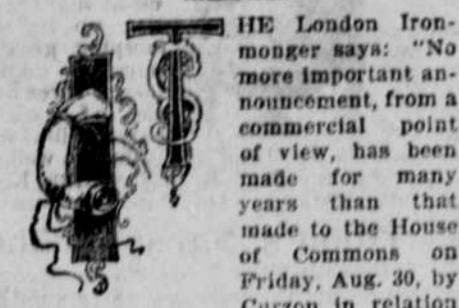


OPENING UP AFRICA.

BREATH OF THE IRON HORSE IN FAR INTERIOR.

Indirectly the Capital Sent from America in Interest in Doing Great Good in the Dark Continent—Dusky Merchants.



THE London Iron-monger says: "No more important announcement from a commercial point of view, has been made for many years than that made to the House of Commons on Friday, Aug. 30, by Carzon in relation to the Uganda railway. The government has substantially adopted the recommendations of the department committee (including such experienced authorities on African matters as Sir John Kirk, Colonel Colville, Sir Alexander Rendel, Sir Montagu Ommamney, and Sir Percy Anderson), and have decided to construct a line of railway from the coast at Mombasa to Uganda, on the great Victoria Nyanza lake. The line will be about 650 miles in length, and will cost something like £2,900,000 sterling. It was suggested that the line should be made up to a place called Kikuyu, a distance of about 300 miles from the coast, but the government have wisely, as we think, decided to go right through to the lake, thus opening up to commerce an enormous area of east Central Africa, through the upper waters of the Nile, through the lakes, and for hundreds of miles around them. The exact gauge of the railway has not yet been settled, but it will probably be one of 3 feet 6 inches, similar to that of many thousands of miles in length. The government have decided not to employ contractors, but will construct the line themselves, partly for the sake of economy, but chiefly in order to avoid friction and trouble with the natives during the period of construction. There is reason for believing that the general principles of construction will be on Indian lines, and it is probable that steel sleepers will be used on part, at all events, of the track. It is estimated that the line will speedily be on a paying basis, and, as Mr. Carzon thinks it can afford to carry for £17 a ton goods which now cost £180 a ton by native porters, there should be the best prospects of success—indeed, the estimate is that only 63 tons a week, or 3,500 tons a year, will give the £60,000 a year set down for the working expenses. The probability is that the receipts will greatly exceed the estimate, seeing that steamers will be placed upon the lake, and will be almost certain to create a big trade with the natives. Moreover, as part of the railway will pass over lands some 7,000 or 8,000 feet above sea level, there is every likelihood of European or Hindoo settlers taking up such lands for tea coffee, etc., growing purposes. The natives are said to be born traders on many parts of the route, and it is quite likely that the passenger traffic may become of considerable proportions. In any event the opening of this line of railway through a district with a population of many millions, and influencing directly and indirectly an area with a population of some 40,000,000 to 60,000,000, must be of the highest possible importance to British trade. The construction of the line will be watched with the utmost interest, and the openings for trade given by it will need to be zealously and carefully cultivated by our manufacturers and merchants."

Collection of Handkerchiefs.
Tourists returning from abroad report a new fad which has, for the moment at least, superseded the erstwhile popular craze for souvenir spoons; instead, milady now collects dainty handkerchiefs. From the days of Josephine to the present the handkerchief has been an important item in the expenditure of a fastidious woman; a good dresser considers her toilet incomplete without a bit of snowy lawn or linen, which, though scarcely ever seen, and it may be severely plain, must yet be above reproach with regard to fineness of texture. An inveterate globe trotter, who has just returned from the other side, rejoices in an exquisite collection of these cobwebby nothings. At every city or town where she stopped, no matter how short her stay or how insignificant the village, another square of linen was faithfully added to her spoils, and, curiously enough, she readily recalls where each was purchased. So that her handkerchiefs, in a measure, serve her as a sort of note book.

Summer Flowers Bloom in the Fall.
Nature is cutting up queer antics in Richland, Mich., since the rains set in breaking the long drought. Wild flowers that should have blossomed in May and June are now in full bloom, and apple and plum trees are bearing ripe fruit and blossoms on the same branch. Fields of beans that were planted late have the ripened pods, green beans and beans in blossom in the same hill. Garden seeds which were planted last spring and did not sprout are growing now, and farmers are having their second growth of early vegetables.

Seven-Pound Mushrooms.
One of the largest mushrooms seen in years was brought to St. Thomas, Ont., by a Michigan Central railroad employe. It weighs seven pounds and measures forty-four inches in circumference. Railroad employes report that there are tons of mushrooms all along the line of the Michigan Central railroad.

THE BUNGTOWN BAZOO.

News from Our Esteemed Contemporary Published at the County Seat.

We noticed in our last that fall grain was moving off briskly. What we meant was that it was moving off in sacks and at night, toward the Bulkley Ford neighborhood. We are onto you. Major Slocome was in town this week to sell a load of wild swamp hay. After trying all day to sell it and failing to do so, he came to the Bazoo office and wanted to sell it to us and turn it on five years' back subscription. We took it and sold it next day to a carriage factory to stuff cushions and lazybacks. We take anything from a town lot to a second-hand liver pad. Now is the time to subscribe.

Welker Fossburg, Squash Valley.—Your pig is weak. Evidently lacks iron in his blood. If you could get some pig iron it would be preferable.

Amanda Muggs, Turaoover Hill.—The drink you speak of is made as follows: Take a gallon of water in which pumpkin has been boiled and sweeten it with Porto Rico molasses. Add two cloves and filter through a gunnysack. Set it in a cool place and forget where it is.

We forget to mention with the personals that Mr. Charles Scaddings of Vinchburg will spend three months in this city this fall. Ninety days the judge called it.

Jagson Jones—You pertinently ask: "If we are to get no more seeds from Washington why do we maintain the agricultural bureau?" We cannot say unless Secretary Morton keeps his Sunday clothes in it.

Charley Hess.—Your letter is harder to make out than the contents of a "frankfurter sausage." Write plainer.

Silas B.—You say nothing harder to raise than turkeys. Have you tried raising money recently?

Silas Greengoods, Esq.—We suggest as a good name for your prize steer—"Bunce."

Found His Overcoat.

The train stopped in the great dark station of a New England city and a gentleman who had been dozing during the last hour of his journey got up in haste, seized his bag and hurried out of the car. In a moment he came rushing back; he had forgotten his overcoat, says the Youth's Companion. But no overcoat was there, for his son had come along from the smoking car, recognized it and carried it out.

"Where's my coat?" exclaimed the owner, excitedly, diving under the seat and knocking off his hat as he rose. "This is my seat! I'm sure I left it here."

But the persons sitting near had just entered the car and took no interest in him; nobody answered. Out he hurried and again missed his son, who had gone into the station to inquire about tickets. He was sure his coat must be in that car. There was nothing for it but to go back, and back he went.

Meanwhile a lady attired in black, with a long crape veil over her face, entered the seat he had vacated and sunk wearily back in the corner, her veil over her face. In rushed the excited gentleman. The train was about to start and if he was to find his coat it was now or never.

"There it is," he cried in triumph. "I knew it was there!"

He plunged forward and literally grabbed at—the veiled lady. She shrieked, he gasped an apology, the train started and he plunged out of the car.

Failed in Part.

Father-in-Law—"What! Only six months married and looking so heavy-hearted? What's the matter?"

Son-in-Law—"Well, father, to tell the truth, married life hasn't turned out quite as exhilarating as it promised. In fact, it's been quite a failure."

Father-in-Law—"That all comes, my dear boy, from your failing to obey my injunction."

Son-in-Law—"What was that?"

Father-in-Law—"Have you forgotten so soon? Don't you remember that when you came to ask me for my daughter I said to you: 'Take her and be happy? You took her all right, but have evidently slighted the last part of my injunction.'—Richmond Dispatch.

Death's Strict Account.

First Physician—Few recognize the power of music as a curative agent. I know of a case of a dying boy whose attention was so aroused by the sound of music in the room that it brought on a strong reaction, and he got well.

Second Physician—I know of a case of a dying man who was so aroused by the sound of music under his window that he sprang up and threw out a boot-jack. But death had demanded a victim and got it.

"Did the sick man die?"

"No, but the organ-grinder did."

Can't Bloom in Their Yard.

The Chicago Telephone company has issued the following order to the hello girls in the company's service: "Operators will not be permitted to report at this building at any hour of the day or night in bloomer costume, nor to assume that attire before departure for home."

Logical.

"Can you tell me, professor," asked Grishy, "what an extempore pianist is? I see that the performances of such a pianist are advertised."

"Certainly," said the professor. "Ext. out of; tempo, time; an extempore pianist is one that plays out of time."—Boston Transcript.

And They Never Go There.

Bessie—Mamma, there won't be any apartment houses in heaven, will there? Her Mother—Why not, dear?

Bessie—Cause, how could they run 'em without janitors?

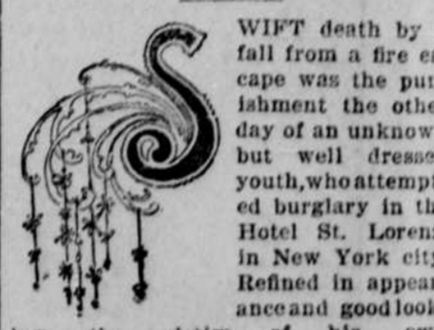


Special Palmyra, Mo., Correspondence.—Palmyra being one of the historic towns of Missouri—historic as the birthplace and home of many distinguished men and beautiful women, it is natural that the daughters of the patrician circle should reflect the culture and refinement of their forefathers. This little city is noted far and wide for its almost ideal conditions of society, beauty of character, grace of mind and bearing being the requisites for admission into the charmed precincts of the first set. Only a few of the pretty girls of the City of Flowers are here described. 1. Miss Hattie Etta Willock is a lovely demimonde with expressive blue eyes and a form of delicate symmetry. She is a decided favorite both with the old and young, being a charming entertainer and taking a special delight in pleasing her host of friends.

TUMBLES TO DEATH.

BURGLAR IN FINE CLOTHES MEETS AN AWFUL FATE.

Was Discovered by a Sick Boy, Rushed to the Fire Escape But Missed His Footing and Was Precipitated to the Ground.



WIFT death by a fall from a fire escape was the punishment the other day of an unknown but well dressed youth, who attempted burglary in the Hotel St. Lorenz, in New York city. Refined in appearance and good looking, the victim of his own thirst for money, he is plainly no ordinary criminal, and the police believe that identification of the body will bring unexpected disgrace to some household. Hotel St. Lorenz is one of the most expensive family hotels in New York. It is provided with fire escapes on the front, and there is an ornamental entrance that would afford an agile climber comparatively easy access to the first fire escape. Richard Mears, the proprietor, says that no one ever climbed to the fire escape in that way, but in no other way could this would-be burglar have succeeded in reaching the sixth floor.

Hugo Wedels, a rice broker, lives with his family on this floor. The oldest of his four children, Hugo, a youth of 18, sleeps in a room on the front of the house. Hugo was aroused at 3:30 o'clock in the morning by a strong draught blowing on him. He is just recovering from a recent operation, and is peculiarly susceptible to draughts.

"Papa, close the window," he called out, without opening his eyes. He heard some one in the room and supposing it was his father, spoke again. Then he opened his eyes and saw a strange man with a revolver in his hand coming toward the bed. "Papa, burglars!" he called, at the top of his voice. The intruder rushed to the window and jumped out on the fire escape. Young Wedels sprang out of bed and reached the window just in time to see the burglar hurrying down the iron ladder of the fire escape to the floor below. Wedels pressed the button of the burglar alarm, which was sounded in the office. Michael Rudayoff, the night watchman, ran up the six flights of stairs, club in hand, and on hearing Wedels' story hurried down

again to intercept the burglar. He saw no one in the street and rapped for the police.

He heard a low groan from the arway in front of the house and looked over the railing. There lay the crushed and bleeding form of a young man. He tried to speak as the awakened guests crowded about him, but could not. Before an ambulance could be secured he lapsed into unconsciousness. He was hurried to a hospital and died shortly after reaching there. The dead burglar is almost boyish in appearance, but is apparently about 25 years old. He was dressed in a cutaway suit and derby hat, and their good condition would seem to disprove the theory that he was a man without a home. Before he climbed the fire escape he had taken off a pair of clean cuffs, fastened by gold links, and left them on the escape. His face bore traces of refinement. It was round and smooth save for a small, blonde moustache. His hands were as soft as a woman's. In his pocket was found a revolver. Unless his body is identified it will be buried in the potter's field.

3. Miss Susie May Gillispie is a fair representative of the fair sex of our town. She is a pronounced blonde of the fairest type. She is extremely vivacious, and, with her cheerfulness and kindly ways, has made herself popular with all who come within her influence. Miss Gillispie is a musician of rare ability.

4. A most charming debutante is Miss Ethel Austin. Miss Austin is petite in form, possessing a figure of matchless symmetry. The sweet disposition and confiding, manners so characteristic of her childhood are blossoming into the rarest qualities of womanhood.

5. Miss L. Alexander Valliant, the youngest member of this group, is without question the most popular girl in Palmyra. She has a lovely suit of rich auburn hair, a delightful pair of mis-

chievous blue eyes, clear complexion, a handsome face, lively, winning ways. She is a conversationalist of more than ordinary ability, and upon all occasions she displays a polished courtesy and pleasing affability.

6. Miss Jessie Spencer represents an unusual type, uniting in the tout ensemble of her being the intellectual, the musical, the social forces which the god who presides over the distribution of gifts occasionally deigns to bestow upon one individual. Miss Spencer is the fortunate possessor of a classical education and a rich contralto voice, and is eminently fitted to lead with grace the social world in which she reigns.

7. Miss Katharine Brown is a perfect blonde. She is of medium height, elegantly proportioned form, graceful bearing and has an admirable disposition. She is a favorite and is much in demand at all social affairs. She is dignified in manner and her ability to entertain is unquestioned.

A Few Century Runs.

Recent deaths: Mrs. Anna Maria Lawrence Sparling, Quebec, 191 years 3 months; Mrs. Chatty Elliot, Deadwood, 100 years, 4 months, 24 days.

Nice old ladies in lace caps: Mrs. Elizabeth Blackburn, Fond du Lac, Wis., 100; Mrs. Hannah Bartow, 100, New Brunswick, N. J.; Mrs. Polly Rials, Williamson county, Tennessee, 100 next month; Grandma Husted, Mayville, Mich., 100.

The oldest lawyer: Judge Karl Siegmund, Uelzen, Germany, 102. He practiced until 1892.

Miss Lueretia Estes, Rockland, Me., is 100 and threads her own needle without specs.

Two extremely old "aunties" are Sophia Moore, of Baltimore, who is 112 and says she saw Washington, and Henrietta de Hart, 136, of Carlsbad, N. J.

Veterans of life's battle: Joseph Field, 193, of Red Bank, N. J., who drinks applejack; one Schiader, a 103-year-old jankeeper of Scott county, Ia.; Peter Johnson of Fayetteville, 169.

Mrs. Fish's Explosive Catnap.

Mrs. L. B. Fish, of Hamilton, Minn., was seriously injured by the explosion of a bottle of catnap which she held in her hands. The broken glass inflicted several severe wounds on her face, hands and breast. She is now recovering from the shock.

A stag party would be twice as enjoyable if a few dears were invited.

Don't expect impossibilities from your husband.

Don't snub him in the presence of strangers.

Don't henpeck him just because you know he is quiet and will stand it.

Don't treat him as if you had come down off a pedestal to marry him.

Don't worry him to death because you cannot have your dearest wish gratified.

Don't run to your mother with all his faults; rather keep his good qualities to light and hide his failures.

Don't think that, now you are married, he doesn't care whether you curl your hair or not.

Don't expect him to be amiable with a breakfast of tough steak, greasy potatoes, cold rolls and muddy coffee.

Don't have cold suppers. Remember, the nearest way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

Don't sit up waiting for your husband. Go to bed; get all the sleep you can. In the morning when you are looking and feeling the best, if you have anything to say, say it; nine chances out of ten you will win.—Interior.

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CURLY CUES.

She—And you expect me to go sailing with you with nothing on my head? He—Oh, come along; you'll strike plenty of white-caps before you get far.—New York World.

Paying Cashier—Madam, you'll have to get some one to introduce you before I can cash this check." Lady (haughtily)—But I don't care to know you, sir!—Tit-Bits.

Miss Madison Square—Can you explain how it is that where one hundred men abound not more than one woman can be found who is in the least dishonest? Miss Fremont—Certainly; the women have no extravagant wives.

Captain Bluecoat—Policeman 2178, what is your beat? No. 2178—Der apple woman on der corner 'Steenh and Salforth, der Giganlic Dry Goods Kumpny, an' Pat O'Toole's saloon; but I derivides wid der sergeant.—New York World.

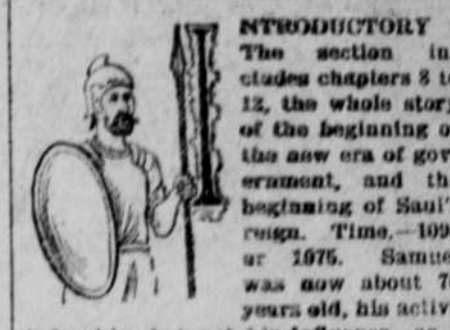
She—You're just like all the rest of the men. Here we've been married only a year and you never kiss me unless I ask you to. He—Huh! You're just like all the rest of the women. You never think to ask me to kiss you unless you want money.—Sketch.

"Father," asked little Johnny, "is there really any difference between selling liquor at a drug store and at a saloon?" "A great deal of difference, my son," replied Johnny's father. "A drug store license costs only one dollar, and a saloon license one thousand dollars."—Boston Transcript.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI.—SUNDAY, NOV. 10.—SAUL CHOSEN KING.

Golden Text: The Lord Reigneth; Let the Earth Rejoice—1 Samuel, x: 17-27—Samuel and the New Era—Preparing for Saul.



judgeship, but not his influence as a prophet and a man of God, being near its end. David was a boy of 19 or 12 years, living in Bethlehem. Today's lesson includes 1 Samuel x: 17-27.

17. And Samuel called the people together unto the Lord to Mizpeh.

18. And said unto the children of Israel, thus saith the Lord God of Israel, I brought you Israel out of Egypt, and delivered you out of the hand of the Egyptians, and out of the hand of all kingdoms, and of them that oppressed you.

19. And ye have this day rejected your God, who himself saved you out of all your adversities and your tribulations and ye have said unto him, Nay, but set a king over us. Now therefore present yourselves before the Lord by your tribes, and by your thousands.

20. And when Samuel had caused all the tribes of Israel to come near, the tribe of Benjamin was taken.

21. When he had caused the tribe of Benjamin to come near by their families, the family of Matri was taken, and Saul, the son of Kish, was taken; and when they sought him, he could not be found.

22. Therefore they inquired of the Lord further, if the man should yet come hither. And the Lord answered, Behold, he hath hid himself among the stuff.

23. And they ran and fetched him thence; and when he stood among the people, he was higher than any of the people from his shoulders and upward.

24. And Samuel said to all the people, See ye him whom the Lord hath chosen, that there is none like him among all the people? And all the people shouted, and said, God save the king.

25. Then Samuel told the people the manner of the kingdom, and wrote it in a book, and laid it up before the Lord. And Samuel sent all the people away, every man to his house.

26. And Saul went home to Gibeah; and there went with him a band of men, whose hearts God had touched.

27. But the children of Bellai said, How shall this man save us? And they despised him, and brought him no presents. But he held his peace.

Explanatory: The Election of Saul as King.—Va. 17-25. 17. Samuel called the people to Mizpeh, the hill near Ramah, his home, where the great assemblies were often held. 19. By your tribes, and thousands, as the people were organized. 20. The choice was first made by lot, so that it would be shown to the people that the king was selected by God, and therefore they could safely accept him. Saul was naturally fitted to be king. 21. When they sought him, he could not be found.

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