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HOLIDAY NUMBER.

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J. H. SHEPARD, MANAGER.

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SIOUX CITY ITEMS.

The Ladies Industrial Circle was organized Dec., 14th. by Mrs. J.L. Thomas at the residence of Mrs. Jas. Washington. The following officers were elected. President, Mrs. S. Derrick; Vice Pres. Mrs. J.L. Thomas; Secretary, Mrs. John Morgan; Treasurer, Mrs. Jas. Washington.

A beautiful Cantata entitled "The Crowning of Christmas," will be presented by the Sunday School on Christmas Eve under the direction of Mrs. J.L. Thomas.

Mrs. Amanda Anderson of Kansas City Mo. is visiting at the home of Mrs. McIntyre 1127 Fourth St.

Rev. and Mrs. J.L. Thomas will leave for Yankton Saturday.

Subscribe for the Bystander.

CITY NEWS

A merry merry Christmas to all.

Congressman Hull will spend the holidays here at home.

A large number of visitor will be here during the holidays.

Harry Hughes is making a good salesman in the White Shoe store.

The Capital City Dramatic Club reports a good time at Colfax last week.

Charles Harris of Ottumwa will spend the holidays in the Capital City.

Read the Bystander this week and tell us how you like it.

The editor will spend the holidays down home in Decatur county.

Mr. Wilson Hughs is improving. He is able to be about the house.

Miss Sarah Porter will soon leave for a visit to her heme in Greenfield.

Sleighing is good this X-mas and the young people are enjoying sleigh rides.

Call on Geo. M. Pilmer, for Bloomfield Coal; 315 West 8th street Iowa Phone 66.

Mrs. Luella Wilburn has been suffering from a severe cold the past week.

Mr, John Hardy has been quite sick this week. He has been confined to his room most of the time.

Miss Lucy McKee, of Van Meter Ia., is visiting in our city, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Jacobs.

Santa Claus chimney promises to be a grand affair at St. Paul A, M. E. church Faiday evening:

The Bystander prints more news relating to the colored people then any other colored journal in Iowa.

J. B. Vaughn of 5th venth and School sts., has been qnite sick for the past three weeks, is some better this week.

The Bystander would like to receive a beautiful X-mas present in the form of a silver dollar as subscription.

Govenor elect Shaw and family will move down here next week, they have rented a beautiful home on Pleasant St.

Miss Della Richardson and her brother, Elmer, will spend X mas week visiting their grandmother in Oskaloosa.

Rollen Weeks has Joined the Sons of Veterans last week, the first colored boy to join, he is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Weeks.

Under the heading of a chat with the Editors, is a clipping from the Vindicator, which expresses our views on that subject.

Msss Lizzie Tate of Oskaloosa arrived in our city Wednesday to visit Miss Clara Smith. Miss Tate is a popular young lady well liked, she used to be the Bystander's worthy agent.

Wild Rose Coal Co. Lump $2 50. Fifth and Market. 'Phone 199.

You should not miss the children's concert, under the direction of Mrs E. F. Johnson, Christmas eve. Admission free. All will be made welcome.

Mrs. Maud Morton has been added to the St. Paul church choir. She has a sweet soprano vo ce and will be of great benefit to the choir.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Watson died at their home 1017 B st., the 19, and the funeral was held at the home Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

A New York delirium tremens has attacked a New York toper. While under the influence of a lively jag he was shocked by an electric wire. Now, when he has taken too much whisky, he fancies he sees sputtering electric wires and writhing snakes, which shower him with sparks.

Senator W. H. Berry came over from Indianola last Tuesday to attend the Annual Possum Supper given by Jefferson Logan.

Misses Mae and Carrie Owens of Ottumwa will arrive here Saturday for a brief visit, they are intelligent young ladies. Miss Mae was once the Bystander's efficient agent.

Mrs. Rachel Wilburn will visst during holidays with her son, Lee Hunt at Davenport and her daugnter Mrs. U. S. Jones of Albia.

You ought to call and see Moershell Duffy & Fotheringham Xmas. goods. They have a splendid lot of goods to select from and will be glad to show you their goods.

A word to advertisers: The Bystander is the best medium to reach the masses of the colored people; they want to see your ads in their paper. Please remember.

Mr. W. H. Hampton of Keokuk, who is judge Woolson bailiff and who has been here while the federal court was in session, will spend the holidays at his home. Mr. H. is a nice gentleman and well liked by the state bar.

Some ladies of the A. M. E. church will serve meales all day New Years at Becton & Field's restaurant No. 312 3d st. All the delicacies of the season will be served. Meals 15c; all are invited to attend. It is for the benefit of the church in in the $17.00 movement.

Invitations are out for a stag party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Moss, Sixth street, for Christmas evening from 2:30 to 11 o'clock. Mrs. Moss has proven to the satisfaction of her many friends that she is a good entertainer, and those that are invited will be sure of a good time.

Mr. wm. Fletcher asked his friend John smith why he did not subscribe for the Bystander and Mr. Smith replied by asking why don't you, thereupon both agreed to subscribe at once; also Mr. Fred Thomason who has only been in our city a few months. Come on good people.

Rev. Mr. Burton of Oskaloosa, but late of the North Missouri Conference filled the place of the Presiding Elder, Rev. J. J. Clark, at Burn's M. E. church. Last Sunday was quarterly meeting. Rev. Burton is a very able young man with a bright future before him.

Last Tuesday evening occurred the annual Possum Supper of Mr. Jefferson Logan which has been his custom for a number of years back, to invite a number of his friends to a Possum banquet. Mr. Logan has distinguished himself in the art of preparing these animals, His friends claim for him that he sticks to the old way of serving his banquet, which consists of possum garnished with sweet potatoes, and other side dishes that go with such a menu. The guests on this occasion were composed of state and ex-state officers and some of the leading business men. The rules of etiquette were suspended and each one was at liberty to enjoy himself in the old fashion way.

Fell 250 Feet to his Death.

Elfie Rhodes a young boy met his death in the most horable manner, he steped into an open shaft, thinking he was stepping into the cage and went to the bottom a distance of 250ft. at the Marquisville coal mines, four miles northeast of the city, last Saturday morning. Just how the open shaft was left unguarded we have not been able to learn; another miner by the name of Snook heard something coming down the shaft, supposing it was a lump of coal fallen from the cage above, had scarcely time to avoid being struck, by stepping back he saw the awful sight of the boy as he dashed on to death to the bottom of the shaft. The verdict of corner's jury after investigation and hearing the testimony, was that the cause of the death was an accident. Young Rhoades was fifteen years old, he came to the mines at Marquisville about two months ago to take the place of the striking miners, he had formerly lived in Muchakinock where his remains was taken by his brother for interments, certainly the relatives and friends will have the sympathy of all who hears of the unfortunate affair.

Captain and Mrs. E. G. McAfee of Atlantic, were in the city this week visiting with relatives and friends. The Capt. is a witness in the Federal court.

CHRISTMAS GEMS.

The most beautiful birth, was the birth in manager, the lovieliest life was the life of the man of sorrow, the most beautiful death was the blood stained death on Cavalery Cross.

***

Let your love be firm, constant and inseparable, not like the coming and returning of each Christmas, or like the tide, but let it be like the descending and falling river, ever running into the river of devine excellency; and passing on the channels of duty and a constant obedience and never ceasing to be what it is, till it comes to what you desire it to be, still being a river till it be turned into the immensity of a blessed eternity.

***

The coming of Christ into the world was the proof that he had begun the new epoch in the history of man kind.

***

A private word to our subscriber, remember when you close your books this year they will not balance, because a small unpaid account with the Bystander.

Christmas Day.

This day brings gladness to the hearts of more people than any other one day in the year. The old rejoice as it brings vividly before them their youthful thoughts and childish glee, when they used to watch earnestly for the gifts of Santa Claus. And the young today are very anxious for the coming of our Savior's birthday. We all have birthdays, but his is the best. For centuries and ages has this day been observed. Some generations observe it in merriment, others in solemnity. Poets and immortal bards have sung of it; historians and sculptors have depicted it in history and art. It is very interesting to the searching student of ancient and modern history to study the rise and growth from a solemn to a cheerful observation until today we have the merry merry time. The BYSTANDER extends its wish of a merry Christmas und a happy New Year to all of its readers and well wishers.

Race Pride.

Pride in its literal sense means a state of being proud, noble, self esteem, elevation of character, and prefixing the word race it means race esteem and elevation. It should not only be our duty and right to assist each other on in the struggle of life, but a special, imperative duty that we should for the interest and welfare of our race, not only now but in the future, whenever and wherever we see one of our worthy young men or women trying to elevate themselves, we should assist them rather than to applaud at their failure. How quick some are to say it was no more than I expected or a member of our race holds a political job soon some other son of Ham will try to have him re-called or he himself will try for the very same job as though it is the only job that colored people must ask for. Then again, if a colored gentleman opens a restaurant, lunch room, store, shoe shop, etc. If you should go there it would be a large crowd together and then be so noisy and assume privileges that you would not elsewhere, or continue there until you got deeply in debt and should be asked to pay then you would leave and try to persuade others to do likewise. My readers, none of these things will ever help us as a race, nor as an individual, but we must quit these little petty things. Be men and women true to your race, your God and yourself; it will only be a step higher.

SEAWEED has not even in our wildest moments ever been dreamt of as an instrument of electoral corruption. Yet the Tokio newspapers just to hand contain the account of the trial of a member of the Japanese parliament who was accused of bribery by corrupting his constituents with presents of edible seaweed.

CUBAN FREEDOM.

Is it time for America to declare the Cuban freedom? This holiday thought, when the old year is about to pass out and the new one enter, the tragic story comes to every American of the struggling Cuban heroes and patriots for their independence and liberty from the tyrannical oppression of the Spanish government. Every American recalls the long gory conflict that made this a free and independent nation, and each loyal heart beats high and their blood grows warmer as they read in the daily papers of their gallant fight for independence. The Cubans have the same reason to throw off the Spanish yoke as we had the British. Cuba, that sits beneath the feet of America' "The Pearl of the Sea," "the beautiful Queen of Antilles;" "the loveliest garden of the tropics" has been under the iron heels of Spain for centuries, and for two years she has been struggling with manly courage and ultimate hope of freedom. The Spanish brutality and injustice and atrocious rule of the haughty Castilions is sufficient reason for them to ask for their freedom. We hope the time will soon come when she will have won her liberty and be annexed to the United States. It is to the United States' interest to receive Cuba—from a financial and industrial standpoint. We believe that the time is now at hand and that the efforts of the patriots will not be in vain. Remember that Sparta had her Thermopylae,' Scotland her immortal Bence, America her Washington and Grant, Hayti her Toussant L'Overtrere, and Cuba her beloved Maceo.

MOUNT PLEASANT DOINGS.

Mrs, L. Clay will leave Friday to visit with her parents.

Rev. Dyall conducted the revival service at Second Baptist Church last week.

There has been several concerts A.M.E. church during their revival.

Mrs. Wm. Branch will leave Thursday for Council Bluffs to spend the Holidays with her parents.

The A. M. E. S. S. will have a X-mas tree Friday night.

Mrs. Wm. Spotts leaves Tuesday night for Lincoln Neb. to visit a few days with relatives,

Mr. Henry Johnson is in very poor health.

Mrs. A. Carter is convalescent.

A Christmas Charity.

The snow was falling swiftly,
Covering the pavements o'er
And branches of Christmas Holly
Graced the windows of every store.

Within a neat little cottage,
Cozy and snug from the storm,
Dear old aunt Mary sat knitting,
When—please may I come in and warm?

A thinly clad girl asked the question
Aunt Mary's voice shook with dread,
"Ain't you Marse Bill's chile? she gasped,
"Why I thought all of his folks were dead!"

"Of course, come in and welcome,
You know it is Christmas eve,
And one who loved our Saviour
Would refuse a chile to receive."

For years I hated Marse Bill
For my children he sold away,
But there isn't no room in my heart
For aught but rejoicing today.

My children are home sound and well,
I'm happy—or was 'till you came
And told me Marse Bill's folks are suffering,
I'll do what I can in His name."

So armed with a well filled basket,
Aunt Mary went out in the storm,
The little one's hand clasping tightly
Her kindly, protecting arm.

To the hut of her former master,
Carried she comfort that night,
And I know that the angels of glory
Smiled at the angelic sight.

KATHERINE DAVIS TILLMAN.

MARQUISVILLE NEWS.

A nice sociable was given last Monday eveningfunder the management of Miss Sidney Davis, at the Baptist church. It was a financial success.

We expect to have our X-mas tree Thursday night,

The colored people are well satisfied here, as work is good,

Our town was very sorry of the sad accident happened to young Mr Rhodes.

sang before the fire or in the hot sun to dry quickly, rubbing and pulling the article into proper shape every few moments to prevent the skin's drying hard and stiff.

Xmas Novelties for Men.

NO OLD STOCK—All the Late Novelties Just In.

NECKWEAR . .

All the New Shapes and Entirely New Effects.

A Few Suggestions. - - - -

Smocking Jackets, Bath Robes, Mufflers, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, Linen Portfolios, Gloves, Canes, Grips, Umbrellas, Suit Bags, Suit Cases.

Chandler & Lawyer.

The New Store. 512 Walnut.

CHAMPAGNE & SON,

Steam Laundry.

816 and 818 West Grand Avenue.

TELEPHONE 171.

BLOTCKY BROS,

DEPARTMENT STORE.

329-331-333 EAST FIFTH ST.

Money Saving Prices on

Holiday Goods!

Most shoppers think it necessary to pay two prices for Christmas Goods—that a short Holiday season entitles the merchant to a long profit. That's wrong—we'll prove it wrong this week and next. We'll sell more goods of this sort for your money—will give bettet values than you ever dreamed of. All the new and desirable—the pretty and pleasing—the pleasure giving—heart gladening novelties displayed here in stacks. It is one of the most complete collections ever gathered in this city and the wonderfully small prices marked on everything will cause that Christmas money to go just about twice as far as you thought it would. Following is a hint of what you may expect to see in "Iowa's Foremost Bargain Store."

Glove Boxes	*Cuff Boxes*	*Children's Games*
Handkerchief Boxes	*Collar Boxes*	*Iron Wagons*
Jewel Boxes	*Water Sets*	*Dolls, Dolls, Dolls*
Shaving Sets	*Wine Sets*	*Toys, Toys, Toys*
Picture Frames	*Fancy Lamps*	*Fancy Glass War*
Handsome Albums	*Ink Stands*	*Children's Books*
Pin Trays	*Hammered Brass*	*Dominoes*
Novelty Mirrors	*Beautiful Vases*	*Muffs, Furs*
China Novelties	*Handkerchiefs*	*Collarettes*
Gold Rings	*Stick Pins*	*Rich Silks*
Dinner Sets	*Mufflers*	*Candies, Candies*

And anything else you may think of, at prices lower than you will expect—Come see—that's the best way.

Candy 6 1:4c up

Shoo-Flys 50c up.

NOTICE OF REDEMPTION TO REDEEM FROM TAX SALE.

To Chas. H. Blanchard. You are hereby notified, that the following described real estate, situated in Polk county Iowa, to-wit: Lot nine (9). in block three [3], Grant Park addition, now included in and forming a part of the city of Des Moines, Polk county, Iowa, was sold for the taxes of 1893, on the fourth day of December 1894 to W. G Hamlin, that the certificate of sale thereof has been assigned by the said W. G. Hamlin to J. S. Coskery, and that the certificate of sale thereof has been assigned by J S. Coskery, to and is now owned by B. F. Loose, of Des Moines, Iowa, and that the right of redemption will expire, and a Treasurer's deed for the said land will be made unless redemption from such sale be made within ninety days from the date of completed service of this notice You will govern yourself accordingly.

Dated this 8th day of Dec. A. D., 1897

B. F. LOOSE,
Owner and present holder of the certificate.

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IOWA STATE BYSTANDER.

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DES MOINES, - IOWA

A new sone, the intemperate, is to be added to the list, if the words of Dean Farrar prove true. He lately said, with refreshing bluntness, that he was afraid England was creating a sone of drunkenness in all parts of her empire which was destroying many of the native races.

A naval expert declares that the only method of insuring the efficiency of torpedo-boats is to keep them in harbor. This is suggestive of the "never-go-to-sea" counsel of a musical composition that need not be named, with the promised result of the rulership of the queen's navy.

It was a shrewd saying which the Archbishop of Canterbury quoted in a recent address to workingmen, of a great French preacher who, two centuries ago, told the court of France that "they might judge how little God thought of riches by the sort of people to whom He had given them."

A man once claimed that he was a Frenchman on the ground that he had an uncle who played the French horn. Some persons, claiming to be patriotic, when questioned closely, might have to confess that they are patriots because a grandfather served in the revolution, or because a cousin sings "The Star-Spangled Banner" effectively. Patriotism is an individual thing. Patriots by proxy do not count.

Four men were killed in an attempt to settle an old feud in Louisiana the other day. That's generally the way with feuds. Other things may be settled with good results all round. But the minute an attempt is made to settle a feud somebody is almost sure to get killed or hurt, and then, when the smoke clears away, it is found that the feud is still unsettled. The best thing to do with a feud is to just let it alone.

When Dr. Atchison of Illinois remarked, in the Methodist church congress at Pittsburg, a few days ago, that sacred song in certain branches of his church had degenerated into a caricature, he spoke a truth which has unfortunately been self-evident for several years. The trouble is that this Sunday school music is machine-made. It is ground out to meet a demand. There are some exceptions, of course, but these are few, too few. They are oases in a dreary desert of pure balderdash and rot.

The reconcentrados, who are often mentioned in dispatches from Cuba, are non-combatants from the outlying country districts, who were compelled by General Weyler's edicts to take refuge in the towns, on peril of being treated as rebels. They have been huddled together in large numbers in Havana, and other cities, and being cut off from their usual means of support, they have suffered great privations. General Blanco has so far modified the policy of his predecessor in the treatment of these people as to extend somewhat the area around the towns which they are allowed to cultivate. Committees for their relief have been formed in the several provinces under direction of the government.

Much interest has been awakened in England by the discovery of a prehistoric lake village near Glastonbury. The dwellings were placed on mounds of clay raised above the level of the water. The framework of a primitive loom was found under one mound, and the number of broken bone needles and bone splinters discovered in another mound led the explorers to think that it may have been the site of an ancient needle factory. Very few human bones have been discovered, but among the interesting finds is a blue glass bead, with a waving dark line running around it. One of the mounds contains three hundred tons of clay, all of which must have been dug from the surrounding hills and carried to the spot in boats.

Regarding the embarrassment of the finances of Spain, the London Statist says: "The financial embarrassments of Spain are naturally weighing heavily upon the Paris Bourse. It is commonly estimated that French investors hold together about £160,000,000 worth of Spanish securities. If, therefore, there were to be an utter breakdown in Spain the losses to France would be very heavy. It is to be recollected that France has suffered much during the past two years from the collapse of the African boom, from the crash in the East at the time of the Armenian massacres from the fall in Spanish that has been going on so long, and if there were to be another breakdown the losses would be enormous. The condition of Spain explains much of the extreme quietness at present in the European stock markets, and especially of the stagnation in Paris and the unwillingness to enter into new enterprise."

It is truly singular that the slaughter of a few hundred or thousand seals on and near the shores of far-away Alaska should get this and several other large nations into what looks much like a quarrel, while campaigns of extermination, now in progress right here at home, and involving interests vastly more important, create no excitement at all. For what is the value of every seal alive compared with that of our rapidly disappearing forests? As one cent to a thousand dollars, perhaps, and yet the work of devastation is going on at a rate

The newly published biography of Queen Victoria points out that within the past fifteen years she has taken singing lessons from Tosti and drawing from Leitch. Since the education of so many private girls is "finished" at eighteen, perhaps it is only queens who profit from instruction after the age of sixty.

If the famine in the Klondike region continues during the winter the correspondents up there can keep from starvation by eating some of their fat jibs.

THE FEAST TIME OF THE YEAR.

This is the feast-time of the year,
When hearts grow warm and home more dear;
When Autumn's crimson torch expires
To flash again in winter fires;
And they who tracked October's flight
Through woods with gorgeous hues bedight,
In charmed circle sit and praise
The goodly log's triumphant blaze.

This is the feast-time of the year
When Plenty pours her wine of cheer,
And even humble boards may spare
To poorer poor a kindly share.
While bursting barns and granaries know
A richer, fuller overflow,
And they who dwell in golden ease
Bless without toil, yet toil to please.

This is the feast-time of the year;
The blessed Advent draweth near.
Let rich and poor together break
The bread of love for Christ's sweet sake,
Against the time when rich and poor
Must ope for Him a common door.
Who comes a Guest, yet makes a feast,
And bids the greatest and the least.

GOOD ST. NICHOLAS.

(By Mary Diefendorf.)

As the merry Christmas tide approaches there is often present in our thoughts the vision of the guardian spirit of the season. At the time when the name of St. Nicholas, or the more familiar nickname, Santa Claus, is so often upon our lips, it is surely fitting that we should spend a few minutes in the study of that well-beloved saint, and of the traditions in which he holds so prominent a place.

The birthplace of the subject of our sketch was the city of Patava, in Asia Minor. There he was made abbot, and won renown by his religious devotion. He afterward became Archbishop of Myra. At the latter place, in course of time he died, and was duly buried. In May, 1087, his remains were carried by some pious Italians to Bari, on the Adriatic coast. There they now rest in the splendid church that bears his name.

Every year a pilgrimage is made to his shrine by the people for miles around. No one seeking food on that occasion is refused it by the priests, while shelter is given to as many as the edifice will hold.

On St. Nicholas Day, Dec. 6, there is a great celebration. Early in the morning the sailors, who, as well as maidens and children, claim to be under the peculiar protection of the saint, take his image from the priests and parade with it through the town. Then they sail away with it, returning and bringing it back at nightfall amid the general illumination of the city.

Now, this same pious bishop, who beams so faintly upon our vision through the vistas of the past, veiled in a "dim, religious light," is to us of the present day, perhaps, the most beloved saint on the calendar. Moreover, to all Americans he should be peculiarly dear, and invested with great historic interest as the guardian genius of our metropolis.

In that wonderful book, "Knickerbocker's History of New York," that work so quaint in humor and rich in the perpetuation of old traditions, we find many edifying references to our hero. The Dutch ship, the Goede Vrouw, so runs the story, came over from Holland three or four years after the return of Hudson, bringing settlers for the new world, who located at Communipaw. At the bow of the goodly vessel stood an image of St. Nicholas, smoking a long-stemmed pipe and wearing a broad-brimmed hat. To his guiding care all attributed their prosperous voyage. In due time a prophet among them dreamed a dream, which was that St. Nicholas appeared and directed him to seek another abiding place. Thereupon Heer Van Kortland, the dreamer, and selected band of men went in search of another habitation, and were stranded on Manhattan island. There, after regaling themselves on oysters, they rested a little time. Meanwhile the dreamer dreamed again. Again St. Nicholas appeared, and sitting down at the foot of a tree, smoked his pipe. And as the smoke rose, it spread over a vast extent of territory, and resolved itself into many peculiar shapes, as of spires and steeples, after which it finally cleared away. "And when St. Nicholas had smoked his pipe, he twisted it in his hatband, and laying his finger beside his nose, gave the astonished Van Kortland a very significant look; then mounting his wagon, he returned over the tree-tops and disappeared.

"And Van Kortland awoke from his sleep greatly instructed; and he roused his companions and related to them his dream and interpreted it that it was the will of St. Nicholas that they should settle down and build a city here." That spot was Bowling Green.

Now, when these voyagers had returned to their homes and related this incident, all "the people lifted up their voices and blessed the good St. Nicholas."

After these thrifty folk had become settled in their new abode, they constructed a fort, and within the fort they built the first church erected in the future city of New York. It was made of stone, and named after St. Nicholas, who, as Irving tells us, immediately adopted New Amsterdam as his special charge, and became its tutelar guardian.

The people of New Amsterdam swore by St. Nicholas when they had any swearing to do. They blessed him when they were happy, thanked him when they were favored, committed their voyaging and absent friends to his guiding and protecting care, went to the field of war singing his great song and fought their conflicts shouting, "St. Nicholas and the Manhattoes," as their battle cry.

Interesting as the history of the grave bishop of Myra may prove, and interwoven as his memory must ever be with the traditions of the city of which he afterward became the tutelary saint, it is not of either of these manifestations that the children like best to think. It is as master of the ceremonies of Christmastide that he appears enveloped in the most fascinating glamor.

Bayard Taylor tells us that on one occasion, when he was in Germany, about December 1, a fair was held in the town he was visiting, at which fair many toys were exhibited, and St. Nicholas, in counterfeit presentment, was everywhere to be seen. On many of the little booths were also "bundles of rods with gilded bands," designed for the punishment of naughty children. On St. Nicholas Eve, December 5, the family with which he was staying was visited by a gentleman wearing a "mask, fur robe, and long, tapering cap," and "carrying a sack, a bunch of rods and a broom." He threw the contents of the sack upon the table, and, while the recipients were devouring the nuts and candies, "gave them many sharp raps over the fingers." He remarks further that some of the children had been taught to say, "I thank you, Herr Nicholas."

In Germany, in days gone by, all presents were put in charge of Herr Nicholas, called, in Northern Germany, Knecht Rupert, who talked with each child about his conduct for the past year. If he had been naughty, he left a rod, recommending to the parents its frequent use. As the custom is still followed in some of the German villages, we rejoice to know that the "night before Christmas" a beautiful lady generally appears, who pardons the faults of the culprit. So everything ends happily after all.

In America, the descendants of the old German and Dutch settlers have some undefined notions of the Pelsnichol floating through their brains. In the old days, they are told, Pelsnichol (Nicholas of the furs), dressed in a buffalo robe, and with horns and tail, would pass from house to house, talked gruffly to the children, who would flee for refuge to their mother and cluster round her skirts.

In some such families the children still hang up their stockings in the belief that they will be filled with rods by Pels-nichol, the punishing spirit, or with goodies by Kriss-Kringle (Christkindlen) the Christ-child.

It is, then, a two-fold role that our hero has been called upon to fill at Christmas—that of Pels-nichol, the avenger, and that of St. Nicholas, the beneficent giver. The former phase of his office, now fast passing into obscurity, was but a subordinate one, even in the days gone by. It but gave a little variety and added zest to the Christmas merriment. Christmas then, as now, was, above all, a joyous season. Then, as now, it was in the reindeer steeds that the children delighted, and their—

"Little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

"He was chubby and plump; a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself."

In the days of Peter Stuyvesant—most obstinate and best beloved of the Dutch governors—all the holidays, including St. Nicholas Eve, were celebrated with especial glee, while early in the history of New Amsterdam St. Nicholas, who once used to ride gayly along the tree-tops, dropping presents down the chimney at any time of year, changed his habits in that regard, and there "was instituted that pious ceremony, still religiously observed in all our ancient families of the right breed, of hanging up a stocking in the chimney on St. Nicholas Eve, which stocking is always found in the morning miraculously filled; for the good St. Nicholas has ever been a great giver of gifts, particularly to children."

Christmas Decorations.

The use of holly and mistletoe, the plants sacred to Christmas, is now very general, and as they are abundant in our markets, as well as cheap, every household may be made bright with them. In parlors and sitting rooms, wreaths, crowns and festoons can be arranged over mantels and windows, as well as hung from lamps and over pictures.

For the Christmas dinner-table, a large bowl of holly leaves with the scarlet and white berries, makes a beautiful center piece; while tiny bunches of holly laid at each plate brighten the table wonderfully. Cakes may be ornamented with candy designs of holly, while ices may be molded and colored in the same style. If in remote localities it is not possible to obtain holly and mistletoe, green of some other variety should be procured. All-over greens, such as pine and cedar, can be utilized, and bittersweet and Indian arrow berries arranged with these can be made into beautiful decorations. When chrysanthemums are yet blooming, they add greatly to the beauty of the table; the bright yellow and dark crimson are particularly appropriate for the Christmas dinner table.

In arranging the table, the cakes, bonbons, nuts and fruits may be placed on it at the beginning, and will give it a festive appearance, rendering very little additional decoration necessary.

A Queen's Christmas Gifts.

"It is quite impossible to form any idea as to the value of the presents made by the queen or given to her," writes Lady Jeune in an article on "What Christmas Means to Queen Victoria," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "In some cases, when her gifts consist of India shawls, jewelry and the like, they are very valuable because they are unique, but the presents she gives to her family, or in turn receives from them, are not expensive. The royal purse is not an inexhaustible one, and the claims on it are enormous, so that the presents given by royal people must always be regarded in the light of souvenirs and not as costly gifts. The Queen's children are not rich, and as they are not able to afford expensive presents so we may consider the value of all royal gifts from the sentimental, not the commercial, point of view, and it is its pleasantest as well as most touching aspect, for it shows that simplicity and depth of the family affection, which is neither nourished nor fostered by any feeling of greed or expectation, but which is as simple and genuine as that of the poorest subject of our great Queen."

Christmas Gifts of Money.

"If, after thinking for a long time, you cannot decide what she (my poor girl friend) would like best," writes Ruth Ashmore, in advising girls as to their Christmas-giving; "and you know her well enough to leave to her the choice of the gift, then send her the money that she may spend it for herself. But make this money look more like a chosen gift, and less like that which is so hardly earned by her; trouble yourself to go to the bank and put it in gold, or at least in a new bank note, and inclose it in a tiny little purse."

OLD TIME CUSTOMS.

By Winona Butler.

There is no brighter fact in history than Christmas. The golden thread of its influence can be traced through nearly nineteen centuries. On the first Christmas morning the angels sang: "Peace on earth, good will to men." The glad refrain has been repeated each Christmas season in every Christian land, though the character of the music varies greatly.

Our ancestors were in the habit of forming companies which went from house to house, singing Christmas carols in the streets. These beautiful carols would break the stillness of the winter night or early Christmas morning, making a most delightful beginning to the merry day.

But these holy jubilees had as rivals the mingling instruments of those wandering spirits of harmony—the "Waits." One author writes: "Many and many a time have we been awakened by the melody of the Waits, and have lain and listened to their wild music, its solemn swells and 'dying falls,' kept musical by the distance and made holy by the time, till we could have fancied that the morning stars were again singing as of old they 'sang together for joy,' and that the sounds of their far anthem came floating to the earth."

The German children probably believe more firmly in Kriss Kringle, or Santa Claus, than do the children of any other nation. Germany is the birthplace of Kriss Kringle, and the wonderland of fable and poetry. German children are taught to love the Christ-child. In many parts of the country it is the custom, on the morning before Christmas, to let a figure representing the Christ-child wave past the window of the room where the little ones sleep. Half awake only, in the gray of the morning they see this little child-figure flit dimly past, and they go to sleep again in the blissful consciousness that the Christ-child has not forgotten them, and that they will have an abundance of presents around the tree in the evening.

A beautiful custom in Norway and Sweden is the Christmas feeding of birds. Bunches of oats are placed on the roofs of houses, on fences and trees. Cartloads of sheaves are brought into town for this purpose, and both rich and poor buy and place them everywhere. The sentiment is that a man must be very poor indeed if he cannot spare a farthing to feed the little birds on Christmas day. In many of the valleys and mountain dales of the countries watch is kept during the whole of the night, and all are merry; candles are kept burning at the windows, and the people flock to church at four o'clock in the morning, each carrying a torch.

In some districts, immediately after the service, everyone hurries from church, either on foot or in sleighs, for there is an old saying that he who gets home first will have his crop first harvested. At this holiday season the peasants dance on straw, and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack a lover will come courting during the year.

In old English times, at the close of the church services it was customary for the clerk in loud and emphatic tones to wish all the congregation a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. In those good old times an English gentleman would throw open his hall at daybreak to all his tenants and neighbors. Beer, blackjacks, toast and cheese were plentiful. The great sausage must be boiled by sunrise, or else two young men must take the cook by the arms and run her around the market place till she is ashamed of her laziness.

The "Yule log" is a great log of wood, sometimes the root of a tree, brought into the house with great ceremony on Christmas Eve, laid in the fireplace and lighted with the brand of last year's log. While it lasted there was great drinking, singing and telling of tales. Sometimes it was accompanied by Christmas candles, but in the cottages the only light was from the ruddy blaze of the great wood fire. The Yule log was to burn all night; if it went out, it was considered a sign of ill-luck.

The Christmas dinner was the central feature of all the gay festivities. The table was literally loaded with good cheer. The boar's head held the place of honor and was a lordly affair, brought in by the butler, attended by a servant on either side with a large wax light. The head was carried on a silver dish, the tusks piercing bright-red apples, while between them an orange was laid, the whole graced with an abundance of sauce. When this, "the rarest dish in all the land," was placed at the head of the table, one of the company sang a carol suited to the great occasion.

The Christmas peacocks were also gorgeous, the bird being flayed, roasted and then sewed up again in all the splendor of its brilliant feathers, a piece of cotton saturated with spirits being placed within the gilded beak to burn while the carver was at work.

Still more curious was the ancient peacock pie, the bird being covered by the crust, save that on one side appeared his plumed crest, while from the other side protruded the gorgeous, spreading tail.

Mince pies were called Christmas or December pies, as the old rhyme went—

"Treason's in a December pie
And death within the pot."

They date back to 1596.

The classical plum pudding must be added to the list of good things, though, sad to relate, it was really plum porridge, and not pudding, as we have always believed.

An old poem says—

"And those that hardly all the year
Had bread to eat or clothes to wear,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry."

The leader of all the merry-making was called the Lord of Misrule or Abbott of Unreason. The wardrobes at halls and manor houses were often laid under contribution to furnish fantastic disguises.

Snap Dragon was one of the favorite sports. Raisins were placed in a large shallow dish and brandy poured over the fruit and ignited. The lights in the room were extinguished, and in the weird glare the players attempted to pick the raisins out of the flaming dish:

"Here he comes with flaming bowl—
Doesn't he mean to take his toll?
Snip, snap dragon.
Take care you don't take too much,
Be not greedy in your clutch,
Snip, snap dragon."

But in 1652, the question of Christmas was brought up in parliament. They decided it was not in harmony with the scriptures; pronounced it "anti-Christmasse" and abolished it. So the jolly Lord of Misrule became an outlaw, and the old picturesque Christmas faded away with the severity of the Puritan atmosphere; but with the nineteenth century came a revival. The new Christmas was merry, but quieter. What it lost in noise and frolic, it made up in cheerfulness and good will; and now, remembering the message of that first Christmas morning, we hail the merry Christmas day with—

"Peace on earth,
Good will to men."

Christmas Day.

"Christmas is pre-eminently a church festival," writes Mrs. Lyman Abbott. "The Puritans, seeing only the superstitions and disorderliness with which Christmas had become encumbered, strove with all their ardor to destroy it, but happily did not succeed. The argument sometimes used against it, that the birthday of the Child Jesus is not known, and therefore cannot be observed, does not prevail against the almost universal longing to celebrate in some way this great event. So we are not surprised to learn that in the first centuries of the Christian era Christians, though generally celebrating the Nativity, were not unanimous in the time chosen for the festival. At least a part of the early church observed the sixth of January, not only to commemmorate the Epiphany, or the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles, but also the birth of Jesus, and it was not until the end of the fourth century, perhaps not until the beginning of the fifth, that the present date, December 25, was generally accepted. * * The 'Christmas season' is sometimes used to designate the time between December 16 and February 1, more often the fortnight between December 24 and January 6. During all this period there was formerly, and still continues to be, a spirit of joy and festivity which entitles it to be called 'the holidays.' The vigil of the Nativity, or as we now call it, Christmas Eve, was observed from the first with exceptional devotion, perhaps because the birth of our Lord occurred in the night. Unlike other vigils it continued through the night, and made, with Christmas itself, one great solemnity."

Sensible Japanese.

From the Baltimore American: The Japanese address letters the reverse of what we do, writing the country first, the state or province next, then the city, the street and number, and the name last of all.

Life's a short summer; man a flower.—Dr. Johnson.

When the Bells Were Ringing.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

Alone, alone in the crowded street,
Alone on New Year's night,
Barefoot and wet with the blinding sleet,
Pale 'neath the red lamplight,
A little match girl through the crowd
Raises a feeble cry
While the New Year bells are chiming loud,
"Matches! Oh, will you buy?"

Gay, bright-eyed, smiling children pass;
They laugh and sing and dance and run—
They all have happy homes; alas!
But this heroine has none!
Alone, alone in the busy street
She cowers on a doorstep nigh
While the New Year bells are chiming sweet,
Still pleading, "Will you buy?"

Hungry and ragged and blue with cold—
The wind blows keen and loud—
Her frozen fingers can scarcely hold
The matches to the crowd.
And still, as faster falls the sleet,
More piteous grows the cry
While the New Year bells are chiming sweet,
"Oh, will you—will you buy?"

No more alone in the moonrise gray,
With face so wan and white;
The little match girl has gone away
To a happy home tonight;
For an angel came through the crowded street,
Hushing the tempest wild,
While the New Year bells chimed loud and sweet,
And bore away the child!

SCIENTIFIC TOPICS.

CURRENT NOTES OF DISCOVERY AND INVENTION.

An Ancient Slot Machine—It Made Its Appearance in the Third Century Before Christ—A Shower Bath for the Baby.

An Ancient Slot Machine.

It appears that the penny-in-the-slot machine, which in a score of forms has recently spread all over the civilized world, is not a modern invention, after all. The London Daily Mail quotes a description given by Hero of Alexandria, third century B. C., of a "sacrificial vessel" which flowed only when money was introduced. A picture of this machine, from an old book, shows a vase-shaped vessel with a slit at the top. A coin dropped through the slit fell upon a plate attached to a lever. As the plate descended under the weight of the coin the lever raised a plug, which allowed liquid to flow from a spout near the bottom of the vase until, the coin having slipped off, the lever was released and the plug reinserted in its place.

Use of the Left Hand.

Some discussion has of late been going on upon the subject of whether the ability to use both hands with equal facility indicates anything. It has been argued whether ambidextrous people are more intelligent than others or whether they are better balanced than their fellows. It would seem that the proper solution of this problem might be that either accident or inclination had led these people to use the left hand equally with the right. Children are taught mainly to use the right hand, and are consequently very awkward with the left—indeed sometimes almost helpless, so far as any delicate operation is concerned. Practice, however, will make one almost equally handy with both hands. A lady received a severe injury to her right hand, and found herself obliged to use the other. It took but a short time, when she set her mind to it, to acquire the ability to do many things very well indeed. She wrote a creditable hand, singularly enough, however, as unlike her usual chirography as one could imagine. Indeed, no one would ever have suspected that the two were the work of the same person, although both were distinct and readable. It is extremely convenient to be able to use the left hand, and every person ought to take a little pains to cultivate the habit of doing so. Aside from the fact of its convenience, no one can tell when some accident may make such dexterity of the greatest value. Children should be taught this, and never allowed to depend altogether on the right hand. Equal use of both sides of the body gives a more symmetrical development, and much more steadiness and confidence in action of all sorts. The fact that many articles in daily use are made exclusively for right-handed people no doubt has something to do with this habit, but all the same, inclination and early training have strengthened the tendency until we have become a race of right-handed people.

Iceland to Have a Cable.

It is intended next summer to lay an ocean cable from the northern end of Scotland to Iceland, taking in the Faroe Islands on the way. This enterprise arouses much interest among men of science, because Iceland is filled with wonderful natural phenomena, and particularly because it is thought that meteorological stations connected with the proposed cable may be able to enlarge our knowledge of the course and peculiarities of storms crossing the ocean.

Shower Bath For Baby.

The grown-ups and club men are not the only ones in the world who enjoy a shower bath, but baby who is

bathed in his own little tub cannot use an ordinary rose, and in such cases the portable shower of English design here sown, comes in handy.

In England, where the stationary wash-tub is not so ubiquitous as in America, this device is of great convenience alike for young and old. When filled with water of the proper temperature a finger is held over an aperture in the handle, and when released the water falls in a fine spray and with considerable force.

Praise for American Scientists.

A leading British scientific journal in alluding to the last report of the Smithsonian institution, says: "Narrow, indeed, in intellectual range and sympathy must be the mind that can find nothing of interest between the sober covers of a Smithsonian report. From every branch of modern science and from not a few departments of systematized research not generally recognized as strictly scientific, articles by the ablest pens are reproduced, and we have thus in convenient form a compendium of the very latest results of specialized work. The word "indispensable," which so often occurs in the cant of modern criticism, is particularly applicable to these volumes, for it is rarely that a work on a scientific subject issues from the press—whether it deals with ant communities, deep sea surroundings or the latest explanation of the Martian canals—which does not bristle with asterisks referring the reader to the Smithsonian reports. Chemistry and physiology are especially beholden to the institution, the first authorities on these subjects being put under contribution," and there is much more of a similar tenor.

Useful Fruits Interchanged.

Under the influence of the Kew Botanic gardens in London several interesting interchanges of fruit-bearing plants have been effected, within the past few years, between the eastern and the western world. The "tree tomato," and at least two other West Indian species, have been successfully transplanted among the hill stations in India, furnishing a valuable addition to the food supply there. On the other hand, the East Indies have contributed new varieties of the banana and the mango to their namesake islands in the Western Hemisphere.

Cotton Picking.

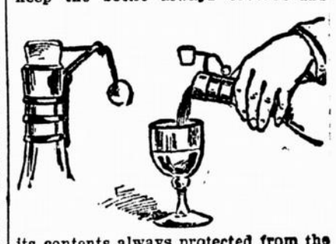
Although large sums of money have been invested in cotton-picking machines, and although the expense of picking is the heaviest charge in the handling of a cotton crop, yet, the Scientific American says, "The problem of reducing this work to machinery has not yet been solved." But the pickers today work faster than they did in the days of slavery. Then a negro slave averaged 100 pounds of cotton per day; now each picker, being paid so much per 100 pounds, picks nearly twice as much cotton as the slave did.

The Granite Grant Sleeps In.

A fragment of the granite out of which Gen. Grant's sarcophagus, in his mausoleum in New York, was carved, has been submitted to chemical analysis, a report of which is published in Science. The stone is a true granite, but not of a common variety. Its color is dark red, its grain medium, and its texture close. It shows almost no tendency to decompose. It was quarried in Marquette county, Wisconsin.

Cork Works Automatically.

A cork which is always in its place in the neck of the bottle, except when the bottle is in the very act of being decanted, is shown herewith. It is a French invention, and is designed to keep the bottle always covered and



its contents always protected from the air. The cork, it will be seen, is balanced and when the bottle is standing upright it drops into its place in the neck, but when the bottle is tilted the cork is lifted away to permit of the free flow of the contents.

Ivory Billiard Balls.

The total yearly consumption of ivory billiard balls, when trade is generally good, is estimated to be about 110,000 to 115,000 balls, of which America and Africa absorb half, the remainder being used by England, Germany and the other countries. Bad times reduce the number of balls required to about 80,000 to 85,000 per year.

Ivory billiard balls, freshly turned, have to be treated very carefully, as a sudden change of temperature may cause them to crack. To prevent this they require to be placed for at least three months in a warm room, in order to shrink gradually and dry true, before they are finished and polished.

Can It Cure Consumption.

Much interest has recently been expressed in a serum prepared by an Italian physician, Dr. Marigliano, with which he thinks consumption can be cured. The London Lancet reports the use of the serum during the past year, with success, by a number of reputable Italian physicians. Dr. De Renzi, professor of clinical medicine in the Naples university, is quoted as reporting forty-four cases of cure with the serum in his hospital practice. The best results are said to be obtained where the disease is not yet very far advanced.

Lights Out by Clock.

Among curious electrical inventions is enumerated a switch which can be attached to the mechanism of a clock in such a manner that when the clock hands point to any desired hour the electric lights will immediately go out of their own accord.

Considerate.

The Sheriff—The boys was all in favor of makin' that reward fer you "dead or alive," but I talked 'em out of it.

Pizen Bill—Jake, that was mighty kind of you.

The Sheriff—Oh, I dono as they was any pertickler kindness about it. You see, Bill, if you was brought in dead I wouldn't git to charge the county nothin' fer your board and wouldn't git no fee fer hangin' you.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Man of His Word.

"Don you take this woman for your lawfully wedded wife?" asked the minister, or words to that effect.

The young man, who had eloped by tandem twenty miles over a dirt road with the object of his heart's desire, looked at the perspiring, dusty, red-faced, limp-haired object that stood alongside him, set his teeth firmly, clenched his hands and answered, in the voice of a martyr:

"I do."—Indianapolis Journal.

Kid Is Correct.

A Caldwell man licked his neighbor the other day for referring to his child as a "kid." He didn't know that the word "kid," as applied to a child, was proper, according to Webster. Such was the proof in court, and the indignant parent was fined $5 and costs.—Kansas City Journal.

Cupid's Pressing Engagement.

The autumn girl now roams afield,
Quite like some charming woodland elf;
Pretends she's after leaves to press,
And, strange to say, gets pressed herself.

Chicago Times Herald.

FRIDAY, DEC. 24.

Booker T. Washington,

On the Negro's Meekness and Strength.

Mr. Booker T. Washington contributed to the Church Union for August, a candid and discriminating study of "The Meakness and Strength of the Negro Race. As Mr. Washington says at the outset it is a good thing for a race, as well as for an individual to be able to study itself. Faults should neither be overlooked nor exclusively dwelt upon. Virtues should not be magnified. "What is needed is downright, straightforward honesty in both directions."

Mr. Washington admits that the Negro has suffered physical deteriration, especially in the large cities north and south. This is due partly to ignorant violation of the laws of health, and partly to visious habits.

"The Negro who, during slavery, lived on large plantations in the south, surrounded by restraints. At the close of war came to the city and in many cases found the freedom and temptations were too groat for him in many cases. When we consider what it meant to have four millions of people, slaves today and freemen tomorrow, the wonder is that the race has not suffered physically more than it has. I do not believe that statistics can be so marshalled as to prove that the Negro as a race is on the decline in numbers; on the other hand, the Negro is increasing in numbers by a larger percentage than is true of the French nation. While the death rate is large in the cities, the birth rate is also large; and it is to be borne in mind that eighty-five per cent of our people in the Gulf States are in the country districts and smaller towns, and there the increase is a long, healthy and normal line. Then, too, it is to be borne in mind that just in proportion as the Negro is being educated, just in the same proportion is the high death rate in the cities disappearing. For proof of this I have only to mention that a few years ago no colored man could get insured in the large first class insurance companies. Now there are few of these companies that do not seek the insurance of educated colored men; then all along the line north and south the physical intoxication that was the result of sudden freedom is giving away to an encouraging, sobering process, and as this continues the high death rate will disappear Even in the large cities, and their element of meakness in the race is the lack of ability to adhere inflexibly to a definite purpose, there are, of course, exceptions to this rule, and Mr. Washington's own work at Tuskegee is surely a brilliant instance of persistence in pursuit of a worthy object under circumstances of a most discouraging nature; but the Negro does not usually succeed in such enterprises. Mr. Washington thinks that he is meak as an organizer.

Morality and Religion.

"But the weakness of the Negro which is most frequently held up to public gaze is that of morals, and any one who wants to be honest and at the same time benefit the rece will deny that here is where the strengthening is to be done. In discussing this point it must be borne in mind that the family is the foundation, is the bulwork of any race. Since this is true, it must but be kept in mind that it was constant tendancy of slavery to destroy the family life, all through three hundred years of slavery one of the objects was to increase the number of slaves, and to this end almost all thought of morality was lost sight of, so that the Negro has only about thirty years in which to settle down into a family life, while the anglo-saxon race, with whom he is constantly being compared, has had thousands of years of training in this, the Negro felt all through the years of bondage that his labor was being stolen from him, hence he felt that anything that he couid get from the white man in return for this labor justly belonged to him. Since this was true, we must be patient in trying to teach him a different code of morality," It is found that under the influence of education the Negro's religion is becoming less emotional and more rational and practical.

RACE ECHOES.

Madam Selika and Signor Veloska (her husband) are in Kihgston, Jamaica, on a concert tour.

—

W. R. Fletcher is collector for the First National Bank at Atchinson Kan.—Denver Statesman

—

Miss Agnes Bolden is clerk in the cloak department of one of the lrrgest dry good houses in Cleveland Ohio.

—

Mrs. Alice Strange Davis, one of the leading musicians of the country, has been appointed musical director of the Washington City schools.

—

Very Rev. J.R. Shattery, St. Joseph Sominary Baltimore, Md., published a paper in the inteaest of the colored Catholics called the Colored Harvest.

—

Miss Susan Collins, a colored woman, a native of Illinois, who was educated in Fayette, Iowa, and afterward in the Chicago training school, is holding property about one mile from Pungo Andonga, Africa, is a native nursery. At presant she has ten native children, boys and girls, who are being educated and trained in manual labor.—Index.

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Harry Brown, lightning artist was at the Olympia Musee and theater, Milwaukee Wis., last week.

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Prof. L. A. Lucas of the Imperal Concert Company has compose a march entitled "The Clipper March"

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Al. and Mamie Anderson, sketch artists, were on the vauderville bill at Austin and Stone's Museum, Boston, last week and made a big hit.

—

Dick Thomas with Richard and Pringles Minstrels, bring down the house every night with his end song 'A Watermelon Spoiling Down at, Johnson's."

—

Columbus O., boasts of the leading colored orchestra in the country they are kept busy filling engagements for the swellest white entertainments. It is known as the Peoples' Orchestra and is composed of the following members: Guy Foley, 1st. violin; Lester Scott, 2nd violin; Eddie Rickman, cornet; Willie Jones trombone; Henry Dickey, flute and picolo; Thomas Howard, bass; Harry Foley, cello; Arthur Lawrence, clarionets; and Will Cook trap drums.

—

The Imperial Concert Co., are making a tour of Indiana, Nichigan and Ohio and are meeting with success. The company is composed of the following people: The Black Melba, Maggie Petterson; Madam V.M. William Lewis, reader; Madame Morgan Holl, Contralto; Master W. C. Fields, tenor vocalist: Mamie Johnson, accompanist; Ollie Hall, humorist, vocalist; Prof. L,A. Lucas violin, mandolin and guitar; Lucas and Hall managers; Burton Murrey, agent.

You ought to call and see Moer-shell Duffy & Fotheringham Xmas. goods. They have a splendid lot of goods to select from and will be glad to show you their goods.

Mrs. Joseph H. Shepard will do fathionable dressmaking at her home 1058 West Fifth-st., and also teach the improved Capitol Tailor System. Ladies are invited to call.

NOTICE OF REDEMPTION TO REDEEM FROM TAX SALE.

To T. J. Hudson: You are hereby notified that the following described real estate, situated in Polk county, Iowa, to-wit: Lot twenty-two [22], in block two [2], Stanley's addition, now included in and forming a part of the city of Des Moines, Polk county, Iowa, was sold for taxes of 1893 on the fourth day of December, 1894, to A. H. Kelsey, that the certificate of sale thereof was assigned by the said A. H. Kelsey to J. S. Coskery and that the certificates thereof has been assigned by J S Coskery to and is now owned by B. F. Loose, and that the right of redemption will expire, and a Treasurer's deed for said land will be made, unless redemption from such sale be made within ninety days from the date of completed service of this notice. You will govern yourself accordingly

Dated this 24th day of Nov., A. D. 1897.

B. F. Loose,

Owner and present holder of the certificate

A Chat with Editors.

CLIPPINGS FROM SOME OF THE COLORED EXCHANGES.

It is Interesting as it Shows the Thought of the Leading Race Men at this Age.

When you give your name as a subscriber hereafter put your hands in your pocket.—Chicago Reflector.

—

Big Peter Jackson after a five year's period of inactivity, is to don the mits with the big Irishman Peter Maher, at San Francisco early in Febuary. It will be a battle of muscle and brown.—The Radical.

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Some of our "smart" colored men and women are always complaining of being refused courteous treatment by some scalawag white man, and yet these very same people will walk right past a colored man's place of business just to be insulted by a white in the same business.—The Progress.

—

We should not expect colored men to succeed in business when we do not patronize them. There are in the city several groceries and other business establishments, but they depend chieftly on white trade for their sustenance.—The Enterprise.

—

To often be in company of wise men never fail to impart wisdom, and we carry away with us some of the blessing, as travelers, garments retain some of the odor of flowers through which they have passed.—The Reformer.

—

The "cake walk" is a relic of ignorance and barbarism and why some of our people who lay claim to intelligence persist in such foolisnness, is more than we can fathom out. People, if we are living in the light of intelligence, let us put off the robes of ignorance and shine out in the new state.—Parson Blade.

—

If there ever was a time when the colored people of Missouri and St. Joseph in particular, should get together for commhn protection and advancement that time is new ripe. We can never be a people, a factor before the law, or anywhere else until a sympathetic chord courses through our actione and guides us in our dealings. —The Mirror.

—

It must be very edifying to the intelligent negro to have daily papers discriminate against him to the extent of having a special column for him. It is an insult that should not be tolerated. No paper would for an iustant consider the establishing of a separate colnmn for jews. They would not have a separate column for irish, Germans or Welsh, then why should they insult our intelligence by placing us in a little corner labeled for negroes? If you have intelligence and manhood you will not give such papers your support Away with the jim crow column in a newspaper. It's a twin sister of the jim crow car on the railroad It's insulting discrimination.—The Vindicator.

—

Oh Yes, that Miss Kate Neal of Sweet Springs Mo., who eloped with Johnson, her father's Negro coachman, was insane(?) no doubt. Its the only excuse to make for the eradication of the disgrace(?). Insane, why certainly and so was Johnson, See! The usual method now is to put the lady in the insane asylum for month and lynch Mr. Johnson. Better to put both in the "pen" for life.—Negro Solicitor.

—

Some of the colored papers are kicking, because President McKindley did not make some empty promise in his message about lynch law. The result would have been the same anyway. Suggestions by former Presidents have done no good.—The Statesman.

President McKinley's message is a strong document. We do not agree with that part relatihg to the civil service. We are opposed to civil service all the way through we believe to the victor belongs the spoils. Democrats will not become republicans by keeping them in office. We beleive in a clean sweep from either party that gets in power.—Weebly Blade

—

What they are doing to prosperity's way out west is "a plenty" as it seems impossible for it to reach Washington. It is to be doubted whether its own mother would know it, time it got here. Prosperity's waves should be made to begin in the middle, somehow so it would not have so far to travel and then we could all get a whack at it.—Colored American.

—

During the coming year a great Exposition is to be held in Omaha, Nebraska, designated as the Trans-Mississippi Exposition. Bishop Worthington Lyceum, of Omaha, an Afro-American orgrnization, connected with St. Phillips Colored Episcopal Church of that place has initiated a movement looking toward the assembling of a national Convention of colored men, in that city, some time during the progress of the above Exposition. All the various colored organizations throughout that State have been invited to send delegates to a primary convention toward forwarding the movements. It would seem as though the assembling of such a convention would prove highly beneficial to Afro-Americans interested.—Afro-American.

—

Thousands of white men are making handsome living as writers, contributors, editors, clerks, reporters, etc., of newspapers, in this country, why should not this field be profitable to colored men as well? The Recorder means to make the opening and asks all true men and women of the race to give us their support.—The Recorder.

—

This indeed is the era of civilization by means of Expositions. The country has had and is having a series of those colossal undertakings since the great World's Fair at Chicago. California, Georgia and Tennessee have followed fast in the wake of that immense punctuation in the affairs of the nineteenth century. Now comes the Trans-Mississippi International Exposition, to be held in Omaha June to November, 1898. This exposition will be the West westernly, and the West, the nation,s granary and quarries, will leave nothing undone to emphasize the importance of the undertaking.—The Freeman.

Your Holiday Trip

can be made via the North-Western Line on excursion tickets which will be sold at reduced rates December 24, 25 and 31, 1897, and January 1, 1898, limited to January 4, 1898, to points on the North-Western System "and Union Pacific R'y" within 200 miles of selling station. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & Nroth-Western R'y.

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Des Moines Railway Time Table.

C., R. I. & P. GOING EAST.

	Arrive	Depart
Chicago Limited	9:25 pm	*9:30 pm
Night Express	12:35 pm	*12:40 pm
Day Express	12:45 pm	*4:45 pm
Fast Mail		6:50 am
Rock Island Accommodation		7:30 am

C., R. I. & P., GOING WEST.

Denver Limited	8:25 am	*8:30 am
Night Limited Express	3:30 am	*3:35 am
Day Express	11:55 am	*4:45 pm
Fast Mail	11:40 am	

KEOKUK & DES MOINES.

Eldon Express	10:40 am	6:50 pm
Keokuk Express	4:25 am	7:20 am

DES MOINE & FT. DODGE.

Ruthven Mail and Express	6:35 pm	12:10 pm
Tnra and Ft. Dodge	10:35 am	4:45 pm
Minn-St Louis Ex	9:18 pm	9:40 am
St Paul-Minn. Flyer	6:30 am	7:00 pm

WINTERSET BRANCH.

Accommodation	7:00 pm	8:30 am
Mail	10:40 am	4:30 pm

C. B. & Q.

Albia Passenger	12.15 pm	*3.30 am
Peoria Express	6 00 pm	8.30 am
Albia Accommodation	7.00 pm	*7,00 am

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN.

Sioux City, N. & W.	7.55pm	7.30 am
Chicago and Elmore Ex	10.15 am	4.00 pm
Night Express	12.15 pm	*9.00 pm
Dakota Limited	1.20 am	1.30 am
Chicago Limited	5.45 am	7.10 am
Accommodation	1.35 pm	11.05 am

C. G. W.—MAPLE LEAF—NORTH.

Chi. & St. Paul Limited	8:15 pm	*8:30 pm
Chicago & St Paul Ex		8:30 am
Twin Cities Special	2:23 am	*2:30 am

C. G. W.—MAPLE LEAF—SOUTH.

Kansas City Limited	6 50 am	*7.00 am
Day Express	11:30 am	*11.40 pm
Night Express	7.85 pm	8.45 pm
Knowlton to Des Moines	10.00 am	

WABASH RAILWAY.

St. Louis Passenger	9.10 am	*6.45 pm

KFOKUK & WESTERN.

No. 1, Mail and Express	6.05 pm	8.10 am
No. 5, Express	11.10 am	3.40 pm

D. M. N. & W.—FONDA LINE.

All trains daily except Sunday.

Fonda Mail and Express	11.48	3.37 pm
Sioux City-Fonda Limited	5.45 pm	7.50 am

D. M. N. & W.—BOONE LINE.

Sioux City	5.35 am	*2.20 pm
Mail and Express	7.23 pm	6.25 am
Boone Mail and Express	10.0 am	3.30 pm

*Indicates daily.

All other trains run daily except Sunday.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Eighth Church of Christ—situated on Eleventh St., between Crocker and School Sts. Preaching; at 11 A. M.; Sunday School; at 12 o'clock; Christian Endeavor; 7 P. M.; preaching, at 8 P. M. Rev. Geo. F. Duffy, pastor.

St. Paul A. M. E.—Corner of Second and Center Streets. Preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 3 o'clock; Epworth League at 7 p. m.; preaching at 8 p. m. T. Reeves, pastor.

Baptist—East Second Street—Between Walnut and Court avenue. Service at 11:00 a. m.; Sunday school at 1 p. m.; Bible services at 6:30 p. m. conducted by Mrs. Williams. Regular services at 7:30 p. m. Rev. T. Godbow, pastor.

First African Baptist Church—Corner Fourth and School; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 12 m.; preaching at 8 p. m. Rev. F. Lomack, pastor.

Burn's M. E.—East Second and Des Moines street.—Preaching at 10:30; Sunday Class meeting at 11:45; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. preaching at 7:30 p. m Prayer meeting Wednesday. Rev. T. A. Clark, pastor.

SECRET ORDERS.

North Star Lodge, No. 2, A. F. A. M.—Meets First Thursday in each month at Masonic Hall—Corner West Sixth and Walnut. G. H. Cleggett, W. M.; J. F. Blagburn, secretary.

Hiram Chapter, No. 7—Meets on Second and Fourth Tuesday in each month at Masonic Hall. Robert Webster, H. P.; G. H. Cleggett, secretary.

King Solomon Commandery, No. 6.—Meets Second and Fourth Thursday in each month at Masonic hall. Fred Jackson, M. C.; G. H. Cleggett, Rec.

Charity Lodge, No. 2192, G. U. O. of O. F.—Meets First, Second and Third Tuesday each month at Odd Fellows hall on West Sixth and Walnut streets. D. Burns, N. G.; F. Brown, P. S.

Naomi Court, No. 3—meets Second Monday in each month at Masonic hall. Mrs. J. H. Shepard, matron; Mrs. Fred Jackson, secretary.

Iowa Chapter, O. E. S.—Meets Third Wednesday of each month Masonic hall. Mrs. G. H. Cleggett, matron; Mrs. Mary Bell, secretary.

Mt. Olive Court, No. 4—Meets First Thursday of each month at Masonic hall. Mrs. Susan White, matron; Mrs. Flora Majors, secretary.

Household of Ruth—Meets First and Third Thursday in each month at Odd Fellows hall. Mrs. Harris, M. G.; Mrs B. J. Holmes, P. S.

NOTICE OF REDEMPTION TO REDEEM FROM TAX SALE

To T. J. Hudson: You are hereby notified, that the following described real estate, situated in Polk county, Iowa, to-wit: Lot twenty-one [21], in block two [2], in Stanley's addition, now included in and forming a part of the city of Des Moines, Polk county, Iowa, was sold for the taxes of 1893 on the fourth day of December, A. D., 1894, to A. H. Kelsey, that the certificate of sale thereof was assigned by the said A. H. Kelsey to J. S Coskery and that the certificates of sale thereof has been assigned by J. S. Coskery to and is now owned by B. F. Loose, and that the right of redemption will expire, and a Treasurer's deed for said land will be made unless redemption from such sale be made within ninety days from the date of completed service of this notice. You will govern yourself accordingly.

B. F. Loose.

Dated this 24th day of Nov., A. D. 1897.

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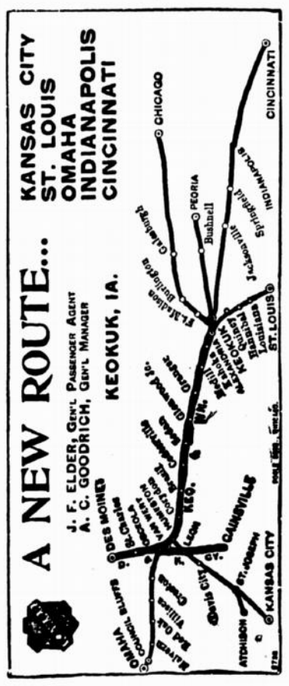

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Time is Short..

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More coat for less money now than at any time this winter. See those handsome Kearseys we are selling at $10.00, everyone worth $2 to $3 more than we ask. Buy now.

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The Utica makes a specialty of the Boys outing department. A Reefer or a suit is a good thing to give a boy for Christmas.

PRICES:

$1.90, $2.90, $3.90 for suits which are worth $1.50 and $2.00 more.

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Here is where you find them in abundance. Umbraellas, Canes, Mufflers, Fancy Handkerchiefs, Neckwear, Embroidered Suspenders, Fancy Hosiery, Gloves of every kind. Not necessary to take what you don't want, because we have what you do want.

Men's Suits

Suits that will suit you as to style, as to wear, as to style, as to wear, as to fit, as to price, as to comfort. The prices are all cut $5.00 takes $7.50 suits, $7.50 takes $10 suits, $10 suits takes $13.00.

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"PROVE YOU LOVE ME."

IT was with a loud-beating heart that Pierre Bridault mounted the steps of Mme. Delvour's house, and looked at his watch.

"Twenty minutes past 4, and I was not to come until half-past. I must wait," and he descended the steps; walked a few yards on the sidewalk and stopped. His impatience would not let him leave the house, however, and so, ten minutes before the appointed time, he again mounted the steps and this time rung the bell.

"Is Mme. Delvour at home?"

"She is out, monsieur, but she will be home presently, for she expects some one."

Pierre was shown into the drawing room and the door closed behind him. He took a book from the table, seated himself in a comfortable chair and tried to read, but in spite of himself his eyes wandered constantly from the closed door to the clock.

"If she is prompt she will be here in eight minutes. She will come in at that door and I shall be able to tell the instant I see her face what my answer is to be."

He recalled the scene of the evening before, the emotion of the young woman after he had asked her to marry him, and her answer, evasive, but full of promise:

"How can I reply so quickly? Give me time to reflect and come to-morrow at 4:30. Then I will have time to consult my heart."

And now he had come, full of hope and impatience to hear her decision.

"It will be 'yes,'" he said to himself. "I feel sure of it."

The door opened and Mme. Delvour appeared. "Ah, you are before me!"

"Yes," stammered the young man. "I——"

"Do not apologize; your haste flatters me."

Pierre stood, looking anxiously at her, waiting.

"I have been thinking, and now we will have a little talk," said she, with one of her brilliant smiles. She seated herself at one side of the fireplace and motioned Pierre to a chair on the opposite side. A moment's silence followed, a century to Pierre, and then Mme. Delvour began to speak:

"I ought to tell you at once that the idea of a marriage between you and me seems very agreeable."

"Ah!" breathed Pierre, his face lighting up wondrously.

"You are 30 years old and I am 23. We are both independent. We know the same people, move in the same society, and even our points of view are similar."

A new ray on the face of the young man as the woman continued:

"In fact, you please me in every way."

"How happy you make me!"

"But that is not all. Yesterday when you spoke to me I was startled, but not entirely surprised. I have been

ON HIS KNEES.

conscious of your admiration, and—shall I confess it?—even loved you a little myself."

Pierre was on his knees before her, kissing her hand.

"Dearest!" he cried. But Mme. Delvour drew her hand away.

"Please do not," she cried; "nothing is yet decided."

"Nothing decided, and you say you love me!"

"Exactly; I love you, but I wish to know whether or not you love me."

Solemn as the moment was, Pierre laughed.

"I have asked you to marry me! Do you need further proof? As you have said, my position is independent—so what would be my object if it were not love?"

"I know you are sincere and that you believe you love me; but how much do you love me? What is your love capable of? I wish to know before I link my life with yours. A man meets a woman. She pleases him. He tells her so and in the telling becomes excited and takes his emotion for eternal love. But what assurance has the woman that this love will last? A fire of straw, perhaps! Prove that you love me, and I am yours!"

"I am resolved. A proof; give me a proof."

"But——"

"I am resolved. A proof; give me a proof."

"But I cannot make a chance occur which will give the opportunity. Shall I set fire to your house that I may rescue you from the flames, or ask you to jump in the water and let me save your life?"

"Those are not proofs of love. Numbers of brave men have rescued lives without being in love with the people they saved. Courage and love are not synonymous."

Pierre prayed, pleaded, insisted and swore he loved her, all to no purpose.

"A proof—just one little proof—that you love me and I will marry you."

The poor young man departed, despairingly asking himself by what miracle he could obtain the demanded proof.

Two months passed. Pierre met Mme. Delvour many times and often tried to convince her by words that he loved her. She, however, desired more material assurance.

"If you would only lose your fortune," said he, "I could marry you in spite of your poverty."

"Beautiful proof of love!" said Mme. Delvour. "To marry the woman whom you had asked when she was rich would simply be an act of chivalry."

"Then tell me what to do!"

"No. It is not for me to tell you. It would be of no value to me unless it came from you."

Pierre tortured his imagination, but all to no avail. He read novels by the dozen in the hope of finding inspiration in them. He dreamed of extraordinary adventures in which he figured as the hero, but they were unreasonable and impossible when thought of in the daytime.

Winter came and went, and spring found him as far as ever from the realization of his hopes. Desperate and discouraged, Pierre Bridault had decided that he would never be able to take to Mme. Delvour the testimony she required and he resolved to relinquish the search. With this thought he called at her house and was admitted to the same little drawing room.

"You?" said Mme. Delvour, rising as he entered. "But I gave you no permission to come. Perhaps you have something very serious to say to me? Have you at last brought me the famous proof?"

"No, I have not come for that. On the contrary, I have come to tell you that I give up the search."

"Ah!"

With a grave air Pierre continued: "I have hunted all winter, heaven knows how ardently, and still I have found nothing." He paused, but his companion did not reply and he went on:

"I cannot bear the uncertainty any longer. I love you, but the fever of unrest will kill me. I would know something positively, one way or the other, and so I give up all hope of winning you. I shall try hard to forget you and your cruel test of love, though I fear I shall not succeed. At any rate I shall never see you again. "Good by." He arose and held out his hand, but Mme. Delvour did not move. He turned and walked to the door.

"Good by," he said again, softly.

"Good by," replied she, in a voice which she tried to make indifferent.

The door opened, then closed firmly. He was gone.

Mme. Delvour sprang to her feet and stood listening intently. Then moved by a strong, sudden impluse, she ran to the door and called: "Pierre! Pierre!"

In a moment, folded in his arms, she was murmuring:

"Forgive my cruelty. I did not know what I was doing. And, oh, Pierre, do not leave me, for I love you—I love!"

SWALLOWS HATPINS TO DIE.

Strange Mode of Suicide Adopted by an Englishwoman.

From the London Mail: There were remarkable developments at the inquest on the body of Mrs. Dadswell, an inmate of East Sussex county asylum. The superintendent of the asylum said the deceased suffered from recurrent melancholia, and was placed under strict supervision day and night. Three weeks ago she complained of illness, and was taken to the infirmary, where she developed signs of peritonitis. The doctor noticed that there was a curious swelling, like an abscess, on the deceased's left side, and two days later another abscess "pointed," and, upon this being opened, a hatpin, several inches long, was taken out. Two days later another pin was removed, and on Sept. 8 Mrs. Dadswell died from peritonitis. The result of the post-mortem examination showed that the stomach was perforated, the pins—which were 5 inches long—having gone through over half their length. A week or so back the deceased had told one of the nurses that she had swallowed an egg spoon, but witness had not been able to find it. The brain was perfectly healthy.

Both Wives Blind.

John I. Anderson, a business man of prominence and influence, has just been married to his second blind wife, Mrs. L. O. Barton, a highly respected widow lady of Belle Plain. Mr. Anderson's first wife was blind and also an invalid, and many years of his life were largely occupied with tender ministrations to her. His sympathetic nature is strongly drawn to women thus afflicted, and he declares that they make the best wives in the world. His present wife is a fine musician and accomplished in many ways and the happy couple are said to be contemplating a trip to Europe, where Mrs. Anderson will look upon historic scenes and enjoy the notable art collections through her husband's eyes. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson are both in comfortable circumstances and they look forward to many years of wedded bliss.—Ex.

Slightly Changed Only.

"We had a lady depositor, whom I will call Miss Sanders," said a receiving teller of a Bank, the other day. "One day she came in to inform us she had been married and wished to leave her new signature and have her passbook agree with her changed condition. 'You need not make out a new book,' she said, 'as I have not changed my name much and prefer my old book; just make it read Sanderson.' So we simply added the letters o and n on the book and the change was complete."—Exchange.

Delay Is Ever Dangerous.

Shortly before the war between Turkey and Greece broke out it had been intended to transfer to the Central Museum at Athens various old Christian treasures, antiquities and manuscripts dating back in some cases to the fifteenth century and stored in the churches at Tyrnavo and elsewhere. Delay proved fatal. During the war these treasures were all destroyed by fire or carried away.

Storm and Gale.

A fierce hurricane prevailed off the east coast of England on Monday and Tuesday, wrecking scores of ships and drowning many sailors. The bodies of twenty-five seamen were washed ashore at one spot near Yarmouth.

A Query.

Her Beautiful Brother (innocently)—"Didn't you ever see a stocking big enough to hold all the Christmas presents I got." "No, Tommy, I never saw sister's?"—The Yellow Book.

FARMERS' GIRLS.

The Important Part They Take in the Management of a Place.

There are many farmers throughout the country who are sufficiently liberal to the boys, but who think that girls' wants should be supplied as they suggest themselves, and with no regard for individual preference, says the Philadelphia Times. After harvest, the son, who has driven the reaper or helped at threshing, has his share of the profits to control and do with as he pleases. Certain of the stock have been given him—a pig, a calf or a colt, which he will eventually sell and put the proceeds in his pocket. The farm offers all sorts of opportunities for earnings, great or small, to which his right is never questioned. By and by he drives his own horse, joins a club, buys books and goes to college—a right which he has earned, and to which he is fairly entitled. With the girl it is usually very different. It never occurs to any one that she, too, would enjoy a small income which she could count upon as her very own, and invest as she saw fit without restraint or objection. The butter and eggs are sometimes her special commodity, and from their sales she has a limited supply of pocket money. But it is extremely limited and frequently very uncertain. Yet her labor in the home "about the place" has done as much toward establishing the family prosperity as the labor of her brother. She is up at daybreak to get breakfast ready. She prepares, frequently unassisted, three meals a day for 365 days in the year. She does the washing and ironing, the sewing and mending, and is still at her work long after her brother is in bed and asleep or away visiting the neighbors. She, too, has an additional tax during harvest and at those seasons when the work upon the farm is especially heavy, but she rarely receives any reward for the extra service required of her. It is a manifest injustice. A good many over-careful fathers excuse themselves upon the plea that girls have no judgment in money matters. Well, they certainly will never acquire wisdom without experience, and they cannot gain experience if the means for so doing are withheld. The financial faculty in most women lies dormant for lack of exercise, but it has been marvelously developed when put to the test. There are thousands of women in the country, widows, who have assumed the management of affairs upon the death of the husband, who have succeeded brilliantly, when the better half failed; the mortgage is paid off, stock improved, modern farming implements have been purchased, and the crops cultivated according to modern and intelligent ideas. The profit-sharing system should include girls as well as boys, and there is no question but that it will pay.

DRINK WAS HIS REGIMEN.

Old Yeoman Who Hadn't Been to Bed Sober Once in Fifty Years.

From the San Francisco Argonaut: The late Justice Denman once tried a case in an agricultural parish which mainly turned upon the recollections of the oldest inhabitants. One of these was a hale and vigorous yeoman of 85, whose erect figure, keen intelligence and clear testimony created so strong a sensation in the court that the judge questioned him concerning his mode of life. The witness explained that he was a vegetarian and a total abstainer. The judge, in dismissing him, expressed a hope that all who were present might profit by his example, and then the next witness was called. This was another yeoman, the elder brother of the preceding, and fully a match for him in strength, activity and intelligence. As he was about to retire the judge stopped him with the observation: "I presume that you also, Mr. Greenfield, are indebted for the preservation of your strength and faculties to a careful observation of the same sobriety and of the same regimen which has been so well described to us by your brother?" "Hain't been to bed sober for fifty years, my lord," was the unblushing and unexpected reply.

He Had 'Em.

Walter—"Did Uncle Jack see Santa Claus last night?" Carolyn—"I guess so. They say he saw almost everything one could imagine."—The Yellow Book.

TABLE ETIQUETTE.

Game should never be taken in the fingers—unless, of course, it is a card game.

Biscuits should be opened with the fingers. In extreme cases an ax is admissible.

Never leave the table until the others are through. If in a hurry take it with you.

Never pick your teeth at the table. You will find a better assortment at the dentist's.

Do not rest your arms on the table. Stack all your weapons in a corner before dinner.

Don't rattle your knife and fork. The napkin ring will be found much more musical.

Always eat soup from the side of your spoon. The inside is considered the proper one.

Never eat pie with a knife. It's all right to eat cheese with pie, but knives should be eaten alone.

Cigarette smoking is permissible at the table—if you are dining alone and have a grudge against yourself.

Don't ask your hostess if she lets the sugar bowl with the butter balls. She might mistake you for a humorist or a lunatic.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Wise saws should be filed in the archives of the memory.

The political whitewash brush covers a multitude of freckled reputations.

A married woman's rights might be used in rejecting her husband's wrongs.

Atlas held up the world. He could have given the Chicago hold-up men cards and spades.

The Shah of Persia has a tobacco pipe ornamented with jewels worth about $500,000.

PREHISTORIC MONSTERS—THE AMPHIBIOUS DINOSAUR.

Mr. William H. Ballou writes in the Century Magazine of "Strange Creatures of the Past," basing his descriptions with the accompanying illustrations on the researches of the late Prof. Edward Drinker Cope of Philadelphia. He gave many years to the study of the fossil or petrified skeletons of the gigantic saurians, or lizard-like reptiles found in various beds of the Rocky Mountains and other regions of the United States. These included the largest and most terrible animals that have ever inhabited the earth, few of them being less than 25 feet in length, and many of them reaching 80, often with a corresponding height and a weight of tons.

The fin-back lizard was one of the terrible monsters of the Permian era found in Texas. The skeletons so far found range from three to ten feet in length. It bears the name of Dimetrodon incisivus (Cope). The long back spines are often found in masses in the rocks, adhering together like sticks. In a related genus, Naosaurus claviger, these spines had branches, giving them the appearance of the yard-arms of ships, from which may have been extended membranes enabling these animals to sail along the surface of the water. Owing to the great number of spines, it may be assumed that this animal never rolled on the ground like a horse. The finbacks and spinebacks were flesh eaters. Their teeth were formidable, being finely serrate mingled with huge conic tusks. Large spines sprang from the vertebrae, and were often as long as forty inches and formed an elevated fin for defence against some enemy not yet known. The limbs were not long enough, nor the claws sufficiently acute, for tree-climbing. The dimetrodons were both water and land animals, being able to walk on four legs.

These lizards were remote ancestors of the saurians, called dinosaurs, which inhabited the earth from the carboniferous period in the Paleozoic realm, through the entire mezozoic realm, or many millions of years. In the latter portion of this era these reptiles reached their time of glory; they grew in vast numbers and to gigantic proportions. Some went in herds; food was most plentiful; conditions and climate were most propitious. The forests and jungles contained those which walked on four legs; the plains and fields those that ran or leaped on two hind legs and tail; the lakes those that waded, and swimmers which never ventured on shore; the ocean those that swam with great speed and fed like ducks or sharks.

According to geological reckoning, the dinosaurs were amongst the highest types of life on earth several million years ago; they left only occasional tracks in the rocks, and now and then a petrified skeleton. These bones, when examined, show how the animal must have moved about, either in water or land or in air; the teeth and jaws indicate what he ate, whether of flesh, fish or vegetation; his limbs suggest whether he walked, leaped, waded or swam. It is interesting to note the diversity of powers which these dinosaurs possessed, including every function given to diverse animals, even that of flight, illustrated in the related group of pterosaurs; they were also often endowed with beaks and claws like birds, but without the functions of flight. In general some of them resembled kangaroos, while others suggested the rhinoceros and still others corresponded to our notions of mythical sea-serpents. Some of them leaped about on land, some lived near the ocean, certain varieties waded only in lakes, some inhabited the forests, and some were amphibious. Certain types walked on two hind limbs, balanced by the tail, and others moved squarely on four feet.

About 150 species of extinct saurians have been discovered on this continent, but it is now known that they, at one time or another, inhabited nearly the whole globe.

One can imagine the singular appearance of troops of giant saurians perhaps standing motionless, or marching or wading slowly along the water's edge, ready for a plunge at passing fishes or swimming reptiles. In the active pursuit of land prey they ran like ostriches or leaped like kangaroos. It is believed that only one group of them belonged to types which are necessarily marine animals, while many of them were representatives of the types which at the present day pertain only to fresh water. Six of the Dinosauria were terrestrial, and the structural adaptations necessary for swimming were wanting.

Eight were crocodiles in form of which only fresh-water representatives now exist. Only a few species had the shortness of limb which would enable them to swim the waves of the open sea for any period of time.

One of the Laramie animals, Hadrosaurus mirabilis (Leidy) (see illustration), a wader, may be called the spoonbill dinosauer, having a goose-like head over three feet in length. In the jaws of a single specimen were counted two thousand and seventy-two teeth. Otherwise its form slightly resembled that of the kankaroo. For a reptile the head had an unusually backward elevation, remarkably contracted at the fore part of the jaw. The total length of a specimen in Professor Cope's collection is thirty-eight feet. The fore limbs were small, and were possibly used at times for support, but rarely for seizing, the phalanges of the hands being hoof-like rather than claw-like. The head was borne on a vertical neck in the same manner as a bird's head, and its general appearance must have been bird-like. The nature of the beak and teeth indicate a diet of soft vegetable matter. It could not not have eaten the branches of trees without breaking the teeth of the lower jaw, but it could have scraped off the leaves. The appearances indicate even a softer food. Could we suppose that the great Laramie lakes on the Rocky Mountain borders supplied an abundance of aquatic plants without woody tissue, the conditions would have been appropriate to this curious structure. Aquatic plants could easily have been gathered by this double spoonbill, and have been tossed, by bird-like jerks of the head and neck, back to the mill of the small and delicate teeth. Of teeth it had four and one-half successive sets. In order to submit the food to the action of these vertical shears, the jaws must have been opened widely during mastication and not unnaturally, as in birds and reptiles the mouth opens to a point behind the eye. The eye was evidently of large size, but the ear was small. As there is a large nasal duct, the hadrosaur must have had the sense of smell. Its huge hind legs were useful in wading in water productive of food. When the bottom was not too soft it could wade to a depth of ten or more feet and pull up aquatic plants from the bottom. If not too large, fishes might also have been its prey, provided they were not covered with the bony plates which distinguished most of the Laramie fishes and which protected them from those particular enemies.

A great leaper was Laelaps aquilunguis, a dinosaur found by Professor Cope in 1866, in the Cretaceous greensands of New Jersey. (See illustrations. It had a relative in the far west which also did some leaping, and is known as Laelaps incrassatus (Cope). These leaping dinosaurs were carnivorous or flesh-eating animals. It would appear that among their victims were the type of lizards just described as hadrosaurs, and that they also attacked each other. Thus the western laelaps preyed on the western Hadrosaurus mirabilis, and the eastern laelaps preyed on the eastern Hadrosaurus Foulkii.

Laelaps, in taking long leaps, struck its prey with the hind legs. The fore limbs, being small, must have been less efficient as weapons in attacks on such creatures as the hadrosaurs. So far as is known, there were but few animals then living which could withstand a long pursuit on land, except in case of certain lizards. Laelaps had to contend with hard-shelled turtles, armored crocodiles and swift sea-saurians. These it must have captured by sudden movements, as it is not likely that its grasping toes furnished much, if any, swimming power. The lightness and hollowness of the long bones of the hind legs of laelaps, and their flexture, are together appropriate to great powers of leaping. The tail was moderately long, rounded and strong, and not so much of a support as a resource for striking a blow, and for throwing an enemy within reach of the kick or grab of the terrible hind legs. As a kicker Laelaps stands unrivalled among animals. In this respect it exceeded the foot blow of the ostrich, which can easily kill a man.

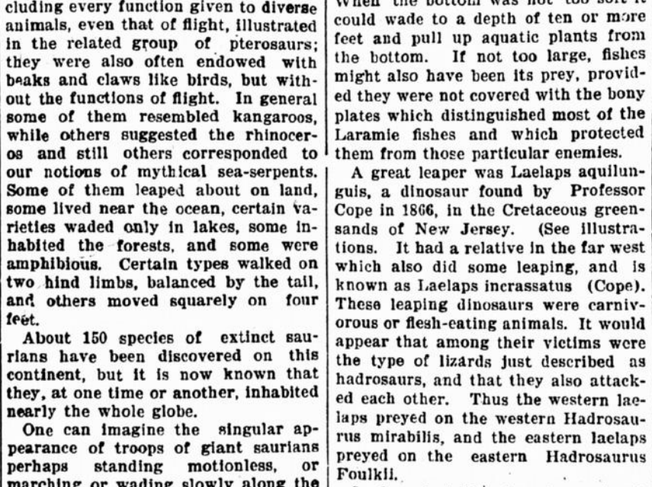
A huge dinosaur from the Laramie formation was the horned agathaumas. Its ponderous horned skull suggests the appearance of a rhinoceros, and its high curved back and bulk an elephant. No animal known had a more powerful armature upon its skull than this creature. In front was a knife-like beak, on the head a pair of large pointed horns, and on the back of the head a row of sharp projections.

This skull, armored with horns and beak, in shape like a wedge, was supported by massive bones, making a formidable weapon for offense and defense. Of all the later dinosaurs, this one alone had large fore feet, showing that it walked on four feet. Fortunately for the contemporary animal, this beast lived on herbs and grass; otherwise it might have slain the remaining forms of life within its territory; whereas its great powers of fighting merely marked it as a good object to leave unmolested in its pursuits, which were possibly as peaceable and tranquil as those of cattle. It was an animal of the forest and jungle. These walking citadels had to be attacked from behind, if at all, by their active contemporary, the Laelaps incrassatus.

The amphibious dinosaur, Amphicaelus altus (Cope) (see illustration), was one of the most remarkable of the tall types. It lived in water, but never swam; it walked on the bottom, indifferent whether its head was above the surface. The type specimen measures sixty feet in length. When it raised its head and distended its anatomy to browse on overhanging tree-tops and branches, this length became height. The petrified remains of the animal were found in the Jurassic or Lower Cretaceous beds of the Colorado. An examination of the beds at this point shows first the remains of a shallow salt water sea known as the Dakota formation, in which have been found fossil leaves and sharks' teeth. Underneath the Dakota lies the Jurassic, a lake bed from which we have many monsters—megalosaurs or great carnivorous as well as herbivorous dinosaurs of diverse species. The amphibious dinosaur was undoubtedly omnivorous. It seized whatever came within its reach, whether fish, flesh, or vegetation. Its teeth were spoon-shaped at the crown. It had ambulatory limbs. Its neck and back vertebrae were hollow and probably connected by air tubes with the lungs to give it buoyancy at the right point. Its tail vertebrae and thigh bones were solid and of great weight, allowing it to anchor on the lake bottom. One of its petrified leg bones is six feet four inches in length, and weighs about 300 pounds. The weight of the entire animal might have been three or four tons. It probably never came wholly out of water. Had it done so, the great weight of its structure might have caused a collapse. The water was its safeguard, for its surrounding weight held its gigantic frame together. There is no evidence that it was web-footed. Its great posterior skeleton enabled it to stand firmly on the bottom, seize a passing fish, feed on the plant life at the bottom, raise its head to a great height, stand on its hind feet and tail, and browse on the overhanging branches. A saurian in structure, it was everything in habits. It swept the territory in which it moved of animal and vegetable life. Of the wonderful fauna of the Jurassic it was one of the tallest, of hugest dimensions, of the greatest mass in proportion to height. The giant dinosaur would be an appropriate name for another reptile—the camarasaur. The Amphicaelius altus, just described, was amphibious in the sense that it fed upon everything it could reach and capture, in or out of water, while wading. The type now to be described was similar in appearance in many respects, except that it waded or swam in the water indifferently. This type was purely herbivorous, and its great bulk suggests that it required at least an acre of plants, grass, and leaves to satisfy its appetite for a meal.

— PREHISTORIC MONSTERS—THE LEAPING DINOSAURS.

[Laelaps aquilunquis (Cope), about 20 feet in length, from the Cretaceous of New Jeersey. Its long hind legs enabled it to escape armored crocodiles and to capture the herbivorous Hadrosaurus Foulkii.]



PREHISTORIC MONSTERS—THE FIN-BACK LIZARDS.

(The type specimens, Dimetrodon incisivus and the related genus, Naosarus claviger (Cope), are from the Permian (Paleozoic age) of Texas. The skeletons found vary from three to ten feet in length, and are among the earliest forms of saurian life in the Triasic period.)

Nuggets in the Corn.

While grinding western corn Charles Wainwright, a Toms River, N. J., miller, saw that something was wrong with the rollers. He investigated and found a nugget of gold worth $18. It had come in the corn, but where from is, of course, not known.

Split by Bursting Saw.

A circular saw burst in the spoke and heading factory of B. C. Ackerman, at Marion, Ind., resulting in the instant death of Will Patterson, 19 years of age. Pieces of the shattered saw split him almost in twain from his waist to the top of his head.

WERE ALL REMEMBERED.

A Kentucky Man Who Has Erected Monuments to His Kin and Animals.

In a well-appointed home in Mayfield, surrounded by all the comforts of life, lives Col. Henry Woolridge, one of the country's oldest citizens and the "last of his race," says the Louisville Post. When in the flush of young manhood he was reckoned the champion deer, bear and fox hunter in the Purchase, and many were the trophies he carried home from his numerous hunting expeditions. His room is a veritable hunter's paradise, filled with highly prized specimens of forest and stream. At the age of 81 he loves to call his friends about him and tell of his early prowess as exhibited in marsh, canebrake, river bottom and mountain fastness. Col. Woolridge is eccentric in one particular—his fondness for his brothers, kin, favorite dogs, horses and game in marble. In a little inclosure in the Mayfield cemetery, not over eighteen by thirty-six, he has had erected seventeen handsomely chiseled granite statues. Four are monuments erected to the memory of his brothers, John H., W. F., Alfred N. and William. Two are to perpetuate the memory of beloved nieces, two are representatives of the colonel's favorite foxhounds, Towhead and Bob. In front of these marble likenesses are a fox, a deer, a bear, a panther and near, with head thrown back, as if scenting the fox chase or bear-hunt afar, stands a life-size image in stone of the good old man's bluegrass hunting stallion, Dick. All these are life-size. There is also a large sarcophagus at the back of the burial lot, surmounted by a pedestal bust of the owner, and just in front of the vault is an equestrian statue of Col. Woolridge, made of Michigan granite. A perfect reproduction of the old woodsman's favorite rifle, in bas-relief, hangs over the door of the stone resting place for the dead. This work is the best that a lavish expenditure of money could secure. And now the owner of these has long been ready for the final summons. He has for several years had in his bedroom an elegant rosewood casket and a burial robe. He has always been a bachelor, has been successful in all of his business ventures and is a useful citizen. There will be many a tear shed when the respected old man is gathered to his fathers.

SHAKEFPEARE IN LONDON.

He Was Known by Everybody—He Knew All the Notables.

Shakespeare's London was a small city of from 150,000 to 200,000 souls, or about the size of Providence or Minneapolis at the present time, says the Atlantic. In cities of such size everybody of the slightest eminence is known all over town, and such persons are sure to be more or less acquainted with one another; it is a very rare exception when it is not so. Before his thirtieth year Shakespeare was well known in London as an actor, a writer of plays and the manager of a prominent theater. In that year Spenser, in his "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," alluding to Shakespeare under the name of Aetion, or "eagle-like," paid him this compliment:

"And there, though last, not least, is Aetion;
A gentler shepherd may nowhere be found;
Whose muse full of high thought's invention
Doth, like himself, heroically sound."

Four years after this, in 1598, Francis Meres published his book entitled "Palladis Tamia," a very interesting contribution to literary history. The author, who had been an instructor in rhetoric in the University of Oxford, was then living in London, near the Globe theater. In this book Meres tells his readers that "the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare; witness his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugared sonnets among his private friends," etc. To suppose that such a man as this in a town the size of Minneapolis, connected with a principal theater, writer of the most popular plays of the day, a poet whom men were already coupling with Homer and Pindar—to suppose that such a man was not known to all the educated people of the town is simply absurd. There were probably few men, women or children in London, between 1595 and 1610, who did not know who Shakespeare was when he passed them in the street; and as for such wits as drank ale and sack at the Mermaid, as for Raleigh and Bacon and Selden and the rest, to suppose that Shakespeare did not know them well—nay, to suppose that he was not the leading spirit and brighest wit of those ambrosial nights—is about as sensible as to suppose that he never saw a maypole.

Within Our Law.

Less than two years ago a man and his wife in Baltimore borrowed $50 from a loan company, giving their household goods as security, and a number of interest notes which obliged them to pay as interest $28 for every six months. They have already paid $85.50 in interest, but as they still owe $49.50 interest, as well as the principal, the creditor threatened to seize the furniture. Thereupon the hopeless debtors invoked the courts for some redress, but the judge was compelled to say that he could do nothing. And in order to save their furniture they will have to pay back the original $50 and $135 for two years' use of it.—New York Tribune.

Plucky Little Girl.

A burglar was half through the window of the room occupied by 13-year-old Dora Sarron of New York, the other night. Dora crept to the window and brought the sash down on his neck. And she held him there until the police came.

Easily Cornered.

Ned—"Did she run toward the door when you told her she was under the mistletoe?" Ted—"No; toward the nearest wall."—The Yellow Book.

Not Visible.

Mrs. Brown—"Didn't you think Miss Footlite's costume was rather immodest?" Mr. Brown—"I didn't notice it."—The Yellow Book.

THE RESCUE.

BY Q. R.

It was in the month of February, 183-, a bright moonlight night, and intensely cold, that the little brig I commanded lay quietly at her anchors inside the Hook.

We had a hard time of it, beating about for eleven days off this coast, with cutting northeasters blowing and snow and sleet falling for the most of the time. Forward, the vessel was thickly coated with ice, and it was hard work to handle her, as the rigging and sails were stiff, and yielded only when the strength of the men was exerted to the utmost. When at length we made the port, all hands worn down and exhausted, we could not have held out two days longer without relief.

"A bitter cold night, Mr. Larkin," I said to my mate as I tarried for a moment on deck to finish my cigar.

The worthy down-easter buttoned his coat more tightly around him, looked up to the moon, and felt his red nose before he replied. "It's a whistle, captain, as we used to say on the Kennebec. Nothing lives comfortable out o' blankets in such a night as this."

"The tide is running out swift and strong; it will be well to keep a sharp lookout for the floating ice, Mr. Larkin."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the mate, and I went below.

Two hours afterward I was aroused from a sound sleep by the vigilant officer.

"Excuse me for disturbing you, captain," said he, as he detected an expression of vexation on my face; but I wish you would turn out and come on deck as soon as possible."

"Why, what's the matter, Mr. Larkin?"

"Why, sir, I've been watching a cake of ice that swept by at a little distance a moment ago; I saw something stick upon it—something that I thought mooved—the moon's under a cloud, and I could not see distinctly, but I really believe there's a child floating out to sea in this freezing night upon that cake of ice."

We were on deck before either spoke another word. The mate pointed out, through no little difficulty, the cake of ice floating off to the leeward, and its white, glittering surface was broken by a black spot—more I could not make out.

"Get me the glass, Mr. Larkin; the moon will be out of that cloud in a moment, and then we can see distinct-

I kept my eye on the receding mass of ice, while the moon was slowly making her way through a heavy bank of clouds. The mate stood by

"RESCUED!"

with a glass. When the full moon shone at last upon the water with a brilliancy only known in our northern latitudes, I put the glass to my eye—one glance was enough.

"Forward there!" I shouted at the top of my voice, and with one bound reached the main hatch, and began to clear away the little cutter which was stowed away in the ship's yawl.

Mr. Larkin had received the glass from my hand, to take a look for himself.

"My God!" he said in a whisper, and set to work to aid me in getting over the boat—"my God, there are two children on that cake of ice!"

The men answered my hail, and pulled lazily aft. In an incredibly short space of time we launched the cutter, into which Mr. Larkin and myself jumped, followed by the two men who took the oars. I rigged the tiller while the mate sat beside me in the sheets.

"Do you see that cake of ice with something black upon it, lads?" I cried; "pull me alongside of that, and I'll give you a bottle of rum each tonight, and a month's extra wages when you are paid off."

The men bent to their oars, but their strokes were uneven and feeble. They were used up by the hard duty of the preceding fortnight, and though they did their best the boat made little more way than the tide. This was a long chase, and Mr. Larkin, who was pulling as he saw how little we gained, cried out: "Pull lads, I'll double the captain's prize; two bottles of rum and two months' pay; pull, lads, pull, for the love of God, pull!"

A convulsive effort at the oars told that willing the men were to obey, but that strength of the strong men was gone.

One of the poor fellows washed twice in recovering his oar, and then gave out; the other was nearly overcome gone. Mr. Larkin sprang forward and seized the oar.

"Come down in the bottom of the boat," said he to the man, "and, captain, take the other oar; we must row ourselves."

He took the second man's place; Larkin had stripped to his Guernsey shirt, and as he pulled the bow, I waited for the equal stroke. It came gently, but firm, and the next moment we were pulling a long, steady stroke, gradually increasing in rapidity until the wood began to smoke in the oar-locks. We kept time, each by the long, deep breathing of the other. Such a pull! Each bent forward until our faces almost touched our knees, and then, putting all our strength into the backward movement, drew on the oar handles. Inch by inch of the space covered by the sweep had been gained. At every stroke the boat shot ahead like an arrow discharged from a bow. Thus we worked at the oars for fifteen minutes, which seemed to me as many hours.

"Are we almost up to it, Mr. Larkin?" I gasped out.

"Almost, captain—don't give up; for the love of our dear little ones at home, don't give up, captain!"

The oars flashed as the blades turned up to the moonlight. The men who plied them were fathers, and had fathers' hearts; the strength which nerved them at that moment was more than human.

Suddenly Mr. Larkin stopped pulling, and my heart for a moment ceased its beating; for the terrible thought that he had given out crossed my mind. But I was quickly reassured by his voice, "Gently, captain, gently—a stroke or two more—there, that will do!"—and the next moment the boat's side came in contact with something, and Larkin sprang from the boat with his heavy feet upon the ice. I started up, and calling upon the men to make fast the boat to the ice, followed.

We ran to the dark spot in the center of the mass, and found two little boys, the head of the smaller resting in the bosom of the larger—both were fast asleep! The lethargy which would have been fatal but for the timely rescue, had overcome them. Mr. Larkin grasped one of the lads, cut off his shoes, tore off his jacket, and then loosing his own garments to the skin, he placed the cold child in contact with his own warm body, carefully wrapping over him his great-coat, which he procured from the boat. I did the same with the other child; and we then returned to the boat, and the men, partially recovered, pulled slowly back.

The children, as we learned when we subsequently had the delight of restoring them to their parents, were playing on the ice, and had ventured on the cake, which had jammed into the bend of the river ten miles above New York. A movement of the tide set the ice in motion, and the little fellows were borne away on that cold night, and would inevitably have perished but for Mr. Larkin's espying them as the ice was sweeping out to sea.

"How do you feel?" said I to the mate, the morning after this adventure.

"A little stiff in the arms, captain," the noble fellow replied, while the big tears of grateful happiness gushed from his eyes—"a little stiff in the arms, captain, but very easy here," and he laid his hand on his manly heart. My quaint, brave down-easter. He who lashes the sea into fury, and lets loose the tempest, will care for thee! The storm may rage without, but in thy bosom peace and sunshine abide always.

PIETY AND PROSPERITY.

To Want Money Becomes Very Near Being a Pious Desire.

Money is a convenient measure for almost every sort of endeavor, and to want more money wherewith to discharge our obligations and to help the needy and promote good works, as well as to increase our personal comfort, comes very near being a pious desire, says Scribner's. Thrift and honesty come near, in the eyes of contemporary thinkers, to godliness. We have certainly made a great gain to thrift, and there is no reason to think that, as a people, we have retrograded in honesty. We of this generation, when we get into a scrape, are not so much disposed to insist that was God's will as to reason together and try to find out what stupid thing we have done, or what wise thing we have neglected, that has resulted so disastrously. This we do, not necessarily because we are less religious than our forbears, but perhaps because we are somewhat more reasonable than they. It does seem certain that this increased sense of our own responsibility is a development that is to be regretted. However, if any our friends who are solicitous for our welfare have been disappointed in some of the effects or lack of effect of adversity upon us let us hope that they will be disappointed again, and more agreeably, in the spiritual results of any prosperity that may be vouchsafed to us.

A Turkish Officer's Exploit.

In Dr. C. S. Ryan's "Under the Red Crescent," being his adventures as surgeon with the Turkish army at Plevna, he relates a remarkable exploit by a Turkish officer, Ahmed Bey:

"I never in my life saw a man with such a magnificent physique. He was very handsome, splendidly proportioned, and of astounding physical strength. A few days before I met him he had been the hero of a feat about which all the troops in Nish were still talking. It seemed that Abdul Kerim Pasha, the commander-in-chief, while inspecting the troops one morning, casually expressed a wish that he could capture a Servian prisoner from the Servian lines. Ahmed Bey, who overheard the remark, rode up, and, saluting, asked to be permitted to get the commander a prisoner. Abdul Kerim wonderingly gave the required permission, and Ahmed Bey, without another word, wheeled his charger, dashed the spurs into his flanks, and galloped off in front of the astonished detachment straight for the nearest Servian outpost. As he approached the lines, half a dozen rifles cracked, for the Servian vedettes opened fire upon him, hoping to drop him on the wing. But Ahmed Bey galloped on unharmed, having deliberately marked down one sentry for his prey. The sentry emptied his rifle at the audacious horseman, in vain, and too late started to run. Ahmed Bey swooped down upon him like a sparrow hawk upon a landrail, and, bending down, grasped the man by the collar in an iron grip and flung him without an effort across the saddle in front of him. Then he galloped back again, bending over his horse's neck as the bullets whistled over his head, and delivered his bewildered prisoner to the Turkish commander amid the delighted shouts of the whole detachment."

Christmas in Klondike.

Frozen Francis (millionaire)—"Wot did you get in de way of Christmas presents, Con?" Congealed Connors (multi-millionaire) — "Wheelbarrow, gold dust, four big nuggets, and a deed to a forty-foot claim." F. F. (disdainfully)—"Aw, shucks, yer ain't in it! I got a hind quarter o' dog, three red herrin's, an' a can o 'tomatoes!"—The Yellow Book.

HOW A LOVER WAS UNDONE.

A Mean Trick in Which the Girl Participated.

War has broken out in a certain Euclid avenue boarding-house, "and all along of a maiden fair," the latter being, in fact, the landlady's daughter, says the Cleveland Leader. Among the boarders is a highly educated foreigner who, probably, can knock a greater variety of sounds out of a piano in a given time than any other person in this town. For several weeks past this gentleman has been in the habit of loitering in the parlor, after the retirement of the other boarders, and evoking sweet strains for the delectation of the fair girl hereinbefore mentioned. Those who profess to have obtained inside information declare that he did much sighing, considerable gazing with soulful eyes, and some whisperings of airy nothings between tunes, all of which was strongly objected to by the less-gifted men around him. Upon various occasions the gentleman from across the water was requested to perform for the benefit of others beside the landlady's daughter, but he strongly objected to this. Occasionally he would throw a little fit upon the keyboard for them, but he positively refused to sing for any one save the sweet girl, although it was known that he had a fine voice. At first the gentleman's attentions to the landlady's daughter were rather enjoyed by her, but they soon became so fervid that she shrank from them, especially as she knew that everybody else in the house was aware of what was going on, and was disposed to regard the whole business as something to be laughed at. So a few evenings ago she intimated to some one that she would be glad of an opportunity to rid herself of the foreigner's attentions, and a plot was arranged. After dinner she was to remain in the parlor, with her adorer, and ask him to sing for her, being assured that something would happen, as soon as he began, to bring matters to a head. She carried out her part of the programme, and, having drawn several long sighs and gazed at her in mute admiration for a long time, the lover touched the piano for the customary boom-boom-boom, p-r-r-r-r-r amp-amp amp, and began to sing an amatory song from the Italian or something else that nobody in the house, save himself, could understand. Then, of a sudden, there was a fearful racket upon the stairway. Forty-thousand tin cans seemed to be fastened to the tails of as many dogs, all of which had been turned loose at once. The lover's song became a feeble pipe in a chaos of distracting sounds. It was as if a presidential election night, a boiler shop, and the entire fire department had been consolidated and well shaken before using. The young man's face became white and he stopped singing, whereupon the sweet girl clapped her hands over her empurpled visage and rushed from the room. It is alleged that people three blocks away heard the gentleman gritting his teeth, after the other racket had subsided, and his wrath was in no wise diminished when he began to understand that the girl whom he adored had been a party to the humiliating ordeal through which he had passed. At present the piano remains unused, and an ominous quiet hangs over that boarding-house. The foreign gentleman is still there, and it is understood that as soon as he can learn the name of the man who engineered the plot the latter will be invited to choose his weapons. This is why some of the others have ceased to regard it as a joke.

Trouble About a Book.

A Connecticut man who received a bill for a book that he had no recollection of having ordered sent the following answer: "I never ordered the book. If I did, you did not send it. If I got it, I paid for it. If I didn't, I won't."

Plain Truth About the Klondike.

Eagerly—And these stories about the fabulous wealth of Klondike—are they exaggerated? Klondike Liar—Believe me, yes. Why, you can travel two or three blocks without seeing gold, except a few nuggets here and there.

Dog Discharged the Gun.

While "Doc" Davis of Nicholosville, Ky., was loading a muzzle-loading shotgun, his dog sat on the floor scratching his ear. The dog's foot hit the hammer and the gun went off. Davis was perhaps fatally shot.

FACTS ABOUT MILK.

The same amount of nutrition is contained in a quart of milk, three-quarters of a pound of fat beef or five ounces of wheat flour. Milk is a perfect type of food, but only for the young. It fails to furnish the necessary amount of heat and force for adults.

There is 87 per cent of water and 13 per cent of solids in milk. The sugar in the solids is in greater proportion than in any other solid. The reason cream rises more quickly from Jersey and Guernsey milk is that the fat globules in the milk are larger and can rise to the top more readily.

The United States is the leading dairy country of the world. There are about 17,000,000 cows scattered over our dairy farms, and quite a time ago the value of our dairy products was estimated to be over $400,000,000, and the value of the cows nearly as much. Although this is the leading dairy country it does not lead in the per capita consumption of dairy products and much of them are exported.

The reason that milk sours so readily in summer time is because it cools very slowly and does not become cooler than the air. The bacteria which have got into the milk will multiply very fast and cause the milk to sour rapidly. If milk is cooled to a low temperature as soon as drawn, bacterial growth will be checked at once and will not begin with much rapidity until the milk has become warm once more. By some it is thought that thunder aids milk in souring, but electricity itself is not capable of souring milk. It is the warm, sultry condition of the atmosphere preceding the thunderstorm, which favors bacterial growth and hastens the souring of milk.

THEATRICAL TOPICS.

CURRENT NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE STAGE.

A Stage Manager's Scare—Miss Maxine Elliott and Her Stage Career—How Loie Fuller Fired the Parisian Heart—Judith Beralde to Return.

STAGE Manager Pearson, of the old St. Charles theater, in New Orleans, had a scare once which made an indelible impression upon his mind. He was playing "Lafitte, the Pirate of the Gulf," on the night referred to, and the audience was large and enthusiastic. To those who are not familiar with the melodrama it is necessary to say that during the performance a mutiny occurs on board the ship, and to suppress it Lafitte has to act very promptly, shooting down on the instant the ring-leader, who was personated by a very clever actor, whom Pearson had taught to play the part to a general admiration. He would fall on the stage as if instantaneously stricken with death. It was Pearson's practice to fire his pistol pointed upward before quickly bringing it down on a level with the head of the mutineer, so as to avoid all chance of inflicting injury, if by some possibility a loaded weapon had fallen into his possession. On ths occasion the mutiny was exceedingly well done, and the veteran actor was so carried away by the excitement of the moment that he failed to exercise his usual caution and discharged his pistol while aimed directly at the head of the buccaneer, who fell so suddenly and lay so still that Pearson imagined he had, by some mischance, killed his fellow actor. His feelings cannot be described. He could not then approach or whisper to the prostrate man to ascertain whether his fears were well founded; he had to go on with his part, and meanwhile the object of his solicitude still lay perfectly motionless, not a muscle appearing to move. At last time came for Pearson to cross over the stage, and as he passed by the silent figure he touched it with his foot, but it gave no signs of life. Fear now overcame the sense of professional

MAXINE ELLIOTT.

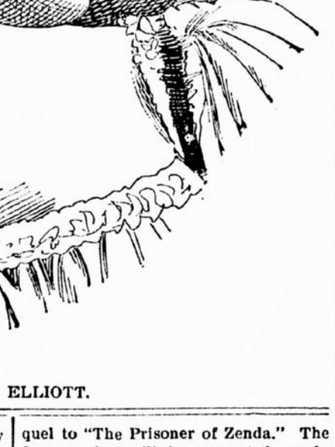
propriety, and making an opportunity he whispered to his supposed victim: "Jerry, are you hurt?" There came no response to the question until it was repeated, when a wink of Jerry's eye gave proof of the fact that he had slyly enjoyed the anxiety of Pearson, who never afterward appeared as Lafitte without thinking, with a shudder, of the shock that his apt pupil once gave him.

Maxine Elliott

Has made rapid progress in the profession, having been but a comparatively few years upon the stage. Her first engagement was with E. S. Willard, with whom she remained for two seasons. She next appeared for one season under the management of T. H. French, in "The Prodigal Daughter" and "Sister Mary." She subsequently won fame in the support of Rose Coghlan, and as a member of Augustin Daly's company, and of the Frawley company, of San Francisco, Cal., and at present is leading woman with Nat C. Goodwin, playing at Knickerbocker theater, in "An American Citizen." Miss Elliott is a handsome woman, with a remarkably fine stage presence. Her acting now, is spirited, and she has won many admirers.

Theatrical Gossip.

Loie Fuller appears to have fired the Parisian heart with her newest dancing device. Figaro thus talks about it: "There is something little short of the miraculous in the new dance which little Loie has recently originated. Mystic darkness at first envelops the stage; slowly the eye gets accustomed to the gloom, and then the spectator discovers a delightful grotto at the rear. All of a sudden there is a brilliant display of shooting lights, a rush of mysterious sounds, rays of light in a thousand colors and tints, a wreath of light without an equal! As if by witchery the finely shaped figure of the little dancer suddenly emerges from the mass of light, and like a fairy she seems to move with scarcely an effort on her part! Is it a butterfly, or the loosened petal of some exotic flower, this brilliant bit of life, rocking itself in the air, rising and falling, turning like a top, and while all the other lights are out, remaining the only light center on the dark background as a living flame burning



JUDITH BEROLDE.

ist without letting any one find it out. I have been told by my enemies that no one has yet found that out. But as a gentleman much more famous than I am once remarked, 'That is another story.'"

The late Thomas Whiffen was one of the gentlemen of the choir of St. George's, Windsor, and had a solo in the service of the Prince Consort's

firecely? If Loie Fuller succeeded in making 'Tout Paris' her enthusiastic admirers with her serpentine dance, she has now brought them to her feet. Every night, when after breathless suspense the masses are called back from the fairy world, where they had forgotten themselves, to reality by the turning on of the lights in the house, there is round after round of applause."

In the New York office of Arthur Lewis, manager of Julia Arthur, there hangs a piece of charred paper some six or eight inches square. This is all that remains of $15,000 worth of scenery with which "A Lady of Quality" began the season, only to be destroyed by fire in Detroit.

Judith Berolde, a few years ago leading woman of the late Alexander Salvini, after several years' absence from the stage, devoted to travel and study, is shortly to resume her professional career.

Mrs. S. A. Baker, who is 80 years old and last season celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of her first appearance on the stage, is with Thomas W. Keane again this season. Mrs. Baker plays only one part, the Duchess of York in "Richard III." She has been a member of Mr. Keane's company for sixteen years, having been away from him only one season in that time, during which she was specially engaged to play the Duchess of York to the Richard III. of Edwin Booth.

Charles Coghlan began his starring tour in Washington, D. C., at the Columbia Theater the other night. He appeared in a romantic play of the period of George III., adapted by himself from Dumas' "Kean," bearing the title "The Royal Box," the principal situation of the piece being centered around the box of the Theater Royal, Drury Lane, occupied by the royal family.

Francis Wilson has secured from Oscar Hammerstein the opera "La Poupee," and will probably present it the present season. Lulu Glaser will be seen in the role created in this country by Anna Held.

Daniel Frohman has acquired from Anthony Hope a new comedy in four acts, written by the novelist himself, and also the rights to the dramatization of his forthcoming novel, the sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda." The former play will be presented early this season by E. H. Sothern.

"I do not wish to appear in anything but a modest light," writes Charles H. Hoyt, "but it seems to me that the man who starts out to be a writer of farce comedy has a much more difficult task on hand than has the author of a serious dramatic output. I will tell you why. The theatergoer that attends a performance of a legitimate drama expects to find a structure to the piece, and gets it, and when he goes to see a farcial comedy he does not expect anything of the kind, yet it must be given him or he will be dissatisfied. In writing a piece like 'A Stranger in New York,' for instance, I must, as it were, submerge the dramatic action without drowning it. Those in the audience expect specialties and divertisements, but are not supposed to be sitting out a variety performance. Therefore, I must be a dramat-

JUDITH BEROLDE.

AT OLD MONTICELLO.

BELOVED HOME OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

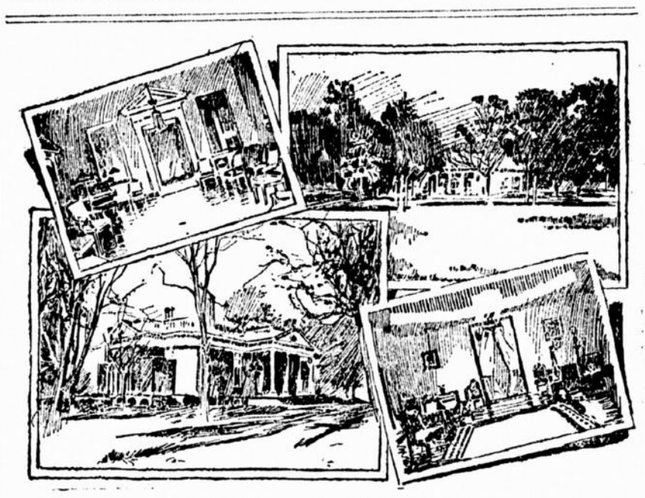
The Place Where He Lived and Died—The Favorite Resting Place of Our Third President — The Drive from Charlottesville.

(Correspondence Philadelphia Times.)

WHILE staying recently near the quaint old city of Charlottesville, Va., I received permission, through the courtesy of the present owner, to enter the house at Monticello, which should be particularly interesting to all Philadelphians, as the beloved home of Thomas Jefferson. Here he played when a boy, studied when in youth, reached the richest rewards of manhood, and died peacefully at an advanced age, after seeing his dearest wishes accomplished. That his name should be given to the latest faction of the Democratic party shows plainly that his name and fame, also the principles that he taught, are still dear to the hearts of his countrymen. Some of the readers of the Times may like to spend a quiet Sunday morning in visiting in imagination his beautiful home and sitting under the trees which he planted.

The drive of a couple of miles from Charlottesville to Monticello is over an excellent country road, ascending so gradually that the horses hardly feel the strain, though we are often tempted to stop and admire the view of distant hills, cultivated fields and scattered villages which peep out through the trees. At a sudden turn in the road we come upon a handsome modern gateway, where an old gray-haired negro stands to bid us welcome with old-time courtesy. He rings an ancient bell, hung in a curious tower, that once served to assemble Jefferson's numerous slaves, but now only sounds to warn the superintendent that visitors are approaching.

We drive slowly through acres of "forest primeval" until a modest iron railing attracts the eye, where, under the very trees that shaded him while living, lies all that is mortal of the great statesman, educator and third president of the United States. The latter title seems to have been little valued by him, for at the base of the



THE HOME OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

simple shaft (which he designed) is still inscribed his own words:

Here lies buried
THOMAS JEFFERSON
Born April 2, 1743, O. S.
Died July 4, 1826.
Author of the Declaration of Independence,
of the
Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom,
And the Father of
THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

He was a typical son of that great state which claims so many of our most distinguished men. This was a favorite resting place of Jefferson, who with his friend and brother-in-law, Dabney Carr, used to sit discussing their future careers, each promising the other that the first to die should be buried there, and the promise was sacredly kept when Mr. Carr died, his being the first interment in the lot. The enclosure is small, containing about six or seven graves besides the central shaft. It is beautifully kept, free from weeds and equally free from ornamentation of any kind. Periwinkle, with its glossy leaves, covers the ground and wanders through the railing. Stooping to pick a leaf, we feel that the place whereon we stand is holy ground. A short, steep drive past the ruins of the blacksmith shop, the walls of which have long crumbled to decay, and the huge chimney overgrown with vines, we come to the "weaving house," which has been transformed into a pretty, modern dwelling for the superintendent. We find it difficult to realize that several hundred slaves were fed, clothed, maintained and employed about the house and grounds; that all the wheat, corn and tobacco was raised upon the estate, all kinds of domestic animals reared, and the requirements of a large household supplied by domestic labor alone. The owner of such an estate must have understood agriculture, carpentering, weaving, and many other arts, for there was no large town near to draw supplies from, and very few labor saving machines invented. The distaff and the anvil were incessantly at work, and the brain that directed them was seldom idle.

At the main entrance is still seen the remains of an avenue of trees planted in 1764, to celebrate the coming of age of the proprietor, in imitation of an old English custom. The heavy porch, supported by four round, white pillars, is approached by a flight of stone steps. In the center of the overhanging roof Jefferson's compass still points true to the Pole. Over the entrance his timepiece marks the

and one within, the ponderous weights hang down at each side of the massive doorway, and we were shown standing in one corner a curious ladder, invented by the great man to wind his clock. It is apparently a large bamboo pole, but by touching a spring opens into a light, strong ladder of about twenty rungs. The key is a huge iron crank, but the well balanced works have outlived all those who saw them constructed.

Passing through the heavy front door, we enter the enchanted hall, standing upon the very wooden tiles trod by the wise statesmen who met here to discuss and settle the fate of our country in its first struggles for existence, and upon which fair dames and gallant knights had once trod the stately measures of the minuette. The hall extends to the ceiling of the second story, a railed gallery opening onto the bedrooms above, a fashion still in use at Charlottesville. A few of the original portraits still adorn the walls, polished mahogany tables and chairs with spindle legs, some of them supported by the "lion's head," which, our guide tells us, distinguished all Jefferson's furniture, from the popular claw and face, stand inviting rest. The curious chandelier, with prismatic pendants, still holds its wax candles, neither gas nor electricity being as yet introduced.

We are asked to write our names in the strangers' book, and felt honored to dip our pens into an ancient silver inkstand, almost the facsimile of the one at the Museum at the State House, said to have been used by the signers of the Declaration. All the furniture was, of course, brought from England, as were the doors, window frames, shutters, tiles, mantel shelves, and all the ornaments of every kind. Indeed all the fine clothes in those early days crossed the ocean on slow sailing vessels. The doors throughout the house are made double. Those of solid mahogany sliding into the wall disclose double glass ones opening on hinges.

A large one opposite the entrance opens into the banquet hall, which is exquisite and full of treasures; to the right is the family dining room, and to the left the bedroom, where, surrounded by his family and faithful slaves, Jefferson "entered into rest" on that memorable July 4, that he had helped to make immortal. The bed is of curious construction, clamped into the wall, and was then, of course, draped with testor hangings and valance. Roses and altheas bloom outside the windows. There is an air of perfect repose over everything.

Appropriate.

Miss Gotham—You westerners give such horrid names to places. Dead Gulch, and Tombstone, and Devil's Lake, for instance. Now in the east we have names that are pleasant to hear. Oklahoma Al—Sich ez Hell's Kitchen, an' Dead Man's curve, an' Murderers' alley.

Nothing to Concuss.

"Tell me, doctor," said the father of the disabled football player, "do you think it is concussion of the brain?" "No," replied the doctor, "there isn't any danger of that. It's merely a broken skull."

PEN POINTS.

The channel that great minds run in is never overcrowded.

Lovers are not necessarily alike because they correspond.

Fire is a good servant, but it is apt to go out nights, just like the other servants.

The height of some men's ambition is to be seen on a corner talking to a saloonkeeper.

It's a good thing for humanity, that babies can't say what they think when cutting teeth.

Neither money nor brains has enabled any one to get "in the swim" at the north pole.

Law is a dry study, but a pretty woman's tears often have the desired effect upon the jury.

A divorce suit should be included in the wardrobe of the actress who hopes to be well advertised.

When a man begins to imagine that he is in love with a bloomer girl it's time for him to stop drinking.

It is hard to convince the defeated candidate that it is better to have run and lost than not to have run at all, after he has balanced his bank book.

TO CLASSIFY AN ARTIST.

If he paints the sky yellow and the grass purple he is a Colorist.

If he paints the sky blue and the grass green he belongs to the rea[l]istic school.

If he paints the sky green grass blue he belongs to [the] sionistic school.

If he paints the s[ky] grass red he is an [im]orative talent [if] if he persev[ere]

A clever p[ain]ed an art exh[ibi]set of rules to know what kind looking at. He say

REGINA COELI.

SAY, did his sisters wonder what could Joseph see
In a mild, silent little maid like thee?
And was it awful in that narrow house,
With God for babe and Spouse?
Nay, like thy simple, female sort, each one
Apt to find Him in Husband and in Son,
Nothing to thee came strange in this,
Thy wonder was but wondrous bliss;
Wondrous, for though
True Virgin lives not but does know
(Howbeit none ever yet confessed)
That God lies really in her breast,
Of thine he made his special nest
And so,
All mothers worship little feet
And kiss the very ground they've trod,
But, ah, thy little Baby Sweet,
Who was indeed thy God!

—Coventry Patmore.

WHEN Lucien de Hem had seen his last 100-franc note raked in by the banker and had risen from the roulette table where he had just lost the remains of his small fortune he experienced a sort of vertigo and almost fell.

With reeling brain and failing limbs he tottered over to the leather bench that encircled the room and threw himself on it. For some minutes he gazed vaguely about this private gambling hell in which he had wasted the best years of his youth, recognizing one by one the plundered heads of the players in the bold glare of the three great green shades. He heard the soft friction of the gold on the felt and realized his loss, his ruin; but he remembered that at home, in a bureau drawer, there were two army pistols which had been bravely used by his father, General De Hem, in the attack of Zaatcha. Then utterly worn out, he slept profoundly.

He awoke with parched throat and glancing at the clock saw that he had barely slept a half hour.

An imperative need to breathe the night air came over him. The hands marked a quarter to midnight, and, on rising and stretching his arms, Lucien recollected that it was Christmas eve, and by an ironical freak of memory he saw himself a little child again putting his shoes in front of the chimney at bedtime.

Just then old Dronski, the Pole, a fixture of the place, in threadbare, braided livery, came up to Lucien and mouthed a few words in his dirty beard.

"Lend me five francs, Monsieur. Here are two days since I have been out of the club and 17 has not turned up once. • • • Laugh at me if you will, but you may cut off my fist if 17 does not come out in a few minutes, when the clock strikes midnight."

Lucien de Hem shrugged his shoulders; he had not even the wherewithal in his pocket to pay the tax known by the house habitues as "The Pole's Pence."

He passed into the hall, put on his hat, his coat, then descended the stairs with the haste of a fevered person. During the four hours he had been in doors heavy snow had fallen and the street, a central one, walled in by high houses, was all white. Multitudes of cold stars shone in the blue-black purged sky.

The ruined man walked rapidly, revolving desperate thoughts in his mind, and was more than ever drawn to the pistol box in his dressing case drawer.

Suddenly he stopped. He was confronted by a heart-breaking scene.

On a stone bench, placed according to the old-time custom beside the monumental door of a palace, a little girl of 6 or 7, barely covered by a ragged black frock, was sitting in the snow. She had gone to sleep there, in spite of the cold, in a painful attitude of utter weariness, with her poor little head and shoulder propped in an angle of the icy stone.

One of her old shoes had fallen from the foot which hung over and lay in the snow.

Lucien de Hem felt mechanically for his vest pocket, and was suddenly reminded that a moment before he had not even found a forgotten franc, nor a pourboire for the valet.

However, stirred by an instinctive pity, he approached the little girl, and would perhaps have carried her in his arms to give her a night shelter, had he not seen something shining in the old shoe as it lay in the snow.

He bent over. It was a gold louis.

Some charitable person, a woman, doubtless, in passing by this Christmas eve had seen the shoe in front of the sleeping child, and had remembered the touching legend. This generous alms had been given so that the little one might believe in the gifts of the holy child, and in spite of her distress retain some hope in the goodness of Providence.

A louis! It meant many days of plenty for the beggar, and Lucien was about to waken and tell her so, when he heard a voice in his ear, a drawling, thick voice, mumbling:

"Here are two days since I have been out of the club. You can cut off my fist if 17 does not come out when the clock strikes midnight."

Then the young man of 23, coming of honest stock with a magnificent military record, never failing in honor, this young man suddenly conceived a dreadful thought, fell prey to a wild, hysterical, monstrous desire. Assuring himself with one glance that the street was deserted he swiftly stooped, advanced a trembling hand, and stole the louis from the old shoe. With a wild rush he reached the club again, cleared the stairs in one impetuous rush, flung open the door of the reeking hall, and threw the gold piece on the green, just as the clock chimed the first stroke of midnight.

"All on 17!"

Seventeen won.

With a turn of his hand he shoved the 36 louis on red.

Red won.

He left 72 louis on the same color. Again it appeared. Three times he put up the doubled stakes with the same luck. There was now a great heap of gold and bank notes in front of him, and he began frantically to sow them broadcast over the table. Every combination favored him. The little ivory ball jumping about the divisions of the roulette seemed to be magnetized by the gambler's gaze, and obeyed it. In 10 plays he had recovered the few thousand francs, his last resource, that he had lost early in the evening. By punting 200 or 300 louis at once he would soon have far more than the heritage he had fooled away.

In his haste to play he had kept on his heavy coat, and the great pockets were already crammed with rolls of bank notes and gold pieces. He now had to stuff them into his inside pockets, his vest and trouser pockets, his cigar case, his handkerchief, and everything that could hold them. He still played. He still won; like a lunatic, like a drunken man! He threw the gold anywhere on the table with disdainful certainty.

In his heart a redhot iron was burning; he thought only of the child asleep in the snow; of the little beggar he had robbed.

"She is still there, of course; certainly, she must be there! In a minute, when it strikes I—I swear it—I

HE APPROACHED THE LITTLE GIRL.

will leave here and carry her home sleeping in my arms. I will bring her up, love her as my own child, and care for her always, always."

The clock struck 1, the quarter, the half, the three-quarters, and Lucien still sat at the table. A minute before 2 the banker rose abruptly and said in a sharp voice:

"Enough for the day, gentlemen; the bank is closed."

Lucien leaped to his feet. Roughly he pushed the players aside as they lingered about, eyeing him with envious admiration; hurriedly he cleared the stairs and ran to the stone bench.

"Thank God!" he cried; "she is still there!" He seized her hand.

"Ah! how cold she is, poor little one!"

As he lifted her in his arms the child's head fell back limp, and she did not waken. How children sleep, he thought, pressing her to his breast for warmth; and, vaguely anxious, he was about to kiss her lids to draw her from this heavy slumber, when he saw with terror that the child's eyes were half open, showing glassy pupils, extinguished and motionless. With terrible suspicion Lucien brushed her little lips with his own, and no breath came from them. While Lucien had been winning a fortune with the louis stolen from her, this little beggar had died of cold. His throat contracted in awful agony. he tried to cry out * * * and in the effort—he awoke from a nightmare on the bench at the club, where he had fallen asleep before midnight, and had been left undisturbed by the kindness of the old valet, who had gone off last of all at 5 o'clock. His heart had been touched by the poor bankrupt.

A noisy December dawn was peering through the panes. Lucien went out, pawned his watch, bathed, breakfasted, then went to the recruiting office, where he enlisted in the First African Chasseurs.

Lucien de Hem is now a lieutenant; he lives on his small pay and never touches a card.

It appears that he saves something, too, for not long ago, in Algiers, he was seen by a brother officer who was walking behind him in a winding street of the Kasha giving alms to a little Spanish beggar asleep under a doorway. The officer had the indiscretion to look at the money which Lucien had given to poverty.

He had put a gold louis in the child's hand.

From every spire on Christmas eve,
The Christmas bells ring clearly out
Their message of good will and peace,
With many a call and silver shout.
For faithful hearts, the angels' song
Still echoes in the frosty air,
And by the altar low they bow
In adoration and in pray—

A thousand blessed mem'ries throng,
The stars are holy signs to them,
And from the eyes of every child
Looks forth the Babe of Bethlehem.
But there are others, not like these,
Whose brows are sad, whose hopes are crossed,
To whom the season brings no cheer,
And life's most gracious charm is lost.

To whom that story, old and sweet,
Is but a fable at the best;
The Christmas music mocks their ears.
And life has naught of joy or rest.
Oh! for an angel's voice to pierce
The clouds of grief that o'er them rise,
The mists of doubt and unbelief
That veil the blue of Christmas skies.

That they, at last, may see the light
Which shines from Bethlehem and unfolds
For Christ the treasures of their hearts
Richer than spicery or gold.
Hope of the ages, draw Thou near,
Till all the earth shall own Thy sway,
And when Thou reign'st in every heart,
It will indeed be Christmas day.

—Eleanor A. Hunter.

Hungary's Christmas Feast.

Goulasch is the national dish of Hungary and consists of meat cut into small pieces and cooked with onions, tomatoes and powerful paprika, a species of pepper peculiar to the country. This dish is naturally the most attractive in the Christmas dinner, and with it are fried cabbage, fish, soup, farina cakes and cakes made from the poppy seeds. Dividing the honors with the goulasch there will be found upon the table a roast pig invariably decorated with roses between its teeth. This meal eaten as an evening dinner before midnight mass, and when the worshipers return from their church after midnight the table is set with cold pork, bonbons and corn brandy as a drink.

A LOST JEWEL.

BY E. F.

SETH Allen, having graduated with the highest honors of his college class, and won the consent of Lisette May to become his wife, came to New York to take fame and fortune by storm with the aid of his brilliant college reputation and sundry college poems, essays and such like stuff. He soon found his level, in a subordinate position in a large publishing establishment.

He began low and won his way, by his increasing adaptability, to a high position. But it was a long and arduous struggle on small means and with the most exhausting labor. The marriage day seemed to recede, until he began to look upon it as almost hopeless.

By this time his sphere was so far removed from that of Lisette that she no longer influenced him. Seth Allen had the entree to the very highest circles of the metropolis—the elite of intelligence and culture. Here he met ladies whose conversation and social prestige quite eclipsed the simpler gifts of poor Lisette. Alas for her gentle heart, forsaken and despised!

With Lisette the one fixed idea of years had been her marriage with her early lover. She had borne much neglect with ready excuses; she loved him singly and purely, and had never doubted. And so, when he wrote that cold, selfish letter, which was evidently intended to be so candid and so rational in all its details, in which he acknowledged that he no longer loved her as he once did, but was ready to fulfill his engagement, because his honor was pledged, although the shock of it well nigh killed her, she was disenchanted. There was a night of tears and desperate heart-break; a morning that brought wiser thoughts with much womanly pride, that dictated the words that alone he deserved, "You are free," and helped her to collect, with untrembling hands, every memento of his dead love, to be returned with that fateful missive.

A great shadow fell on her life, but few observed it. And after a very long time it passed away, leaving only a tender, reproachful memory of the youth she had loved, and working entire forgetfulness of the man who had injured her.

Years passed away, a score of them, after this time of parting. Seth Allen had long been a very famous man. Men spoke his name with a sort of awe, so high was he lifted up above the masses of his kind. Then, at the very acme of his fame, disease smote him fearfully. Not in that wasting, burning form in which death soon comes and welcomely to close the scene of suffering but in that insidious sapping of the springs of life, that loss of mental and bodily vigor that is too apt to follow a life of intense and incessant labor, such as Seth's had been. So smitten, and beyond the mendicaments of the pharmacopia, Seth was

HE STAMMERED.

forced to yield to the mandates of his physicians, and seek rest and absolute quiet.

He was homeless and without ties. It was but natural that he should find his thoughts even turning toward the woman he had so long forgotten, the woman who he once hoped would have created a home for him, and bound all his life and energies in the sweet influence of her love.

He had nothing to do, he was able to do nothing, he was permitted to do nothing, at least in his favorite pursuits. And that was the reason, probably, why he bethought himself of a quiet journey to the long-deserted scenes of his collegiate labors and successes.

If he did think of Lisette at all, and I do not doubt that he did, it was as the same sweet, patient, simple girl who had given him all her heart and waited for him in good faith so long. He was a famous man now and had become accustomed to enthusiastic welcomes. Why should he doubt such a welcome from this country girl, whom he could not think of as aught but a young creature, but whom he knew must be far on the shady side of life. Perhaps she would—

But there he always paused. Did he mean that perhaps he had but to ask and be received back gracefully in her regard, to renew with the calmness of advancing years a chilly similitude of the vows of youth, and thus to secure a valuable and most devoted nurse and housekeeper? Very likely he did, but he was a man, a famous man, a man whom long adulation had persuaded of his own overwhelming merits, and whom sickness had made more intensely selfish than was usual even to an extremely self-conscious habit of mind.

He went down at commencement time. He did not see Lisette until the small effervescence of the season had quite subsided. He asked no questions about her, for he had not come in contact with any friends in whom he liked to recall memories of the past. But he called at the homely cottage, where she still resided with her mother (that much he had learned from the stranger host of the hotel where he had his room), on the morning following the close of the commencement exercises, sure that he should then find her at home.

Nor was he mistaken. He was shown into a small room, a sort of study, as books and manuscripts scattered around fully indicated, and waited long, conscious all the time of a bustle, like the notes of preparation for some approaching event, but which he naturally ascribed to the departure of guests or something similarly connected with the season.

Lisette came to him at last. A handsome, rather imposing lady, past middle age, but wearing well. A slight flush tinged the cheek that was still fair and round, and that was all the sign of embarrassment that she betrayed. Not so Seth Allen. He stammered and stood before his ancient love abashed. She was so different from that which he had expected! He felt sorry that he had lost her; he felt, for the first time, the meanness of his conduct. He began to doubt if he should win her back.

In half an hour he went away with his mind fully settled on that point. He had not only been rejected, but he carried in his pocket, tied together with the emblematical white ribbon, the cards of Lisette and the Reverend Dr. ——, president of the college, to whom she was that evening to be united.

He had promised to stay for the wedding, and Lisette had shown him that a true friendship might be reared above the ruins of their long extinct love. But when the time came he had not the courage to see her united to another, and the next morning he left the town, never to return. The remainder of his life was spent in the cold solitude that he had chosen in his younger years; but each year it became more irksome, and each convinced him that all his fame, and all his honors, could not compensate him for the jewel of domestic joy which, when he held it in his reach, he had deliberately cast from him forever.

Office Found the Man.

It is not too much to say that the selection of the famous diplomat, Col. Charles Page Bryan, to be minister to China will girdle the earth with a broad fluttering ribbon of rejoicing. The pagan and delinquent nations of the east will for once come into full accord with the enlightened and progressive peoples of the west in congratulating Maj. McKinley and China. Col. Bryan was so pre-eminently the man for the place that the moment Maj. McKinley turned the office loose it pointed straight for Elmhurst, and it never wavered on the way, not even wabbling while traversing the difficult country of Ohio, through which no other presidential office has come during his administration without some signs of reluctance and hesitation. Col. Bryan presents exactly that combination of occidental energy, tempered by an air of graceful ease, which is calculated to disarm the prejudices of the oriental while subtly enticing him to emulate the better qualities of western civilization. Moreover, he possesses in an eminent degree that philosophical tolerance which will enable him to let his example of austere virtue have the widest influence without provoking fruitless disputes and giving offense by seeming to criticse his neighbors. A new day will dawn for the orient when Col. Bryan takes up his official residence at the court of the emperor. —Chicago News.

Has a Perfect Ear of Corn.

From the Philadelphia Record: An ear of corn which Patrick Cullen believes to be worth a small fortune is being carefully preserved by that individual, who recently found his prize on Farmer Upright's place at Merion Square, Montgomery county. To the ordinary city man there is really nothing remarkable about the ear of corn. Its kernels are not of solid gold, nor are there any diamonds concealed about the cob. Its value lies in the fact that somewhere at some time or other some agricultural society offered a reward of $1,000 to anyone who would find a perfect ear of corn with the kernels growing in an uneven number of rows. It has always been found that the rows are even, say ten, twelve, or fourteen, to a cob. This ear which Patrick Cullen found, however, shows thirteen rows around the butt and eleven around the middle of the cob. Many farmers to whom Cullen showed his prize assured him that the ear was as perfect as it could be, and that it was really a curiosity. Cullen is now looking for the agricultural society which offered the $1,000 reward.

Wanted Much for Nothing.

A woman sent the following advertisement to a London paper: "A lady in delicate health wishes to meet with a useful companion. She must be domesticated, musical, early riser, amiable, of good appearance and have some experience of nursing. Total abstainer preferred. A comfortable home. No salary." A few days later the lady received a hamper containing a fine tabby cat and a letter that ran thus: "Madam—In answer to your advertisement, I am happy to furnish you with a very useful companion which you will find exactly suited to your requirements. She is domesticated, a good vocalist, an early riser, possesses an amiable disposition and is considered handsome. She has had great experience as a nurse, having brought up a large family. I need scarcely add that she is a total abstainer. As salary to her is no object, she will serve you faithfully in return for a comfortable home."

American Products Abroad.

An American who visited Birmingham, England, not long ago, found that in constructing the street trolleys there the rails are made in Pittsburg, the cars in Philadelphia, the boilers in Erie, the engines in Milwaukee, and the general electric fittings in Schenectady. Our railway equipments are in use in Bremen, Berlin, Hamburg, Brussels, Madrid, Dublin, Florence, Naples, Milan, Rouen, Lyons, Marseilles, and other cities of Europe. A similar demand for our electric manufacture, especially in traction and lighting, exists in the West Indies, South America, South Africa, China and Japan.

Says Adam Was a Chinaman.

A famous Egyptologist says he has made startling discoveries in underground Egypt which proves that the Chinese were the first people to inhabit the earth and that Adam was a Chinaman.

THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

Their Late Exploits in India in Accord with Their Reputation.

The first battalion of the Gordon Highlanders, of whose exploits on the Indian frontier the cable has recently brought such sad yet stirring news, is better known to Scotsmen by its old title of the seventy-fifth, or Stirlingshire, regiment of foot, says the London Daily Mail. It was not until the year 1881 that the seventy-fifth Stirlingshire and the ninety-second, the original "Gordon Highlanders," were amalgamated as one territorial regiment under the foregoing title. This took place when the seventy-fifth foot were stationed at the Strada Reale barracks, Malta. Hence, they were immediately christened the Strada Reale highlanders, while a popular conundrum among military folk at the time was: "What is the difference between the ninety-second and seventy-fifth?" the answer being: "The first are real highlanders, but the others Reale (y) highlanders." Of the two battalions, however, the seventy-fifth is the older, having been raised in the autumn of 1787, or seven years before the Gordon highlanders were formed. Strangely enough, the regiment's first taste of glory took place in India, where it was immediately ordered, taking part in the siege and capture of Seringapatam, 1790, and remaining there until 1806. In 1809 the designation, and with it the uniform, of the regiment was changed from the seventy-fifth Highlanders to seventy-fifth foot, which was retained until 1862, when it became the seventy-fifth Stirlingshire, in remembrance of its origin. The regiment, unfortunately, did not have any opportunity of taking part in either the Peninsula or Waterloo campaigns, but it served with great distinction in the Kaffir war of 1835 and during the Indian mutiny, where it took part in the siege and capture of Delhi and in the relief of Lucknow, 1857. The Egyptian campaign of 1882 found the seventy-fifth, as the new united first battalion of the Gordon highlanders, marching side by side with the seventy-ninth, the forty-second and the seventy-fourth, thus forming a genuine highland brigade, under the command of Lieut.-Gen. Sir E. B. Hamley. At the storming of Tel-el-Kebir Gen. Alison writes that "it was a noble sight to see the Gordon and Cameron highlanders mingled together in the confusion of the fight, their young officers leading with waving swords, their pipes screaming and that bright gleam in the eyes of the men which you see only in the hour of successful battle." Before leaving Egypt the battalion served in the harassing Nile expedition of 1884-85, but was not lucky enough to arrive at Kirbekan in time for the last action of the campaign. In 1888 the Gordons proceeded to Ceylon and in 1893 moved on to India, where, in the spring of 1895, they experienced a foretaste of frontier fighting, being included in the Chitral relief force under Sir Robert Low. In that "little war" the old seventy-fifth covered itself with glory at the storming of the Malakand pass, its list of casualties being the longest of any in the brigade. And recently the Gordons have been repeating their history.

RARE OLD CANNED PEACHES

Like Wine, They Were Improved by Their Seventy-Five Years.

Canned peaches at least seventy-five years old, which, like wine, seemed to have improved with long standing, were a feast a few days ago for the family of Charles Zellman of Haddington, says the Philadelphia Record. It was while digging with fellow-workmen for the cellars of a row of new houses on ground that was once part of the old Dalton farm that Zellman struck his pick into a cavity. Investigation revealed a sort of stone lined well not more than six feet deep, which had been covered over and concealed. There was a foot of clean cold water at the bottom, in which stood an old-fashioned glazed earthenware jar with the lid sealed tightly on with wax. It was with some difficulty that the jar was opened, but it was finally done by forcing it with the edge of a spade. The men had expected to see treasure of some kind and were surprised, not to say disappointed, when only bright yellow peaches met their gaze. The fruit was perfectly preserved. Zellman claimed the prize by right of discovery, and his family devoured the contents of the jar, about two quarts, without regard to historic value. Close by the covered well is the now leveled site of the old Dalton farm house, abandoned early in the present century. How the good wife who put up the peaches happened to forget them in the spring is more than can be told, nor does Zellman greatly care.

Thought It Was Cake.

The Toronto Globe tells a pretty story of a young lady invited out to her first dinner party. With the ices small cakes covered with pink sugar were served. The maiden surveyed the plate when it was passed to her and saw a solitary cake on the further side covered with chocolate. "I will take this," she said, sweetly, and essayed to take it up. It remained, however, firmly fastened to the dish. A flutter of attention spread through the company. All eyes were fastened on her, and hers in turn upon the chocolate cake. The sable waiter rolled his eyes and grinned. "Beg pardon, miss," he murmured, "but that's mine." Then he shifted his thumb.

Boston Parrot an Heir.

One parrot will live in luxury all his life. He belonged to Mary J. Bradford, of South Boston. When she died she left $4,000, the income of which she wished to be devoted to the support of her pet. And it was further added, with Boston exclusiveness, that he should not be placed in any place of exhibition.

Had Been on the Stage.

"Have you ever had any experience as a stage manager?" asked the theater proprietor, who had advertised for such a person. "Yes, sir," replied the applicant. "I drove the stage between Podunk and Pernmonville every day for seven years."

Rheumatism

Hood's Sarsaparilla Gives Complete Relief, Also Cures Catarrh.

"I was troubled with rheumatism and had running sores on my face. One of my friends advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I did. After taking six bottles I was cured. Hood's Sarsaparilla has also cured me of catarrh." MISS MAMIE ETHIER, 4408 Moffitt Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure constipation. 25 cents.

Bones and Holes.

Grocer—"You butchers have a soft snap. You weigh the bones with the meat and charge meat prices."

Butcher—"I don't see as you have any call to talk. When you sell Swiss cheese, don't you weigh the holes and charge cheese prices for them?"

A Good Thing.

The Royal Publishing Company, of Richmond, Virginia, are offering exceptionally favorable contracts to live workers. They want men and women of good character, and allow liberal weekly salaries and expenses. A line addressed to them may lay before you a proposition that will be as surprising as it is gratifying.

The United States Investor says sixty-four street railway lines with $40,000,000 capital have sought receiverships during the past three years.

"Klondyke Bulletin.

Will be published by the Soo Line Monday, containing all the TELEGRAPHIC NEWS and up-to-date information as to the Best ROUTES, SERVICES, STEAMSHIP SAILINGS, and every facility as same develops. Is VALUABLE to Alaskan prospectors and all their friends. To be placed on mailing list send six cents (6c) in stamps to W. R. CALLAWAY, G. P. A., Minneapolis, Minn.

In Russia it is the custom for duelists to breakfast together before going out to fight.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the past fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm: West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The best bag to use for the Christmas pudding is made of unbleached muslin. It should be well scalded before the pudding goes in.

Salzer Seed Co.'s Great Free Exhibition Car.

This car is making its third annual tour through Wisconsin, Northern Illinois and Iowa, stopping at all principal stations in the rural districts. The rare display of seed products made by the John A. Salzer Seed Co. of Crosse, Wis., in this car is well worth going miles to see.

A girl in Nebraska has already her mistletoe for the Yuletide from the hall chandelier. She doesn't promise to be an old maid if she can avoid it.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once, delays are dangerous.

A white sparrow has made its appearance in Lafayette, Ind.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

In Montenegro they say on Christmas eve: "Tonight Earth is blended with Paradise."

For Lung and chest diseases, Piso's Cure is the best medicine we have used.—Mrs. J. L. Northcott, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

In parts of China hogs are harnessed and made to draw small wagons.

What do the Children Drink?

Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing and takes the place of coffee.

The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems.

Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee but costs about ¼ as much. All grocers sell it. 15c. and 25c.

Try Grain-O!

Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

HALLET & DAVIS PIANOS

Over a Half Century Favorites.

SOLD DIRECT TO CONSUMER AT FACTORY PRICES.

Write for Catalogue and Prices before buying.

HALLET & DAVIS CO.

Wabash Ave., Cor. Jackson St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED To sell our Minnesota grown Fruit Trees, Seed Corn, Seed Grain, Potatoes, etc. This is the best paying work of the season. You should not miss it. Write for terms. The Jewell Nursery Co., Lake City, Minn.

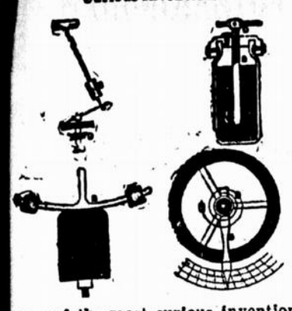
PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

Silks No larger stock of Silks and Dress Goods in any market. The lowest prices for finest goods. Samples free. HAYDEN BROS., Omaha, Neb.

CURE YOURSELF! Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

BIG G CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

Curious Invention.



One of the most curious inventions that has probably been issued out of the United States Patent office, was granted last week to a Scotchman. The invention embodies a process of obtaining useful products from silk worms. The inventor collects the silk worms when they have attained the maximum size and are about to begin spinning and subjects them to pressure without preliminary treatment and so artificially ejects the silk fibre in killing the worm to produce the threads and then dries these artifically ejected threads and later subjects them to the same treatment that the threads would undergo had they been spun naturally. In this manner, of course, the whole process is immensely simplified and the percentage of gain is greatly increased. We above show four copyrighted sketches of mechanical movements easily understood by the average mechanic. All those desiring free information as to the laws of patents may obtain the same in addressing Sues & Co., registered patent lawyers, Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

The new stars already discovered this year number 427.

Beauty is Blood Deep.

Clean blood makes a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets Candy Cathartic cleans your blood and keeps it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10, 25, 50c.

They that can not be counseled can not be helped.—Benjamin Franklin.

Smoke Sledge Cigarettes. 20 for 5 cts.

The greatest remedy for anger is delay. Seneca.

DIPHTHERIA IN WISCONSIN.

Fifty-Three Deaths in One Small Town in Less Than Four Weeks.

A preventive and cure for diphtheria, croup, tonsilitis, quinsy and all throat troubles recently placed upon the market has achieved such marvelous success as to greatly stir up the medical fraternity. Its power over diphtheria seems almost miraculous, as it stops its spread as if by magic.

Grantsburg, Wisconsin, population less than four hundred, was visited by a terrible epidemic of diphtheria, during which fifty-three of its inhabitants died in less than four weeks. After much urging by the friends of Muco-Solvent, the authorities decided to use it, and thereupon telegraphed for a large supply, which arrived the next day at 4 o'clock, and by 6 o'clock every man, woman and child in Grantsburg were taking Muco-Solvent, with the result that not another death occurred, whereas, up to the very hour its use was commenced, not a day, for two weeks, had passed without from one to five deaths. Many other epidemics have been quickly stamped out by Muco-Solvent, notably at Madison, Polar, Winneconne and Neenah, Wisconsin.

We earnestly advise every mother to procure Muco-Solvent and keep it in the house ready for prompt use for every ill, however slight, especially if accompanied with sore throat, cough or cold, and thus, in many instances, prevent diphtheria or some other serious ailment the presence of which is not even suspected. Pleasant to take. It can be procured by sending the price $1.00 per bottle) to the Muco-Solvent Company, 356 Dearborn street, Chicago, upon receipt of which they will send it, charges prepaid.

They will upon application, send free a book of forty pages entitled "Chats with Mothers," which every mother should read. They desire agents and the right person (woman preferred) can secure exclusive agency in their town.—Chicago Opinion.

Blue butter is made from the milk supplied by the native cow of India.

CAMPFIRE SKETCHES.

GOOD SHORT STORIES FOR THE VETERANS.

Georgia About to Honor the Memory of the Leader of the Lost Cause—Gen. Gordon's Presentiment—No Foot-ball in the Army.

Shiloh.

(A Requiem.)

KIMMING lightly, wheeling still,
The swallows fly low
O'er the field in clouded days,
The forest-field of Shiloh—
Over the field where April rain
Solaced the parched ones stretched in pain,
Through the pauses of night—
That followed the Sunday fight
Around the church of Shiloh—
The church so lone, the log-built one,
That echoed to many a parting groan
And natural prayer
Of dying foemen mingled there—
Foemen at morn, but friends at eve—
Fame or country least their care;
(What like a bullet can undeceive!)
But now they lie low,
While over them swallows skim
And all is hushed at Shiloh.

Honoring Jeff Davis.

The Atlanta Constitution says the bill making the birthday of Jeff Davis a legal holiday went through one house of the Georgia Legislature "with a whirl." The following is the account given by the Constitution of this effort of Georgians to prove their devotion to the leader of the lost cause.

"The bill introduced last week by Mr. Oliver of Burke to make the birthday of the president of the Confederacy a legal holiday was adversely reported by the general judiciary committee. Mr. Oliver arose to disagree with the committee's report. Then there was some very decided disagreement. Mr. Oliver spoke in the most eloquent and pathetic terms of the great man who did so much for the South and for the Confederacy. He begged that the members of the Georgia Legislature would not consent to an adverse report on the bill, but that they would rally with him and do this honor to the name of the dead president. He said that other Confederates had been honored, but that Jefferson Davis, the greatest of them all, had never been voted an honor here. He pleaded earnestly for his measure and his speech had its effect. Mr. Fogarty of Richmond, chairman of the general judiciary committee, explained his position. He believed in honoring the great men of the Confederacy. The Legislature had already made the birthday of that greatest hero, Bob Lee, a legal holiday, but if the Legislature chose to do honor to another of the great Confederates he would not object. He had no decided opinion either way. Mr. Fogarty thought that the Legislature could not do too much honor to the great men of the Confederate cause. He was not opposed to Mr. Oliver's bill in any decided way. There was some other talking on the measure and then the chair put Mr. Oliver's motion to disagree with the report of the committee. The result points to the almost unanimous passage of the bill. Nearly every man in the house yelled out his vote to disagree with the adverse report. One man voted against Mr. Oliver's motion. Nearly all of the members express themselves as being in favor of making the birthday of Davis a legal holiday. Mr. Oliver is confident that his bill will pass."

Gen. Gordon's Presentiment.

When presentiments come true they are remembered and talked about. When they do not come true—as happens nine times in ten—they are quickly forgotten. Before every battle many soldiers are sure they are going to be killed, and of course this feeling is sometimes justified by the event. A writer in the New York Sun has collected numerous examples of soldiers' forebodings, true and false, one of the most dramatic of which is quoted below

One of the most noted Confederate leaders now living, Gen. John B. Gordon, was the victim of a false presentiment, while waging a hopelessly warfare against Sheridan in the Shenandoah valley in 1864. One night he was suddenly ordered by his superior officer, Gen. Jubal Early, to lead out his entire command and storm a Federal fort.

"I never was more indignant in my life," says General Gordon, "than when I heard that order. I knew it was a perfectly unnecessary thing to do, and explained to General Early that we could accomplish our plan of campaign without slaughtering my command by this attempt to storm a strong position ,a position that would fall of itself when we should make the proper movement.

"Early took no other notice of my explanation than to send me word that if I did not care to execute the order he would delegate its execution to some one else. This reply made me boil with fresh indignation. I felt it to be an insult, but as it was my place to obey orders regardless of consequences, I issued the necessary instruction for a movement at daylight next morning.

"I began on my own account making every preparation for death, for I had a presentiment that I should this time meet my end. I wrote a farewell letter to my wife, told her what to do about my affairs, handed over my watch and other personal effects to a friend, and then walked up and down my quarters, waiting for day to break and my command to move.

"That was a solemn night for me for I had this firm presentiment that it was my last night on earth. I felt almost as certain of this as if I had been condemned to death, and now can pretty well understand how a man feels when he is to be executed in a few hours. I always had in every battle of my life a sense of the danger to which I was exposed; I never knew what it was to forget it; but this time I felt as I had never felt before—that my time had come and no mistake.

"At daylight I took up my line of march to my death, as I fully expected. On we went, closer and closer to the fort, until at last we were within close range of its guns. I wondered that they did not open on us, and every second I expected to see them belch forth shot and shell, and play havoc in our ranks.

"On we went, my eyes fixed on the guns, until our advance line struck the fort and we rushed upon its defences, when, to our amazement, we discovered that it had been evacuated. Not a Federal was anywhere in sight, inside or out.

"You can imagine my sense of relief as I saw my boys in possession of the fort without so much as a scratch. And you see what presentiments are worth. I have never much believed in them since that night."

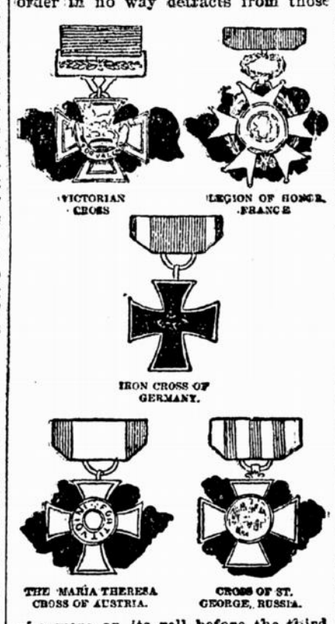
No Foot-Ball in the Army.

From the New York Mail and Express: Colonel Cook's order forbidding match games of foot ball on the grounds of the military reservation attached to Fort McPherson, near the city of Atlanta, might properly be extended to every army post in the country. The United States army is a small and not overly powerful body, and it should not be exposed to needless hardship and peril. If its members care to indulge in rough sport they are free to engage in wrestling matches, "glove fights," with or without gloves, riding untamed mustangs or long-distance foot races with Indians or cowboys. Those recreations, while exhilarating enough for the average man, are also sufficiently fatal to keep the peace-time death rate in army life fully up to its normal level.

But the line should be drawn at foot-ball. It isn't half so military as it is mob-like, and it may properly be left to young gentlemen who do not wear their country's uniform. If it must have its martyrs they should not be drawn from the men who are on Uncle Sam's pay-roll, and who are popularly supposed to represent his dignity. There are enough hardy young fellows in our schools and colleges to suffer all broken heads, disfigured faces and fractured limbs which a really cheerful and enjoyable foot ball game seems to require, and to them may be safely intrusted the undeniably prodigious duty of upholding the reputation of their native land in that superbly beautiful albeit some gore-stained sport.

Medals for Bravery.

Here are the five bits of metal offered as rewards for individual bravery on the field of battle, and there is hardly a man in the countries they represent who would not gladly risk his life for one of them. Of the great powers of Europe, England was the last to institute a special decoration on the battlefield. During the Crimean war the Victorian cross was instituted. It consists of a maltese cross of bronze and is of little intrinsic value, yet some of the bravest deeds in history have been done for this bit of gun metal. The Legion of Honor was instituted by the great Napoleon. Unfortunately this new order has now fallen into disrepute, until it is now facetiously referred to in France as "The Legion of Dishonor." But the traffic in the order in no way detracts from those



who were on its roll before the third Napoleon. The Order of the Iron Cross was founded by Frederick William III. of Prussia during the time he visited England and helped to form the combination which ruined Napoleon forever. Until 1870 it was purely a reward for bravery in war, but since has become a civic as well as military decoration. The oldest of existing decorations for bravery was instituted by the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria in 1757. This order consists of a gold cross with the arms of Austria and the word "fortitudini" (for valor) inscribed on it. It has been reserved for higher ranks in the Austrian army, and thus lacks the democracy of the Victorian Cross. The highest order in the Russian army is that of St. George, instituted by Catherine II., who, in spite of her many faults, had a great admiration for bravery.

Poor Tommy!

Even so sacred a thing as maternal affection may sometimes provoke a smile. "Why, Mrs. Jamesby!" exclaimed a neighbor, across the back-yard fence. "Do you beat your own carpets?" "Yes," replied Mrs. Jamesby. "I don't mind it. It's good exercise." "I should think you'd have Tommy do it." "Poor Tommy!" rejoined the good woman, resuming her exercise. "He belongs (whack!) to a gymnastic class down-town, and (whack!) he's so tired when he comes home in the afternoon (whack!' that I haven't the heart to ask him (whack!) to take hold of any work like this (whack! whack!")

"To tie Sand."

It is easy for an ingenious person, who is unwilling to do a thing, to find some excuse for the omission. An Oriental story tells us of a man who was asked to lend a rope to a neighbor. His reply was that he was in need of the rope just then. "Shall you need it a long time?" asked the neighbor. "I think I shall," replied the owner, "as I am going to tie up some sand with it." "To tie up sand!" exclaimed the would-be borrower. "I do not see how you can tie up sand with a rope." "Oh, you can do almost anything with a rope when you do not want to lend it," was the reply.

It is estimated that there are 400,000,000 guns in the world.

None of His.

Hungry Higgins—"What do you think of this here foot ball, anyhow?"

Weary Watkins—"They is something in it called a rush line, ain't they?"

"Yass."

"Well, that ain't my line."

The Last Man on Earth

To recklessly experiment upon himself with hope of relief is the dyspeptic. Yet the nostrums of this malady are as the sands of the sea, and presumably about as efficacious. Indigestion, that obstinate malady, even if of long perpetuity, is eventually overcome with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an appetizing tonic and alterative, which cures constipation, fever and ague, bilious remittant, rheumatism, kidney complaint and feebleness.

"Happy folly! we'll be jolly!
Who'd be melancholy now?
With a 'Hey, the holly! Ho, the holly?'
Polly hangs the holy bough."

Do You Dance To-Night?

Shake into your Shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Chilblains and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The estate of the late Neal Dow will amount to $450.000, giving color to his theory that sobriety is the royal road to riches.

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O made of pure grains, that takes the places of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Nervous ailments are more often caused by idleness than overwork.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Medical men are to be envied; if they cure us we are loud in their praise; if they do not, we preserve a dead silence.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

N. R. Freeman of Winamo, Ind., the oldest justice of the peace in Indiana, has united 2,897 couples in matrimony.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

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

The only two animals whose brains are heavier than that of man are the whale and the elephant.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Frances E. Willard says that among other things women of the present need are larger shoes.

Ceo's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Disguise our bondage as we will, 'tis woman, woman rules us still.—Moore.

To Cure Constipation Forever,

Take Cascaret's Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure druggists refund money.

"Everything comes to him who waits," quoted the Kentucky man who married the granddaughter of the girl who had refused him.

MRS. LYNESS ESCAPES

The Hospital and a Fearful Operation.

Hospitals in great cities are sad places to visit. Three-fourths of the patients lying on those snow-white beds are women and girls.

Why should this be the case?

Because they have neglected themselves! Women as a rule attach too little importance to first symptoms of a certain kind. If they have toothache, they will try to save the tooth, though many leave even this too late. They comfort themselves with the thought that they can replace their teeth; but they cannot replace their internal organs!

Every one of those patients in the hospital beds had plenty of warnings in the form of bearing-down feelings, pain at the right or the left of the womb, nervous dyspepsia, pain in the small of the back, the "blues," or some other unnatural symptom, but they did not heed them.

Don't drag along at home or in the shop until you are finally obliged to go to the hospital and submit to horrible examinations and operations! Build up the female organs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will save you from the hospital. It will put new life into you.

The following letter shows how Mrs. Lyness escaped the hospital and a fearful operation. Her experience should encourage other women to follow her example. She says to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I thank you very much for what you have done for me, for I had given up in despair. Last February, I had a miscarriage caused by overwork. It affected my heart, caused me to have sinking spells three to four a day, lasting sometimes half a day. I could not be left alone. I flowed constantly. The doctor called twice a day for a week, and once a day for four weeks, then three or four times a week for four months. Finally he said I would have to undergo an operation. Then I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after one week I began to recover and steadily improved until I was cured completely. By taking the Pinkham medicine, I avoided an operation which the doctor said I would certainly have to undergo. I am gaining every day and will cheerfully tell anyone what you have done for me."—Mrs. Thos. Lyness, 10 Frederick St., Rochester, N. Y.

A Vacant Chair.

Returned Tourist—"I do not see old Mr. Goodsoul around. He was very feeble when I left, and I presume he has gone to his eternal rest, has he not?"

Resident—"Well, n-o; but he has moved to Philadelphia."

It Makes Cold Feet Warm

And is the only cure for Chilblains, Frostbites, Damp, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

"Is your baby intelligent?" "Intelligent! Why, if she wasn't she'd never be able to understand the language my wife talks to her."

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price, 25 and 50c.

"Holly and ivy, box and bay,
Put in the church on Christmas Day."

Star Tobacco is the leading brand of the world, because it is the best.

"He liveth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small."

In all their wars the British have won the splendid average of 82 per cent of their battles.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail druggists refund money.

DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

"MY WIFE'S LIFE."

How I was the means of saving it.

When the lungs are attacked and the symptoms of consumption appear, then begins the struggle between affection and that destroying disease which slays its thousands annually. It is a happy issue to the struggle when disease is conquered and health restored. Such an issue does not always end the struggle, but it did in the case of Mr. K. Morris, Memphis, Tenn., who saw his wife wasting and weakening and physicians helpless, and then suggested the simple remedy that wrought the cure. He tells the story thus:

"Seven years ago, my wife had a severe attack of lung trouble which the physicians pronounced consumption. The disease, distressing, especially was frequently exciting of blood. The remedies to help her, I inserted Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was the great relief it gave, one whole bottle she took, when she is strong and well. This medicine saved her life, not the least doubt. Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral keeps in any of my family when we use it, and are always promptly cured."—K. Morris, Memphis, Tenn.

The question: "Is consumption curable?" is still debated, and still debatable. It is easy to say that this was not a case of consumption. Yet the physicians said it was. They should know. As a matter of fact, Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has wrought so many similar cures that it seems to argue the curableness of consumption, in its earlier stages, by the use of this remedy. There is no better medicine for pulmonary troubles than Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It gives relief in cases of Asthma, and Bronchitis, where relief has been heretofore unattainable. It promptly cures Coughs and Colds, La Grippe, and all affections of the throat and lungs. Heretofore, Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been put up in full size bottles only, at $1.00 per bottle. To meet a world-wide demand for a smaller package, the remedy is now put up in half size bottles, at half price—50 cents. Write for Dr. Ayer's Curebook (free) and learn more of the cures effected by Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

The Omaha Bee for 1898.

The Omaha Weekly Bee is the leading paper in the Trans-Mississippi country. It will be much improved in 1898, enlarging some of its important departments. The price remains the same, 65 cents per year, 1¼ cents per week. The Bee prints 12 pages each week, publishing ALL the news of the week, both foreign and domestic; accurate market reports from all the centers of trade, giving special attention to the western country, as well as carefully selected articles of special interest to each individual member of the family.

The publishers of The Bee have made favorable arrangements with a number of the leading publications of the country, which enables them to offer one or more of these publications with The Bee at nominal prices.

The Weekly Bee Alone Is 65 Cents Per Year.

For clubbing purposes add the following amounts for each publication desired:

For Woman's Home Companion	30c
For Farm and Fireside	20c
For Farm and Fireside, with Almanac	35c
For Orange Judd Farmer, with Almanac	35c
For New York Tribune	25c
For Prairie Farmer	50c

Each of the above publications is one of the best in its line. At no time has the price of good reading been as cheap as it now is, and the offers made here are among the lowest offered this season. Address all orders to

The Weekly Bee, Omaha.

50c
GUARANTEED TO CURE every kind of Cough, Colds, La Grippe, Hoarseness, etc.

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm

Write us all of YOUR SYMPTOMS plainly.
Our physician will give FREE ADVICE, 68-page book of recipes, and FREE SAMPLE.
Sold by DRUGGISTS, or sent by mail. PRICE, 10c and 25c.
Address DR. B. J. KAY MEDICAL CO., (Western Office), Omaha, Neb.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
CURE CONSTIPATION
REGULATE THE LIVER
10c 25c 50c
ALL DRUGGISTS

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFERS

This Knife is 3¾ inches long when closed. Our regular 75c Knife; sample sent for 48c. Our Diamond Edge Hollow Ground Razor, 75c. The above Jack Knife and Razor for $1.15. Goods sent postpaid. Catalogue free.
CHAMPLAIN CUTLERY CO., Burlington, Vt.

OPIUM MORPHINE and WHISKY HABITS. HOME CURE. Book FREE. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, Isabella Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

VIRGINIA AND CAROLINA ILLUSTRATED.
Handbook of two States giving general information and detailed descriptions of many fine farms for sale, with photogravures of buildings & scenery. Sent Free. Southern Farm Agency, Lynchburg, Va.

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

He said his back was broken by LAMEBACK, but all his strength came back by use of
St. Jacobs Oil.
It strengthens, builds up, restores, CURES.

FOR 30 DAYS YOU CAN TRY IT FOR 25 CENTS.
RHEUMATISM 42 YEARS!
CURED BY 5 DROPS [Trade Mark.]

SPENT HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TRYING TO GET WELL, BUT ALL IN VAIN, USED "5 DROPS" FOR TWO MONTHS AND IS NOW COMPLETELY CURED.

THOUSANDS OF GRATEFUL LETTERS RECEIVED OF WHICH THE FOLLOWING ARE SAMPLES:

Grinnell, Iowa, Nov. 17, 1897.
To the SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., Chicago, Ill.: GENTLEMEN: I will state that I had the Rheumatism over 42 years. Spent over $600.00 in trying to get well, but all in vain, until my brother-in-law gave me one bottle of "5 DROPS" on trial last June. I used it for two months, and I am now a well man. I certainly believe it is all you claim for it, and fully worth the money to anyone. I hope the public will benefit by my statement of my own case, and anyone wishing to write me will receive an answer. N. WITTAMOTH.

CRUTCHES DESTROYED AFTER ONE BOTTLE.
Regent, Ill., Nov. 12, 1897.
SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 167 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.: SIRS: My wife has been suffering two years with Rheumatism. She could not get about at all. She has used about one bottle of "5 DROPS," and can now go about without crutches. I never have found anything that did her so much good, and I hope to be able to continue the treatment until she is entirely well. JAMES WILLIAMS.

Also positive cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Backache, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Nervous and Neuralgic Headaches, Heart Weakness, Toothache, Earache, Croup, Swelling, La Grippe, Malaria, Creeping Numbness, etc., etc., "FIVE DROPS" has never been equalled.

"5 DROPS" taken but once a day is a dose of this great remedy and to enable all sufferers to make a trial of its wonderful curative properties, we will send out during the next thirty days, 100,000 sample bottles, 25c each, prepaid by mail. Even a sample bottle will convince you of its merit. Best and cheapest medicine on earth. Large bottles (300 doses) $1.00, for 30 days 3 bottles for $2.50. Not sold by druggists, only by us and our agents. Agents wanted in new territory. Write us to-day.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 167-169 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE!
Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast COCOA

Trade-Mark.

Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.
Costs Less than ONE CENT a cup.
Be sure that the package bears our Trade-Mark.
Walter Baker & Co. Limited,
(Established 1780.) Dorchester, Mass.

NEURALGIA

Sick and Nervous Headaches POSITIVELY Cured in 30 Minutes, by
Anti-Nevralgique
At all druggists or sent postpaid upon receipt of $1.
FRENCH CHEMICAL CO.
356 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

DEMPSTER MFG. CO., Des Moines, Ia., for Water and Steam Supplies, Pumps, Wind Mills, Tanks, Pipes, Well Casing, Tube Well Supplies, Belting, Packing, Brass and Iron Fittings.

ASTHMA DR. TAFT BROS., 4 ELM ST., ROCHESTER, NEW YORK. TRIAL BOTTLE SENT FREE.

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

AGENTS WANTED by a 20 year established factory (rated $100,000). Free samples. Several earn $1,000 y'rly. P. O. 1311, New York.

THE ALASKA OUTFITTER
WHAT TO TAKE AND WHAT IT COSTS
HOW TO REACH THE GOLD FIELDS
PUBLISHED BY JONES' CASH STORE
108 & 110 Front Street, PORTLAND, ORE.
HE PAYS THE FREIGHT SEND 10 CTS. IN STAMPS.

WELL MACHINERY
Illustrated catalogue showing WELL AUGERS, ROCK DRILLS, HYDRAULIC AND JETTING MACHINERY, etc. Sent Free. Have been tested and all warranted.

W. M. THOMPSON CO., Successors to Sioux City Engine & Iron Works, SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

Spare-Time Study
Thorough course in bookkeeping, shorthand, science, journalism, drawing, and all branches of engineering (civil, mechanical, electrical, etc.), at your own home. A COLLEGE EDUCATION BY MAIL. Expert instructors. Fees moderate. Fifth year. Illustrated catalogue free. State subject in which interested. National Correspondence Institute (Inc.), 21 Second National Bank Building, Washington, D. C.

CUTLER'S MEDICATED AIR INHALER
Has no equal for the cure of CATARRH and LUNG DISEASES. By mail, $1.00.
W. H. SMITH & CO., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

$100 To Any Man.
WILL PAY $100 FOR ANY CASE
Of Weakness in Men They Treat and Fail to Cure.

An Omaha Company places for the first time before the public a MAGICAL TREATMENT for the cure of Lost Vitality, Nervous and Sexual Weakness, and Restoration of Life Force in old and young men. No worn-out French remedy; contains no Phosphorus or other harmful drugs. It is a WONDERFUL TREATMENT—magical in its effects—positive in its cure. All readers, who are suffering from a weakness that blights their life, causing that mental and physical suffering peculiar to Lost Manhood, should write to the STATE MEDICAL COMPANY, No. 3038 Range Block, Omaha, Neb., and they will send you absolutely FREE, a valuable paper on these diseases, and positive proofs of their truly MAGICAL TREATMENT. Thousands of men, who have lost all hope of a cure, are being restored by them to a perfect condition.

This MAGICAL TREATMENT may be taken at home under their directions, or they will pay railroad fare and hotel bills to all who prefer to go to there for treatment, if they fail to cure. They are perfectly reliable; have no Free Prescriptions, Free Cure, Free Sample, or C. O. D. fake. They have $250,000 capital, and guarantee to cure every case they treat or refund every dollar; or their charges may be deposited in a bank to be paid to them when a cure is effected. Write them today.

Burlington Route

Leave Omaha any Thursday afternoon at 4:35—in a clean, comfortable, not crowded tourist sleeper—and you reach San Francisco Sunday evening, Los Angeles Monday noon. No transfers—car goes right through. Uniformed Pullman porter and experienced excursion conductor relieve you of all bother.

EVERYTHING provided. Tickets $40. Berths (big enough for two) $5. Write for folder giving full information.
J. Francis, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.

SOUTHERN Homeseekers' Guide
Every homeseeker should address either J. F. MERRY, A. G. P. A., Manchester, Iowa; W. A. KELLOND, A. G. P. A., Louisville, Ky., or S. G. HATCH, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O., for a free copy of the ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD'S SOUTHERN HOMESEEKERS' GUIDE.

W. N. U. Des Moines. No. 52—1897.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper

A Brief History

Of Some of our Leading Race Men and Women of Iowa.

J. F. BLAGBURN.

The subject of this sketch was born in Clinton, Iowa, Nov. 26, 1868, where he resided with his parents until they moved to Des Moines in the fall of 1875, where he first entered the public school at the age of seven, and, not feeling like being wholly dependent upon his father, he sought a position as carrier for the evening News, which position he filled in a very creditable way, as he carried his route for more than one year without a complaint, after which he resigned his position as carrier and accepted a position as clerk at the cigar stand in the Aborn House, then the leading hotel in the city, where he remained for more than a year and attended school at the same time. At the close of school, "Frank," as he is commonly called, left the cigar stand and worked for the Phœnix Insurance company of Brooklyn, N. Y., giving thorough satisfaction to his employers. He left the Insurance company, and accepted a place with W. F. Crawford, then proprietor of the Aborn House Pharmacy.

There he stayed for one year, when he resigned to go to Wilberforce University at Wilberforce, Ohio, where he remained five years, and then returned to Des Moines, to be immediately re-employed by Mr. W. F. Crawford in the Savery House Pharmacy, where he at once took up the study of pharmacy. He studied hard, as he knew that the registered pharmacist was a necessity and the profession a high one, and that another round in the ladder will have been climbed to obliterate the caste of prejudice against the race.

He pushed onward and completed his work, passed a very credible state examination and was admitted as a Registered Pharmacist.

He is the second colored man to be admitted in the state of Iowa. The first and only one in this city, up to date.

"Frank" was married December 30, 1891, to Miss Lucy McClinton of Springfield, Ohio. They first met at Wilbeforce and formed an attachment for each other during their school days, which continued to grow and culminated in their marriage on the above date at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Blagburn's. Mr. J. T. Blagburn, the father of "Frank," was one of the most popular and widely known hotel men in the west. He has met with misfortune in being stricken blind which occurred four years ago. Yet with his blindness he is one of the busiest men in the city.

We desire to call especial attention to Mr. W. F. Crawford, now deceased, for the interest he took in Mr. Blagburn, our young friend. Mr. Crawford was one of the foremost druggists of the state, and was very careful to assist Mr, Blagburn in the years he was with him. Four years ago Ms. Crawford sold out his place of business. Mr. Blagburn continued with the new firm for one year and a half. He then left them to go in business for himself. He is now proprietor of the Aborn House cigar and news stand. He also occupies the position of collector and distributor for Charles Scribner's Sons, book publishers, of New York. He has just completed his first year with them and signed a contract for another year.

He is an officer in North Star Lodge No. 2, of Masons, occupying the position of J. W., member of St. Pauls A. M. E. church, organizer and president of the Paul Laurance Dunbar Literary society, which promises to be of the leading literary societies of the state. Frank is one of the most enterprising young man of his race in this city, and we predict a bright future for him.

—

JAMES WASHINGTON.

When traffic in human flesh had arisen to its most abominible heights and a thickened cloud of slavery hovered over the southern states, the subject of this article, James Washington, was born. This was in 1851 near the town of Dover, Lafayette county, Mo. James, although born during slavery, yet he was never a slave, his grand father, who had been given his freedom went to California and immediately returned with several thousand dollars, with which he purchosed the freedom of the children. This was before James was born. They lived awhile on a farm in Mo., which his father owned during the war. Mrs. Washington was forced to leave their farm and fled to Ledington, Mo., at the age of fifteen years James was apprenticed out as a blacksmith. Moving to Omaha in 1882, and became acquainted with Miss Anna E. Ellis, whom he married in June 1884, then moved to Sioux City, Iowa, where he went into business for himself. Success has crowned his efforts and he now owns a large retail grocery store besides a blacksmith shop, and is growing more prosperous year after year.

Two bright boys help to add happiness to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Washington. The boys are attending the public school.

In 1880 Mr. Washington became a member of the Masonic order. From time to time he filled to his credit and in honor to the Masonic order several offices. In 1895 he was elected Mastxr of the Sioux City Lodge, representing this lodge at Keokuk, and while in Keokuk was elected Grand Senior Warden. In 1896 he attended the Grand Lodge at Muchakinock, being a member thereof. While there was elected to the office of Deputy Grand Master. In 1897 the Grand Lodge met at Marshalltown, Iowa, and he was at this meeting elected Gradd Master for Ior Iowa and its Jurisdiction. He is also Commander-inChief of the Scottish Rites of the Sioux. Mr. Washington has filled all offices with gratification to all concerned and on this account is very popular among his people,

He manifests much interest in the Masonic order and is a staunch advocate of its beneficial results.

—

MRS. KATHERINE D. TILLMAN

was born Feb. 19, 1870, at Mound City, Ills., and was educated in the public schools of Louisville, Ky., Yankton S. D., State University, Ky., and Wilberforce University. Mrs, Tillman began writing in 1887, and has contributed to all of the leading Afro-American papers and also to several white periodicals. Two of her productions—"How to Live on a Small Salary," and "Afro-American Queen," have met a ready sale. A sketch of her life may be found in "Poets and Poetry of Iowa." The "Afro-American Press and Its Editors," and "Afro-American Women."

Mrs. Tillman is without doubt one of the best colored poetess in Iowa. She is social, intelligent, and interesting to converse with and with a chance to develop her talent power. We wish her unbounded success in the literary world.

—

R. N. HYDE,

the subject of this sketch is one of the best known business men of his race in Iowa. He was born in Virginia, near Alexander 1855; he was taken to Kenucky when three years old; came to Iowa n 1874, and resided here ever since, and went into business for himself in, March 1877 and later started a small labor office, in 1889, he discovered and patented the great cleaning compound known as the H. and H. and commence he manufacture of it in 1890 which it now being sold in every state of the union in 1893 invented and constructed the electric fan and carpet duster machine which is being constantly operated every day by him. The number of his H. and H. establishment is 115 Court Ave., and the Electric Fan and Carpet Duster works is at 118-120 West Grand Ave., carpet storage rooms is over 317 W. Walnut. Mr. Hyde is thoroughly a race loving man and is foremost in every race movement for bettering its condition. He instigated the first civil rights suit which resulted in our present civil right bill being placed on our statutes book which covers all public places, he has worked in the legislature as an employee several terms and has been a delegate to the County and State Conventions most of the time for the past fifteen years. He has a wife and family of three children pleasantly located on W, Grand Ave.

—

IDA B. WELLS.

The name of Ida B. Wells a few years ago was heralded in every part of the civilized world. She is a lecturer of high rank and editres of great ability. Prior to 1892 she had taught school in the south, Mississippi and Tennesee, later she went into the newspaper business, starting a paper in Memphis Tenn., called the

"Memphis Free Speech" so clear ringing was this paper that the prejudice of the south would not tolerate free speeh. They distroyed her office and ordered her to leave. She fled to Chicago and immediately commenced a serious of lectures on the outrages of the South. She lectured over this country and Europe returning to America, where she married F. L Barnett Attoney and Editor of the Chicago Conservator. She became the Editress in 1895 and held the editorial chair until a few month ago, when her health prevented her from continuing longer. Mrs. Ida B. Wells-Barnett has made a name for herself and elevated our race generally. Many of our readers remember she lectured here in Sept. 1894

OSKALOOSA NEWS.

Miss Sayrilda Yeasers is confined to her home on account of illness.

Mr. John Barquet is able to be among his friends again after a week of illness.

Comodore Lee will spend the holidays visiting among friend and relatives in Kirkville and Kansas City Missouria.

Rob Johnson departed the 24th for Galesburg Ill., to visit briefly with his brother-in-law.

Miss Lucy Buckner spent Saturday a nd Sunday in Ottumwa the guest of friends and acquaintances.

Louis H. Wallace of Washington, is visiting his brother-in law, Geo. W. Black. The gentleman will probably move to this city.

Geo. Reeves had business in Evans Monday last.

A series of revival meetings are being conducted at the Wesley chapel M. E. church by Rev. Burton.

The Christian Endevor have planned to give a sort of musical entertainment in the near future. It will be in the form of a cantata. Miss Georgia Blackburn is conducting the voices for the occasion.

Cupid seems to be doing some very effective work among our young people, if any reliance is to be placed in current reports.

Prof. Henry Cooper has been conducting a dancing school in Armory Hall. He has closed his classes until after the holidays.

There will be a Christmas tree and children's drill at Wesley chapel Christmas eve. Rev. Mrs. Burton will conduct the drill.

The A. M. E, church under Mesdames Geo. and Ed Jones have prepared for a fan drill and Chrismas tree with general sociable time.

There will be an Industrial fair under the auspices of the sewing circle, and all in all things will be lively in social circles during the next few weeks.

The Maple Grand Lodge No. 16 A. F. and A. M. Masonic, will entertain their friends one eve during holiday week.

Rev. M. J Burton of Marhalltown, passed through the city last week en route home from Keb, where he attended a meeting of the executive board.

Miss Della Richardson and brother, Elmer, of Des Moines will visit their grandmother, Mrs. Catharine Thompson, during the holidays.

Rev. J. S. Burton of Wesley chapel, went to Des Moines Saturday to conduct meetings at Burn's chapel.

Misses Bula Kennedy and Nellie Ford will visit in Ottumwa holliday week with many friends.

The Lyceum meetings continue to be the principal attraction of the week.

Don't forget that a mistake in wall covering spoils the effect of any room. Don't have a cold background for your pictures—blue or gray for instance—unless the room is very sunny. Have a dado in too high-ceilinged rooms, and a striped paper to increase the apparent height in a low room. A good warm shade on the walls gives a chance to hang etchings, sketches, plaster casts, etc., considered so desirable now.

COST OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Differences in Expenditures for Educational Purposes.

Exclusive of $1,180,000 which it pays to the state, the city of New York is expending this year $6,000,000 for purposes of education, and about $4,500,000 of this sum goes for salaries of teachers and school employes. There are about 5,000 school teachers in the city of New York and the rate of pay varies from $3,000 a year salary paid to the larger number of principals of the male grammar schools down to $504 a year, the amount paid to teachers of the lowest grade in the primary schools. Roughly speaking, the average rate of pay of a school teacher in New York is about $675 a year, and it is estimated that the cost per capita of the education of children in New York is about $25. By a recent inquiry into the cost of tuition in public schools in American cities it has been found that only St. Louis and Philadelphia paid more than New York, the maximum cost per capita being $64.99 in Philadelphia and the minimum $32.70 in Rochester. The differences are largely in the matter of salaries. In Philadelphia principals receive from $3,000 to $4,000 a year, professors in the boys' school $2,500, teachers in the boys' school from $800 to $1,800 and teachers in the girls' school from $800 to $1,600. In St. Louis the maximum for principals is $3,000, for assistant principals $2,200, and for assistants $1,500 to $2,000, according to the grade. At the other extreme are Indianapolis and Minneapolis, where high school teachers receive $1,200 as the maximum, and Pittsburg, where the salaries range from $900 to $1,700. Philadelphia expends $3,500,000 a year on her schools. Chicago's schools cost $5,000,000, the schools of Boston $7,800,000, the schools of Brooklyn $3,500,000, the schools of Baltimore $1,200,000, the schools of San Francisco $1,150,000, the schools of Washington $1,000,000, the schools of Buffalo $950,000, the schools of Milwaukee $700,000, and the schools of Louisville $575,000. Among American cities which spend comparatively little in proportion to their size for school purposes, New Orleans is perhaps the most conspicuous, and one probable explanation of the small expenditure of public money there is to be found in the fact that a considerable portion of the population is colored and the item of expense for the rudimentary instruction of colored children is, it is well known, very small.

There are in the United States 492 colleges or universities having 7,000 male and 1,500 female instructors. There are 150 theological schools with 1,006 instructors and 9,000 students There are 100 law schools with 9,000 students, of whom 100 are girls. There are 200 medical colleges with 25,000 students, of whom 1,800 are female. Of these medical schools more than half are allopathic and only 25 are homeopathic. There are in the United States 5,000 high schools, with 7,000 male and 8,000 female teachers, and 2,500 private schools with 4,000 male and 5,000 female teachers. About 10 per cent of the number of private schools in the United States are to be found in the city of New York. There are more medical colleges and law schools in this state than in any other, but Pennsylvania has a larger number of theological colleges than New York. In respect of the number of high schools Ohio stands first among the states of the union and in the number of so-called colleges and universities Virginia stands first.—New York Sun.

An Object in View.

"Here are your slippers, my dear," said the husband of the Emancipated Woman, as she latter came in, weary with the cares of the day. "As soon as you have put them on and rested a bit you will find dinner ready, and I hope you will enjoy it, for I have cooked one of your favorite dishes, Mr. Tiff was in this afternoon calling and I just told him that I had the most indulgent wife in the world, as well as the handsomest woman in the city. I am so proud of you, dear."

At this the sweet little husband bent over and kissed his wife fondly. It was easy to see that they were deeply attached to each other.

"That's all right," replied the Emancipated Woman, patting her spouse on the cheek. "You are a dear, good boy and you shall have that new silk hat you have been wanting so long. Now, let us have dinner, for I am as hungry as a hunter."—New York World.

Not Extinct.

The speaker described in the following anecdote from "Short Stories" was not the last of his species. Unhappily, his identity is more frequently established by the tag end rather than the beginning of Doctor Kane's comparison: Dr. Elisha K. Kane, on his return from his great Arctic expedition, was invited to a banquet in New York, where an after-dinner speaker talked an hour.

"Doctor, what did you think of the speaker? asked a friend.

"It was like an Arctic sunset," answered the explorer.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Bright and interesting, but provokingly long in operation," replied the doctor.

Fire Creates an Iceberg.

By the burning of the enormous icehouses of the Lake Geneva ice company, at Williams Bay, Wis., the houses, engine house, and slides were destroyed, leaving the large masses of ice standing alone like so many icebergs. The smoke from the smoldering hay hangs low over the surrounding ruins, hiding everything except the ice, leaving a decided Arctic effect.

Chinese Boy in a Baltimore School.

Chone Lee, a Chinese boy 19 years old, who was born in San Francisco, has just entered a Baltimore grammar school.

Like Water.

"New," said the good citizen as he assisted Mr. Lushforth to arise from the sidewalk, "you see what whisky does."

"Whisky had nossin to do with it," retorted Mr. Lushforth. "Who ever heard of whisky freezin' and trippin' a man up?"—Indianapolis Journal.

IF THE MOON STOOD STILL.

There Would Be Many Changes on the Earth.

We must imagine that the moon would always be exactly over one spot of the earth's surface, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. At night, therefore, that part of the earth would always be illuminated, unless the position—which is most probable—would result in an eclipse; but the other portions of the earth would be in total darkness at night. The effect on navigation would be revolutionary. The phenomenon of the tides would practically cease. Consequently many tidal rivers would run low constantly and flourishing ports go to ruin. Not only so, but the distribution of the water on the earth's surface would be seriously altered. If the moon stood still, the waters on that side of the earth where the moon was stationed would rise in one huge mass, while the opposite side of the earth would have a smaller bulk. The waters, however, at the sides of the earth would practically disappear. This would undoubtedly mean that many portions of the earth now dry would be flooded, and vice versa. Not only so, but the shape of the planet would—to an outside observer—change. The solid portions would remain rigid, but the general contour would appear to be egg-shaped, the greater end being turned toward the moon and the point away from it.

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Ladies' Wool Dress Suits	5.00—	"	9 00
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Ladies' Wool Skirt Waists	1.75—	"	4.00
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Ladies' Flannel-lined Hose	.15—	"	.20
Childrens's Flannel lined Hose	.15—	"	.20
Best Calicoes	.5—	"	.7
Large Blankets	.89—	"	1.25
Domestic Flannels	.5—	"	.7
Wool Facinators	.39—	"	.50
Wool Mittens	.19—	"	.25
Men's Fleeced Underwear	.75c per suit—	"	1.00
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The Hub

BABOON SOLDIERS.

Military Maneuvers of the Animals in South Africa.

Man is not the only animal who carries on his warfare by means of organized bands and calls in the forces of nature to assist him. The German naturalist and traveler, Brehm, witnessed in central Africa fights that were conducted in as orderly a manner as if the warriors had been really men, instead of only somewhat like them in form, says Youth's Companion. The actors in the play were baboons and their enemies were in one case the travelers' dogs, though the baboons were ready to fight with any creature that attacked them, man only excepted; and he owed his exemption solely to the fact that the baboons could not often gain a point of vantage. The naturalist himself was once stoned out of a pass in a very few minutes by these creatures, who sprung upon ledges and stones, looked down for a few moments on the valley, growling snarling and then began to roll down stones with so much vigor and adroitness that the intruders took to flight. The baboons evidently knew the value of co-operation, for the naturalist saw two of them combine their efforts in order to set a particularly heavy stone rolling. One monkey, bent on making the most of his missile, was seen to carry a stone up a tree, that he might hurl it with greater effect. On the occasion when the dogs attacked the baboons, the baboons were crossing a valley, and as usual during a march