ODD FIGHT IN TEXAS.

About as exciting a battle as was ever witnessed occurred on the Joe Spangler ranch, in Texas, a few days ago, says the New York Sun. The cowboys of the Spangler ranch had three full-grown bears, captured at one time or other in the Santiago mountains. The bears wandered about the ranch and stables, eternally in some mischief, but nobody feared them, as they wer always good-humored and playful Over at Tom Ray ranch, near Los Chi sos, the boys owned a 2-year-old Mex ican lion, or panther. That sort of pe will always become dangerous by th time it is 2 years old, and this particula one was about the meanest lion eve caught in that section, and the boy of the Tom Ray concluded to fight him if a battle could be arranged, with the bears of Spangler.

Before arrangements could be made Mexican Pepe, a hunter for Spangle ranch, discovered a den of peccaries or wild Mexican hogs, as they are called in Texas. There's no animal on top of ground more unconquerable than a peccary. They are small, round-bodied yellowish brown animals, about the size of a quarter-grown hog. They are covered with coarse bristles, the ridge down the back and along the neck being often five or six inches long. They sport long, curved scimetar-like tusks sharp as knifeblades, and their dispositions are devilish. They are tailless. There's no animal known which will face them voluntarily. The band discovered by Pepe had for its headquarters a cave in a foothill of the mountains. The mouth of the cave was less than two feet in diameter, but the cave itself was fully forty feet wide and sixty feet long. Pepe was hunting at the time, and the musky odor of the peccaries betrayed them. Luckily for Pepe, the band must have just returned home from some excursion, as they were asleep at the time, and before they woke up Pepe had corked up the entrance to the cave with rocks, which were thickly strewn about.

When Pepe returned to the ranch and told his story the cowboys proposed a battle royal. They sent word to Tom Ray ranch and the cowboys of that ranch brought over the Mexican lion Meanwhile the boys had built a heavy rail fence about 100 feet square and 10 feet high about the cave. The next morning there were fifty cowboys of the Tom Ray ranch, as many more from the Rockett ranch and nearly 100 of the Spangler ranch boys gathered together. The ground within the rallied inclosure was cleared of every obstacle except four good-sized stumps, to each of which a bear or panther was chained with a twenty-foot chain. Each of the stumps had been squared off three feet above the ground.

At 1 o'clock all was ready for the battle except the peccaries. This part of the work was delegated to Red Jim an Indian cowboy of Spangler, with the betting at 2 to 1 that Jim would get pinned before he could get out of reach of the infuriated peccaries. But Jim knew his business. He first rolled stones and placed them several feet from the mouth of the cave to impede the brute should they get out too quickly for him. Then he slipped a lariat around the big stone which corked up the mouth of the cave. Retreating fifteen or twenty feet he gave the lariat a strong pull and out came a stream of raging wild hogs. They didn't catch Jim, but they came close enough to spring at his heels as he scaled the fence. Then full 100 mad and snapping peccaries stood a minute and looked around. In front forty or fifty feet away, were three big bears and a Mexican lion. Most people would think that such a sight would have scared the peccaries, but it did nothing of the sort. On the contrary the bears and the lion began to display signs of uneasiness. The bears quickly climbed to the top of the tree stumps to which they were chained, and the lion squatted and showed its teeth.

Betting was about even. Bronchos saddles, bridles, Winchesters, and cowboys' possessions of all sorts went up on the result, until the ground was covered with piles of traps. The peccaries didn't wait, but with a general squeak of rage charged their adversaries. In squads of something like equal numbers they attacked each bear and the lion, and then followed a fight to the death. The bears stood with all four feet on each stump, and as the peccaries sprang at them they struck out right and left, knocking the pugnacious brutes yards away. Half a dozen peccaries had received severe injuries from the claws and blows, and it began to look like a win out for the bears, when suddenly two of the wild hogs sprang up behind one of the bears while his attention was attracted in front, and in a second they had severely nipped him in the near. Turning too quickly the bear slipped and fell from his pedestal. In a second there was a mass of reddish brown bristles and bear fur mixed inextricably at the foot of the stump, rolling, tumbling, grunting and squeaking with rage and pain. Bruin managed to regain his feet once and endeavored to get back on the stump, but the peccaries would have none of it. They charged him in front, ripped him in the sides and rear, and he fell back into the writhing mass. A minute more and one bear was a lifeless, shapeless mass, with the yellow-brown fiends ripping his hide into ribbons and cracking his bones like pieces of glass.

While this was going on the remaining bears [illegible] the lion had their paws and jaws [illegible] of business. The bears still safely [illegible]rched on their respective stumps, [illegible]t were kept busy knocking off the [illegible]aries which were doing their level[illegible] to dislodge them. Half a do[illegible]ying on their backs, dead, while others were jumping about, and while badly wounded were yet mad and unconquerable as ever; while the bears themselves had not escaped scot free A number of scarlet spots on their black hair showed where the peccaries had left imprints of their scimetar-like tusks. One of the peccaries caught a grip on the hindquarters of one of the bears and hung on like grim death The bear's foothold was lost and he fell squarely into the jaws of the snapping mob below. Then followed another battle on the ground, with the bear underneath and the wilds hogs in a yellow bank above, snapping and struggling to get at their enemy. The bear began to work his hind feet and bodies of wild hogs began to fly upward and outward, ripped from end to end by the claws of the bear. The bear at last got on his feet and backed up against the stump. He sat there and beat the peccaries away, knocking fully a dozen into kingdom come before the hogs succeeded in overcoming him.

The last living bear was now attacked with redoubled fury and by an increased force of peccaries. For fully a minute the battle raged, and the bear succeeded in wiping out at least half a dozen peccaries. He had no chance of escape, however, and was in the end literally torn to shreds by the enraged peccaries.

Meanwhile thirty or more of the peccaries not mixed up in the fight with the bears were either strung out over the field trying to get at the cowboys on the fence or attacking the Mexican lion. The long, lithe body of the lion had thus far escaped serious injury, having received only a few gashes from the tusks of his enemies, while four or five of the wild hogs were lying at the foot of the stump on which the panther early in the fight found it necessary to take refuge. But as the raging peccaries drew off from the dead bears they turned their attention to the lion, swarming about the stump four or five deep. The lion soon saw that with enemies jumping at him from all sides he could not much longer retain his position. Suddenly, with an ear-piercing scream, he sprang out and into the midst of the swarm of hogs, where, slashing right and left, he cut a swath, ripping open and killing a number before they recovered from their surprise. In a second the lion was out of the mass and back on the stump. Twice was the same feat performed. Each time the lion dashed downward, knocking and slashing the life out of a number and then jumping over their backs out of reach, and it began to look as though it would end in his whipping the lot and getting away without great damage; but when he sprang down the third time his chain became entangled in the body of a dead peccary, and when he sprang up again to regain the stump the whole weight of the peccary checked his leap, and he fell to the center of the yellow mass. The peccaries completely covered every inch of the lion in a second, and in half a minute they had torn him into pieces.

War's Domestic Uses.

The man was standing on the wharf at a point where he could see into the nonpellucid depths of the Potomac about two inches. He was gazing down just as intently, however, when the policeman spoke to him.

"Well?" said the officer in that disagreeable questioning tone a policeman seems to think he has a right to assume.

"Thanks, yes," said the man with a wan smile, "about as well as could be expected under the circumstaces."

The officer wasn't expecting that kind of an answer, and it threw him off his clew.

"I mean," he stammered, "what are you looking in that water for?"

"I'm not," smiles the man again. "It's too Potomaky, I might say, having used it in my family for washing, drinking and plastering purposes for many years."

"I guess you're all right," said the policeman, changing the subject.

"I don't think I am," confessed the man, frankly. "In fact, I know I am not. My wife and I were just discussing that point before I came down here."

"Well, what are you doing here?" inquired the policeman quite as anxiously as he had made his first inquiry.

"I was thinking what a pity it was that the war with Spain was over."

"Why, pity? Everybody's glad of it, I thought."

"I'm not."

"Why not?"

"Well, when there was a war, being a right decent sort of a man that makes a rattling good living for my wife, all I had to do to bring her out of her tantrums was to threaten to quit work and go to the front, where the chances of staying while a widder woman was left at home to scrap along for herself and four small children couldn't be beat. I say, the war was the greatest domestic regulator on earth, but it couldn't last, of course. It would have been too much luck for a man like me. No, siree, it had to quit, and now the best I can do is to tell my wife where I'm going and make a break for this neighborhood, at least three miles from home, besides the publicity of it. Good-by, guess I'll be going back. If you see anything of a scart woman charging around here in the course of the next half hour tell her I've gone home, will you, please?" and he moved slowly off toward a street car.

There are hundreds of millionaires in Russia whose fortunes are in the shape of vast domains containing gold and silver of incalculable value, but which have never been developed.

[illegible] paper mill in Montana will [illegible]ected at Manhattan, in that [illegible] material to be used in the [illegible]re is the white barley straw [illegible] the Gallatin valley, thus util[illegible]duct of the state which here[illegible] gone to waste. The plant will [illegible]y one of its kind in the United [illegible] as at present there are no [illegible]ills in this country con[illegible]ting [illegible] pulp and paper. In Ru[illegible] [illegible] a few mills of this sort, wh[illegible] has more than 100 mills which [illegible] manufacture pulp and paper from the German barley straw. The Germans export to this country annually upward of 5,000 tons of straw pulp, on which they pay a tariff of $5 a ton, placing it on the American market at 4 cents a pound.

Hawkins—Is that Chaplain McIntyre a brainy man?

Tucker—Oh, I guess he is; they said he had a great head on him the morning after his lecture."

YOONEEKS AND WHIPPORWILLS

Every small boy's delight is to crawl under the edge of the circus tent and see the show without paying for it; it's ever so much a better performance than where one prosaically thumps down a silver coin at a window and walks demurely in at the big front door. Men are but small boys grown up, and even baseball "fans" may be found who will declare that the game is far better witnessed from a neighboring housetop than from the choicest seat in the grand stand.

It has been the fortune (good or ill, according to one's point of view) of the young men and boys who have tried to obtain admission to the University of Chicago athletic field without tickets or money to have been the direct cause of the organization of an odd corps of property defenders. This guard, which is known among the students as "Foster's Yooneeks," consists of a lieutenant, a sergeant and four privates, and shortly before every game they rendezvous in a shanty, where Lieutenant Foster or Sergeant O'Brien distributes the "firearms." Each weapon consists of a piece of carefully selected hickory stick, to which is attached eight fet of one-inh rubber hose, and it is called the "whipper-will."

Whenever there is to be a football game played men and boys congregate about the grounds several hours before the gates are opened, and many of them, by secreting themselves inside, by whittling holes in the fence, or by climbing over, attempt to see the game without paying their respects to the ticket collector. As soon as the guards go on duty they make a thorough search of the possible hiding places about the field and unceremoniously hustle whomsoever they find out of the gate. One of the guards was almost scared out of his hat last Saturday by finding six boys concealed in a large hogshead which had been used as a garbage barrel by the woman who runs the little restaurant on the grounds. The lads had squeezed themselves in as tight as sardines and had covered the top of the barrel with a piece of old carpet, but they neglected to tie their tongues, betrayed themselves thereby, and as a consequence endured their unpleasant confinement for naught.

After this prelimenary work is done the "Yooneeks" patrol the outskirts of the field and invite those who manifest an intention of entering, as "Christian" in "Pilgrim's Progress" saw Formalist and Hypocrisy enter the narrow way, to descend on the outside. It frequently happens that the would-be sight-seer simply ducks down behind the tops of the boards, and it is then that the "whipper-will" is brought into play. With an ominous swish the rubber length goes over and taps the tricky youth, not gently, on the head.

This fence, by the way, is a frightful example of the whittler's art. Were it not for the "whipper-wills" quite as large an audience might be accommodated outside as inside the grounds, so numerous are the perforations.

Pickled Fish on Trees.

An Irish officer who has served at Malta was one day at a public dinner. Expatiating on the luxurious living at Malta, he spoke particularly of the excellent qualities of the anchovies. He had never seen any of them anywhere else. He spoke of a grove of them which he had seen growing in the governor's garden upon the esplanade. A gentleman present disputed the statement that anchovies grew on trees. The Irishman reaffirmed it most emphatically. A challenge was given and accepted. At the first fire the Irishman's shot took effect in his opponent's thigh, the ball hitting the bone and causing such a shock that the latter fell upon his back, in such pain that he kicked his heels vigorously.

"I' faith, Major," said the Irishman's second, "you've hit your man, but I think not dangerously, for see what lively capers he is cutting."

"Capers! Capers!" exclaimed the Irishman with a start. "Oh, by the powers, what have I done! Bad luck to me forever for such a dreadful mistake!"

And hastening to the side of his antagonist, who had been raised to a sitting posture, he grasped his hand, saying as he did so:

"My dear friend, I hope you're not killed, and if I've harmed you seriously I'll ask your pardon forever, for I've made a murderin' mistake. It was capers that I saw growing on that tree at Malta, and not anchovies at all!"

Three ex-ministers of the French republic, whose numbers are beginning to be legion, are devoting their enforced leisure to literary pursuits far from the madding crowd. M. Hanotaux approaches the completion of the third volume of Cardinal Richelieu's biography, and in idle moments amuses himself by a day's shooting. M. Cavaignac is engaged in tracing the growth of contemporary Germany. Mr. Ramoaud has returned to his monumental work on general history, and hopes soon to finish the closing volumes. Another candidate for literary fame is Mlle Lucie Faure, who is understood to be writing her father's memoirs with his own sanction and assistance. She has already made her debut anonymously in two or three volumes of verse.

J. B. Watson, who died the other day in South Carolina, was the bodyguard of President Jefferson Davis at the confederate executive mansion at Richmond, was serving on that duty when Miss Winnie Davis was born, and was regarded as part of the president's family. He was chosen for the place because of his remarkable courage and devotion.

The congresswoman from the new state of Mpjorwp now rose and addressed the house.

"I move," she exclaimed, "that all this red tape be dispensed with."

The motion carried unanimously. But when it was urged that there be substituted heliotrope tape with a sea-green border, difficulties arose.

The brunette wing of the dominant party, supported by the agrarian bleach blondes, insisted upon shrimp pink.

RE[illegible]

I hear a bird that si[illegible] ays,
A lonely bird, but no[illegible] as I,
Whose life is leaden a[illegible] intry sky
O heart, how weary are [illegible]ove's woods and ways
When trod in singleness The sight obeys
The soul, and sees no beauty far or night
Unless the soul says "Look!" And so I sigh
Thro' this fair Spring when I should tune my praise.

I know not why the bird is sad; God knows;
And he knows why my heart makes out no song.
For I am burdened with the grievous wrong
Of hard words said to one whose calm repose
I would give all to wake. . . . Ah, dear, how long,
How dark the night until your eyes unclose.

—J. J. Bell in the Pall Mall Magazine.

COUNTESS SCHIMMELMANN.

That most distinguished and philanthropic Danish lady, the Countess Adeline Schimmelmann, will arrive in Chicago during the week on her steam yacht, the Dove, a steadfast little vessel of thirty-five tons' burden. It is an aristocratic yacht, for the countess purchased it in 1895 from his royal highness, Prince Waldemar of Denmark, and with sanctified zeal and the approval of all well wishers for the welfare of the toilers of the deep she has devoted it to the service of her work.

The Countess Schimmelmann moves about from port to port interesting herself in carrying the gospel to the sailors of all nations and doing all that one woman can do to reclaim back into the path of virtue and rectitude many who for divers reasons have become backsliders. To achieve her purpose she has devoted her entire fortune and time to this meritorious work, and wherever she has gone she has been received with open arms.

Countess Schimmelmann's work is divided into four departments—viz., mission work with the yacht Duen, or Dove, the international sailors' mission, the fishermen of the Baltic sea and spreading the gospel by meetings.

YACHT A TRAINING SHIP.

As the countess moves from place to place she has made of her yacht a traning ship for young sailors and boys, and with her limited accommodations is nevertheless able to give practical instruction to eighteen young sailors. She also holds mission meetings on board in English, Danish and German, and when in Denmark and Germany, in ports where she is accessible to women and children, she holds separate meetings for dockers, for women, for little girls and for boys.

Sometimes her yacht has been crowded with 200 persons at a time, and, to accommodate all who seek to participate, the countess has held as many as six meetings in a day. A special feature of her gatherings is the good cheer which awaits the people on the yacht, for frequently there are tea meetings, when tea, cooling drinks and cakes are served to all who come.

While in London tied up at the Commercial docks she held meetings for Scandinavian sailors and entertained Mr. Mathews, secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' society, who cordially approved her work, and who, on behalf of his society, presented to the yacht the great Bethel flag with an earnest prayer for the spreading of the gospel among the seamen of all nations through her mission.

The yacht is the Countess Schimmelmann's home wherever she goes. She says herself: "Thanks to an English friend, the cabins have been made as comfortable as possible for me and give me the opportunity of staying on board even in winter when mild.

GREAT SAVING OF STRENGTH.

"This is a great advantage in the saving of my strength, being able after the work to retire to my own little nook instead of staying in noisy hotels. The cabins also afford a home for workers helping me, as well as to the lads staying on board, so that the work is not interrupted wherever we sail. We also carry with us our stores of books and tracts in ten different languages for distribution or for sale."

The International Sailors' mission is prosecuted by moving about from harbor to harbor, thus coming into contact with ships of all nations. As the countess speaks fluently six different languages, she readily attracts many sailors by conversing with them in their own tongue, and softens many hearts by her intense sincerity and interest in their welfare.

In 1895 she personally visited about 100 ships, while her assistants visited 411. During that time she distributed 20,000 copies of the gospels and tracts in ten languages, not counting books of her own authorship, which are sold after the meetings for the benefit of her mission.

Through these meetings the countess has been able to find and restore to God and home many wayward sons who have gone adrift.

On one occasion, while on her way to one of her meetings, she was accosted by a clergyman, who said to her: "Well, countess, you seem to be a good hand at finding lost sons; counsel me what to do in such a desperate case as this," and he produced a letter of a lady of rank, whose son had left her never to return, and he being in such an exasperated condition it was feared he was either dead or gone abroad.

MOTHER ALMOST DISTRACTED.

The poor mother was nearly losing her senses, and the clergymen was entreated to make inquiries.

"Now, what would you do in this case, countess?" said the clergyman. "It seems impossible to find him."

"Pray," answered the countess, "and then make it known at every meeting I hold for sailors. I will do both directly."

"Then I went to my meeting and mentioned the case and was about to ask the sailors for their help in finding this lost one on any of their ships, when a young man arose, deathly pale, and drew me into an adjoining room. I am not at liberty to tell more—except that before the clergyman was up next morning a note from me informed him that by this time the lost son was already in his mother's arms. This case made a young atheist with strong anarchist views acknowledge 'there is a God after all, and miracles are wrought in these days.'"

The third branch of the countess' work concerns the fisherman on the Baltic Sea. Through the influence of English friends she has been able to re-erect the destroyed Fishermen's Home at Rugen. It was four years since she had been among them, and during that time, to use her own words, "they had not been near any Christian meeting, their church being far away and their clergymen being spiritually dead."

The fishermen in the Baltic Sea, the countess says, are sadly in need of religious attention, which can be made effective by establishing mission halls in the villages, a kind of mission work almost unknown in Germany. The countess believes in a little cheer for the inner man, and during the first week when she reopened the Fishermen's Home, 2,000 mugs of coffee were served free.

MISSION HOMES COMING.

Thus far a good commencement has been made by sending from port to port the mission cutter "Taube," and just as soon as funds are provided mission halls and homes will be established.

The fourth department, the spreading of the gospel by meetings, is one in which the countess takes much pride, for through this means she reaches thousands of people. In 1895, in the course of fifteen months, she held 358 public meetings, and in one fortnight alone addressed 15,000 people.

"I rejoice in these meetings," said the countess in a recent interview. "Weak in body, and often tired to death, with a naturally weak voice, I have many and many a time stood before thronging crowds composed of all sorts of people. My audiences often contained all classes, from the muncipal authorities to anarchists, from ladies of title to coal heavers, from police to burglars."

At these meetings the largest halls had invariably to be hired, so great were the throngs. A socialistic newspaper at Aalborg said:

"Nobody and nothing in Denmark, except our 1st of May meetings, is able to gather such crowds as the meetings held by Countess Schimmelmann. Yesterday the largest hall in the town was filled to overflowing, and perhaps as many as were inside were waiting patiently outside, blocking the streets until they saw her going to her yacht."

An anachist, backed up by his comrades, rushed at her in Hamburg one day and brandishing a stick in her face cried out with passion:

"We are anarchists and won't hear God spoken of."

This man can be found now at the meetings whenever the countess holds them in Hamburg, and the police say he is as meek as a lamb.

LIFE FULL OF ROMANCE.

Countess Schimmelmann's life has been one of incident and romance, and restrain her from devoting her life and her means to the mission work. And at one time her relatives sought to restrain her from devoting her life and her means to the mission. And in some countries she meets with opposition solely because she is a woman. In Germany those who oppose her work do so on the ground "that I am a woman, and as such I must not speak of the gospel in meetings, especially not to men."

But opposition, persecution, and all such forces have no terrors for the countess, and she still prosecutes her mission work with all the power of her ability and resources. For the past week she has been in Detroit and hopes to reach Chicago some time during this week, and will no doubt be accorded a cordial welcome by all lovers of genuine philanthropy and charity.

How Porto Ricans Shave.

The natives of our new territory Porto Rico, have no need to buy soap for the wooded country abounds in plants whose leaves and bulbs may be used most fully in place of that most indispensable article. Among the best of these is the soaptree, so called, tho' it is more a bush than a tree. Its bulb, when rubbed on wet clothes makes a snow-white lather, which has an odor like old brown Windsor soap. The Porto Ricans, who are all, from the highest to the lowest, great dandies in their way, make soap out of cocoanut oil and home-made lye—and a fine soap it is—smooth, and fragrant. When a man wishes to have a shave in the morning he starts out with his cocoanut shell cup, and his donkey-tail brush and bottle. It is never any trouble to find an empty bottle in Porto Rico, or almost any of the larger West India Islands, even in remote spots in the mountains. At least twenty generations of thirsty people have lived there and thrown away the bottles. The man carries no mirror, for he is too poor to own such a luxury. Not one house in twenty in Porto Rico has even the very cheapest looking-glass. But generously rich nature provides the mirror, as well as the soap. The man goes to some convenient pool in the mountain stream where the water is quite still—there is his mirror. He breaks his bottle on a stone and deftly picks out a sharp piece of suitable size. Then he lathers his face profusely, and begins to scrape away with his piece of glass, which in his hands works as well as the best steel razor. A cut, or even a scratch is extremely rare as a result of this al fresco form of shaving.

FUN IN EXAMINATION PAPERS.

An earnest, devoted school teacher now happily married, but yet the companion, counselor and friend of a number of her old pupils, has a choice collection of the funniest answers she received in her examination papers. Here are a few of them:

"The stomach is the most diluted portion of the elementary canal."

"Hygiene is all that you can tell about that which is asked."

"The doctrine of evolution began with the beginning of life and grew higher and higher until it at last regenerated into a monkey. This process was so slow that neither the monkey nor the man knew anything about it."

"A germ is a name applied to a particular particle, tiny subbacterial organism which, when demonstrated, will cause disease."

"A germ is a tiny insect, sometimes found in diseases or organs. It is so very small that it can only be seen by a telescope. That is why diseases are contagious. At times it appears like the head of a pin, but it goes floating around into the atmosphere."

"Habeas corpus means, you may have the head, and I will take the body."

"The germ theory of diseases is continually floating around in the air, and is very dangerous, especially when the atmosphere is unwholesome."

"A dowager is a widow without any joints." (Jointures?)

"Pitt, earl of Chatham, premier of England, entered life at a very early age, which office he held at a very early period in life, the time when most men are just finishing a professional education."

CHURCH AND CLERGY.

It is estimated that 30 000 or 40 000 Russians visit the Holy Land each year.

Converted Chinese returning from California to China prove most efficient Christian workers. The great embarrassment now is to provide teachers and preachers for the thronging multitudes.

The great success of the Rev A. B Simpson in raising money for missions is astonishing the Christian world. It has no parallel—$112,000 at the recent meetings in Carnegie Hall, New York.

Female emancipation in China, the use of the bicycle by the fair Celestials, the publication of a weekly entitled the Feminine Magazine, edited by Chinese ladies, show that progress is being made by Christianity in that land.

United Presbyterian missionaries are having great success in Nyasaland, Africa. Four thousand converts recently gathered and spent five days in prayer, conference and song, and on one day 284 converts were baptized.

"Of the more than 100,000 patients treated every year," says the Outlook, "by the medical missionaries, and made acquainted with a benign faith, many become disseminators of that faith in regions still unreached by its preachers."

The $500 which the emperor of Japan sent to defray the funeral expenses of the veteran missionary, Dr George E. Verbeck, shows that missionary work of a high order is appreciated and desired by the Japanese government and people.

The Mormons continue to excite the Protestant church in the west and the south, and many affirm that they aim to be a vast political machine. The Mormons declare that "those only are the people of God who render absolute obedience to the Mormon priesthood."

A clergyman left a notice to be read by the preacher with whom he exchanged, and the preacher astonished

Does Your Back Ache?

In constant pain when on your feet?
Is that dragging, pulling sensation with you from morn till night?
Why not put the medicine exactly on the disease? Why not apply the cure right to the spot itself?
You can do it with

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster

Immediately after the Plaster is applied, you feel its warming, soothing influence. Its healing remedies quickly penetrate down deep into the inflamed tissues. Pain is quieted, soreness is relieved and strength imparted.

No plaster was ever made like it. No plaster ever acted so quickly and thoroughly. No plaster ever had such complete control over all kinds of pain.

Placed over the chest it is a powerful aid to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral; relieving congestion and drawing out all inflammation.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Winter Excursion.

If sick you can find help. If crippled with rheumatism you can be cured. If tired you need rest and the place to go is

HOT SPRINGS,
SOUTH DAKOTA.

The expense is less than you imagine. "The Northwestern Line" has announced special excursions, certain days this month at

CHEAP RATES.

The Evans Hotel will remain open and this and all other hotels and boarding houses are giving good service with low rates during the winter.

Round trip rates. { Omaha, - 16.40 / Mo. Valley, 16.55 / Sioux City, 14.80 }

and corresponding reductions from other points west.

Climate, Water, Scenery and Hotels are unexcelled. Thirty days time allowed and any agent F. E. & M. V. R. R. or J. H. Gable, Trav. Passenger Agent, Denison, Iowa, can tell you more about it.

Pussy's Letter.

A Back Bay woman, according to the Boston Herald, has a cat that can tell when a letter comes for her, as is proved by the following story:

The owner of the cat spoke of its ability in this direction to a friend who was making a call.

"A letter!" exclaimed the caller, in surprise.

"Yes, a letter; and if you don't believe it I will prove it to you. Just wait a minute until I direct one."

The woman left the room, and in a few minutes returned with a sealed envelope, addressed to Miss Pussy, No. —, Marlboro street, City.

"Now," said she, "if you will kindly post that for me tonight and be here when the postman comes around on his first delivery tomorrow morning, you will see that I am telling you the facts.

The caller mailed the letter as she was asked, and was at her friend's home promptly the next morning.

Soon the bell rang, and shortly afterward the servant entered with a bundle of letters, among which was that for Miss Pussy.

Sure enough, pussy at once showed an interest, and in a moment had pushed aside with her paw the envelope addressed to her.

The visitor was about to express her surprise, when the woman of the house said: "Wait a moment. She'll open it and eat up all that is in the envelope."

Scarcely had she said this when Miss Pussy had torn the envelope open and was enjoying her letter very much.

The envelope was filled with catnip.

In making cushions for the popular wicker furniture it will be found that nothing is more durable than velveteen and the different varieties of the fabric sold under various names. Being a cotton fabric it does not gather moths, and both its dyes and texture are almost waterproof. The beautiful tints in which it is shown make it available for any scheme of decoration.

The American Legion of Honor, which is composed exclusively of those to whom medals have been awarded by congress for saving persons from drowning and the perils of the sea, has elected as honorary members President McKinley, because of his official position, and King Leopold of Belgium because he is the head of a similar organization in his own country. Both the new members have written letters of acceptance to the Washington headquarters of the society.

Admiral Dewey has a valuable collection of butterflies, which is insured for $6,000.

Nebraska Reform Press Business Ass'n
OMAHA. - NO. 47—1898.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

An excellent perfume for perfuming clothes that are packed away, and one which will retain its properties for a longer time, can be made in the following way: Pound to a powder one ounce each of cloves, caraway seed, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon and Tonquin beans, also as much orris root as will equal the weight of all the foregoing ingredients. All that is needed is to fill little bags of muslin with this mixture and lay them among the garments.

Among the Tartars, if the wife is ill-treated, she complains to the magistrate, who, attended by the principal people, accompanies her to the house and pronounces a divorce.

"Oh, it was fine!" exclaimed the senorita to her American visitor. "I wish you had gone with me. It was a magnificent corrida. The matador killed six bulls."

"Only six!" replied the American girl. "Why, at my uncle's abattoirs at Chicago they kill a thousands steers a day."—Judge.

"Mrs. Gabbler made a dreadful faux pas when she met Admiral Cervera.

"What was it?"

"She asked him if he had ever read 'Ships that Pass in the Night.'"—Detroit Free Press.

to the kitchen, the leaf can be torn off and given you, and you have the written list all ready to give your orders to "butcher and baker and candlestick-maker."

"Did you know," said the old colored man, "dat curses, like chickens, come home to roost?"

"I's hyuhd it," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "an' I specks it's so. But ter tell de troof, I allus thought chickens was takin' big risks 'bout gittin' home in dis neighborhood."

Citizen—But, offsher, I protesht that I am not the least bit (hic) intoshicated (hic)!

Officer—Well, thin, Oi'll not arrest yez if yez kin tell me ter wanst how many shtories there is in that buildin' over there.—Judge.