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THE WAYNE HERALD.

Twenty-First Year.

WAYNE, WAYNE COUNTY, NEBRASKA, OCTOBER 22, 1896.

Number 37.

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REPUBLICAN—LEADING AND OFFICIAL-PAPER OF WAYNE AND WAYNE COUNTY—REPUBLICAN.

Subscription \$1.00 in Advance.

VOTE FOR PROTECTION, RECIPIENT AND PROSPERITY.

AWAY WITH THE FREE SILVER FALLACY.

(Cut this out and put in your pocket for reference.)

A gold standard encourages the hoarding of money because money is king; it also discourages enterprise and paralyzes industry.

The U. S. census reports show that in 1870, before the passage of the act which Mr. Bryan says established the gold standard, the number of manufacturing establishments in the United States was 253,148, employing 2,053,996, paying them \$173,584,343 annually and turning out \$422,925,443 worth of products annually.

By 1880 the number of hands employed had increased nearly 700,000, the wages had increased to nearly a billion dollars, and the value of the product increased over a billion. In 1890 the number of hands employed was 4,112,022, or more than double that reported by the last census under free coinage; the wages \$2,283,216,539, three times that in 1870 under free coinage and the value of the product \$9,372,437,285, or more than double that reported in 1870.

Does this look as though the gold standard had "discouraged enterprise and paralyzed industry?" Here are the figures for 1870, 1880, and 1890 in tabular form. Ask Mr. Bryan or any other free silver man, how he accounts for them if the gold standard has "discouraged enterprise and paralyzed industry."

Establish- ments. Em- ployes. Wages paid. Value of manuf. products.

(The figures for 1870 are based upon the paper currency basis of that date, and if reduced to the gold basis upon which the later statements are made, the contrast would be even more striking.—State Journal.)

Killing a Slander.

Emerson, Ia., Oct. 14.—This letter was received today by one of Emerson's business men in answer to an inquiry with regard to the report circulated by a certain minister of this town:

Canton, O., Oct. 12, 1896.—My Dear Sir: Your letter of October 9 to hand and noted. We are quite glad that we have some gentlemen of the Buckeye state to watch the progress of affairs in the west.

You may say without any fear of contradiction that Major McKinley does not keep a saloon, has no property in which a saloon is kept, has no interest in any property in any way connected with the liquor traffic, that he is a strict temperance man, a Christian gentleman, a member of the First Methodist church of this city, where he may be found every Sunday in his pew. It strikes me that the preacher you allude to (God pity such a preacher) might be found in better business, and if he cares anything about either the kingdom come or the welfare of the inhabitants of this world he would not be advocating Bryan, repudiation, dishonest money and free trade.

Trusting this may be satisfactory and answer fully your questions, I remain, yours truly, A. M. McCARTY, Pres. Canton Republican Club.

The populist party through its committee have nominated Frank Fuller for county attorney. The question now arises, is this Mr. Fuller's reward for declaring for free silver? If it is it will be valueless for Anson A. Welch the republican nominee, and a man whose ability is not questioned, will be elected. We have been informed that Mr. Fuller has declined and that M. H. Dodge of Winside has been placed on ticket.

When anyone tells you that the republican national convention adopted the money clause of the Morgan & Co., or any other Company, they deliberately lie. It was a body of men who knew how to transact their business and did not depend upon the eloquence of anybody in order to know what they wished to do.

Remember that A. H. Carter is a business man who will represent this district in a manner that will redound to the credit of every citizen in this county.

Richard Russell, that splendid farmer of Leslie precinct, will make an ideal commissioner. Your ballot for every reason belongs to him.

Judge Robinson will deliver an address at the opera house tonight.

WAYNE COUNTY NEWS

Events of the Week in the City and County as Gleaned by the Herald's News Gatherer.

Wheat is 48 cents. Oats 11. Corn 12 1/2. Flax 50. Butter 8. Eggs 12 1/2. Potatoes 20. Hogs, 2.45. Court week.

WANTED:—A girl to do housework. Inquire at this office.

Mrs. F. M. Skeen is suffering with an attack of typhoid fever.

Ed Sullivan has accepted a position at Indianapolis, Indiana, and left for that city Monday.

About thirty car loads of beets have been shipped to the factory from here up to the present time.

Rev. F. M. Williams of Lincoln, preached two excellent sermons at the Baptist church last Sunday.

Frederick Philleo entertained a number of little friends yesterday afternoon in honor of his fourth birthday.

The Modern Woodmen held a very pleasant social at the residence of Frank Fuller Tuesday evening.

Antonio Rich moved his stock of goods to Sioux City yesterday having decided that business here did not pay him.

THE HERALD was not aware that it could malign the boss of the Democrat, hence we owe some one an apology. Please accept.

Did you notice how broad the smile is on Dr. Williams' face these days? Mrs. Williams returned from her Iowa visit last Friday.

The ladies McKinley club now numbers 140 members while the ladies Bryan club numbers but a few more than half as many.

Beware of roobacks during the next ten days. The silverites are resorting to every trickery that can be devised. Every republican should be on his guard.

Unfortunately Jacob Hauck, the German speaker who was advertised to speak here Saturday afternoon, cannot be here. The mistake occurred in arranging dates.

Messdames Stringer, Spears and Fortner entertain a number of their lady friends this afternoon and another company of friends tomorrow afternoon at the home of Mrs. Stringer.

About the smallest stock in trade of the populists in this county is telling here and there that this or that republican has declared for free silver. Nobody is deluded by these statements except themselves.

A number of ladies met with Mrs. J. D. King last Monday afternoon and organized another society club. The club will meet every Tuesday afternoon and the next meeting will be held with Mrs. Guy R. Wilbur.

Mark Hanna, chairman of the republican national committee, has issued a request that October 31 be observed as flag day and that every republican place a flag or bunting in his place of business or residence. Remember this.

Captain Matthews received a letter from Norfolk stating that the citizens were more than pleased with the way Wayne turned out to their rally Saturday night. The letter contained a promise that the compliment would be returned, therefore we shall expect a large delegation from there Nov. 2.

In the case of the County against Clerk Russell Tuesday, in which a writ of mandamus was asked to compel him to enter on the fee book fees received for making out the tax list for each year since 1892, also the \$400 per annum received as clerk of the Board of Commissioners, an order was made by the Judge requiring him to enter the fees for tax list, but that he was not required to enter salary as Clerk of the Board. The latter part of the decision is in favor of Mr. Russell in the sum of \$2,000 and the first part is in favor of the county. The case will be taken to the supreme court.

About forty ladies responded to invitations sent out by Mrs. F. A. Dearborn last Friday evening and a pleasant time was had by all. A dainty luncheon was served upon the arrival of the ladies and after the conclusion of this, which took just one hour and fifteen minutes, each lady was given the name of a prominent person to represent by telling all she knew about them. The other ladies were to guess the person by the description given. It proved to be a very enjoyable as well as profitable entertainment. Mrs. E. Cunningham received a beautiful souvenir spoon as a prize for guessing the whole forty correctly. The party was pronounced by the ladies present as one of the most enjoyable of the season.

Wayne wants a beet sugar factory.

Leo Gaertner entertained a large number of young friends at a birthday party last evening.

If the local news seems scarce this week and next remember that it is the last two weeks before election.

"The Christian's Advocate" at the Baptist church Sunday morning. "The Judgment" at night. You are invited.

The reporter who sent notice to the World-Herald recently that Wayne would give a majority of 80 for Bryan knew he lied 100 per cent.

The ladies of the Catholic church will serve a 6 o'clock supper and lunch the entire evening of Nov. 3rd at Phil Kohl's old stand.

Lon Hunter raised 105 bushels of fine large potatoes on one fifth of an acre of land. That's a pretty good yield and the potatoes are all nice ones too.

The grain men of Wayne are paying just as much for wheat as they are in any of the surrounding towns—that is, for the same quality.

A. F. Brenner, of the firm of Turner & Brenner, of Wayne, was in the city Monday last, looking after the firm's interest at this place. We understand that he found everything very satisfactory.—Coleridge Blade.

The non-resident attorneys who attended court this week are: Judge Barnes of Norfolk, M. H. Dodge of Winside, W. E. Reed of Madison, C. C. McNish of Wisner, O. E. Smith of Wakefield, Charles T. Offut of Omaha.

A burglar broke into Hugh O'Connell's billiard hall last night and secured about \$5.00 in money and a lot of cigars and cigarettes. A hole was cut in the glass near the door latch. The thief evidently cut his hand as blood was visible on the money drawer and cigar case.

The republican voters of Sherman precinct held their annual caucus Wednesday evening, Oct. 14, and the following were placed in nomination for precinct officers: Assessor, James Mulvaney; Judges of election, D. M. Davis, M. S. Moats, James Hancock; Clerks of election, Daniel Isaacs, J. L. Davis; Justices of the Peace, Howard Porter, Joel Hancock; Constables, T. E. Evans, Jarvis Conn; Road Overseers dist. 33, James Mulvaney; dist. 30, Howard Porter; dist. 44, Joel Hancock; dist. 25, Jenken Davis. J. L. Davis, sec'y.

THURSTON RALLY.

A special excursion train carrying the Wayne Band, McKinley Flambeau Club and a part of the ladies republican club left the depot Saturday evening bound for the Thurston rally at Norfolk amid cheers and huzzas for McKinley. More than one hundred were on the train. At Winside the band played and another delegation of 30 or more boarded the train while about 25 got on at Hastings. It was as jolly a crowd of McKinleyites as ever a train carried. Arriving at Norfolk they were met by citizens and escorted to the line of march. The parade which was a large one, finally started and all along the line of march the Wayne delegation was cheered, especially the ladies club, as they proudly carried their flags. About 60 wagon loads of beets were in the procession headed by about 300 of the laborers of the beet sugar factory and the Norfolk band. The Creighton delegation, Stanton delegation, Norfolk delegation, railway sound money club, Norfolk wheel club and many others were in the procession. People thronged the streets to witness the largest demonstration that ever appeared in the city of Norfolk. At the opera house Senator John M. Thurston addressed a vast multitude, but more than twice as many were unable to get in to hear the speaker. Norfolk was a blaze of enthusiasm. The Wayne people were well pleased with their reception at Norfolk.

CARROLL NEWS.

The fair of the M. E. ladies was a grand success and was well attended.

Ed Swaney moved from the rooms over A. J. Honey's to a place in the county north-west of town.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins are visitors this week at the home of Mr. H. H. Krebs on their way back to New York.

The dance given in the hall last Friday night was very well attended and from all reports received it must have been a success.

The silver rally held Monday night was very well attended and Mr. Reed addressed a well behaved crowd and the band did excellent service.

One of the citizens of this precinct got hold of some fighting whiskey and jumped on another citizen and skinned his face. Shame to such inhuman anarchistic acts.

Mr. Schroeder is painting the new lumber sheds which wonderfully improve the looks of the town. Here is a good opening for a painter as there is none in this part.

Candidates for judges on the republican ticket in Deer Creek precinct are: C. H. Wolf, Geo. Yaryan, James Baker; for clerks: Geo. Bailey, M. S. Linn; for assessor, Rodney Manning.

R. D. Merrill has put in a stock of leather and will do harness work in connection with the hardware business. Mr. Stearns will manage the new department. May good luck attend them and prosperity crown their enterprise.

DOLLIVER OF IOWA

Will be at Wayne

Monday, November 2nd.

Come out and hear the brilliant Iowa Congressman. Delegations from all neighboring towns will be present. It will be a grand close to this great campaign. Reduced Rates on all Roads.

PERSONAL.

R. M. Farr went to Dixon this morning.

Frank Bennett was over from Stanton yesterday.

Jud Conger returned from Indianapolis Monday.

Postmaster Berry of Carroll, was in Wayne Tuesday.

Robert Utter went to Lincoln Saturday on business.

Senator Bressler was in Hubbard on business Tuesday.

Mrs. A. F. Ernst returned to Carroll Iowa, this morning.

Mrs. S. Moats and Joe Jones were down from Sherman Tuesday.

Mrs. Hartwell of Illinois, is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Robt. Perrin.

Homer Shields is visiting in Ohio. Mrs. Shields will join him in the near future.

Mrs. D. C. Main is enjoying a visit from her mother, Mrs. McElroy of Vinton.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Philleo are enjoying a visit from their daughter, Mrs. W. F. Norris of Ponca.

H. M. Tollinger is looking after Edwards & Bradford Lumber Yards at Winside this week.

Judge W. F. Norris was in the city Monday enroute for Randolph where he spoke Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Dorr of Minneapolis, Minn., are guests at the home of Mrs. Dorr's sister, Mrs. A. G. Howard.

The Misses Whetstone, who have been visiting with their cousin, Mrs. W. E. Howard for some time, returned to their home in Michigan this morning.

Mrs. Mott, who has been the guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Northrop, returned to Des Moines this morning. She was accompanied by Miss Myrtle Ford.

H. C. Brome speaks at Carroll next Thursday evening, Oct. 29, and at Winside Friday, Oct. 30.

F. M. Northrop delivered an able address to the voters of Strahan precinct Friday evening. A republican club with over 40 members, all voters, was organized. Strahan is all right.

W. Woodworth of Wakefield, went to Omaha last week to have an operation performed for a cancer, but died before recovering from the effects of opiates given. He was formerly proprietor of the Wakefield Republican.

T. W. Moran is endeavoring to make arrangements to receive bulletins at the opera house Nov. 3rd, by special wire. It will require a subscription of at least \$2400 to pay for erecting line, paying extra-operator, bulletin service and opera house. The one selected to read bulletins and management of same to be non-partisan.

My friend populists have claimed me as one of their elect, because I have advocated what I regard as their main issue viz: pure and undefiled socialism, or the crowbar in one hand and the torch in the other, and not "free and unlimited coinage of silver," for the latter proposition I regard as a delusion and a snare that catches only the unwary.

H. B. Boyd.

Mehus, the tailor has received the finest line of sample suitings in the city. See them before placing your order.

Watson the furniture man, requests you to call in this week and see the elegant line of new furniture he has just received.

If you are going to build a corn crib, a chicken house, or a mansion, you will find just what you need at Edwards & Bradford Lumber Co., and they will use you right too.

PALMER & BUCKNER will speak in Sioux City at 1 o'clock p.m. October 20th. Excursion tickets will be sold good going and returning on that date at One Fare for the Round Trip. T. W. Moran, agent.

Real Estate Transfers.

Ernest Behmer to John Shannon, lots 17, 18, block 11, Hoskins, Neb. \$1315 00

Minnie and A. B. Clark to Belle M. Stone, lots 3, 4, block 2, Winside. 500 00

P. M. Mordé to F. J. Fitzgerald, 1/2 interest in lots 1 and 2, block 20, Wayne. 400 00

C. O. Fisher to P. L. Miller, trustee, s. 1/2 of s. 2, 1/2-27-11. 1200 00

Court Proceedings.

Court convened Monday afternoon, Judge Robinson on the bench. The following cases have been disposed of and findings as follows:

Wightman vs Lauman, continued. Hilder vs Hilder. Saunders vs Saunders. Henry vs Gibson. Lewis vs Tallman. Flynn vs McGrath. Wright vs Carroll. Staff vs Zeilke, stricken from docket. Sheldon vs Bargholz et al., foreclosure ordered.

AHERN'S

Special Cloak Sale!

TUESDAY

October 27.

A representative of Landemann, Hirschheimer & Co., the great Cloak Manufacturers of Cleveland, Ohio, will give a special Cloak Sale at our store on above date. This is a grand opportunity to select a garment from the finest line shown in the West. Measures taken and a perfect fit guaranteed to all forms.

It will pay the ladies of the neighboring towns to attend this sale.

Remember the date,

Tuesday, Oct. 27, at Ahern's.

NEW YORK APPLES

THIS WEEK!

Varieties Complete. Prices Right.

INGALL'S GROCERY.

MANDERSON-REED SPECIAL. Special passenger will leave Wayne for Wakefield Oct. 24, about 7 o'clock p.m. returning after close of rally. T. W. Moran, Agent.

Call on AHERN for FINE DRESS GOODS, and Trimmings. Some very beautiful fabrics in Single Dress Patterns.

Fresh oysters at Hoover's restaurant. Bromo in 1 and 2 gal. jugs at Kohl's. Bromo, the best Hog Cholera Remedy at Kohl's.

A lot of very cheap bed room suits at Gaertner's.

W. A. Ivory, Dentist, over First-National Bank.

A very stylish coat for ladies at \$5.00 The Racket.

See the new furniture at C. A. Watson's. Latest styles and designs.

Cure disease by using Miller's Hog Fever Cure. R. W. Wilkins & Co.

Cabbage 2 1/2 cents and 5 cents per head for best variety. J. W. Maholin.

Did you know that Watson received this week a fine line of new furniture? The place to buy BROMO, the only reliable Hog Cholera Remedy, is at Kohl's.

An absolute cure and positive preventive—Miller's Hog Fever Cure. R. W. Wilkins & Co.

Edwards & Bradford Lumber Co. have just been getting in a nice assortment of crib lumber.

DRESSMAKING parlor second door north of Love hotel. Messdames Ott & Kemp.

WANTED—Young girl to take care of children and do light work. Mrs. F. G. Philleo.

FOR SALE:—A pair of Morgan & Wright double tube bicycle tires. Will be sold cheap. Enquire at THE HERALD office.

TO RENT—One two room house and one four room house at \$5 and \$7.00 per month respectively. Bressler & Dearborn.

FOR SALE:—Two heating stoves nearly as good as new. Cheap. Also large Buffalo Robe as good as new. Inquire at this office.

Set your cribs on rock—a fine car load has just been received by Edwards & Bradford Lumber Co.

It is about time to be ordering those storm windows. Leave your order with Edwards & Bradford Lumber Co.

THE HARVEST FIELD.

IT INSPIRES DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON ON GOSPEL FARMING.

Noah the First Farmer—The Honor to Agriculture of the Ages—Deep Plowing for a Soul—The Straight Furrow with God's Red Standard as Guide.

Our Washington Pulpit.

The sermon preached in Washington last Sunday, after most people have had a good, long breath of the country, if they do not actually live there, will receive many great religious truths. Dr. Talmage's text was John xv, 1, "My Father is the husbandman."

This last summer, having gone in different directions over between five and six thousand miles of harvest fields, I can hardly open my Bible without smelling the breath of new mown hay and seeing the golden light of the wheatfield, and when I open my Bible to take my text the Scripture leaf rustles like the tassels of the corn.

We were nearly all of us born in the country. We dropped corn in the hill and went on Saturday to the mill, tying the wheat in the center of the sack so that the contents on either side the horse balanced each other, and drove the cattle, our bare feet wet with dew, and rode the horses with the halter in the brook until we fell off, and hunted the mow for nests until the feathered occupants went cackling away. We were nearly all of us born in the country, and all would have staid there had not some adventurous lad on his vacation come back with better clothes and softer hands and set the whole village on fire with ambition for city life. So we all understand rustic allusions. The Bible is full of them. In Christ's sermon on the mount you could see the fall plow lilies and the glossy olive of the crowd's wing as it flew over Mount Olivet. David and John, Paul and Isaiah hid in country life, a source of frequent illustration, while Christ in the text takes the responsibility of calling God a farmer, declaring, "My Father is the husbandman."

The Earth Was Noah's Farm. Noah was the first farmer. We say nothing about Cain, the tiller of the soil. Adam was a gardener on a large scale, but to Noah was given all the acres of the earth. Elisha was an agriculturist, not cultivating a ten-acre lot, for we find him plowing with twelve yoke of oxen. In Bible times the land was so plenty and the inhabitants so few that Noah was right when he gave to every inhabitant a certain portion of land; that land, if cultivated, ever after to be his own possession, just as in Nebraska the United States government on payment of \$16 years ago gave preemption right to 160 acres to any man who would settle there and cultivate the soil.

All classes of people were expected to cultivate ground and tiller of religion. It was supposed that they would have their time entirely occupied with their own profession, although I am told that sometimes ministers do plunge so deeply into worldlyness that they remind one of what Thomas Fraser said in regard to a man in his day who preached very well, but lived very ill. "When he is out of the pulpit, it is a pity he should ever go into it, and when he is in the pulpit, it is a pity he should ever come out of it."

They were not small crops raised in those times, for though the arts were rude the plow turned up every rich soil, and barley and cotton and flax and all kinds of grain came up at the call of the harvester. Pliny tells of one stalk of grain that had on it between three and four hundred ears. The rivers and the brooks, through artificial channels, were brought down to the roots of the corn, and to this habit of turling a river whenever it was wanted Solomon refers when he says, "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, and he turneth it as the rivers of water are turned, whithersoever he will."

Hooks in Their Noes. The wild beasts were caught, and then a hook was put into their nose, and then they were led over the field, and to that God refers when he says to wicked Sennacherib, "I will put a hook in thy nose and I will bring thee back by the way which thou camest." And God has a hook in every bad man's nose, whether it be Nebuchadnezzar or Ahab or Herod. He may think himself very independent, but sometime in his life, or in the hour of his death, he will find that the Lord Almighty has a hook in his nose.

This was the rule in regard to the culture of the ground. "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together," illustrating the folly of ever putting intelligence and useful and plumb in association with the stubborn and the unmanageable. The vast majority of troubles in the churches and in reformatory institutions comes from the disregard of this command of the Lord. "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together." There were large amounts of property invested in cattle. The Mosabites paid 100,000 sheep as an annual tax. Job had 7,000 sheep, 8,000 oxen, 500 yoke of oxen. The times of vintage were celebrated with mirth and music. The clusters of the vine were put into the wine press, and then five men would get into the press and trample out the juice from the grape until their garments were saturated with the wine and had become the emblems of slaughter. Christ himself, wounded until covered with the blood of crucifixion, making use of this allusion when the question was asked, "Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel and thy garments like one who treadeth the wine vat?" He responded, "I have trodden the wine press alone."

Age Honor Agriculture. In all ages there has been great honor paid to agriculture. Seven-eighths of the people in every country are disciples of the plow. A government is strong in proportion as it is supported by an athletic and industrious yeomanry. So long ago as before the fall of Carthage, Strabo wrote 28 books on agriculture. Hesiod wrote a poem on the same subject. "The Weeks and Days." Cato was promoter of his work on husbandry than of all his military conquests. But I must not be tempted into a discussion of agricultural conquests. Standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of the Bible, and standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of our own country—larger harvests than have ever before been gathered—I want to run out the analogy between the production of crops and the growth of grace in the

soul, all these sacred writers making use of that analogy. I remark, in grace as in the fields, there must be a plow. That which theologians call conviction is only the plowshare turning up the sins that have been rooted and matted in the soul. A farmer said to his indolent son, "There are a hundred dollars buried deep in that field." The son went to work and plowed the field from fence to fence, and he plowed it very deep, and then complained that he had not found the money. But when the crop had been gathered and sold for a hundred dollars more than any previous year, then the young man took the hint as to what his father meant when he said there were a hundred dollars buried deep in that field. Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. He who makes light of sin will never amount to anything in the church or in the world. If a man speaks of sin as though it were an inaccuracy or a mistake, instead of the loathsome, abominable, consuming and damning thing that God hates, that man will never yield a harvest of usefulness.

Plow Deep. When I was a boy, I plowed a field with a team of spirited horses. I plowed it very quickly. Once in a while I passed over some of the soil without turning it, but I did not jerk back the plow, with its rattling devices. I thought it made no difference. After a while my father said to me, "Why this plow deep enough. This isn't plowed deep enough. There you have missed this, and you have missed that." And he plowed it over again. The difficulty with a great many people is that they are only scratched with conviction, when the subliminal plow of God's truth ought to be put in up to the beam.

My word is to all Sabbath school teachers, to all parents, to all Christian workers: Plow deep; plow deep! And if in your own personal experience you are apt to take a lamentation of the sinful side of your nature, put down into your soul the Ten Commandments, which reveal the holiness of God, and the sharp and glittering collar will turn up your soul to the deepest depths. If a man preaches to you that you are only a little out of order by reason of sin and that you need only a little fixing up, he deceives you. You have suffered an appalling injury by reason of sin. There are quick poisons and slow poisons; but the druggist could give you one drop that could kill the body; and sin is like that drug—so virulent, so poisonous, so fatal that one drop is enough to kill the soul.

Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. Broken heart or no religion. Broken soul or no harvest. It is that David and the jailer and the publican and the man made such ado about their sins. Had they lost their senses? No. The plowshare struck them. Conviction turned up a great many things that were forgotten. As a farmer plowing sometimes turns up the skeleton of a man or the anatomy of a monster long ago buried, so the plowshare of conviction turns up the ghastly skeletons of sins long ago entombed. Geologists never brought up from the depths of the mountain mightier ichthyosaurus or megatherium.

The Crooked Furrow. But what means all this crooked plowing, these crooked furrows, the repentance that amounts to nothing, the repentance that ends in nothing? Men groan over their sins, but get no better. They sin, but their hearts are not changed. What is the reason? I remember that on the farm we set a standard with a red flag at the other end of the field. We kept our eyes on that. We aimed at that. We plowed up to that. Losing sight of that, we made a crooked furrow. Keeping our eye on that, we made a straight furrow. Now, in this matter of conviction we must have some standard to guide us. It is a red standard that God has set at the other end of the field. It is the cross. Keeping your eye on that, you will make a straight furrow. Losing sight of it, you will make a crooked furrow. Plow us to the cross. Aim not at either end of the horizontal piece of the cross; but at the upright piece at the center of it, the saving grace of the Son of God who bore your sins and made satisfaction. Crying and weeping will not bring you through. "Him hath God exalted to be a prince and a Savior to give repentance." Oh, plow up to the cross!

Again, I remark, in grace, as in the field, there must be a sowing. In the autumnal weather you find the farmer going across the field at a stride of about twenty-three inches, and at every stride he puts his hand into the sack of grain, and he sprinkles the seed corn over the field. It looks silly to a man who does not know what he is doing. He is doing a very important work. He is scattering the seed of grain, and though the snow may come, the next year there will be a great crop. Now, that is what we are doing when we are preaching the gospel—we are scattering the seed. It is the foolishness of preaching, but it is the winter grain, and, though the snows of worldliness may come down upon it, it will yield after a while glorious harvest. Let us be sure we sow the right kind of seed. Sow mullen stalk, and mullen stalk will come up. Sow Canadian thistles, and Canada thistles will come up. Sow wheat, and wheat will come up. Let us distinguish between truth and error. Let us know the difference between wheat and hellbore, oats and henbane.

A Row of Ciphers. The largest denomination in this country is the denomination of Nothingness. Their religion is a system of negotiations. You say to one of them, "What do you believe?" "Well, I don't believe in infant baptism." "What do you believe?" "Well, I don't believe in the perseverance of the saints." "Well, now tell me what you do believe." "Well, I don't believe in the eternal punishment of the wicked." So their religion is a row of ciphers. Believe something and teach it, or to resume the figure of my text, scatter abroad the right kind of seed. A minister the other day preached a sermon calculated to set the denominations of Christians quaking. He was sowing seeds. At the close of the other day advertised that he would preach a sermon on the superiority of transcendental and organized forces to untranscendental and organized forces. What was he sowing? Weeds. The Lord Jesus Christ nineteen centuries ago planted the divine seed of doctrine. It sprang up. On one side of the stalk are all the churches of Christendom. On the other side of the stalk are all the free governments of the earth, and on the top there shall be a flowering millennium.

after a while. All from the gospel seed of doctrine. Every word that a parent or Sabbath school teacher or city missionary, or other Christian worker, speaks for Christ cobwebs up. -Yea, if come up with compound interest, you saving one soul, that one saving 10; the 10, 100; the 100, 1,000; the 1,000, 10,000; the 10,000, 100,000, on, on forever.

The Useful Harrow. Again, I remark, in grace, as in the farm, there must be a harrowing. I refer now not to a harrow that goes over the field in order to prepare the ground for the seed, but a harrow which goes over after the seed is sown, lest the birds pick up the seed, sinking it down into the earth so that it can take root. You know a harrow. It is made of bars of wood nailed across each other, and the underside of each bar is furnished with sharp teeth, and when the horses are hitched to it goes tearing and leaping across the field, driving the seed down into the earth until it springs up in the harvest. Bereavement, sorrow, persecution are the Lord's harrows to sink the gospel truth into your heart. These were truths that you heard thirty years ago. They have not affected you until recently. Some great trouble came over you, and the truth was harrowed in, and it has come up. What did God mean in this country in 1857? For a century there was the gospel preached, but a great deal of it produced no result. Then God harrowed it with famine and with commercial disaster, and that harrow went down Wall street and up Wall street, down Third street and up Third street, down State street and up State street, down Pennsylvania avenue and up Pennsylvania avenue until the whole land was torn to pieces as it had never been before. -What followed the harrow? A great awakening, in which there were 500,000 souls brought into the kingdom of our Lord. No harrow, no crop.

Again, I remark, in grace, as in the farm, there must be a reaping. Many Christians speak of religion as though it were a matter of economics or insurance. They expect to reap in the next world. Oh, no! Now is the time to reap. Gather up the joy of the Christian religion this morning, this afternoon, this night. If you have not as much grace as you would like to have, thank God for what you have and pray for more. You are no worse enslaved than Joseph, no worse troubled than was David, no worse scourged than was Paul. Yet, amid the rattling of fetters, and amid the gloom of dungeons, and amid the horror of shipwreck they triumphed in the grace of God. The weakest man in the house to-day has 500 acres of spiritual joy all ripe. Why do you not go and reap it?

To the Fields. You have been groaning over your infirmities for thirty years. Now give one round about over your infirmities. You say you have it hard; you might have it worse. You wonder why this great cold trouble keeps revolving through your soul, turning and turning with a black hand on the crank. -Ah, that trouble is the grindstone on which you are to sharpen your sickle. To the fields! Wake up! Wake up! Take off your green spectacles, your blue spectacles, your black spectacles. Pull up the corners of your mouth as far as you pull them down. -To the fields! Reap! Reap!

Again, I remark, in grace, as in farming, there is a time for thrashing. I tell you bluntly that is death. Just as the farmer with a flail beats the wheat out of the straw, so death beats the wheat out of the body. Every sickness is a stroke of the flail, and the sickbed is the thrashing floor. What, say you, is death to a good man only taking the wheat out of the straw? That is all. -An aged man has fallen asleep. Only yesterday you saw him in the sunny porch playing with his grandchildren. Calmly he received the message to leave this world. He bade a pleasant good-by to his old friends. The telegraph carries the tidings, and on swift rail trains the kindred come, wanting once more to look on the face of dear old grandfather. Brush back the gray hairs from his brow; it will never ache again. Put him away in the lumber of the tomb; he will not be afraid of anything. He will rise in the morning of the resurrection. His voice has already mingled in the doxology of heaven. Grandfather always did sing in church. Anything chastity in that? No. The thrashing of the wheat out of the straw. That is all.

The Lord of the Harvest. Where is the garner? Need I tell you? Oh, no! So many have gone out from your own circles—yep, from your own family—that you have had your eyes on that garner for many a year! What a hard time some of them had! In Gethsemane of suffering they sweat great drops of blood. They took the "cup of trembling," and they put it to their hot lips, and they cried, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." With tongues of burning agony they cried, "O Lord, deliver my soul!" But they got over it. They all got over it. Garnered! Their tears dried away, their battles all ended; their burdens lifted. Garnered! The Lord of the harvest will not allow those sheaves to perish in the equinox. Garnered! Some of us remember on the farm that the sheaves were put on the top of the rack which surmounted the wagon, and these sheaves were piled higher and higher, and after a while the horses started for the barn, and these sheaves swayed to and fro in the wind, and the old wagon creaked, and the horses made a struggle and pulled so hard—the harness came up in loops of leather on their backs, and when the front wheel struck the elevated door of the barn it seemed as if the load would go no farther, and then the workman gave a great strain, and then with all the strength he strained the horses pulled the load. Then they were unharassed, and fearful after forkful of grain fell into the mow. Oh, my friends, our getting to heaven may be a pull, a hard pull, a very hard pull; but these sheaves are bound to go in. The Lord of the harvest has promised it. I see the load at last coming to the door of the heavenly garner. The sheaves of the Christian soul away to and fro in the wind of death, and the old body creaks under the load, and the front wheel strikes the floor of the celestial garner. It seems as if it can go no farther. It is the last struggle until the voices of angels and the voices of our departed kindred and the welcoming voice of God shall send the harvest rolling into the eternal triumph, while all tip and down the sky the cry is heard, "Harvest home! Harvest home!"

A good word is an easy obligation, but to speak ill requires only our sp fence, which costs us nothing.

BROUGHT TO TERMS.

HOW THE NEW TEACHER CONQUERED THE SCHOOL.

Conspiracy of the Sproawlers to Drive the Teacher from the Township—Captured the Majority of Them with Dancing and Fiddling.

Bill Sproawler "Called." The Sproawler boys were the leading spirits in Hickory Ridge township and what they decided on in local affairs was generally the law. "Bill" Sproawler had never been called "Willie" at any stage of his interesting career. He had always been an "orny cuss," according to some of the neighbors, but there were none of the younger generation who ever found it convenient to tell him so. Bill was about 5 feet 10



HE CRAWLED UNDER THE SCHOOLHOUSE.

in height, weighing about 165 pounds, and "fit turbly when riled," according to local gossip. He did not understand the art of "putting up his props," but he could "rattle" like a professional, and if he got an adversary down he "chewed him" usually "until the feller hollered." The stand-up and knock-down fight was a rare occurrence in that district. The battles partook of a primal spirit and the well-established and common usage against a combatant was "to git him down and chew him till he hollers."

Nancy was a Belle. "Ike" and "Link" Sproawler were not so aggressive as "Bill," but they were his faithful adherents and as a trio they nearly ran the district. Besides, there was Nancy Sproawler. She was the prettiest girl, the best horsewoman and the most graceful dancer in the settlement and was only 17 at that. "Nance," as her folks called her, had tawny brown eyes and yellow hair and was just about to finish her education by going to the summer term of school, commencing on the first day of June and ending Sept. 1. There had been a good deal of trouble in the district regarding teachers. The Sproawler boys had "licked" two teachers and the new master was an uncertain quantity. "Link" Sproawler had seen him pitching horseshoes over to Sanders' and said "he was a thin fellow, but wiry looking." The school was to take up in three days and the Sproawler boys did not know whether they would drive this "fellow" out or not. The committee had gone clear into Adams County to get a teacher and some of the neighbors were getting restive over the belligerency of the Sproawlers. The day before school opened "Bill" Sproawler passed by Sanders' house and old man Sanders called him in. "Nance" was in the buggy and "Uncle Tom," as everybody called the old man, insisted on her coming in, too. The attraction was the fact of a discovery on old

together, and a plan was arranged to drive the teacher out of the schoolhouse at an early date and then "lick" him. Meanwhile the settlement was in a pleasant state of anticipatory excitement as to what the Sproawler boys were going to do. The first day of school came, and the boys bided their time and covertly watched the teacher. He was very calm in his demeanor, very pleasant, and he spoke in a particularly clear and crisp tone when addressing the scholars. At the recess half hour he spoke to Nance, but Bill got away and joined in a game of "shinney." All the small boys were wondering when the trouble would begin, for they had learned from the various avenues of gossip that the Sproawler boys were going to "chaw the new master up."

The next day the signs of an impending storm thickened. One big hulk of a boy, who disobeyed some rule, was yanked out of his seat by the teacher and his breath taken away by the suddenness with which he was thrown back again. He looked appealingly at Bill Sproawler, but that worthy only clenched his fists under his desk and did nothing else. It wasn't long yet, but this act of the master's decided him. The next morning the boys and girls who arrived at the schoolhouse found it locked. They saw the Sproawler boys sitting on the fence that extended along in front of the schoolhouse with three or four of their cronies. The entire crowd, while laughing and talking together, had an appearance of boys who were in a considerable state of mental excitement.

The Test of Strength. The teacher was a trifle late and Nance Sproawler and two of the older girls met him and explained that the door was locked. The boys had gone inside, slipped the bolt on the door, nailed down the windows on the inside, all but one, crept out of this window and nailed it down on the

man Sanders' part that the new teacher could play a fiddle better than any man in the township. The New Teacher. The Sproawlers, brother and sister, were introduced to the new teacher, Mr. Clarke, and the fiddling went on. "Bill" Sproawler could dance a pretty fair jig, and he was induced to unlimber his feet for the benefit of the company. All went merrily, but the teacher spoiled it all. He handed the fiddle to Uncle Tom, who was no mean performer himself, and said: "If you'll give us the 'Arkansas Traveler,' Uncle Tom, I'll shake my leg a little." Uncle Tom complied, and the teacher chattered out on the floor and began. Such dancing! The like had never been seen in Hickory. Side steps, back steps, pigeon-wings, single and double shuffles, steps that they had never seen before. "Faster," he called to Uncle Tom. The flying notes kept busy with his agile feet, and as he stopped with a grand bow to Nance old Tom laid the fiddle down and gave a "holler" that "just

was a sense of impending conflict. When they had all seated themselves the teacher proceeded with the lessons as usual, but he kept walking about a great deal up and down the aisles, and it puzzled the conspirators considerably to know what that meant. At recess the scholars fled outdoors, some few starting a game of "shinney" and others lounging around and whispering mysteriously. In front of the schoolhouse, across the narrow, dusty road, lay the virgin prairie. Bill Sproawler and a few of the bigger boys wandered across to the sublimated grass and began to talk together. Another boy from the schoolyard came over to join them, walking diagonally across the grass to where the crowd stood. He had not gone more than two steps from the road when he gave a cry and sprang to one side. A dark, whiplike shape dropped to the grass as he leaped. It was a rattlesnake, and at his cry everyone from the schoolyard, teacher and all, came running to learn the cause. Now there was just one thing Bill Sproawler was afraid of and that was a rattlesnake. Ordinary snakes he would pick up by the tail and snap their heads off as a man will crack a whip. But he had seen a tragedy when he was 12 years old that had never left his memory. A man binding wheat had been struck in the forearm by a "rattler" and in spite of all that could be done had died in the field. Bill Sproawler was carrying water to the men in two stone jugs strapped together and hung across in front of the saddle. He was right at the man's side when he was bitten. He never got over the horror of it, and he feared a rattlesnake more than he did the Almighty. But he went with the crowd to where the snake lay coiled up and sending up its low, singing rattle, its cold eyes menacing, its tail oscillating as the challenging rattle vibrated.

A Brave Act. The teacher came up and said: "Stand back, these, all of you." He had a long switch in his hand. The scholars made way for him and he struck at the snake. The switch did not quite reach the reptile, but he struck at it, throwing himself out of his coil. Quick as a flash the teacher caught up the snake by the tail and whirled him around like a whiplash. "Snap" went something as the master's arm jerked sharply to the right, and, separated from the body, the snake's head fell in the dusty road. The teacher reached in his pocket, took out a penknife and cut the rattles off. Putting knife and rattles in his pocket, he walked slowly back to the schoolhouse. "When the snake was in the air all the girls had shrieked in terror and Bill Sproawler, game as he was, had turned as white as a ghost. But as the snake's head quivered helplessly in the dust so helplessly lay the spirit of revolt in the breast of every one of the conspirators. Here was a man who dared. At one stroke he had disarmed their entire force and the boys looked on him as a hero. When school took up after recess Bill Sproawler got up and said: "Mr. Clarke, I'd like to say a few words to you and to the school." The teacher said pleasantly, "What is it, William?" William, who was somewhat disconcerted by being addressed in two syllables, said rather stumbingly: "Well, you're the first man in Hickory Ridge to snay a rattler's head off. Some of us was going to try to lick you, but I reckon it's lucky for us we didn't try it. Pap's gone to give a dance Saturday night, and I give you now an invite to come. I can lick any feller here that ever tries to make trouble while you're teacher." "Thank you, William," said the teacher; "I'll be glad to come." William "chawed up" two of the boys pretty badly for not calling him "Bill" the next week.

He Became a Hero. The new teacher was the hero of Hickory from that day on. He explained that to do the trick successfully with a rattlesnake you must think it is a blue racer, or a bullsnake, or a big garter-snake, and then it was plain sailing. But the Ridge folks would grin and say "I reckon" at this theory. The dance came off and was a success. Nance and the teacher were the shining lights, and the teacher's jig steps at "balance all" were the admiration of everybody. At the end of the term the Sproawler farm was all agog one Sunday morning and a long procession went to town and fetched up the Presbyterian church. When the excitement was over Nance was Mrs. Clarke, and Bill Sproawler was proud of the fact. Even now he will say: "My brother-in-law there's a fellow for ye; he's a turrible feller, anyway."

A Family Romance. S. J. Elsey, a veteran of the Mexican and civil wars, who for the past decade has lived at the Soldiers' Home in Leavenworth, Kan., and for the best part of a lifetime has believed himself alone in the world, was rejected the other day when a brother whom he thought had been killed in a home, he found him and offered him a home. He and his father and two brothers had entered the Mexican war. He had helped to bury the father and one brother after a battle, and he had heard that the other brother also was killed. After the civil war he lived only for himself and brought up at the Soldiers' Home; but the brother who had not been killed married, tolled and prospered at Hilliard Station, Ohio, and at last went to Leavenworth.

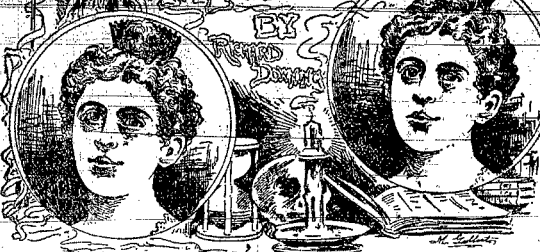
Bamboo for Lances. It is proposed to substitute bamboo for ashwood for the lances of English cavalry regiments, as the ash used is said to be brittle and not to be trusted in actual warfare.

A Rattler Diversion. But in every scholar's breast there

But in every scholar's breast there

But in every scholar's breast there

THE MASK OF MAGIC



CHAPTER VI

Meanwhile two unusual things had taken place in Chetwynd street. John Hanbury, twenty-six years of age, of independent fortune, had entered in with Dora Ashton, aged twenty, to whom he was privately engaged to be married. Dora had never seen any of the poorer parts of Chicago, and he, after much expostulation and objection, consented to escort her through Chetwynd street. At the eastern end, William Sampson, negro and street entertainer, had entered the street, prepared to perform, hoping to win a few coppers from the loungers. He was a tall man with round shoulders and restless eyes, was gesticulating violently and addressing loud speech, apparently to the first-floor windows of the houses opposite him in Chetwynd street. The negro turned his face toward John Hanbury and Dora Ashton. He had beside him on the ground, two cubes of stone, one the size of an iron half-hundredweight, the other somewhat bigger. In his hand he held a small square, thin board.

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "like a great opera singer, I earn the bread I put into my mouth with the mouth I put it into. Here is my stock in trade," patting his chin and cheek and jaw. He made a hideous grimace, at which there was a laugh mingled with a cheer.

This laugh brought Mr. Williams to his door, and finally into the street. He glanced at the negro and the crowd with benignant toleration, then, turning his eyes upward, he saw Leigh at the window, whither he had been attracted by the noise of the crowd. The window was open, and Leigh was leaning out and watching the group below.

Williams called out to the hunchback: "Come down, Mr. Leigh, and see the fun. A man who could afford to give good American money for a dead Egyptian prince would surely be interested in a living African black, whom he could see for nothing."

Leigh hesitated for a moment, then called out, "All right," and disappeared from the window.

Meanwhile the athlete was continuing his harangue.

"I carry them stones there about with me to prove to any man, who won't take my word for it, that I am the strongest fellow man in all the world. Ladies and gentlemen, you have often heard of the Rocky Mountains—there," pointing to the stones, "there they are."

"What will he do with the stones, Jack?" whispered Dora, with some apprehension of danger.

"Eat them!" answered Hanbury in a whisper.

At this point Oscar Leigh opened the side door of Forbes' bakery and stepped into the street. John Hanbury, with Dora Ashton on his arm, was standing at the curb. About fifty people, men, women and children, were now gathered. Leigh took up his place by the landlord, without a word, and stood leaning heavily on his stick. He fixed his quick, piercing eyes on the group below.

This latter first took up the smaller block, tossed it high into the air, and let it fall on the road, saying, in a defiant voice, "Fifteen pounds!" Then he took the larger block, and treating it in the same way, said, "Twenty-four pounds. The two together, forty-two pounds!"

Then Black Sam began a series of tricks with the stones. Before starting, he placed on the ground a square piece of white thin board. Then he balanced a stone on the point of the first finger of each hand, and then jerked the lesser stone from the point of his left forefinger to the top of the larger stone. This he did with an accuracy of his right hand, and kept both applied to the point of his right forefinger for half a minute.

The negro stooped carefully, seized the larger stone, threw it a few feet into the air, and caught and balanced it on the top of the smaller one resting on his shoulder.

Something more wonderful than the contortions of Black Sam at that moment attracted Leigh's attention. He had caught sight of Dora Ashton, and Leigh's eyes were fixed on the slender form and pale olive face of the girl with an expression of amazement. He looked like an animal that suddenly sees something it dreads, and from which it desires to remain concealed. He seemed stupefied, stunned, dazed. All the scorn had gone out of his face. He leaned forward more heavily than formerly on his crooked stick. He appeared to doubt the evidence of his senses.

Black Sam finished his body a couple of inches, resting his entire weight on his feet; then, passing his hands back, he slid them under the lower cubes and raised both hands from the ground, the lower cube resting on the palms. With back bent like a bow, he thrust out his head, holding the piece of board in his mouth parallel to the horizon; then he swung his body, first forward, then backward, and with a prodigious effort and violent thrust of his arms and head, between his legs, threw the two cubes up into the air, straightened himself like a flash, stepped back a pace, and, still holding the piece of white board in his enormous mouth parallel to the horizon, caught the two cubes on it as they fell.

There was a loud cry of exultation. Hanbury forgot the girl by his side, forgot everything but the black man and his feat!

"What is he doing now?" asked Dora. "I cannot make out what does he mean. He throws his board down in that way and catches the cubes on it. Is he hurt?"

face on the ground! That is blood!" John Hanbury did not move. He, too, had seen something was wrong. He, too, saw the swelling pool of bright scarlet blood under the black face of the negro now lying at full length. Still he did not move. He had grown deadly pale and cold and limp.

"I can't go, Dora. I am not well. I always faint at the sight of blood," and he staggered back, dragging her with him until he leaned against the black wall of Forbes' bakery. His legs suddenly bent under him and he slipped from her grasp. At that moment Oscar Leigh stepped back from his post on the curb, and uncovered his head, bowed lowly to Dora, and said: "I beg your pardon. Will you allow me to assist you?"

In her haste, confusion, anxiety, Dora glanced but casually at the speaker, saying: "It is not I who want assistance, but he."

"I would assist even my rival for your sake," he said humbly, bowing low and remaining bent before her. "I did not hope to meet you again so soon. I did not think it would be my good luck to meet you once more today until I called at Ginzby street, Miss Grace."

The girl looked at Hanbury's recumbent form with anxiety and dread, and then in dire perplexity at the hunchback who had just raised his uncovered head: "You are mistaken," she said. "I never saw you before. My name is not Grace. My name is Ashton, and this is Mr. John Hanbury. Oh! will no one help me?"

Leigh seized Hanbury and drew him away from the wall. "The best thing we can do is to lay him flat. So pray, forgive me and forget what I said, Miss Ashton. I was sure you were Miss Grace, and I don't know when I met yesterday and this morning. Such a likeness never was before, but I can see a little difference now; a difference now that you look at me speak." He had placed the young man flat on his back, and was gazing up into the face of the girl with a look half of worship, half of fear.

In a few seconds Hanbury showed signs of life. His eyelids flickered, his chest heaved, his color began to return, he sighed and raised his hand. Gradually he came to himself, and with the joint aid of Leigh and Dora tottered to his feet.

Leigh had no thought of serving Hanbury. If the young man had been alone he would have left him where he stood until the convalescent was strong enough to shift for himself. But he was under a double spell, the spell of the extraordinary likeness between this girl, Miss Ashton, and that other girl, Miss Grace, and the spell of Miss Ashton's beauty. As a rule, his thought was clean, and sharp, and particular, now it was misty, dim, glorious, vague. Edith Grace had, at first sight, wrought a charm upon him such as he had never known before; Dora Ashton renewed and heightened the charm and carried it to an intolerable yearning and rapture. He was beside himself as he hurried away to get a cab he had promised to bring.

"Dora," said Hanbury, after a little while and much thought, "will you promise me one thing? Say nothing to a soul about my fainting. You will not tell your father or mother or my mother? I will be able to keep the other occasions quiet. If this got about I should have to clear out of Chicago. I'd be the laughing-stock of the clubs. That man need not know more than he has seen."

"But he will return with the cab. You can ask him not to say anything about it."

"Come, Dora," he said, with sudden and feverish energy. "Let us go. I feel a horrible repugnance to this place."

She took his proffered arm with a view to giving, not receiving, aid, and he hurried her along Chetwynd street until he met the first cross road leading north into this he hastened, casting a quick glance behind, and finding to his great relief that he was not followed.

"I wonder," said the girl, looking up quietly at him, "how my name would look in print connected with this miserable affair and place, and that negro and you?"

He stopped short, dropped her arm and looked at her with an expression of alarm and apology. "Dora, Dora, I beg your pardon. I most sincerely beg your pardon. There is something wrong with me to-day. I never thought of that. You would not, Dora, be very much put out if you saw your name connected with mine in print? Our engagement is not public, but there is no reason it should be."

It was in accordance with Dora's wishes the engagement between them had not been announced. She was intensely independent. Why should the world know they were pledged to one another? It was no affair of the world's. But to have her name bracketed with his in newspapers and then their engagement announced would be hideous, unbearable to her.

"There's a cab at the end of the street," she said.

"So there is!" He started at her voice, and then called the cab. "I cannot tell you how much I am ashamed of myself, for the third time to-day," he said to her. "Of fainting?" she asked, coldly, chillingly.

"I could not help it then, but I should have taken precautions against anything of the kind by familiarizing myself with unpleasant and trying sights. No man ought to be—"

"Woman!" she said, finishing the sentence for him with an icy laugh. His want of consideration had exasperated her.

"Yes," he said gravely, "no man ought to be a woman."

At this moment the cab

bury opened the door and handed her in. He was about to follow when she stopped him with a gesture. "If now occurs to me that you had better go back and see that man who was so good to me, and whom you sent for the cab for yourself." Her eyes were flashing angrily now.

"Why?" he asked with the door in his hand.

"Well, I just recollect that I gave him your name and my own. You had better see him if you want to keep our names out of the papers. Drive on."

CHAPTER VII

John Hanbury began retracing his steps. When he reached Chetwynd street he looked up and down it anxiously. He stood at the corner and drew himself up to his full height, with his chin well in, his head back, and a contemptuous look on his face.

He approached one of the little knots of people. "Could you tell me where I should be likely to see a low-sized gentleman who carries a heavy stick? I think he belongs to this neighborhood," said Hanbury to a man in a shabby jacket.

"You mean little Mr. Leigh?" said the man. "I guess he's in there," and he pointed to the public house.

Hanbury looked in, and seeing Leigh entered. The dwarf was there alone. All the idle people had been drawn off in the wake of the negro's litter. Even Williams, the landlord, had been induced by curiosity to make one of the crowd.

"Hah!" said Leigh, when he saw Hanbury come in and shut the door. "You thought better of waiting for that cab. I am glad you came back. I hope you are again quite well? Eh?" His words and accent were polite—too polite, the young man thought. There was a scornful glitter in the hunchback's eyes. A huge volume lay on the polished metal counter beside him. When Hanbury saw the volume his face flashed vividly. The book was the city directory.

"I am quite well again, thank you. I came back on purpose to see you."

"Greatly honored, I'm sure," said the other man, with a quick glitter in the bright deep-sunken eyes. "May I ask if you are Mr. John Hanbury?"

"That is my name."

"Hah! I thought so. I had the honor of hearing you speak."

Hanbury looked round as though in fear of hearing his own name, and interposed: "Please do not. You will add to the great favor you have already done me if you say nothing of that kind. I am most anxious to have a little conversation—private conversation—with you. In the first place, I have to thank you most sincerely for your great services to me a while ago—Believe me, I am very grateful, and shall always hold myself your debtor."

"You are too kind. It is a pleasure to do a little service for a gentleman like Mr. Hanbury, the great orator. If only Chetwynd street knew it would be very proud. However, you may rest assured the public shall not be allowed to remain in ignorance of the distinction conferred upon our district. I was just preparing a little paragraph for the papers." The dwarf smiled ambiguously.

Hanbury started and colored and moved his feet impatiently, uneasily. "Mr. Leigh," he said, "you have done me a favor already, a great favor, and in service. They say one is always disposed to help one he has helped before. Do me another service, and you will double, you will quadruple, my gratitude. Say nothing to any one of seeing me here; above all, let nothing get into the papers about it."

"Hah," said Leigh, throwing himself back on his chair. "I see! I understand. A woman in the case."

(To be continued.)

bury opened the door and handed her in. He was about to follow when she stopped him with a gesture. "If now occurs to me that you had better go back and see that man who was so good to me, and whom you sent for the cab for yourself." Her eyes were flashing angrily now.

CHAPTER VII

EARLY WINTER GOWNS

TAILOR MADE DESIGNS ARE PREFERABLE.

The Newest Gowns Are Made of Mixed Cloths that Blend Several Colors—Braiding Is Used Very Freely in Trimming.

Gotham Fashion Gossip.

SEVERELY made cloth rigs somehow seem most seasonable in the autumn and early winter; so it is now or never with the tailor-mades. With them it really makes little difference how styles may change in the few months following the gown's making, for even though the fashions shift rapidly the modes for tailor gowns have become so delightfully conventionalized that with perfect fit, first-class goods and exact finish you can hardly go wrong. Now is the time, then, while you are not yet certain as to how to cut your silk and satin, your outhouse and ball rises, that a tailor gown will best repay thought and effort. The wear of a close fitting billiard cloth tweed or serge gown, fitting like a glove, close at the neck, and trimly managed so that jacket and waistcoat are all suggested without any flapping about of loose fronts, will get you well into the winter. If the gown be cozily

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EARLY WINTER GOWNS

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HOUSEHOLD

Do you remember the time when every well-regulated parlor wall showed pictures arranged in solemn trios, a large one in the center of each group, flanked by two smaller ones? How the good people who hung their works of art in that style a generation ago would stare at the medley arrangement of modern pictures! High art in picture hanging requires an arrangement which at first seems as purposeless as that of the pieces in a crazy quilt, but which study shows to be scientifically proper. Size and symmetry of framing are no longer the sole tests of the fitness of pictures to be hung together. Nowadays each photograph, engraving or whatever it is is placed where the light will fall upon it in the way best calculated to bring out the lights in the picture. There is one hall in mind where the wall above the wainscoting is literally covered with etchings arranged with very little regard for size or subject, but producing a charming effect because of the happy way in which the lights strike them.

Pictures should not be hung so high that the neck of the observer will be of necessity craned into stiffness in order to view them. Large pictures, with well-defined figures or scenes, may be hung higher than small ones, which require close scrutiny to define them. Oil paintings should not be hung in close proximity to colorless prints or photographs. The rich effects of the colored pictures will detract from the charm of the others. For the same reason oils and water colors should not be placed together, as the lighter and less gorgeous coloring of the latter will suffer by comparison with the former.

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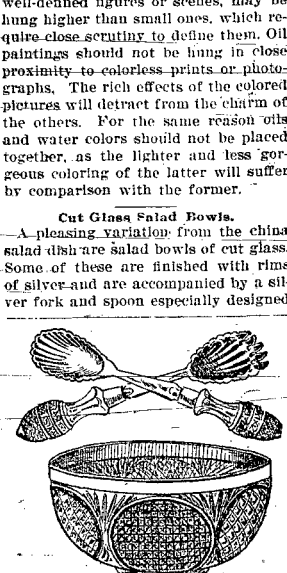
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SALAD BOWL AND SERVERS.

For serving salad—Cut glass bowls are shown with silver mounts and silver salad fork and spoon, with cut glass handles, these latter being decided novelties.

Fricassee Chicken with Oysters.

Fricassee chicken with oysters is particularly good. The chicken is cut up in the ordinary way, and, after being neatly trimmed, is placed in a saucepan with some clarified butter, seasoned with pepper and salt, and fried a light brown. Pour off the butter, add three dozen parboiled oysters, with their liquor previously reduced in quantity and strengthened by boiling, two large gravy spoonfuls of good stock and a gill of cream. Set the whole on the fire and simmer a few minutes, and then dish up the entree with fried croûtons of bread, arranged as a garnish.

Cream Soup of Lima Beans.

Soak one cupful of beans and cook till soft, and rub through a strainer; there should be about one pint of the pulp. Scald one pint of milk, thicken with one tablespoonful of butter and one-half tablespoonful of flour cooked together. Add the bean pulp and season to taste with salt, pepper and onion juice.

Hints.

To keep yolks of eggs fresh after whites have been used, set aside in a cup with a little water over the surface.

If a little flour is rubbed over a loaf of cake before icing, it will prevent the frosting from spreading and running off so easily.

The tops of celery dried and rubbed to powder are excellent for flavoring soups and gravies. The celery should be dried in the sun or in a very slow oven.

Fresh eggs sink to the bottom of a pail of water. Stale eggs float on the top. Eggs between these stages indicate their age by the depth to which they sink.

Onion juice may be extracted by cutting an onion in half and pressing it against a grater. Salt rubbed over the grater will remove the onion odor from it, and may be used in cooking.

Every housewife should impress upon the minds of her family that the best sauce for any meat is cheerfulness. Laughter aids digestion, and people should never grumble while eating.

In making Indian-meal mush cook it with milk in place of water, or part water and part milk if not convenient to use all milk. The pudding will be much richer, and when fried will more readily take a nice brown.

In relaying carpets after the fall cleaning it is well to sprinkle something under the edges to destroy any carpet bugs that may be lurking around. As good a thing as can be used is a powder made of equal parts of camphor gum and tobacco.

England's First Newspaper.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

Mrs. Mary Noren, Wife of a Well-Known Farmer Near Valparaiso, Brought Back to Health and Strength by a Popular Remedy—Her Statement of the Cure.

The attention of the Star having been called to several cases of radical cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, it was deemed expedient to investigate some of the more notable of these cases, with a view to disseminating exact information on the subject and benefiting others who were suffering.

Mrs. Noren was found busily engaged in household duties, but she found time to detail her experience, and was writing and even anxious that the benefits she had felt should be told for the benefit of those who had suffered as she did.

"I had been ill since girlhood with a complication of complaints," said Mrs. Noren, "never so much as to be confined long in bed, but I had my own misery. My chief trouble was with my stomach. I felt a constant gnawing pain that was at times almost distracting and which had been diagnosed by different physicians as dyspepsia, indigestion, and derangement dependent on the condition of the generative organs—I had pains in the back, sometimes so great as to make me unable to work, and frequent bilious attacks. I also suffered greatly from constipation, from which I never could find permanent relief. Then these symptoms were aggravated by rheumatic pains between the shoulder blades, which were most distressing in damp weather.

After my marriage, about five years ago, and when my baby was born, the trouble seemed to increase, and I was frequently so sick that I could not do my household work. I tried different physicians and used numerous remedies, but all in vain, until one day last fall I happened to read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. My husband got three boxes from Mr. C. D. Rushton, the druggist, and I began to use them. From the first I began to feel relief, and before three boxes were gone I was nearly well. The constipation was cured and the other troubles were so much relieved that I felt better than I had in many years. As I continued in the use of the pills I grew better and stronger, my appetite was more natural, and my flesh increased until I am in the condition you see me now."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus's dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness, either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 (five cents are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Astronomers say there is every reason to believe that human life on Mars is much like it is on this earth.

That Joyful Feeling With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well-informed.

White tar is one of the latest inventions or discoveries. It is claimed that it will not become soft under the sun's rays in any climate.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet a sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

A set of mortals has risen who believe that truth is not a printed speculation, but a practical fact.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

The Armenian language at present in use among that oppressed people is said to be a closer approach in construction to the Syriac and Greek.

The lover writes sonnets to the fair grace of his adored one who has been made bewitchingly beautiful by the world-renowned Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Only in a world of sincere men is unity possible, and there, in the long run, it is as good as certain.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys, and bowels. Never sickness, weaken or grip.

In the private schools of China a teacher is paid about 1 cent a day for each pupil.

The Cyclist's Necessity.

Pond's Extract of Muscle and Soreness of Muscles, Wounds, Bruises, Stiffness, Rheumatism.

Try Pond's Extract Ointment for Piles.

TENDERNESS.

Not unto every heart is God's good gift Of simple tenderness allowed; we meet With love in many fashions when we lift First to our life's waters, bitter-sweet, Love come upon us with resistless power.

Of curless passion, and with head-strings will; It plays around like April's breeze and shower, Or calmly flows, a rapid stream, and still It comes with the blessedness unto the heart.

That welcomes it aright, or—bitter fate!— It wrings the bosom with so fierce a smart

That love, we cry, is crueler than hate. And then, ah me! When love has ceased to bless, Our broken hearts cry out for tenderness!

We long for tenderness like that which hung About us, lying on our mother's breast; A selfish feeling, that no pen or tongue Can praise aright, since silence sings its best; A love, as far removed from passion's heat

—As from the chilliness of its dying fire; A love to lean on when the falling feet Begin to totter, and the eyes to dre.

In youth's bright heyday-hottest love we die, The reddest rose we grasp—but when it dies, God grant that later blossoms, violets meek,

May spring for us beneath life's autumn skies; God grant some loving one be near to bless Our weary way with simple tenderness! —San Francisco Argonaut.

A "SAFE" AFFAIR.

Phillip Marsden, senior partner of Marsden & Rydott, bankers, sat alone one evening in his counting house. The season had been a very prosperous one, for much money had changed hands through the unsettled state of the public mind, occasioned by bank failures and the explosions of public companies.

Marsden & Rydott's bank had stood unshaken, for it was conducted upon a sound financial basis, with a large capital, and had become quite an old-established institution.

In consequence of the aforesaid failures, the receipts at Marsden's had expanded enormously, and Mr. Phillip, whose heart and soul were in the life-long work which his great grandfather founded, frequently drove across and stayed behind for an hour or so of late to glance through the transactions of the day carefully and quietly.

It was perhaps a little indiscreet so far as his health was concerned, for Phillip was traveling toward the "sundown" of life, having passed his three score years and ten. His medical adviser had frequently enjoined him to avoid mental or physical exertion, but when the banker laughed and pooh-poohed the idea the doctor, with a merry twinkle in his eye, prophesied that Marsden would assuredly die in the harness.

The latter almost believed it, too, while admitting that his intellect was not so keen, his judgment and discriminating faculties not quite so clear, nor his strength what it was some forty years back. He had been a master financier in his early days at the bank, conjuring with monetary problems as boys do with marbles, and giving the strictest attention to the work and to the secure custody of the documents and cash within its walls. Some very ingenious devices in the construction of the building and its rooms were attributable to his foresight, artifice and care.

Marsden was a dear old gentleman, genial, happy, and exceedingly kind to the staff in his employ, who, in return, performed their duties to the very letter, knowing the esteem in which their services were held and substantially recognized.

The moments wore on, and Mr. Marsden with a yawn, rose from his seat, and was just about to depart when a knock at the side door of the office demanded his attention. Upon opening the door a police sergeant and two stalwart officers in plain clothes confronted him.

"You are Mr. Marsden, I believe, sir, the head of the bank?" inquired the sergeant in an anxious undertone. "That is so, I am Mr. Marsden."

"I have some most important evidence to communicate, if you will grant us a few minutes in private, sir."

"Indeed? Certainly." Step inside. And these two gentlemen, who might they be?" asked the banker, turning on his heel.

"Two detective officers engaged upon their duty," replied the sergeant, and the trio were quickly ushered into the private sanctum of the banker. "I am staying rather later than usual to-night; it is fortunate I had not gone."

carceration not acted up to their promise in making provision for his aged mother out of their ill-gotten gains, so he, in a spirit of revenge, peached upon them, and furnished us with full information concerning their whereabouts and future intentions. From this point these two other officers can better explain than I."

"Great heavens! you astound me!" said the aged banker, who became further agitated.

"Do not alarm yourself, sir; they will fall into their own trap, rest assured," continued one of the detectives, taking up the thread of the narrative. "Yes, acting on the statement made by the prisoner, my colleague and I instituted careful and I might say, cunning inquiries, for these wily fellows are difficult to track. We have been unable to come upon the two individuals themselves, but after indefatigable efforts from a roundabout course—a woman, as usual, being at the bottom of it—we have learned that they intend forcing Marsden & Rydott's bank to-night, and leaving by the boat express to-morrow for the continent."

"The scoundrels!" "But they will just be deceived, sir. We have hit upon a plan, and ask you to acquiesce in our carrying it out."

"Most certainly, whatever you think best. What do you suggest?"

"Well, we want to catch them red-handed, as it were, and ask your permission to operate ourselves upon the premises for the night, so as to fully be prepared and waiting for our men."

"Yes, yes. I presume you have a written authority?"

"Certainly, sir." And the plain-clothes gentlemen drew from their breast pockets the authorized official document bearing the name of the chief of the department, which was quite satisfactory.

"After consulting with our superiors," continued the officer, "we think that the plan we have suggested, with your permission, (the most likely to insure success. We should like you to furnish us with your private address, so as to communicate with you during the night, should your servants be required."

"Yes, of course—The Hollies, 15 Winstanton crescent—"

"Well known, sir. That will be sufficient, thank you."

And the officer jotted it down quickly in his pocketbook.

After pointing out a ponderous iron safe which he hoped the villains would not turn their attention to, Phillip Marsden bade them good evening, requesting them to let him know the instant he was wanted.

He departed in a feverish state of anxiety, wondering, naturally, what the night would bring forth.

Now, directly the old gentleman had left the real character of the pseudo-police officers was apparent. It was quite true that a notorious "little" gang of bank robbers contemplated an attack on the bank that night, and those scoundrels were actually none others than themselves! Their warrants were forgeries, and the sergeant's uniform the perfection of imitation to the last button. No time was to be lost. From the countal pockets of the sergeant came some of the finest tempered steel drills and other implements for forcing and boring iron safes that ever graced the person of the most experienced crib-cracker. Deftly manufactured skeleton keys for picking the best and most complicated locks were brought forth; in short, everything needed for a thorough, daring and successful burglary.

"We've got a long night's work, Charlie, I'm afraid," said one. "It's now 9 o'clock, and if we get through this safe under ten hours we're lucky. We must set to work with a will."

Accordingly the "sergeant" speedily turned his attention to the back premises with a view to a hurried escape should they be disturbed, while the two others directed their to the huge iron safe spoken of by the banker. Drills were quickly applied behind the hinges of the door, and boring began in earnest, for these "gentlemen" burglars knew pretty well everything worth knowing as to the construction of most safes in use.

Progress was very slow at first, but the men never ceased. Drill, drill, drill, on went the work almost in silence. Now and then just a short spell for a "breather." Midnight arrived, and a little better progress, for they labored harder than ever. One, 2, 3 o'clock, and now the huge iron door began to yield and crack a little.

"Tough work, Jim. But it'll pay us in the end, old fellow. Keep it up. We must finish it by 6 o'clock, for perhaps some blessed office cleaner may be here, or people be moving outside."

done us, Jim! And who'd have dreamed it?"

"There's no time to lose," barked his confederate, snatching anything he could lay his hands on in sheer wantonness. "It's striking 6 o'clock, and work people are about."

"Tools were hurriedly collected and pocketed again, and the "sergeant," with a disappointed growl, suggested that they should go out by the door they came in by, as nobody was stirring much, and the back way meant scaling walls and roofs. This they did, but immediately on emerging into the street they were met by Mr. Marsden in company with three constables. The old banker had experienced a sleepless night and risen early, calling at the police station, innocently enough, on his way to ascertain the news, if any, and he was there astonished to learn that they believed it to be a bogus affair, as they knew nothing of it.

There was a desperate effort on the part of the burglars to escape, but one or two passing workmen at the cry of "Help!" rendered assistance and the "police officers" were strongly secured.

Phillip Marsden, on stepping into the bank, although greatly unmoved and agitated at the state of affairs, could scarcely suppress his laughter on finding that his "decoy," as he called it, had given so much trouble, and thoroughly ignorant of the plot he had unintentionally laid for them.

The "decoy" an old, insecure saw, which was always purposely kept empty, was one of Mr. Marsden's ingenious ideas for throwing burglars off the scent, being fixed in a prominent position to attract notice, while other safes containing the valuables were far away from the rooms in ordinary use.

The pseudo-detective officers are in safe custody now. They have their regular "drills," and instead of picking locks, pick oakum.—Liverpool Mercury.

A RUSH TO GUIANA.

A Californian's Letter Drew Crowds to the Gold-Fields.

Owing to the unsettled state of affairs in Venezuela, I departed for British Guiana, where life and property were secure. On arriving at Georgetown, the beautiful capital of the colony, with about sixty thousand inhabitants, I found a hundred California miners stranded and full of indignation. They had been lured to Guiana by a letter which had found wide circulation in the newspapers of the Pacific coast. A man who had served as cook in a California mining camp had gone to Guiana and had found a good position as manager of a placer-mine on the Barima River. Elated by his good fortune, he wrote a glowing account of his prospects to his wife in California. She showed the letter to the editor of the local paper, who published it as an item of important mining news.

This letter within a short time had the effect of starting groups of men from the coast mining fields, some of them even from British Columbia. It was a time of depression in the mining industries of the Pacific coast, and a great many miners were out of employment. Though the writer of the letter had no intention of attracting others to his El Dorado, the Californians, who had assumed that it would be as easy to prospect for gold in Guiana as in California, regarded him as the author of their misadventure, and indulged freely in threats of vengeance. No harm came to him, however, because it is not a slight matter to violate the laws in British Guiana. As these stranded miners had no money, they were unable to prospect, which requires a more or less expensive outfit; and they could not find employment in the diggings for the reason that white men are not employed on the placers, except as managers; and in fact nearly all the managers, like the laborers, are colored men.

The Californians had great difficulty in getting away; some of them reached home as stowaways; a very few obtained situations. One of them was engaged for six months as manager of a placer-mine on the Potaro River, owned by a syndicate of colored men, which produced from three hundred to four hundred ounces of gold a month. He fell ill just as his time was up. When he recovered he invested his savings in an outfit, and started up the Cuyuni River, but found nothing. Another man secured a situation partly through the fact of his being a freemason.—Century.

A Profitable Bargain.

Mr. Wood, slater, of Laureneekirk, purchased at a sale a bundle of five books, one of which was described by the auctioneer as Burns' Poems. The sum paid for the lot was about five cents. The volumes were stored away until lately, when Mr. Wood noticed that a high price had been paid for a copy of the Kilmarnock edition of Burns, and remembering that his copy was printed at Kilmarnock, he brought it under the notice of Mr. Greig, banker, Laureneekirk, who pronounced the book one of the original Kilmarnock editions, and further, that an inscription was probably in the bard's own handwriting. The volume was sent to Southby's, where a great sale of books had just been concluded, when, for his 2d. worth, Mr. Wood has obtained \$850.

Nothing to Them.

First Moth.—For heaven's sake, let's get back to the city where I can get a decent meal.

Second Moth.—What's the matter? First Moth.—I haven't struck anything but bathing suits since I came here.—New York World.

Worked Both Motions.

Squidg.—My wife called me up by telephone this morning.

McSwilgen.—What for? Squidg.—To call me down to change.

Reforms Need More than a Day To bring them about, and are always more complete and lasting when they proceed with steady regularity to a consummation. Few of the observant among us can have failed to notice that permanently healthful changes in the human system are first wrought by abrupt and violent means, and that those are the most salutary medicines which are progressive. "Hood's Sarsaparilla" is the chief of these. Dyspepsia, a disease of obstinate character, is obliterated by it.

Believing right has everything to do with feeling right.

A Household Necessity. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, acts gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispels colds, cures headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

Conscience is very often confounded with opinion.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1805.—J. R. Madison, 2409 42d ave., Chicago, Ill.

Reach for fame, and you grasp a bubble.

Do "Lime" Floating Borax in 100 per cent. pure and do not turn yellow with age. It is not an imitation, and is not better than any other Borax made. Be sure above name is on each wrapper and cask. Red wrapper only.

Quercite is a kind of sugar found in acorns.

Dr. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures, and cures. Price 25c. 64-59 State St., N. Y. Mass., Quincy, Mich.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

The honey bee has three simple or single eyes arranged in a triangle between the two large or compound eyes.

When billions of costly eat a Cascarets candy cathartic; cure guaranteed; 10, 25c.

The remedy for injuries is not to remember them.

Take Care of your health at this season. See that your blood is pure, appetite good and all the organs in a healthy condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great building-up and blood-purifying medicine, and therefore it is the best medicine to take in the fall, when the atmosphere is laden with disease germs from decaying vegetation. Hood's Sarsaparilla prevents colds, pneumonia, bronchitis and fevers.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the best—in fact, the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills the best family cathartic and liver stimulant. C. C. N. U. 43-99 OPIUM Habit Cured, Etc. in 1871. Thousands cured. Cheap and best cure. Price 25c. 64-59 State St., N. Y. Mass., Quincy, Mich.

The Old Soldier's Favorite. Battle Ax PLUG A little bit of pension goes a long way if you chew "Battle Ax." The biggest piece of really high-grade tobacco ever sold for 5 cents; almost twice as large as the other fellow's inferior brand.

Candy Cathartic Cascarets PURE CONSTIPATION REGULATE THE LIVER ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Family Remedy for the Sick, Nervous or Eminent, but cause no dangerous results. Price 25c and booklet free. AD. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.

With a sharp stick you can turn up the dirt and get ground ready for planting—but what a clumsy, slow, laborious, ineffective way of going to work! Not much more so, though, than the old-fashioned way of washing. Think of it! Grinding the clothes up and down on a wash-board; with nothing but soap and main strength to get out the dirt. Then think how simple and easy is Pearline's way—soaking, boiling, rinsing. You need Pearline for all your washing and cleaning. You need something better than soap or a sharp stick when you're dealing with dirt. Williams' Pearline

"He that Works Easily Works Successfully." 'Tis Very Easy to Clean House With SAPOLIO

DELICATE WOMEN

Should Use

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR.

IT IS A SUPERB TONIC and exerts a wonderful influence in strengthening her system by drawing through the proper channel all impurities. Health and strength are guaranteed to result from its use.

My wife was bedridden for eighteen months after using BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR for two months. Her health was restored. J. M. JOHNSON, Malvern, Ark.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATKIN, ILL. Sold by all Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of a better thing to patent? Write JOHN WEDDIBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C. for their \$1.00 prize offer and list of 100 hundred inventions wanted.

WANTED—GENERAL AGENT IN EVERY county, man or lady, to collect, oversee and appoint agents for NEW PATENTED DISH WASHER. The most wonderful invention of modern times. No more scalded hands, chipped or broken dishes. A child can operate it. Will wash, dry and polish dishes in two minutes without getting hands in water. No canvassing or traveling unless desired. We do not pay commission, but salary and expenses. Position permanent. Address with stamp, Enterprise Mfg. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Scientific American Agency for



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Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly \$3.00 a year. Send 30 cents for a trial copy. Address MUNN & CO., Publishers, 370 Broadway, New York City.

Love has a long way to go to reach the heart of the modern young man. When he looks for a wife he expects a good deal. Probably he expects more than he deserves. He wants good looks, good sense, good nature, good health. They usually go together.

An observing man learns that a woman who is physically weak and nervous and incapable is likely to be ill-natured too. The sweetest temper is ruined by continual sickness.

A woman whose nerves are constantly racked and dragged by debilitating drains and inflammation, cannot be a genial companion or happy wife; and she is totally unfit to be a mother.

These troubles prevail almost universally among women largely because of carelessness and neglect. There is no real cure of them. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive specific for the weaknesses and diseases of the feminine organism.

It cures them radically and completely. It heals, strengthens and builds. It is the only scientific remedy devised for this special purpose by an educated, skilled physician. It is the only medicine that makes motherhood easy and absolutely safe.

Miss Loretta McNeen, of Reno (P. O. Box 723), Washoe Co., Nev., writes: "I have continued taking the 'Prescription' and will not take any more (at present). Last month I had no pain at all and worked every day without any inconvenience whatever. It was the first time I never had pain during that period. I cannot say too much for your medicines, especially the 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Personal Pills.' I know of a lady who took one bottle of your 'Favorite Prescription' and she says she was not sick like she was with her first baby. This was her second baby. She thinks it a grand medicine. So do I."

Dr. Pierce has had a life-time of experience in this particular field. His 1000-page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," contains several chapters devoted to woman's special physiology. A paper-bound copy will be sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing only. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. For a cloth-bound copy send 31 stamps.

A map of the United States.

The wall map issued by the Burlington Route is three feet wide by four long; printed in seven colors; mounted on rollers; shows every state, county, important town, and railroad in the Union and is a very desirable and useful adjunct to any household or business establishment.

Purchased in large quantities, the maps cost the Burlington Route more than fifteen cents each but on receipt of that amount in stamps the undersigned will be pleased to send you one.

Write immediately as the supply is limited.

J. FRANCIS, Gen'l Pass & Agent, Omaha, Neb.

FOR SALE!

Poland China Hogs.

Come and see my spring pigs. By far the best I have ever raised, and all from old sows and old boars. Large litters, an average of 8 from 20 sows. V. J. White, 1 mile west and 2 1/2 miles south of Wayne, Neb.

McKINLEY ELECTORS.

Every voter who desires to cast his vote for McKinley, Sound Money, Protection, Reciprocity and Prosperity should be careful to mark his ballot as follows:

| For Presidential Electors. | Vote for Eight. |
|----------------------------|-----------------|
| J. E. Houtz | Republican X |
| F. J. Sadelik | Republican X |
| A. J. Brupham | Republican X |
| A. C. Foster | Republican X |
| Sol Draper | Republican X |
| G. A. Derry | Republican X |
| J. L. McPheely | Republican X |
| M. L. Freis | Republican X |

The only way to vote for McKinley is to vote for the above electors. Be sure and make eight crosses.

OUR EXPORT TRADE IN MEATS.

(From Breeders' Gazette.)

The following recent correspondence between one of the leading cattle-feeders of the West and Nelson Morris of the Chicago Union Stock Yards explains itself and is of considerable interest as bearing upon the volume of our live stock exports under J. Sterling Morton's regime and that of his predecessor the late Secretary Russett.

TARKIO, MO., Aug. 26, 1896.—Mr. Nelson Morris, Chicago, Ill.—DEAR SIR: Having been acquainted with you for over forty years and recognizing the fact that you have had a large experience with the foreign meat trade and also that you are a heavy purchaser of our hogs and cattle, and believing that there are some causes for the present low prices of our products other than those generally discussed we take the liberty of asking you to give us your opinion along the lines brought out in the following questions, viz:

1. How does our meat trade with foreign countries for the last three years compare with that for the same period preceding?
2. How do our meats compare in quality with those of other countries exporting to Germany, France, and other European nations?
3. How do the prices we have received for our meat products in foreign countries during the last three years compare with the three years immediately preceding, and how do their own prices compare for the same period?
4. What has been the aggregate export meat trade with the countries named for the periods mentioned?
5. What, in your opinion, has been the real cause of the decrease of our meat exports for said periods?
6. In the exports of our hog and cattle products for those periods which of the two sustained the more decrease?

Your reply to the foregoing questions will be greatly appreciated.

Yours respectfully,
D. RANKIN.

CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 21, 1896.—Mr. David Rankin, Tarkio, Mo.—DEAR SIR: Knowing you to be one of the largest farmers and cattle and hog raisers in the United States, and as we have been old friends and have traded together since boyhood I will endeavor to answer the questions propounded in your letter of recent date according to my best judgment.

1. Our trade in beef products with foreign countries for the last three years amounted to 322,428,998 lbs. less than the quantity shipped during the three years immediately preceding. The shipments of hog products for the last three years amounted to 463,778,622 lbs. less than during the three years immediately preceding.

2. Cattle slaughtered in America and beef exported in quarters, as you are well aware, are inspected here very rigidly, both alive and dressed—more so than in any other country on earth. The perfectly healthy condition of our live stock is proved beyond any question, and the very best evidence of this is that the English insurance companies will insure American cattle on ocean voyages at fifty cents a head against all risks of mortality by disease or otherwise, jetison or washing overboard, and find this a very profitable transaction, as the perfectly healthy condition of the cattle reduces the possibility of a loss to a minimum. England and Scotland still admit our cattle and beef into their countries, and in all the hundreds of thousands of live cattle shipped there yearly not one has ever been rejected, although this would certainly have been done had there been the least sign of the beef and cattle not being absolutely sound and perfect. Besides this millions of quarters of beef are shipped there annually and not one quarter has ever been rejected for not being in a sound and healthy condition.

The discrimination of the European continental countries against us in favor of Canada and South American countries is the best proof that the objection is not caused through any fear that our cattle are not in the most healthy condition. France and Belgium still allow Canadian and South American cattle to enter into their markets. Germany has forbidden all foreign cattle entering its ports in order that it may protect the farmers of that country who are now unable to derive any benefit from their great industry of raising sugar beets by our repeal of reciprocity, and now have to

raise live stock and food for consumption of live stock instead.

3. During the years 1890, 1891 and 1892 the average prices we received for beef products were 21 per cent. higher than what they have been the three succeeding years. Hog products for the years 1891, 1892 and 1893 were in good demand in European countries at a price averaging 27 per cent. higher than following years.

4. The aggregate beef export trade with European countries for the years 1890, 1891 and 1892 is 1,441,982,580 lbs. The quantity shipped for the three years immediately following is 1,119,553,651 lbs. The quantity of hog product shipped during the years 1890, 1891 and 1892 is 3,464,745,108 lbs. against 3,060,936,586 lbs. shipped during the three subsequent years.

5. While the reciprocity law was in effect other exporters, as well as myself shipped cattle to European countries amounting to hundreds of thousand head, and in all that time not one animal was ever rejected. Since the repeal of the reciprocity law the American exporters of animal product, including dressed beef as well as live cattle, have been forbidden by the various Governments of Germany, France, Switzerland, Belgium and Austria to ship live cattle and dressed beef into these countries, although, as before stated, our inspection in this country is the most rigid and our cattle are the most healthy in the world. The decrease of live cattle and beef products on account of this restriction of foreign countries since the repeal of the reciprocity law amounts to the equivalent of at least 7,500 live cattle a week, and that of hog products to at least 40,000 live hogs a week.

Our canned beef and barreled beef are much superior to any other country and while reciprocity was in force the armies and navies of France and Germany took our canned beef and barreled beef products in preference to any other country while they now buy very little beef, but England still buys most of its supplies for the army and navy as well as for general consumption.

Our hog products excel the products of any other country and are subject to the same rigid inspection, both alive and killed, as cattle, and sell higher in England, Ireland, Scotland and such countries where they are used than any other.

6. In the export of our hog and cattle products for the two periods of three years each before mentioned the hog product suffered the bigger loss in quantity, but proportionately the beef product suffered the bigger loss, as you will note by comparison of the figures given you above. One of the principal causes of the decrease in the value of cattle in addition to the fact of the continental European countries having closed their ports against our American live animals and products, thereby shutting our foreign outlets to England, Ireland and Scotland, is the fact that owing to the hard times through which we are now passing, factories being closed and laborers being out of employment; the consumption of meats has decreased at least 40 per cent. in this country. It is well known that New England alone uses more meats, also more hides for leather, than we export. The laboring community is the greatest consumer of these products. Should our National credit be restored, as we expect and hope, and our factories and mills being then able to compete with foreign countries, resume operations, our labor, so long idle, will be again employed, and as it is to them we look for the demand for our animal products, including leather, hides and wool as well as meats, the benefit to the farming industry would be immediately felt and an increased demand for these articles would manifest itself at once. I hope this will soon become an accomplished fact, as both you and I raise a great many cattle and hogs, and our interests being so closely bound up with those of the great agricultural community of this country we know that whatever proves to the benefit of this great branch of our industries must result to the incalculable advantage of the entire country.

Yours truly,
NELSON MORRIS.

About every election that has been held, straw votes taken, etc., this fall indicate that it will take 16 populists about a year to count McKinley's vote at the coming election.

List of judges and clerks of election for the year 1896:

| WAYNE—1ST WARD. | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| JUDGES. | CLERKS. |
| George Gelder; | Henry Gachner, |
| W. B. Larrison, | Will Rickabaugh, |
| E. Hunter. | |
| WAYNE—2ND WARD. | |
| N. G. Beutly, | Chas. Baebe, |
| O. J. Burlington, | E. R. Lundberg, |
| Glenn Martin. | |
| WAYNE—3RD WARD. | |
| C. O. Fisher, | B. F. Feather, |
| S. Davies, | George Wilcox, |
| W. O. Gamble. | |
| WINSIDE PRECINCT. | |
| John Elliott, | D. H. Carroll, |
| R. R. Smith, | John W. Zeman, |
| Andrew Hupp. | |
| HOSKINS PRECINCT. | |
| Ernest Behmer, | J. G. Foster, |
| Ludwig Zeimer, | John Shannon, |
| F. O. Johnson. | |
| STRAHN PRECINCT. | |
| Joel Atkins, | June Conger, |
| N. B. Cullen, | Charles Spahr, |
| Ran Frazier. | |
| WILBUR PRECINCT. | |
| Adam Grier, | Edward Schulthies, |
| Chas. Schroeder, | Hans Hansen, |
| A. B. Jeffrey. | |
| PLUM CREEK. | |
| Charles Erleben, | C. C. Bastian, |
| Peter Merten, | M. S. Englert, |
| Dan McManigal. | |
| HUNTER PRECINCT. | |
| Henry Kollogg, | Geo. Nangle, |
| J. W. Alger, | Arthur Miller, |
| E. B. Girton. | |
| LESLIE PRECINCT. | |
| C. A. Killian, | Jay E. Wilson, |
| D. L. Chambers, | James Mack, |
| F. P. Bressler. | |
| LOGAN PRECINCT. | |
| Levi Dills, | Eli McConoughy, |
| A. Anderson, | Leslie Weaver, |
| C. L. Bard. | |
| SHERMAN PRECINCT. | |
| Jenkin Davies, | Daniel Davies, |
| L. Hunt, | J. A. Jones, |
| J. R. Morris. | |
| GARFIELD PRECINCT. | |
| John R. Hamer, | Wm. M. James, |
| Peter Jensen, | Everett Roberts, |
| John Lumsden. | |
| HANCOCK PRECINCT. | |
| Fred Krause, | Jacob Reichert, |
| Fred Miller, | Samuel Reichert, |
| Albert Redmer. | |
| CHAPIN PRECINCT. | |
| Geo. Barnes, | J. R. Washburn, |
| Paul Heyer, | J. E. James, |
| C. W. Reed. | |
| DEER CREEK PRECINCT. | |
| J. R. Manning, | Geo. A. Bailey, |
| J. A. Brown, | Geo. C. Merrill, |
| Geo. Yaryan. | |
| BUENNA PRECINCT. | |
| Wm. Baird, | O. H. Berkheimer, |
| O. C. Lewis, | James Baird, |
| E. T. Rennick. | |

Program

For section four of the Wayne county Teachers' Reading Circle which meets at school house No. 27, Saturday, Nov. 14th, at 1:30 p. m.

Music.

Beginnings of Virginia—Alice Weaver.

Opening of Mississippi—Eli McConoughy.

Recitation in American History conducted by J. L. Killian.

Beginning of New England—Eola Caffee.

Recitation—Marguerite Dittz.

New England Charters—Lulu Thompson.

Discussion—H. B. Masters.

Current Events—All members.

All teachers of this section not assigned topics are expected to write answers to at least one study in history, between pages 67-100.

J. L. KILLIAN, Local Manager.

Ballard's Horehound Syrup.

We guarantee this to be the best cough syrup manufactured in the whole world. This is saying a great deal but it is true. For coughs, colds, consumption, sore throat, sore chest, pneumonia, bronchitis, asthma, croup, whooping cough and all diseases of the throat and lungs, we positively guarantee Ballard's Horehound Syrup to be without an equal on the whole face of the globe. In support of this statement we refer to every individual who has ever used it and to every druggist who has ever sold it. Such evidence is indisputable. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by R. W. Wilkins & Co.

Our fall stock is now complete, prices the lowest. The Racket.

Buy your coal, hard and soft, of Edwards & Bradford Lumber Co.

Prevent disease by using Miller's hog Fever Cure. R. W. Wilkins & Co.

A Sound Liver Makes a Well Man.

Are you bilious, constipated, or troubled with jaundice, sick headache, bad taste in mouth, foul breath, coated tongue, dyspepsia, indigestion, hot dry skin, pain in back and between the shoulders, chills, fever, &c? If you have any of these symptoms, your liver is out of order, and your blood is slowly being poisoned, because your liver does not act promptly. HEARNE will cure any disorder of the Stomach, Liver or Bowels. It has no equal as a liver medicine. Price 75 cents. Sold by Wilkins & Co.

Chattel Mortgage Sale.

Oct. 22—8 w.

By virtue of a chattel mortgage executed by Thos. R. Suddall and L. C. G. Ellsby to Philco & Son on May 3rd, 1894, and filed in the office of the Clerk of Wayne County, Neb. on the 2nd day of October, 1894, to secure the payment of one promissory note for the sum of \$15.00 with interest at 10 per cent. from date and on which there is now due the sum of \$17.49 and \$2.75 costs and accruing costs and default having been made in payment of same, we have therefore taken the property described in the said mortgage to-wit: One New Orleans Planter. Which we will expose for sale to the highest bidder for each of the offices of Philco & Son in Wayne on Saturday, Nov. 14th, 1896, at two o'clock p. m. Dated this 22nd day of October, 1896. PHILCO & SON, Mortgagees.

BECKER & DEGAN,

DEALERS IN Stockers, Feeders and Fat Cattle. South Omaha, Neb.

Their Wayne Agents, Perry & Porterfield, will have Stockers and Feeders on hand for sale at all times. Call on or address

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