BOTH PARTICIPANTS FIRED IN THE AIR.

& E. Greene of Chicago Tells a Story Based on Bistorical Facts from an Old Diary.

The following reminiscence of the expedition that built Fort Armstrong was furnished the Davenport (Ia.) Re-publican by S. E. Greene of Chicago. ose grandfather was a member of expedition, and from whose diary the story is taken:

Spring of the year 1815 found the thth Infantry at St. Louis, awaiting orders. Most of us were penniless—had spent every cent down South the year before—and were glad to get the rest and recreation that barracks life afforded. But there was little doing at forded. But there was little doing at St. Louis. The town was barely a trading post, and save being the assembling spot for bodies of troops which were occasionally sent up the river, and a sort of frontier station for emigrants, had not made itself very conspicuous on the map. In the early days the star of empire found few followers, and it was not until some 15 years after that the real period of the growth of the Northwest began.

It was late in the year when the

of the Northwest began.

It was late in the year when the Eighth was ordered out. The objective point was Rock Island, some 300 miles up the Mississippi. We were assigned to places in keel boats, which were extensively used in the island waters at that time, and started up the river with a well-squipped fleet, including the members of the rifle regiment, boatmen and the contractor's help. The contractor's agent was George Davenport, who afterward became quite a conspicuous figure in the history of the Northnous figure in the history of the North-At this time there was no comwest. At this time there was no com-missary department in existence to pro-vide for the troops and contracts for provisions were let to private individ-uals and concerns. The supplies were also brought up in large keel boats.

I have frequently heard allusions to the inadaptability of the larger keel boats to river ferrying. As may be supposed they were not perfectly con-structed, nor did they meet all the ex-igencies of the weather, "sawyers," "wooden islands" and the like, but on the whole their services was actions. the whole their service was satisfactory. It was not an easy matter to construct a craft that must be light and draw very little water, and yet able and draw very little water, and yet able to transport a large number of men. The keel boats of 1815 did not fill all these qualifications, and yet they succeeded pretty well. They were chiefly propelled by rowing; in case of a good wind sails were erected, and if the water was deep enough near the bank, additional motive power could be furnished by tow lines, which were, however, on account of the irregularity of the channel rarely used. the channel, rarely used.

The autumn leaves were falling when we started up the river, and the weather for the first few days of the trip was exceedingly chilly, especially at night. There were fogs without number, and some time was lost in the delays which resulted from unfamiliarity with the channel. There were times when we could not see three yards to either side or ahead of the boats, and on such occasions there was nothing to do but wait. It was for this reason that we did not reach our destination—Rock Island— to an astonishing degree. But the in-that year. But this leads me up to the

point of my narrative.

There was on the boat to which I rope. had been assigned a particular friend of mine who bore the name of Bennet Riley and who was second lieutenant in the rifle regiment. Riley was a good fellow all round, but somewhat ments he was just as likely to have a dispute with the colonel as anyone else. So it happened that on one of the foggy so it happened that on one of the logsy mornings of which I have just spoken, Riley got into an argument with Smith of the sixth boat—ours was the fifth—on the very interesting topic of the course of the river. The boats were anchored in an eddy, within speaking distance of each other, and the crews were just preparing breakfast. It was were just preparing breakfast. It was Smith who started the discussion.

"If there's something I can't see," he said, "it the reason for that crew of your'n anchoring in mid-stream with the bow of the boat turned to the shore and the broadside facing the channel. It's the queerest piece of work I ever

"You don't want to believe every-thing you see," rejoined Riley, "this boat is facing the channel bow on. It's yours that's out of the way."

"I don't know about that, and I don't know what you took last night, but I'll stake an even hundred that your boat is turned just as I said. Can't you see that foam? Did you ever see so much that foam? Did you ever see so much water passing your side as there is now, and that with bow on? Look for yourself." Smith pointed triumphantly to the water, which, in reality was flowing just as he said, and a half a dosen of us, who had nothing on earth to do but to sit under the sheets and look wise, followed the direction of his out-

stretched hand. The argument was certainly a good one.

"You're mixed in your directions, man," laughed Riley. "This river ain't running from east to west, but from north to south. We're near the Des Moines, not twenty miles from it."

"That's where your off again. The run of the water shows it," answered smith of the other boat.

"We're in an eddy, and you can't tell where you are,' suggested some-

"Eddy nothing," cried Riley." I'll take my hat and Smith's salary that a is the one that is in an eddy. Fait till the fog lifts and he'll see for imself that he is wrong in his cal-

"No use getting personal about it,"
retorted Smith, now somewhat excited,
"If you cant take my word for it,
here's no use of waiting for the fog to
lit. My word is as good as yours."
"Is that so," said Riley, hotly, "it
loses't take a Smith to tall me. You
effect on my family when you say that!
home on abore and we'll see what way
he current runs."
"That's mitisfactory to me, and as I'm

halfs satisfactory to me, and as I'm halfenged party I guess I have the

FIRST DUEL IN IOWA. parture from St. Louis. "Greene," said Riley to me, "I guess you'll do for my second. Now let's get

ashore."

The entire crowd of riflemen and boatmen evinced a desire to see the strange conflict, and pulled us ashore with a hearty good will. Riley did not speak, neither did Smith, but both walked together up the bank to a suitable spot, while Smith's second, a man from boat six, and myself compared pistols and secured a timeplece. There were very few watches in evidence among such a crowd as this, for in those days it was not a very safe thing for days it was not a very safe thing for a traveling jeweler to cross the Indiana border, and not many of the men who had watches at the time of their enlistment had retained them through the years of their servitude. When the paces had been measured off the two fighters faced each other, while the crowd kept off a respectable distance, guarding against stray bullets. "I don't know, Greene," said Riley to

brother in Utica, and he can let the others know. But don't get nervous Green, it's all right."

A strange feeling that something terrible was about to transpire possessed me. I was only a young man at the time and had seen very little of fighting, although I had been in the service nearly two yaers. This was the first dual it has been my lot to witness. The combatants were ready and Smith's second began to count, "one, two, three."

ously, the crowd gave a loud shout, and the birds in the trees near by rushed upward in a flutter. I heard the whistle of Smith's bullet as it passed my ear and struck the bark of a young sapling at my right, and then placed my hand over my eyes. A moment later I heard Riley yell and Smith laugh.

They were both standing together unharmed, for both had emptied their pistols into the air. Riley was shaking hands with his adversary, and I heard him exclaim as he pointed to the river.

"See, the fog's going away! Look in that direction!" And I turned around and looked, and there we could plainly see the opposite bank. The fog had begun to clear even at the opening of the quarrel, but so angered were the principals that they had not noticed the shifting cloud. The other boats were aware that something was going on on the bank, and several were sending out smaller skiffs to investigate. But what interested me most was the direction of the river, which was positively west to east. We had struck one of the many little local bends in the meandering course of the Mississippi, during the night, and this was the cause of Smith's aberration. So ended what I have no doubt was the first duel on Iowa soil that had white men for its principals.

THE NEW WOMAN IN EUROPE.

More Occupations Open to Her There than in This Country.

Women in America, it is thought. are now engaged in man's occupation novation is carried still farther in Eu-

land women take part, as a matter of course, in al the labors of agriculture. They till the fields, cut the corn and gather the crops.
On the streets of Munich women are

employed to keep the car lines clean, and they are specially uniformed for the purpose, in short skirts. Bavaria being well supplied with forests, wood is largely used for fuel, and along the curb of Munich streets women frequently stand and sell their frewood. quently stand and sell their firewood In Zurich there are women bootblacks. In several continental cities women

do light gardening jobs, like keeping in order the borders and gravel paths of public parks. In Germany the railway stations have women ticket agents.
In some of the European art galleries women are engaged to take care of the visitors' sticks and umbrellas. They are also custodians of museume, as at the Swiss National museum, where one of the galleries is in entire charge of a

QUICK AND EFFECTIVE.

Getting an Audience Safely Out of Burning Hall.

Judge: Panic-stricken, the stage manager rushes to the chairman of the school entertainment committee. "The hall is on fire!" he exclaims. "If we tell the audience, there will be a riot and many will be killed in the rush to get out. If we do not tell them, they will all be burned. Oh, what shall we

Now, the chairman is a man of coolness and ingenuity. Stepping quietly
before the curtain, he says:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we will next
be entertained by Miss Winnie
Wurdeigh, the well known elocutionist,
who will render 'Curfew Shall Not Ring
Tonight."

As by magic the audience fits from the hall, one by one, until naught but the empty seats is left to satiate the

furious appetite of the red demon.

What flawdust Contains.

Forum: By the distillation of sawdust all the distillation products of wood are obtained, and this manufacture can be conducted as an adjunct to the working of wood in a way to insure a profit. The products obtained are gas, wood alcohol, acetic acid, tar, and oils. From the tar there have been obtained bensole, tolule, symole, cumole, parafile, naphthalene, and hydrocarbons, which are used in the manufacture of aniline colors. Carbolic acid and crossots are also obtained. As a last product charcoal is left in the retorts. oft in the retorts.

Maxim Gorky, the Russian novelist, surposes to found in Nijni-Novgored a regabonds' inn, which will receive whether he be worthy or not. It will be conducted on humanitarian rinciples, and will cottain a small brewery and a huge tee half. Only habitual drunk-aris and processional eard cheats will

To reach the gold region of Alaska by a much shorter route than the Yu-

kon river now affords seems a possi-bility of the not distant future.

The government will soon be called upon to consider an engineering plan for the utilization of the Talbiksak river, a tributary of the Yukon to connect the latter with the Kuskokwim, a river which ranks next to the Yukon in the

natter of size. Matter of size.

At present over 100 steamers run regularly on the Yukon, carrying passengers and freight to and from the gold district. Engineers have recently gone over the ground and reported favorably on a scheme of connection between the Yukon and Kuskokwim whereby the navigable route will be shortened by

The Kuskokwim can be navigated by steamers for a distance of 600 miles from its mouth, and because of its greater fredom from obstructing isler current, it is more favorable for make a connecting route between both avers by means of the Oknakluk lake and Taibiksak river, and in order to do this a portage now existing between the tter bodies of water must be cut

through.

Near the northern bend in the course of the Yukon, the Talbiksak has its mouth. Here steamers winter, enroute to the gold regions, waiting for the ice to break, as the ice here does not obstruct navigation as it does at St. Michael's, by lying on the bars long after the does water is free. To winter ter the deep water is free. To winter at Talbiksak river mouth means that a steamer doing so can go on up to Dawson and get back before the season opens at St. Michael's.

miles. This stream at its mouth is 70 feet wide, increasing within the first lis now four months since we remile to 100 feet, but narrower by degrees to between 30 and 40 feet. It varies very little in depth from the averto talk about, now we feel the isolar to talk about, now we feel the isolar property. age of seven to 12 feet above the mouth tion a good deal. The local newspa--having at that point a depth of 30 feet. The banks are usually about five

For the passage of boats, portage is routine of daily life, which is more monecessary at certain points, in order to notonous than it would be had we any reach a pond 150 feet in length; after occupation to employ us for the long which portage is again resorted to over a high bank of earth. From thence boats are pushed or pulled for 1.000 feet of a narrow water channel until another lake 500 feet wide is reached. Having crossed this lake the boats are shoved through shallow, reedy water to a stream which runs northwest and with a serpentine course—having between 200 and 300 different bends. This stream is 30 feet wide and averages about seven feet in depth. Further up it narrows at points to even ten feet, but again widens later. It is bound alternately by banks and swamps.

is reached and the boats navigate this easterly for some 20 miles until another lake is reached, from which another stream flows into Lake Oknakluk, two and one-half miles in length and usually four feet deep, with level beaches.

From Lake Oknakluk a water chan-

nel brings the boats to another lake. by still another. Portage is again necessary from here to a water channel, as a lofty earth bank has to be crossed—the channel leading into the Talbiksak river, which, flowing into the Yukon, completes the connection, as described, between that stream and the Kuskokwim. So what the engineers have to do is to cut through the portage between Oknakiuk lake and the Talbiksak river, which work will involve making a gravel cut some hundreds of feet in length and not at any point exceeding 40 feet in depth. It is believed that the Talbiksak here is higher than the the Talbiksak here is higher than the lakes and the Kuskokwim—as is also the Yukon itself. After the cutting of the portage, the water thus released is expected to accomplish naturally the creation of a clear crevice through the route as here described, with its incidental channels and narrow ruts. It is also suggested that the Talbiksak be dammed especially for the purpose and thus made to rush towards the Kuskokwim. The dam will probably be made of ice owing to the ease with which the latter can be obtained. The new channel once formed, it is believed that in time the Yukon water would naturally avail itself of the new and shorter passage in order to reach the ocean.

When the work is done, steamers navigating the river would start from Goodnews bay, an excellent harbor some 50 miles south of the Kuskokwim's mouth, which, at low tide, is not navigable for steamers with over four feet of draught.

WALTER STEELE. lakes and the Kuskokwim-as is also

Winter at Wome.

Nome, March 5.—Nome is still in the grasp of old Boreas and likely to remain so for two months to come yet at least. Of course during the long winter, with the mercury dodging down to 40 degrees below zero mining operations are practically suspended. This annoying situation is, however, to be obviated before another season comes around, and the enermous placer wealth which now mocks the gold seeker like a mirage as he gazes upon the auriferous sand through the ice is to be accessible all through the long and tedious winter. This wonderful result is to be brought about by the introduction of some new-fashioned thawers which will prove the open sesame to the much-coveted wealth and will permit the working of placer claims all the year

Tound.

It is an admitted fact that the Nome, Keugarock, Bluestone and Arctic mining districts are beyond all question as rich as any other yet discovered. Owing to the total absence of fuel in the winter, however, and the high price of it in summer, no mining operations can be carried on in that country until the ground has been thawed out in the summer by the forces of nature. No martialing began.—Chicago Record Hernic.

NEW KLONDIKE ROUTE

| Country as has been done in the Klondyke, with steam thawers because in the latter region there is a total absence of any natural growth of wood. Even if coal could be obtained in Nome for a reasonable price it could not be transported to the claims in sufficient quantities for steam-creating purposes.

| Government Engineers Engaged in Plan to Take 320 Miles Off Distance to Dawson. | Distance to Dawson. | Distance to Dawson. | The part of the most of the most of the newspaper country is covered with a tundra, company for the reward of most muck and water, over the newspaper correspondents. | Town SOLD FOR TAX |
| The PATE OF AN ILLINOIS MIN| The PATE OF AN ILLINOIS MIN| The PATE OF AN ILLINOIS MIN| Substitute of the company of the country is covered with a tundra, company of the country is covered with a tundra, company of the country is covered with a tundra, company of the country is covered with a tundra, company of the country is covered with a tundra, company of the country is covered with a tundra, company of the country is covered with a tundra, company of the country is covered with a tundra, company of the country is covered with a tundra, company of the country is covered with a tundra, company of the country is covered with a tundra, company of the country is covered with a tundra, company of the country is covered with a tundra, company of the covered way. The willing was left to the claims in sufficient to the claims in suffic quantities for steam-creating purposes, except at a price which would be greater than the amount of gold released thereby from the ground, as the entire country is covered with a tundra, composed of moss, muck and water, over which no team can travel with a heavy

> It therefore became apparent that if mining was to be carried on successfully in Nome during the winter months on a scale similar to that conducted in the Klondike it could only be done by the introduction of some new process of

> creating heat.
> Some of the heaviest owners of placer claims conceived the idea of interesting Charles A. Kuenzel, the well-known German inventor, in the matter, and it is by the aid of his system of producing a dry gas from 85 per cent of com-pressed air and 15 per cent of kero-sene that the working of the Nome placer deposits throughout the winter has been solved. Mr. Kuenzel has invented a small, light and portable machine, which will revolutionize the results of placer mining here. The small quantity of oil required will enable suf-ficient quantities to be produced for

ficient quantities to be produced for carrying on operations on a large scale. The receipt of a first installment of these machines, which are being manuactured in the East for the Arctic Heating & Thawing Co. of the Parrot building. San Francisco, is eagerly awaited. The population of Nome now is in the neighborhood of 4,000 people. Quite a percentage of these are women and there is social life enough in the town to satisfy any moderate tastes.

The only had point about the place is the isolation for so many months of the year from the outside world. Unlaklik and Council City are the only places with which communication is held during the winter, and they are only Arctic outposts like Nome. mails are carried by dog and reinder teams and the time occupied in getting them through is sometimes very long, months elapsing during their transpor-tation. There is talk of substituting As the bird flies, just 20 miles south of the Talbiksak mouth the Kuskokwim describes a great bend in its course. The Talbiksak itself is a slow flowing better time. Some of the leading busi-At its southern end the proposed improved route starts from the village of ments will be made during the coming Kalchagamut. There a slow stream de-bouches into the Kuskokwim, navi-gated northwesterly for some three er be cut off from civilization for such

per, and social amenities of an unpretentious character are about the only things we have to interfere with the months of winter

AUGUST PETERSEN.

TO SWITZERLAND BY WATER Plan for a Water Highway from That County to the Sea.

New York Sun: Switzerland is the only important country in Europe, except Servia, that has no sea coasts. It depends upon other nations for sea ports and steamship lines, paying large sums of money to foreign transporta-tion companies to carry all its foreign de. This is, or cou

disadvantages. A young Swiss engineer has sub-mitted a plan to the government for an all-water route from the city of Basel to the North ses. Basel, on the Rhine, is about 300 miles from Rotterdam, the nearest port on the North sea. This engineer, Mr. Gelpke, proposes to ren-der the Rhine navigable for freight steamers at all seasons of the year by regulating its water level. He suggests that between Basel and Mannheim, the present head of navigation on the Rhine, fourteen dams be constructed to raise the water level along that entire stretch of the river. Each dam should be provided with suitable locks for the passage of vessels and with sluices for driving turbines for the production of

electrical power.

He estimates that the project would cost \$20,000,000, and that the turbines would yield at least 100,000 horse power, which could be utilized by industrial establishments in Alsace and in the

grand duchy of Baden.

Germany has larger commercial relations with Switzerland than any other nation, and it is thought she would not be averse to adding a practicable water route to the fine railroad facilities which now connect her with the little

which now connect her with the little republic.

The Swiss government and people would be glad to encourage any feasible scheme for connecting their country by water with the sea. Mr. Gelpke's plan is, therefore, receiving consideration, as well as another project that is also attracting attention. This plan is to build a canal from Basel to connect with the famous Rhine-Rhone canal that now a canal Rhine-Rhone canal that now enables small Rhine boats to travel all the way to Marseilles. The Rhine-Rhone canal starts from Mulhausen on the Rhine and extends in a southwest direction to the Doubs river, which is a navigable tributary of the Rhine.

A bronze statue of the late Bishop Matthew Simpson was unveiled and dedicated recently in the presence of about 500 persons on the grounds of the Methodist Episcopal Home for the Aged, in Philadelphia. The statue, which is 9 feet in height, is mounted upon a granite pedestal of the same height. The statue is a part of a massive monument which had been determined upon in 1864 to commemorate the war of the rebellion. Bishop Simpson was one of the trusted advisers of President Lincoln during the civil war period, and his statue was to be among those of a number of representative men to be grouped about the president. Clarm Mills was employed to model the figures in clay. He finished that of Bishop Simpson and one other, when the assassination of the president put an end to the project. A number of years afterward Mrs. Simpson purchased the model of her husband, and had it removed to Philadelphia and cast in bronze.

these words County Clerk Fred Mann of Kankakee county disposed of the village of Tracy to cancel a tax in-debtedness of \$20 and costs. Mr. Freir-er is a carpenter who has an ambition to start a co-operative colony.

"It will be a good place for me to go when I get out of a job," he said to the county clerk. "I borrow money, build a few houses and start a colony." "Suppose that the property is re-deemed?" suggested Mr. Mann. "Redeemed?" I get a clear title, don't

"Redeemed? I get a clear title, don't !? I've paid the money." "Sure, but the original owner has a certain length of time in which to re-

dem it.'

Mr. Freirer was disgusted, but what could he do? Four days later Walter Lawless appeared at the county clerk's office to redeem the property. It originally had belonged to him. His 200-acre farm adjoins it on the east. "Do you suppose I'd let that land go for \$57?" he inquired of Mr. Mann. "It's worth \$75 an acre."

"Why didn't you pay your taxes then?

Mr. Lawless didn't say, but it com him considerably more than \$57.29 to secure a tlear citle.

Ten years ago the village of Tracy was a thriving settlement, covering an area of 30 acres. Deserted when the vein of coal that was its sole excuse gave out, the village houses rotted and furnished lumber and fuel to neighboring farmers for years. Sold for taxes, the town site passed into the hands of a carpenter, who disposed of it a fe wdays thereafter to the farmer his office would look up from their work. whose land it adjourns. Next year corn fields will obliterate the last traces of a town where several hundred people

formerly tolled and lived. Take the Kankakee & Seneca branch of the Big Four railroad, ride out northwest from Kankakee on a go-as-you please mixed train, and at the end of about 20 miles you come to the town of Essex. Hire a rig at exorbitant rate and drive west for a couple of miles until you strike an unused coal road Now Number Twenty-Five. that is marked Illinois Central on the map. Then go south for a quarter of a mile on the highway that has not been disturbed by wheels for years. Looking sharply about you now, you see traces of a former town. It is the site traces of a former town. It is the site of the abandoned Tracy. There are no imposing ruins, such as one might encounter in the valley of the Nile or in the Grand canyon in Colorado. This is a deserted mining town, and deserted mining town, and deserted mining towns in this country are of and the showing I think is next. superlatively evanescent character.

Doubly melancholy is the forgotten

hamlet shrouded in the deep snow. It is like the neglected grave of a first wife—supplanted for the more lively.

Here, it is easy to see, was once a fence, overlooked by kindling wood gatherers, must have at one time guarded a kitchen garden from wandering and unscrupulous cows. The most conspicuous feature of the gloomy land-scape is a huge hill of slack many times is near the mouth of the abandoned mine and will stand there until some

Any buildings standing? Yes, one eight by ten foot shanty with earthen floor. In it are the charred remnants of a recent hunter's fire and bits of fur that needs no Sherlock Holmes to asthat needs no Sherlock Holmes to assist in conveying the information that sportsmen lingered here to satisfy hunger by dining on one of the rabbits whose tracks are so numerous in this depressing place. Henry David Thoreau, hermit though he was, would not have remained an hour in this lonely cabin, and Cowper, despite his plaintive sighing for a "lodge in some vast wilderness." would have taken a look at the place and fied, nor cast no "long lingering look behind." No living thing there save crows, and they finding nothing to tempt their voracious appetities, flying circultously westward, cawing impatiently, "Come on, come on!"

Ten years ago there was a different scene. Perhaps 100 homes—modest structures such as miners occurre—ground the procession of progress, will be the republic of the future."

Ten years ago there was a different cene. Perhaps 100 homes—modest structures such as miners occupyin orderly dows. Bustling activity everywhere. Coal trains pulling into town and departing, laden with fuel, for distant parts of the state. Red cheeked, bare-armed, lusty women hanging the clothes out to dry or gossiphanging the clothes out to dry or gossiping at the doors of their houses. Miners smoking company tobacco in nicotine-reeking cob pipes. Children everywhere, their light-hearted laughter
sweet music for weary miners trudging homeward with grimy faces and
empty lunch boxes. The chug-chug of
the engines scarcely ever ceasing, with
shrill whistles at intervals, indicating
that the ponderous thing of iron and
steel was doing its best.

The miners were an interesting class.

steel was doing its best.

The miners were an interesting class, as former sheriffs of Kankakee county can tell. It is said they made whisky in their cellars and more than once blind pigs were raided, but always too late, for the village, standing just a half mile from the Grundy county line, enabled illict distillers to find an easy haven of refuge from Kankakee officers. Tracy being unincorporated, could not secure a license, but the miner must have his dram when he emerged from the pit with dust-caked throat.

One day there was a conference be-

throat.

One day there was a conference between the brown-corduroyed mine superintendent and the alert president of the Hilinois Coal company.

"Veins giving out." said the superintendent, then added, in response to a question, "Nope, nothing to be gained by operating any longer."

So, one day the oage made its last ascent to the top of the long shaft of

"Sold to Emil Freier for \$57.29." With hese words County Clerk Fred Mann of Kankakee county disposed of the fillage of Tracy to cancel a tax indebtedness of \$20 and costs. Mr. Freir is a carpenter who has an ambition the course of events, each year, the county treasurer offered the land for sale. No one cared to buy it. It was not coveted property. There was an impression property. There was an impression that it was a descrited village of slack heaps—nothing else.

Inadvertently County Clerk Fred

Inadvertently County Clerk Fred Mann told the story to a newspaper reporter. The fact that a deserted village could be bought for \$20 became widely circulated. Chicago, New York, St. Louis and San Francisco papers had it. Clerk Mann received 100 letters from prospective purchasers. Most of them were from Chicago, though some came from Texas, Iowa, Ohio, Indiana, New York and California, and half a came from Texas, Iowa, Ohio, Indiana, New York and California, and half a dozen from New Jersey. There were letters from professional, business men, and persons in the humbler walks of life—all eager to get something for nothing. All the letters were serious—

chicago newspaper man wrote:

"Please send up the village of Tracy for inspection. If I like it, will buy."

Many inquiries came by long distance Many inquiries came by long distance telephone, and a few by telegraph. Clerk Mann, though usually a sweet-tempered official, grew grouchy toward members of the local press. He kept the letters relating to the village of Tracy neatly filed, with rubber bands around them. When stamped envelopes were enclosed he answered the letters—briefly—till he became tired. Then he would speak harshly about newspapers and newspaper reporters. and wink solemnly at each other. Finally, the time came when the deserted village could be sold, and Mr. Mann was happy. Such is the story of Tracy.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE WORLD'S REPUBLICS.

New York Sun: "Speaking about liberty and the Fourth of July," said the man who is a spellbinder and a statisti-cian, "the real era of republics, or the mining towns in this country are of and the showing, I think, is pretty fair, considering that the business be-gan with very little capital and no good will to speak of. The United States was the only one on earth, and we had about 3,000,000 of people. Today wife—supplanted for the more lively, had about 3,000,000 of people younger town of Clarke City, one mile farther south on the coal road that has been mentioned.

Here, it is easy to see, was once a 000,000. The effete monarchies, and the wide street, and on both sides at inter-vals are found excavations where rude cellars existed. Mansions were not 1,200,000,000 of the world's 1,400,000,000 found at Tracy. Remains of a former of people, but they have been getting foundation, robbed of its best dimensions, show where a house of some have been at it for only a century and sions, show where a house of some have been at it for only a century and pretensions stood. Perhaps there the a quarter. By gravy, if we continue to and a quarter, we will have a popula-tion in 6,000 years of 10,560,000, as compared with the monarchy record of 1,200,000,000 for the same period.

"Of the 25 republics, all but five are scape is a huge hill of slack many times located in the Western hemisphere. In the dust heap that Dickens describes in "Our Mutual Friend." It ooo of republicans, giving something more than two-thirds to America. The republics are as follows:

ingenious American discovers a process for converting what is now considered waste material into building blocks and paving brick. Then the owner will be in a position to buy more land and raise more corn.

Any buildings standing? Yes, one Urusuay Venesuals Liberis and Cubs. Uruguay, Venezuela, Liberia and Cuba. "Cuba is not on the list yet, but she

win be, and the Orange Free State and the Transvaal are slightly disfigured, but they are still in the ring. The big-

MADE A GOOD BLUFF.

But It Was Upset by His Wife' Lack of Comprehension.

Detroit Free Press: "I hardly think my wife sees the joke yet," said Brown with a smile, "and I am also inclined to think that she has an idea that I was deliberately trying to create a false im-

deliberately trying to create a false impression, to which I plead guilty.

"One night last week I thought I heard some one prowling about the house, and, as there have been a number of house broken into lately, I concluded that the noise was made by burglars. As I sat up in bed listening, I chanced to giance into the next room, the door of our bedroom being open, and there stood a sure-enough burglar, coolly examining our silverwars. With this startling discovery came the chilling thought that I hadn't such a thing as a firearm in the house. But I determined to 'run a bluff,' so, turning to my wife, I said in a loud voice:

"Where's my revolver!"

"John,' she answered in a voice equally as loud, 'there ism't such a thing in the house, and you know it!'"

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