in 1802 and conse-

quently is able to

give personal rec-

ollections of the

war of 1812, being

a lad of 10 when

that struggle was

was 18 years old

when Maine was

He

admitted to the Jas. W. Bradbury

union; he helped welcome Lafayette to

the state in 1824; he participated in

was a United States senator from 1847

to 1853, and was colleague and per-

and Calhoun; he is the only survivor

of the 100 men who sat in the senate

during his term; he is the only living

member of the Bowdoin college class

of 1825, which included Longfellow,

Hawthorne and John C. Abbott. Mr.

Bradbury has lived in Augusta for

sixty-three years, over half a century

in the house which he now occupies.

From Jackson to Bryan he voted for

every Democratic presidential nomi-

nee. He has never tasted liquor or

tobacco and today is able to attend

to his considerable correspondence

To Build Largest Pulp Mill.

American and Canadian capitalists

contemplate establishing in the Rainy

Lake region of western Canada the

largest pulp mill in the world. Spruce

in inexhaustible quantities is found in

the region named and unexcelled water

power is also available. The American

capital for the enterprise will come

principally from the Fox river valley

in Wisconsin. A hydraulic engineer

of Appleton, Wis., has just returned

from the Rainy lake country, where

he made preliminary observations and

Rich Widow Disappears.

Despite all efforts of the police no

traces have been discovered of Mrs.

Mary Taylor, the aged Brooklyn widow

and supposed miser, who is said to be

worth in the neighborhood of \$100,000.

They are still working on the theory

that the old woman has been spirited

away by persons familiar with her cir-

cumstances, who seek a reward for her

release. Annie, the professional nurse

who was attending Mrs. Taylor, still

MRS. MARY TAYLOR.

(Wealthy Brooklyn Woman Whose

Disappearance is Shrouded in Mys-

maintains she knows nothing of her

The Election of Senators.

F. M. Simmons, Democrat, will suc-

ceed Marion Butler, the Populist, in

the senate from North Carolina. The

legislature chosen Nov. 6 will practi-

cally have nothing to do but register

the choice of the people. This is be-

cause at the state primaries held by

the Democrats of North Carolina last

April the voters "recommended" the

selection of Mr. Simmons. In the same

way the Democrats at the primaries in

Arkansas last spring recorded their

preference for the re-election of Sena-

tor Berry over ex-Senator Jones. These

methods of nominating a senator are

not recognized by federal or state laws.

Yet members are frequently nominated

pledged in advance after a contest in

the primaries. In Montana and in

Pennsylvania the fitness of legislative

candidates was entirely lost sight of in

the struggle for the legislature. In

these states rival candidates of the

same party contended in many dis-

tricts, he division being on the sena-

torship. In this indirect way Clark's

election from Montana seems assured

and Quay's from Pennsylvania is pos-

sible. These are facts which seem to

show that there is much merit in the

North Carolina plan. At all events it

enables the legislature to get down to

business at once without a prolonged

struggle over the senatorship, which

sometimes, as in Pennsylvania last

patient's disappearance.

arranged for surveys.

without the aid of an amanuensis.

sonal friend of Webster, Clay, Benton

in progress,

The Youngest D. D.

Rev. Morgan Wood, pastor of the old and fashionable Plymouth Congregational church of Cleveland, O., is making a phenomenal record in the theological world. Although but 33 years old, he has been honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity-the youngest man in the country to have received such an honor-and has made a national reputation as a lecturer. Rev. Morgan Wood is the son of Rev. E. M. Wood, a Methodist minister, of Pitts- the celebration of the semi-centennial burg, Pa. He received his education of American independence in 1826; he in the public schools and high school of that city, where he had an extraordinary record for brightness. Afterward he attended Mt. Union College and Yale and Boston universities. His



REV. MORGAN WOOD, D. D.

charges have always been successful, as Dr. Wood's personal magnetism has endeared him to his congregations. He has had churches in New Orleans, La.; Bloomington, Ill.; Detroit, Mich.; Toronto, Can., besides his present charge. Much of his time is in demand in popular lecture courses throughout the country.

Sculptor Will Become Painter. Frederick Macmonnies, whose great work (the fountain) at the world's fair was among the great attractions at the Jackson park exposition, has determined that next spring he will take up his residence in New York and will temporarily give up mallet and chisel for palette and brush. He is now in Paris at work on the equestrian statue of General Slocum, which up in Brooklyn. When that is completed he will for a time abandon sculpture for painting.

Wins Fame in Berlin.

Arthur Van Ewyck, who made a great stir in Berlin musical circles recently, is a young Milwaukeean whose relatives are still residents of that



city. Mr. Van Ewyck is one of the brightest of the brilliant group of voung musicians which Milwaukee has produced. He studied with all the best teachers, and gave promise very early of hav-

ing a bright future before him. About ten years ago he went to Berlin, where he studied with Felix Schmidt. He possesses a rich, resonant barytone voice, which taken with his artistic rendering of the later music has brought him rare praise from continental critics.

Widener May Be Senator.

P. A. B. Widener, the millionaire street railway magnate, is credited with coveting a desire to represent Pennsylvania in the United States senate, and it is said that his candidacy will be indorsed by Mayor Samuel H. Ashbridge of Philadelphia. It is admitted that Mr. Quay's chances to be



PETER A. B. WIDENER.

elected senator by the new legislature will be slender, and it has been known for some time that Mayor Ashbridge is not anxious to see Quay go back to the senate. The mayor will control 23 representatives and two senators in the new legislature and without these Quay's fight would be useless. It is believed that a deadlock would follow in an attempt to elect Quay.

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In the Fowler's Snare

华米华尔安尔米尔尔米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米

CHAPTER V .- (Continued.)

"Yes," Gervis spoke, with a certain He Voted for Jackson. mount of stiffness. He had undoubt-James W. Bradbury of Augusta, Me., edly sought his young wife and won ex-senator of the United States, reher for her wealth; but, apart from cently celebrated his ninety-eighth that fact, he was determined to make birthday. The career of this venerable her a loyal and devoted husband. Alstatesman covers a period of American ready it hurt him that money and the history unexampled in the experisacred name of wife should be roughly bracketed together.

"And did you know my wife, then, as Miss Fairweather?" Gervis asked, after a silence, while the two stood and surveyed the limitless expanse of white waste around them, with its boundaries of forest-covered, bear-infested hills.

"No; I never saw her until last night in the car. She is very young, and seems to be a high-strung nature. Is that so?" Paul waited for an answer.

"I think she is." Gervis slightly hesitated. In truth, though he would not have confessed it, Gladdy's nature was as yet an unknown country to him.

"Very imaginative, and given to alternate fits of depression and galety?" Paul went on. Then he hastily added: "I ask your pardon. You see, it is part of my trade to analyze human character. I am always doing it-sometimes unconsciously. I dare say you think me an ill-conditioned Goth, and I hardly venture to request an introduction to Mrs. Templeton."

Paul Ansdell turned his face toward Gervis, and there was a new expression in it. The old sneer had died out, or had been smoothed carefully away. His dark, deep eyes looked straight into the Englishman's face, and there was a certain wistfulness in them,

"I have made up my mind already about you-we all have," quickly said honest Gervis, holding out his hand in all simplicity to the other. "We owe our lives to you, and each one of us would esteem it an honor to call you

There was a hearty British ring in the words that spoke for their genuineness.

"You are very good," quietly observed the scientist. But the sneer had come into his eyes once more, and he turned the conversation abruptly to the situation in which the trainful of human beings found themselves.

"If you had not been in such a hurry to get back to England I could have shown you some pretty sport yonder." He pointed to the rocky fastnesses in the distance. The falling snow had stopped, and overhead was a brilliant biue. A stiff wind had got up, howling and swirling the snow into deep drifts.

"Bears, I suppose?" said Gervis. "Just what I should have liked ifwell, under other circumstances. I dare you could tell one some about the grizzlies yonder?"

Paul Andsell nodded brieffly, and the two men turned to retrace their steps to the little prairie station.

"Do you live in Montreal, then? Is

it your home?"

"I have no home," was the brief rejoinder. 'I suppose I am what you call a cosmopolitan-one who makes a nest in every one of the world's great cities. But here we are back at the prairie station. The weather's clearing, so I suppose our people will start on their way."

In the station and round the cars there was a stir of excitement, and people were getting aboard the train. There is my wife! She is standing at the window of the car!"

Gervis caught sight of a little figure in a pale green and gold brocade teagown, trimmed with yellow lace.

It was Gladdy, and her small pink and white face, with its pointed chin, was now bent toward them as she gazed downward at the two men.

She was waving a little white hand in welcome to her husband; but when she caught sight of his companion her face blanched, and she shrank back from the window, at which Paul Ansdell frowned at once. Two minutes later, however, he was bowing before

her as Gervis introduced him. "We had a jolly good tramp, Gladdy, Mr. Ansdell and I, over the hard snow. It has made me as hungry as possible. And, if it had not been for your small ladyship, I shouldn't have come back. I'd have gone after the grizzlies in the mountain, yonder; but warn you that next year I shall come back to pot a bear or two, and leave you at Temple-Dene." Gervis laid a kindly hand on the slight little shoul-

Gladdy looked up timidly, and, to her surprise, Mr. Andsell had taken out a pocketbook crammed with snap shots, which he proceeded to show and explain to Gervis, taking no further notice of her.

If the stranger wished to restore the young bride's confidence, he could not have devised a better mode of doing so.

Before the end of the day Gladdy was herself again, gay and lighthearted. She and her husband and Paul Andsell were the merriest, friendliest trio on board the cars speeding through the snow over the vast Canadian Pacific railway.

And despite all their forebodings of evil, the train made a safe and speedy trip to its destination.

CHAPTER VI. Nothing builds up a friendship between man and man like being thrown

together in untoward circumstances. Before their journey ended at Montreal, Paul Andsell had become almost intimate with the Templetons.

Gladdy's strange shrinking and terror of the scientist had entirely worn off, simply because he had ceased to bestow the faintest attention to her dainty person. His eyes never by any chance rested upon her.

"I might be a cow or wax doll for all the notice your fine philosopher gives to me!" the girl-bride said,

"Oh, well, you can't expect to have dry-as-dust scientific fellows in your train, my dear," said Gervis mildly. "You must be content with ordinary men, such as your humble servant, for slaves. I don't suppose Andsell, poor old chap, knows a pretty face from a plain one."

"I'm not so sure about that," skeptically said the bride, "Why, I should not be surprised if he has a wife of his own here in Montreal!"

"Not he," carelessly said Gervis. "He's a woman-hater, I should imagine. His bride is science, to which he seems to have given himself up body and soul. You should see his dlggings, Gladdy! Never saw such a collection of weird and extraordinary inventions in my life. He took me there last evening, and you don't see me going again to such a creepy place. Why, he has got his coffin, all spick and span and ready for occupation, in one corner, and in the hall, instead of a hatstand, he has actually got a skeleton, braced up with iron, on the arms of which the crazy old chap hangs his hat, There, my dear, I ought not to have told you that!"

Gladdy had gone quite white,

"Look here, I am going to take you to the ice carnival tonight, and tomorrow we start for old England. Anddid I tell you, Gladdy? Andsell has suddenly made up his mind to go with us. There's something-some elixirto be got only in London from some old wizard of an east end chemist, and Andsell must have it to complete some marvelous scientific invention he means to patent. So I've asked him down to Temple-Dene to spend Christmas. We owe him some little attention for all he did for us that awful night of the fire."

That evening, however, Gervis Templeton went to the ice carnival alone. Gladdy, when quite ready to start out with him, was seized with an unaccountable chill and trembling.

"You've taken cold," said Gervis practically, "that's what it is. Now, you just stay quietly at home and cosset yourself up, or we shall have to remain behind tomorrow."

Gladdy, thankful enough of the rest and quiet, lay back in a low chair in the private sitting room the Templetons had secured. Her eyes were hidden under their soft, white lids; but Gladdy was not asleep. Strange visions through her brain; and her small hands lay limply in her lap, their waxen whiteness intensified by the violet satin of her evening gown.

It was not of her own simple past, nor yet of the wonderful happiness that had come to her so lately that Giaddy was dreaming. Instead, dark, fantastic shapes and visions came and went, succeeded by grim forebodings.

Never a strong girl, Gladdy, since the night of the fire in the snow shed, had drooped strangely. It was as if the springs of life within her were broken. The shock might or might not have done the mischief; but it was there nevertheless. As she lay back with closed eyes and whitened cheeks there was a distinct change on

the round young face. So thought somebody who had come, stepping softly over the thick, rich carpet, close to the little figure reclining Indians of the Omaha Tribe Train Their in the low chair-so softly that Gladdy did not open her blue eyes. Indeed, the white lids closed down tightly over them, perhaps because a hand with long, thin fingers was waving slowly to the tepees of that tribe. No child is and fro in front of them.

In a few seconds Gladdy was in a deep, motionless sleep, and standing looking down upon her out of his dark, unfathomable eyes, was Paul Andsell, who, on hearing from the black waiter that Mr. Templeton had gone out to the ice carnival, stepped upstairs to

pay his respects to Mrs. Templeton. Bending close down until his lips neared her pink ear, Paul, in a monotonous voice, recited a sort of statement. He spoke in carefully measured tones, as if anxious that not the

merest syllable should be slurred over. The room was still and quiet, and Gladdy slept on tranquilly, while Paul | that it never forgets the lesson." These looked round him for something he wanted.

Reaching over, he drew towards him a Japanese screen, and fixed it partly between the sleeping girl and a little table, on which were writing materials. Then he spread out a blank sheet | the doors of houses before they enter, of white paper, and then lifted first a Under no circumstances are they to pen, then a pencil from the writing

"No," he muttered, "I've something better still!" And from his waistcoat search warrants they must not dispocket he drew a stylographic pen, which he gently placed between the thumb and finger of the little limp hand of the girl.

"Gladdy," he whispered distinctly-"awake, Gladdy!"

The girl stirred uneasily.

"Write down word for word what you heard me say a few mintues ago." This time Paul's voice had in it a justice of Japanese law.

note of command almost of menacet and instantly Glandy sat up straight, with the pen held firmly in her fingers, Her eyes were wide open and sleep had flown.

Edging the screen a little forward. Paul got it adjusted so that Gladdy did not see the sheet of blank paper, then he gently guided her hand around the edge of the screen and placed it upon the paper.

"Write!" he said, harshly, and Gladdy obeyed. But from her position she could not see what she was writ-

Presently, as Paul's dark eyes intently watched the motionless pen in the slim, small fingers, it moved. Gladdy was writing something carefully, and in a slow, painstaking manner, much as a child under the eye of a master would do.

And while she wrote Paul watched her breathlessly. On, on the pen traveled over the sheet.

Glady's handwriting was small and upright and unlovely, the handwriting of the up-to-date girl of today. Paul's breath grew labored as he watched the pen moving. He could have dashed off the sentence in half the time; but then between Gladdy and himself there was at least a quarter of a century in age. At last the end of the page was reached, and the stylographic pen dropped from the limp, white

fingers. 'Sign it! Sign your full name!" The command came in breathless syllables, as though the speaker was greatly excited.

The pen was instantly lifted. There was just room for the brief signature-Gladys Templeton. Then, with a low sigh of exhaustion, the girl slipped backward into her chair, and Paul Andsell, after carefully blotting the sheet of paper, folded it and placed it in his pocketbook.

"I must get the names of a couple of witnesses, and the thing's done! But that's an easy matter in Montreal."

As silently as he came Paul Andsell departed. Down the wide staircase he sped, and out into the clear, white stillness of the starry night, his dark eyes blazing with a strange, triumphant light.

"Is it you, Paul? You have come home?"

A sweet, vibrating voice called out gently as his latchkey opened the door of the little suite of rooms or flat which he called home in the gay city of Montreal.

"Yes, I have come, Diana; and I have good news-rare, good news for you.'

A large, golden haired woman, with milk-white skin, came out of one of the rooms opening into the hall, where the skeleton loomed quaint and hideous. She was Paul Andsell's wife.

Gladdy had been right in her surmise; but Mrs. Andsell was not a happy wife, to judge by her dejected, limp appearance.

Years ago when Paul first saw Diana standing in front of the little New England homestead that nestled under the great maple trees, he had thought her the prettiest girl this world held. The poor, shabby, little house was dignified by the morning glories that climbed all over it, purple and and white, making a dainty backand stranger thoughts were whirling ground for the girl's fairness. It was a picture that stirred the man's imagination rather than his heart.

Already vast possibilities were looming for the scientific explorer. Here, in this vision of womanly fairness, he saw a valuable assistant for his enter-

But Paul Andsell had made great strides since the days when his masterful will took Diana from her simple home, and from her first love, to make her his wife and his tool. No longer for him did the humble provincial exhibitions of his mesmeric skill and his power over the minds of others suffice. Higher flights were today his aim, and more than one abtruse work on hypnotism bore his name on its title page.

To be continued.)

WORTH IMITATING.

Children.

Mr. Francis La Flesche, an Omaha Indian, has recently published an account of the training of children in permitted to interrupt an elder person, or to pass between two persons who are speaking," says the author, "still less to come between them and the fire. We were strictly enjoined never to stare at strangers, nor to address any one by his personal name without a title. From his earliest years the Omaha child was trained in the grammatical use of his native tongue. No mistake was allowed to pass uncorrected. No Indian parent ever whips his child. When it commits a fault the entire family assembles in solemn conclave, and it is summoned and reproved with such gravity are not civilized red men, but the class known to us as "savages." London Truth lately gave an account of the training given in Tokyo in the prefecture of police. The Japanese policemen are taught to knock gently on talk roughly. "Rough talk intimidates the innocent, while the hardened criminal does not mind it." In executing turb sleeping children or invalids. They must deal kindly with dogs belonging to strangers; hospitality is due to animals as well as to men. No amusement must ever be shown at the mistakes of foreigners. Every effort must be made to impress strangers with Japanese politeness and all people with the kindness as well as the Saltpeter for Tree Killing,

Some time ago we saw in an Australian exchange a letter from a former resident of the United States telling about the practice of killing trees by the use of saltpeter. According to his statement the saltpeter was inserted in the tree while in the process of growth and while the leaves were still performing their function. A hole was bored in the tree and filled with sultpeter and water, after which the hole was plugged up. This saltpeter was carried to all parts of the tree. Then another hole was bored and more saltpeter inserted, which also was distributed through the tree. After the tree died it was set on fire and burned up root and branch, the saltpeter making it burn fiercely. We do not know how much of a fancy sketch this was, and if any of our readers have had experience in the matter we would like to hear from them.

Recently a dsicussion has been going on as to the power to destroy green stumps in this way. Some men say they bored holes in the stumps and put in the saltpeter and water, only to find afterward that the stump would not burn. Some others say the effect was to rot the stump, which could afterward be dug out easily. Up to date we have learned of no way that will deal with the stumps more effectively than does the stump puller. As to the burning up of trees that have been saturated with saltpeter, we think the time has gone past for that kind of operation. The time was when trees in this country were simply in the way and were destroyed in the shortest way possible. But now they are worth saving if only for fire-wood,

A farmer can have neither a good pasture nor a good meadow without a good sod. But the kind of sod he needs on his pasture is very different from the sod he needs in his meadow. We see in a contemporary a laudation of blue-grass sod for the pasture. But we know that blue grass sod is not the ideal sod for a pasture. It should be a part of the sod but not the whole thing. Blue grass makes good pasture at certain seasons, but during much of the time is below its prime. The pasture sod should most certainly be formed of a variety of gras es, so that grass will be making a good growth at all seasons when any grass could grow.

The sod for the meadow should of course be made of one kind of grass. The meadow is supposed to be for the production of hay and the hay crop is gathered at one time. But in both cases the sod should be well taken care of, should be well manured and not permitted to get thin. One of the great faults of our American farming is neglect of the sod in both pastures and meadows. In the sod lies much of the profit on the farm. We think if our farmers would keep a close account of the receipts from their sod lands they would pay more attention

Hog Houses.

to them.

In the building of hog houses, if such houses are to be ideal, a number of important points must be taken into consideration. A writer on the subject of hog houses rightly says: "There is one point that is commonly lost sight of in hog growing, and that is that he is an animal to which sunshine is just as essential as it is to the corn plaut. Neither corn nor pork can be produced successfully without plenty of sunshine. In the building of the hog house have it constructed in such a way that the sun will shine into it on the south and reach to the back of the pen and on the beds of the pigs." The house should be arranged on the inside so that there will be a free circulation of air between the pens. This is especially necessary in warm weather. The drainage should be such that the floor of the house will be always dry. The arrangements for removing the manure should be so perfect that it can be kept out of the way of the bogs at all times. The pens in the house should be constructed with the idea of often needing to change pigs from one pen to another. To accomplish some of these things it will be necessary to have much of the inside arrangement made movable. Swinging gates can be used to advantage.

Yields of Wheat.

That the average yield per acre of our wheat can be doubled under proper methods is demonstrated by the reports that we are constantly receiving from the agricultural colleges and the experiment stations. The average yield of wheat in the country at large is only about 13 bushels per acre, yet in some of our states where, because of deficient rainfall, the conditions for growing wheat are not of the best, the yields are far in excess of the average for the country. We notice that even in Oklahoma the yields as reported at the station are such that wheat raising is highly profitable. Yields of from 25 to 36 bushels to the acre are given as the results of their various experiments in handling the land for the wheat crop. What is done on a small scale can be quite generally done on a larger scale, and there is no good reason why the best methods should not be widely applied

English and American Thoroughbreds. The difference in the types of English and American thoroughbred horses has been set forth as follows: The English horse is taller, or leggler, as they say, then ours. He usually has more length and more quality; whereas the American thoroughbred has more substance, is more closely coupled-that is, shorter-and, as rule, is a horse of better constitution and sounder, particularly in the wind, a "roarer" being a rare thing with us