

THE GERMAN PREMIER

Personality of Dr. Von Bethmann-Hollweg, the New Chancellor.

RESERVED AND THOUGHTFUL.

Prince von Bulow's Successor is Emperor William's College Friend and Has Been Called "the Philosopher Statesman"—A Man of Convincing Thought and Substance.

Dr. Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg, former secretary of the interior and vice chancellor, who was recently appointed by the kaiser chancellor of the German empire in succession to Prince von Bulow, is a college friend of Emperor William II. They were fraternity brothers in the Borussia corps at Bonn, and during the entire reign of William Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg often has advised his majesty. But he has shown a disinclination to accept high office. He is a man of reserved and thoughtful habits and has been called "the philosopher statesman."

Natural and Simple in Bearing. He is a tall man with a long face, emphasized by a small, dark, pointed beard. Emperor William often has found rest and comfort in Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg's repose of manner and agreeable conversation, and he is one of the few frequenters of the court whose bearing toward his majesty is natural and simple.

Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg is of Jewish origin. The Bethmann family left Holland two centuries ago on account of its religion and settled in Frankfurt, where the men engaged in banking. His great-grandmother married John James Hollweg, who added his wife's name to his own. His grandfather was the first member of the family to enter public service. He became a professor of jurisprudence at the Bonn university and received a patent of nobility for his learning. Later he was made a member of the Prussian diet and became active in the constitutional agitation of the forties, and ten years later he was appointed to the Liberal cabinet as minister of education.

Often Rode With the Kaiser. Prince von Bulow's successor is fifty-three years old. In youth he studied law, always the first step to a public career, and was appointed assistant judge. Before he was thirty years old he was made district governor of Ober-Barnim and later became provincial president of Potsdam. For three years there he saw much of his majesty, and the two took long walks and rides together. It was the doctor's custom to ride out with his majesty in an old tweed suit of sober cut, and he always selected a quiet horse.

Following his sojourn at Potsdam Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg's promotion was rapid. He became president of the government of Bromberg and president of the province of Brandenburg, from which post he took up the portfolio of Prussian minister of the interior. He followed Posadowsky as imperial minister and showed in parliament his powers of plain and effective statement. He is without the graces of expression and the wit of Prince von Bulow, but is a man of convincing thought and substance.

Prepared Important Laws. Since he became minister of the interior Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg has distinguished himself by preparing an Imperial Insurance law and a law controlling a right of assemblage, both of which passed the reichstag. Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg in his political principles is a mild Conservative, but he is most particular in the application to himself of the traditional policy that the servants of the crown must be nonpartisan. While he was district governor of Bromberg the Conservative interests sought to use his influence in a local election, and he explained indignantly, "I am an administrative official, not an election agent."

He Earned It. One bleak winter morning a cold looking individual walked into a small cafe. "Morning," he said cheerily, addressing himself to the white aproned attendant behind the bar. "Morning," was the reply. "How'd you like a sherry and egg this morning?" continued the stranger. "Well, that sounds very good to me. Are you going to treat?" "I'll furnish the eggs if you will contribute the sherry."

"Done," agreed the proprietor. "All right. I'll be back in a minute," the frosted one called over his shoulder as he walked toward the door. Into the street and around the corner he made his way and halted before the temple of fame stands upon the grave. The flame that burns upon its altars is kindled from the ashes of dead men.

Both Tainted. "You are in the employ of that millionaire up on the hill, aren't you?" snapped the sharp faced woman who ran the butter and egg shop. "Yes, ma'am," responded the man in the white apron, "and I want two pounds of butter for my master's table. He said he'd send to town after it, only the roads are so bad." "He did, eh? Well, we are not particular about his trade. Did you tell him I said his money was tainted?" "Indeed, I did." "And what did he say?" "Said so was your blamed old butler."—Chicago News.

A Quaint London Custom. It is curious how few persons have noticed the ancient and quaint custom which is observed every evening during the term in the walks of the Middle Temple of sounding the call that warns members of the Inn that it is time to dress for dinner in the hall at 6. The custom is as old as the Middle Temple itself, where it alone exists. At about 5:30 p. m. the warden on duty emerges from a side door of the hall with an old fashioned cow horn, richly ornamented with silver, and commencing in Fountaincourt, blows a sustained blast on it, which he repeats in New court, Essex court, Brick court, Pump court, Elm court and at the entrance to Crown office row. The whole operation lasts about ten minutes, and when it is over the warden, who is a kind of head in plain livery, returns the horn to the butler's pantry. No body seems to take any notice of the horn blowing except small boys and ticket porters, who occasionally chaff the warden while he is engaged in his musical efforts.—Westminster Gazette.

Work Fascinating. There is an indescribable fascination about work. The latest man in town will stand watching with evident enjoyment the labors of a street gang laying pavement.—Fort Worth Record.

Suits the Case. "That prisoner over yonder, warden, has rather a mischievous look." "Do you think so?" "Yes, quite a rough expression."—Baltimore American.

Exercise and Eating. There can be no exercise without eating. Neither can there be any eating without exercise.—Good Health.

Mind Your Own Business. An old custom once prevailed in a remote place in England of giving a clock to any one who would truthfully swear that he had minded his own business alone for a year and a day and had not meddled with his neighbors. Many came, but few, if any, gained the prize, which was more difficult to win than the Dumfrow filch of bacon. Though they swore on the four gospels and held out their hands in certain hope, some hitch was sure to be found somewhere, and for all their asseverations the clock remained stationary on the shelf, no one being able to prove his absolute immunity from uncalled for interference in things not in any way concerning himself. At last a young man came with a perfectly clear record, and the clock seemed as if it was at last about to change owners. Then said the custodian, "Oh, a young man was here yesterday and made mighty sure he was going to have the clock, but he didn't." "And why didn't he get it?" "What's that to you?" snapped the custodian. "That's not your business, and you don't get the clock."

Football as Played in Labrador. One must not imagine it is all work and no play with the Labrador Eskimos. Much to my surprise, I found that our good old game of football had taken hold in Ungava. The game is played with a ball of sealskin stuffed with grass. The goals are placed much the same as in our own game, and each player is armed with a short handled sling made of several things of seal hide bent in loops and attached to a wooden handle. The ball may either be tossed in the sling, kicked or, should opportunity offer, picked up and carried. Rough tactics are not barred. I have seen a man tossed in the air and pitched headforemost into a snow bank, while pushing, tripping and blocking are all freely indulged in.—Recreation.

Ready Excuse. Beggar—Say, boss, won't you help a poor fellow out of a job? Joakley—Gracious! Can't you get out of it without my help? Pretend you're sick or something.—Philadelphia Press.

A Question of Color. The enormous difficulties of color terminology are illustrated by a customer's "exact statement of her requirements" in a large Deansgate establishment one day. "Something in blue taffeta silk, please. I don't want anything as dark as navy blue nor anything as light as Cambridge blue, but something darker than Eton blue and yet a little off from an electric blue and hardly a sky blue—more like a robin's egg blue and yet not quite so light, but not an indigo blue, but something like this tint; I think they call it morning glory blue, which is something like a turquoise blue and yet not quite so light as that and yet not so dark quite as this aquamarine blue nor so light as baby blue. Now, if you have anything in the shade I have described, please show it to me." The intelligent assistant unrolled a length, a cross between the blue devils and the deep sea, with the remark: "This is the shade of blue you require, madam. It is called 'London milk'."—Dyer and Calico Printer.

Professional Relics. Doctor to lawyer going through the medical museum—Your profession does not offer any opportunity for the collection of professional relics. Lawyer—I am not so sure about that. I have a unique collection of family skeletons at my office.—Puck.

FORGOT ONE THING.

Oversight of the Man Who Tried to Make Hens' Eggs.

A New Jersey man felt that he had at last invented a process for manufacturing eggs. He experimented until he discovered the component parts of a natural egg—the milk, fibrin, phosphorus and all the rest—and hastened to secure them. Then he announced to the druggist whom he patronized for his chemicals that all he needed now to insure success was cold weather, when eggs would sell for 50 and 60 cents a dozen. December saw the looked for period arrive, and the inventor's new copper kettle was set over the flame of the kitchen gas range. The mixture was placed in it, and the scientist proceeded to operate with a blowpipe. The fibrin, the phosphorus and the rest of the chemicals stood it as long as they could and their expressed their feelings in a mighty explosion. The neighbors sought their cellars, while the glass in windows and doors fell in splinters.

Discussing his failure with the druggist and other friends, among them Congressman Gardner of New Jersey, the puzzled alchemist said for the tenth time: "Perhaps I forgot to include some essential in my formula." "Yes," said Mr. Gardner dryly, "you did forget something." "And do you know what it was?" eagerly queried the experimenter. "I certainly do," said the congressman. "Tell me—tell me what it is and for time will be assured to us both." "A hen—just a common, ordinary hen," replied the congressman from Egg Harbor unfeelingly.—National Magazine.

He Went Back. At a ball in Edinburgh a well known and charming hostess, wishing to get a partner for one of her guests, asked a gentleman if she might introduce him to a young lady. "Oh, yes," he drawled affectedly. "Trot her out." "This was overheard by the intended partner, who was remarkable for her native wit as well as her beauty. So when the youth was introduced to her she calmly surveyed him, from head to foot and then quietly said: "Thank you. Now trot him back, please."

President Taft's Capacity For Work. "When Taft was on the bench in Ohio he worked more hours than most men," said John M. Warrington of Cincinnati recently appointed to the federal bench position once occupied by the present executive. "He had a regular course of exercise, which he followed out every day. That consisted of walking to and from the court-room, about four miles each way, and he never deviated from it. The president is a man of the greatest capacity mentally and physically. He can pass through a greater amount of work in a shorter time than any man of my acquaintance, and if any one thinks that his avocations is merely soft flesh that person makes a big mistake. Taft is a man of wonderful physical strength. His muscles are iron."

FASHION WRINKLES. The New Bridal Trunk—Graduation Dresses of the Season.

A pretty finish for a waist of a colored cotton or linen frock that meets a yoke of white embroidery or lingerie is made from white pique. Suppose the yoke is square. A band of the pique four inches wide is shaped to fit, with an extension front that runs down the waist line. This is buttoned in small scallops with mercerized thread and further decorated with groups of dots, varying in size. Graduation dresses for young girls show a great deal of hand embroidery and are made in princess style or blouse effects to wear with lace or satin girdles. The new bridal trunks are long and open lengthwise, with hatbox and

Thought It Was a Bird. There was a battle in Glasgow some years ago whose knowledge of natural history was limited. One day when on the bench the following case came before him: A man who had a squirrel, on going to the country for a short time, left the squirrel in charge of a neighbor. The neighbor when attending to the animal accidentally left the door of its cage open, and without being seen it made its escape. On his return the owner of the squirrel was very angry at the man for his carelessness and brought an action against him, demanding compensation for the loss of his pet. The battle heard both parties and then gave the following as his decision: "No doubt you did wrong to open the cage door, but," turning to the pursuer, "you was wrong, too, for you should have clipped the beast's wings." "It's a quadruped, yer honor!" said the man. "Quadruped here or quadruped there, if ye had clipped its wings it couldn't have flown awa'." I dismiss the case."

Only a Sample. A crotchety old farmer of Massachusetts had trouble with a neighbor and as a result sought his counsel. "I want you to write him a letter and tell him this here foolishness he's got for stop," he declared firmly. "I know what I want to say, but I ain't got the harn't to put it just right." "What do you want to say?" the lawyer asked. "Well, begin by tellin' him that he's the durnest, thifin'est, thov'n'est, low-downest skunk on arth and then work up."—Lippincott's.

Strong on System. At a certain coal mine in New Mexico the superintendent was greatly annoyed from time to time by employees moving into and out of the company's houses without due notification of their frequent changes of domicile. It became quite impossible to keep the rent accounts straight on the office books, and finally the superintendent in his exasperation resolved upon stringent measures. He therefore posted the following notice, which is given verbatim—orthography, syntax and all: Notice to all employees. February the 11th. Any Person or Persons that Moves into A house Without My Consent shall be Put Out Without any Ceremony. Dam it I Must and Will have some System. (Signed) BEN FILSTER.

A Very Polite Reporter. "When I was city editor of a little paper in a southern city," said a newspaper man, "I wanted an interview with a senator who was visiting in a nearby city, but our man there wired that he had failed to get the interview because the senator had taken a train for Washington and that we might catch him ourselves when the train passed through our city. Hastily searching a time table, I found that the train mentioned was due in a few minutes. There being no other reporter at hand, I seized Bud Lunkly, a raw reporter fresh from the country, told him to meet this train at the station and get some sort of expression from the senator on a subject then of much importance. "Some time later Bud strolled calmly in and informed me that after a personal search of every car on the train he had failed to find the senator. "Do you mean that you looked into all the sleeping berths, Bud?" said I. "Yep; that's what I done," said Bud. "But, Bud," I exclaimed in consternation, "weren't a good many of these berths occupied by ladies?" "Sure," said Bud. "But what did you do when you found a lady who had retired?" "When I busted the curtain open and looked in and a woman jumped up and screamed I took off my hat and says, 'That's all right, lady; you ain't the man I'm looking fer!'"

Stuck to His Work. Barry Pain, the humorist, at a gathering of artists one evening was called upon for a speech. "Gentlemen," he said, "being present at a gathering in which art is so largely represented, I feel it incumbent upon me to say a few words concerning the subject of painting. Speaking personally, my only efforts in that direction were on an occasion when I enamored our bath. My friends said to me, 'My dear fellow, it's no good your going in for painting unless you're prepared to stick to your work.'" "Well," concluded Mr. Pain, amid the laughter of his audience, "I did stick to it."

The Newspaper. Henry Ward Beecher once said: "In the United States every worthy citizen reads a newspaper and owns it. A newspaper is a window through which men look out on all that is going on in the world. Without a newspaper a man is shut up in a small room and knows little or nothing of what is happening outside of himself. A good newspaper will keep a man in sympathy with the world's current history. It is an ever unfolding encyclopedia, an unbound book, forever issuing and never finished."

Jennie's Excuse. "Why don't you say 'Thank you,' Johnnie, when you are handed anything?" said Mrs. Brown at the table. "Your sister always says it." "Yes," replied little Johnnie, "she's a woman and always wants to have the last word."—Once a Week.

The Day of Rest. Carrie's sister May, six years of age, on being asked why the Sabbath day was different from the other days in the week answered very carelessly, "Oh, that's the day you pin things on, 'stead of sewing.'"—Delineator.

It Depends. Wigwag (trying to think of insomnia)—When you haven't been able to sleep for about a week what do you call it? Youngpop—What is it, a boy or girl?—Philadelphia Record.

Dallas Makes It Three Apiece.

Norfolk's Standing.

Dallas now has won three games and Norfolk three. Looks like we'll have to have another rubber to decide who's who. Two Young men pitched against each other in Saturday's game between Dallas and Norfolk. Cy Young won his game, though Mr. Young of Norfolk won the six innings of the game he pitched. So both of the Young pitchers had cause to feel satisfied with the day's work. Dallas made no scores after Archie Ward, who was too crippled to attempt to pitch and went into the box at the start against his will, had retired in favor of Young. Score, 5 to 2. Charlie Smith of Tilden umpired the game. Archie Ward had been crippled for three days, and it wasn't his turn to throw the ball. He complained of his condition, but did the best he could under the circumstances, and even at that he delivered some foibles. All the scores made by the visitors came in the first and third innings—four in the first and one in the third—and then Mr. Young went into the tossing game with a whitewash brush that painted without a mar for the next six straight times in.

The lead of five scores, however, was too much for the local bat boys to overcome, particularly when it is remembered that Cy Young for Dallas pitched a wonderful game of baseball, himself. That boy Cy has the variety and the speed and he drew his team out of a number of deep holes that had "Danzel" marked all around them. Only by phenomenal work did they keep the victory in the Rosebudders' hands. A long slide to second by Neno and a high one-handed spearing exhibition by Pitts were circus features of the contest. Anderson and Graham, Gregory men afflicting with their arch enemies of the Rosebud, made two of the Dallas scores, but evened up with three errors, made by Graham in overthrows to first. Because of Buckmaster's wrenched knee, he was unable to preside at first and Hopper of Stanton was substituted. He wasn't "there" and was replaced by Schoenauer. On account of the condition of the diamond the game against the South Omaha colored team, scheduled for Sunday, expired in its tracks. Saturday's score: Dallas—AB. R. H. PO. A. E. Reynolds, lf.....5 1 1 1 1 0 0 Anderson, ss.....4 1 1 1 3 0 0 Vashburn, cf.....4 2 1 0 0 0 0 Graham, 3b.....4 1 2 2 5 2 0 Pitts, 2b.....5 0 5 1 1 0 0 George, c.....4 0 3 6 0 0 0 Taylor, rf.....2 0 0 1 0 0 0 Nevitt, lb.....4 0 1 1 1 0 0 Young, p.....4 0 0 1 0 1 0 Totals.....34 5 9 27 12 3 Norfolk—AB. R. H. PO. A. E. Tottenhoff, lf.....4 0 0 0 0 0 0 Neno, ss.....4 1 2 3 2 0 0 Brown, 3b.....4 0 1 3 5 0 0 Lusinsky, c.....3 1 2 6 1 0 0 South, 2b.....3 0 0 1 3 0 0 Hopper, lb and cf.....2 0 0 0 1 0 0 Schoenauer, cf & lb.....1 0 0 1 0 0 Haak, rf.....4 0 0 1 0 0 0 Young, p.....3 0 0 0 1 0 0 Ward, p.....1 0 0 0 1 0 0 Totals.....32 2 5 26 11 2 Score by Innings: R. H. E. Dallas.....4 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 5 9 3 Norfolk.....0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 2 5 2 Summary: Two-base hits—Neno, Anderson. Double plays—Schoenauer to South; Reynolds to Pitts; Nevitt to Pitts. Struck-out—By Ward, 3; by Young 2; by Cy Young (Dallas), 6. Bases on balls—Off Young, 2; off Ward, 2; by pitched balls—By Ward, 2; by Young, 2. Stolen bases—Neno, Reynolds. Time, 2:05. Umpire, Smith of Tilden.

Electric Storm Strikes Neigh. Neigh, Neb., Aug. 9.—Special to The News: Neigh and vicinity experienced one of the most severe electrical storms this season Saturday evening and Sunday morning. Although a great amount of electricity was displayed about 9 o'clock in the evening, which was accompanied by a heavy rain, the most serious damage by lightning happened between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock Sunday morning. Fire was discovered in the west part of town at the barn of Mrs. C. A. Hathaway. The alarm was immediately turned in, but before the fire department arrived the structure was doomed and only the buildings adjoining were prevented from catching. The insurance on this property had elapsed some time ago, and in consequence the loss is total. Lightning struck the residence property of C. Penn in the east part of the city, and left its mark in every room in the house with the exception of one. Fred Buhler and wife were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Penn during the night, and it is a most remarkable feature that no one in the house was injured nor even shocked. The bed occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Buhler was of the iron variety. The bolt came in at the door, passed over the bed in which they were sleeping and through the wall. A bed in a vacant room was the most disfigured in the house. It was dismantled of one bed-post, which was completely severed by its holdings as though sliced by an ax. Nearly every room in the house had the plastering, carpets and wall paper torn loose. A number of window lights were broken and numerous holes in the ceiling and walls. There was a slight trace of burnt wood on the second floor where the bolt passed out. Mr. Penn has \$700 insurance on his home. It is reported that a stack of alfalfa belonging to P. D. Thompson, east of Neigh, was struck by lightning and destroyed. Owing to the heavy electri-

Four Inches of Rain Fell at Tilden.

Tilden, Neb., Aug. 9.—Special to The News: The most severe electrical storm ever known in this vicinity came yesterday morning. Two fires were started by lightning. A barn at the farm of William Baker, southeast, was hit and completely destroyed. The horses were saved, but harness, etc., was burned. The barn was nearly new, 30x30, and was covered by a small amount of insurance. A house on the farm of James Roseborough of Norfolk, occupied by Jo Dunbarre, was struck, but Dunbarre was up and nipped the fire in the bud. Between three and four inches of rain fell. There was no damage to crops except to oats that were standing. Most of the oats are in the shock.

Tramp Loses Feet. Humphrey, Neb., Aug. 9.—Special to The News: Walter Touhy, a tramp giving Minneapolis as his home, lost both feet under the Norfolk-Columbus passenger train here Saturday night. He was about to board the train to beat his way when the engine cylinder struck him, throwing him under the wheels. He was taken to the Columbus hospital. One foot will be amputated, the other was badly crushed.

Plow Factory for Beemer. West Point, Neb., Aug. 9.—Special to The News: The Farmers Manufacturing company is the latest incorporation organized in Cumby county, with headquarters at Beemer. The company will manufacture the patented plow invented by Henry Mahler, a Cumby county farmer. This plow possesses many points of superiority over the plow in ordinary use, and bids fair to be a great success. The officers of the company are: A. Lierman, president; Gottfried Karler, vice president; W. T. Fried, secretary, and W. A. Smith, treasurer.

Fine Rain in Northwest. Alnoworth, Neb., Aug. 9.—Special to The News: A fine rain visited Alnoworth and Brown county Saturday evening. It will do much good.

Word reaches Norfolk that Saturday night's rain was general over northern Nebraska and southern South Dakota, extending through Gregory, Tripp and Meyer counties.

Norfolk Youths Under Arrest. Madison, Neb., Aug. 9.—Special to The News: Stanley Ammedon and Paul Guldea, two Norfolk youths, were arrested Saturday evening in Norfolk by Game Warden John Donovan for selling a catfish at the Calumet cafe, contrary to law. He brought them to Madison yesterday and they will be arraigned before Judge W. L. Berry today.

The boys were fined \$15.51 in Judge Berry's court this morning. They guaranteed the payment and were released. Ammedon and Guldea had been fishing Saturday evening, making a small catch. They took the fish to the Calumet with the intention of selling the fish. Game Warden Donovan chanced to be sitting at the lunch counter. He offered the fishermen 50 cents for their catch and they took the bait.

Norfolk Races Come to an End. The initial meeting of the northern Nebraska racing circuit was brought to a successful conclusion in Norfolk Saturday afternoon. The event of the afternoon was the pace won by Captain Mack of Pierce in three straight heats. Captain Mack's best time was 2:16 3/4.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday had all been perfect days from a weather standpoint, and the racing management felt all the more cheerful over this fact when rain came Saturday night. The horsemen have packed their paraphernalia and have shipped to O'Neill for the races this week. Another grandstandful or race fans greeted the last day's program. In the last heat of the 2:14 pace, Captain Mack started fully six lengths behind Louise Mc., who looked like a winner, when the Captain crept up and up on the stretch, finally overtaking and passing Louise just before the wire was reached. It was a race that brought down the grandstand. Tagnar was a favorite in the start, but turned out an "also ran."

G. W. Box, T. D. Preece and P. J. Barnes were judges; Woods Cones, W. J. Stadelman and J. S. Hancock were keepers; M. B. Huffman, starter. A summary of the events follows: Special trot—Sweet Child.....1 1 1 Sequel B.....2 2 2 Yankton Bell.....3 3 3 Virginia Mc.....4 4 4 Time: 2:27 3/4; 2:28 3/4; 2:29. Sweet Child kept her trot up in fine shape. She was at one time pocketed, but pulled out at the half in the second heat and won a splay little race. Class 2:14, pacing—Captain Mack.....1 1 1 Louise Mc.....2 3 2 Looking On.....3 2 3 Billy M.....4 4 6 Time: 2:16 3/4; 2:17 3/4; 2:17 3/4.

No Suffering. It was at a breach of promise case, and the rustic defendant was under cross examination. "Now tell me, please," said the counsel sternly, "one the evening of the 10th when you bade her goodby did she suffer you to kiss her?" "Well," said the witness slowly, "I reckon now I did give her a kiss or two, but there weren't much sufferin' about it as I could see."

And even the learned judge conceded to smile.—Exchange.

His Worth. Jenkins (speaking to his friend the editor about the death of Riche, the millionaire)—How much is he worth, I wonder? Editor (absentmindedly)—Not much. Not more than a quarter of a column at the outside.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Diplomacy. First Doctor—To what do you attribute his success as a physician? Second Doctor—To his diplomacy. He first finds out a few things a patient doesn't like and then orders him not to eat them.—Philadelphia Record.

A Light Touch. Wiekwire—I like Timmins' stories. He has such a light touch. Simms—Yes; that's one thing in Timmins' favor. He rarely strikes one for more than two or three dollars.—Indianapolis Journal.

QUEER FIRE AT GREGORY.

Hot Sun, Shining on Gasoline Tank, Caused Explosion. Gregory, S. D., Aug. 9.—The fine dwelling house of Louis Dvorak of Gregory was destroyed by fire which started in a peculiar manner. The midday sun shining on a mirror and the reflection striking the tank of a gasoline stove in the kitchen ignited the gasoline and caused an explosion. Mrs. Dvorak was ill in bed at the time and there had been no fire in the kitchen for a number of hours. After the gasoline exploded it was but a moment until that entire portion of the building was a mass of flames. It was but a short time until the flames spread to the other parts of the house and raged until only the blackened walls remained.

Mrs. Dvorak was removed with difficulty to a place of safety.

Swedish Strike Sees No Let-up. Stockholm, Aug. 9.—The opening of the second week of the labor troubles in Sweden shows no abatement of the conflict, and the men already on strike continue to augment their forces by the addition of sympathizers in other trades. A general strike of railroad men is threatened for August 11. The farmers' association today appealed to citizens of all classes to help them save the cereal crop, the harvesting of which is prevented by the strike of farm hands.

The government supplemented this appeal by offering police protection to all persons assisting in the harvesting. Street cars are running on time in the capital and on all lines to Gothenburg, where the strikers have been replaced by strikebreakers. King Pleads for Peace. The tie-up of the business life of the country as the result of the general strike is so serious that King Gustave intervened in an endeavor to secure a compromise. His majesty sent a message to the parties to the conflict exhorting them to come to an agreement at the earliest moment possible and advising arbitration of the disputed questions. It was after King Gustave's message had been read and approved at a cabinet meeting Saturday that his majesty summoned to the palace the two leaders of the warring factions, Director Vonsydow of the employers and Senator Lindquist, president of the federation of trades unions, for a conference. The result of this conference did not transpire but apparently his majesty's efforts for a peaceful solution of the trouble was without result for it was announced that the printers would strike today and the national labor union issued a proclamation that beginning this evening every dray or other wagon whose driver is not wearing a union permit badge will be stopped by strikers. No exception, it was stated, will be made for owners driving their own wagons. The union further threatened to frustrate the attempt of the Stockholm street car company to start its cars today on the important lines with the aid of company officials and strike breakers. Over 1,000 telephone and telegraph employees will strike Wednesday. The employers' association is paying out \$40,000 daily to support its weaker members. The cash in the association's treasury is sufficient to keep up this support for three weeks and when the funds in the treasury are exhausted the association has a reserve fund of \$4,500,000 which may be used. The strikers daily are receiving large contributions from Denmark, Norway, Finland, Germany, Roumania and Bulgaria. A prominent journalist, Gustafson, has been summoned to the court by the public prosecutor, charged with a crime against the penal code—that of exhorting the employees of the state railway to strike.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known P. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. W. Walding, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Buried in Sioux City. Sioux City, Aug. 9.—The body of Mrs. Bessie Elliott, who was murdered in Denver by Thomas Judge Halstead, and who afterward ended his own life, was brought to Sioux City for interment. The remains were accompanied by her husband, George Elliott, whom she had deserted.

Lightning Strikes Mine. Telluride, Colo., Aug. 9.—Lightning struck the Liberty Bell mine here and as a result three miners are dead. They were overcome by the smoke that filled the lower levels of the mine after the lightning had set fire to the buildings at the mine's mouth. Four other victims of the smoke are in a serious condition. Several others were overcome while attempting rescue.



A USEFUL TRAVELING GOWN. drawers on one side and hangers for gowns on the other. They sell for \$65 and are considered a great convenience for steamer travel. The costume that is smart and at the same time useful is in demand for traveling. The pretty gown seen in the cut is of lightweight shepherd's plaid, with trimmings of black braid. It can be worn on the train or boat, yet will be quite correct for the hotel dinner. JUDIC CHOLLET.