

KEEP YOUR EYE ON MCKINLEY.

ANYTHING to beat the republicans is the democratic watchword.

BABY M'KEE to Baby Cleveland—
"Keep off the white house grass."
—Washington Post.

PROTECTION and reciprocity go hand in hand. This suits the people. Let the democrats rant.

ALL parties must admit that the state ticket named by the republicans is positively better than that of the demagogic-independent combination.

THE voters of Nebraska should not leave the fight wholly in the hands of the newspapers. Every republican should do a great deal of individual work.

G. CLEVELAND Esq., is supporting the straight democratic ticket this year in the N. Y. campaign. It appears that he and Hill are coming together at right.

THE farmers can now buy more for one day's labor than was ever possible before. The signs of the times indicate that they appreciate this state of affairs and will be heard from in November.

A GREAT many of the independents are beginning to wonder if they really have been led into the democratic camp. Indeed, when they all vote for the same candidates it begins to look that way.

THE republican ticket which heads this page—county, judicial and state—does not contain a name that is unworthy the vote of every member of the party. And it is evident that a strong, enthusiastic and harmonious pull is being made to elect the entire ticket.

OUR democratic contemporaries do not say a great deal these days about that 25 per cent they propose that the government shall pay the silver kings for their silver product, in excess of the market price. The fact remains, nevertheless, that their platform favors just such legislation. Why have a plank in the platform that they are afraid to defend? It is better otherwise and appears much more honest.

THE majority of our democratic exchanges prefer Post to Edgerton. Bryan comes in for his share of censure for intimating that the candidates for regents should withdraw. The giddy congressman has been elevated to a position of responsibility by a mere accident and now, he cares little who is elected or what principals the candidates represent, if it is possible to beat the republican party.

JUDGE CHAPMAN

In nominating Judge Chapman to succeed himself as judge of the second judicial district the republican convention acted purely in accord with the wishes of the republican party. Cass county recognizes that she has no man that is better qualified to fill the position and Otoe county, in continually supporting our candidate, doubtless recognizes in him an able, honest, impartial tribunal.

CONGRESSMAN BRYAN does not favor Edgerton because of his fitness for the position to which he aspires. He knows perfectly well that to elevate him to that exalted position would have a tendency to rob it of the dignity that should characterize it; but simply to give flavor to his spleenetic envy and jealousy he yields to this dishonorable method of knifeing the republican party. The giddy congressman will awaken to the fact however, that honest loyal democrats prefer to maintain the dignity and stability of our highest court of justice by voting for Judge A. M. Post.

THEY KNOW HIS CALIBRE.

The people of Nebraska know a few things about J. W. Edgerton which will keep them from giving him their votes for judge of the supreme court.

They know that he has been trying to practice law for thirteen years without being able to make a living at it.

They know that he has been a republican, a democrat, a union labor man and an independent within five years, and has been a candidate for something at the hands of every party of which he has ever been a member.

They know that he is a local wire puller whose politics are not a matter of principle but of expediency.

They know he was a member of the conscienceless lobby which disgraced the legislature, the state and the independent party at Lincoln

last winter.

They know that as a lobbyist he represented a local monopoly and assisted in the defeat of a measure which the farmers of the state sought to enact into a law.

They know that he joined hands with other defeated candidates in the effort to steal offices to which they were not elected and bolstered his claim up by the most brazen falsehoods.

They know that he stood ready to pocket the contest fees voted to him by the legislature, although he knew there was no sort of ground for attempting to unseat Attorney General Hastings.

They know Edgerton is entirely unfit by education, experience and associations for any judicial office above that of justice of the peace.

They will know more about him to his discredit before the campaign is over from his own lips if he continues his harangues on the stump and attempts to explain away the unsavory record he has made in Stromsburg and South Omaha.—Omaha Bee.

THE Cincinnati Enquirer, speaking of the sugar bounty clause of the new tariff law makes the following ridiculous statement:

"So we pay bounty—an unconstitutional and outrageous performance on its face—of something like \$18,000,000 a year. Where do we get that \$18,000,000? Do we pick it off of currant bushes? Do we find it in the street? The people pay it. They pay as much for their sugar as they ever did."

This money is not picked "off of currant bushes"—certainly not. It is paid out of the U. S. treasury. But for every \$18 paid the American farmer for growing sugar beets, \$55 is saved by taking the duty off imported sugar. The outrage of which the free trade organ speaks consists in placing a tax—of \$55,000,000 per year upon a commodity which we cannot produce in sufficient quantities but which every family must use.

The republican party, true to the principle of encouraging home industry, pays the American producer of sugar two cents bounty per pound. In this way our farmers are encouraged to diversify their products, employ more labor and at the same time produce a staple commodity for American use. It is noticeable that every move of the republican party that seeks to encourage American industries and thus cripple foreign monopolies meets with ridiculous opposition of which the clipping from this organ is a sample.

MCKINLEY TARIFF

The American Economist recently addressed 1,400 merchants in the different parts of the Union regarding the prices of articles in common use. By referring to authoritative statistics the prices of the same commodities during the free trade time 1857, September of last year and October of this year are given. It would be well to preserve the copy for the purpose of silencing the exponents of the would-be British monopolist. The statement is as follows:

Articles	1857	Oct. 1899	pt. 98
Blanket, white, lb.	\$1.40	\$1.02	\$1.11
Blanket, pair	8.75	4.65	5.17
Blue Shirting, yd.	1.75	1.11	1.20
Brooms	4.75	3.07	2.75
Calf, yd.	14.75	9.65	10.61
Carpenter, yd.	1.30	75	84
Cotton Gloves	34	22	24
Cotton Hose	47	25	29
Cotton knit goods	98	46	51
Cotton, 1/2, spool	99	48	53
Crowbar, lb.	11 1/2	6 1/2	7 1/4
Dry-winch, lb.	1 2/3	65	69
File, yd.	45	24	26
Flannel, yard	19 1/2	12 1/2	13 1/2
Fruit cans, doz	3.60	.85	.84
Gunman, yard	2.50	.89	.96
Hand saw	1.50	1.00	1.10
Hoe	.85	.47	.51
Hemp rope, lb.	12.15	14.11	14.35
Iron, yd.	43	47	51
Mowing machine	121.15	52.69	57.93
Nails, wire, lb.	12.15	10.44	10.38
Nails, iron, lb.	1.08	.69	.74
Ginnyard, yd.	1.20	.70	.75
Overalls	1.20	.70	.75
Pearl buttons, doz.	2.25	1.13	1.23
Rins, paper	11.00	9.65	10.50
Flow	39.12	21.25	22.90
Rake, horse	41.25	21.25	22.90
Rake, hand	61 1/2	30	32 1/2
Reaper and binder	247.85	129.85	145.96
Robber hoods	4.83 1/2	3.00	3.28
Salt, br.	2.30	1.65	1.78
Sizes	5.84	3.15	3.40
Sheeting, yd.	12 1/2	9 1/2	10 1/4
Shovel	1.47	.83 1/2	.90 1/2
Spade	1.44 1/2	.95 1/2	1.04 1/2
Starch, lb.	13 1/2	9 1/2	10 1/4
Straw hat, good	1.75	1.10	1.19
Straw hat, com.	41	28	30
Sugar, lb, granu.	15 1/2	9 1/2	10 1/4
Sugar, lb, brown	16 1/2	9 1/2	10 1/4
Sugar bowl	61	27 1/2	29 1/2
Seythe	7 1/2	4 1/2	4 1/4
Tin dipper	25	11 1/4	12 1/4
Tin milk pail	20 1/2	13 1/4	14 1/4
Tin milk can	17 1/2	10 1/4	11 1/4
Ticking, yd.	35 1/2	18 1/2	20 1/4
Wagon	130.00	69.00	75.00
Washboard	41	24	25 1/2
Wash tub	1.20	.65	.70
Wheelbarrow	2.25	1.40	1.50
Wood nails	45	22	24 1/2
Woolen clothing	24.00	14.50	14.2

After the prohibitionists hold their convention every voter ought to be able to find a suitable man. They had better endorse Edgerton, however, as the republicans feel strong enough to down everything this year.

The Golden Band dispensed some fine music upon our street today. It is one of the finest equipped and drilled bands that has ever appeared in our city.

HUNTING KANGAROOS. PAYING THE BLOOD TAX.

THERE ARE NOT SO MANY IN AUSTRALIA AS THERE ONCE WAS.

Wholesale Extermination Before the Value of Their Skins Was Known—How a Kangaroo Disembowels a Man or a Dog—Fought Only on the Defensive.

The traveler whom fate brings to the colonies may journey from end to end of them without seeing in the flesh either of the animals that figure upon the Australian coat of arms—the kangaroo and the emu. There are plenty of both in certain districts, but they are many miles away from the railroads, as a rule, and are seen only by those who have occasion to visit remote "stations," and to explore the alternate stretches of plain and "bush," which constitute the "back blocks," as the interior portions of the country are styled in colonial phraseology.

When the early settlers entered the country they found the marsupial tribes swarming in countless millions all over it, and when they sought pasturage for their flocks discovered that the ungenerous soil would not furnish grass enough for kangaroos and sheep together. A war of extermination upon the original pasturage upon the land was therefore inaugurated, and waged with such deadly effect that at present a kangaroo is in most districts quite as conspicuous by his absence as the buffalo upon the plains of America.

ONCE ABUNDANT.

The old squatters relate extraordinary tales of the former abundance of these strange creatures—how the eye could not range in any direction without seeing hundreds of them; how they entered the "paddocks" and grazed in the midst of the sheep, and how, when the grass grew scant and the flocks were on the verge of starvation, "drives" were organized, in which thousands of the kangaroos were killed and the sparse pasturage was eased. Wanton as seems the wholesale slaughter of these animals, it was, from the squatter's point of view, a stern and imperative necessity. The only regret of pastoralists in the premises is that they did not then know the fortune that they lost by allowing the carcasses of the slain to lie and rot where they had fallen; for there was no suspicion then that kangaroo leather was of any value, or that a demand would spring up for it that should make the skin of one of these animals worth more than that of the sheep whose protection was bought by their slaughter. So important has the trade in kangaroo hides now become that the question of how the animals that furnish them shall be preserved has taken the place of devising measures for their extinction.

The progress of the kangaroo is rapid, and for a mile or two it requires a good horse to keep in sight of him. After that, however, he tires, and is overtaken without difficulty.

The chase of the kangaroo is undertaken variously—on horseback, with or without dogs, and by stalking, either with rifle or shotgun. A kangaroo hunt on horseback is an exciting and often dangerous pastime. In timber, where it usually takes place, it is particularly hazardous, owing to fallen logs and low set branches, which often sweep the incautious hunter over his horse's tail and drop him in an undignified position on the ground behind. Firearms are not employed in this pursuit, and when the game is cornered it is killed by a blow from the butt end of a heavy riding whip or from a stirrup which is unshipped from the saddle for the purpose.

The dogs used in the chase are a rough breed of large greyhounds, which have not only the strength necessary to pursue a flying kangaroo for miles, but also to attack him when he is brought to bay. The old dogs in a station pack of kangaroo hunters are often marked from scars to tail with frightful scars, the records of many tough encounters with an animal which, timid and inoffensive as it is by nature, develops in peril a courage and even ferocity that are rarely found outside the order of carnivora.

HOW HE FIGHTS.

The kangaroo seems poorly provided by nature with offensive weapons. His powers of biting are not formidable, and his forepaws are so weak as to seem almost rudimentary members and of little use. His hind legs are muscular and strong, but are apparently of use only to assist flight from his enemies. In these hind legs is found, however, a most formidable weapon in the shape of a long club as hard as steel and sharp as a chisel—as terrible to dogs as the scythe of the chariots of the ancients were to their enemies. When run down, the kangaroo, placing a tree behind him to protect his rear, will seize in his forepaws such indiscreet dogs as rush upon him, and, holding them firmly, disembowel them with a sweep of his sickle-like claws. Even the hunters themselves thus caught in the viselike grip of an "old man" kangaroo of the larger breeds have sometimes suffered in like manner, and have now and then taken their own turn at being hunted as the enraged animal turned upon them and attacked their horses with blind ferocity. The kangaroo fights with great address and intelligence, and if he can find a stream or water hole in which to await his foes, will station himself waist deep in it and, pushing the dogs under one by one as they swim out to attack him, either drown them outright or compel them to retire from want of breath. Against human enemies, armed only with clubs or stirrup irons, the kangaroo often shows himself a clever boxer, warding off blows very dexterously with his forepaws, and now and then making forward bounds, with rapid play of his dangerous hind feet, which are difficult to avoid.—Melbourne Cor. Boston Journal.

A Delicate Hint.

He-I stepped on your cross. You must think me a perfect bear. She—Oh, no, Mr. Bashful; you do not remind me in the least of a bear. And he has been wondering ever since what she meant.—Detroit Free Press.

PEASANTS PAY MONEY FOR MURDERS COMMITTED IN 1375.

A Debt Which the Inhabitants of the Pyrenees Have Religiously Paid Annually for Over Five Centuries—The Ceremony Described by a Witness.

The Independent des Basses-Pyrenees publishes a very interesting description written by M. Alfred Cadier, a French Protestant clergyman at Pau, of a ceremonial which he witnessed on the frontier of France and Spain. This consisted in the payment of a blood tax, and it appears that there are two or three places in the Pyrenees where the custom, founded upon the belief that "a murder committed by the inhabitants of a village or canton upon those of an adjoining village or canton must forever remain a burden upon the descendants of their descendants," is still observed.

Thus, about the middle of the Fourteenth century, the inhabitants of the valley of Lavedan, having massacred the defenseless residents of Aspe, were condemned by the pope to pay a perpetual tax of thirty sols, which was levied upon twenty-two villages and paid up to the time of the revolution. In the Thirteenth century, if not earlier, a similar crime was committed between the valleys of Baretons, in French Navarre, and Roncal, in Spanish Navarre.

The blood tax which the inhabitants of the former were ordered by the pope to discharge is paid still, the ceremony taking place annually on July 13 in the mountains, about seven hours' march from Osse, at the pass known as La Peyre St. Martin. It is thus described by M. Cadier:

A GALA SCENE.

A crowd of people is to be seen making their way to the rendezvous. The shepherds of the Baretons valley, with their red waistcoats interspersed with dark threads, the mayors and delegates of the villages of Arrette, Laune, Aramis and Issor, the foresters of the mountain, the custom house officers without their guns, the clergy, represented by the priest of St. Engrace and two curates, and a few English tourists from Osse helped to make up this singular assembly. When we reached the narrow stone which marks off the frontier, with the name St. Martin inscribed upon the two sides of it in French and Spanish, we found ourselves face to face with the Spaniards, who formed an imposing group.

First was the alcalde of Isaba, who was to act the part of lord chief justice. He was wearing a black robe, bordered with red, and a large collar of white bands, while he carried in his hand the wand of justice, in the shape of a black stick with a silver knob. The alcaldes of three or four other Spanish villages were similarly attired, and they were accompanied by a numerous suite, made up of delegates from the general junta of the valley of Roncal, the notary, the veterinarian, and others, the escort consisting of seven or eight armed carabinieri and guards, while in the rear were a number of "bourriqueros," who had come in the hope of selling the skins of wine with which their donkeys were loaded.

It was about 9 a. m. when the ceremonial, which has been observed without interruption since 1375, commenced by the French mayors donning their tri-color scarf, and by the Spanish alcaldes advancing toward the frontier stone, accompanied by a herald bearing a lance on which was painted a red flame, the symbol of justice.

THE CEREMONY.

The two parties having halted at a distance of about twenty feet from their respective frontiers, the herald substitutes for his red flame a white one, which is the symbol of pacific intentions, and the alcalde of Isaba exclaims in Spanish, "Do you wish for peace?" To this the French mayors reply in the affirmative, also speaking in Spanish, and in order to testify to the sincerity of their intentions, their herald lays down his lance upon the top of the stone in the direction of the frontier, whereupon the Spanish herald comes and inserts his lance into the French soil, resting his shaft against the stone so as to form a cross with the French lance. The mayor of Arrette then comes and lays his hand upon the cross so formed, a Spanish alcalde places his right hand upon that of the Frenchman and the other mayors and alcaldes do the same alternately.

Last of all, the alcalde of Isaba steps forward, and, lifting his wand of justice over the pile of hands, pronounces the oath, which all swear to keep. After this oath has been taken the alcalde of Isaba exclaims three times, "Paz danus" (peace in the future). Peace is thus anew concluded, and to ratify their having given up all idea of vengeance the men of Roncal order the escort to discharge their guns in the direction of France. Then comes the reception of the blood tax, which used to consist of three perfectly white mares, but owing to the difficulty of getting them exactly alike three white heifers have been substituted for them. The three heifers presented this year were worth about twenty-three pounds, which is a large sum for the district, and after the Roncal notary had drawn up a process verbal, which was signed all around, a repast was served at the expense of the Spaniards, toasts being proposed in honor of Spain, France and England, the introduction of England being due to the presence of several English visitors. After the repast was over dancing followed, and we then said goodby till next year.

How a Plant Protects Itself.

One little plant of South Africa protects itself by assuming a curious likeness to a white lichen that covers the rocks; the plant has sharp pointed green leaves; these are placed close together with their points upward, and on the tip of each leaf is a little white, scaly death. The resemblance of the smooth surface these present to the lichen grows on the rocks, beside which it is always found, is so great that it is not till you tread on it that you discover the deception.—Fortnightly Review.

ENTERS OF CARBON.

Trees and Plants Grow Out of the Air. Not from the Ground.

Take an ordinary seltzer water siphon and empty it till only a few drops remain in the bottom. Then the bottle is full of gas, and that gas, which will rush out with a spurt when you press the knob, is the stuff that plants eat—raw material of life, both animal and vegetable. The tree grows and lives by taking in the carbonic acid from the air and solidifying its carbon; the animal grows and lives by taking the solidified carbon from the plant and converting it once more into carbonic acid.

That, in its ideally simple form, is the fixed in a nutshell, the core and kernel of biology. The whole cycle of life is one eternal seesaw. First the plant collects its carbon compounds from the air in the oxidized state; it deoxidizes and rebuilds them, and then the animal proceeds to burn them by slow combustion within its own body and to turn them loose upon the air once more oxidized. After which the plant starts again on the same road as before, and the animal also recommences da capo. And so on ad infinitum.

But the point which I want particularly to emphasize here is just this: That trees and plants don't grow out of the ground at all, as most people do vainly talk, but directly out of the air, and that when they die or get consumed they return once more to the atmosphere from which they were taken. Trees undeniably eat carbon.

Of course, therefore, all the ordinary unscientific conceptions of how plants feed are absolutely erroneous. Vegetable physiology indeed got beyond those conceptions a good hundred years ago. But it usually takes a hundred years for the world at large to make up its leeway. Trees don't suck up their nutriment by the roots, they don't derive their food from the soil, they don't need to be fed like babies through a tube with terrestrial solids. The solitary instance of an orchid hung up by a string in a conservatory on a piece of bark ought to be sufficient at once to dispel forever this strange delusion—if people ever thought; but, of course, they don't think—

—I mean other people. The true mouths and stomachs of plants are not to be found in the roots, but in the green leaves; their true food is not sucked up from the soil, but is inhaled through tiny channels from the air; the mass of their material is carbon, as we can all see visibly to the naked eye when a log of wood is reduced to charcoal, and that carbon the leaves themselves drink in by a thousand small green mouths from the atmosphere around them.

But how about the juice, the sap, the qualities of the soil, the manure required, is the innumerable cry of other people. What is the use of the roots, and especially of the rootlets, if they are not the mouths and supply tubes of the plants? Well, I plainly perceive I can get "no forrader," like the farmer with his claret, till I've answered that question, provisionally at least; so I will say here at once, without further ado, that the plant requires drink as well as food, and the roots are the mouths that supply it with water.

They also suck up a few other things as well, which are necessary indeed, but far from forming the bulk of the nutriment. Many plants, however, don't need any roots at all, while none can get on without leaves as mouths and stomachs—that is to say, no true plant-like plants, for some parasite plants are practically to all intents and purposes animals. To put it briefly, every plant has one set of aerial mouths to suck a carbon, and many plants have another set of subterranean mouths as well, to suck up water and mineral constituents.—Cornhill Magazine.

This Dog Knew a Good Thing.

It would be quite impossible for any living being, it would seem, to be insensible to the charms of camp life. One morning when the Listener was in camp, a queer looking black dog of uncertain race, but broad between the eyes, like all intelligent dogs, suddenly popped into the place, evidently upon some journey around the lake. He looked about him in astonishment, and then sat down and looked again. Then he settled instantly down, in a sort of glad, grateful way, which was as much as to say, "This is exactly the sort of place that I've always been looking for!" Not another step did he stir on the journey.

He adopted the camp from that moment and everybody in it. Nobody knew where he came from or to whom he belonged. He was a total stranger to the people who lived on the farm not far away. He slept in front of the tent at night, and barked at any stranger who came that way, and answered amiably to the name of Liberty Moses. No doubt, when the camp broke up, he went back to his more civilized home, wherever it was, but as long as that charming spot remained in existence there was no other place for him.—Boston Transcript.

To Remind Him.

Little Pete is a good boy as well as a boy of a great deal of originality in his "notions," but he has the serious fault of being extremely forgetful. One day, after having gone on an errand and forgotten what he was sent for, he exclaimed bitterly to his sister: "Oh, dear! I wish I was a snake!" "You wish you were a snake?" said his sister, horrified.

"Yes, and a great long one—as much as six feet long."

"Why, what for, Pete?"

"So I could tie the knots in myself to make me remember things!"—Youth's Companion.

Three Roofs in a Century and a Half.

Morgan Mory, of Upper Saucun, Pa., has had his barn re-roofed with tin. The structure was built in 1753, when it was roofed with cedar. A number of years later pine shingles took the place of the cedar. It has been roofed only three times during its existence. The barn is still in a good state of preservation, and will outlast a few more roofs.—Exchange.

Why He Changed.

Conductor C., of our early train, was a church member with a reputation of being good natured and mild mannered to all. He's changed in appearance Saturday's trip. Our train had just started from E— station when we saw a distance off an old woman of the color persuasion and of 200 pounds weight, shiny and nervous, with carpetbag and umbrella swinging with the energy of her great exertion to catch the train.

His heart was touched and he pulled the ropes for "down brakes." At this unusual signal every window was pushed up and an eager head thrust out of each. The conductor smilingly encouraged the would be passenger, and the others cheered her as she thundered along in a full duck gallop. Two lady friends of hers (brunettes) stood upon the platform of the car and frantically beckoned her approach. When at last she was landed by the train, and was helped on by the conductor, three brakemen and a boy she greeted her two friends with several affectionate "smacks" and a "goodby children," then rolling back again to the ground she turned to our polite conductor and said, "Thank you, boss," and waddled away.

That train was started as by one in a spasm, and the minister read on the following evening a prayer request from the wife of a backsliding conductor.—Troy Telegram.

A Wonderful Mineral Substance.

A new mineral substance, resembling asphalt, has been discovered in Texas, which promises to become very useful to the scientific and industrial world. It is unaffected by heat, acid or alkalis, and is said to be the most perfect insulator yet discovered. It may be used for paint and is a perfect covering for wood or iron, resisting all the influences which destroy ordinary paints. As a varnish it retains its character under all conditions. It may be rolled into a tissue and used for waterproof tents, clothing, etc.; it makes leather impervious to water and prevents iron and steel from rusting.

Professor Hamilton, of the Western Electric company, finds that wires covered with this substance offer sevenfold the resistance offered by other wires, and the results of its use in electrical engineering are likely to be very marked. The material is found in unlimited quantities, from two to forty feet below the surface, and if it proves as useful as it promises will be a new source of wealth to Texas.—Boston Transcript.

Why People Go to Europe.

The high fares on American railroads result in sending people to Europe. A lot of New England and the Middle States are full of people who have climbed Alps, visited Rome, boulevards of Paris, been all over the United Kingdom and seen the midnight sun on the coast of Norway, and yet who have never been west of Chicago. They hear of the beauties of the Pacific coast, they read about the glories of the Yosemite valley and they want to go and see them, but when they learn what it will cost they think they cannot afford to go farther than Niagara Falls. After that they go to Europe, and so year by year the Atlantic passenger lists have been swelling rapidly until now they are something stupendous to contemplate.—Bangor (Me.) News.

Began Growing After He Was Thirty-Five.

Oak Cliff has a citizen who is now a robust old gentleman of fine physique and is descended from a very long lived ancestry, their ages running to ninety-six, ninety-eight, one hundred and six, and up to one hundred and twelve years. He has all his teeth except two which were knocked out by an accident, and they are as sound as a dollar, although he is now seventy years old. He has grown three-fourths of an inch in height since he was thirty-five years old, and he wears a size larger hat now than he wore then. From that age up to forty-one or forty-two years his weight remained at 190 pounds, and now, at three score and ten years, his mental faculties, he says, are brighter than ever before.—Dallas (Tex.) News.

Arrested for Selling Branded Peaches.

A peculiar case of innocent violation of the revenue laws has developed in Decatur. F. S. Fox bought a quantity of imported branded peaches. He took them to Cerro Gordo and sold them at his restaurant. Jacob Leslie's boy became intoxicated on the peaches, and this started quite a run on the peaches. Fox had to order a fresh supply. Mr. Leslie had Fox arrested for violation of the liquor law, and the trial will take place at Cerro Gordo. A Decatur chemist analyzed the peaches, and found that one bottle contained 37 per cent. of alcohol.—Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Moral, Chew Gum.

A man from Oxford county lost a railroad coupon ticket to the fair and inquired at the ticket office if one had been found. One had been found, but how were they to know that it was his. He asked to look at it and it was shown him. He said: "It is mine. I can prove it. See, the face of it is torn off. Look here," and he opened his vest pocket and showed a hearty cut of gum and the face of a railroad coupon sticking to it. The two matched, and the ticket was passed over to him.—Lewiston Journal.

Made a Fortune Easily.

Captain D. S. Goodell, a retired sea captain, of Searsport, Me., advanced money to enable James Knibbs, of Troy, N. Y., to prosecute a suit for an infringement upon his fire engine valve patent, on condition that he should have a certain percentage of the damages recovered, if any. Captain Goodell's share of the winning tins far footed up \$750,000.—Bangor Letter.

Appearances Are Deceitful.

While riding down Washington street the other afternoon the seat beside me was occupied by a poorly dressed, ignorant looking man, with the misshapen, dirty hands of a coal heaver. Yet he was reading, with apparently intent interest, a well thumbed copy of Herodotus in the original Greek.—Boston News.