

WHAT HE MUST YELL.

The Old Westerner Tells What to Do in the Moment of Danger.

A Washington Post reporter made the acquaintance the other day of a hale and vigorous old gentleman who was visiting Washington from the "rowdy West."

"You fellows," he remarked, "who work on morning papers have to be out considerably late at night, don't you?"

"The Post man replied affirmatively. 'Well, I've had to be out pretty late myself many a time in my career, and have had all sorts of experiences in the dark,' said the old veteran.

"'Spoke you go home often when the moon ought to have shown, but didn't; no gas light; every door barred against you, and night's subtle curtain sabler than Topet, haven't you?'"

"The reporter acquiesced. 'Hear all sorts of strange sounds; signs creaking; cats cattervauling; dogs howling; no place to run in even if Julius Caesar's ghost should appear. Isn't that so?'"

"The cheerful old gentleman. 'These conditions were also admitted by the reporter.

"'Yes, I know,' he continued. 'Been there myself. 'Course you've been wailed in the dark; sand-bagged; held up by thugs occasionally' he asserted.

"The Post man drew the line at this, and denied ever having had such an experience.

"'Well, you will be, sure as shootin,'" went on the aged man from the West. 'Men who are out late at night—regularly every night—and especially reporters, must expect it. I've been there myself. I'll give you a pointer, which don't forget, my son. Never holler murder, as most people do when the midnight assassin stabs upon you; worst thing in the world you can do. Nobody'll come; people in bed will cover up their heads and crouch low, and even the constable will have business in another direction. Murder's a scary word. Just holler fire. That'll fetch 'em; every window within the sound will be hoisted, and everybody will tumble out in a jiffy. When you're assaulted, as you're bound to be some day, yell up a conflagration, that'll bring a crowd; holler murder, and you're a goner.'"



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TAKE A REST GO EAST TAKE SHORE ROUTE'S BEST RAILWAY. THE DELIGHTFUL MOUNTAIN SEA SHORE RESORTS OF THE EAST LIST OF WHICH WITH TICKETS WILL BE FURNISHED UPON REQUEST.

CAT

Downy Curves Ahead and Going to the Run-away Cats and Catteraugus Viaduct Before the Jumped.

"The month I don't remember, but it was in the spring of '92, and I was in Pennsylvania, half on business and half for pleasure, for there was a peculiar rocky-formation that I wanted to look up down there," said the geologist to the New York Sun man.

"I had walked out to the place of my geological research, which was near East Concord, and had pretty well tired myself out walking and climbing, when a freight train came slowly along. At that time I knew every engineer on that division, and this engineer, whose name was Wind, slowed up and took me aboard. There's a steep grade here and the train was hard to control. We hadn't fairly got started down that grade when Wind, looking a little grave, turned to me and said:

"'There's something the matter with the air brakes. They're not working.'"

"Well, your engine will hold the train in check all right, won't it?" I asked.

"The engineer glanced back over the train, then turned and looked ahead; we were rattling on at a pretty lively pace now, and it was getting livelier every minute. The old locomotive was dancing a jig. Wind put his hand on the throttle. His freeman was scared.

"'We've got to slow up before we get to that embankment,' he shouted, the words rattling from his mouth as the cab shook and shivered. 'There's only one thing I'm afraid of. If we can— Ah!'"

"For a minute I didn't understand just what had happened. All that I knew was that old 109 (the locomotive) had bounded ahead like a live thing and was running away from the rest of the train. I turned to Wind. His face was all pinched up and his eyes looked like gimlet holes. Leaning over to me he bawled in my ear:

"'That's what I was afraid of. Coupling pin joggled out. Bad business!'"

"'What are you going to do?' I called back.

"'Only one chance,' he answered in the same tone. 'Got to save the train. Got to catch her on the fly and hold her, or it's a case of smash of the worst kind, and there's men in the caboose. Jim,' he added, turning to his freeman. 'It's going to be a bad business, and the turn of a hand will finish it the wrong way. You can't do any good. If you see a chance, jump. You'd best jump, too, sir,' he added to me. 'The water down here a bit further, and you'll come out easy.'"

"Wind was enough to give a man new courage. The pinched look had gone out of his face, and his expression was steadfast and composed. His eyes, wide and steady, were fixed on the plunging monster behind, and the hand that grasped the throttle was instinct with nervous force and readiness. There was only fifty yards between us and the cars now, and it was rapidly decreasing.

"Nearer and nearer it came, until it seemed as if it must leap and hurl us from the track. We were on a small embankment now. I caught a glint of the water below, and wondered vaguely if one's body could be recovered there. Then something flashed past me, there was a yell—and there were only two of us in the cab. Old 109 at the same instant leaped forward out of danger. But two wrinkles appeared on Wind's forehead.

"'Let her out too quick,' he shouted. 'Jim jumped and shook me up. We'll have to try her again. Hope Jim struck the water.'"

"When he heard that we were going to get in the way of that mountain slide again I felt like a man who has been invited to catch a cannon ball in his teeth. I wanted to jump if I'd only dared, but there was no water beneath now; only hard ground.

"Moreover I was wasting time in thinking out chances that might be my last moments for prayer and repentance, and that train was coming down on us again. This time I shut my eyes and pulled myself into a heap. As nearly as I can remember I huddled up with the idea that I would prefer to be found in one piece after the crash, rather than in disintegrated sections. Any way, I didn't open my eyes until I felt a sharp jar, and then that heavenly spring and bound out of danger again. The train had touched us, but so quick and ready was the engineer's pull of the throttle that he had brought us away again—and a second, the fractional part of a second, too soon. His face was red with anger when I opened my eyes again and looked around me.

"It's now or never this time. I'll stop her now or we'll all be in the ditch."

"It was now or never without doubt, for we could see the curve ahead and not far ahead at the sixty-mile clip we were going. Wind slowed up sharp, and I shall never forget my feelings as the cars bore down on us. This time I couldn't shut my eyes. The fascination of imminent death held them on the thundering mass behind."

"'Brave yourself and hang on,' shouted Wind, as he felt for a brace with his feet and gripped the throttle so tight that the muscles stood out like cords on his arms.

"The next instant he sprang to his feet, threw the throttle wide open, and suddenly went up in the air and turned over toward the boiler as the bump came. That was all I saw. I heard a terrific crash, and felt myself whirled out of the cab and through the air. The whole universe whirled about me and then closed in and I struck. My teeth gritted out sharp, bright flames that flashed back and forth through my head. Then came blackness.

"For five days I lay and watched ponderous trains, millions of miles in length, thundering down illimitable slopes at incomprehensible speed, in pursuit of a plummy man, myself, in an insignificant locomotive. Then I recovered consciousness and shook the left hand of En-

gineer Wind, his right arm being in a sling. He had hung to his throttle and had been hurled heels over head against the boiler and pretty badly battered up, but had slowed up the train so that it made the viaduct curve successfully. As for me, I had brought up against a timber head foremost, but got off easy, with no other injuries than my scalp wound and a slight concussion of the brain. But it has left me one heritage. When I have nightmare now it's always the same nightmare, and an overwise of Welsh rarebit is certain to bring down that avalanche of cars on my devoted head."

UNDER THE BAN.

Showered the Clergymen, Whom He Took for a Burglar.

"It is not often that clergymen are suspected of being dangerous criminals," said Rev. E. L. Metcalf of New York, to the Globe-Democrat man lately, "but a number of years ago I was placed under the ban of such suspicion and closely watched by the police for several hours. I had exchanged pulpits with a country minister for two weeks, and on my return home had to travel three miles in a stage coach to the railroad. On the route the driver heard something rattle in my carpetbag which sounded like pieces of steel striking together. He at once jumped to the conclusion that I was a burglar, and on our arrival at the depot hunted up an officer and imparted his suspicions to him. In the meantime I passed up and down the platform with my carpetbag in my hand, entirely ignorant of the amount of interest I had created. The policeman was also sure that I was a burglar, and that I had a complete set of burglar tools in my valise. He did not like to run the risk of arresting me, however, but told an acquaintance who was going by the same train what he suspected, and to keep a strict watch on me and notify the authorities upon our arrival in New York. The man followed his instructions to the letter, and I was struck dumb with amazement when on our arrival in the city I was approached by a policeman and told to consider myself under arrest. The officer would not give me any satisfaction as to the cause of my being taken into custody, but said I would find out at the station. I was accordingly conducted thither, where I was at once recognized by at least a dozen policemen, who laughed heartily at the 'important capture' of their brother officer. The rattling noise in my valise had had no effect on the driver of the stage, was caused by a pair of scissors coming in contact with my shaving mug."

It is impracticable in Boston. The very latest fashion in uncovering the head as a salute has reached Boston by way of New York. It consists in lifting the hat from the head and then suddenly thrusting it straight out before you at arm's length. On Broadway no other style of salutation is recognized as good form, but in the crowded and narrow streets of Boston it is most difficult of achievement. It is not unusual for a man who attempts it to not only smash his hat, but to waste ten minutes in apologizing to the people who were too near him when he executed the salute. It has to be done with such a jerk to be effective that one stands a good chance giving the person in front of him a notion that he has been sand-bagged, and it is difficult to explain away an impression like that.—Boston Journal.

Remarkable Leap of a Horse. One of the most remarkable leaps ever recorded as having been made by a horse, was that of Chandler, an English steeplechaser, while running in the Leamington cup at Warwick in 1847. Bell's Life of March 28, 1847, records it, as follows: "Chandler was following, there being two other horses and riders riding. At the brook Chandler's rider expected that trouble would come to the leaders. Sure enough they all piled up together, and with one monstrous leap he cleared the brook and the flounder. After careful measurement it was put on record as being a leap of exactly thirty-nine feet."—St. Louis Republic.

An Industrious Woman. Lady I wish you would give me something to relieve my misery. Doctor—What is the matter? "For three nights I have not slept a wink."

"I can perceive no physical occasion for your wakefulness. Perhaps you have allowed yourself to worry."

"'Worry? Humph! I haven't had time to worry; I have been kept so busy dancing.—Tammany Times."

Mode of Moral Improvement. Small Boy—I think I'd be a better boy if I had a pony like Richie Rich's.

Father—Better, how? "Well, I'd be more charitable."

"More charitable, eh?" "Yes, I wouldn't feel so glad when Richie's pony runs away with him."

WITS AT WORK. Father—Do you really desire to make my daughter happy? The Sutor—Certainly, Father.—Then don't marry her.

Waiter—Will you take tea or coffee? Actor—I always take coffee, because it settles. Manager—I prefer tea—because it draws.

"That Mrs. Talbins is a miserable talker, isn't she?" "Her language, I thought, was beautiful." "Dear me, yes, but she talks all the time."

Indignant Constituent—Sir, you have proven utterly false to your principles. Green Statesman—Nothing of the sort. I merely wore them out and got a new set.

Little Gladys—Granny, go down on your hands and knees for a minute, please. Ford Grandmother—What am I to do that for my pet? Little Gladys—'Cause I want to draw an elephant.

"No," said Floathair, the poet, "I shall never call on that editor again; never, never!" "What has he done?" "He has been rudely sarcastic. I handed him a bundle of manuscripts this morning and he told the office boy to hunt up his overshoes." "Overshoes?" "Yes, he said he had a lot of slush to wade through."

AROUND THE CAMPFIRE.

LIFE IN THE BAND OF THE 24TH MICHIGAN.

Cheering Up the Weary Marchers With a Lively Tune—Heroism of the Ladies of Gettysburg—General Grant and the Toll-Gate Keeper.

Custer's Choice. Envoiced in the western wilds Our Custer stood at bay. Mid savage thousands thrills and sways, With lust for blood in sways, Eager to leap as lions leap Upon their desecrated graves To end the carnival of hell. With carbine volleys he raged on To rend the demon from his head. Around him thronged his brothers Their brothers of the dead.

Around him on the slaughter field Calhoun and Keokuk their braves, In death's embrace, he fell. Around him thronged his brothers Their brothers of the dead. That cruel rinz enthralled, Fate doomed to be the last. The world's most friendly craft That cruel rinz enthralled, Benton at bay, and Reno fled, By panic fear appalled.

Beau Sabreur in another war By Christian methods ruled. Proud Cavalier, but gentle and To tactics savage schooled. A check for some brief moments held Destruction's final sway. And the world's most friendly craft His Biz Chief sought to save: Life, with the pleasures of the world, But with dissonant name. He was a temptation from his path And turned his back on shame? One moment, but a moment bent In thought that martial head. And then the glorious choice was made— Death with the faithful dead.

On rushed the howling demon tide. Joe's fire was in his eye. True as the rapier in his hand, Death better far than all your years. Oh, fortunate Benton! Thou craven knight, that wouldst not aid, Thyself died within the thrall. This brother and his brother there, Doomed, bravest of the brave, With only one delusive hope. That ye, Benton, wouldst save.

Oh, boys in blue so good and true! Fighting as only soldiers fight. When death is sure for all. Lost Murat of the cavalry! Better a thousand fold! The fate and glory Custer won. He commanded, went to the general and begged him to let him (Upurako) show a way to escape to the two only. General Custer Without a spot to mar The honor of a soldier grand As Hero of Navarre Not in the ancient Paladins Find ye knight-hood so true As his, who made the choice of death With all his boys in blue.

—A. W. Sawyer, M. D. The Upurako, sole survivor of Custer's immediate command, went to the general and begged him to let him (Upurako) show a way to escape to the two only. General Custer Without a spot to mar The honor of a soldier grand As Hero of Navarre Not in the ancient Paladins Find ye knight-hood so true As his, who made the choice of death With all his boys in blue.

During the battle of Chancellorsville we were playing one evening near a fine old Virginia residence, writes a member of the 24th Michigan band, in the National Tribune. The ladies came out to listen, and for their benefit we played "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Dixie." They brought lights to the door and waved their handkerchiefs. We changed from "Dixie" to "Yankee Doodle." Immediately the lights went out and the doors were shut with a slam.

At Frederick City, Md., some of our young officers asked us to go with them and serenade a family of fine-looking ladies. They came out and responded by singing "Maryland, my Maryland." They sang it with such heartfelt pathos that we almost pined Maryland.

Frederick City seemed to me to have one long narrow street; and, as we marched out through the town, our band played the entire length of the street. The tune we played was "Gems of Niggerdom," a melody of darky tunes.

The colonel often called on the band to play a tune to cheer the boys on a hard march; forgetting the band might be tired as well as the rest. We wished to evade carrying our knapsacks; so we rolled up our blankets, made a high roll on top, and, as our horns were over our shoulder, it made it impossible to play on the march. The next time the colonel said "Music," we showed him how impossible it was. He took in the situation at a glance, and turning to the quartermaster said:

"See that this band have their knapsacks packed in one of the wagons after this; the boys must have music!" After that we had no excuse, but had to "come down with the music."

We had our good and bad days. Fun and hunger was the make-up of days and nights, weeks and months. Bert Sons was the life and clown of the band and camp. One day while he was passing through camp some one called out:

"Say Bert, what's the matter with your pants?" (He had boiled them to kill ants or some other kind of insects, and they had shrunk half way to his knees.) Bert stopped, looked down, and said: "Damn! I've cut them off twice, and they're too short yet!"

One cold, frosty night I heard a rattle in the tent next to mine. I heard Whitey say: "What have you done?" "There, I've flanked you this time!" "What have you done," said I. "I've flanked those lice!" "Well, how?" "I've pulled off my pants and thrown them out doors."

Well, that might be called cruelty to animals; but sometimes patience ceases to be a virtue, and a soldier becomes hard-hearted.

As the old First corps was the first at the battle of Gettysburg, except the cavalry, Captain Wood came rushing back and gave our colonel the order to get ready for a fight. The colonel then turned to us and said:

"Boys, fall out, and give us 'Yankee Doodle!'" Our regiment was into the racket before the tune was finished. The head doctor came up and said:

"The stretcher corps is six miles in the rear, and you will have to go in and help carry the wounded."

Now things began to look "dusty" for the band; but we went to work thinking, as the boys often said on the march: "Left, left! I had a good time when I left."

A. L. Congdon, my chum, made a stretcher of fence bonnet and went into the fray. The first

came to was a big man shot through both legs. He must have been full weight by the way he bore down. As we came into town we were met by women and children, with tea, coffee, bread and butter, and all the good things needful for a hungry soldier. The wounded man took a piece of pie in each hand, saying: "Boys, it looks good but I can't eat it."

I never saw anything in the newspapers about the heroism of the ladies of Gettysburg. I saw girls, not over 12 years of age, their clothing covered with blood from helping the wounded, not minding shot or shell. Those ladies were genuine heroines. God bless them! How they did work. I saw one nice, motherly-looking old lady whose house was in the midst of the racket; shells bursting in every direction, wounded men lying thick around. She seemed to forget all about danger in caring for the wounded. A shell burst just over her head. I looked, expecting her to dodge, but she did not even flinch; she seemed only to think of duty. I thought that true heroism in the fullest sense of the term. I remember there was a field of two or three acres of wheat just back of the house, surrounded by a picket fence.

One thing that causes me to remember the wheatfield more distinctly, I suppose, is on account of a comical incident which occurred there. One of our musicians (a detail from the ranks), whose former record had been good in a fight, broke for the rear, things having become too hot for him. He went over the fence at a jump. I could just see his head bobbing up and down as he made time through the wheat.

After the battle I inquired of him what he was doing in the wheatfield. He said:

"Did you see me? Was I making good time?" I told him he ran like a quarter-horse, and asked where he fetched up. He said he had only just cleared the fence on the other side when a battery officer sang out:

"Halt, there! Where are you going?" "I answered: 'You might be able to tell that by the direction I am running.'"

"Then I have a job for you," said the officer. "Take this saber and stand guard over a dismounted cannon."

"He was soon called away on some duty, when I just rammed that old saber in the ground and continued my tramp back into town to eat pie and cake with the ladies."

Made Grant Pay Toll. A new story of General Grant was told by the Pittsburg Dispatch the other day by a resident of Washington county, Pa.: "I'll never forget how old Bije Oliver, who kept the toll-gate at Washington, on the old Wheeling pike, held up General Grant for toll," he said. "Bije was annoyed a great deal by the college boys who drove over the pike."

"They worked on his credulity, promising to pay toll on their way back. Many a nickel had been lost to the old toll keeper, for he was a kind-hearted fellow, and often in the face of better judgment remitted the toll until they returned. But the boys, like that letter, never came; they took another route home, thus eluding old Bije. Upon one of Grant's visits to Washington, during his administration, a young Mr. Smith, who was then in college, took him out one day for a drive.

"As they came near the tollgate on the Wheeling pike old Bije caught sight of them. He went out of his house, took hold of the rope and pulled the pole down, obstructing the road. Smith greeted Bije in a familiar way and said: 'Look here, Bije, we want to go on. You see I've General Grant with me here.'"

"Bije looked up with a sardonic smile. He had just begun to see through the tricks of the college boys, and was not going to allow himself to be gulled any longer.

"So he replied: 'I don't give a darn if you have General Grant with you; you'll have to pay toll for you can't get along here.' Then he added, in a more sarcastic way, with a leer: 'Gen. Grant! You must take me for a fool.'"

"Really," persisted young Smith, "this is Gen. Grant."

"But Bije got angry at his apparent impudence and said angrily: 'Grant or no Grant, you pay toll.' Seeing that he was adamant, Gen. Grant put his hand down into his pocket, and after tossing him a coin, drove on, laughing at the incident. He often related the incident afterward, and it seemed to amuse him greatly."

The Iron Duke. Once during the Iron Duke's campaign in the Pyrenees, it happened that General Pietton's dispositions for receiving the assault of Marshal Sout displaced him. The danger threatened from in front, and the difficulty lay in delaying the attack until he could effect the change he wished. He was, as usual, equal to the occasion. Waving his hat in the air, galloped to the front of a regiment if he meant to order a charge. The whole of Pietton's line cheered enthusiastically, and as the roar died Wellington was heard to remark to himself: "Sout is a canny man, and will not attack without ascertaining the chances of these cheers. That was for the sixth division to see what we shall beat him. What happened, and a bloody repulse will win an easy victory."

Shooting the Iron Duke. The Iron Duke was in the county in Scotland with over 500 men with about 500000 worth of property with nearly 500000 worth of property about 500000 worth of property with 500000 worth of property.

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Asking the Impossible. Mistress—"Our style of living is very simple. For breakfast, at this season, we usually have buckwheat cakes and— New Girl—"And I'm to bake 'em as fast as you want 'em?" "Certainly." "Any of your children boys?" "One is a boy." "Healthy?" "Yes, indeed." "I don't want the place. Good-day, mum." A Thoughtful Boy. Johnny—"Why are you putting camphor on those furs?" Mamma—"To keep the moths out of them." Johnny—"What will the moths do if they get into the furs?" Mamma—"Eat the hair off." Johnny—"Well, why didn't you put camphor on pa's head to keep the moths off of it?" Disposed Of. Syms—"Well, I see that all the burning questions of the day have been settled." "Snyles—"Where did you see that?" "Syms—"I have been reading the college commencement orations." Lookout Mountain. One of the largest signs ever painted is seen by visitors to Lookout mountain. The ascent up this historic old mountain is made by an incline railway. Open observation cars are used, and the trip to Lookout point, 2,900 feet above sea level, is made in six minutes. Just at the foot of this incline the laboratory of the Chattanooga Medicine Co. is located. The roof of this building shows a sign 175 feet long and forty feet wide that reads "McElree's Wine of Cardui for Women." Some of the letters are twenty feet long and can be read from the cars while riding all the way up the mountain. No visitor comes to Lookout mountain without having "Wine of Cardui" firmly impressed on their memory. The Chattanooga Medicine Company also make "Theford's" Black Draught, and have an immense laboratory containing more than one-half acre of floor space. A difficult place to keep one's balance is at the bank. An Echo from the World's Fair. The Lake Shore Route has recently gotten out a very handsome litho-water color of the "Exposition Flyer," the famous twenty hour train in service between New York and Chicago during the fair. Among the many wonderful achievements of the Columbian year this train—which was the fastest long distance train ever run—holds a prominent place, and to anyone interested in the subject the picture is well worth framing. Ten cents in stamps or silver sent to G. K. Wilber, West Pass Agt., Chicago, will secure one. You Don't Have to go 2,000 miles to reach the land of plenty. The irrigated lands along the line of the Union Pacific system are capable of producing a class of fruit seen in the exhibit at the World's Fair, stopping in Idaho you'll find on your fare and freight first payment on your gate. Advertising matter. Address E. T. A., Omaha, Neb. When the wheels of the world spin. Wash. People's Union, 22nd St., N. Y. Toronto, information, SEELY, 220 4th St. N. Y.

A BAD WRECK. Of the constitution may follow in the wake of a disordered system. Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery prevents and cures liver and kidney diseases. It restores liver to healthy action, purifies the blood, and always cures of the kidneys. G. W. Sawyer, M. D., Esq., of Haverhill, Mass., writes: "I have been troubled for years with kidney trouble. I saw your advertisement in the Boston Herald, and I sent for your book. I read it, and I was convinced that it was the best medicine I had ever seen. I bought a bottle, and I took it, and I was cured. I am now as well as ever, and I can do my work as usual. I am very grateful to you for your discovery. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, G. W. Sawyer, M. D., Esq., Haverhill, Mass." Pierce's Medical Discovery. Married by the law. PIERCE'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. MADE IN U.S.A. 45, GORDOYAN, FRENCH ENAMELED CALF. \$4.35 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. \$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$2.50 WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE. \$2.15 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES. L.A. DIES. \$3.50 BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS. You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 Shoe. Because we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and the middleman's profit. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can. TAKE A REST GO EAST TAKE SHORE ROUTE'S BEST RAILWAY. THE DELIGHTFUL MOUNTAIN SEA SHORE RESORTS OF THE EAST LIST OF WHICH WITH TICKETS WILL BE FURNISHED UPON REQUEST.

NEWS.

Orchestra spent the... Armstrong arrived in... arrived in the city the... been confined to... seals of Quincy, Ill., left... for St. Paul... Crockett has been ill for... but is improving... Jackson, of Sigourney,...

Beaver, who was shot at... Sunday night last, died July 3... court is preparing to give... picnic in the near future... Sewing Circle held a very... meeting and social Tuesday... departed for Omaha early... week, to spend a few days with... was thirteen years Monday, July... our immortal President Garfield... assassinated... Brown, of Newton, visited the... of the great Mr. and Mrs. Henry... of 120 East Locust... L. Smith, with Chas. Hughes as... doctor took a brilliant musical... party to St. Charles to spend the... the twelfth anniversary of little... her Rivers will long be remembered... parental home, Saturday even-... The genial Mr. Shields, of Sioux City... in the city Monday evening... for Ottumwa, to attend the con-... tion.

The Renix brothers, assisted by Prof... n. Carroll, departed for Leon Tues-... where they will give a series of... al performances... Mrs. Geo. Clegggett is in the city of... den. She is visiting her parents... mother, Mrs. Williams, being ill... Clegggett will remain there about... days... Madames Denny, Roeler, Coalson... Birney enjoyed a pleasant picnic... together. We got a glimpse of... all filled baskets and know, they... pt in culinary art... omax, of Ottumwa, was in the... al days last week. He is... the Christian Tabernacle... building a new church... have it completed this... of the... She will visit... home of Miss... odlawn avenue... from the public... and... lar... ts... re-... and... al...

And the Drummer Who Tried to Make... an impression... The drummer was leaning up... against the hotel counter talking to... the clerk... "You look worried about some-... thing," said the clerk... "I am," responded the drummer... promptly. "I saw the prettiest girl... on the train to-day I have seen in a... dozen years of travel... "That oughtn't to worry you... "Pretty women have worried bet-... ter men than I am," ventured the... drummer... "Who was she?"... "Blamed if I know... "Didn't you get acquainted with... her?"... "Of course not; you must think I... got acquainted with every woman I... see... "You do, don't you?"... "No, I don't; nor do any of us;... that's a vile slander on the profes-... sion... "Did you try to?" asked the clerk... with a smile of doubt... "No, I didn't... "Then what's worrying you?"... "The way she treated me... "What did she do?"... The drummer fired his half-smoked... cigar at the cupid violently... "Well," he explained, "after I had... been gazing at her for an hour or so... I thought I'd try her with a news-... paper; she declined it with thanks... and a beautiful smile; then I tried... her with a new novel, with the same... result; then I sent her over some... nice fresh fruit, and it came back... then I wanted to fix the window for... her, and again the thanks and the... declination. That lovely smile is... what broke me up," said the drum-... mer, "and I was sure, if I had half... a chance, I would get acquainted... About ten minutes after I had made... the last offer the train stopped at... station, and she nodded for me to... come over. By George, I was sure I... had made a ten-strike, and I fairly... flew to her... "Will you do me a favor?" she... asked, with that same enchanting... smile, as if I wouldn't have done her... a million," and the drummer sighed... again... "Certainly, with the greatest of... pleasure," said I... "Well," says she, "suppose you... got off at this station and take the... train that comes along this evening;... you make me dead tired where you... are..." The clerk's eyes filled with tears... and the drummer went out and stood... in the door gloomily...

THE PRETTY GIRL... THE TYROTOXIC... MISER AT RUTLAND... EUROPE MAY NOT ADOPT... AN AGED LADY IN GLASSBORO... THREE YEARS AGO A BOY... THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT... THE NATIONAL PRISON... "WILL THEY REACH THE POLE?"... NEGROES HONOR A WHITE MAN... Colored Odd Fellows Entertain Grand... Master... Richmond, Va., Monday witnessed... for the first time a public entertain-... ment by Negroes in honor of a white... man... Don't be Humbled... but buy the Quick Meal gasoline stove... ICE CREAM... HARDING SUPPLY CO... Brackett & Maulsby... AMERICAN SAVINGS BANK... I. X. L. LAUNDRY... HEREFORD BULLS... GEO. S. REDHEAD... Ramsey Barber Supply Co... SHINING SHOES... EDWARD F. JOHNSON, PHYSICIAN... AND SURGEON...

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FLAGS OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

Over 150 Different Pieces of Bunting... Necessary on Board a Flagship... The flags of the United States navy... are made of American bunting, thor-... oughly tested for strength and... soaked in salt water and dried in the... sun for colors. There may, accord-... ing to the Outlook, be some hundred... and sixty flags on a United States... warship—say twenty-five foreign... flags (according to the station on... which she will cruise), twenty Amer-... ican ensigns, eleven pennants, four... union jacks, twelve rear admiral's... flags (if a flagship), twenty inter-... national signals, and the remainder... signal and miscellaneous flags. En-... sign, stars and stripes, of course... run in eight sizes, from that used on... vessels with very long spars, such... as the new Brooklyn and Minneap-... ois will have, and which is nineteen... feet on the hoist and thirty-six feet... on the fly, to the little 2.37 by 4.50... foot boat flag, too small to sport... more than the original thirteen... states in its union. The No. 1 union... jack is the 10.20 by 14.40 foot union... of the No. 1 ensign, and the other... jacks conform similarly to the unions... of the corresponding ensigns. When... a captain puts his ship into commis-... sion he hoists, in addition to the en-... sign, a pennant. This has a fly of... twenty feet, the union occupying... 10.0, with thirteen stars. The ad-... miral's and vice admiral's flags of... the United States navy, when these... are filled, are blue, with four... white stars respectively. When... not filled, they are white. When... in use... into three squadrons... of a rear admiral... the old English dis-... secretary of the... flag with four white... and cable, the as-... reversing the... 's flag is blue,... United States... white, the... "inctures."... ed flag of... sting na... in use...

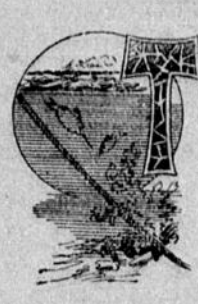
SEASONABLE FRUIT.

Bananas are about the cheapest and... most seasonable fruit now in the mar-... ket and the skill of the economical... housekeeper is best evinced by making... use of the articles that cost the least... It is not uncommon to see bunches of... twenty bananas offered for 25 cents... and at this price there can scarcely be... a more economical material for a des-... sert. A shortcake made like ordinary... biscuit dough, rolled thin and baked... in two layers, with bits of butter be-... tween, buttered and spread thickly with... sliced bananas; sprinkle with powdered... sugar, put on the other half and send... to the table at once with whipped or... sweetened cream. Indeed, it is quite... good enough without either, as cream... hardly places it among cheap desserts... A cheap layer cake, cut in rounds with... a cake cutter, with sweetened and... sliced bananas laid between and dusted... with powdered sugar, makes nice little... individual shortcakes... A banana cake is a nice change... Make a good layer cake, with half a... pound of butter, one each of flour and... sugar, four eggs and half a cup of... milk; bake in eight thin layers; spread... sliced bananas between, coating each... layer with powdered sugar or a very... thin, creamy icing... A Twenty Ounce Egg... Seldon Spencer of Essex, Conn., has... been which lately astonished him by... finding an egg that weighs twenty... ounces, and measures eight and one-... eighths in circumference...

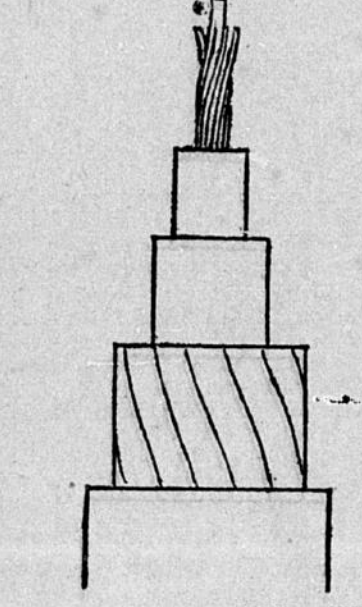
LAYING A SEA CABLE.

ANOTHER ELECTRIC CON-
NECTION WITH EUROPE.

It Will Make Twelve Cables in All,
Joining the Two Continents—The
Work is Easy Now—The Faraday at
Work on the Ends.



TWO MORE CA-
bles are being laid
across the Atlantic.
There are at pres-
ent ten cables con-
necting the Old
World with the New
World, but so rapid-
ly has the cable
business grown that
they are in ade-
quate to handle it
all. It was on
August 16, 1858, that the first mes-
sage was sent under the Atlantic, but
the cable broke down twenty-three days
afterward, and communication was not
resumed until July, 1866, since which
time it has been uninterrupted... The original charge for a message,
while there was only one cable in ex-
istence, was \$5 per word, but the lay-
ing of new cables with consequent
competition, has brought the price
down to 25 cents per word, and, as a
result, the business has enormously in-
creased. Now one of the cable com-
panies is adding to its equipment by
putting down two new cables, the
shore ends of which are now being
laid. No cables had been laid during
the previous ten years, but experiment
in the meantime has shown many im-
provements, and these have been in-
corporated in the new lines.



OCEAN CABLE, SHOWING SEVERAL PARTS.

The cables have been made by Siem-
ens Bros. & Co., whose factory at
Woolwich, England, has been work-
ing night and day to complete the
order, so that the cable may be laid
during the summer. Altogether 2,301
nautical miles of cable have been
made, and these consumed 495 tons of
copper wire, 315 tons of gutta percha,
575 tons of jute yarn, 3,000 tons of
steel wire and 1,075 tons of compound
and tar, making a total weight of
5,460 tons. The order for the cable
was given Nov. 21 of last year, and
rapid work was begun at once... The cable is largely made by ma-
chinery, and the twisting of the wire
and covering with tar and gutta percha
are done by automatic apparatus. The
deep-sea portion of the cable, which is
the smallest part of it in size but the
longest in length, was manufactured
at the rate of five nautical miles per
day by one machine, and there being
ten machines of this kind at work
there were fifty-five miles of deep-sea
cable turned out every twenty-four
hours. The shore ends of the cable,
however, required much more time to
manufacture. It is necessary that
these should be very large and strong... As long as the cable lies along the bed
of the ocean it is out of harm's way.
No storms, however violent, can reach
it. It is not affected by any change
of the temperature, and it is too deep
to be molested by fish or any kind of
marine creature... It is therefore only necessary in the
deep-sea portion of the cable that the
little copper wires in the "core,"
which convey the message, be thor-
oughly insulated and kept dry. This
is accomplished by their being covered
with a coating of jute and gutta-
percha, over which is a sheathing of
small steel wires. This sheathing in-
creases in strength and protective
power as the shallow water is ap-
proached, and there are seven differ-
ent sizes in the new cables. The
"core" containing the copper wires
along which the messages are sent is
carried through all sizes unchanged... The heaviest part of the cable is that
which is near the shore, where the
motion of the waves may wash it
to and fro among the rocks and stones,
that would otherwise soon cut it... Along the banks of Newfoundland
fishing schooners anchor and occasion-
ally pick up the cable, and that con-
tingency has to be provided for in
weight and strength.

THE TYROTOXIC... MISER AT RUTLAND... EUROPE MAY NOT ADOPT... AN AGED LADY IN GLASSBORO... THREE YEARS AGO A BOY... THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT... THE NATIONAL PRISON... "WILL THEY REACH THE POLE?"... NEGROES HONOR A WHITE MAN... Colored Odd Fellows Entertain Grand... Master... Richmond, Va., Monday witnessed... for the first time a public entertain-... ment by Negroes in honor of a white... man... Don't be Humbled... but buy the Quick Meal gasoline stove... ICE CREAM... HARDING SUPPLY CO... Brackett & Maulsby... AMERICAN SAVINGS BANK... I. X. L. LAUNDRY... HEREFORD BULLS... GEO. S. REDHEAD... Ramsey Barber Supply Co... SHINING SHOES... EDWARD F. JOHNSON, PHYSICIAN... AND SURGEON...

AN INVENTIVE GENIUS.

Discovers a Labor Saving Device for
Handling Wood... A New York wood dealer, who han-
dles many cargoes of cordwood an-
nually, finding that the time con-
sumed in unloading carts at the yard
amounted to a considerable item of
expense, has invented a cart by which
this item is eliminated entirely. The
cart has a horizontal platform hung
low between a pair of wheels on a crank
axle. The platform is held in place by
a button shutting into a slot in the
forward part of the frame of a cart... The driver backs up to the string
piece on the wharf and his cart is
loaded. Then he drives to the yard
and when he is at the spot where it is
desired to unload the wood he simply
turns the button and releases the plat-
form and the platform tips backward,
and thus the cart unloads itself. The
driver never stops at all—he just keeps
right on to the wharf again. The
operation is so extremely simple and
so obviously economical that it is a
delight to the eye of even the most
casual observer.

DIVED IN A STREET DRESS.

A Plucky California Girl Who Wouldn't
Take a Dare... Miss Josie Sheehy, a trim, natty
young girl wearing a tailor-made gown
and a jaunty bit of millinery on her
head, was leaving the Olympic natu-
atorium in San Francisco, a few days
ago, followed by the other members
of the female class. Standing near
the door were a number of young
men waiting for the hour when they
should be admitted, among them be-
ing Arthur Callan, an acquaintance of
Miss Josie. Young Callan made a re-
mark jocularly reflecting on the abili-
ty of girl swimmers in general and
Miss Sheehy promptly retorted in
kind. Repartee was exchanged laugh-
ingly for a few moments, and at last
Miss Josie said, unguardedly:
"I wouldn't be afraid to jump in as
I am."
"I dare you," said Callan, as Miss
Sheehy hesitated. "I'll bet you \$25
you dare not."
The bet was promptly accepted, and
the whole party returned to the swim-
ming school. Despite his offer, young
Callan had some difficulty in putting
up his part of the stakes; but the \$50
was finally placed in the instructor's
hands, and Miss Sheehy removed the
pretty little hat, that being appar-
ently the most highly prized part of
her costume. One of the attendants
swam out into the tank to be in readi-
ness in case of emergency, but he
might have saved himself the trouble.

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WILL THEY REACH THE POLE?

The national prison congress con-
fesses itself appalled that the tide of
criminality is growing greater, yet
it can expect nothing else as long
as penal reformers bend every en-
ergy to make criminality a light and
pleasant occupation... "Will they reach the pole?" is the
interesting question propounded by
a current magazine. A still more
interesting question to many patri-
otic citizens just now is, will the
pole be long enough to reach the
persimmon?

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ICE CREAM.

HARDING SUPPLY CO.,
A. W. HARDING, Manager.
Sweet Cream, Sweet Milk, Buttermilk,
Staple Groceries, Fruit. Ice cream orders
for parties and families a specialty. Tel-
phone 647. 702 W. 9th St., Des Moines, Ia.

Brackett & Maulsby,
RETAIL STAPLE AND
FANCY GROCERIES,
N. E. Corner Tenth and Center Street.

AMERICAN SAVINGS BANK,
DES MOINES, IOWA.
Cor. East Fifth and Locust Sts.
CAPITAL... \$75,000.
E. S. Harter, President.
F. E. Elliott, Vice-Presidents.
N. W. Smith, Cashier.
Wm. L. Shepard, Cashier.
A. B. Elliott, Assistant Cashier.

I. X. L. LAUNDRY,
515 EAST SIXTH ST.,
Telephone 424. DES MOINES.
For fine work and facilities, not ex-
celled. Agencies desired.
D. L. HAYWARD,
W. F. HOLCOMB.

HEREFORD BULLS!
Will exchange for Corn
or Good Notes.
GEO. S. REDHEAD,
319 Fourth St., Des Moines, Ia.

Ramsey Barber Supply Co.,
General Barbers' Supplies,
Grinding and Concaving Under Our
Own Supervision. Satisfaction assured.
215 Fifth St., Des Moines, Ia.

SHINING SHOES
Of all kinds a specialty. 222 West
Fourth Street. Barber Shop.

EDWARD F. JOHNSON, PHYSICIAN
AND SURGEON, Des Moines, Iowa.
Hours: 9 to 11 a. m.; 1:30 to 3:30 p. m.;
7:30 to 8:30 p. m.; Sundays, 10 to 11 a. m.
Office, Corner Sixth and Locust Sts. Resi-
dence, 782 Ninth St. Phone 450.

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