips and Other Serious Ailments.

While many surgeons deny the existence of "smokers' cancer," others indicate tobacco as the cause of cancer of the lips and nasal fossae. The disease from this cause is said to be lobulated epithelioma, sometimes composed of mucous and sometimes of horny tissue. It shows particularly among smokers who pay no attention to the cleaning of the mouth, who smoke short clay pipes to the bottom and who use an inferior quality of tobacco. The under lip or part of the tongue most in contact with the overheated stem of the pipe is most frequently attacked. These neoplasms grow in the base of the tongue and on the tonsils of those who have lost their teeth and who hold the pipe deep in the mouth. The weight of the pipe is a source of irritation, and the cancer is found on the side where the pipe is held. Contagion from two men using the same pipe may result. When an early operation is performed on canceroids situated on the lip the prognosis may be favorable, but the reverse is the case when the tonsils or tongue is attacked. Smokers should use a pipe with an amber mouthpiece, and it should never be smoked to the bottom. Acrid tobacco should be avoided.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Scientific Insect Destruction.

A noted bacteriologist has lately conceived a plan of exterminating all bothersome insects by inoculating them with some disease peculiarly fatal to their respective species. The plan was suggested by the successful results obtained by experiments in ridding fields of grain from chinch bugs. Mosquitoes, which are believed to convey malaria from the swamps to the human system, would exist no more. Flies, which are not as good scavengers as was once supposed and for whose loss improved sanitary measures would more than compensate, would no longer amble over the heads and noses of would-be nappers. There is a pathogenic germ which could be cultivated in tubes, as consumption bacilli are now propogated, which would sweep millions of the latter from existence. Bugs, gnats and all insects which ruin grain and fruit are to be the subject of bacteriological experiment.

Field Mice Transmit Pollen.

It has long been known that the ministrations of insects are indispensable to the fertilization of some flowers, by rubbing pollen from the anthers in one place and carrying it to the pistil in another. Now we are told that in the island of Trinidad the pollenation of the bauhinia megalandra, of the family leguminosae, is effected by a field mouse. It feeds off insects attracted by the sugary juice of the plant, and in rubbing against the stamens becomes covered with the pollen, which, transported to the other flowers, succeeds in penetrating the style.

Escaping Gas Kills Trees.

The fact is well known that, notwithstanding the care given by the gas companies to prevent leakage, breaks often occur in the mains, resulting in the death of a great many shade trees yearly. It is also said that where pipes carrying steam heat underground are placed near the trees the warmth in winter starts the circulation of the sap, which, being unable to go up through the frozen bole of the tree, rots the roots.