WRONG IMPRESSIONS MADE.

Lives Ruined by Influence of Theatrical Plays.

A young clerk, holding an excellent position in a London bank, visited many years ago a performance of a well-known play, in which the hero makes a huge fortune out of the silver mines of Mexico, says an exchange. Excellent as is the moral of this magnificent play, its effect on the career of this youthful clerk was disastrous, for, being fired by an ambition to emulate the doings of the "hero," who went abroad and secured a mighty fortune, he actually threw up his berth at the bank and sailed for the silver mines. Fortune was against him from the first. His career at the mines was a record of constant toil, accompanied by constant failure, and eventually he blew out his brains, leaving a note in which he declared that the witnessing of the play in question had been the cause of his quitting England, and that he bitterly regretted the day when he had turned his steps toward the theater. In another play there is a certain foolish woman, who, being unable to live agreeably with her husband, walks out of his home and returns no more. A young lady residing in a western London suburb, who had witnessed this piece, and who fancied that her own position was akin to that of the heroine of the said play, decided to follow the latter's example, and, sure enough, quitted the marital roof several days later. Her husband urged her to return to him, but she steadfastly refused, and the upshot of the matter was that she drifted into poverty, and, being unable to support herself by her own efforts, sought refuge in death. The production of a play of the "Jack Sheppard" order in Paris many years ago was the cause of a respectable tradesman's son taking to a life of crime. Fired by the feats of the stage malefactor, he began hostilities by pilfering from his father's till, and he followed up these depredations by breaking into a bank on the outskirts of Paris. When placed in the dock he struck a theatrical attitude, and made a short speech which distinctly recalled some of the lines from the play which had made so great an impression upon him. Doubtless his vicious tendencies had been latent up to the time when he visited the theater, but the play certainly served to call them forth and set them in action.

LIKE HOLMES' DEATH PITS.

Houses in England That Have Hidden Great Secrets.

The recent mysterious discovery of a human skeleton in a box hidden in the wall of a house in Westminster calls to mind many instances of a similar nature which have been revealed from time to time. Not long ago a family vacated a house at Wandsworth that had been occupied for over twenty years without any change of tenants. The landlord then set to work to repair the building, and finding some of the walls were in a rather dilapidated condition, resolved to put another window in one of the front rooms before remedying the defects. He was considerably astonished a few days after the work had been commenced to hear that the workmen had discovered the remains of three skeletons in the wall through which they were cutting. A deep cavity had been hollowed out, and in this the gruesome relics reposed. At first there was nothing very extraordinary in these facts, though they savored of a crime, but it was soon found that in each case the skull had been battered in and penetrated as if by a sharp instrument. A medical man called in to inspect the bones stated that they were those of women, so it soon became apparent that years before some horrible crime had been perpetrated in this very house, the walls of which hid their secret until all hope of bringing the culprit to justice had vanished. The family, too, had lived there for twenty years without the slightest suspicion of the terrible evidence of guilt that existed within a few yards of where they had their meals. Until quite lately there stood in Ratcliff Highway a house that has now been merged into the adjoining one to form a large public building, but its walls still stand. If houses could speak none could tell more horrible tales than this one. For many years it was an opium den owned by a Chinaman who eventually perished on the scaffold. While his customers were asleep under the pernicious drug he rifled their pockets, and if they contained articles of any value he purloined them, then picked up his unconscious victims and threw them down a dark hole in the cellar. At the bottom of this hole was a running stream, so that all traces of his guilt were carried away, and the unfortunate opium smokers disappeared from the world's ken forever. At length, however, he was caught red-handed by one of the sleepers, who had recovered prematurely.

A Big Deal in Corks.

A deal has just been closed whereby a well-known brewing firm purchases about 480,000 pounds of corks. This deal represents £90,000. In two years the company will deliver to the brewery upwards of 100,000,000 corks. This is said to be one of the biggest deals in corks ever made. These 100,000,000 corks in bulk, weighing 480,000 pounds, would support 240,000 men on top of the water were they to be thown overboard, each with a single life-preserver on.

C. P. Bryan's Luck.

Our minister to Brazil, Mr. Charles Page Bryan, must hereafter believe in the theory that "there is a destiny which shapes our ends." He ardently desired the Chinese mission, and, indeed, he had been nominated for that honor, and the transference was a keen disappointment to him.—Buffalo Commercial.

Napoleon and the Roman Law.

Napoleon I had an extraordinary mind. He appeared never to forget anything he cared to remember and assimilated information as the stomach assimilates food, retaining only the valuable. An incident will illustrate this remarkable quality of his mind.

When forming the "Code Napoleon," he frequently astonished the council of state by the skill with which he illustrated any point in discussion by quoting whole passages from memory of the Roman civil law. The council wondered how a man whose life had been passed in camp came to know so much about the old Roman laws. Finally one of them asked him how he acquired his knowledge.

"When I was a lieutenant," Napoleon replied, "I was unjustly placed under arrest. My small prison room contained no furniture except an old chair and a cupboard. In the latter was a ponderous volume, which proved to be a digest of the Roman law. You can easily imagine what a valuable prize the book was to me. It was so bulky and the leaves were so covered with marginal notes in manuscript that had I been confined 100 years I need never have been idle. When I recovered my liberty at the end of ten days, I was saturated with Justinian and the decisions of the Roman legislation. It was then I acquired my knowledge of the civil law."

Makes Brave Men Cowards.

It has been proved that the comparatively harmless bombarding, so far as wounds are concerned, of a besieged town is terribly demoralizing to the bravest men.

When a shell bursts near a group of 20 men it may kill one and wound two, while the remaining 17 escape without a scratch. It will be found, however, that many of these are never the same men again. No matter how iron nerved they were before, they are now irresolute and timid, and all their faculties are weakened. Very often they are jeered at by their comrades because of this change. But this is utterly unjust in fact, their brain and spinal cord have been injured by being violently shaken against the walls of their bony cavities.

The same thing occurs in railway collisions. People who were robust become quite feeble and nervous, though they may not have received a scratch.

This curious state in the case of soldiers is well recognized by doctors under the name of the mental injuries of explosives. The injuries are really quite as physical as a shattered leg, for they consist of a kind of bruising of the very delicate tissue of the spinal cord and brain.

Her Timely Gift.

In common with other women, Mrs. Brown delights in a bargain, and when she observed the advertisement of a great fire and water sale in one of the department stores she repaired there without delay. There were many fine works of science, travel, history, religion and fiction to be had for a song each, but her eyes rested on a handsomely bound copy of "The Life of General Grant," and she bought it for her brother. Of course, it would not be fair to tell what she paid for it.

"The next day her brother came over to thank her. "It's fine," he said. "I haven't got very far in it yet, but I know it's going to be good. When little Jane gets along a little further in her German I'm going to have her read me a bit of it every evening. I make rather slow progress of it myself."

"In German?" gasped the giver.

"Yes," said the brother, "it's written in German, a mighty handy thing to have around the house." Since then Mrs. Brown has never bought a fire or water book without looking carefully on the inside of it.—Worcester (Mass.) Gazette.

Paid as He Went.

Patient—Then you think it's all up with me, doctor?

Doctor—I'm afraid so.

"Well, we must all die once, and I may as well go now as afterward. You're sure I'm going?"

"Yes."

"Then let me have your bill."

"My bill! My dear sir, this is very unusual. You should give your thoughts to most serious matters."

"My motto has always been 'pay as you go,' and now that I am going I want to pay."

So he paid and went.

Both Extremes.

Editor In Chief—I understand young Bluegore, the millionaire's son, has gone in for journalism.

City Editor—Yes. He's on my staff.

Editor In Chief—And what do you think of him?

City Editor—Well, he's a unique figure in journalism.

Editor In Chief—You don't say?

City Editor—Yes. He's at once the richest and poorest reporter in the city. —Catholic Standard and Times.

Coffee Adulteration.

An examination of a sample of roasted coffee berries seized in Paris showed them to be entirely artificial: chemical analysis disclosed ash, gum, dextrin, etc., and the microscope showed grains of wheat, starch, vegetable debris and animal hairs. The berries were beautifully molded.

Parried the Thrust.

A lady had in her employ an excellent girl who had one fault. Her face was always in a smudge. Her mistress tried, without offending, to tell her to wash her face and at last resorted to strategy.

"Do you know, Bridget," she remarked in a confidential manner, "it is said that if you wash the face every day in hot, soapy water it will make you beautiful?"

"Will it?" said Bridget. "Sure, it's a wonder ye niver tried it, ma'am!"—Our Dumb Animals.

Six Ninety-six Main.

"It's strange," said Miss Nelson at the central telephone office, "that no one ever calls up 696." She rang the bell.

"Testing the wire," responded central cheerfully.

"The wire responds," said the voice.

Miss Nelson was quite aware that she had no right to continue the conversation, but she had held her curiosity in check for months in the face of a mystery, and she could endure it no longer.

"You do not use your phone much," she said politely.

"No, no," responded the voice, somewhat sadly. "I'm not acquainted in the city. I haven't much use for a telephone, it is true. But it's a great invention. I enjoy it very much when you call me up in the morning."

There was something so wistful in the voice that Miss Nelson made no apology to herself for the tears that came in her eyes.

It was a monotonous life that she led. It had not much happiness in it and no romance. So it was not surprising that she endeavored to probe this, her first mystery. She took the pains one Sunday afternoon when she was at leisure to call at the house of George Whitman Rumford (696) to make an inquiry about a fictitious address. The house was new and of red sandstone, elegant and plain, and the yard, the walk and the steps were in a condition of scupulous neatness. A young colored man answered the door. Miss Nelson, blushing at her deceit, made her inquiry in a loud tone of voice. As she had hoped and expected, this brought an elderly gentleman out of the library.

"What is it the lady wants to know, John? Can I be of any assistance, madam?"

Miss Nelson, hating herself for her duplicity, repeated the question.

The tall gentleman shook his head regretfully.

"I really can be of no assistance to you," he said. "I know so few persons in the neighborhood. But, if you will do me the honor to come in and wait, I will send out to make inquiries."

"Oh, no, no!" protested Miss Nelson. "I shall have to give up trying to find my friends, I think. It is evidently a mistake. It is sometimes hard to locate one's friends in a city like this."

"It is, indeed, I suppose. Unfortunately, I have no friends here."

"No?"

"No; I have recently come here. I have always lived in a little town, but I thought I would like to see what life in the city was like."

"Yes."

"I have built this house. Won't you step in a moment and look at it? I take great pleasure out of it. The postman kindly stepped in the other day and looked at it, and he admired it much."

Miss Nelson hesitated between prudence and amiability, and then, casting selfish caution to the winds, she went in. A prim, expensive, exquisitely neat and altogether unhomelike interior met her view.

"I had to do it quite alone," explained Mr. Rumford. "I dare say a lady can discover many deficiencies in it, and I should be glad of suggestions."

"You must find it pleasant living on the boulevard," said Miss Nelson.

"Oh, very, very! So many people go by. I would like to ask some of them in at times, but they might think it strange. I'm much obliged to you for coming in. It has made a very agreeable break in the day. I'm a little solitary, you know. If it were not for John, I should be quite dull."

Miss Nelson was moved to shake hands in saying farewell, and the hand that took hers was unexpectedly hard with ancient callouses. She could not make the man out. He was more of a mystery than ever.

She got in the way, after this, of adding some little word over the phone after the daily test of the wires, and finally she confessed that it was she who had called. Mr. George Whitman Rumford was greatly pleased at this. He laughed and chatted about it till Miss Nelson was obliged to ring off. He wanted to send her a little gift, but she refused—very gently—to receive it. He asked to take her to church Sunday evening, but she felt it to be best to refuse that courtesy too. He inquired whether he might not call for her and escort her home. But she did not accord him that permission. He took these rebuffs sadly. One morning there was no response when she rang the bell, and after many trials she made out that John was making futile attempts to be heard. It was John who mumbled over the wires for four successive mornings.

Miss Nelson grew anxious and called personally at the house. John came to the door, weeping.

"Mistah Rumfo'd he pass' 'way dis mohnin, ma'am. He ask me ovah and ovah las' night did you tes' the wiahs yet. He mighty fon' ob answerin the phone, Mistah Rumfo'd."

Lida Nelson suffered a pang such as she had never felt before. It was remorse.

She went into the room where the undertaker and his assistants were, having just finished their sorry task, and she looked with penitence at the white face of the loneliest man she had ever known.

"I ought to have had less propriety and more humanity," she said to herself.

It was Miss Nelson, John, two or three of the neighbors and Mr. Rumford's man of business who followed the black coffin to the place of the dead.

And the next week Miss Nelson had all the mystery solved. The man of business brought her a manuscript. It was written for her by the dead man, and it contained a simple story of a man whose money had brought him only isolation. With the manuscript was a gift.

"When you receive this," the donor had written, "I shall be where you cannot return it to me."

"My contemptible, selfish propriety!" sobbed Lida Nelson. "My cowardly discretion! It's the biggest chance I ever had for giving happiness, and I missed it. I let it go."—Chicago Tribune.

Getting Even.

"One great trouble wif dishere world," said Uncle Eben, "is dat ev'ybody 'magines dat some one is tryin ter git de best of 'im an dat he's gotter git de bes' o' some one else so's ter keep even."—Washington Star.

"Cigar," Etc.

A cigar has been defined as a thing with a light at one end and a fool at the other, but somehow the fool never feels so much like a fool as he does when he gets himself and the light at the same end.—Detroit Journal.

Two True Stories.

The Piscatorial Prevaricators' association was in session.

"I was fishing for cod off the Banks one day some years ago," said one, "when I dropped my watch overboard. The next year, I went fishing at the same place. I caught a whopping big fellow and found my watch inside of him. It was running steadily, the action of the fish's liver having kept it wound up. But it was five hours fast. The only way that I can account for it is that the fish crossed the Atlantic, staid on the other side long enough to get the time over there, and that I caught him too soon after he got back to allow the watch to regulate itself."

"I was fishing for trout in Pennsylvania last fall," said another member, "in company with my nephew, who is an inveterate cigarette smoker. We landed a ten pounder and allowed him to flounder around in the bottom of the boat while we cast again, because they were biting freely. My nephew had just thrown a lighted cigarette in the boat, and in some way this trout got it, put it in his gills and smoked it. The cigarette seemed to have a soothing effect on him. I brought the trout home, taught him to smoke a pipe, and when we killed him Christmas I served up to my guests something that I believe has never been served up before—self smoked trout. It was great too." —New York Journal.

Went a Little Too Far.

A commercial traveling man landed at Edinburgh, Scotland, one Saturday night, too late to get out of town for Sunday. The next day he found that there was actually no form of amusement in the whole city to assist him in whiling away the day. He went to the proprietor of the hotel to see if he could suggest a way of passing the remainder of the day.

The landlord took pity on the stranger and took him to one of the rooms in the house in which a number of Scotchmen were playing a game called "nap," which is a sort of modification of "seven up." They were playing for a shilling a point, so that the game was a pretty stiff one. The stranger got in the game and played very cautiously, for he was quite sure that the players, or at least some of them, were cheating. One solemn faced Scot, he was especially sure, he caught cheating a number of times. He began whisling a part of some vagrant tune. The Scot who had been cheating arose from the table and threw down the cards.

"What is the matter?" the other players asked.

"I'm gangin awa'," the Scot answered, glaring at the stranger. "I'll play cards wi' no mon that whustles on the Sabbath."

Making Caricatures.

The way in which some artists can distort features without making them unrecognizable is certainly very remarkable. Thomas Nast possessed this faculty to an extraordinary degree and he had a very peculiar way of adding new faces to his mental photograph gallery. When a fresh subject would arise in politics, for instance, he would invent some pretext to call upon him at his office or house and hold him in conversation as long as possible, studying his features.

When he took his departure he would purposely leave his cane. Once outside Nast would make a hasty pencil sketch on a card and would usually find that his memory was deficient as to some detail. He would then return, ostensibly for the cane, and another look at the victim would enable him to perfect his sketch. After that he had the man forever.

When Joe Keppler was alive he used to make frequent trips to Washington for the purpose of seeing statesmen whom he wanted to draw. He was very clever at catching likenesses and scarcely ever referred to a photograph.

A Famous Duel.

A duel was fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, but Shott avows that he was not, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot or that Nott was shot notwithstanding.

I may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot shot Nott or, as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original element, and Shott would be shot and Nott would be not.

We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot, not Shott, but Nott. Anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.

Mexican Theater Etiquette.

In a Mexican theater women always go bareheaded and the men wear their hats all the time the curtain is closed. During the performance they remove them.

Frequently men rise in their seats and sweep the tiers of boxes with large glasses. It is considered something of an honor to have the glasses of a swell below leveled at your box.

Smoking is permitted in all theaters. —City of Mexico Correspondence.

Liquid Glue.

To produce liquid glue which will keep for years break pieces of glue and place in a bottle with some whisky, cork tightly and set aside for a few days. This should be ready for use without the application of heat, except in very cold weather, when the bottle should be placed in hot water for a few minutes before using the glue.

Just a Way of Hers.

"You must not think, young man," said the corn fed philosopher, "that a young woman doesn't know anything just because she has a habit of asking foolish questions that give you a chance to impart information with a superior air."—Indianapolis Press.

On Mountain Heights.

Everything glittered in the early morning light—the distant Alpine peaks, the sparkling roofs of the chalets, the dews on the mountain grass.

The air was clear, the sky blue, the snow brilliant. As one breathed a sense of freshness, of purity and of life thrilled through one's whole being and tingled to the finger tips.

On the height of Dent Jaune a gun sounded, a signal enthusiastically echoed in the villages below. Dent Jaune is rarely attempted. The ascent is most perilous. The fraying, deceitful rock crumbles under the climber's feet and breaks away from his bleeding fingers. It has only been scaled four times within record. But Saxon Harvard had now done it, succeeding in the first effort that had been made this season. The eyes of those who were early astir were centered upon the stern and jagged summit where the hero and his two guides now stood, visible only, however, to those below through a powerful glass.

High up in the heavens the early sun lit the tips of the bare rock. Not even a patch of yellow lichen nor spot of moss could live on the barren crags, but their feldspar formation imparted to them a marvelous brilliance, and their detritus and gravel shimmered and glittered as though they had been sprinkled with the dust of diamonds. A sense of gayety and pride, the satisfaction that accompanies a great success, possessed the youthful climber. He looked around at the infinite wealth of view, at the innumerable peaks white with eternal snow, at the thousand summits of Switzerland, which appeared to arise out of a sea of cloud, flushing in their awakening and glorified by the first shafts of morning.

Since Saxon Harvard left school climbing had been his sport. He had scaled the Jungfrau, the Matterhorn, Mont Blanc and a dozen others of less renown, but this ascent of the Dent Jaune gave him a keener pleasure. The feat was a rarer one, the risk of life was greater, and, though the peak was not of great height, its ascent was most difficult. Then he had luck in the weather. He had never seen the world before under the influence of such a glamour.

Below all was yet lost and dim; the lower world was in mist and drapery of cloud, but as he looked this planet earth seemed gradually to become born into being under his eyes. The clouds melted. Day, moment by moment, stole lower down the heights. The mountain peaks, snow clad, appeared to grow up out of the gloom and mystery of the nether world. "The cathedral" emerged in silent majesty out of a disappearing cloud. Dent Noire loomed like a gaunt specter in the dawn. The Dent du Midi, crisp and white, stood out in the blue. Above him, beyond, afar, the multitudinous peaks of snow white mountains; immediately about him the naked rocks with their marvelous morning hues and everywhere the scintillation and glitter of the feldspar. Every cloud now vanished. The visible earth was green in the valley; the hundred chalets of the villages, the winding roads, the somber gorge, the cascades foaming from the mountain sides and falling by many a cataract into the yet lingering gloom in the valley, where the main torrent pursued its turbulent course, became continually more and more distinct—a vast landscape spread beneath his vision.

From Bonaveaux a party was ascending to meet him. He discerned them ascending like a little stream of ants. Taking his ax, he chipped upon a smooth surface of the summit one name—Eva.

Then he descended.

Some of his relatives then visiting Switzerland, his father, his sisters, legitimately proud of his feat, were laboriously climbing the zigzag mountain path above Bonaveaux. With them were porters carrying luncheon baskets and some people from his hotel—people whom he had never seen before and never desired to see again. They had organized a picnic in his honor. He was to be lionized.

As modest as he was plucky, nothing could be more disagreeable to him than to be feted. He decided to avoid this party who had organized a mountain breakfast in his honor, and, instructing his two guides to continue their descent, he struck a path which led him a little way up again toward the glacier.

Skipping along as nimbly as a chamois, he traversed a narrow path until he approached the Caverne Verte.

From its depths reverberated a song. The voice was unmistakable. It was Eva's. Rounding the crag which formed one of the sides of the cavern, he saw her as she sang. She was alone, as she thought, in the stillness.

Eva, always beautiful, was yet more lovely when she sang. Then her whole soul was made visible upon her face. Her eyes put on the splendor of genius, her complexion became transparent, and her spirit was made luminous upon her. She looked like a nymph of the mountains in that green and lofty solitude. He was awed by this apparition of beauty. Should he speak or pass?

He listened. The melody ceased, and he entered the cavern, each to welcome the other with a juvenile shout of joy.

They talked at once and together in the glory of the morning, of the altitudes, of all that was high and noble and exalted, of the aspirations of life, of its opportunities for duty. She, of his heroism, of nobility, of bravery and of the grandeur of a courageous life; he, of her beauty, of the loveliness of art and of the sweetness of song, of the unattempted heights in the domain of thought, of ambitions that enter only the dreamland of youth.

Eva fixed upon him her great, ardent eyes. He was the hero of all her reveries, and she said simply, "Everything is possible to a man who has climbed the Dent Jaune."

"Yes, Eva," he repeated as he took her hand and held it throbbing in his own scarred and swollen palm, "everything, but there is a height higher than any I have attempted yet, the highest, the holiest altitude of all. We will climb that pinnacle together."

"What do you speak of?" asked Eva softly, struck by the seriousness of his tone.

"Of love, Eva," he replied. "Of the highest altitude. The height of all is love."—Illustrated London News.

Thought She Could Do It.

"Yes," she said after giving the matter careful deliberation, "I believe I can return his love."

Truly, when it came to a matter of choice, it seemed easier to return his love than to return his many valuable presents. At any rate it was worth trying.—Chicago Post.

THE FAMOUS PLEIADES.

Why They Are Particularly Interesting to the Astronomers.

The problems presented by the group of stars known as the Pleiades are among the most interesting in astronomy. It can have been no mere chance that has massed them from among their fellow-stars. Men of ordinary eye-sight see but a half dozen distinct objects in the cluster; those of acuter vision can count fourteen, but it is not until we apply the space-penetrating power of the telescope that we realize the extraordinary scale upon which the system of the Pleiades is constructed. With the Paris instrument Wolf in 1876 catalogued 625 stars in the group; and the photographic survey of Henry in 1887 revealed no less than 2,326 distinct stars within and near the filmy gauze of nebulous matter always so conspicuous a feature of the Pleiades. The Pleiad stars are among those for which no measurement of distance has yet been made, so that we do not know whether they are all equally far away from us. We see them projected on the dark background of the celestial vault; and cannot tell from actual measurement whether they are all situated at the same point in space, but we may conclude on general principles that the gathering of so many objects into a single close assemblage denotes community of origin and interests. The Pleiades then really belong to one another. What is the nature of their mutual tie? What is their mystery, and can we solve it? The most obvious theory is, of course, suggested by what we know to be true within our own solar system. We owe to Newton the beautiful conception of gravitation, that unique law by means of which astronomers have been enabled to reduce to perfect order the seeming tangle of planetary evolutions. The law really amounts, in effect, to this: All objects suspended within the vacancy of space attract or pull one another. How they can do this without a visible connecting link between them, is a mystery that may always remain unsolved. But mystery as it is, we must accept it as ascertained fact. It is this pull of gravitation that holds together the sun and the planets, forcing them all to follow out their proper paths. Why should not this same gravitational attraction be at work among the Pleiades? If it is, we must suppose that they, too, have bounds and orbits set and interwoven, revolutions and gyrations far more complex than the solar system knows. The visual discovery of such motion of rotation among the Pleiades may be called one of the pressing problems of astronomy today. We feel sure that the time is ripe, and that the discovery is actually being made at the present moment; for a generation of men is not too great period to call a moment, when we have to deal with cosmic time.—New York Post.

Evansville Honey Industry.

The honey producing industry of Evansville, Ind., has reached such magnitude that the city council is considering an ordinance declaring the bees a nuisance, and requiring the owners of hives to move them outside the city limits. It is said that seventy-five persons have colonies of bees in the city, and the bees produce $10,000 worth of honey a year. Persons who want the bees taken out ask that it be done by September 1. The bee owners have engaged a lawyer, who has represented to the city council that there is not a city in the state that forbids people to have beehives.

Tours in the Rocky Mountains.

The "Scenic Line of the World," the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, offers to tourists in Colorado, Utah and New Mexico the choicest resorts, and to the transcontinental traveler the grandest scenery. Two separate and distinct routes through the Rocky mountains, all through tickets via either. The direct line to Cripple Creek, the greatest gold camp on earth. Three trains daily each way, with through Pullman palace and tourist sleeping cars between Chicago, Denver, San Francisco and Los Angeles, and Denver and Portland. The best line to Utah, Idaho, Montana, Oregon and Washington via the "Ogden Gateway." Dining cars (service a la hote) on all through trains. Write S. K. Hooper, G. P. & T. A., Denver, Colo., for illustrated descriptive pamphlets.

Uncle John Walker of Humphrey, Neb., returning from Kansas City was the guest of Mr. Jewell in Lincoln this week. He brought with him a large club of subscriptions for The Independent.

Lancaster county people can nowhere get so much reading for the money as in The Independent with the Lancaster County Supplement. From now until November 10 for 15 cents.