The Columbus Journal.

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THE COLONEL'S STORY.

"YES," said the colonel, giving his weed the reminiscent draw, "that is an ugly scar Xanthus has across his face, but though he has seen action and proved himself as brave as a lion, he didn't get that wound in battle."

The boys who knew the colonel's story-telling abilities, drew their chairs closer and put themselves into a listening attitude.

The old man drew his cigar again and went on: "We were camped at a small town near Lexington that week; it was near the end of the war, and while we had not been doing much fighting for a month or more, our marching had been rather continuous and arduous. Xanthus then was a lieutenant in the 5th infantry, and a braver or more daring fellow never wore the blue. He was the envy of all the young officers and the idol of the soldiers. He had the manners of a Chesterfield and the daring of a Robin Hood. And it was the combination of these two qualities that got him into trouble and brought him the scar that makes him look so fierce and military.

"Near where we were camping was the mansion of a wealthy old Kentucky farmer, a supposed unionist, but who really was in sympathy with the confederacy. In addition to other very desirable commodities he possessed a pretty young daughter and from the first time that Xanthus saw her it was all over with him. He fell desperately in love and availed himself of every opportunity to go up to the big house, as we called it. And it wasn't long until the little Venable girl—Venable was her father's name, David Venable—it wasn't long till she was as much in love with Xanthus as he was with her.

"Those who were on the inside watched the affair constantly and wondered how it would turn out. The little girl had a couple of brothers, who for the sake of policy treated Dick Xanthus' visits with respectful consideration, but they weren't blind and they hated him in his blue uniform as 'the devil hates holy water.' They were big, brawny fellows, who were only stay-at-homes because their principles would not let them enter the union army, and their own and their father's interests kept them out of the confederate ranks.

"We warned our young lieutenant that his visits to the Venable house would bring him into trouble, but youth—and especially youth that is in love—is headstrong, so he went on his way just as we expected he would.

"Finally, one day, when things had been going on in this way for some time, Dick asked the colonel for leave on the next night. Old Tom Baker was colonel of the regiment then, and he was a good-hearted old codger. He winked knowingly as he gave the young lieutenant leave and warned him not to get into trouble.

"A quarter of an hour after Lieut. Dick Xanthus had cantered away from the camp a half-dozen of us young fellows were summoned into the colonel's presence. We found him pacing back and forth the length of his tent, with a look of mock sternness on his kindly face. He addressed us as follows: 'Gentlemen, the discipline of this camp, it must be confessed, is rather lax. Continued sojourn in peaceful territory and consequent immunity from danger have brought about this result. I have allowed myself to give Lieut. Xanthus leave to go outside the lines to-night, and it is my impression that he has gone to the Venable house to carry off the daughter of that household as a bride. Now, whether his action is right or not, it is not for us to say, but a man in love is liable to encounter great dangers in accomplishing his end. But,' said the colonel, with a twinkle in his eye, 'all this is neither here nor there, and is of no consequence to you. My purpose in assembling you together is to send you out as a reconnoitering party; go out and reconnoiter, no matter where or what; don't do anything rash, but should you happen to find any soldier or officer of the United States in danger, give him protection.'

"The colonel turned to his writing, and we knew that we had received our orders. Not a man who did not understand, and we turned away with smiles on our faces and a great thrill of sympathy in our hearts for the comrade who was braving danger alone for the sake of the girl that he loved.

"It was but the work of a few minutes to swing into the saddle and go galloping away in the direction of the Venable household where we knew our reconnoisance would be most valuable.

"It was a cold, clear night, one of the kind that puts spirit into a man and makes him feel like bounding over the ground. We were a light-hearted set, happy as could be in our mission, and we laughed, chatted and joked as we galloped along under the bright, starlit skies.

"'It's rather hard lines,' laughed Stetson, 'that an escort of half a dozen men has to be sent out every time a fellow wants to go and see his girl.'

"'It would be harder,' said Bates, in reply, 'if the escort had to go all the way with him and listen to all he said to his sweetheart.'

"'It would be rather hard on the fellow,' added Tedsbury.

"'Not half so hard as on the listeners,' retorted Bates.

"'You're a fraud, Bates; a cynical, unmatrimonially inclined fraud, and married at that,' said one of the men.

"'Married? That's the reason he isn't matrimonially inclined,' answered another.

"'By George!' exclaimed Stetson, 'if you don't change your opinions you don't deserve another letter from your wife and I hope she won't write to you.'

"Bates sobered very suddenly. 'Well,' he said, 'this little love-making has to go on, I suppose. I remember when I was making love to my wife.'

"'Old Jim Bundy died on Sunday,' broke out the chorus of five irreverent voices, entirely drowning Bates incipient narrative, and we all whipped up our horses to keep pace with the sudden indignant spurt which he took.

"Stetson was just remarking, 'Well, there don't seem to be much use for a reconnoitering party to-night; here's one place where the course of true love seems to run smooth,' when the clatter of horses' hoofs broke upon our ears.

"We quickened our pace to the edge of a clump of poplars that commanded a view of the road. Even before we saw his flying horse and his face gleaming in the moonlight we knew instinctively that it was Dick Xanthus and that he was in trouble.

"We saw that his horse was carrying double and we smiled even as we halted and drew our sabers, for the noise of pursuers sounded close upon the clatter of his horse's hoofs. But thought we, he will soon pass our line and then we will flash out and put his assailants to flight. We wished to take no rash measures.

"On they came, pursuer and pursued. The lieutenant was very near us, and we could see him looking down into the face of the little Venable girl, when, to our surprise, what should he do but whirl suddenly and go charging back straight into the faces of his pursuers.

"It was all done in a moment. We saw his saber flash upward; and we heard a woman scream: 'Don't kill my brother,' and saw the saber lowered; then there was a flash of another steel and Xanthus dropped from his horse, just as we dashed up and surrounded the two Venable boys.

"The girl was on the ground beside her lover, weeping and trying to staunch the flow of blood, while her brothers stood by, mad enough to end it all with her; but we took them all safe into camp. Of course, we couldn't do anything with the fellows—they were only protecting their own. But they had to consent to the marriage of their sister with Xanthus; for, as you know, he did not die of his wound.

"A saber-stroke, did you say? No, that's the unromantic thing about the whole affair. A saber-stroke would have had the right tone about it, but they had cut our lieutenant with a big corn-knife!"

HIS HORSE WAS CARRYING DOUBLE.

Singular Appetites.

Eccentricities of appetite as to quantity and quality are far more common than many suppose and more extraordinary. Two clergymen of New England—one a gourmand, the other abstemious—were dining together. The abstemious looked with wonder and horror upon his colleague. The lady of the house, delighted to see the latter eat, brought on dish after dish, until at last his wondrous capacity was overtaxed and he exclaimed: "Madam, I cannot eat everything." Said the other: "You surprise me."

Unite Against Evil Doers.

The Cumberland Presbyterian: When he who buys or he who sells a ballot comes to be regarded as a public enemy, as really criminal even if not so culpable, as is he who buys or she who sells humanity's holy heritage of woman's honor, then indeed will it be true that "the powers that be are ordained of God."

Divorce Statistics.

Recent statistics show that the increase in divorces exceeds in percentage the increase in population in nearly all of the states. The causes are such as indicate a growing disposition to regard marriage as a mere contract instead of a sacred union.

WAKED THE WRONG MAN.

How John Was Robbed to Pay Timothy McCarthy.

Two men named McCarthy died about the same time at Bellevue hospital recently, says the New York Recorder. One had been baptized Timothy and the other John. Timothy was an unfortunate without home or friends, while John was described by his countrymen as a "dacent man," with plenty of "dacent friends." He lived with his honest wife and family at 546 West Forty-sixth street before he was carried off to the hospital in the hope of saving his life. There was grief among the respectable well-wishers of John McCarthy when it was learned one morning that he had died at the hospital from the effects of a necessary operation, and the feelings of those good people were expressed loudly enough to leave no doubt as to the general esteem in which John McCarthy was held. Poor Timothy McCarthy, who died almost at the same moment, had nobody to mourn for him. It was on a Sunday afternoon that the friends and neighbors of John McCarthy assembled at his house to do honor to the dead. The corpse was laid out in a fine casket and many willing hands were lent to the preparations for the wake that began at 6 o'clock on this particular Sunday evening. No wake in that neighborhood was ever better attended. The house was thronged all that Sunday night and all the next day and all Monday evening until midnight with worthy people, who discussed nothing save the virtues of John McCarthy, and had only one lamentation in the world, and that was on account of John McCarthy's death. It was strange how people would go to the casket containing the mortal remains of McCarthy again and again. It was strange, also, how surprised they looked each time. If one was caught wearing a look of surprise, rather than one of becoming sorrow, that one was quick to cloak his thoughts, lest the good family should feel troubled. It would be the height of ill manners to say that the body in the casket didn't look a bit like it did when life was in it. At a wake it is better to speak only good of the dead. Along about midnight on Monday, however, two young men left the wake, and when they got outside they agreed that the corpse didn't look any more like John McCarthy than it did like the mikado of Japan. Further, they declared they didn't believe it was John McCarthy at all. Thereupon they repaired to Bellevue and found John McCarthy's body still on the ice. John was a big, husky fellow. The body of Timothy McCarthy had been shipped to John's home by mistake. Timothy was little and weazened. An exchange of bodies promptly followed. Friendless Timothy had been waked thirty-six hours. There was only six hours left in which to wake John, for the funeral was to take place on the following day.

NO WASTE OF WATER.

Simple Process of Extracting Gold from Ore Which Saves Millions.

From the Boston Journal of Commerce: It is not generally known, even in California, that millions of dollars are annually taken from rude heaps of base-looking quartz by the flowing of water over huge piles of broken rocks that contain the precious metal. The process of robbing the earth of its gold has now been reduced to such a fine point that a gentle flow of water over the ore gleans it of its golden treasures, and this works well in cases where the old chloride and other methods are not so useful.

The water used by miners in bringing gold from piles of mineral-bearing quartz is charged with a simple chemical, which has the potency to dissolve gold and hold it in solution. The sparkling liquid, which flows over hundreds of tons of quartz, trickles through the mines and seeks its level, laden with gold, is charged with a deadly poison, cyanide of potassium, a drug which ferrets out the minutest particles of the yellowish metal and dissolves them and brings the precious burden to the vats for conversion into refined gold again. The cyanide process is as noiseless and unerring as the laws of gravitation. The method is based on the fact that even a very weak solution of cyanide of potassium dissolves gold or silver, forming respectively auro-potassic cyanide and argento-potassic cyanide. The solution is separated from the solid material and the gold and silver are precipitated in metallic form. During the last five years the process has been introduced into almost every gold field in California and elsewhere, and more than $20,000,000 has been recovered by the gentle flow of the waters charged with the magical chemical.

Precipitation is effected by the use of fine pieces of zinc, so arranged that when the rich waters flow over them the fine gold clusters in rich deposits over the zinc, for which it has an affinity. The gold deposits itself in the form of fine dust on the plates of zinc

POINTS ON PERFUMES.

England manufactures perfume on a very large scale, importing many of the materials from other countries, but also making large use of home-grown herbs and flowers.

The cholera has repeatedly during the present century visited London and Paris, but at no time was there a death from that disease among the operatives of the perfume factories.

In one of Dean Swift's letters he alludes to the fact that, in his day, the shops of the perfumers in London were lounging places for young noblemen and other fashionable idlers.

In Tartary onions, leeks and garlic are regarded as perfumes. A Tartar lady will make herself agreeable by rubbing a piece of freshly cut onion on her hands and over her countenance.

From the drainage of stables has been manufactured the French eau de mille fleurs, or water of a thousand flowers, a perfume which in itself combines the odors of almost the entire floral kingdom.

In medieval times the best perfumes were made in France and Italy, the perfumers of those countries acquiring a dexterity unknown elsewhere and possessing many secret methods of manufacture.

In the manufacture of pomades the fat is repeatedly melted, strained and purified, after which the desired essence or perfume is added or the fat is impregnated with the odors of flowers themselves

ERZEROUM MASSACRE.

ACTUAL PICTURE OF THE FRIGHTFUL ATROCITY.

A Sketch Taken During the Butchery in Which Hundreds of Christians Suffered Martyrdom—Should Make Christendom Shudder.

THE SULTAN OF Turkey has denied many of the stories of massacre in Armenia.

No one believes him, for he is contradicted by a host of trustworthy witnesses. If anything were needed to convict him of untruth and to convince the most skeptical of the atrocities of Turkish rule it is now supplied.

A series of photographs has been received from Armenia which confirms the worst stories of massacre and prove that they were indeed on a wholesale scale. Which is more worthy of belief—the camera or the Sultan of Turkey? The intelligent readers of this journal will scarcely hesitate.

The photographs illustrate what has been going on throughout the Asiatic empire of Turkey. They prove that a part of the Armenian population of one city was destroyed. But other places suffered even more than Erzeroum. When we remember that the process of massacre has been going on through the whole of Armenia and in other parts of Turkey in Asia we may judge of the total extent of the slaughter and believe that the estimate of 15,000 killed within a few months is not an exaggerated one.

The important city of Erzeroum was the scene of the wholesale massacres recorded by these photographs. They show that bodies were piled together so thickly that the Turkish authorities could not find labor enough to hide them if they wished to do so.

Arms, legs and fragments of bodies were thrown together as carelessly as so many bricks. No relative could ever hope to identify them.

THE MASSACRE BY TURKS AT ERZEROUM.

The streets of Erzeroum ran with blood. The Armenians were massacred without distinction of age or sex by the Turks and Kurds, and nameless atrocities were perpetrated on them.

Erzeroum is the capital of a vilayet or province of the same name. It has an extensive trade and is the chief station for caravans on the way from Teheran to Mecca. The streets are narrow and its houses are mostly built of mud and timber. The principal buildings are the Armenian and Greek churches and schools.

The population was about 40,000, of which one-fourth were Armenians. The proportion has been greatly reduced.

The massacre began in the Seria, the chief government building in Erzeroum, in which the Vali, or Governor, and the chief officials live. It began with the shooting of the priest of Teonik by the Turkish soldiers. He and other Armenians were trying to obtain an audience of the Vali to ask protection against murder and outrage.

This act of brutality served as a signal to the Turks and Khurds. The massacre continued all day.

The photograph shows the Armenian cemetery two days after the beginning of the massacre. Two rows of dead had already been laid down and partially covered with earth by laborers, and they had just started a third row.

The burial of most of the victims took place on Nov. 2. There was no funeral ceremony. Huge trenches were dug and four Armenians took a body, dragged it to the trench and laid it there. Body after body was laid close alongside another till the whole space was filled. In one pit 350 bodies were buried.

The surviving Armenians gathered around these enormous graves and watched the operations sadly, no one knowing when his or her turn might come.

Saw His First Train.

A country boy who was brought up in a remote region of Scotland had occasion to accompany his father to a village near which a branch line of railway passes. The morning after his arrival, when sauntering in the garden behind the house in which they were staying, he beheld with wondering eyes a train go by. For a moment he stood staring at it with astonishment and then, running into the house, he said: "Father, father, come oot! There's a smiddy ran off wi' a row o' houses, an' its awa' doon by the back o' the town."

Millions of Field Mice.

The canton of Schaffhausen, Switzerland, is overrun by field mice in immense numbers, and the government has been appealed to for ways and means to exterminate the rodents.

MYRIADS OF SWALLOWS.

They Boost a Vessel and Cause Consternation Among the Crew.

From the Savannah News: A Russian steamer hailing from Odessa has for some time been engaged in the Mediterranean trade, principally carrying passengers between Leghorn and Malaga. On one of the recent trips it encountered an adventure which will never be forgotten by either the crew or the passengers. The passage had been a stormy one, but the day of the occurrence was unusually fine. Though a rather heavy sea was running, most of the passengers were on deck. Suddenly the lookout called: "Hurricane cloud leaward." At once there was great consternation aboard and a number of people sought safety below. The captain, however, after glancing at the barometer, gave it as his opinion that it was no hurricane cloud. The black mass they saw hovering near the horizon was, he thought, a particularly dense volume of smoke from some steamer. But the solution of the mystery came much sooner than they had expected. The threatening mass grew larger and larger, and soon was seen to bear down in the direction of the vessel with terrific speed. Everybody, both crew and passengers, became frightened at the mysterious cloud, which seemed to move with great rapidity, notwithstanding that a perfect calm prevailed. Then came the solution. The vast cloud they had seen was composed of swallows. The forerunners, a small detachment of some 10,000, swooped down on the deck, to the bewilderment of the people on board. These were soon followed, not by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands. The birds literally overwhelmed the vessel. The man at the wheel lost his bearings, and the wildest disorder prevailed. The birds poured into every available opening, hatchways, windows and everywhere else. They got tangled in the ropes and sails and clustered about the rigging. Even the smokestack was so filled up one time that the fires were nearly extinguished. The most amazing part of the whole thing was that the birds did not evince any disposition to leave. To heighten the confusion the steamer had got out of its course and ran ashore. However, on account of going very slowly, no material damage was done, though the passengers were badly frightened. When the crew had recovered from their amazement, they began to clear the deck and the vessel in general of these unexpected and not at all welcome guests. The captain ordered the men to use shovels and whatever else they could to throw the birds overboard. After getting fairly in shape the vessel proceeded on its voyage, having been delayed for eight hours on account of this singular experience. The captain could not offer any theory as to where this vast army of swallows came from. All he said was that the birds were exhausted from a long flight during the storm of the previous day and sought rest on his vessel.

Pay of Russian Ambassadors.

Russian ambassadors are paid about twice as much as ours. The ambassadors to Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople, London and Paris receive 50,000 rubles, or $37,500; the ambassador to Rome, 40,000 rubles, those at Washington, Tokio, Madrid and Pekin 30,000, at Teheran 25,000, at Athens, Brussels, The Hague, Copenhagen, Mexico, Munich and Stockholm 20,000. The ministers at Bucharest, Belgrade, Rio de Janeiro, Lisbon and Stuttgart get 18,000 rubles, the envoy to the vatican 12,000, those to Dresden and Cettinje 10,000, and to Welmar and Darmstadt 8,000.

A Dirigible Balloon.

Like the sea serpent, the inventor of the dirigible balloon travels eastward, ho! He is now in Canton, China. An extra smart mandarin, Ti Lien Fou, lately invented a really dirigible balloon, and that has been seen traveling through the air at various heights and in every direction, "even during terrific storms." It is constructed wholly of steel. Ti Lien Fou, it is said, will shortly come eastward, ho! to see Edison at Menlo park in regard to further "improvement" of this aeroserpentine wonder.

Well! Well.

He gazed at her with a 2,000-volt intensity.

"So you have a past?" he hissed.

"Oh, yes," she airily answered. "Two or three of 'em."

However, on consideration, he concluded that he was willing to become her third or fourth husband.—Indianapolis Journal.

Influenza Among Animals.

The influenza is going down in England—down to horses and dogs and cats. The officials of the various "homes" for domestic animals in London report that the mortality in cases of influenza among dogs amounts to 6 per cent, among cats to 24 per cent, and the percentage is said to be even still larger among horses.

BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER.

Remarkable Contest for the Governorship of Tennessee Between the Taylors.

From the Washington Post: One of the most remarkable political contests of modern days was that between Bob and Alf Taylor over the governorship of Tennessee some years ago. The brothers are both violinists—in Tennessee they are known as fiddlers. Alf is the superior performer. Bob plays left-handed. Neither one is a finished master of the instrument, but they both play the mountain melodies to the queen's taste. During their unique race for governor Bob and Alf did not actually carry their fiddles with them, but in almost every town the people would hunt up a couple of violins and insist on hearing them play. When the election was over and Bob was occupying the highest office in the gift of Tennesseeans a convict of the penitentiary one day sent him a fiddle. It was a home-made instrument, the convict being its author and finisher. He had made it while serving out his sentence in the "pen," and designed touching a tender chord in the governor's heart by the presentation. The story is best told in Governor Bob's own way: "One day just before Christmas a state official entered my office and said: 'I have been implored by a poor, miserable wretch in the penitentiary to bring you this rude fiddle. It was made by his own hands with a penknife during the hours alloted to him for rest. It is absolutely valueless, it is true, but it is his petition for mercy. He begged me to say that he has neither attorney nor influential friends to plead for him; he is poor, and all that he asks is, that when the governor shall sit at his own fireside on Christmas eve with his own happy children around him, he will play one tune on this rough fiddle and think of a cabin far away in the mountains in which is a family of poor, ragged children crying for bread and listening for the returning footsteps of their convict father.'" Who would not have been touched by such an appeal? When Christmas eve came the governor sat at his own happy fireside, surrounded by his own happy family, and sitting there he played one tune on the rough fiddle. Far up in the mountains there was another hearthstone bright and warm, the pardoned convict was there with his children on his knees and his heart re-echoing the strains which the governor played on the home-made fiddle.

Imitate the Boys.

The young women students at Lawrence university, Appleton, Wis., have decided to wear a uniform dress. They were stirred to the decision, it is said, by the smart appearance of the young men in the military school connected with the university, who recently donned new uniforms of gray and black. The girls first proposed to wear a uniform of the same color as that worn by the boys, but finally decided on navy blue. They are to wear blue blouses laced up in front with black and skirts of blue trimmed with black. In the gymnasium blue bloomers will be substituted for the skirts.

A Questionable Right.

"What I want to know," asked the corn-fed philosopher of his assembled listeners, "is whether the alleged new woman will ever attain the right of having her hat knocked off at the theater by the indignant man sitting behind her."—Indianapolis Journal.

FLOATING FACTS.

An albino partridge, the tips of its white feathers tinted with pink, is the latest freak brought out of the Maine woods.

There is an historic well in Rutland, Vt. It was built during the revolution, and was used by soldiers of Burgoyne's army after being removed from Boston in 1788.

A writer in the Edinburg Scotchman in dealing with the causes of intemperance mentions as one of the principal ones the "want of sympathy at home and a scolding, sulking, nagging wife."

Two Russian battleships, the Rurik and the Dimitri Donskoi, have harbored in Portsmouth on their way to the Mediterranean. It is the first time this privilege has been granted for a quarter of a century.

Robinson Crusoe's musket, "a fine, old specimen, with long barrel, flint lock, and beautifully balanced," is offered for sale in Edinburgh. It came into the possession of the present owner through Alexander Selkirk's grandniece.

Six deer wandered into the village of Central Lake, Mich., early last Sunday morning, trotted through the streets for awhile and took to the woods again before any of the startled inhabitants could quiet their nerves sufficiently to get a gun.

It has been noted that serpent charmers continually talk, sing or whistle or have an attendant to play upon some shrill musical instrument during the time exhibitions are being given. That these sounds have their influence there is not the least doubt.

Almost Crazed.

THOUGHT HER CHILD WAS GOING TO DIE.

The Terrible Ordeal of a Mother—Her Little Girl Almost Faded Away—Saved in the Nick of Time—A Story that will Touch the Heart of Every Mother.

From the Journal, Detroit, Mich.

A very grateful mother is Mrs. A. L. Hartness, of 676 Grandy Avenue, Detroit, for the wonderful cure which her daughter has received by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Said Mrs. Hartness: "Yes, my daughter's life has been saved by using Pink Pills, thanks to a kind friend who recommended them to me.

"Blanche was sick for over three years. She had the care of the best physicians procurable, and no expense or trouble was spared to give her relief. She was so thin that she was fairly skin and bones, her digestion was out of order and she had the most awful headaches. We gave up all hope of her recovery. Her long, thin, listless face made me nearly half crazy, and we did every thing in our power to give her strength and induce her to take an interest in anything.

"One day a friend told me about the Pink Pills, and Mr. Hartness went down town and got three boxes. She had taken about one box, when, to my amazement, one morning I heard her playing on the piano. I could hardly believe it, for it had been over a year since the piano had been opened.

"Soon she began to take short rides on her bicycle, and soon she went singing around the house, our own happy, hearty little daughter once more.

"She thinks nothing of a spin on her wheel over to Mt. Clemens or Pontiac, and is as well as she ever was.

"I had a girl living at our house who was a great sufferer from impoverished blood, and who received instant and permanent relief from the use of one box of the pills.

"If this information can be of any use to help some poor sick one, it is given with the greatest of pleasure."

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills state that they are not a patent medicine but a prescription used for many years by an eminent practitioner who produced the most wonderful results with them, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves, two fruitful causes of almost every ill to which flesh is heir. They are entirely harmless and can be given to weak and sickly children with the greatest good and without the slightest danger. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Origin of Mrs. Grundy.

How many who daily use the name of Mrs. Grundy have any idea of her origin? It is generally believed that Dickens was somehow responsible for her, but a writer in the Dundee Advertiser points out that this is an utter mistake. The real creator of Mrs. Grundy was Thomas Morton, the dramatist (born 1764, died 1838), the father of the author of Box and Cox, and she is referred to in his comedy "Speed the Plow," which was first performed in 1798. Mrs Grundy is not a character in the play; she is merely a mysterious personage whom dame Ashfield, the farmer's wife, constantly quotes, much in the same way as Sairey Gamp alludes to Mrs. Harris.

Morgan County, Colorado.

The irrigated farm is the only "sure thing" farm on the face of the earth. And the beauty of it is that it never wears out—never fails to yield double the average of non-irrigated sections. There are irrigated farms in New Mexico that have been tilled for 250 years which are today as good as new. In Arizona, the Pima Indians have for 400 years raised the biggest of big crops from their irrigated land. Along the Nile, in Egypt, are farms that are more than 4,000 years old and which produce larger and better yields than any other lands in the world.

One of the best illustrations of the advantages of irrigation is to be found in the irrigated district surrounding Fort Morgan, Colorado, where during the last ten years half a million dollars have been spent in the construction of a system of irrigating canals which has no superior anywhere. A stretch of country perhaps 30 miles long by 15 wide has been brought under cultivation and now presents an appearance that is almost ideal. Fields of alfalfa, wheat, oats and corn lend brilliancy to the broad plateau. Thousands of sleek cattle and countless flocks of sheep browse upon the nutritious grasses. Here and there an orchard bends beneath its luscious load. A more flourishing community does not exist. And the secret of it is Irrigation and Cattle. The Morgan County farmer lives on and from his farm which never fails to yield double the average of non-irrigated sections, and he grows rich on cattle.

Men who are unacquainted with the results of farming by irrigation can form no idea of its superiority over ordinary methods of agriculture. Think what it means to be able to hasten or retard the development of growing crops—to make it rain when, where and in what volume you wish. True, all this means closer attention and greater labor, but are not the results worth it?

In Morgan County there are no cyclones; no extremes of heat and cold; no crop failures. The people are friendly. The religious and educational facilities all that can be desired. The climate the finest in the world.

Morgan County land is not "cheap"—that is, it is not cheap in the sense in which that word is ordinarily understood. The price ranges from $15 to $30 an acre including perpetual water right, but as a man can make a better living off 40 acres there than off 160 acres anywhere east of the Rocky Mountains, the apparent difference after all does not count for much. 80 acres is the favorite size. One Morgan County farmer gives it as his experience that 10 acres under irrigation in Morgan County is preferable to the best and most expensive quarter section in the "rain belt." The success he is meeting with gives weight to his opinion.

Detailed information about Morgan County is contained in an illustrated booklet issued by the Passenger Department of the Burlington Route and now ready for free distribution. A copy will be mailed to any one who will write to J. Francis, G. P. A., Omaha, Neb., for it. No one who is really in earnest in his desire to find a better location than his present one will fail to do this.

Fearful Fate.

"Commuted for life!"

To the wretched man the words brought no joy or comfort.

"Better death," he muttered, "than to drag out a miserable existence in solitude. Doomed while life lasts to——"

Again he groaned——

"To catch trains and ferries, to carry bundles!"

That day his wife had made the first payment—on the twenty-year plan—of buying a house in the county.—New York Recorder.

On the Beany Deep.

The encouraging and ever popular bean, whether boiled, baked or porporridegd, is thus alluded to by a correspondent at Lakeville, Conn:

"A family living in the city were visited by relatives residing some distance off. One of the visitors remarked that there had been a great quantity of porridge made in his mother's family, 'enough,' said he, 'to float a 74-gun ship. Don't you think so, Uncle John?' appealing to one of his relatives.

"'Yes, yes,' replied that uncle, 'and the ship could float twenty-four hours and not hit a bean."—Harper's Magazine.

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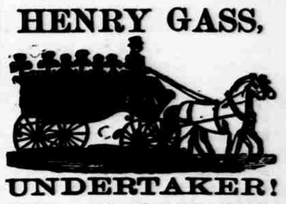

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