

News in Brief

A number of cities have forbidden the use of powder on the Fourth of July.

The exact republican plurality in Pennsylvania is 285,347 and the majority 245,241.

Three times as much freight passed the 'So' last year as passed through the Suez canal.

It has been decided to have no paid hostess for the Missouri building at the World's fair.

Sven sent three-quarters of four million gross boxes of matches imported into this country last year.

Atlantic City possesses a police motor car which is used solely for the conveyance of intoxicated prisoners.

'Cuba day' at the St. Louis exposition will be August 12. 'Good Roads day' will be on Thursday, May 19, 1904.

Government inspectors passed upon 59,158,449 live animals last year at a cost of a little more than a cent each.

A varnish manufacturers' association was organized in Chicago by a number of the leading varnish makers of the country. The sessions were secret.

Charles Williams, following a quarrel with his wife, shot and killed her and then blew out his brains at Murphysboro, Ill. The shooting occurred at their home.

Dario Campana, a young Italian, of Leghorn, has tried successfully a new system of wireless telegraphy, in which the earth is used for the transmission of waves.

The German emperor has more servants in his employ than any other monarch. Altogether they number more than 3,000, about two-thirds of them being women.

A jury in the case of Lou W. Lyons, on trial for the assassination of District Attorney J. Ward Gurley at New Orleans, returned a verdict of guilty. Lyons will die on the gallows.

For some time the volcano of Stromboli, near Rome, has been showing signs of increased activity, emitting considerable quantities of smoke, ashes and red hot stones, accompanied by loud detonations.

Fisk & Robinson of New York have made a bid to take at par the proposed issue of \$1,000,000 4 1/2 per cent Hawaiian territorial bonds and their offer has been accepted. This issue is due in fifteen years.

The original estimate of the cost of Philadelphia's slow sand filtration system for the purification of the city's water supply, made by three expert engineers after four months' careful investigation, was \$14,000,000.

As Paymaster Snee of the Pennsylvania was leaving the bank at Logansport, Ind., with \$42,000 of employees' salaries, Sheriff Buckley took from him the satchel containing the money, carried it to the court house, and pouring it out onto a table, seized nearly \$20,000.

Because he declared, it is said, that, save Robert E. Lee, Booker T. Washington was the greatest man born in the south during the last 100 years, and parents in consequence threatened to withdraw pupils. Prof. Bassett of Trinity college, Durham, N. C., has tendered his resignation.

The board of delegates on religious and civil rights of the United Hebrews had a conference with Speaker Cannon, Representative Hitt and Senator Culom to urge a supplemental treaty with Russia to secure uniform passports of recognition to all Americans, regardless of race or creed.

A complete count of the votes cast in the election in Cape Town on November 11 for members of the legislative council shows that instead of the Bond, or Dutch element, having gained a victory, as was expected, the progressives, or British, have a majority of one member in the council.

The examination of State Senator George E. Green on the indictments found against him at Washington, which charged bribery and conspiracy in connection with the sale of time recorders and stamp canceling machines to the government, was commenced at Binghamton, New York, before United States Commissioner Hall.

John Rideway, for many years head bookkeeper in the Chicago office of a prominent life insurance company, was arrested in Boise, Idaho, at the request of the Chicago police and is being held pending the arrival of an officer from that city.

John G. Carlisle, secretary of the treasury under President Cleveland, has expressed the belief that the democratic victory in New York City on November 3 forecasts the rehabilitation of the democracy of New York state.

THE GIRL AT THE HALFWAY HOUSE

A STORY OF THE PLAINS

BY R. HOUGH, AUTHOR OF THE STORY OF THE COWBOY

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CHAPTER III—Continued.

In this part of the wood the dead were mingled from both sides of the contest, the faded blue and the faded gray sometimes scarce distinguishable. Then there came a thickening of the gray, and in turn, as the traveler advanced toward the fences and abattis, the Northern dead predominated, though still there were many faces yellow-pale, dark-framed.

Franklin passed over the abattis, over the remaining fences, and into the intrenchments where the final stand had been. The dead lay thick, among them many who were young. Franklin stood looking out over the fields, in the direction of the town. And there he saw a slight fity to be called the ultimate horror of all these things horrible that he had seen.

Over the fields of Louisburg there came a fearful sound, growing, rising, falling, stopping the singing and the twitter of the birds. Across the land there came a horrible procession, advancing with short, uncertain, broken pauses—a procession which advanced, paused, halted, broke into groups; advanced, paused, stopped, and stooped; a procession which came with wallings and bitter cries, with wringing of hands, with heads now and then laid upon the shoulders of others for support; a procession which stooped uncertainly, horribly. It was the women of Louisburg coming to seek their slain—a sight most monstrous, most terrible, unknown upon any field of civilized war, and unfit to be tolerated even in the thought! It is for men, who sow the fields of battle, to attend also to the reaping.

Franklin stood at the inner edge of the earthworks, half hidden by a little clump of trees. He saw approaching him, slowly but almost in direct line, two figures, an older lady and a girl. They came on, as did the others, always with that slow, searching attitude, the walk broken with pauses and

moved, rode on across the field of Louisburg. The music was no longer the hymn of triumph.

Softly and sadly, sweetly and soothingly, the trumpets sang a melody of other days, an air long loved in the old time South. And Annie Laurie, weeping, heard and listened, and wept the more, and blessed God for her tears!

BOOK II.

The Day of the Buffalo.

CHAPTER IV.

Battersleigh of the Rile Irish.

Col. Henry Battersleigh sat in his tent engaged in the composition of a document which occasioned him concern. That Col. Battersleigh should be using his tent as office and residence—for that such was the fact even the most casual glance must have determined—was for him a circumstance offering no special or extraordinary features. His life had been spent under canvas. Brought up in the profession of arms, so long as fighting and forage were good it had mattered little to him in what clime he found his home. He had fought with the English in India, carried sabre in the Austrian horse, and on his private account drilled regiments for the Grand Sultan, deep within the interior of a country which knew how to keep its secrets. When the American civil war began he drifted to the newest scene of activity as metal to a magnet. Chance sent him with the Union army, and there he found opportunity for a cavalry command. "A gentleman like Battersleigh of the Rile Irish always rides," he said, and natural horseman as well as trained cavalryman was Battersleigh, tall, lean, flat-backed, and martial even under his sixty admitted years. It was his boast that no horse



"Battersleigh of the Rile Irish."

stoopings. The quest was but too obvious. And even as Franklin gazed, uncertain and unable to escape, it seemed apparent that the two had found that which they had sought. The girl, slightly in advance, ran forward a few paces, paused, and then ran back. "Oh, there! there!" she cried. And then the older woman took the girl's hand upon her bosom. With bared head and his own hand at his eyes, Franklin hurried away, hoping himself unseen, but bearing indelibly pictured on his brain the scene of which he had been witness. He wanted to cry out, to halt the advancing columns which would soon be here, to tell them that they must not come upon this field, made sacred by such woe.

Near the intrenchment where the bitter close had been, and where there was need alike for note of triumph and forgetfulness, the band major marshaled his music, four deep and forty strong, and swung out into the anthem of the flag. The head of the column broke from the last cover of the wood and came into full sight at the edge of the open country. Thus there came into view the whole panorama of the field, dotted with the slain and with those who sought the slain. The music of triumph was encountered by the concerted voice of grief and woe. There appeared for the feet of this army not a mere road, a mere battlefield, but a ground sacred, hedged high about, not rudely to be violated.

But the band major was a poet, a great man. There came to him no order telling him what he should do, but the thing was in his soul that should be done. There came to him, wafted from the field of sorrow, a note which was command, a voice which sounded to him above the voices of his own brasses, above the tapping of the kettledrums. A gesture of command, and the music ceased absolutely. A moment, and it had resumed.

The forty black horses which made up this regimental band were the pride of the division. Four deep, forty strong, with arching necks, with fore feet reaching far and drooping softly, each horse of the famous cavalry band passed on out upon the field of Louisburg with such carriage as showed it sensible of its mission. The reins lay loose upon their necks, but they kept step to the music which they felt. Forty horses paced slowly forward, keeping step. Forty trumpeters, each man with his right hand aloft, holding his instrument, his left hand at his side, bearing the cap which he had re-

none ever had—until he came to the Plains.

For this was on the Plains. As all America was under canvas, it was not strange that Col. Battersleigh should find his home in a tent, and that this tent should be pitched upon the Western Plains. Not that he had gone directly to the West after the mustering out of his regiment. To the contrary, his first abode had been in the city of New York, where during his brief stay he acquired a certain acquaintance.

What were the financial resources of Battersleigh after the cessation of his pay as cavalry officer not even his best friends could accurately have told. It was rumored that he was the commissioner in America of the London Times. He was credited with being a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. That he had a history no one could doubt who saw him come down the street with his broad hat, his sweeping cloak, his gauntlets, his neatly varnished boots.

In reality Col. Henry Battersleigh lived, during his city life, in a small, very small room, up more than one flight of stairs. This room, no larger than a tent, was military in its neatness. Battersleigh, bachelor and soldier, was in nowise forgetful of the truth that personal neatness and personal valor go well hand in hand. The bed, a very narrow one, had but meager covering, and during the winter months its single blanket rattled to the touch. "There's nothing in the world so warm as newspapers, me boy," said Battersleigh. Upon the table, which was a box, there was displayed always an invariable arrangement. Col. Battersleigh's riding whip (without which he was rarely seen in public) was placed upon the table first. Above the whip were laid the gauntlets, crossed at sixty degrees. On top of whip and gloves rested the hat, indented never more nor less. Beyond these, the personal belongings of Battersleigh of the Rile Irish were at best few and humble. In the big city, busy with reviving commerce, there were few who cared how Battersleigh lived. It was a vagrant wind of March that one day blew aside the cloak of Battersleigh as he raised his hat in salutation to a friend—a vagrant wind, cynical and merciless, which showed somewhat of the poverty with which Battersleigh had struggled like a soldier and a gentleman. Battersleigh, poor and proud, then went out into the West.

The tent in which Col. Battersleigh was now writing was an old one, yellow and patched in places. In size it was similar to that of the bedroom in New York, and its furnishings were much the same. A narrow bunk held a bed over which there was spread a single blanket. It was in the tent, save for the scratching of the writer's pen; so that now and then there might easily have been heard a faint rustling of paper. Indeed, this rustling was caused by the small feet of the prairie mice, which now and then ran over the newspaper which lay beneath the blanket. Battersleigh's table was again a rude one, manufactured from a box. The visible seats were also boxes, two or three in number. Upon one of these sat Battersleigh, busy at his writing. Occasionally he gazed out upon a sweet blue sky, unfretted by any cloud. His eye crossed a sea of faintly waving grasses. The liquid call of a mile-high mysterious plover came to him. In the line of vision from the tent door there could be seen no token of a human neighborhood, nor could there be heard any sound of human life. The canvas house stood alone and apart. Battersleigh gazed out of the door as he folded his letter. "It's grand, just grand," he said. And so he turned comfortably to the feeding of his mice, which nibbled at his fingers intimately, as had many mice of many lands with Battersleigh.

CHAPTER V.

The Turning of the Road.

At the close of the war Capt. Edward Franklin returned to a shrunken world. The little Illinois village which had been his home no longer served to bound his ambitions, but offered only a mill-round of duties so petty, a horizon of opportunities so restricted, as to cause in his mind a feeling of distress equivalent at times to absolute abhorrence. The perspective of all things had changed. The men who had once seemed great to him in this little world now appeared in the light of a wider judgment, as they really were—small, boastful, pompous, cowardly, deceitful, pretentious. Franklin was himself now a man, and a man graduated from that severe and exacting school which so quickly matured a generation of American youth. As his hand had fitted naturally a weapon, so his mind turned naturally to larger things than those offered in these long-titled fields of life. He came back from the war disillusioned, irreverent, impatient, and full of that surging fretfulness which fell upon all the land.

To this young man, ardent, energetic, malcontent, there appeared the vision of wide regions of rude, active life, offering full outlet for all the bodily vigor of a man, and appealing not less powerfully to his imagination. This West—no man had come back from it who was not eager to return to it again! For the weak and slothful it might do to remain in the older communities, to reap in the long-tilled fields, but for the strong, for the unattached, for the enterprising, this unknown, unexplored, uncertain country offered a scene whose possibilities made irresistible appeal. For two years Franklin did the best he could at reading law in a country office. Every time he looked out of the window he saw a white-topped wagon moving West. Men came back and told him of this West. Men wrote letters from the West to friends who remained in the East. Presently these friends also, seized upon by some vast impulse which they could not control, in turn arranged their affairs and departed for the West.

(To be continued.)

Tried to Pull Her Tongue Out.

Jaeb Gittel, of Southington, Conn., is in trouble. As a matter of fact the gentleman has been in trouble for years. His wife is one of these unbearable nuisances which the Puritans used to hold under the town pump—a village gossip. He has tried every argument and used every threat to induce her to cease her chatter and let him sleep o' nights, but in vain. Driven finally to desperation, he determined to put a stop for good and all to her incessant talk by pulling her tongue out. The cure would have been heroic but effective. But, weakened as he was by his loss of sleep and by the continued strain on his nervous system, the unfortunate husband had not the strength to hold his wife with one hand while he performed the operation with the other. She got away and complained to the authorities. The result is that, while everybody sympathizes with him, the husband is in jail and the woman is still talking.

He Did Not Mote.

The motor cyclist was careering down the remote country hillside at a speed which would have made a Surrey policeman chortle with glee. Suddenly there was a 4.7 report, a Chinese-puzzle view of a motor-cyclist and his machine, and then both reposed in a roadside ditch, each considerably the worse for the experience. "Help!" cried the motor-cyclist; and in response to the cry a farm laborer hurried out from a field near by. For an instant he gazed at the struggling mass in the ditch, particularly focusing his vision upon the still revolving wheels of the cycle, the like of which, as he explained afterwards, he had never seen before. Then he grabbed a big stone.

"Tell me where to hit her," he shouted, "and I'll dash her brains out!"—London Answers.

Utterly Useless.

"Educatin' some men," said Uncle Eben, "is a good deal like givin' a Fiji Islander a check on de national bank. He's got it, but what is he gwine to do wif it?"—Washington Star.

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David Meekison.

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