The Columbus Journal.

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Fifth Avenue Episode.

I am a stranger in the city and the scenes upon the streets amuse me. A week ago to day I spent several hours loitering on 23d street just watching the steady stream of shoppers, a stream, by the way, composed of some of the fairest women that it has ever been my lot to look upon. By twos and threes they passed, each smiling and eager, each enthusiastic and jubilant, and each, as they passed me by, seeming handsomer than the other.

I stood for a moment at the door of a large white building, when suddenly there emerged the fairest of them all, and passed so near, that her elbow touched my coat sleeve. There was one low step to the sidewalk, but she apparently did not see it, and in another instant I had saved her from an ugly fall.

"A thousand thanks," she murmured, sweetly, with the frankest of smiles into my eyes. "I have turned my ankle a little," she said, still holding to my sleeve, and in the deepest solicitude I passed my arm about her.

"If you would help me to my carriage," she began again, with another smile and a pleading glance, and looking toward the curb I saw a handsome "turnout," with the driver, stiff as a statue, perched high upon the seat.

Although evidently watching for his mistress, I was surprised to see that he had not noted her mishap, and even when I led her forward and opened the carriage door he showed no more interest in my movements than if he had been a wooden image.

The blue-eyed siren's hand still lingered on my arm as I helped her in.

"Whom can I thank for this attention?" she whispered with a little blush, and highly pleased I drew a card from my pocket and pressed it into her hand.

"And you," I whispered admiringly. "Fairest of all fair women, may I dare to ask your name?"

"Miss G——," she answered promptly, handing me her card, and then she bent nearer and whispered: "At 3; always come at 3," she repeated, as the carriage rolled away and left me standing on the curb.

Was it possible that I, a stranger, had been invited to one of Gotham's proudest residences? The address she gave me on Fifth avenue was proof enough, and the name was one of Knickerbocker's very oldest. True, I was handsome—every one said that—and I was wealthy, but could that be all that was needed as an "open sesame" to such a home as this fair woman's?

At 3 o'clock I was there, and it seemed to me that I must have been

THERE WAS A STRUGGLE.

expected, so exquisitely was everything arranged in the matter of my reception and entertainment.

The maid, a decorous little Fraulein, led me at once to Miss G——'s apartments. It seemed that for my trifling courtesy I was not to be treated as an ordinary guest, but was received with special favor. Miss G—— was radiantly beautiful in her dainty house dress, and in the luxury and seclusion of her private room my Spanish blood ran riot in my veins and nearly drove me into reckless danger. She was an only child, she said, and her father, who lived with her, was her only surviving relative. She sat down by my side upon the sofa, and as she talked her white hands toyed continuously with her rings until their very whiteness dazzled me and made me cover them with both my own in an uncontrolably ardent movement. Then face to face, hand in hand we sat for one breathless moment. I saw her body sway slowly toward me, drawn by the sweetest force in the world, then a bell pealed suddenly through the house and she sprang to her feet in consternation.

"It is my father," she whispered warningly, then she tip-toed to the door and drawing back the curtain seemed to listen intently to the voices in the hall.

"Fraulein has taken him to the study, but you must go now," she said with an expression of sincere relief.

I raised her hand to my lips and even kissed her golden hair.

"I would not have you for the world," I said chokingly. "But, may I come to-morrow?"

At three promptly the next day I stood upon the step. Miss G—— looked lovelier than ever but there was a marked change of her childish manner.

"I am cross to-day," she said honestly, and when I urged the cause she put out her rosy velvet tips in the most bewitching pettiness.

"I am not crying for a bracelet that I saw to-day at L——'s," she said laughingly, "and I do you know that horrid man (meaning her father) declares I cannot have it. Isn't it enough to make one cross?" she continued pettingly and with her face upraised to mine. Involuntarily I bent and caught her in my arms.

"It is indeed!" I said indignantly, and then I covered her face and snowy neck with a flood of swift, adoring kisses.

That day the bell did not ring, and her father did not come home. Fraulein brought the tea to Miss G——'s private boudoir, where we drank it between our fond caresses.

She was such an impulsive little mortal, this beautiful woman I had met, she almost clapped her hands in glee when I told her that I was alone and wealthy, and like a child she opened her heart and told me all her secret longings.

It was nearly 9 when I left, but I had an engagement with a friend and she insisted that I should not break it. Next evening I could come again, and as her father would be out of town there were visions of a glorious interview.

I put the memorandum I had made carefully in my inner pocket, but on the way to my friend's house I glanced at it again and figured what it would cost to fill it. The bracelet was an expensive one, so was the locket she had seen and wanted.

Then there was a necklace and a brooch, and I wondered why, beside her rings, she was so destitute of jewels, while everything about her home bespoke the highest form of riches.

"Her father's fault," I muttered, with some indignation, and then registering a vow to sacrifice anything that she might have her treasures, I returned the paper to my pocket.

Jack Ray, my friend, was waiting when I reached his quarters.

"I am going to take you to the club, old fellow," he said, enthusiastically, and together we entered a cab and were rattled away across the city.

I was still thinking of my beautiful sweetheart when I entered the lobby of the club, and in the glamor and glitter of the place I could still see her sweet blue eyes and hear the tremor of her childish voice in all the clash and clatter. Suddenly I was aroused by a thrilling name that fell from Jack's lips in the midst of a string of introductions.

"My friend, Mr. G——, old fellow," he was saying.

I looked up quickly at Mr. G—— and shook his hand involuntarily. It was the same name, I was sure of that, but could this be that "horrid man" my charmer's jewel-denying father?

A little later we were sitting alone at a table, he and I, and I hastened to secure for myself the satisfaction of this man's identity.

"You are Mr. G——, of No. —5th avenue," I said impulsively, and in another moment I regretted my stupidity.

"How did you know it?" he asked, when he had said "yes" to my unusual question.

"I—I have met your daughter. She is very beautiful," I stammered in confusion.

Mr. G—, who was evidently a man of years, turned suddenly and scrutinized my features. It seemed that instant as if he hated me, but my friend coming back just at that time removed the awkward situation.

I said nothing to Jack. I had said too much already, I argued; and the next day I was so busy with my various commissions that I gave no thought to my reckless blunder.

Surely, I reasoned, a man may meet a beautiful woman, even though she is guarded by a stingy father.

That night I spread the jewels before her, and was more than paid by her delight.

From kissing and fondling the glittering stones she would turn suddenly, and gliding across the floor, throw herself joyously into my outstretched arms and deluge me with her sweet caresses.

After we had dined again in the cosy room the thought of this long, delightful evening together seemed to wake in her heart some girlish fancy, and tripping gaily from the room she arrayed herself for an imaginary evening party.

When she returned her beauty dazzled me. She had put on a dress of purest white and decked her marble throat and arms with the costly jewels I had brought her. One glimpse of the laughing face and gleaming shoulders maddened me, and regard less of the dainty laces I seized her in my arms and almost crushed her to my bosom.

"My darling!" I whispered passionately, and then with a torrent of loving words almost rushing from my lips, I raised my eyes suddenly above her head and confronted the stern-faced man—her father.

Like a startled deer she sprang from my arms and fell with a shriek upon the sofa.

"For God's sake, stop!" I shouted wildly as the barrel of a revolver gleamed suddenly in the man's right hand.

Instinctively I sprang to one side, not fully realizing my sweetheart's danger, and at that same instant there came a blinding flash and a woman's cry of mortal terror.

Spellbound with horror, I turned and looked upon my idol. The diamonds, still gleamed on her fair, white flesh, but as we stood there motionless, this man and I, a stream of crimson dyed her garments. Another moment and I would have sprang at him, but his revolver held me still at bay.

"Wait and let me speak," he said quietly, and the magnetism of his glance seemed to some way conquer and control me. "She was my wife," he began sadly, "and you are not her only victim. Over and over similar scenes have been enacted in our house, but not before with such an awful ending. I have always controlled myself before," he said with a tinge of sorrow in his voice, "and even now the shot was not meant for her."

Then, still clutching the weapon tightly, he crossed the room and raised the lid of a curiously-hidden jewel casket.

"See!" he said hoarsely. "These are the trophies that her victims brought her!" He dropped the lid on the sparkling gems and a spasm of pain convulsed his features. "Yes, I would have spared her even now," he said, "but your sudden movement disconcerted me.

Like one waking from a dream I roused myself and struck unexpectedly at the smoking weapon. There was a struggle, short, sharp and altogether one-sided, for the sight of his dead wife's face unnerved him now, and then there followed another blinding flash and I left him stretched beside the sofa.

* * *

To-night I shall start back again toward Spain, but the only souvenir of New York that I retain is a newspaper garnished with "the latest scandal" and a somewhat curious description of myself, who am mentioned as the co-respondent.

CLEVER AMERICAN MECHANICS

Their Ingenuity in Woodwork Attracting Attention in Foreign Countries.

The mighty advance in woodmaking machinery in the United States has evoked surprise everywhere. In America the idea is to make everything of wood without hand labor, automatically where possible. This desire has been so successful, according to the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette, that it is a rare exception a factory is found employing handwork. Every known description of woodwork, out of every kind of wood, is made entirely by machinery. Many of these machines are veritable wonders, performing their work with a readiness and accuracy that excite the most profound attention. Some of the English experts say of them that they are the best examples of ingenuity ever produced, but of a lighter construction than the English make. But one must bear in mind that American iron when cast into form is very much tougher and hence does not require so much of it to give their machines strength and solidity. This is hardly true of English iron, and, in consequence, their machines contain a great deal more weight in iron and consequently look more massive, but by experience it has been proved conclusively that the latest improved American machines are just as strong and just as capable in durability as those made by the English makers.

Progressive English manufacturers—and there are a few of them—are gradually waking up to the fact that of they want to hold their own in the commerce of the world they will be compelled, through necessity, to employ the later and more economical methods to produce their manufactures. To do this they will have to turn to the Americans, much as it may be against their inclinations. American furniture, made entirely with machinery, is now getting a foothold in England, and attracts the admiration of English buyers, not only for its beautiful designs and finish, but for the superb construction; and, lastly, it can be obtained at a moderate price. Other articles of wood for domestic vehicles, agricultural, building uses, etc., are fast creeping in to the disadvantage of the English manufacturer. Indeed, wherein the American manufacturer succeeds it is only through the use of machinery and therefore the Englishman, in order to protect himself from encroachment, must adopt the American idea by using American machinery, for is it not a fact that the Englishman is behind the times in getting "up-to-date" wood working machinery? If this statement is not correct show us the fallacy of it. Machinery saves time and labor, consequently money.

Her Last Wishes Complied With.

A Maine woman recently expressed some queer wishes on her deathbed. She lived in Kennebunk and was well-to-do. She did not like the parson, so she directed that he should not take any part in her funeral, and he did not. In place of prayer and scriptures, essays written by her sister and her brother were read by her sister's husband, and that constituted the service. Then she had a dislike for the sexton, and stipulated that she should not be drawn to the cemetery by his horse. The hearse was not his property, and she did not object to taking her last ride in that. Her wishes in this respect were followed, another horse and driver were secured for the trip to the tomb.—Lewiston Journal.

Pneumatic Tires.

The question to what extent the pneumatic tire, so familiar on bicycles, will be adopted on the wheels of other vehicles is one of considerable interest. According to a London scientific journal for cabs and broughams in English cities, the rubber tire, with an iron hoop outside, is steadily growing in favor, and thousands of them are seen. Since, even on the smooth wood and asphalt pavements of London, the rider knows at once whether his hansom has elastic or rigid tires, the contrast must be still more marked on macadamized roads or streets paved with granite or cobble-stones.

Tit for Tat.

Henry Makenzie, the author of "The Man of Feeling," was a lawyer by profession. During a visit to the Highlands of Scotland for grouse shooting, he made the acquaintance of a general who also was of the company. One day after dinner, there was some talk at the table about poisons—ratsbane and laurel especially. Quoth the general to Mackenzie, "We say in England that ratsbane will not kill a lawyer." "Indeed," replied the man of law, "that is odd, for in Scotland we say some generals are in no danger from laurel."

It All Depends.

The smallest boy in the arithmetic class is the son of a man who works in a coal yard.

"William," said the teacher, "how many pounds are there in a ton?"

The smallest boy was silent.

"Why, that's a very easy question, William."

"Yes'm. I know it's easy. But, please, ma'am, am I supposed to be buying the coal or selling it?"

In the South Seas.

"Reginald," said the king of Rarotonga, "tell the queen that the missionary has been on the table for some time, and is getting cold."

The prime minister withdrew, but in a moment returned and said that Trilby O'Ferrall had just given up Little Billie and the queen just had to finish the chapter, and, would the king save her a drumstick?

Making Change.

Sam, coming in hurriedly—Say, Tom, can you change five dollars?

Tom—Change nothing. I'm so hard up I can't change my shirt.—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Fit.

Mrs. Cawker—I wonder why drum majors wear such frightful big hats?

Mr. Cawker—You wouldn't if you could see the size of a drum major's head.—Life.

WAS A DREAD PRISON

POPULAR MISTAKE ABOUT THE DRY TORTUGAS.

Climate Delightful Especially in Winter—Called "Dry" Because the Island Was Not Flooded at Every High Tide—Prisoners Confined There.

Morris Rodney, who died at Rodney, N. Y., the other day was one of several life prisoners in the Dry Tortugas whom a kind fate removed from the spot long before the original sentence expired. There are no prisoners on the Dry Tortugas now, and the fort where the prisoners were kept is no longer even garrisoned. Popular curiosity thirty years ago was eagerly fixed on these far Southern keys, and several conspicuous Northern enemies of Mr. Lincoln's administration were threatened with exile thither, though about the only notable prisoners of the place were the men convicted of complicity in the assassination of the president, and of these only one served out his life sentence.

Popular fancy during the war painted the Dry Tortugas as a region of peculiar horror, and the belief still lingers. The adjective dry gave the impression of a desert where the prisoner, tantalized by the sight of salt water all about, suffered the pangs of thirst for lack of fresh water. The adjective merely means that the group to which it has been applied is not flooded at high tide, as are hundreds of neighboring reefs and islets. As a matter of fact, the climate thereabouts is sufficiently moist, and the fort when it was garrisoned was surrounded by abundant semi-tropical vegetation. Nor is the climate especially unwholesome, though the place is occasionally visited by yellow fever.

The group of the Dry Tortugas, named for the abundance of monster turtles thereabouts, lies 120 miles from the main land of Florida, seventy-one miles from Key West, and only about ninety miles from Havana. It was held at one time to command the entrance to the gulf of Mexico, and accordingly the United States government projected there an enormous work of defense, Fort Jefferson. The fort was begun in 1846 or 1847, and was destined to have in time, with its subsidiary works, a circuit of many miles and to mount 500 guns. Great sums were expended upon the work, as everything in the way of building material had to be carried many hundreds of miles, and even the labor had to be imported from other parts of the union. When the civil war was opened, Fort Jefferson was a picturesque and formidable looking structure, with graceful masonry and much architectural charm. It was heavily garrisoned soon after, and the garrison was maintained for some years later.

When Fort Jefferson was still important as a military prison Garden Key was occasionally visited by others than the soldiers stationed there and the group had a population of between 200 and 300 persons. The night-blooming cereus climbed about the officers' quarters and bloomed in the tropic night, while other night-blooming plants were scattered about the grounds, and Northern flowers bloomed in the open air all winter long. The fort had long been used as a place of imprisonment for soldiers convicted of offenses against the laws of war, but it had really few military prisoners of distinction. A somewhat notable prisoner of the war period was Colonel St. Ledger Grenfel, an Englishman, who entered the confederate service and after participating in several battles came North, obtained the ear of Mr. Seward, and deceived him as to the strength of the confederacy in some particulars. The colonel was afterward accused of complicity in the Sons of Liberty conspiracy of 1864 to stir rebellion in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and after conviction was sent for life to the Dry Tortugas. He managed to corrupt one of the soldiers and the two escaped to a neighboring island, whence, after lying hidden for a little time, they made their way to Cuba. Fort Jefferson, despite the terror inspired by the name Dry Tortugas, was not the worst possible place for a life prisoner to begin his sentence, for the fort seems to have been peculiarly leaky. Another prisoner slipped out of a window, got over the moat, sixty feet wide, scrambled down the low sea wall, and escaped on a plank to the nearest inhabited key. There he took one of the lighthouse boats and sailed away to Cuba. Several other prisoners escaped either by eluding or corrupting their guards, and the only notable prisoner to die there was O'Laughlin, one of the four sent to the Dry Tortugas for complicity in the Lincoln assassination plot. He was carried off by yellow fever, three or four years after his conviction, while his three companions were pardoned. One of them, Dr. Mudd, was for a time the only physician present during an epidemic of yellow fever, and his faithfulness in that crisis won him high praise from the garrison.

Barring a hot summer and the possibility of yellow fever the Dry Tortugas group, of terrible reputation, is far from being a region of horrors, according to the Chicago Times. The winter climate is delightful. The temperature rarely falls below 60 degrees Fahrenheit, and is usually nearer 75 degrees. At times there comes a sudden stillness upon the sea, accompanied by a haze and a rise of ten, fifteen, or twenty degrees in temperature. That is the sign of the norther, which follows soon with terrific force of wind and a fall of from twenty-five to thirty-five degrees in temperature. Fort Jefferson had a garrison of less than 100 five years after the close of the civil war, and the dread fortress is now marked in the reports of the secretary of the war with the asterisk, which means "not garrisoned." Doubtless, as in a good many other such fortresses of the United States, a corporal without his traditional guard constitutes the sole representative of the government.

More Information.

Tommy—Paw, what is an "intellectual soiree?"

Mr. Figg—It is generally one where the refreshments do not cost much more than a dime a head.

A SPECTER CALF.

Which May Have Had Some Connection With Miles Ogle.

"A detective sees a clew in all sorts of apparently trivial things, and will run it down until he has satisfied himself one way or the other," said a local sleuth to a group of listeners. "I remember when Miles Ogle, the notorious counterfeiter, was free the last time, and bogus coin was found in circulation all through the Ohio valley, two of Uncle Sam's sleuthhounds actually investigated a ghost story. The story came from Jefferson county, Indiana. A specter calf was seen in the lonesome hollows to the north of the county.

"All the farmers within a dozen miles had paid the hollow a visit, and waited patiently for hours to see the frisky four-legged ghost come gambolling down the hillside and go floating over the rough, rocky creek bed that was at the bottom of the hollow. They were never disappointed. Promptly at 12 o'clock the ghost made its appearance. Many carried guns and fired at the specter as it floated by. When the smoke disappeared the ghost was gone also. This was kept up for months, and the strange apparition became quite notorious through the papers. The story was in this way brought to the notice of the United States secret service detectives at Cincinnati.

"They put several things together. Miles Ogle was free. Bogus coin was in circulation in the West. The ghost must certainly be a blind. The scheme was about such a one as would emanate from the wily counterfeiter. Two of the detectives who made these deductions and re-enforced with firearms and ammunition started very secretly for the ghost's lair, and on the first favorable night they went to the grewsome hollow. They saw the ghost. It danced around with such a surprising abandon of purpose that the two detectives were surprised. They fired shot after shot at the specter, but not a shot had any effect.

"The old farmer will tell you that when the two detectives came into the house shortly afterward they were white and breathless. That may have been due to the rough walk, and it may have not. The next morning they made a thorough search through the hills, but could find nothing to explain the mystery. They left the same day for Cincinnati. Miles Ogle was captured on a shanty-boat on the Ohio river, between Louisville and Madison, shortly after. As everybody knows, he is now serving a sentence in the Columbus, Ohio, penitentiary."

"Good-By, George."

Mr. Story, the sculptor, who began life as a lawyer, tells a good story which illustrates the fact that the emphasis which punctuates has as much to do with determining the sense of a sentence as the meaning of the words.

Once, when he was called upon to defend a woman accused of murdering her husband, he adduced as one of the proofs of her innocence the fact of her having attended him on his deathbed, and said to him, when he was dying, "Good-by, George!"

The counsel for the plaintiff declared that ought rather to be taken as a proof of her guilt, and that the words she had used were, "Good, by George!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Unknown to the Henglander.

Mrs. Will J. Chalmers, daughter of the late Allan Pinkerton, and herself a notable figure in Chicago, in West Side society at least, has lately added to her retinue of domestics a well-trained English butler, who, being a late importation, was unaware of the existence of the navel orange. The other day Mrs. Chalmers ordered a box of this fruit to be sent home. During dinner, a few intimates being present, the lady of the house, surprised that the oranges did not make their appearance, inquired of the butler what had become of them. "Hif you please, mum," said the butler, "I 'ad to send 'em back. Hevery one of those oranges 'ad 'oles in 'em."—Argonaut.

Barnum's Grandfather.

The first real estate entry of record in Kanawha county, West Virginia, was made January 2, 1795, and is of 150,000 acres of land to Phineas Taylor, of Waterbury, Conn., who was the grandfather of Phineas T. Barnum, the great showman. The property has been in litigation almost ever since.

FACTS ABOUT THE NATION.

The real and personal property in this country is assessed at $17,139,903,495.

The farmers and stock raisers of this country have live stock valued at $2,208,767,573.

The fishermen along our coasts and in our waters catch $45,000,000 worth of fish every year.

Uncle Sam's mines produce 113,327,845 tons of bituminous coal and 46,850,450 tons of anthracite.

Our savings banks have $1,739,006,705 deposited with them as the surplus earnings of the people.

The total valuation of all the farm products of every description was by the last census $2,460,107,454.

There are enrolled in the public schools of the country 13,484,572 pupils, who are taught by 373,210 teachers.

There were 11,483,318 houses in the United States when the last census was taken, and less than six people to each house.

Between the year 1849, the date of the discovery of gold in California and the year 1894, the country produced $1,939,300,000 of gold.

There are in the country 142 theological schools in which doctrines of a greater or less degree of orthodoxy are instilled in the minds of 7,836 students.

There are floating about in the pockets of the people or hoarded in banks, safety deposit vaults and old stockings, $661,000,000 of gold and $624,000,000 of silver.

The youth of the country have 451 colleges from which to choose when they need an education; in those institutions there are 10,247 teachers and 140,053 students.

There 4,712,622 people engaged in manufacturing industries of various kinds, receiving every year $2,283,216,529 in wages and manufacturing goods worth $9,372,437,283.

WAS GOULD INSANE?

Financial Worry and Physical Exertion Not the Greatest Destroyer of Human Life.

For Humanity's Sake, After Thirty-Six Years of Nerve-Creeping Slavery, He Tells How He Was Set Free.

Caldwell, N. J., March 18, 1895.—(Special.)—Since one of our prominent citizens suffered so terribly from tobacco tremens, has made known his frightful experience in behalf of humanity, the ladies here are making tobacco-using husbands' lives miserable with their entreaties to at once quit tobacco.

The written statement of S. J. Gould is attracting wide-spread attention. When interviewed to-night he said: "I commenced using tobacco at thirteen; I am now forty-nine; so, for thirty-six years I chewed, smoked, snuffed and rubbed snuff. In the morning I chewed before I put my pants on, and for a long time I used two ounces of chewing and eight ounces of smoking a day. Sometimes I had a chew in both cheeks and a pipe in my mouth at once. Ten years ago I quit drinking whisky. I tried to stop tobacco time and again, but could not. My nerves craved nicotine and I fed them till my skin turned a tobacco brown, cold, sticky perspiration oozed from my skin, and trickled down my back at the least exertion or excitement. My nerve vigor and my life were being slowly sapped. I made up my mind that I had to quit tobacco or die. On October 1 I stopped, and for three days I suffered the tortures of the damned. On the third day I got so bad that my partner accused me of being drunk. I said, 'No I have quit tobacco.' 'For God's sake, man,' he said, offering me his tobacco box, 'take a chew; you will go wild,' and I was wild. Tobacco was forced into me and I was taken home dazed. I saw double and my memory was beyond control, but still knew how to chew and smoke, which I did all day until towards night, when my system got tobacco-soaked again. The next morning I looked and felt as though I had been through a long spell of sickness. I gave up in despair, as I thought that I could not cure myself. Now, for suffering humanity, I'll tell what saved my life. Providence evidently answered my good wife's prayers and brought to her attention in our paper an article which read: 'Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away!'

"What a sermon and warning in these words! Just what I was doing. It told about a guaranteed cure for the tobacco habit, called No-To-Bac. I sent to Druggist Hasler for a box. Without a grain of faith I spit out my tobacco cud, and put into my mouth a little tablet upon which was stamped No-To-Bac. I know it sounds like a lie when I tell you that I took eight tablets the first day, seven the next, five the third day, and all the nerve-creeping feeling, restlessness and mental depression was gone. It was too good to be true. It seemed like a dream. That was a month ago. I used one box. It cost me $1, and it is worth a thousand. I gained ten pounds in weight and lost all desire for tobacco from the first day. I sleep and eat well, and I have been benefited in more ways than I can tell. No, the cure was no exception in my case. I know of ten people right here in Caldwell who have bought No-To-Bac from Hasler, and they have been cured. Now that I realize what No-To-Bac has done for me and others, I know why it is that the makers of this wonderful remedy, the Sterling Remedy Company, of New York and Chicago, say: 'We don't claim to cure every case. That's Fraud's talk, a lie; but we do guarantee three boxes to cure the tobacco habit, and in case of failure we are perfectly willing to refund money.' I would not give a public indorsement if I were not certain of its reliability. I know it is backed by men worth a million. No-To-Bac has been a God-send to me, and I firmly believe it will cure any case of tobacco-using if faithfully tried, and there are thousands of tobacco slaves who ought to know how easy it is to get free. There's happiness in No-To-Bac for the prematurely old men, who think as I did that they are old and worn out, when tobacco is the thing that destroys their vitality and manhood."

The public should be warned, however, against the purchase of any of the many imitations on the market, as the success of No-To-Bac has brought forth a host of counterfeiters and imitators. The genuine No-To-Bac is sold under a guarantee to cure, by all druggists, and every tablet has the word No-To-Bac plainly stamped thereon, and you run no physical or financial risk in purchasing the genuine article.

FARMERS IN CUBA.

Nearly All but the Owners of Great Estates Are Abjectly Poor.

Between the condition of the planter and that of all other agriculturists whatever in Cuba the widest difference exists. The laborer has nothing, never has had anything and is happy in the knowledge that he never will have anything. The small farmer, the owner of a few acres, is the most abjectly poverty stricken son of the soil that I have ever met. He lives in the poorest habitation known to civilized man, a hut made of the bark of the palm tree. Beside it the adobe dwelling of the Mexican is a palace. It has one room, a dirt floor, neither window nor chimney; in this the family live like cattle, subsisting upon the poorest of food, as most that the soil produces must go to pay the taxes. Children run about, guiltless of the knowledge of clothes until 6 or 8 years old. Books, education, the world, are things of which they have never even dreamed. It is true that there is an intermediate group. Between these people and the planters is a small contingent of thrifty farmers. Here and there through the country may be seen a stone dwelling with red tile roof that marks the home of one who by some rare enterprise has become possessed of enough land to engage in cattle raising or fruit growing. But the prosperous, forehanded, middle-class farmer is conspicuous by his absence, says James Knapp Reeve in Lippincott's Magazine. It is because there is no such middle class, and because the country people are either the owners of great estates or else abjectly poor, that it is a mistake to speak of Cuba as a rich country. It cannot be so while the present conditions exist. But with such a combination of soil and climate as she possesses, the island is capable of great things. Money and enterprise are needed for the development of its resources, and these are not likely to be forthcoming while the present social and political conditions remain. If the islands were open to American enterprise as freely as our own territory is, a decade would suffice for the working of great changes.

Consumption Not Contagious.

CINCINNATI, March 18.—(Special.)—The resolution to isolate consumtpives at the pest house, came before the hospital trustees yesterday. Two hospital doctors persisted that the comsumptives be sent to the small-pox pest house. Mayor Caldwell and another trustee opposed the removal. By unanimous consent the resolution was tabled indefinitely, never to be resurrected. Mayor Caldwell suggested the use of Amick treatment at the hospital. Defnite action was deferred. This victory won, Dr. Amick will battle for consumptives everywhere. He is mailing free, copies of his victory and the Amick consumptive records, to physicians and esnsumptives who write.

If we improve our opportunities we will soon be improved by them.

A BRAINLESS FROG.

Put Through Its Tricks Before a Gathering of Anatomists.

A brainless frog was one of the features of interest at the second and last day's session of the association of American anatomists, held at the college of physicians and surgeons, says the New York Sun. It was exhibited by Dr. Burt G. Wilder, of Cornell university, and it was brought upon the scene after Dr. Wilder had read his paper on "Some Anomalies of the Brain," which followed a discussion on "The Significance of Anomalies," opened by Dr. Thomas Dwight, of the Harvard medical school. Dr. Wilder said that a recent mishap he had met with had set him to thinking of the origin of man.

"I nearly turned my foot," he said, "in stepping off a board walk some time ago. In thinking over it I couldn't help asking myself why, in the matter of ankle, I wasn't like a horse or a jackass. Then I came to a conclusion. I don't say we have ape ancestry, but it seems to me not unlikely that our ankles are weak because our ancestors lived in trees, and didn't use their ankles to the extent we do."

Then Dr. Wilder brought out his brainless frog. It was a good-sized, lusty-looking batrachian, and it was in a bottle. Dr. Wilder handled the bottle gingerly while he explained that he had taken the frog's brains out on December 7, the frog being under the influence of ether. He then tilted the bottle and rolled the frog out on a table. All the men of science gathered around and examined the scar behind the frog's left ear, where the brain had been taken out.

The frog, meanwhile, had got into a squat, and gazed stupidly straight before him. He was motionless, and when Dr. Wilder passed his hand quickly before his bulbous eyes, the frog didn't even blink.

"That shows," said Dr. Wilder, with a little pride, "that froggie has enough brains left to realize the impression given to the eye."

When the doctor touched the frog's back, however, he wriggled and made a movement as if he'd like to get away, only he hadn't enough energy to do so. Then Dr. Wilder brought out a wicker cylinder, and when the frog was placed on top of it he knew enough to keep from sliding off, or to keep it from slipping from under him.

The frog, having shown himself off in this trick, was put in a glass basin half full of water. Instantly he struck out and swam as if his head were full of brains.

"That," said Dr. Wilder, "is just like a frog that has a mind."

Then a bit of meat was got and forced down the frog's throat with the aid of forceps. For a moment the meat rested there, the frog not knowing enough to swallow. But presently it must have choked him, for he gave a great gulp and bolted it.

"That," said Dr. Wilder, triumphantly, "is reflex action."

The end of the frog's accomplishments having been reached, he was put back in his bottle. It is said he may live for seven or eight months without a brain.

CONDUCTOR WAS HORRID.

She Was Talking of Her Birthday and He Ran Her Age Up.

Loud talk in public places, such as restaurants and public conveyances, is more of a European than an American custom, but occasionally you meet Americans, or persons born in this country of foreign parents, who have that European habit strongly developed. Sometimes this habit occasions embarrassment to those who indulge in it.

A woman, dressed gaudily and in a way that did not comport with her years—for she was in the neighborhood of two score, while her attire would have been more appropriate for a girl of 17—entered the Cottage Grove car a few days ago, according to the Chicago Times.

It was evident from her attire that she had an object in concealing her age. Her escort was about 35 years old. Their actions denoted that she was either his sweetheart, or trying to be.

The woman talked very loudly; her escort answered quietly. Everybody in the car could hear every word she said. When the car reached Forty-first street she announced:

"My birthday will be to-morrow."

"Indeed!" replied the escort, "I am glad you have imparted the information. It will give me the op—"

"Now, see if you are a good guesser. Guess how many," she interrupted.

"Oh, I wouldn't like to try."

"Go on. Guess how many."

"Forty-second!" cried the conductor.

The passengers struggled to suppress laughter. The woman's escort smiled, but the woman looked angry.

"Let's get out!" she said softly—the only thing she had not said loudly.

Manifestly Unfair.

"Foul," cried the trainer.

"Foul," expostulated the bottle-holder.

"Foul," protested the pugilist.

The referee assumed an attitude of attention.

"That man," continued the principal, with emotion, "is fighting in double-leaded minion type, when the article called for solid nonpareil."

And the literary trainer and the ink bottle-holder lifted up their voices and demanded justice.—Detroit Tribune.

Not a Bad Record.

An officer of the British militia recently expressed himself as personally aggrieved because an English journal inadvertently, or otherwise, "put some of his fellow-militiamen down as snobs." He avers that it is not a bad record for the militia when it includes four princes, twelve dukes, eight marquises, twenty-one earls, fourteen viscounts, thirty-three lords, thirty-six baronets, besides innumerable lords-lieutenant, high sheriffs, knights, etc.

The Latest Excuse.

She—Before you were married you said that my slightest wish should not wait a moment for fulfillment, and now I have to talk an hour before I can get you to bring a hod of coal. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

He—Not a bit. You know a man is not responsible for promises made when he was hypnotized.

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Statement of the Condition at the Close of Business July 12, 1898.

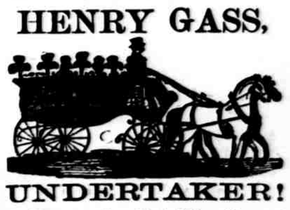
RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts		$ 241,467 57
Real Estate Furniture and Fixtures		16,784 93
U. S. Bonds		15,200 00
Due from other banks	$27,876 33	
Cash on Hand	21,867 56	59,743 89
Total		$333,196 38

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	$ 60,000 00
Surplus Fund	30,000 00
Undivided profits	4,576 00
Circulation	13,500 00
Deposits	225,119 37
Total	$333,196 38

HENRY GASS,



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