

The Plattsmouth Journal

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PLATTSMOUTH, - NEBRASKA

The search for frozen birds in a New York city cold storage house, made by the state game inspector, is ended, and it appears that in its course nearly 49,000 birds were discovered, all of which, it is alleged, were killed out of season. Criminal and civil actions are to be brought at once against several persons.

Eugene Field's first poem was discovered recently in the possession of Edgar White, a court stenographer at Macon, Mo. It is entitled "Bucephalus, a Tail," and is believed to have been written by the author in 1871, when he was a student in the state university. H. W. Burke, a St. Joseph justice of the peace, who worked with Field on the old St. Joseph Gazette, has pronounced the poem genuine.

The Pullman company is arranging to establish a pension system for its entire force of employes, numbering between 12,000 and 15,000 persons. Sixty years will be made the limit of service. For each year an allowance of 1 per cent of the average monthly pay for the last ten months is to be given. Thus, employes who have been with the company forty years, receiving \$50 a month, would get 40 per cent of \$50, or \$20 a month.

Tradition asserts that the Queen of Sheba gave Solomon an intricately pierced stone to thread. He solved the problem by forcing a worm, dragging a thread, to crawl through the winding passage. The modern version is on a manifold scale. To test the right of Chicago to call itself a seaport, the steamer Northman, loaded with western grain, timber and machinery, has made the voyage from Chicago to Hamburg by way of the Great Lakes and the Welland canal. The white thread of her wake can hardly fail to weave new and important patterns into the maritime commerce of nations.

A patriotic New Yorker, a member of the Sons of the Revolution, is preparing to give to each of the public school buildings of New York city, a copy of colossal size, of the famous Houdon bust of Washington. The model, made by Wilson MacDonald, one of the oldest sculptors in America, has already been accepted. The public spirited donor believes that love of country should be taught in the schools and that there is no better way of teaching it than by keeping the memory of the greatest patriots fresh in the minds of the pupils. Naturally the Father of his country comes first.

An Indianapolis correspondent calls attention to the part played by the telephone in a recent divorce case at Noblesville, Ind. A Mrs. Nagle brought suit for divorce. On the day appointed for the trial her attorney, Mr. Fippen, could not attend, and called up the Noblesville judge and explained the circumstances, suggesting that the case be tried by telephone. The judge consented the witnesses were sworn, and in answer to questions asked them by Mr. Fippen, thirty miles away, submitted their testimony to the judge, after which Mr. Fippen delivered his argument, talking into the judge's ear by telephone. The divorce was granted.

Dr. N. S. Davis, of Chicago, is called the father of the American medical association, for it was in 1845, while a member of the New York state medical society, that he offered a resolution recommending that a national convention, representing all the medical societies and colleges in the country, be held in New York city in May, 1846. The purpose was to be the adoption of a concerted plan of action for the elevation of the standard of medical education in the United States. The convention resulted in the formation of the American medical society. Dr. Davis is 85 years old, and has been a resident of Chicago since 1849.

The remarks against kissing attributed to Professor Crook of Chicago, prompted B. B. Wilson, a merchant of Mount Hope, Kan., to form a non-kissing league. A dozen married men were persuaded to become members. The wife of Secretary T. J. Cox, of the league, has revolted and is suing for divorce, after three weeks without kissing, but Cox boasts he has not kissed his wife in many years, maintaining that it is unmanly. The pledge one has to take to join the league is that he will kiss no woman, no matter if she is his wife. "Kissing is for women only—the weaker sex," Wilson says. "Kissing is a weak manner of showing affection. We love our wives more than those men who are all the time kissing them every time they leave the house. Some wives may object, but that will not induce us to desert the cause. My wife is in favor of the plan and looks at it in the same manner as I do."

Paul Wayland Bartlett, the sculptor, who has established his studio in one of the eastern suburbs of Washington, has received a letter from the French government accepting his statue of Lafayette, which is the gift to France of 5,000,000 American school children. Mr. Bartlett's design was the successful one before the American jury, and he was required by the French government to erect his statue in plaster on the site allotted for it in the court of the Louvre, where the French jury finally passed on it.

The Georgia Agricultural works at Fort Valley has just shipped to far-away Greece a complete glazing outfit, consisting of a 60-saw Centennial cotton gin, feeder and condenser. This is but the first installment of several gin outfits to be shipped to Greece and other foreign countries.

Dr. A. F. Grinnel of Burlington, declares that over three million doses of opium are sold at Vermont every month to habitual narcotic users. His figures were the result of an official investigation.



Milkweed
By Sarah Avery Vance

Thousands of beautiful rosy stars came tumbling down from the sky. And our Dame June she gathered them up in a clustering family. The sun fell hot, and the world was strange. To the little frightened things, until August came to enfold them in a wonderful surprise. You will shine again with brighter rays. Sweet wanderers from the skies! The days are bringing you sure reward in a wonderful surprise. For Autumn carries the magic key To unlock a milkweed pod. And thousands of stary angels will fly back to their home with God.



An Effect in Rosemary.

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ.
Author "The Spread of Fire."

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)
The maid tied the last knot of ribbon and adjusted the last fold of gauze. Contrary to custom they were a quarter of an hour too early.

Milly Ellis, on the programs Miss Millicent Devereaux, laughed a little sarcastically. "No flowers? We are, indeed, in a strange land. Run out the call boy—anybody—there is yet time. There should be a forist near."

"And the flowers, madame, what shall they be?"
A second's thought, then a rush of memory. For the sake of the past, Milly Ellis said, hastily:
"Lilacs—white or purple. There will be plenty this time of the year. See, they will suit my gown!"

The maid snatched a cloak from the wall. "I will go myself, I will not trust a youth. It is a matter of taste."
Then Miss Devereaux went up the steps that led to the green room and to the stage in front. She wished to see the audience before the play began. She walked slowly and haughtily through the laughing, impatient throng of chorus girls and villagers and took refuge in the wings until she saw an opening in the curtains through which she could look. There was a sea of faces, a great audience, but nowhere one familiar face, although Milly Ellis had been born and grew up in this great city and now returned to it, the star of an opera troupe.

There was a new chandelier of electric lights threw its beams over the clean paint and gay draperies of the summer theater. There were rows upon rows of heads and faces, but nothing familiar to respond to the fond longing in her heart.

A voice sounded beside her. "A great audience—a real triumph—and you are quite at your best tonight, Miss Devereaux."
Beside her, bowing low enough, was the new tenor.

"Surely a success—but perhaps Miss Devereaux will accept the flowers she can so well carry in the ballroom scene."
He held a splendid armful of hot-house roses, red and glowing. Miss Devereaux flushed somewhat angrily. It would not be politic to refuse.

"I will carry them in the one scene," she said coldly, but they are too sumptuous for the village maid. I must wear or carry a simpler flower with this gown."
In the wings Felice waited with an odoriferous bunch, white lilacs with the most delicate perfume, with the subtle wood scent, with the message of eternal hope of springtime.

"Thank God, there is something left of the woman's heart," "something sweet and unchanged."
She stood apart with the flowers on her breast until her call, stood absorbed in the dreams of an old house in the grove, of flashing waters, of old and gnarly lilac bushes, of silent stretches of field and meadow, of peace—for Milly Ellis, with her clear bird voice, had been only a simple country maiden ere she went away to learn to sing.

Gone were the days of her training, her struggle in grim New York; vanished the Paris life where her voice had been perfect; like a dream were the tours in small Italian towns to test her powers and to become confident in her work. Gone, gone, nothing left, nothing worth while save the spring mornings in front of an old wooden house in a grove, the odor of lilacs, the calls of birds answering her own clear notes, mild and sweet beyond belief.

No one knew—for she was ever reserved as to her personality. No one knew that tonight she sang before her home audience. It was twelve years, and a girl is forgotten in twelve years, when her friends have passed away into the silence of the hereafter.

She went onto the stage with a pensive loveliness in her face and when she sang there were those tears in her voice that she dared not shed, the tears of the heart for the days that were gone.

A girl again in her simple gauze gown and hanging hair, she carried away her audience because she seemed one with them. In the ballroom scene she was again the same before her home audience. It was twelve years, and a girl is forgotten in twelve years, when her friends have passed away into the silence of the hereafter.

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Epsy girl longing for her home, joyously saw her return to her wildwood haunts and her lover. Then the audience rose in applause, and the hour of a great triumph had truly come to Milly Ellis.

Her heart swelled when she went, with her jubilant manager, before the curtains. She longed to cry out: "I am little Milly Ellis, who was born and brought up here, obscure enough among you—and now—I now I have conquered you all!"

But even in that hour there was to be something beside. As she bowed and smiled, speechless in her deep emotion, a slender tongue of flame leaped from above in one of the wings, and caught a swaying gilded banner. And, in the next second, hoarse cries of "Fire!" were here and there and wild screams of terror. In a breath the woman was forgotten in the fear of death.

The manager flew from her side to the rear, commanding half mad with this sudden change of fortune. But the fire leapt, like a thing of life, from one fire ornament and drapery to another and the opening doors fanned the flames.

In that moment when the manager left her alone, Milly Ellis stood suddenly stripped of all she had held most dear, stood alone and saw a mad light



"John Crompton!" she exclaimed, for life begin. Where now was the flashing terror whose burning eyes had so lately pursued her own? Where now the tickle admirers of the past and present? She stood alone and the fire demon ran above her and dropped down upon her gauze draperies, burning gags which had glittered and shone but a moment before. She invited destruction, she stood alone.

In that desperate moment, a deep voice said:
"Come with me—at once!"
A heavy wrapping, the curtain of one of the boxes, was twined about her. She was fairly whirled off her feet by the impetuosity of a race across the stage and a plunge and jump into the orchestra box. Half dragged, half running, the singer was urged on until she stood in the alleyway back of the theater, and knew she was safe.

But it was dark and she heard the rattle of the engines coming. Holding to her rescuer's arm, they ran to a side street and at last sank down on the stone steps of a church. As they lay there waiting the heavens lit up. The theater was doomed.

In the lurid light Milly Ellis looked at her rescuer. He was tall and broad and she knew his strength. As he sat still, breathing heavily, memory struggled within her to formulate a name, a remembrance. She leaned forward and when the heavy drapery fell away, she smelled the white lilacs.

"John Crompton!" she exclaimed. "John Crompton! And you have saved me?"
"Everyone else deserted you," he said, "so I came to you."
She deserved the words. Years before she had despised his friendship and expostulations against her career.

"It was death," she whispered fearfully, "it was death."
"A short enough triumph for you," he said, "more kindly, 'the triumph of a few moments. Still, it may satisfy you—your art may still be more to you than friendship, love, and even life."
But she caught his arm and clung to him.

"After this? After I have learned what art means—how cruel it is—how art is nothing to life? O John, my heart has been aching all day for the old time when I could be happy."
For answer, he wrapped the red drapery about her and over her fallen hair.

"You are not so changed," he said. There was a note of tenderness in his voice.
"But you? What has come to you, John? You are different."
"I am a man," he said, and as he spoke the lurid light fell upon his face, "I am a man now, and I claim a man's heritage. I would share no one with art. I must have all or nothing. You know me of old."

She knew him. He had not approached her or written her for years. "And you have waited all this time?" "I cared for no one else."
The immensity of the feeling she had long ago awakened struck at the door of her heart. She clutched at his hand. She wet it with her tears.

"It was art or life," she said, brokenly, "and life won, John, life has won."
Hedges of the South and West.
It is not difficult to tell by their clothes from which section of the country senators hail. Perhaps not so much by their clothes as the way they wear them, one should say, to be accurate. All the string ties, for instance, come from the west and south. Eastern senators wear stylish scarfs almost without exception. Eastern senators button their frocks and cut-aways; westerners and southerners leave them open. The western and southern members have low-cut vests, usually with one or two buttons unbuttoned. Two finely groomed senators are Platt and Depew, whose clothes are made by the best tailors in New York and London. Where will you find a more neatly dressed man than Aldrich of Rhode Island? And Wetmore—one of the 400? His clothes cost him the larger part of his salary.—New York Press.

Satin boleros in ivory or cream white are one of the features of the season.

HISTORIC TREES.

Washington Has Many That Were Planted by Famous Americans.

It was the custom of the late Charles A. Dana to visit this city occasionally, writes a Washington correspondent of the New York Times, and to spend the entire day that he gave to sight-seeing in looking over the trees of the city with William R. Smith, in charge of the botanical gardens. Mr. Dana said of Mr. Smith that he knew more about trees than any half-dozen men of Mr. Dana's acquaintance. Mr. Smith has in his gardens a number of historically interesting trees. There is a Kentucky oak grown from an acorn planted by John J. Crittenden, and a story goes with this information about the intimacy that existed between Crittenden, Robert Mallory and John A. Bingham of Ohio. Not far from the elm grown from one planted by George Washington at the time he laid the cornerstone of the capitol. Workmen killed that tree while excavating for the architectural terrace at the west front. Mr. Smith propagated the new elm from the old roots, and the new tree was planted where it is by Senator James B. Beck of Kentucky.

While Jefferson Davis was secretary of war his wife gave Mr. Smith some seed of the Monterey cypress, from which was produced a fine specimen near the end of the greenhouse. Two specimens of the bald variety of cypress are named "Forney" and "Forest," one planted by John W. Forney, an editor, and the other by Edwin Forest, the actor, 35 years ago. A Chinese tree was grown from seed obtained at the grave of Confucius, and was presented to the garden by Charles A. Dana and planted by Representative Amos J. Cummings fifteen years ago. Among other well known tree planters who have left their names are Thaddeus Stevens, the late Senator Bayard, who planted an English oak; Proctor Knott, Daniel W. Voorhees, J. S. C. Blackburn, Lot M. Morrill and Justin S. Morrill, who planted winged elms thirty years ago; Senator Hoar and Senator Everts, and some more recent arrivals in Washington. There is a Carolina poplar that is interesting as the parent of 80,000 other poplars, living in many states of the Union.

STRANGE IMPS IN THE SEA.

Capt. Moody Caught One Off Cape Charles Lightship.

Capt. William Moody of Baltimore believes there are strange imps in the sea, because he caught one recently while fishing off Cape Charles Lightship. Capt. Moody is commander of the lightship, and it is his habit to keep a baited hook, attached to an extremely long line in the water at all times. Occasionally this persistence is rewarded with cod or other toothsome fish of the deep water. The capture happened to be near the line when the "imp" fish was hooked. He started to pull it in, and then ensued a pretty battle as ever warmed the heart of fisherman. Several times the creature was brought to the surface, and on one occasion it leaped ten feet in the air. After a battle lasting fully an hour the monster was harpooned and pulled on deck. The fish weighed about eighty pounds. The "imp" has wings, which are of the thickness of sailcloth, and are mottled with blue checks or squares. The mouth is filled with parallel rows of conical teeth, the rows varying from two, in the back part of the upper jaw, to eight in front, with twice these numbers in the lower jaw. The tail has three rows of spines, resembling the teeth running its whole length. The "imp" has no scales, creature has been shown to govern unclassified.

Horses Fear Paper.

"Odd isn't it," said an old horseman, "but a piece of white paper blowing under a horse's feet will scare him when nothing else under the sun will make him bat an eye."

"There are old dandy horses in this town that would go eating out of a nosing if the crack of doom should sound in the street. There are hundreds of them that would not wink if a circus procession and seven bands came by. A tugboat might plow up in the river not 50 feet away and they wouldn't try to dodge the boiler-plate."

"But you can't trust one team in a thousand to start for the half of a newspaper to come blowing under their feet."

"Why is it? I don't know. If a horse has any 'bolt' left in him he will go at that. The automobile and the trolley that are new to him don't feaze him, but the scrap of paper, which has been with us for generations, will frighten him into a fit."

"Buffalo Bill's" Amiable Weakness.

"I am a man," he said, and as he spoke the lurid light fell upon his face, "I am a man now, and I claim a man's heritage. I would share no one with art. I must have all or nothing. You know me of old."

She knew him. He had not approached her or written her for years. "And you have waited all this time?" "I cared for no one else."

The immensity of the feeling she had long ago awakened struck at the door of her heart. She clutched at his hand. She wet it with her tears.

"It was art or life," she said, brokenly, "and life won, John, life has won."

SILKS VERY CHEAP.

WE ARE GAINING IN THE WORLD'S MARKET.

Wonderful Development of the Industry Here from a Few Hand-Loom Factories in New England—Now We're Seeking Markets Abroad.

Almost the poorest woman in this nation may wear a silk gown in these days, and that, as Minister Wu Ting-fang told the silk merchants of America here some few months ago, is not the case even in China, the home of silken goods. Never before were women's silk dress materials so cheap as they are now. Never were sewing silks at so low a price in proportion to quality as at present. Silks both of domestic and foreign weaving, are being sold in the retail stores in all the principal cities of this country at prices below the cost of manufacturing. Never before have artists tried so zealously in producing the creations which women can make such dreams of delight and never before have the prices been so irresistible to the feminine heart.

It is all due to the rise of the United States among the silkweaving nations of the world, a rise so rapid and so irresistible that the two distinguished Swiss manufacturers—one of them the largest in the world—who served on the jury which awarded the Paris exposition silk prizes were moved in their report to the government to call attention to the swiftly increasing competition of the American weavers in the markets of the world and to predict nothing but disaster to European competitors from it. Silk goods of our own manufacture are rapidly monopolizing the domestic market and now are also finding an outlet abroad. No other country, the manufacturers agree, is now so well equipped as ours for the low-price production of silk goods, so great has been the improvement in power loom making here, and now, though the conditions have not been favorable in the main either to labor or capital in the silk industry in the last two years, American manufacturers are supplying at least 75 per cent of the silk fabrics in the domestic market and in ribbons are making actually 90 per cent of the supply. When the silk industry was started in this country in the early forties it seemed to have poor prospects. By long acquaintance with silk weaving the French, English, Swiss and Italian manufacturers had every advantage over the budding industry. It has been American mechanical genius which has pulled the industry here out of the hole. "The best factory gets the most work," is an axiom in the silk trade and American manufacturers get to work to make their best factories. In 1875 there were 1,695 looms, and all hand looms at that in this country. In 1880 there were 3,153 hand looms—double the number—and there were also 5,321 power looms, turning out silk fabrics at double speed. In 1890 the number had increased to 20,322 power looms, and 1,747 hand looms. Last year, there were 30,000 power looms on broad goods alone and 7,000 more power looms were turning out ribbons. The use of hand looms had dropped till there were only 830 of them, and of these 130 were turning out specialties in narrow trimmings. The Silk Association of America in its annual report issued a few weeks ago estimated the value of the product of the silk looms of this country in the last year at \$100,000,000. More than 500 factories were turning out this product in every state in the union between Maine and Delaware. In 1850 a few small factories in Connecticut were turning out the whole product of the industry here and it was valued at less than \$2,000,000. In New Jersey alone last year there was \$30,000,000 capital invested in the silk business and almost as much in Pennsylvania; 44,250 operatives were employed in the two states, drawing \$13,500,000 in wages, and in the whole country there were nearly 64,000 operatives who earned more than \$20,000,000. Other weaving industries in which silk is largely used half as many more men, women and children were employed and half as much capital again was invested. Yet the silk industry is passing through a crisis just now and its difficulties have been the ill wind which has blown good to the consumers alone. The United States in the last two years has imported one-third of the world's supply of raw silk, but at an increased price and under the competition of rival mills equipped with highly productive machinery the market for the finished goods has stayed down. That is why silks are cheap here and persons of moderate incomes benefit thereby, while foreign manufacturers year by year see themselves outbid and outclassed in what was one of their most profitable markets.

Harvesting by Installments.

A farmer in Barton county, Kan., last year carried out successful operation a plan by which outside help was done away with. He had two grown sons, and in September they commenced sowing wheat. This was kept planting a hundred acres every month until January. In May his first crop was ready to harvest, and in September he was just rounding up his harvest and started in to planting again. Thus he and his sons handled the entire crop of 500 acres and were employed the year around. He saved the expense of twenty hands and his wheat crop netted him \$700 clear money.—St. Louis Republic.

An Ancient Vase.

During excavations near Lampaki, on the Dardanelles, a beautiful vase was found. It is made of burnt clay, encrusted on the exterior with gold. It has three golden handles and splendid reliefs representing hunting scenes. The date of the vase, which contained human ashes, bones and pearls, is estimated at about B. C. 400.

A white pine tree twenty years old ought to be about 25 feet high and at 30 or 40 years of age it ought to measure about 60 feet.

NATIVE INDIAN SURVEYORS.

Strategy Necessary in Using Measuring Instruments in Thibet.

At any time within the last thirty-five years the trans-Himalayan traveler might have met a caravan of Thibetan and Indian traders with their pack-laden sheep climbing or descending some steep mountain pass or crossing the Tsangpo on rafts. Walking humbly by the servants or slaves—for to walk is a mark of servitude with those people—there would be an Indian with tea bowl and prayer barrel suspended at his girdle, counting his rosary as he walked, differing in nothing apparently from his companions except in his more intelligent face and in the greater interest with which he noted everything about him. But open his prayer barrel, which he piously twirls when he comes to some particularly dangerous spot, and there will be found in it instead of a scroll with the Buddhist prayer, "Om mani padmi hom," notes of the journey after the boundary was crossed, observations with sextant and compass, and a simple route survey showing the length of each day's march, the relative position of the prominent peaks, the course of the rivers, the nature of the proximate breadth and depth. It was in 1861 that the successful opposition of the Thibetans to the exploration of the trans-Himalayan region by Europeans, as well as the fact that Indian traders were permitted to travel freely throughout Thibet, suggested to an officer connected with the great trigonometrical survey of India the expedient of employing native surveyors. The village schoolmaster, Nain Singh, who had been in the service of the brothers Schlaginweit during their explorations in Kashmir, was the first man to receive the necessary training for the work. At the headquarters of the survey he was taught the use of the sextant, compass, etc., to recognize all the larger stars and to make a simple route survey. When these things had been sufficiently acquired he was sent to explore the Tsangpo on its source to India, if possible. It was 1865 before he succeeded in establishing himself in Thibet as a trader desiring to buy horses and at the same time as a pious Buddhist to do homage to the Lhasa Lama. His "instrumental equipment" consisted of a large sextant, two box sextants, prismatic and pocket compass, thermometer for observing temperature of air and of boiling water, pocket chronometer and common watch, with apparatus, the latter reduced as much as possible.

CRIMINALS ARE EXPENSIVE.

Country Could Save Money by Giving Them Big Pensions.

Criminals are very expensive members of the community. They cost the people of the country about \$1,000,000,000 a year. If their increase could be prevented it would be a paying investment to give each of the 250,000 accepted criminals a monthly pension of \$300, on the condition that they take a life vacation from the strenuous demands of their profession. The average annual income of professional criminals is estimated at about \$1,800. This means that the community pays them a yearly salary of \$400,000,000. After this is spent for their maintenance, we pay annually \$200,000,000 for their detection, conviction, and support, under national, state, county, and city auspices. The urban population has to pay the larger share of this, or 30,000,000 people in cities have to pay \$105,000,000—\$3.50 per capita, and the suburban population of 45,000,000 \$1 each, or \$45,000,000. In addition to this there is a federal and state expense of \$50,000,000. This the loss by malicious destruction of property the money value of human life lost through crime, the expenditure necessary in the attempt to guard against loss through lawbreakers, and we find that \$1,000,000,000 is not a large estimate.—Chicago Journal.

Towers Which Lean.

The famous leaning tower of Pisa is by no means the only building which by accident or design is far out of the perpendicular. Some are more or less well known in Britain. The Temple church at Bristol, England, which, though quite a ruin, is a fine specimen of architectural design, leans very conspicuously. The church at Ermington, South Devon, affords an instance of a spire which is curiously curved; but, although appearing to be in a dangerous state, it is perfectly stable and safe. The very curious and twisted spire at Chesterfield is probably better known than any in Britain. For one of the main lines of railway for one of the main lines of railway of the building is quite enough to provoke remark. The deformity is attributed to the fact that the builder of the spire used green wood, which warped with the heat of the sun and twisted the erection into its present corkscrew shape. The historic monument of London, which was built by Wren to commemorate the great fire of 1666, not only slopes many feet from an upright position, but swings in the wind on breezy days.

Art Treasures in the Far West.

Another of the remarkable dispatches concerning works of art, which come out of the west, with such startling frequency nowadays, brings word that in a fire in a church built by Pere Marquette in 1669 there has perished a painting by Rubens. The descent from the Cross. These wonderful Lochiver dispatches would indicate by their number that the great west is a very storehouse of art treasures. It would be difficult to convince people in the east of the authenticity of many of the discoveries in art there so continuously being made. The last dispatch says the Rubens was given to Marquette by the pope. It was wonderful, indeed, if one of the Flemish painter's masterpieces was sent from Rome to the Indian missions in the western wilds of the seventeenth century. The carriers of it must have had a nice time, considering the canoe progress, the portage, and the necessary concern with their environment of savagery.—New York Sun.

The handorgan man has an airy way, although his life is one continual grind.

Her Laudable Ambition.

Colonel G. B. M. Harvey, the publisher, tells of meeting the young bride of a well known Kentucky family, who said: "I'm glad to meet you, because I'm thinking of writing a book." "Of what sort?" asked the colonel. "Oh," was the answer, "something like 'Les Misérables,' only more lively."

How He Handed Off Sharpshooters. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., does not intend that idle hour, his new home at Oakland, L. I., shall be photographed without his permission. He has accordingly had pictures taken from every possible point and copyrighted the results.

Couldn't Work Him for a "Temple."

A civil engineer employed in Salt Lake City received recently from the cashier a bill for work which he had been engaged his first week's wages, less 10 per cent. He asked why, having worked a full week at agreed rate, there should be any deduction. "It's the title for the 'Temple' was the answer, and on further inquiry it appeared that it was usual in Salt Lake City for every citizen or workman to pay over to the elders a sum representing a tithe, or 10 per cent of his earnings or gains. The engineer said that he knew nothing about the Temple or the elders, and that he cared less. He added that he would have his full pay or know the reason why. "Oh, it's entirely optional," said the cashier, pushing over the balance.

Wonderful Case in Indiana.

Buck Creek, Ind., July 15th—Mrs. Elizabeth Rorick of this place had Rheumatism. She says: "All the doctors told me they could do nothing for me. My case was very bad and the pain was so great, very bad and she is well and entirely free from pain or any symptom of the Rheumatism." "Are you still using Dodd's Kidney Pills?" was asked.

"No, I stopped the use of the Pills some time ago, and have not had the slightest return of my old trouble. I am sure I am completely and permanently cured."

Many in Tippecanoe County who have heard of Mrs. Rorick's case and her cure by Dodd's Kidney Pills, are using the Pills, and all report wonderful results.

Royal Pistol Shot.

King George of Greece has lately taken up pistol practice as an amusement, and is developing a considerable talent in that direction, so that he was able in a recent tournament to defeat some of the best shots in the kingdom.

Are You Using Allen's Foot Ease?

It is the only cure for Scalded, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Drug and Shoe Stores. 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Teach your child to hold his tongue.

Clear white clothes are a sign that the housekeeper uses Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 20c. package, 5 cents.

An Innocent plowman is more worthy than a vicious prince.

Mrs. Winslow's soothing Syrup. For children's coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, and all other ailments of the throat. Do good to try to friend to keep him to try enemy to gain him.

Ask your grocer for BEPIANCE STARCH, the only 10-cent package for 10 cents. All other 10-cent starch contains only 12 oz. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Seminole War Pensioners.

In the Masonic home in Wallingford, Conn., there resides one of the four veterans now alive of the Seminole war. He is Charles Benedict, an old Mason. He is on the list of Uncle Sam's pensioners. Two other survivors of the war, and all one the pension roll, are Samuel Hart, of Rockport, Mass., and Samuel D. Calkins, of Norwich.

NEW EQUIPMENT FOR THE WABASH.

Effective July 10th, The Wabash is placing the first of the large order of equipment, consisting of two baggage, 8 combination passenger and baggage, 30 coaches, 10 chair cars, 3 cafe cars and 2 dining cars into service. The trains running from Chicago leaving at 11:00 a. m., 3:03 p. m., 9:15 p. m. and 11:00 p. m., respectively, will carry this new equipment. Much comment has been made upon the elegant broad vestibule chair cars in this service. In addition to this extra equipment, the Pan-American Special, running between St. Louis and Buffalo, leaves St. Louis at 1:00 p. m., arriving at Buffalo 8:20 a. m. Returning, leaves Buffalo 1:30 p. m., arrives St. Louis 7:56 a. m. This train has been equipped with the large broad vestibule chair cars and cafe library and observation cars, something entirely new, an innovation in the passenger service.

Bucephalus, the horse of Alexander, hath as lasting fame as his master.

FRAGRANT SOZODONT

a perfect liquid dentifrice for the Teeth and Mouth

New Size SOZODONT LIQUID, 25c. SOZODONT PASTES, 25c. Large LIQUID and POWDER, 75c.

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