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WAS HE A REAL HERO?

(S. E. McManus, in Ram's Horn.)

THINK I never attended a funeral that gave me as little satisfaction as the well-known old and well-beloved friend of mine, who passed away after only a day's illness, before it was realized that he was seriously sick. But it was like Jim to die suddenly. For it was a fashion of his never to give any one trouble; not that there were many who would have greatly pitied themselves for him. The sermon was a long and tedious one, made up of commonplace remarks and exasperating platitudes, that had but little bearing upon the case in hand. There was a weary hour of drilling and wandering in—of fumbling about in an aimless, objectless way that was calculated to do harm to the cause of the Christian religion. Generally, however, glittering words, not fit for this occasion and there was no need of them, as the preacher had known Jim for many years, and might have mentioned his quiet, noble, self-sacrificing life; his years of perpetual and uncomplaining self-denial and living for others. He did not allude to his cheerful, sweet life which it seems to me that a minister at least ought to have understood and appreciated. The only comfortable and comforting thing there was about the discourse was that Jim was probably happily unconscious of the performance.

The choir sang in an empty, soulless way, some sweet old hymns that even negligence and carelessness could not deprive of all their beauty and comeliness, the eyes of the singers wandering furtively down to their "black Jack" stuck on the back of their chairs. Oh,

if they had only thought to think of brave old Jim as he was, they would never have sung that way. They would have made the hymns speak of an earnest, faithful life that had entered into a glorious rest.

The managers were few and sustained themselves with a fortitude that betokened a state of calm and dignified resignation, and after the grave was filled sauntered slowly and becomingly away and joined in properly subdued conversation in the scanty gossip of the neighborhood.

I am not, as a rule, hard to please or prone to be critical of ordinary events, but as I took my way homeward across the fields I could not help but reflect that Jim's funeral had been a failure—a stereotyped farce—a kind of pious assent.

Jim was the oldest of a large family of boys and girls. His father had a genius for illness and was what his neighbors termed a "do-gooder"; good-natured to exasperation and chaffing beyond the expected bounds of selfishness.

Jim was just entering manhood when his father's death occurred. The wife was a happy companion to the husband—a shallow, selfish woman, to whom even motherhood brought but little grace or generosity or sweetness of character, and it was a mystery to me while yet a lad and all through life how Jim could have been the offspring of such unpromising parents. My friend was born for a scholar, the love of learning having been implanted in him somehow. In books he outstripped us all—not that this feat required much alacrity, but his advancement in study was something beyond his years, and his greatest happiness was in them. On the death of his father his limited opportunities and advantages of learning ceased and he became the head of an unwieldy, helpless family.

The farm—a lucky legacy to the parents—became his schoolroom, which knew him constantly forever afterwards. He bravely put away all thoughts of self and long-cherished ambitions, directing his energy to the support of the dependent household.

Jim told me years afterwards that it was with a good deal of bitterness and after many a boyish cry that he could bring himself to abandon his ambition to make something of himself by means of an education. But he entered bravely and manfully upon what proved an ungrateful task. The mother, vain and querulous, gave him but little aid, which made his orphanage complete. He had not even the comfort of encouragement and appreciation, and he stood isolated and alone by his own throated fire.

Every year after the father's death the mother became an invalid—hopeless and confirmed, with only energy enough remaining in her to make herself and all about unheavily miser-

able and unhappy. Selfish and exacting, unreasoning and unthankful, she quickened away such respect and love as her younger children had once borne her, and only Jim was left to pay the tribute of a child's veneration for his mother. And even his love she well might kill, and with a guilty consciousness that it was almost dead, he redoubled his care and his best and truest thoughts went for her comfort and happiness. His task was an ungrateful one. Such love as her loveless nature possessed she bestowed elsewhere, giving to Jim ingratitude and unkindness. For twenty years she lived thus; or there were twenty years of her dying, and to the end of this weary score, there was but one to love or care for her. To the uttermost and to the last with care and anxieties crowding and filling his life, Jim was faithful, honoring by deed where no honor was to be had, and loving as best he might where no love was sought or cared for; untrusting to the end, never faltering outwardly, nor growing weary, and the only one to shed a tear or tenderly call her mother when the coffin lid closed down upon her wasted, useless life.

In her grave was buried many of Jim's best years, and if he wept for those even as he wept for the dead, it need not seem strange. Lingered there by the new-made mound, I count him a hero—this Jim Hewitt whom I have known for twenty years afterwards, and he bravely faced the inevitable and looked the hard necessities of his life unflinchingly in the face. That Jim was willing to sacrifice himself had long ago been discovered, and those about him chose to make the most of his kindness. One brother—and strangely, the one Jim loved best, and the one who loved Jim best in return

was like the father, almost an aggravated copy of him—good-natured, listless and worthless. Because of his affection Jim could not cast him off, he had so little love in life he could not spare even this useless devotion. Nothing could rouse him to work or usefulness—a nature endowed with purpose and energy—a human spirit without bone or muscle. He lived a willing pensioner upon Jim's bounty and added without a thought to his many troubles and burdens. An epidemic that swept the neighborhood ended his career, allowing that a mere empty existence could be called a career.

Another brother inherited, or became possessed of Jim's love of books, and in him he hoped to see what he himself might have had had his conditions and surroundings been kinder. With such scanty means as he could command—hardly and wearily earned—he aided and encouraged the brother in his aspirations and ambitions, and by Jim's help, or rather by his help alone, in the fulness of time he became a successful man in his chosen profession.

Jim's pride in him was great, at his honest way was his only possession. With more than common success, and a fairly brilliant career, came fortune to the one to whom he owed all, and as years went by his elder brother became as a mere tradition to him—unpleasantly remembered, and one night long ago Jim held me of it in his hand, forgiving why; but he laid his hand upon the table and cried, "The son of this brother was at the funeral to-day—a fine, many-looking young fellow, fashionably dressed, with a wild moustache in his button hole which he had picked in one of the groves. He listened intently and there was a look on his face that I liked, and yet I could not see that his father had never told him of Jim."

Two sisters—his youngest charges—inherited the beauty and vanity of the mother, leavened with the good-natured harmlessness of the father. He was brother, guardian and friend to them as he could, but he cared not for them. Their demands were constant and absorbed his hard earnings without a thought of thankfulness or gratitude. With some advantages which by self-denial he was able to give them, united with their weak, pretty faces, both made favorable marriages—that he for himself. Like their brother in the city with prosperity and independence, came forgetfulness and obliteration of their living benefactor from their minds; their hearts had never been involved in the process required but a brief time. They and some of their children stood by Jim's grave to-day, but nothing save their stylish mourning indicated that the humble sleeper was or had ever been anything

to them. I hope he never realized how little he was loved by those who had great reason to love him well. Hewitt did his duty as he saw it; did it quietly, so uncomplainingly; did it with such courage and such bravery. Men like him are not born every day. It is a good deal to give up a life and then have so little to show for it. I have been asking myself some questions: Is a man a hero if he wages no wars save those of self-denial and self-sacrifice? Is a man a hero in plain clothes, with hands hardened with toil for others? As the world reckons heroes and remembers them with shaft and tablet, the man of whom I have been writing was scarcely one, but somehow I can't help but think that in the sight of God Jim Hewitt will stand as good a chance of notice and his name will be written as fair in the Lamb's Book of Life, as those who fought on battlefields and commanded and conquered armies.

MALE AND FEMALE.
But the Magistrate Was to Marry Them. Constable's Tell.
At 11 o'clock yesterday morning two young people in bifurcated garments entered Justice Murphy's office in the city hall and asked to be joined in matrimony, says Chicago Tribune. The justice said he would be very much pleased, but asked: "Where is the young lady?" Then he discovered his mistake. The young woman laughed good naturedly at the justice's mistake, while he hid his blushes behind the marriage license, which authorized Eva Mae Christian, aged 19 years, and George W. Clarke, aged 21 years, to wed.

Their costumes yesterday were exactly alike, both of gray tweed. The bride wore a white shirt waist under a Norfolk jacket, white silk Windsor tie, and leggings to match the costume. The groom wore a white sweater and their peaked caps were identical.

"This is not the first case of bloomers we have had here in connection with a marriage license," said Clerk Salinger yesterday. "About three months ago a couple came here in bloomers, but in that case the girl asked the questions and took the papers."

After the ceremony the bride's attendant, Miss Rogers, confidentially informed Justice Murphy that she had to wed and was having an elaborate pair of bloomers fashioned for the occasion. The bride party mounted their wheels immediately after the ceremony and went bounding merrily down toward Michigan avenue.

Wire Fence Telephone.
Wire-fence telephones are now used on many Australian stations, and they are found to be a great boon in communicating between the homestead and outlying boundary huts, says E. A. Argy, Gunpowder station, Victoria, describes his experience of the wire-fence telephone in the Scientific American as follows: "Some two years ago I satisfactorily utilized the top wire of the existing fences on this station for telephone use. First of all, I may say that since my installation was satisfactorily served by this inexpensive method (2s. 6d. per mile) of telephoning I have been inundated with letters from all parts of Australia, and that at the present time there are many hundreds of miles of station fences throughout this and the neighboring colonies brought into requisition for the purpose. Our climate, as you are aware, is very dry (average rainfall 8 inches to 9 inches); in consequence insulation is not such an important matter. On this property we have about six hundred posts to the mile, and the wire passing through an auger hole in the ordinary way; the rust that forms on the wire makes a sufficiently thick skin to insulate it from slight moisture. At the straining posts we file the rust off the wire at intervals, and tightly screw or bury on a piece of clean wire to carry the current around the post; at knots or loop joints we make a continuous connection in the same way. We use the ordinary long-distance microphone transmitters at either end, with the dynamo, coil bells and receivers. In addition, we have a portable instrument, which can be attached to wire at any point when out on the run, and in this way can send messages to the homestead. Our longest service is 16 miles, but one run has a continuous service of 28 miles, and from my experience there is no reason why in a dry climate it could not be utilized on much longer lengths."

TRUTHS.
The inventor of soap was a friend of the gospel.
No man knows how safe sin may look, till he has seen the death.
It doesn't take much money to make a good man rich.
To have money often means to have the devil for a master.
No prayer ever hurts a prayer meeting by being too short.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.
Lady Salisbury has a habit of turning away her head when shaking hands with a stranger.
Mrs. A. S. Palmer, who died recently in Cleveland, taught James A. Garfield to alphabetize.
Miss Lilewyn Davis, the leader of the woman suffragists of Great Britain, is a remarkably handsome woman.
Among the employees of the treasury department at Washington is Mrs. Wilcox, a grandniece of President Jackson. Her father, and then her husband, were in the cabinet, and her husband's constant adviser, is a very able politician.
Mrs. Mary F. Hansel, of Ellenville, N. Y., became enough of a lawyer to be debarred for fraudulent methods in executing pension vouchers.
Mrs. Harmon, the wife of the new attorney general, is said to be an unusually fine conversationalist and a woman of rare intellectual powers.
In St. John's church, Moline Ala., the largest church in the state (Episcopalian), the power to vote in parish meetings is expressly granted to women.
Miss Marie Mackenzie, daughter of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, principal of the Royal Academy of Music, London, is likely to make the stage her profession.
Miss Douglas, the champion amateur marksman of England, recently scored fifty-seven bull's-eyes in succession with a revolver at twenty yards' range.

BY AN EYEWITNESS.

STORY OF THE MASSACRE AT GHELLYGEOOZAN.

Moostafa, a Kurdish Brigand, Tells a Graphic Story of the Terrible Slaughter—Heartrending Scenes of Bloodshed—Credibly He Saw at Sassoon.

OT yet closed in that awful chapter of history, the atrocious crimes of Kurdish brigands and Turkish troops in the valleys of Armenia. Out from the depths of those bloody glades the cries of the wretched survivors of the massacres, now being pieced together, the narrative now assuming a clear and continuous form, unprejudiced and free from falsehood.

A Kurdish brigand, Moostafa, who was not only a witness of the frightful scenes of Ghelleygoozan, but who was a participant in them as well, and who murdered the helpless Armenians right and left with his own sword, recently talked at Constantinople to an English correspondent with the utmost freedom. Hitherto the stories of the outrages have come from the sufferers themselves alone. Now that the first word from the other side is heard, it is to be seen

were thrown into them during the night. The bodies of the dead? They were not to be seen. Some were only wounded, and might perhaps have lived if they got a chance, but they did not. Some were killed outright, like that priest I told you of, only they were a very long time about it.

"But afterwards they were tried, and they ran a bayonet a couple of times through a man's body and left him lying. Then he was dropped into one of the pits. Afterwards some soldiers came along and prodded the bodies on the top, just to see if they were really dead, and if anyone moved he was prodded, too, with a bayonet. But that's all. Some who were down below were not dead, but nobody touched them. They died in time."

It was without the turning of a hair that Moostafa told the horrible story of the dread pit of Ghelleygoozan. With a touch that was quite as lightening and as sure as lightning, he began to speak of the prisoners.

"We kept them in tents, that is the female prisoners who were to be sent to the harems. No men were taken until after the massacre, when Moorad and his comrades were surprised in a cave. The soldiers always stood guard, not the Kurds. The officers gave all the orders, and there was one head officer, but I don't know his name. It was kept dark. I helped to fix up his tent. He carried a tube to look through. He talked much to the officers, but we never heard him speak. They were all afraid of him. We were afraid of them, and didn't like to have them carry out their orders. What we came to Sassoon for was not to kill, but to plunder."

"I did not see any women or girls

KEIR HARDIE AS A CRITIC.

Visits the Bowers and Rides Over the Brooklyn Bridge.

Keir Hardy recently visited the Bowers says New York Sun. He was disappointed at finding it a pretty safe thoroughfare and not at all the Bowers it was when William M. Thackeray, the novelist, described the "Bowers Boy." Mr. Hardy was seen by a Sun reporter at the Broadway Central hotel after he had returned from Brooklyn and had been put under fire by Lucien Sautal, Daniel de Leon, and several other socialists. He had discarded the mingling cap for a straw hat. The only thing that pleased him was the Brooklyn bridge, which he thought a wonderful piece of engineering. He was very favorably impressed with the architecture of the business part of New York. "I went along Broadway," he said, "and was surprised at the utter lack of ornament in the buildings. You would find a four-story building cheek by jowl with a ten-story structure, and as far as the architecture is concerned, I could see no pure specimen of any kind. On the contrary, Grecian, Roman, Gothic, and Renaissance and sometimes mixed up in the buildings. The result is very incongruous. I think the New York merchant princes, with the money they spent on these buildings, might have had had results pleasanter to an artistic taste. In London the buildings in the business streets are more uniform, and, in my opinion, infinitely better from an artistic point of view."

"What do you think of the condition of the streets?"

"I think the condition very bad. It was worse at any time it must have

No Filigree Work.
Dean Hoie tells of an old-fashioned cathedral in the city of London, who one noon found a pious visitor on his knees in the sacred building. The verger hastened up to him and said, in a tone of impatient excitement, "The services in this cathedral are at 10 in the morning and at 4 in the afternoon, and we don't have no fancy prayers."—Argonaut.

Drawing the Line.
She had fidgeted in her chair for a good hour, until she could stand it no longer. Said she, in accents which told how she had suffered: "See, McSweeney, you are not indifferent to me, will you be your wife if you will only ask me, and if you don't want me say so. But there is one thing you must understand once for all, which is not a continuous performance house."—Boston Transcript.

RAM'S HORNS.
Selfishness is a hard snake to kill. The cross of Christ is the key to heaven. Everything God gives us to do needs to be done. Christians get along faster when they travel in pairs. God's fire in the heart soon melts all the lead in the feet. Whoever takes Christ for a topic will soon have him for a guest. The better we know the Bible, the plainer God can talk to us. If we talk about Christ we will never run out of something to say. It takes the man who carries God's message a long while to get tired. Many hear the voice of Christ before they know who it is that speaks. Whatever Christ has given the church to every Christian should gladly try to do.

DAMAGES FOR LIBEL.
A Virginia Paper Brought to Terms by the American Book Company.
A dispatch from Norfolk, Va., says: "The American Book company of New York has just gained a signal victory in the courts of Virginia and has received an absolute complete vindication after a long and exhaustive trial by special jury in the Circuit court of this city. The first newspaper of this city, upon the awarding of the contract for school books to the American Book company, printed a long article written and prepared by B. E. Eyles, an agent and attorney for Glen & Co. of New York in which it was charged that the state superintendent had been misled by the American Book company. The libel was immediately used for libel, and after five weeks' delay, the case was set for a summary amount of interest throughout the state, a verdict for punitive damages was returned, and the award was \$100,000. The statements made were false and a deliberate libel. Not only so, but the company was held liable for the same, and it was proved to have dealt honorably and uprightly in every particular in their negotiations with the state. The case was tried and proved at the trial that no better state had been made with any other state for school books. In fact, the superintendent of Virginia stated that the American Book company seemed to throw open their whole business to us, and after full and complete examination of all the original contracts made with the various states he expressed himself as being satisfied that the prices were the same in all cases and that no discrimination whatever had been made against the state of Virginia. It was mentioned that some of the statements of the American Book company had been accepted until every one of them had been absolutely verified by direct reference to the governors of some fifteen states, with whom contracts had been made. It was proved conclusively that the representations of the American Book company were correct in every particular. This case has been ended in a complete triumph in every respect for the American Book company, and has shown to the world that the business-like methods in which they carry on their great industry as compared with the statements of their opponents."—Chicago Tribune.

There is no true greatness except the greatness of usefulness.
New Mexico spent \$45,000 for churches and \$6,485,000 for liquor last year.
The despised milkweed can be used to advantage. Its seed yields a fine oil.
Good pasture makes flesh and growth more rapidly than dry food does.
Frederick Tenyson, the elder brother of Alfred, will soon publish a new volume of verses.
Indiscriminate breeding is one of the causes of lessened profits with sheep.
Nearly all the London newspapers lay their print paper in Germany.

MORE OR LESS HUMOROUS.
The architect's lot is an unfortunate one, for no matter how much he makes he is subject to reverses. —Littell's American.
Cusmo: "Are you going to the picnic?" Cawker: "No." Cusmo: "Why not?" Cawker: "I went to a picnic once." —Judge.
"Speaking of racing, what game does a man strike when he is going to the dentist to have a tooth pulled out?" "Tooth-brury." —Shoe and Leather Reporter.
The sufferer: "Do you think it would relieve my toothache if I should hold a little liquor in my mouth?" His wife: "It might, if you could do it." —Littell.
She: "Will marry you, George, if you can satisfy father that you can support me." He: "Do you think I could get him to play poker with me just once?" Mrs. Hushmore: "You'll have to settle up or leave." —Summer boarder.
"Thanks, awfully!" The last place I was at that made me do both. —Illustrated Paper.
Mr. Upton (across the airshaft): "I wish you folks wouldn't make so much noise; you're keeping our baby awake." Mr. Forthorsh (blantly): "Oh, we are, are we? Well, just ask your baby how he likes it himself." —Puck.
A kind husband: "Wife, dear, I have just brought you two bottles of extra old Barolo for your birthday." "But you know very well I never drink wine." "Good, I'll drink it myself then." —Well, I'll drink it myself then. —Littell.
Blivins: "The comic papers are always talking about women looking under their beds to see if there is a man there. Now, do you think a woman ever found a man under the bed?" Henpeck: "Oh, yes. Married women often do." —Truth.

AN Astonishing Discovery.
An astonishing discovery in regard to the production of electricity is announced, which, if genuine, will do away with the necessity of burning coal. Dr. Borchers, of Driesburg, Germany, says that he has found out electricity is generated by the conversion of hydrocarbon and carbonic oxide into carbonic acid, and as this is the same thing that takes place in burning coal, he accomplishes the same end by chemical means. While a steam engine utilizes about 12 per cent of the theoretical energy and a gas engine 20 per cent, Dr. Borchers claims that his new process gives no less than 28 per cent.

Try It and See.
A pair of wrought iron tongs, or a piece of hoop metal and bent into the ends form a circuit like the feet of tongs, will magnetize a knife blade laid upon them and rubbed with another piece of steel. The cause is not yet satisfactorily explained.

When the temperance society makes the devil is supposed to make tracks in an opposite direction.

dis honored by the soldiers, but I heard that it was done in camp, and I know that many women and girls were taken to Diarbekir, across the hills, and some in the direction of Mossoul. I heard of one girl or woman who was taken to the harem of a Kurd in the Plain of Diarbekir and then ran away disguised as a Kurd. I saw a very fine girl in camp. A colonel took her to Erzerum, in his harem.

Careless and the Woman Question.
The influence of the Russian empire is strongly felt in the sphere of intellectual progress. She has manifested great interest in the growth of the woman movement, and in court of this subject is one that engrosses much attention. It is related that a meeting of feminists was recently about to be held in the capital, and that the empress was anxious to obtain fuller information about the precise aims of advanced Russian women than she had been given by the St. Petersburg press. The ladies of the court, as well as the czar himself, were questioned on the subject, but at that time their knowledge of the matter was not very extensive. The empress therefore dispatched with order secretaries to the meeting with orders to make a full report of the proceedings. This she has also done on every similar occasion subsequently, so there is every appearance that the court will now be kept well in touch with the aspirations of the pioneers of feminism in Russia.

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SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.
that those stories were not exaggerated, that their only fault was in painting the horrors too fully and in not laying on with glaring pigments the vivid, dreadful terrors of those valleys where a defenseless people were subjected to every indignity and to tortures that must forever be hidden, for the reason that they cannot be printed.

Moostafa saw it all. All the burnings, the sticking of human beings as if they were pigs, the murdering of innocent children by catching them by a limb and hurling them through the air, the ravishing of women, the thousand and one keen tortures of these lewd men of the hills and still lower soldiers of the Sultan, passed before his eyes. The very fact that he failed to see anything wrong in this massacre of the Christians, but took it quite as a matter of course, gives his story keener interest and additional picturesqueness.

"We heard no more the bloodthirsty ruffians' songs and cries," he said. "No, we are not. That is, some are; but they are the worst, and we don't hold with them. We don't mind scattering the brains of a few ruffians when we are pillaging a town or running off with a few girls—the Prophet himself says that is all right. Even plunging a dagger into an infidel's heart or bowels is a thing that we have to do often, but that is our business. How else are we to live? Armenians have sheep and fields and corn; we have only our guns and daggers."

As the Kurd said these words he sprang to his feet. A picturesque object he was as he stood to tell his story, a superb specimen of the man of the "steppes. His costume was ruddy-colored, and he was surmounted by a turban on his head and a hood around his neck. Brown were his eyes, and of a deep tanned leather was his face. A long, dark moustache, untrimmed and ragged, produced an effect of fierceness, and from under it came a low-pitched, deep and sonorous voice. This was the man in repose. As he went on with his tale some idea could be gained of the wild beast that he became when he accented plunder.

"My name," the Kurdish miscreant chanted rather than said, "is Moostafa. I am a Kurd of the tribe of Halderani—a no better man in the Hamidide regiments of the Padihash. I live with the Halderani in Alashkera, and I wish I were back there again. But Allah alone knows whether I can soon go home. * * * I am not a toren (a noble) only a raya (a subject). There is the same difference between the two that there is between a Kurd and any Armenian, or very nearly."

"The pits in which the Armenians were buried when killed were in a valley. There were several. The bodies

of the dead were piled up in the pits, and the living were taken to the pits and thrown in. The bodies of the dead were piled up in the pits, and the living were taken to the pits and thrown in. The bodies of the dead were piled up in the pits, and the living were taken to the pits and thrown in.

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CAN CURE ASTHMA.

A Leading Physician of Last Discoveries the Remedy.

The majority of sufferers from Asthma and kindred complaints, after trying Doctors and numberless Remedies advertised as positive cures, without any real benefit to the conclusion that there is no cure for this most distressing disease, and these same persons, who have come to this conclusion when they learn through the columns of the press that Dr. Rudolph Schiffmann, the recognized authority, who has treated more cases of these diseases than any living Doctor, has achieved success by a remedy which not only gives relief in the worst cases, but has positively cured thousands of sufferers who were considered incurable. These were just as skeptical as some of our readers now, and Dr. Schiffmann's remedy so doubtless possesses the merit which is claimed for it or he would not authorize this paper to announce that he is not only willing to give free to each person suffering from Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, or Bronchitis one of his most valuable cures, but he would also send him a copy of his book, and address and receive a package, absolutely free of charge, knowing that in the case of the cure he does not receive a strong doubt may arise in the minds of many and that a personal test, as he has done, will be more convincing and prove its merits than the publishing of thousands of testimonials from cured persons. He has been permanently cured by the use of his Asthma cure, "Dr. Schiffmann's Asthma Cure," as it is a practical matter and requires no drugs, although many persons may never have heard of it, it is with only a few dollars reaching those that he makes this offer. This is certainly a most generous and safe remedy, and all who are suffering from any of the above complaints should write to him at once and avail themselves of this offer, as the number of samples can be obtained after Oct. 10. Address Dr. R. Schiffmann, 235 Roosevelt Street, St. Paul, Minn.

A Young Child.
A young lady in charge of the captain of a P. & O. boat had two suitors on board and a pug dog. The latter fell overboard and one of her suitors instantly jumped after it into the sea. The other confined himself to leaning over the side and crying, "Poor doggie." When the rescuer came on board, the young lady turned to him and the captain and asked him which of her two lovers, after such an incident, he would recommend her to take. He was a practical man and replied: "Take the doggie one," which she accordingly did.

No Filigree Work.
Dean Hoie tells of an old-fashioned cathedral in the city of London, who one noon found a pious visitor on his knees in the sacred building. The verger hastened up to him and said, in a tone of impatient excitement, "The services in this cathedral are at 10 in the morning and at 4 in the afternoon, and we don't have no fancy prayers."—Argonaut.

Drawing the Line.
She had fidgeted in her chair for a good hour, until she could stand it no longer. Said she, in accents which told how she had suffered: "See, McSweeney, you are not indifferent to me, will you be your wife if you will only ask me, and if you don't want me say so. But there is one thing you must understand once for all, which is not a continuous performance house."—Boston Transcript.

RAM'S HORNS.
Selfishness is a hard snake to kill. The cross of Christ is the key to heaven. Everything God gives us to do needs to be done. Christians get along faster when they travel in pairs. God's fire in the heart soon melts all the lead in the feet. Whoever takes Christ for a topic will soon have him for a guest. The better we know the Bible, the plainer God can talk to us. If we talk about Christ we will never run out of something to say. It takes the man who carries God's message a long while to get tired. Many hear the voice of Christ before they know who it is that speaks. Whatever Christ has given the church to every Christian should gladly try to do.

DAMAGES FOR LIBEL.
A Virginia Paper Brought to Terms by the American Book Company.
A dispatch from Norfolk, Va., says: "The American Book company of New York has just gained a signal victory in the courts of Virginia and has received an absolute complete vindication after a long and exhaustive trial by special jury in the Circuit court of this city. The first newspaper of this city, upon the awarding of the contract for school books to the American Book company, printed a long article written and prepared by B. E. Eyles, an agent and attorney for Glen & Co. of New York in which it was charged that the state superintendent had been misled by the American Book company. The libel was immediately used for libel, and after five weeks' delay, the case was set for a summary amount of interest throughout the state, a verdict for punitive damages was returned, and the award was \$100,000. The statements made were false and a deliberate libel. Not only so, but the company was held liable for the same, and it was proved to have dealt honorably and uprightly in every particular in their negotiations with the state. The case was tried and proved at the trial that no better state had been made with any other state for school books. In fact, the superintendent of Virginia stated that the American Book company seemed to throw open their whole business to us, and after full and complete examination of all the original contracts made with the various states he expressed himself as being satisfied that the prices were the same in all cases and that no discrimination whatever had been made against the state of Virginia. It was mentioned that some of the statements of the American Book company had been accepted until every one of them had been absolutely verified by direct reference to the governors of some fifteen states, with whom contracts had been made. It was proved conclusively that the representations of the American Book company were correct in every particular. This case has been ended in a complete triumph in every respect for the American Book company, and has shown to the world that the business-like methods in which they carry on their great industry as compared with the statements of their opponents."—Chicago Tribune.

MORE OR LESS HUMOROUS.
The architect's lot is an unfortunate one, for no matter how much he makes he is subject to reverses. —Littell's American.
Cusmo: "Are you going to the picnic?" Cawker: "No." Cusmo: "Why not?" Cawker: "I went to a picnic once." —Judge.
"Speaking of racing, what game does a man strike when he is going to the dentist to have a tooth pulled out?" "Tooth-brury." —Shoe and Leather Reporter.
The sufferer: "Do you think it would relieve my toothache if I should hold a little liquor in my mouth?" His wife: "It might, if you could do it." —Littell.
She: "Will marry you, George, if you can satisfy father that you can support me." He: "Do you think I could get him to play poker with me just once?" Mrs. Hushmore: "You'll have to settle up or leave." —Summer boarder.
"Thanks, awfully!" The last place I was at that made me do both. —Illustrated Paper.
Mr. Upton (across the airshaft): "I wish you folks wouldn't make so much noise; you're keeping our baby awake." Mr. Forthorsh (blantly): "Oh, we are, are we? Well, just ask your baby how he likes it himself." —Puck.
A kind husband: "Wife, dear, I have just brought you two bottles of extra old Barolo for your birthday." "But you know very well I never drink wine." "Good, I'll drink it myself then." —Well, I'll drink it myself then. —Littell.
Blivins: "The comic papers are always talking about women looking under their beds to see if there is a man there. Now, do you think a woman ever found a man under the bed?" Henpeck: "Oh, yes. Married women often do." —Truth.

AN Astonishing Discovery.
An astonishing discovery in regard to the production of electricity is announced, which, if genuine, will do away with the necessity of burning coal. Dr. Borchers, of Driesburg, Germany, says that he has found out electricity is generated by the conversion of hydrocarbon and carbonic oxide into carbonic acid, and as this is the same thing that takes place in burning coal, he accomplishes the same end by chemical means. While a steam engine utilizes about 12 per cent of the theoretical energy and a gas engine 20 per cent, Dr. Borchers claims that his new process gives no less than 28 per cent.

Try It and See.
A pair of wrought iron tongs, or a piece of hoop metal and bent into the ends form a circuit like the feet of tongs, will magnetize a knife blade laid upon them and rubbed with another piece of steel. The cause is not yet satisfactorily explained.

When the temperance society makes the devil is supposed to make tracks in an opposite direction.

dis honored by the soldiers, but I heard that it was done in camp, and I know that many women and girls were taken to Diarbekir, across the hills, and some in the direction of Mossoul. I heard of one girl or woman who was taken to the harem of a Kurd in the Plain of Diarbekir and then ran away disguised as a Kurd. I saw a very fine girl in camp. A colonel took her to Erzerum, in his harem.

Careless and the Woman Question.
The influence of the Russian empire is strongly felt in the sphere of intellectual progress. She has manifested great interest in the growth of the woman movement, and in court of this subject is one that engrosses much attention. It is related that a meeting of feminists was recently about to be held in the capital, and that the empress was anxious to obtain fuller information about the precise aims of advanced Russian women than she had been given by the St. Petersburg press. The ladies of the court, as well as the czar himself, were questioned on the subject, but at that time their knowledge of the matter was not very extensive. The empress therefore dispatched with order secretaries to the meeting with orders to make a full report of the proceedings. This she has also done on every similar occasion subsequently, so there is every appearance that the court will now be kept well in touch with the aspirations of the pioneers of feminism in Russia.

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