

SILVER REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE'S ADDRESS.

To all who love America and Freedom:
Choose your day you shall
rule—Man or Mammon.

The last election of the nineteenth century is at hand. Grave questions agitate the minds of Americans. In Nebraska the state conventions have been held and the issues are now joined. The populists, democrats and silver republicans, known as fusionists, holding in common certain great fundamental governmental principles, have unanimously united in naming Silas A. Holcomb, a man of unquestioned ability and sterling integrity as their candidate for judge of the supreme court.

Who shall serve us as officials in the great interest, but the approval or disapproval of the principles which they represent is of much greater importance and will be far-reaching in effects. The eyes of the world are upon us.

Shall we by this last vote of ours, in this century, turn back the hands of time to the time of King George and declare him right and our forefathers wrong?

Shall we declare to the world that we love gold more than our fellow men?

Shall we declare that the trusts and monopolies which are crushing out individual enterprise, and degrading labor are greater than their maker-man?

Shall we declare this government a failure; that we prefer European rule to those Americans; that we prefer empire to republic?

The republican platform adopted at Omaha, September 21, 1892, says: "We adhere unequivocally to the gold standard and are unalterably opposed to the free coinage of silver."

"After more than twenty years of harmful agitation the people of the United States, by a majority of more than 300,000, decided in favor of that standard."

Now is not that a fine statement for honest men to make, in face of the fact that the national republican platform of 1892 promised to promote the free coinage of silver through international bimetalism and that congress appropriated \$100,000 for the purpose of trying to rid this country of the gold standard?

It is true that the republican party for more than twenty years has been promising the people to return to the free coinage of gold and silver and it further true that their promises have been kept after the same fashion as the promises of 1892. They have simply broken false.

At the election of 1896 over 13,000,000 of people voted for bimetalism and only about 130,000 the gold democrats for the gold standard.

The present republican platform also upholds the administration—not the government, for that is the people—in its imperialistic ideas, which means, if carried out, a great standing army for the people to support, the unnecessary destruction of thousands of lives and the downfall of the republic.

The fact cannot be disguised that widespread alarm now exists in the minds of many thoughtful citizens least of all government shall be destroyed.

This feeling is not confined to any particular party or locality, but is found in all parties and everywhere. Such stalwart republicans as Senator Hoar, ex-Governor Boutwell, Senator Blount, and John Sherman of Ohio and thousands of others are greatly exercised over the precarious and unenviable situation in which the administration has placed us in the Philippine Islands and elsewhere through the policy of scheming, conscienceless men.

Under the influence of commercialism and imperialism Mr. McKinley has been led to abandon the Monroe doctrine, so long held sacred by Americans by making war upon a people who have no other sin than the sin of being upon the other side of the globe.

These are great eternal truths, applicable everywhere and for all time. Inharmonious with the laws of God, of which doctrine is evolved from the sublime law of Christ:

"Do unto others as you would have others do to you."

There is no question but that we can conquer and crush the Filipinos, but because we are endeavoring to have no right to trample upon and subjugate those who may be our inferiors. That is despotism; that is militarism.

The same spirit is behind Wm. McKinley now which was behind Jefferson Davis in 1861, the spirit of greed; more territory for slaves then more territory for subjects and vassals now.

Abraham Lincoln, in 1858, referring to its authors, said:

"Wise statesmen as they were, they knew the tendency of prosperity to breed tyrants, and so they established these great self-evident truths, that when in the distant future some man, some faction, some interest should set up a doctrine that none but rich men, some one but Anglo-Saxon white men were entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, their posterity might look up again to the Declaration of Independence and take courage to renew the battle which their fathers began so that that truth and justice and mercy, and all the human and Christian virtues might not be extinguished from the land; so that no man would hereafter dare to limit or circumscribe the great principle on which the temple of liberty was built."

"How, my countrymen, if you have heeded the doctrines conflicting with the great landmarks of the Declaration of Independence; if you have listened to suggestions which would mutilate the form of its grandeur; if you have permitted its proportions; if you have been inclined to believe that all men are not created equal in those individual rights enumerated by our charters of liberty, let me entreat you to turn back to the fountain of the blood of our forefathers. Think nothing of me; all I do is to think for the political fate of our country; but come to the truth that we in the great principles of the Declaration of Independence."

Chicago News: A bucking broncho stepped to the bar of the depot saloon at the main entrance to the union stockyards today and was served with drinks like two-legged customers. C. J. Green, a Philadelphia commercial traveler, rode the horse into the place on a wager that he could not make it drink from the bar. The animal pranced to the brass railing, buried his nose in a bucket of water, and Mr. Green rode out the winner of \$25. Several hundred horsemen and stockyard employes gathered about the entrance of the saloon and watched the performance. The animal in the place was going to drink from the fountain of the blood of our forefathers. Think nothing of me; all I do is to think for the political fate of our country; but come to the truth that we in the great principles of the Declaration of Independence."

Some late inventions. For use in rainy weather a New Jersey woman has patented a skirt protector which combines a short petticoat and a detachable waterproof bottom portion, which can be attached to the short skirt in wet weather.

A combined mop head and wringer has been placed on the market, comprising a pair of fluted rollers held in proximity in the mop head, with a folding crank attached to one roller by which it is made to revolve and wring the cloth.

A westerner has designed a fence post which can be fastened securely in the ground, the lower end of the post having wings folded into slots as the post is driven into the earth, the wings opening out horizontally as the dirt is tamped around the post.

The prevent the lodgment of obstructions in a conduit a Pennsylvanian has designed a new pattern of tubing, in which the inner wall has ribs forming an angle, the ribs being of the current of water, causing it to take a zigzag course through the conduit.

Bottles can be easily washed by a Chicago man's device, a shaft being fitted at one end with a plurality of brushes, which are placed inside the bottle, and the shaft revolved rapidly, the brushes spreading out and engaging the interior.

Leaks in metallic pipes can be easily stopped by a new patching device, a U-shaped yoke being passed around the pipe, with the ends of the yoke carrying a detachable head, with a screw in the center, which presses a cushioned patch over the leak.

To securely join the waist and skirt of a dress a newly patented belt has a plate at the ends, which are secured to the skirt by means of a screw, which presses a cushioned patch over the leak.

A machine has been designed for rapidly moistening and sealing envelopes, having a feeding device which forces the envelopes singly across a roller dampened by a water reservoir above, with a hinged plate to fold the flap, after which the envelope is forced between rollers to seal it.

Separate garments can be easily removed from a new wardrobe without disturbing the others, the hangers being suspended on sliding bars, with the door at the end of the bars in order that any bar may be pulled out to expose the row of garments for the selection of any one desired.

Incandescent gas mantles are now strengthened against breakage by a new French process, consisting of suspending the mantle between two glass plates, the space between the plates being filled with a liquid mixture of paper fiber and water, a current being created to deposit a coating of the fiber on the mantle.

A Maryland woman has patented a cover for ironing boards, which is placed over the board, the fabric having a series of lacing holes around the edge in which a lacing strip is inserted, with cords at each end to prevent the cover sliding in either direction.

A Massachusetts inventor has patented a combined rowing machine and bicycle for use in exercising the muscles, a sliding seat being fixed on the frame with levers on either side of the seat to operate the propelling mechanism, the leverage being changeable by resisting the pedals.

Umbrellas can be secured to the person to be carried without the necessity of touching with the hands by a New York woman's device, a hook being provided for attachment to the wrist, with a strip of fabric having a ring at the lower end to support the umbrella tip, a short chain being used to hold the handle close to the hook.

THE ODD THING.

I had been poring over a fourteenth century manuscript in the window seat, behind the library curtains. The twilight, and the end of the faint, crabbled writing came together, and then I suppose I fell asleep. I woke at the sound of Vera's Rutherford's voice.

"The odd thing about it is that I don't really dislike him at all."

"You will tell me next thing he doesn't really dislike you," said Maud Leslie, with an unbelieving laugh.

"I am afraid," said Vera, "there is no doubt about that. I could have pointed out grave doubts, but I wasn't more than half awake. Besides, I couldn't be quite sure they referred to me."

"You say 'afraid,'" said Maud, "but you need not quibble over my words," she answered impatiently. There was a pause.

"Dear old Vera!" said Maud, in a moment. Here again I ought to have pretended that I had just woken up, and announced myself.

"I hate him!" Vera observed inconsistently.

"So," said Maud, heartily, "do I! I could not well proclaim my presence after these remarks."

"At least I think I do," said Vera, "I'm sure I do," said Maud, positively. "I consider him horrible."

"Oh, Maud, you know he isn't!" "He must be, or he wouldn't be so rude to you."

"I-I provoke him, you see." "That is no excuse at all. Look at the way he contradicted you about those Tuscan vases, or whatever you call them."

"I contradicted him first." "Why shouldn't you?" "Because—he was right."

"Which made it all the more annoying." "Yes," said Vera, with a sigh. I wished I had let her have her own way.

"Never mind, dear. You refused him about those silly pre-something-or-other."

"No-o; I didn't really." "Oh, but you did! Papa and every one laughed about it. Confound them!" "Ah, but—I was sorry, and he knew it."

"Nonsense, Ve." "Didn't you hear what he said to Sir Garvin O'Brien about them afterward?" "I don't! I didn't understand a word of their gibberish, and didn't want to."

"Quite right, Miss Maud; women shouldn't tangle in antiquities. Then they wouldn't quarrel with antiquarians."

"Anyhow, it disposed of my theory completely."

"Then why didn't he say it at the time?" "Probably he thought me beneath argument." As a matter of fact I had, for once, made an effort to be magnanimous, and spare her feelings.

"He is a great deal too superior," stated Maud, "to let myself blushing."

"He really knows a great deal," suggested Vera, timidly. I made up my mind not to quarrel with her any more.

"A lot of antiquated rubbish of no use to any one," scoffed Maud. I could feel that she was casting her head back, and calling him "lumber-room."

"Jack is a young ass!" "I don't agree," said Vera hotly. "Jack is!"

"No he isn't! He's very nearly engaged to Maud."

"That is charming, and intelligent fellow. I was going to say."

"Nasty little story-teller! I thought they were going to quarrel, but they didn't."

"Well, I'll admit the learning of you, Mr. Norton," said Maud, when they had done laughing, "but—"

"He isn't my Mr. Norton," Vera objected. There was a further pause. If Maud had gone I should have felt inclined to come out and place "Mr. Norton" at Vera's disposal, but Maud didn't go.

"Do you really like him, old Ve?" she asked. "Only just a little."

"Sure?" "Yes—almost sure."

"I can't see what you like in him," protested Maud, impatiently. "He's 49, at least. Thirty-seven only, Miss Maud."

"I don't care if he is. He looks young."

"He's full of conceit." That really was a mistake.

"Oh, Maudie! Of course, he can't help knowing that he knows things!" "Rubbishy antiquities! I beg your pardon, dear old girl, for attacking your subject; but they are. Anyhow, I don't believe he knows half so much about them as you do."

THE CLIFF DWELLERS.

Rev. George L. Cole, a retired minister of Los Angeles, Cal., after three years of tireless search, has made good modes to be one of the greatest archaeological discoveries of the decade. He has returned triumphant from an exploring expedition laden with specimens from a village of the cliffs for which archaeologists have been on a still hunt for years.

It was a vast communal town on the cliffs of the Santa Fe river, fourteen miles from Espanola, New Mexico. Here dwelt a dense concourse of people and here ruled a king. Among the 1,500 intricate chambers of the cliff town were found great quantities of household articles just where these strange people dropped them one day, centuries upon centuries ago. In a mound to the front of the village was unearthed the tomb of the monarch of the cliff dwellers. Most wonderful of all was found a pit where the gore of human sacrifices ran red for the sun god.

The hovel-like buildings rise tier upon tier of each other, as complex and intricate as an ant hill. The plan is not dissimilar to those of the cliff dwellers, where their little dog kennel doors, where the aboriginal club man shinned up to the top of his house on a ladder and crawled down through the top. On the bottom floor of the capital city were about 350 little boxlike rooms, very few of them opening into others and usually seven feet by 14 feet in dimensions. Almost always the dimensions contained the number seven. And what astonished the scientist was the fact that the measurements by a modern foot of 12 inches, showing that the cliff men had a similar unit of measure.

Under a dirt mound, shrunk by ages of weather to a paltry six feet or so, was found the tomb of the monarch. He was buried good and deep. First, when the earth was dug into were found turkey bones and bones of dogs, the turkey having apparently been sacrificed. Far underneath was a stone slab about two feet by eighteen inches and underneath this lies the mummified king.

The cliff dwellers buried their dead doubled up all in a heap, with their chins down to their knees, and always sitting with their heads to the west, the setting sun. And thus was the king.

There has seldom been such strong evidence of the tragedy which wiped away a people. It was the terrible earthquake which tumbled down the walls of the mesa city. Indian traditions say nothing of this, for these people passed away years and years before the Indian was an Indian.

All about are evidences of an ancient volcano which had evidently quieted when this extinct people moved. Their houses are built of its tuff and two extinct craters scar the landscape.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

THE CLIFF DWELLERS.

Rev. George L. Cole, a retired minister of Los Angeles, Cal., after three years of tireless search, has made good modes to be one of the greatest archaeological discoveries of the decade. He has returned triumphant from an exploring expedition laden with specimens from a village of the cliffs for which archaeologists have been on a still hunt for years.

It was a vast communal town on the cliffs of the Santa Fe river, fourteen miles from Espanola, New Mexico. Here dwelt a dense concourse of people and here ruled a king. Among the 1,500 intricate chambers of the cliff town were found great quantities of household articles just where these strange people dropped them one day, centuries upon centuries ago. In a mound to the front of the village was unearthed the tomb of the monarch of the cliff dwellers. Most wonderful of all was found a pit where the gore of human sacrifices ran red for the sun god.

The hovel-like buildings rise tier upon tier of each other, as complex and intricate as an ant hill. The plan is not dissimilar to those of the cliff dwellers, where their little dog kennel doors, where the aboriginal club man shinned up to the top of his house on a ladder and crawled down through the top. On the bottom floor of the capital city were about 350 little boxlike rooms, very few of them opening into others and usually seven feet by 14 feet in dimensions. Almost always the dimensions contained the number seven. And what astonished the scientist was the fact that the measurements by a modern foot of 12 inches, showing that the cliff men had a similar unit of measure.

Under a dirt mound, shrunk by ages of weather to a paltry six feet or so, was found the tomb of the monarch. He was buried good and deep. First, when the earth was dug into were found turkey bones and bones of dogs, the turkey having apparently been sacrificed. Far underneath was a stone slab about two feet by eighteen inches and underneath this lies the mummified king.

The cliff dwellers buried their dead doubled up all in a heap, with their chins down to their knees, and always sitting with their heads to the west, the setting sun. And thus was the king.

There has seldom been such strong evidence of the tragedy which wiped away a people. It was the terrible earthquake which tumbled down the walls of the mesa city. Indian traditions say nothing of this, for these people passed away years and years before the Indian was an Indian.

All about are evidences of an ancient volcano which had evidently quieted when this extinct people moved. Their houses are built of its tuff and two extinct craters scar the landscape.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

Where did the people go? Who can say? Mr. Cole thinks probably far away to the southward, where they joined the beginning of another tribe to form the ancient Aztecs.

One day the awful shake came and the poor cliffmen fled. The pottery still stands in the rooms, placed neatly away, where the good housewife had them. In some of the houses tumbled down on the hearths ready to be lighted. But here comes the proof positive. In some of the houses the fires had already been lit, and in these rooms the woodwork is entirely burned away. The walls shook down on the brands.

THE CLIFF DWELLERS.

Rev. George L. Cole, a retired minister of Los Angeles, Cal., after three years of tireless search, has made good modes to be one of the greatest archaeological discoveries of the decade. He has returned triumphant from an exploring expedition laden with specimens from a village of the cliffs for which archaeologists have been on a still hunt for years.

It was a vast communal town on the cliffs of the Santa Fe river, fourteen miles from Espanola, New Mexico. Here