

THEIR BACKBONES

NEEDS STIFFENING UP AND CHEEKS MORE BRASS.

RURAL REPUBLICAN EDITORS

FIND IT HARD TO DEAL OUT THE OLD G. O. P. STUFF.

The Silk Stocking Bosses of the Party Trying to Get Their Country Newspapers in Fighting Trim For the Fall Campaign.

Omaha, July 18.—The republican party workers are doing all they can to get the 100 republican country newspapers in good fighting trim for the fall campaign. They are astute politicians and have long since learned the power of the country press.

During the past few years the work of the allied reform forces in Nebraska has almost thrown the country republican editors out of an occupation. Republicanism has been so disgraced by the uncovering of the disgraceful conditions obtaining everywhere a republican officeholder was found that the courage of the men running republican country papers has been sorely tried. Something has got to be done to bolster up the country republican editors—their party must be strengthened. Their cheek to withstand the gaze of the people in their community, when the aforesaid republican country editor begins to publish editorials on the "Grand Old Party," "The Farmer's Friend," "Protect the Credit of the State," "Splendid Record of Republican Officials," "Nominate Honest Republicans," "We Will Redeem the State," "Popocratic Misrule," "Down With Senator Allen," "Bryan's Grand Stand," "Play," "The Popocrats are Dead," etc.

To meet this emergency a liberal supply of Mark Hanna ducaats, appropriated for the purpose of debauching the coming Nebraska election has been set aside to bolster up the republican country editors.

In Sunday's Bee the following announcement is made:

The republican editors of the state of Nebraska will be given of honor a banquet to be given by the U. S. Grand Republican club at the Commercial Republican club on Friday evening of this week. A large number of the republican editors of the state have already accepted the invitation. The keynote of the republican press for the gubernatorial campaign will be sounded on this occasion.

A reception, from 6:30 to 7:30 o'clock, will precede the banquet. Hon. G. J. Lamberton of Lincoln will act as toastmaster and will call the following toasts:

President's introduction; Hon. John L. Webster, "Republican Advance"; Hon. E. Roswater, "Our Guests"; Judge M. L. Hayward, "The Party"; Hon. Ross Hammond, "The Country Press as the Advance Guard"; W. E. Peebles, "Republicans Don't Fear"; Hon. T. J. Majors, "The Old Soldier in Politics"; Hon. W. C. Gurley, "The Young Man"; Hon. Charles J. Greene, "Stalwart Republicanism"; Judge B. S. Baker, "Shoulder to Shoulder in Politics"; Hon. M. A. Brown, "The Issues of Today as Seen Through Newspaper Spectacles"; E. A. Wittse, "The Party"; Rev. S. Wright Butler, "Roasts and Toasts."

PRESS CENSORS AT WORK.

Public Journals "Bottled Up" in Spain.

Madrid, July 26.—The government has instructed the military censors in Madrid and the provinces to prohibit papers publishing the declarations of any general or admiral. The censors had to do so because in military circles several generals, including Weyler, Polavieja, Lachambre, Lopez, Dominguez and Carleja publicly censured Cervera and Toral for not having properly used the resources of the army both to prolong resistance and inflict more losses and difficulties upon the enemy, which was in anything but any easy position near Santiago.

Sagasta and the liberals are much annoyed by the people and authorities of Barcelona, Saragossa and Madrid make so much of Polavieja on his way to Madrid. Partisans of the government believe an intrigue is on foot in court and military circles to form a coalition cabinet; under Polavieja, on whom Sagasta has placed a challenge to play his cards on the table. His advent into office would displease Weyler as much as Azcaraga, Campos and the other marshals, but is supposed to be the pet scheme of the present cabinet, who dread unpopular peace negotiations.

GEN. SHAFTER HEARD FROM

All his Spanish Prisoners are Walking the Chalk Line.

Washington, July 25.—The war department has received the following from Gen. Shafter:

"Santiago de Cuba, July 23.—6:25 p. m.—Headquarters Fifth Army Corps, Santiago de Cuba, July 23.—Adjutant General, Washington: Colonel of engineers of the Spanish army has just arrived from Guantanamo. He heard from the French consul there that Santiago had surrendered and they had been included. Not crediting it he was sent here to verify the fact. They will be very glad to accept terms of surrender, very short of ration and I shall have to begin feeding them at once. He tells me there are 6,000 men at that place. Am now feeding 6,000 well prisoners here and 1,500 sick in hospital. Expect 2,000 men in tomorrow from San Luis and Palmas. Will send an officer tomorrow or next day, with one of General Toral's, to receive surrender at Guantanamo and then go to Sagua and Baracoa to receive surrender there. Think number of prisoners will be fully up to estimate—22,000 or 23,000. SHAFTER.

Gibraltar, British Squadron, July 26.—Admiral Camara's squadron has arrived at Cartagena, Spain's stronghold on the Mediterranean. It is now reported that the British first-class battleship Illustrious has been ordered to Tanager, at the Atlantic entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar, where it will await the British Mediterranean fleet. The Spanish transport General Valdez has arrived at Algeciras with supplies for the Spanish troops in that district.

A tramp called at an Elm street residence this morning and wanted some breakfast. He was set to work sawing wood to pay for it. He ate first and then sawed, and sawed and ate. The housewife actually had to go out and

A VOICE IN NEW YORK.

Refreshingly Plain Talk From the Greatest Daily Newspaper.

The representative of the United States in New Jersey drops the suit of this country against the thieving Lead trust. Why? Because, to prove that the trust has swindled the government, it would be necessary to make the trust produce its books. To make the trust produce its books make the trust produce its books for a purpose would be equivalent to compelling them to incriminate themselves, and that is against the law. Fine law, we should say. The Lead trust and its fellows buy laws or have them made for them. They ought to get a few more like this. The Lead trust cannot be compelled to show its books, but the poor tramp arrested for drunkenness can be compelled to show his books quickly enough; and no judge has any hesitation about making him testify to himself by asking him just how drunk he was. It makes a great deal of difference in the land of the free whether you happen to be a trust or a tramp. The Lead trust will now proceed to sue the United States for rebates, and has already begun amassing to \$75,000 carefully prepared. Note this: No representative of the Lead trust will see any reason for giving up the fight against the government. There are laws to keep the country from getting at the trust—barrels of them—but none to enable the country to get at the trust. When we finish fighting Spain we still have some fighting left to do. This country needs trust managers in jail just as badly as it needs Spaniards on the bottom of the sea. Don't let the war make you forget that.

Here is an announcement: "The Charity Organization society appeals for \$100 toward the support of a widow and her four children, the eldest, a boy of 4, who is now ill. The woman is sick and requires a long rest. She bears an excellent reputation, and she is industrious and competent; she will earn her support when well again. Any money for this case sent to the Charity Organization society, No. 105 East Twenty-second street, will be promptly and gratefully acknowledged." We cheerfully publish this appeal, and in return for the valuable space thus donated, request answers to a few questions that seem pertinent.

To the Charity Organization of New York: How much money do you collect and require for a long rest? What do you do with the money? How much do you spend hiring men and women to "investigate" the poor? How much do you spend for rent? What is the highest salary you pay out of the funds collected in the name of charity? How much of the money you collect actually goes into the pockets of the poor? And, considering this particular case of the sick widow and four children, how much money have you given her thus far? How important to you is the fact that she "bears an excellent reputation," with four children? happened not to convince your investigators that her reputation was satisfactory, what would be your attitude to her? Should the public fail to respond to your request for \$100, would you be glad to print satisfactory answers to these questions.

It is said on very good authority that Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt has added to the family property by various manipulations with the name of charity, \$4,500,000 within the last year. The authority quoted is so good that we suppose Mr. Vanderbilt really has as much as \$25,000,000. This is an interesting fact, even in war times, isn't it? In this country so many people happen to need \$25,000,000 that the man who does not need the sum named and still gets it is interesting. We could write a good many lines here about the way of getting the money that would not be dull. But we are sick of criticizing and are more given to friendly advice and analysis. So, Mr. Vanderbilt, if you made by handling stocks and bonds in queer ways—say twenty-five millions of dollars. He is quite a young man, with a smooth, pleasant face and cape coat. What does this interesting youngish man get out of his original one hundred millions that he has acquired twenty-five millions? In that money there is latent power enough to make this whole world sit up and think. Anything the human brain could suggest could be araguan canal and be the man who tied together the two oceans. That would not be bad. He could turn the deserts of North Africa by a system of irrigation into a fertile empire, and leave as his monument a garden in place of a plague spot on the globe. That would not be bad. He could put in this city a dozen huge water pumps fresh salt water into them and invite every ragged little boy to take a swim every hot day, and in winter the baths could be changed to gymnasiums and boys' clubs. That would not be so very bad. He could make an honest, lifelong fight with his millions against privileges in this country. He could say, "I will give my money to make the Declaration of Independence less of a historical joke and more of an actual fact. He could take a great place in politics by making himself the greatest democrat. He could build up from the thousands of men who are for him a great army of devoted followers, make it worth the while of great lawyers to fight for instead of against the laws, pay legislators, if necessary, to vote, and legislate honestly for a change, die an old man, leaving a cheerful, happy face and a white stand-up collar and looking with a troubled face, at a point in the ceiling from which the water came down at irregular intervals, in splashes as big as a cent.

The well-dressed men buried their smiles in their newspapers. The laborer now ensconced in a corner near the driver gave his vis-a-vis wink.

The heaviest projectile thrown by a first-class battleship is from a 13-inch gun, and weighs 1,150 pounds. The Gatling guns throw bullets weighing about three-tenths of an ounce. A "Bob" that the Gatling guns soon clear the deck of an enemy's vessel.

Another peculiarity of the war revenue is that it makes no mention for what purpose the bonds are to be issued. It is not provided that they shall be issued to prosecute the war, it authorizes the issuance of the \$600,000,000 of bonds, or so much thereof as may be necessary, and the secretary of the treasury is made the sole judge of the necessity. Mr. Gage has often declared that it is necessary to retire the greenbacks and treasury notes, and it would not be unreasonable to suppose that with such views Mr. Gage would issue the bonds to provide a basis for bank circulation in order that the greenbacks might be retired. Mr. Gage is a banker, and has repeatedly declared that national bank circulation is necessary to a sound financial system, and the bonds provided for in the bill would go a long way to meet that necessity.—East Oregonian.

Corporations in the Saddle. The administration is entirely indifferent to criticism of its friendliness to corporations. The war has made that much plain. It is led to be callous by two considerations. One of them is that the enemy is contemptible and consequently no blunder or mismanagement can have a very serious result. The other is that when election day rolls around the corporations will remember those who saved them so royally. It is too much to expect that the people will be powerful enough to prevail in a matter of this kind.—Twentieth Century.

WHAT HE SAID, WHAT HE DID

I am the agent of the government and by common tax am paid To keep the peace or break it— Now, this is what he said.

Cuba, little Cuba, come lay your pretty head Upon the broad, strong bosom Of Uncle Sam, he said.

We will feed and nurse you tenderly, And give you softer bed, And make you free, dear Cuba— Now, this is what he said.

The Spanish bonds were trembling, And so he sent the Maine To harbor at Havana.

And give a chance to Spain, Into Havana harbor He sent our great ship Maine, To watch the starting Cubans While we fixed the bonds again.

And while they watched and waited For relief that never came, A Spanish mine exploded And destroyed our great ship Maine.

Still the starving Cubans Held beseeching hands in vain While we sought a cause of action For destroying our great ship Maine.

No fault of Spanish nation Was the loss of our ship Maine, So we turn to starving Cuba With our banners once again.

And now, the ports blockaded, All succor is in vain While we with starving Cubans Are remembering the Maine.

While Dewey holds Manila And our warships plough the main, They starve and die in Cuba, And they laugh and shout in Spain. —S. J. Parker.

Two Kinds of Americans.

At the time when Lieutenant Hobson and his men were sailing into Santiago harbor, thinking only of how the brief moments of life that seemed left to them could best be used in their country's service, some other Americans were also feeling that the war was making large demands on them. Mr. Rockefeller of the Standard Oil company and Mr. Havemeyer of the Sugar Trust were tossing on restless pillows, thinking how they could evade even the smallest percentage of their gigantic incomes going toward defraying the expense of the struggle.

Mr. Hobson and his brother heroes escaped death, and if the experience of the past is any guide, Havemeyer and Rockefeller will escape taxation. To think otherwise would be to deny that peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.—New York Journal.

The Journal is unreasonable. It expects too much. Its sarcasm is misapplied. These men pay out millions for the privilege of doing as they please in lobbying their schemes through congress, and when they have acquired more millions than they really know what to do with, they make a donation to some church, charity or college. The latter is made the more noble and commendable by the conditions attached to the professor of political economy shall teach no monetary doctrine but the supreme excellence of the gold standard. Not only this, but they are equally ready to buy bonds as an investment, in order to help the government through a war emergency. They have even been known to buy bonds when there was no war.

The War Taxes.

Probably many druggists will have to be content to make smaller profits and so also will the dealers in tobacco. The duty on tea will be wholly borne by the consumer. The tax on sugar refineries and oil refining can also be shifted onto the consumer, and the banks will probably charge their customers for the checks issued. The class least affected by the new law are the landlords who live upon interest and those who live off the profits of others' toil. They will pay but little more than the day laborer. Such schemes of taxation are unjust and are therefore unpopular. The best provision of the bill is that which provides for the coinage of the silver bullion in the treasury. This injures no one and adds to the volume of currency.—Santa Clara News.

Theft.

Q—What is theft?
A—Taking what does not belong to us, done with intent. He could dig the Nic.
Q—How comes it that things do not belong to us?
A—The law is responsible.
Q—Do many people steal?
A—Yes.
Q—Who?
A—Generally the rich.
Q—What is done to them?
A—Some are in the senate, others endow churches, and others get their indictments quashed.
Q—But do not the poor steal?
A—Yes.
Q—What is done to them if they are found out?
A—They go to prison.—Twentieth Century.

Watch the Treasury.

Another peculiarity of the war revenue is that it makes no mention for what purpose the bonds are to be issued. It is not provided that they shall be issued to prosecute the war, it authorizes the issuance of the \$600,000,000 of bonds, or so much thereof as may be necessary, and the secretary of the treasury is made the sole judge of the necessity. Mr. Gage has often declared that it is necessary to retire the greenbacks and treasury notes, and it would not be unreasonable to suppose that with such views Mr. Gage would issue the bonds to provide a basis for bank circulation in order that the greenbacks might be retired. Mr. Gage is a banker, and has repeatedly declared that national bank circulation is necessary to a sound financial system, and the bonds provided for in the bill would go a long way to meet that necessity.—East Oregonian.

Corporations in the Saddle.

The administration is entirely indifferent to criticism of its friendliness to corporations. The war has made that much plain. It is led to be callous by two considerations. One of them is that the enemy is contemptible and consequently no blunder or mismanagement can have a very serious result. The other is that when election day rolls around the corporations will remember those who saved them so royally. It is too much to expect that the people will be powerful enough to prevail in a matter of this kind.—Twentieth Century.

HE NEVER FALTERED.

Thomas J. Higgins, of Hannibal, Mo., a veteran of the war of the rebellion, has received a "congressional medal of honor," sent him by General R. A. Alger, secretary of war, for "most distinguished gallantry in action." The medal was sent and presented to Comrade Higgins by the direction of the present and under the provisions of the act of congress approved March 3, 1863.

Mr. Higgins was a sergeant in the Ninety-ninth Illinois Infantry. In the general assault of the union army on the confederate works at Vicksburg, Miss., 1862, Sergeant Higgins was appointed color bearer for the army, and told not to turn back until the stars and stripes had been placed on the works of the enemy. The assaulting column on that part of the works occupied by the Second Texas was composed of the Eight and the Eighteenth Indiana, First United States regulars and the Thirty-third and Ninety-ninth Illinois, in the order named.

After a most terrific cannonading of two hours, during which the very earth rocked and pulsated as a thing of life, and a heaving column appeared above the brow of the hill, 100 yards in front of the breastworks, and as line after line of blue came in sight over the hill it presented the grandest spectacle the eye of a soldier ever beheld. The Texans were prepared to meet with five smooth-bore muskets each, charged with buck and ball, which had been distributed along the trenches the night before; these in addition to their Springfield rifles.

When the first line was within forty steps of the works the order to fire rang through the ranks, and was responded to as if by one man. As fast as practiced hands could gather them up, one after another, the muskets were brought to bear. The blue lines vanished amid fearful slaughter; there was cessation in the firing, and a thick smoke which enshrouded the field could be discerned a union flag. As the smoke was slightly lifted by the gentle breeze of May, a solitary man was seen approaching, bearing the flag bravely toward the breastworks. At least 100 men were seen to be firing, and fired at point blank range, but he never faltered; stumbling over the bodies of his fallen comrades, he continued to advance. Suddenly, as if with one impulse, every confederate soldier within sight of the union color bearer raised his rifle, and the man ought not to be shot down like a dog. A hundred men dropped their guns at the same time, each of them seized his nearest neighbor by the arm and yelled to him: "Don't shoot at that man again; he is too brave a man to be killed that way" when he instantly discovered that his neighbor was yelling the same thing at him. As soon as they all understood each other, 100 odd hats and caps went up into the air, their wearers yelling at the top of their voices:

"Come on, you brave Yank, come on!" He did come, and was taken by the hand and pulled over the breastworks, and when it was discovered that he was not even scratched a hundred Texans wrung his hand and congratulated him upon his miraculous escape from death.

The hero of this occasion was Thos. J. Higgins, temporary color bearer of the Ninety-ninth Illinois. Judge Charles I. Evans delivered an address at Dallas, Tex., last year, and in his speech told the story of Comrade Higgins' bravery. Soon afterward Mr. Higgins saw a comment on the speech, and wrote to Judge Evans, who, of his own volition, wrote to the war department, relating the story as one of the Texans who grasped the hand of Higgins as he was pulled over the breastworks at Vicksburg. He asked that some recognition of this, one of the crowning acts of bravery of the great rebellion, be made by the government. The matter was taken up by soldiers who wore the blue as well as the gray, and the result was Comrade Higgins is the proud possessor of the bronze medal of honor.

An African King.

A king is on the eve of visiting Paris. It must be confessed he is not a great sovereign. One must even acknowledge that he is a negro, and answers to the somewhat undignified name of Tafta. But a king's a king for a' that and a' that. And Tafta, king of the Nagots, is one of the very illustrious potentates who reign in Africa. He has been a staunch friend of France for a quarter of a century. His kingdom borders Dahomey. His capital, Porto-Uoce, boasts of 25,000 inhabitants. And in addition to his very respectable population he has the quality of being a cordial hater of perfidious Albion.

Those who know it tell us that Porto-Novo is a beautiful town with all the appearance, when you approach it, of a pretty European city, bathed in the waters of the French Ocean, and shaded by lofty trees. There one may find English, German and French factories and a general air of civilization and prosperity.

As late even as 1894 Tafta marked the limit of his kingdom by a long row of stakes, each of which was accented by a human skeleton. True, the French president begged the king to remove this odious spectacle, and his majesty graciously consented. The pale, however, is still the punishment of criminals among the Nagots. It is said to be not much more painful than that of guillotining. But the question can never be settled, for no man, as human nature is at present constituted, can make trial of both. The method of guillotining is well known. Impalement is managed in the following manner:

The executioner first of all makes the culprit draw a little brandy, and then holds the culprit by the hair of the head, and the crowd of people gather on the spot, and laugh and sing as if they were at a feast. Suddenly the executioner advances and strikes the condemned man on the head with a heavy truncheon. He falls insensible and the executioner seizes hold of his hand and rip him open with a kind of carving knife. The body, after being emptied, is filled with salt and then hoisted on to a high pole, that all may see it and take warning thereby.

Whatever he might think of their method of execution, I am somewhat inclined to doubt whether M. Faure would take kindly to the domestic habits of the Nagots. The French president is extremely fastidious, and despite his love of royalty, he might shrink from King Tafta's native home habits. The explorer, M. Paul Minande, thus describes the place: "Every house consists of a courtyard surrounded by a wall, where the children grovel in the midst of cattle and poultry, and where the women, with pipes in their mouths, work some in crushing almonds, and others in curving fish. Filth is to be met everywhere. When a member of the family dies the body is buried in the house itself. The grave is dug only half a yard deep, so that the dead are barely separated from the living."

Codfishes weighing twenty-six pounds each were caught lately in the Scotch river. The fishes were species discovered fifty years ago, driven away by sawdust from the lumber mills.

A FICKLE GIRL.

Here is a story told of a recent courtship and marriage, the point of which is that woman will always exercise her established right to be capricious under any and all circumstances and in every community, no matter how sequestered and remote from the world's beaten path:

Scott Robinson and Joseph Davis staidwart young Rocky Forkians, loved their neighbor, Agatha Hewitt, a young woman with some pretensions to beauty, but of great indecision of mind. The men were sworn chums, physically equal and sturdy and good-natured. Both were dear to Agatha's heart. But Scott was reputed to be better off in land, marketable Indian relics and currency than his friend Joseph, and the inhabitants of the valley were certain Scott would carry Agatha in the end and Agatha was not so certain. Being young she was in no hurry to express a preference.

Months flew by, Agatha distributed hints favors with impartiality. Scott at last requested Joseph to vacate and leave the field to him. Joseph expressed his unbounded admiration of Scott's impudence, and made a similar request of him. Both declined temporarily to retire. It thereupon occurred to her to put their cases in Agatha's fair, somewhat ample, hands.

She was much surprised, perplexed and embarrassed when they presented themselves and bluntly demanded that she should make a selection there and then. She retorted that she wouldn't marry either one of them if he were the last man in Rocky Fork, a remark subsequently amended to read, "Because she liked them both pretty well, but didn't know which one she was willing to take for a life partner."

"Ain't you ever goin' to decide?" asked the suitors.

Agatha shook her head. "Decide for yourselves," she said with a blush. "The suitors eyed each other. 'We can't fight, Scott?' began Joseph, doubtfully.

"We're friends," returned Scott, positively; "I'll tell you what we can do," cried the fertile Joseph, "I'll rattle the winner of the first fall to have Agatha." "Suita me," returned Scott. "Agatha, will you agree?"

First she was indignant. She wouldn't be wrestled for like a pig or cow at the Sabina fair, she stormed. But the suitors argued they knew of no other way of solving the quandary. So, in a calmer mood she hesitated, drew cabalistic figures in the road dust while her prehistoric friends, and finally consented. In a twinkling Scott and Joseph were at it, catch-as-catch-can. Up and down the road they squirmed and twisted, panting like exhaust pipes. Agatha sat on the grassy road bank and at her ease watched the momentous struggle. Once Joseph was nearly flung to the ground. "Don't fall, Joe," she cried, and it braced him up instantly. Next Scott was on the verge of an upset. "Look out, Scott!" warned Agatha. That braced Scott, who exerted himself so mightily that Joseph was sent spinning and sprawling in the dust. There he remained for a moment, dazed by the fall and grief at the loss of Agatha. Scott, flushed with exertion and triumph, advanced toward the young woman.

"I've won, Agatha," said he awkwardly. But Agatha heard him not. Her eyes were fastened upon the vanquished, lying sullen and heart sick in the dust. "You're goin' to marry me now, ain't you?" continued the victorious Scott, growing bolder.

"I suppose so," she replied. Joseph rose to his feet, brushed the dust from his clothes, and started down the road with never a backward glance at the victor or his prize. Agatha left her grassy seat. "Joe," she called, feebly. The vanquished paused, but did not look up toward her.

"Scott Robinson," she burst forth, "it was a shame for you to throw Joe that way, and I hate you for it, so I do. I hate you! hate you! I won't marry you, so I won't! Come back here, Joe! I love you and I'll marry you, if you want me, and I know who I loved till I saw Scott throw you. Joe, will I know now?"

The lately vanquished, but now triumphant, Joe was at her side in a flash and smiling mockingly upon the astonished, red-faced Scott, who could not get a word in at this extraordinary turn of events.

"But you agreed to take the winner, Agatha," he feebly remonstrated. Agatha brazened it out.

"Don't care if I did," she retorted; "I won't, so there!" And she retired.

A Famous Bell.

"The living to the church I call, And to the grave I summon all 1798.

This is the couplet that nearly enraptured the old bell that has rung the call to worship and the funeral knell in Petersham, Mass., since soon after it was cast by Paul Revere. Its 100th anniversary was observed Sunday, that day being selected by reason of its long service to sacred uses, and in the absence of knowledge of the exact date of casting, the national mid-year holiday time being consistent and available.

Neither record nor tradition gives any information as to the precise year in which the bell was brought here, but there is no reason to doubt that it was soon after it was cast, for the building that is still part of the present church was erected in 1784 on the village common, where it stood till 1842, when it was removed to a lot a hundred feet away, thus giving the people a unusually large degree. The bell made the life of Rev. Aaron Whitney, the first settled minister in the town church, anything but agreeable, for he was a man of his own convictions, with ample courage to defend them, for he was pastor from 1788 to 1810, the longest pastorate in the town's history. The town was settled in 1734, and incorporated in 1754. It was settled under the name of Nichewoag, which was retained till the incorporation.

There is a very considerable judge in Leavenworth, Kas. A juror whispered in Judge Meyer's ear that he would like to go home to welcome a baby who had just arrived in his family. The judge adjourned court for forty minutes. In thirty-five minutes the baby father was back, and the court proceedings were resumed.

Contrary to a widespread belief that hard woods give more heat in burning than soft varieties, it has been shown that the greatest power is possessed by the wood of the hairy tree. The bark is soft, and stands next to linden, and almost equal to it.

FARMING IN ALASKA.

About a month ago congress appropriated \$10,000 to be spent in ascertaining the agricultural resources of Alaska, and Secretary Wilson at once appointed Prof. C. C. Georson of Kansas a special agent to conduct the investigation. The professor arrived at Portland a few days ago direct from Washington, and after making arrangements to have some experimental farming and meteorological observations carried on in that vicinity, went to Sitka, where he will have his headquarters. He will work in conjunction with Observer Ball, recently appointed chief of the Alaska signal service.

Prof. Georson's instructions are to learn what food products can be grown in the various parts of this big territory, and to what extent their cultivation can be depended upon as factors in its development. He proposes to do this by establishing experimental farms in the various sections. One of these will be located somewhere on the southern coast, one at Cook Inlet, one on Kodiak Island and one in the neighborhood of Circle City. Each will be devoted to the culture of cereals and vegetables that are known to thrive in similar soil and climate elsewhere, and the professor's collection of seeds including staples from Scandinavia, Canada, Finland, Minnesota and Wyoming. From these farm stations he hopes to ascertain the agricultural possibilities of the country. He has already made arrangements to exchange information with an agent of the Dominion government, who is going to plant about forty acres near Fort Selkirk in potatoes.

In some parts of Alaska almost any kind of vegetation will thrive that grows in the far northern states. On the Teller reindeer reservation, near Behring Strait, potatoes are grown as well as hen's eggs are raised every summer, and on the Yukon not far from Circle City a colony of Roman Catholic female missionaries has successfully cultivated all the hardy cereals and various kinds of vegetables. The garden and farm of these good women is one of the curiosities of Alaska.

Not the least interesting of the experiments which Prof. Georson contemplates making is a practical test to discover the depth to which the earth is frozen. His paraphernalia includes a boring apparatus, which is warranted to penetrate terra firma to a depth where it is kept from freezing by internal heat. The professor opines that in Northern Alaska the frost extends clear down to where the prehistoric glacial age left it. The ground up there never thaws deeper than eight inches, but on the lower Yukon, where the sun gets a better show, the earth is softened to a depth of three feet. It is a strange thing that while vegetation in Oregon is dead so long as the ground is frozen, it is not only green, but matures, at a depth of three feet. On the farm near Circle City the plow that prepared the ground for potato planting scrapes the top of the ice, and at no time does the thaw go deeper than two feet. The sun shines so continuously and flows so steadily that a thermometer in midsummer averages 96 degrees in the shade—that plant life is forced to maturity much more rapidly than in the states.

A New Poker Story.

Talking about strange experiences, I have had a few myself. Poker? Well, yes. I suppose I might as well admit it. Once I was playing in a little game—nothing but penny ante—with five others, including two ladies. There had been some remarkable hands out that night. A full house did not amount to much and a flush or straight simply wasn't it.

There was a jackpot. Each of us had "anted" about fifteen times, and still nobody could open it. Finally the player on my right said: "For five." I looked at my hand and wondered what he could have. I held three jacks, a queen and a nine. I thought that was not so bad and raised it five to stay.

Everybody stared and drew cards. The gentleman who opened the pot was the first from the dealer. I watched him closely. He drew one card. I sized him up either for three of a kind or two pairs.

I discarded the nine and took one card. Heavens! It was a jack. That made four. I thought I had that pot cinched. The opener made a bet of 5 cents and I promptly raised it five. All the rest stayed for that amount of time, so it went around again to the opener.

He raised the bet still five more, and of course I didn't do a thing but see him and go him five better. Two of the players dropped out that round and the two next. They wouldn't stand the works. That left only the opener and myself to contend for the prize.

Then commenced such a lively lot of betting as you never saw, even in a small game. The most that he could do was to bet 5 cents and draw until there were two bills, a pocketful of change and a heap of chips on the table, and the other players who had dropped out were having a spasm piece every minute.

I wondered what the deuce that man could have. There I was, smiling behind four jacks. Only five hands could beat them—four queens, four kings, four aces, a straight flush or a royal. That he had anything higher than four jacks never entered my mind. Finally, at the earnest request of one of the ladies, who was on the verge of hysteria, and also because it was only a parlor game and not for money, per se, I called him.

And what do you think that man did? He still smiled a little and laid down four kings. Well, four kings was no consolation. But I got even with him at another time. The same crowd was present. The cards had been running badly, and a flush or full house was mighty hard to get. There was nice little jackpot, and he opened. I stayed and drew to a pair of nines. I did not better the hand, but concluded to try a little game of bluff.

The opener drew only one card. He made a bet. I studied awhile, as if in doubt, but he was pastor from 1788 to 1810. He looked up cautiously, saw the raise and raised me right back. I saw I was in for it, but went ahead and bet with such an artful confidence that he actually refused to see me—three queens and a pair of nines.

No wonder I could not better my one pair. A good Mexican cook relieves the mistress of the house of worry and responsibility in a manner that is almost unknown in the United States. The cook is given so much a day, and with this amount she will purchase each morning all the provisions for the day, including even the staples that are usually bought in large quantities in other countries. On a dollar a day a cook will prepare a very good table for a family of three or four, and get into beans and tortillas and chilo to set the servants' table besides.