

The Alliance.

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The government has in the field a committee investigating and laying plans to irrigate the western plains, such a scheme is feasible and would reclaim a vast country which in a few years would be as productive as the valley of the Nile. The banks along the canals would soon be set to timber and with farm groves and arbors, the great waste monotonous plains would be transformed into the most beautiful country on the continent, with landed homes for millions of people. But the greatest reason for state or national aid to such scheme is the importance of the employment of men, on every hand we find idle, willing men in search of work, our country has been flooded with all kinds of foreign cheap labor, so that at present rate of wages and scarcity of work it is almost impossible for men to earn a living. There are several reasons that have brought about this serious state of affairs. First, the influx of contract laborers second, the great labor-saving machinery, and last a quiet revolution of women displacing so many men in the offices, work shops and professions, together with the hardships of a 45 per cent tariff tax. So taking a fair view of reclaiming the great plains, there is a great deal to argue in favor of such a great beneficial work to the country at large, the building of reservoirs, or damming up of the deep mountain gorges to hold the water, and constructing ditches and canals, would give employment to thousands of men for a decade, and Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming and portions of Dakota and Nebraska would become the world's richest and most productive garden, cereal and fruit lands. There is no place on the map of the United States where public money could be used to a greater or more profitable blessing than in reclaiming the western plains and employing men.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

Factory Inspector Fell of New Jersey is striving to enforce the truancy clause of the compulsory education law of that state.

The organized silk workers of Paterson, N. J., and the trade unions of the city are preparing to make a fine show on Labor Day.

On Tuesday of this week the annual convention of the Amalgamated association of iron and steel workers opened in Pittsburgh.

The American Federation of Labor will not send delegates to the Labor Congress in Paris, but has recommended the various unions to elect representatives.

Minneapolis has secured the state for ground for a labor demonstration on July 4.

The New York eight hour league has invited Grandmaster Workman Powderly to speak at their Fourth of July demonstration.

Twenty factories having an aggregate capital of \$1,500,000, have been opened in Florence, Ala., in the last seven months, giving employment to over 2,000 people.

About 150 men were discharged from the Baltimore and Ohio railroad shops at Mount Clear, Baltimore, Md., during the past week.

The laborers at the Mabel, Shearman, Claire and Douglas furnaces, near Sharpville, Pa., are threatened with a reduction of wages.

Trade is so good at the Taunton Locomotive Manufacturing works at Taunton, Mass., that their men are working night and day.

Americans in England are engaged in collecting money for the benefit of the sufferers by the Johnstown flood. Already a considerable sum has been raised. A central fund is being organized.

The contractors for municipal work in Chicago are liable to a fine of \$50 for every violation of the eight hour ordinance that was adopted last January by the city council.

There is religious dissatisfaction in New Jersey on account of the Sunday work that is being done in the construction of the new branch line of Baltimore & Ohio railroad.

The organized bakers in New York and other parts of the United States are still keeping up those efforts that have been the means of securing important advantages for them within the past few years.

The business organization is being vigorously prosecuted by the Locksmiths' and Baiting Makers' Union which has recently welcomed many members of non-union shops who have stood aloft from it in past times.

Three hundred men have been thrown out of employment by the burning of the Collaire Goblet works at Findlay, Ohio. The works were the largest of the kind in the world.

Gladstone says there is now the greatest aggregation of wealth in the hands of the few since the days of Julius Caesar, and, therefore, on the other hand, the greatest poverty and want known to the civilized world for nearly two thousand years. Just in proportion as the wealth of the world aggregates in the hands of the few, the common people become poor and dependent.

"Senator" Morgan and Tom Eck, two of the bicyclists who rode in the race here last winter, are now managing rival teams, and Morgan's team consists of Jessie Oakes, "Beauty" Baldwin and Kitty Brown, and he will shortly begin a trip around world, going first to Australia. Tom Eck's team includes Jesse Woods, Louise Armbrando, Hattie Lewis and possibly Birdie McCamy, and will tour the state. Morgan is expected to furnish syndicate letter during his tour.

FOR THE FARMER.

Cut all dead trees or branches; they are eyesores and breed bad insects.

It is a mistake not to plant some sweet corn for food for the cows when the grass is dry and short.

If the grape vines refuse to grow, cut them back and allow a new shoot to come up from the ground.

Farmers could help the sheep business by eating more mutton themselves. Mutton is more nutritious than beef or pork.

The half-fat sheep is responsible for the antipathy which so large a proportion of American people have for mutton.

It is better for the pasture to get ahead of the cattle than to turn them out early and have the feed short all summer.

Mr. George T. Powell mentions that every farmer he has known who has raised trotters as a business bred a good-sized mortgage at the same time.

We overheard a noted breeder give expression to the remark, "The bluer the blood the worse the animal." There is some truth in the saying.—Mark Lane Express.

A sheep's usefulness is one year less here than in Ohio. Our sandy grazing land wears the teeth that much faster. A sheep without teeth must quit.—Colorado Field and Farm.

If a good account of expenses and sales is kept there will always be a balance in favor of sheep breeding; not so much as a specialty, but as an assistant to other farm animals and crops.

Many diseases of hogs are due to inbreeding. The conditions under which our improved breeds of swine are kept render a change to "new blood" every year as indispensable for health and vigor.

If a horse seems weak do not push him into work under the impression that you are hardening him. By the time you get him hardened he may be like the horse that learned to live without eating.—Id.

Be careful in burning out apple-tree worms with kerosene, as the limbs of the tree may be injured. If rightly done, however, there is no better mode of destroying the worms than to burn them in haste.

It is impossible to whip terror out of a horse or pound courage into one. Kindness and gentle persuasion are the best weapons with which to break up the pernicious habit of shying at imaginary danger on the road.

A poor fence is rather more troublesome than no fence, because it becomes a means of educating cattle in vicious ways—a temptation to which they yield readily, and soon become proficient in breaking, or leaping barriers.

Prof. W. I. Chamberlain says the feed of mere sustenance never brings profit, even with good stock. It is like burning just enough fuel under your boiler not to get up steam for the engine to work.

Prof. W. T. Hornaday, of the Smithsonian Institute, estimates that there are extant only 750 American buffaloes, wild and domesticated, whereas, less than twenty-five years ago they ranged the Western plains in countless thousands.

Do not allow the young trees to bear fruit the first and second years. The production of fruit will be at the expense of growth. The peach will bear the second year after planting. If kept back in that respect it will be in better condition for next season.

The great contract for supplying the English market with Texas meats has been perfected, and the chill-house at Galveston, in which 6,000 head of beefs a month will be prepared for shipment, is now being erected.

In applying manure the nature of the soil should be studied. For heavy, clay soils, manure from the horse stable is best, as it loosens and warms the soil. For sandy or light, warm soils, manure from the cow stables and hog pens produce the best results.

The hemp companies at Rantoul and Paxton, Ill., have each put in over 300 acres of hemp this year, and the farmers in the vicinity of those towns have put in several hundred acres more. Binding twine, of hemp of American growth, will be an important factor in the trade next year.

The Illinois State Grange offers \$10,000 for a machine or device to attach to reapers that will bind wheat or oats with straw. The machine may work and twist its straw direct from the reaper, or it may be separate and twist the straw, wind on large spools that may be reeled on smaller spools by the farmer.

Too heavy feeding and want of exercise tend to barrenness, not only among fowls, but among all other kinds of animals. There is little choice in economical results between neglect and fashionable pampering. The medium course is generally best. Enough is better than a surfeit.

An old man in Southern Indiana was charged with stealing a calf. He was brought up for trial, when he made the following statement to the jury: "I was always taught to be honest, and, most always have been, but when I seen that calf I caved. I never wanted a calf so bad in my life, and you all know when a man wants a calf he wants him."

No lengthy arguments are needed to prove that owners of dogs should keep them under their control as much as horses, cattle, sheep,

swine or poultry. The dog tax unlike the tax on other farm animals, is virtually a license permitting the owner to turn his dog into the streets or upon a neighbor's premises with no restraint whatever.—N. E. Farmer.

A farmer had an imported ewe, which cost \$75, killed by dogs. The owner strychnined the carcass. The next morning a broad grin came over his face when he counted one dead opossum and twenty-six dead dogs. Some say it is not fair to poison the carcasses because innocent opossums and dogs are apt to visit them. Others think the opossums and innocent dogs should remain at home and not stray over the sheep pastures.—Tenn. Farmer.

Monster Spiders.

Far up in the mountains of Ceylon and India there is a spider that spins a web like bright yellow silk, the central net of which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines, or guys as they are called, measure sometimes ten or twelve feet long; and riding quickly in the early morning you may dash right into it, the stout threads twining round your face like a lace veil, while as the creature who has woven it takes up his position in the middle, he generally catches you right on the nose, and though he generally bites or stings, the contact of his large body and long legs is anything but pleasant. If you forget yourself and try to catch him, bite he will, and, though not venomous, his jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak, and you are not likely to forget the encounter.

The bodies of these spiders are very handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath, while the upper part is covered with the most delicate slate colored fur. So strong are the webs that birds the size of larks are frequently caught therein, and even the small but powerful scaly lizard falls a victim. A writer says that he has often sat and watched the yellow and scarlet monster, measuring, when waiting for his prey with his legs stretched out, fully six inches, striding across the middle of the net, and noted the rapid manner in which he winds his stout threads around the unfortunate captive. He usually throws the coils about his head till the wretched victim is first blinded and then choked. In many unfrequented dark nooks of the jungle you come across most perfect skeletons of small birds caught in these terrible snares, the strong fowls of which prevent the delicate bones from falling to the ground after the wind and weather have dispersed the flesh and feathers.—Rare Bits.

A War-Whoop From Canada

Toronto Globe.
Brother Jonathan says in effect: "I mean to treat that sea as my own because it suits me to do so. If you don't like it, Brother Bull, what are you going to do about it?" Brother Bull knows well that he cannot put up with that sort of bullying much longer without virtually confessing that he will knuckle down to Brother Jonathan in almost anything the latter may demand. Hence it is, as we have said, barely possible that Brother Bull's ships have orders to stand against Brother Jonathan's pretensions. If so, there will be exciting times before next winter. We believe the Washington authorities will back down if firmly resisted. But what if they do not back down? Then Canada would have to face the worst. What then? Well, the Globe has always been very well disposed to peace and friendship with the United States, but we say with utmost deliberation that it would be far better for Canada and Great Britain to face the worst than to submit much longer to unreasonable unendurable American pretensions. Patience has in this case ceased to be a virtue.

Burned at the Stake.

What a little way we are, after all, from the dark ages! How many of my readers are aware that it is only 100 years this month since the last criminal was burned at the stake in London—and that criminal a woman? Here is the account of that event which a correspondent has sent me: "On the 18th of March, 1786, nine wretches were executed at Newgate—four for burglary, one for theft and three men and one woman for coinage. After the men were 'turned off,' as the phrase went, the wretched woman was brought out, tied to a stake, and burned to ashes, after the form of strangling her had been gone through by removing the stool whereon she stood and so throwing her weight on the cord which bound her throat to the stake. Christian Murphy was (so far as I can discover) the last woman burned alive in London, though possibly a later victim may have been executed in some country town."—London Truth.

Plenty of Oil.

The fear that there would be an oil famine in the near future has been expressed again and again; but the figures given by The Oil City Derrick and endorsed by Bradstreet go to show that the Pennsylvania and Virginia belt alone is practically inexhaustible. So far the yield from this tract of 104 square miles has been over 340,000,000 barrels. The estimate is that the possible future yield will not be far from 2,000,000. This estimate makes no reference to the fields that exist in Canada, in Colorado, California and elsewhere, both at home and abroad. The yield per square mile has been for fifteen years 1,000,000 barrels. There seems to be no reason to fear that the supply will fall before its substitute is fully established.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Two Gifted Children.

Two remarkable children, American born, started the literary world with a volume of poems entitled "Apple Blossoms," which was published by Putnam in 1878. The work contained some hundred odd verses, principally on the subject of Nature in its varying phases, and breathing throughout a true poetic spirit. The authors were Dora Read Goodale and Elaine Goodale, the daughters of a gentleman farmer in the Berkshire Hills. At the time "Apple Blossoms" was published the sisters were 12 and 14 years of age respectively, though they had both been writing since they were 9. There is no evidence that the children were helped in their work by their parents, who, though they were people of culture and fond of literature, had never dipped in the Perian spring.

Here is a specimen of the lyrics produced by Elaine Goodale at the age of 10, which, though not profound, is written with a spontaneity and a freshness that is charming:

ASHES OF ROSES.
Soft on the sunset sky
Bright daylight closes,
Leaving when light doth die
Pale hues that mingle like
Ashes of roses!

When love's warm sun is set,
Love's brightness closes;
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts there linger yet
Ashes of roses.

Dora Read Goodale wrote at the age of 10 the following stanzas, which will show the child's aptitude for verse, though it is filled with the spirit of nature that permeates most of her metrical efforts. There is good color effect in these lines, whether they come from a child's hands or not:

A sky of scurrying clouds
That fly on dappled sails,
And with purple oars
To the sunset shores
Are blown by the evening gales.

They reach the golden gate,
They catch the golden glow,
And with purple oars
At the sunset shores
They wait while the wind breathes low.

Many children of the older growth would not be ashamed to sign their names to such verses. The writer is a young lady now, and her poems appear in the magazines which she reads. She polishes her poems more than of old, but it is questionable if she has improved on the fresh inspiration that was born in happy-hearted childhood, or if she understands nature as well when she lived at Sky Farm, among the woods of the Berkshire Hills.—Washington Star.

His Complexion Was Against Him.

Hadjji Hassen Ghooly Khan, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from Persia, is one of the favorites in Washington society, and he is very fond of going out and calling on the ladies, and is always most hospitably received wherever he goes. That is, almost always, for an experience he had Sunday afternoon proved that he was not as cordially received at one house as he has been in the past. A young lady named Kismet started out the purpose of making a round of calls. It is his custom to pay his respects to the ladies of the fashionable world on Sunday the same as on week days. Sunday being an extremely pleasant day, his landau was not brought into use. He walked from his residence on M street to Massachusetts avenue, in the neighborhood of Fourteenth street, where the objects of his first call resided. Walking up the stone steps in an indolent fashion, he reached the door and rather timidly touched the electric bell. After lingering some moments the servant appeared, and before Ghooly Khan could utter a word she shouted out: "The ladies are all busy and cannot be bothered with you now."

"Well," said the minister, completely nonplused, "there must be a mistake; take in my card."

"Oh! don't worry them now," answered the servant, not allowing him to finish his sentence. "They are all about going to dinner and don't care for any one to see them at this time—you'd better come again in the morning; and the side door is always the handiest place for such as yourself."

The minister waited for no more. The rebuff he had received at the hands of the unruly servant completely paralyzed him. He made no more calls that day, and had about concluded that he had a sufficient dose of American society.

The ladies of the house soon learned of the "horrible" manner in which their distinguished caller had been received, and they at once made heroic and happily successful efforts to have the affair settled on a basis satisfactory not only to themselves but to the distinguished envoy from Teheran.—New York Tribune.

Four Cockroaches in His Stomach.

William Amos, proprietor of the St. James hotel, on Hugison street, Hamilton, Canada, on Friday went up to his dinner about 12:30 o'clock and Mrs. Amos went down stairs to mind the bar-room. Meanwhile their little infant, 5 weeks old, was left lying in a cradle in an upper bedroom. When Mrs. Amos returned to the upstairs apartments she heard the baby crying and at once took it up in her arms. She noticed that it was deathly pale and was gasping for breath. In a moment the frightened mother saw a large cockroach in the child's mouth, which she pulled out. Two others came up in a little while, and she now thoroughly alarmed mother rushed off to consult Dr. Lafferty. That gentleman had never heard of such a case before. He said that the infant could not stand strong medicine, but he gave the mother a mild emetic to administer. This had the effect of bringing up another cockroach, bigger and uglier than any of its predecessors. It was nearly an inch long and was caught by Mrs. Amos on the child's tongue. Every one of the insects were alive.—Philadelphia Times.

Modern Robinson Crusoes.

It has been suggested that on some of the hundreds of uninhabited Pacific islands there are castaway Robinson Crusoes waiting for a sail and living on the bounties of which nature is usually so lavish in those regions. One of these castaways, a sailor named Jorgenson, was found fifteen months ago on the little speck known as Midway Island, where he had been abandoned by his shipmates, who looked upon him as a desperate and dangerous person. There he was living without human companionship, 1,300 miles northwest of Honolulu, on the eastern edge of that vast expanse known as the Anson Archipelago, not one of whose little islands is known to be inhabited. The sailors who found Jorgenson there were castaways themselves from the wrecked bark Wandering Minstrel. On this little rock they lived for fourteen months, faring poorly on sea birds and fish, until finally a boat they sent out in October last took the news of their distress to Honolulu, and early last month a schooner released them from their prison.

Some wonderful boat journeys are made over the Pacific's waste of waters, journeys that would usually be impossible on the more tumultuous Atlantic. Two men a Chinese boy manned the little boat that took the news of the Wandering Minstrel's mishap 1,300 miles to Honolulu. William Marsden, who is at the head of the little colony of Palmerston Island journeyed alone over 1,000 miles from Tahiti in a small sail boat. When his isolation grew irksome he stopped in the Hervey group, took a native wife and went gaily on his way to the island that has since been his home. The news of the wreck of the Henry James on a coral reef was carried by five men last year in a row boat 1,400 miles to Samoa. Some years ago two English men named Baker and Reid carried Samoan girls and took them in a little sailboat 1,500 miles to Sunday Island where for years they were the only inhabitants. Two foolhardy men left Samoa in an open boat some years ago to go to New Ireland, about 2,000 miles away. They fared very well until they got out of water and puttering into Manusolom Island for a fresh supply, one of them was drowned in the surf and the other was held a prisoner by the natives until his release was purchased by a passing schooner. The voyagers had traveled 500 miles.

Many white men are voluntarily exiles among the natives of little islands, where they dry copra to be shipped about once a year on schooners which replenish their stores. We hear now and then also of sailors who have abandoned civilization, married a large assortment of native women, and become very important persons in a limited area. It is not difficult to believe that many a story of adventure and misfortune in the Pacific never reaches us, and that while every year brings us wonderful records of the rescue of shipwrecked sailors, other castaways on islands that were perhaps never seen before by civilized men are living on, eager but unable to escape, repeating the experience of Selkirk and of Defoe's famous hero.

Ben Worsham's Senseless Dog.

Of all the "ornary" worthless curs I ever knew among dogs, Ben Worsham's white dog was the worst. He came to stay at Ben's—about half a mile down the road here—one St. Patrick's day. He was a "nigger dog," but Worsham said he was a white Malay setter. He didn't have sense to howl when you put him. He used to sneak over to the village to steal something, and if anybody looked at him, he would tuck his tail between his legs and run till the ground grew hot under his feet. You never saw such a coward of a dog. Ben used to half starve him, and about all the time the dog wasn't running away from something or somebody, he was hanging around the butcher's or the baker's. Ben was trying to be Postmaster through about five administrations, and the dog got to thinking they lived at the post office, seeing Ben there three-fourths of his time. He would stand in front of the window—the dog would—till the Postmaster threw him a letter or newspaper—Ben took the Northwestern Recorder—and thinking it was something to see he would break the gate with it, and the folks would take it away from him. He never dared to stop on the road; once he started to run—he ran faster every jump until he got inside the gate. He went into the chicken yard once to forage for his dinner, and an old hen just about thrashed the life out of him. After that he tried to make friends with her, while he watched his chance to gobble a chick, but so long as she kept her eye on him he didn't dare touch one of them. He always followed the family to church, because once a year the Sunday-school had a picnic on the grounds, and the dog would then gorge himself all day and all night on scraps. He hadn't sense enough to know what time of the year the picnic was held, so he used to go every time the gate was opened, thinking that there was nothing but picnics held there. He would go from neighbor to neighbor's every day, and hang around the door for something to eat, and he would stay till he got it or somebody went out and yelled at him. They had a red calf over at Ben's and the dog always thought it was another dog. When they sold the calf the dog mixed himself up in the transaction and went off in the butcher's cart. The calf came back about noon, but the dog stayed in the cart and got killed. That's all the sense he had. I've seen him shiver in the piercing cold for an hour right at the door of his kennel until somebody came out with a club and drove him in. Then he'd stay in there till somebody came along some time next day and upset the kennel to get him out. Burdette.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

By varnishing an oilcloth semi-annually its durability will be indefinitely prolonged.

Tin and copper kettles will shine if rubbed with a piece of flannel saturated in kerosene.

Make starch with soapy water, and you will find it a pleasure to do up your starched goods.

When tan-colored gloves go out of fashion, pale gray-green will take their place.

Straw bonnets for summer are almost as soft as lace, and held in shape by fine wire.

A salve of equal parts of tar, tallow and salt will cure the worst case of felon.

Economize strength by sitting upon a big stool when wiping dishes or dressing vegetables.

A very handsome new summer stuff is China silk with a small raised figure scattered all over it.

The printed letters may be removed from flour sacks by soaking them in buttermilk.—Housekeeper.

Don't banish the stoves. A low temperature in June causes more discomfort than in January and many times more ill.

A little mason's bluing, which may be purchased at any drug store, will give a desirable pearl white tint to the whitewash.

Bonnet strings are tiny pipings like milliner's folds, which pass under the chin and end in a rosette: just below the left ear.

A half-cupful of ammonia to a pail of water will cleanse hard-finished walls nicely. Change the water when it becomes foul.

Paint on windows can, it is said, be removed by melting some soda in very hot water, and washing them with it, using a soft flannel.

Many people take sweet cream in large quantities as a cure for nervous debility. It is said to serve all the purposes of cod liver oil.

Tiny cut-glass dishes for bon-bons, olives and small flowers come in sets of four; in shape, the heart, diamond, spade and club of a card suit.

White and willow green is an ideal mixture for the wear of fair young girls with roseleaf complexions.

The bodice which has one side glittering with jet and the other side quite plain is more popular than ever.

When potters' ware is boiled for the purpose of hardening it, a handful or two of bran should be thrown into the water, and the glazing will never be injured by acids or salt.

A pretty fancy seen upon a low, black lace gown was straps of fine openwork jet, passed over and under the arm, and seeming to hold the lace folds in place.

Mousseline de soie is a favorite fabric for graduating dresses, and will also be used for summer-resort toilets and bridesmaids' gowns. Paris modistes use it for parts of youthful bridal dresses over white-silk slips.

Flannel wrung from hot water and applied to the neck and chest of a child suffering from croup will usually afford relief. The clothes can be heated in a steamer and the discomfort of wringing from hot water avoided.

All poultices should be spread between two pieces of old, soft linen, and covered over with a layer of oiled silk. Never let the substance of the poultice come in contact with the skin, or allow it to get cold or hard.

To polish slate floors, use a smooth, flat piece of pumice-stone, then polish with rotten-stone. Washing well with soap and water is usually enough to keep the slates clean, but by adopting the above method, not only does the slate become polished, but any stains are taken out.

An Albany physician who "never knew a case of cancer among Hebrews" thinks their exemption due to abstinence from pork. But they take special precautions against all disease in all meats admitted to their bill of fare.

It is said that if lamp chimneys, tumblers, or other glass dishes are placed in cold water, with a half cup of table salt to each quart of water, which is brought slowly to a boil and boiled a half hour, then allowed to cool in the water, they will resist any sudden changes of temperature without cracking.

As an antidote for a consumptive tendency, it is claimed that cream acts like a charm, and serves all the purposes intended to be served by cod liver oil, with much greater certainty and effect. Besides persons consumed by the disease, those with feeble digestion, aged people and those inclined to chilliness and cold extremities, are especially benefited by a liberal use of sweet cream.

To clean lace fill a bottle with cold water; draw a stocking tightly over it, securing both ends firmly. Place the lace smoothly over the stocking and tuck closely. Put the bottle in a kettle of cold water containing a few shavings of soap, and place over the fire to boil. Rinse in several waters, and then drain and dry. When dry remove and place smoothly in a large book and press with weights. Very nice lace can be made to look like new by this process.

Good Housekeeping gives the following: "An old nurse who was considered wise in her day told me that an unfailing relief for croup was to

place the child's feet in hot water, apply hot flannels to the chest and give the following mixture until vomiting was produced; one tablespoonful of powdered alum dissolved in half a teacupful of hot water and sweetened well with molasses. In membranous croup put bottles of water on the stove producing all the steam possible, by inserting a tunnel in the nose of the teakettle and removing the cover, put the feet in hot water giving ipecac syrup or the above mixture, and hastening vomiting by placing hot tobacco leaves on the stomach, being careful not to leave them on too long.

A Ghost Told the Bells.

Before the earthquake shook it down, the old guard house or police station was just across the street, in front of the church. Every night for years an old policeman, who had grown old and decrepit in the service of his country and lastly of his city, kept watch at the door. He had seen many strange sights, and he always said that the strangest he had ever seen was the dead man ringing the chimes from the belfry of old St. Michael's. He had seen the shrouded figure, time and again, climb up to the bells, and, not touching the ropes, which had been pulled so often by living hands, swing the heavy iron tongues against the sides of the bells and clash out a fearful melody which thrilled while it horrified the listener. He would tell you, if you cared to listen to his story, how the ghost had been murdered, for in its normal state it had been murdered by the thrust of an Italian stiletto in Elliot street. The spirit was "to walk the earth," "to revisit the glimpses of the moon," "to ring the old chimes, and do other horrible things, until the murderer was captured.

A few minutes before midnight the old watchman would see this spectral chimer enter the church doors, forgetting to open them, swiftly and in a ghostly way glide up the steps of the winding stair, pause under the bells by the ropes where Gladstone rings them, pass swiftly on without touching them, climb on into the gloomy belfry and stop beneath the open mouths of the bells. They yawned down upon it, as if striving to swallow up the restless spirit. Suddenly, as if the inspiration had come, the shrouded hand would move silently and rapidly from iron tongue, and the wild eldritch music would swell the air.—Atlanta Journal.

Pistols in His Pants.

"Frank James, the brother of the dead outlaw Jesse James, is afflicted with consumption, and it is only a question of time until he dies," said Charley Buckthorn, a traveling man. "I have just returned from Dallas, Texas, where I met Frank. The strain upon him must be something terrible as he is ever upon the alert, not knowing at what time or from what direction trouble may come to him. He told me that he trusted no man living. "When introduced, he invariably places his hands in his pantaloons pockets, and simply bows, acknowledging the introduction by saying: 'I am glad to know you, sir.' When his hands are shoved into the pockets they grab two ugly guns. They are always in his pants pockets. His eyes are small and piercing. Not long ago he went into a saloon in Dallas, owned by Tom Angus, a gambler and sport. Years ago, James claims, Angus gave the James gang away to the police, James with his hands in his pockets, walked up to Angus, and such a scoring I never heard in my life, and all the time Frank James' eyes fairly glittered like a cat. He watched every move of the man and Angus weakened, and I did not blame him, either."

Fooling the Judge.

The judge's blood is not very thick, but through force of habit he likes the temperature in his room to be nearly 80 degs. His porter is sometimes late, and if the room is not up to the temperature where it should be a "blowing up" results. Recently, on a chilly morning, the porter overslept. He hurried to the office, arriving but a few minutes in advance of the punctual judge. The temperature was under 50 degs. The porter turned the steam on, but it was impossible to get the required heat before the judge would arrive. So the porter pressed his thumb against the bulb at the bottom of the thermometer. He was none too soon, for the mercury had no sooner reached a sufficient point than the judge's key was in the lock. The porter dusted away as the judge entered. The judge, as is his invariable custom, went directly to the thermometer, and, seeming satisfied that the temperature was sufficient, sat down at his desk with a satisfied air and went to work.—Albany Journal.

This May Be True.

Whitman (Pa.) Correspondence.
While farmer Solomon Titsworth was sowing grain in Tunkhannock township on a cloudy afternoon last month, a flock of 200 or 300 pigeons began to gobble up his grain at a rate that he didn't like at all. Farmer Titsworth couldn't scare them away. As fast as he drove them from one part of the lot they flew to another, and picked up his grain as if they hadn't any food for two or three days. Then the farmer got a beech gad and set to beating the hungry birds, but they were too hungry for him, even though he had killed a dozen or so. The hunger of the pigeons overcame their fear, and they stayed in the field until they had filled their crops, when they rose in a body and sailed away toward the north.