## A BUTTERNUT VICTORY. By JOHN NELSON TRUMP.

Valandingham is just the man, And Pugh's his right-hand bower.

Murphy gates. "Shet ep!" snapped Abijab. "Hain't a-goin' to," said Tommy, and

went on with the song: To meet the abolition clan We're ready every hour,

Abijah would have been glad to have stopped and shut Tommy up, but he didn't dare. He was on his way to pay a call on Melissa Bray, and was too dressed up to

take any violent exercise. Abijah Hopkins was the beau of Goshen, and a rank abolitionist. He went to Cincinnati almost every month, and hence was an authority on fashion, as his costume of that afternoon showed. He were a longtailed blue coat, made with full skirts, fitting closely in the back. Under the cost was a flowered velvet waistcoat, fastened with builet-like pearl buttons. His dove-colored trousers were skin tight, with a black stripe up the side seam, and held down by a strap passing under the foot. His shirt was "store bought," and he wore a high paper collar and a tie made of small colored beads woven into a ribbon with infinite pains, the work of Melissa, as was also the snaky-looking watch guard, manufactured from her own hair. Abijah was proud of the tie and the guard.

Personally he was not handsome. It might be said that his hands were too large and too red and too freckled, and hung, like Ichabod Crane's, "a mile below his coat brighter than his bair, which was parted far to the left in front and "roached" toward the right in a high sweeping billow. In the back it was parted in the middle and brushed away from the medial line to either side, where it met the front hair in little duck talls just behind his ears. And his whole head was redolent with hair oil.

Abijah was a "stay-at-home ranger." He hadn't enlisted and had escaped the draft. Though he was the only young man left in Goshen, he was not in demand by the girls, as might be supposed. Few people had any when Melissa began to go to singing school and spelling bees with Abijah people began to lose respect for her, too. But Melissa knew what she was about. She was one one to flirt with.

Abljah passed the Murphy gate with anger in his heart. Nothing made him so mad as to hear the butternut song. He hated Valandingham and all his adherents, though Molly Murphy was a nice girl. To tell the time to get good seats for the afternoon truth, he was not sure which he liked best, ternut. He would have felt better could he tionistic young woman. He sat by Melissa. have thrashed Tommy, but he knew better, both on account of his new clothes and on time-defamatory to the south, touching account of Molly. He wasn't going to give heavily on the wrongs of slavery, touching up his chances with the only other girl who lightly on the rights of nations, and windwould go out with him.

Melissa expected him; he was expected every Sunday afternoon, and she was dressed | ferently. in her best to receive him. But it wouldn't do to let him know. There was a peculiar when he came up the front steps, she pretended to be surprised.

"Why, 'Bijah," she said. 'I'm jest that glad to see you. Won't you set down?" He sat down and put his hat on the floor. He was awkwardly bashful.

It would be useless to reproduce their conversation. It was about the weather and old Mrs. Meyer, a German by birth, who saw crops and politics. Abijah avoided the sub- it all; ject of the war as he had avoided the draft officers. As he was about to leave, Melissa

you goin' to the speakin' to Mount Renose next Tuesday "I 'lowed to go," said he. "Want to go

"If it don't put you out none," she answered. "You'd jest as well go as not. I'm goin to take my buggy."

"All right, 'Bijah," she said. "I'll be rendy.' He put on his hat and started down the

"You'll have to fetch a lunch," said he as he reached the gate. "Ma's sick an'-

"All right," she called after him. "I'll

the abolition candidate for governor, was to speak. Everybody was going and Abijah take home.' felt proud to think that he would have a girl along even if he hadn't been to the war and got wounded. He walked with his head up till he reached the Murphy gate. He looked for Tommy, but Tommy had disappeared, Molly was leaning over the gate, and Abijah stopped to speak to her. She was considerate of his feelings and had put away her hadge, made of the cross-section of a butternut, when she saw him coming. All Butternuts were badges of that sort, and the abosuch emblems of opposition. "Evenin', Molly," said Abijah, as he halted take Molly, though."

at the gate. 'How are you, 'Bijah," said she. "Goin'

to the speakin' Tuesday?" 'Yep," said he, resting his foot on the lower hinge, and dusting his trousers with his cane.

'Who with?" she asked. "I 'lowed to take Meliss," said he. "Why?" "I wanted to go awfully," she answered,

frowning prettily. "I'm sorry I hain't got a carriage," said he, flushing a deeper red as he thought of

"I don't mind," said Molly, not blushing in the least; and I'll ask Meliss."

She hadn't forgotten the prevailing fashion In feminine attire, but she thought, by exercising proper care, two could ride in a single buggy at a pinch. Abijah was the only chance, and she liked to flirt as much as Melissa.

"Never mind," said the young man. "I'll ask Melias myself.

It would give him an excuse to call again at both places, at the Brays' to get Melissa's opinion, and at the Murphys' to tell Molly. Molly agreed, and the next day (Monday) some more, and shook his head over riding with a Butternut. However, Abijah wasn't a butternut, why thensaid they need not sit together at the speaking, and that it did not matter much in the buggy, and Melissa agreed and walked down with him to see Molly about the luncheon.

Molly promised to furnish her share and to keep down her Butternut tendencies, and way before he spoke at all, and it was not text books, which are accepted as author everything went smoothly except for Abijah. He cursed his good nature, which he found his voice, wouldn't allow him to refuse either or both. He could stand one girl in the buggy beside him, but two!

After gearing up Tuesday morning and grooming himself with more than usual care he drove around for Molly first,

She came down the steps as he stopped at the gate, and when he saw her he cursed some more. She had on a white lawn dress, waist made something like the shirtwaist of the present day, but with rows and rows of brass buttons upon it; small ones on the shoulders and down the sleeves and larger ones in quadruple rank down the Her hat was a little straw affair, trimmed with illusion and fastened at an impossible angle over her forehead, to leave own and another's, in the back. Her hands kept quiet until they were almost within could be conferred and was a pleasant proof there was no sign of the texts anywhere. around among the texts anywhere around among the texts anywhere. room for the enormous mass of hair, her

were encased in pink silk mitts and she carried a green silk parasol. But it was not sang Tommy Murphy as Abijah passed the the waist that caused Abijah to curse nor was it the hat; it was the skirt. It was full, very full, and was kept distended by hoops whose periphery was a dozen yards or more, She had to come through the gate sidewise. Abliah turned his horse as far to one side as possible, to allow the passage of the voluminous skirts, but with all he could do they touched both wheels when Molly elimbed in.

She sat down carefully. She had to. And Abijah sat beside her and together they drove off for Melissa.

Her costume was the same as Molly's in degree as well as kind, and when the two girls sat on the single seat of the buggy the vehicle seemed filled with skirts. Abijah saw no room for himself, and said so. "You can set between us," said Molly, shoving into one corner, which caused a dangerous elevation of hoops on the other

He had some doubts about being able to sit between them, but he could do no more than try, and, after much squeezing and exclamations, they got very uncomfortably settled and drove off, the hoops standing out over the wheels on both sides and almost hiding the young man in the middle.

There were a great many people at Mt Repose. A few men dressed like Abijah, boys most of them were; lots of girls dressed like Molly and Melissa, and some men in army blue, pale and maimed, home on furlough or discharge. The speaking was held in the open air, with a stand for sleeves." His face was red, too, a shade the speakers and backless benches for the auditors. The crowd made a tremendous noise getting settled.

The morning speakers were of little note candidates for county offices, with merely a local reputation. In the afternoon was to come the grand speech, the heavy artillery of the campaign. Brough himself, candidate for governor of the state of Ohio. Save for the occasional collapse of a bench, excitement was kept down for the afternoon.

When the recess for dinner was announced the two girls spread out the luncheon they had brought on a tablecloth on the ground. respect for "stay-at-home rangers," and There was fried chicken, pickles, cold green corn boiled on the cob and piled up like a log cabin, two kinds of cake and four kinds of pie, apple, dried cherry, raspberry and rhubarb. Melissa and Molly sat on either of those girls who can't exist without some side of the cloth and had to reach way over to get past their skirts. Abijah sat at one

After the meal the girls bundled their respective properties into their respective baskets, and when they had finished it was True to his promise to Melissa, speech. Melissa, the abolitionist, or Molly, the but- Abijah had Molly sit in front of the aboli-The speech was like all others of that

ing up with a eulogy on Abraham Lincoln.

Molly had shown no dangerous Butternut symptoms during the day. In fact, she had code of etiquette existent in Goshen. So, applauded feebly at times, but when Mr. Brough called the whole race of Butternuts cowards and thieves she could stand it no longer. She put on her Butternut badge, a declaration of war then, and turned so Melissa could see it. Then did Melissa's instinct for destruction of all things Butternutly assert itself, and in the words of

> "She grap for dot padge." But she didn't get it. Molly leaped to her feet as quickly as her skirts would allow her to resent the insult, and raising her green silk parasol, smote Melissa on her chignon of artificial hair, thereby breaking the weapon. Then Melissa tried to slap her adversary, and in dodging, Molly went backward over the bench behind her. That put an end to hostilities. The scene can be imagined better than described. Abijah turned away, and Mrs. Meyer assisted the prostrate girl to her feet and declared an armistice. But the speech went on unheard. Everybody was laughing too much to listen; everybody except Abijah. He didn't laugh,

he was too worried. "I'm a dumb fool," said he to his Aunt Maria when the girls had gone to separate Mt. Repose was six miles from Goshen, on houses to repair damages. "I'm a dumb the Columbus pike, and on Tuesday Brough, fool to take a butternut an' an abolitionist out together. Dumbed if I know which to

> "Take Meliss," said Mrs. Maria. "Course I'd ruther take Meliss," Abijah answered. "But I can't well git outen takin" Molly. And I dursn't take 'em both." "Won't Will Hanson take Molly?" sug gested his aunt. "He used to spark her."

'They've fell out," he complained. "Well, there's Ben. He come alone, and he can't drive good with a bullet in his arm. Let him take one of 'em."

"He won't have Molly, and Meliss' won't litionists felt it their duty to destroy all go with him if he is an abolitionist and got wounded. She said so. Mebbe he would "All right. You ask him," said Mrs.

Maria. "Now, look here, 'Bijah Hopkins, I want you to talk to Meliss' 'bout the way she acted. 'Twan't lady-like." "Don't care," said he. "Molly hadn't

ughter hit her with that umbrell'." "You talk to her, anyway. Pa's callin

me. I got to go." Abijah's mind was full of very serious houghts as he backed the pony between the shafts. He guessed he had better talk to Melissa, but he would have to be careful his next words. "But if you don't mind, and how he talked. She was dangerous. On the brary of the White House last Monday, rewas more quiet, and then the pie she had made beat Melissa's all beliew

saw Melissa Bray coming toward nini in a berrowed hat, and he turned to hear what

she had to say. "I jest wanted to tell you, 'Bijah," said she, "that I wouldn't trouble you to see me home.

"Who're you goin' with?" he asked. "Ben's goin' to take me," she said. "He ome alone.'

Abijab said nothing, but after she had gone and climbed in beside Ben he thought Abijah asked Meliesa if she objected to thoughts. Melissa had done just what she Molly's company. Melissa did not object to said she wouldn't do, and he would have Molly as a girl, but she did demur about | Molly to sit with him in the buggy. If she "I'll do it," he muttered, as she came out

and got in with him. She gave him just the sweetest sort of

antil they had passed the first tollgate that "You hadn't oughter done that way, Mollie," said he. "Twasn't nice."

"She hadn't no business tryin' to take my padge," said Molly. "Mebbe not," said he. "But you hadn't ughter hit her with the umbrell'."

"I'm sorry I done it, 'Bijah," she answered, looking ruefully at the demolished "But she tried to hit me afterparasol. "I know she did," he blushed at the

thought of the scene, "and I'll tell her so." "I hain't never goin' to speak to her again," said Molly, determinedly. "You won't even say you're sorry?" "No, I won't But I'll tell you, 'Bijah,'

she said, looking into his face. Abijah didn't know what to say, so he

sight of home. Then he decided it was time to speak.

"I wish't you wan't a butternut, Molly," She looked at him again and began to

sing softly; I had a dream the other night When sh was clear and still I dreamt I saw Valandingham Go sliding down a hill.

An abolitionist song, and Abijah was beginning to understand. "Then you've changed your mind?" he

naked. "Mebbe," said she, so low he could scarcely hear her, "Have you changed

"About what?"

"About Meliss". Do you like her like you used to? "Molly," said he, ignoring her question,

you'll-' "Course I will, 'Bijah," she whispered,

leaning close to him. And the butternut had scored one. RESCUED FROM THE SUTTEE.

Saved by the Man Who Became Her Husband.

Mrs. Ramie Lairos, a woman between 50 and 55, arrived in New York recently from her husband and settled down in the Hindoo

New York City. Mrs. Lalros' husband is a Eurasian, from Labore, and a Christian, but the woman is a stanch Hindoo, who refuses to be converted and has brought with ther from her native Benares a copper statute of the Goddess Shiva, which she worships at leisure while her husband may be attending service in the nearest Episcopalian church. They live happily together with their three beautiful daughters, two of whom are of their father's creed, while the third, the youngest, s a devout worshiper of Shiva and Ga-

Mrs. Lairos herself was a beautiful woman once upon a time, yet it is not her personal appearance, but her history, that is so ineresting, for she was about becoming a victim of the terrible suttee of her caste when rescued by the man who afterward

became her husband. As is the custom in India, Ramee Khud while still a toddling child was affianced to the son of a friend and neighbor. At the age of 11, just on the eve of the children's marriage, the youth of 13, who was to be the bridegroom, died, and according to the irrevocable laws of her caste she was doomed to be buried on his funeral pyre on the banks of the sacred river Jumma, over from the city of Benares.

As Laires had much to do with what folowed, it is just as well he should tell the

"It was a little before the Sapoy mutiny of 1857, and I, the son of a European father, was guiding a detachment of the First Bengal cavalry through the jungle to Benares. While concealed in the bush waiting for sunrise we saw the dead youth carried down to the water's edge on a bamboo stretcher, and judging from the sort of crowd that had assembled we were about to witness a suttee The body was covered over with a green silk robe-for he was a high class Brahmin-and Only this particular speech ended difplaced on a pile of resinous sandalwood logs. Then the cloth was removed, the bier placed on the pyre with the feet toward the Jumna, six logs were laid on the body and all was ready for the widow.

"Led by a relative, Ramee walked slowly down the bank to play her tragic part in the ceremony, covered with a flowing robe of white. A Brahmin priest stood at the head of the body-the scene is before me now as if it were but yesterday-and he directed the proceedings in the coolest manner possible. Taking the rod presented her by the Brahmin in her right hand, Ramee walked three times round the bier and waved it over her head. The Brahmin next handed her a torch, which, though to all appearance not lighted, contained a spark of fire within. Very soon the waving o the torch caught a current and ignited. I could not see the girl's face all this time, but I could see that her form shook like an

aspen leaf. "The Brahmin now, amid profound silence, having ordered her to apply the torch, Ramee advanced toward the with tottering steps and in a moment the pile was in a blaze. Now came Ramee's time to sacrifice herself, to perish then and there in the fierce flames that were already stretching out their tongues toward her flimsy robe.

"She hesitated, she trembled and by com mand of the priest two men were about to throw her on the blazing funeral pyre, when the officer commanding the detachment, a young man with a soft heart, ordered his men to charge. They obeyed the order with alacrity and not a moment too soon, dispersing the suttee party, which fled to its boats, leaving Ramee fainting on the river banks. In taking this step the officer really disobeyed orders. Fortunately we found what we had come for. We saw that the rebels were fortifying Benares. As for Ramee, the colonel's wife took her under her protection and after the mutiny was suppressed she became my wife."

"As for me," said Mrs. Lalros, with a sad smile, "I remember nothing. I disliked my affianced in life and did not want to have anything to do with him in death They drugged me with oplum to give me nerve, but I naturally revolted against the suttee. Still, many of my acquaintances underwent that fate without a murmur, but I am not composed of the materials that make a martyr."

## A PRIZE WINNER.

Noted American Scholar Honored by the Institute of France. There was an interesting scene in the li-

Meliss don't, you can go in the buggy with whole, he believed he liked Molly best. She ports the Chicago Record, when President McKinley presented to Mr. Charles A. Schott a gold medal and a prize of 4,000 Just as he fastened the last buckle he france recently conferred upon him by the Institute of France, which is recognized as the highest scientific authority in the world. This prize is open to scholars of all countries and is conferred annually upon the person who is believed to have made the important contribution to human knowledge during the year in certain branches of inquiry. After due consideration the prize for 1898 was awarded to Mr. Schott for his discoveries in terrestrial magnetism. Mr. Schott is 72 years of age and looks like a country clergyman. He was born in Sicily, educated in Germany, came to the United States in childhood, learned the trade of a surveyor and secured employment with the coast survey more than fifty years ago. He has since been engaged in making computations and working out the observations and notes of the eurveyors. In addition to his official labors Mr. Schott smile, and never mentioned the affair until has prepared several volumes of logarithms he spoke first. But they had gone some and other astronomical and mathematical ities throughout the world. The extraor dinary discovery for which he has been awarded this prize, and which is considered the most important contribution to human knowledge during the last year, was a method by which the variations of the compass may be anticipated. In other words, he had prepared tables similar to those of the nautical almanac, by which a navigator at sea or a surveyor or astronomer on land may know two or three years in advance the variation of the magnetic needle at any degree of latitude or longitude on the earth's and myself left Helena. There was deep surface.

that it was one of the highest honors that about fifty miles an hour. Within two hours

"THE GREAT WHITE PLAGUE."

snow storm, CONSUMPTION has been And it is at this stage that scientific mediaptly called "The GREAT WHITE cal treatment should begin. Cough, ex-'you and me's been knowin' each other a PLAGUE." It may be said, also, of CON- of varying color, from whitish gray to green, long time. I know I ain't handsome, but if SUMPTION that as a rule it comes on so sometimes of blood; increased shortness of gently and softly that its step-its earliest breath, dull pains in the chest, advancing symptoms-is rarely heard. Indeed, its emaciation, with corresponding loss first presence or near approach is seldom weight and strength; profuse night sweats, feverishness and diarrhoea, are prominent There is perhaps a slight cough, but little symptoms are necessarily present in any attention is paid to it. "Oh, it'll soon pass one case, but some of them are, and any

off," says the victim; "it doesn't amount to one should be a signal to be acted on at anything." But it perhaps does amount to once. a great deal. It may be the first danger | If CONSUMPTION be recognized in It India via Yokohama and San Francisco with signal that has been sounded. There has early stages the difficulty of curing it is always been more or less "wasting away." colony which has established itself near the a gradual loss of flesh and strength, that even when its victim is on the brink of extreme end of West Thirty-first street in perhaps has attracted little or no attention | death's crater, is an undisputable fact. As the disease progresses there may be is a germ disease, and a system of treatslight raising of blood from the throat or ment that will destroy these germs and rechest, or there may be a more or less per- store such waste as has resulted from their sistent tickling in the throat, or there may presence will certainly and surely effect a be a shortness of breath, with or without permanent cure. pain in the chest; or there may be an in-

> Or, again, the slow, quiet beginning may be indicated by a gradually increasing pallor or loss of color in the face, excepting, perhaps, a small bright red spot on each cheek. and in the female by diminution or cessation of the menstrual discharge.

> creased tendency to "take cold," with a cor-

respondingly diminished power to throw it

suspected.

many respects to a heavy destructive crater,

pectoration of more or less opaque substance symptoms. Of course not all of these

greatly lessened, but that it can be cured

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patients each year and waiting patiently for cal world.

CONSUMPTION

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the indersement and approval of the medi- twenty-five years to the study of Consumption in all its phases. He is familiar with And he did not wait in vain. Strange to every stage and symptom. By means of relate, the first open indorsement came from the microscope he has studied its germs abroad-across the ocean. Dr. Sir William until he is perfectly familiar with their Broadbent, physician to Royal Family, at a shape and form, their habits and the surest recent meeting held in Marlhorough House, method of destroying them. You may therefore readily understand why the Dr. Slocum dorsed the principles upon which the Slo- System of Treatment is an infallible cure for

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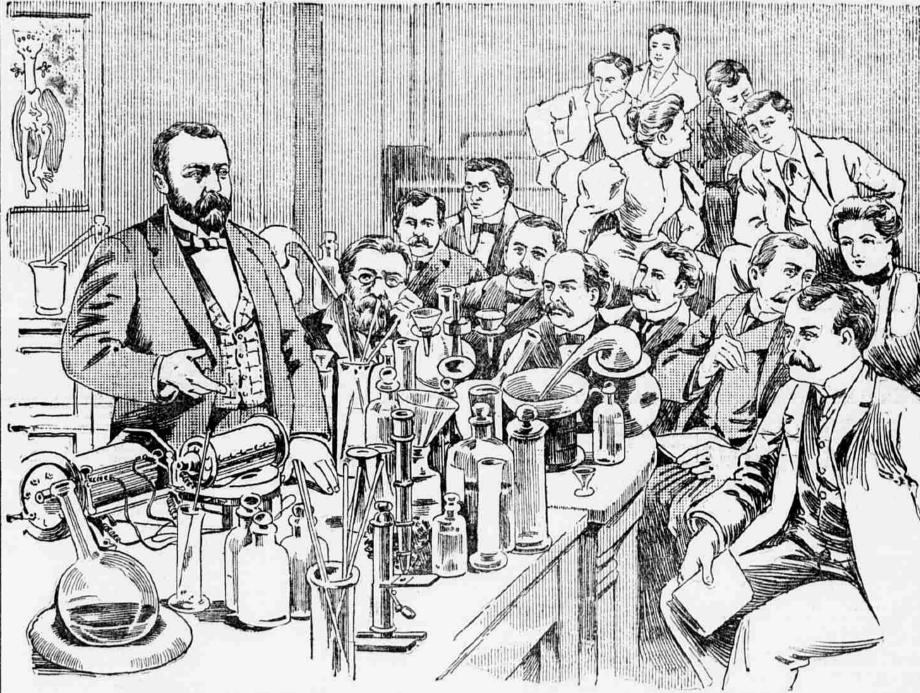
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boundaries. The prize had been founded by tell which way we were going. We strugged of the young man's writings? I said I should a certain case, so many cases from the enan Englishman, awarded by a Frenchman and won by an American.

The smallest inings exert the greatest in- no idea where we would wind up. luence. De Witt's Liftle Early Risers are the process were affaid and the unequalled for overcoming constipation iver troubles. Small pill, best pill, safe pill.

WENT BY WIRE.

How Two Men Got Over the Grent Snow Drifts. "It looks a little like snow," said Washington weather man the other day to a Star reporter as he looked first out of the window and then let his eye wander over the great glass map in the senate lobby. There was a fine beating snow outside just whitening the ground in places and piling up in drifts several inches deep against the terrace. Both west and south and east on the map were great white arrows rointing oward Washington and two great "Lighs" were tacing from different quarters for the capitat From Chicago was reported a record of 10 degrees below zero and from Colorado was reported snow deep enough to cover up small The weather man was figuring on LOWns.

the depth of the snow at Como and Apex and

calculating the velocity of the wind, and

from this and the general atmospheric condi-

tions outside, concluded that Washington was threatened with snow. "It is no plaything," the weather man said, when they have snow like this in the Hockies. I had an experience in going from Halena, Mont., over the divide some years ugo. It was a beautiful day when my companion snow on the ground and in the mountains The president made a graceful little there were some immense drifts, but the speech as be presented the prize, which had snow was packed and the sun was bright. come to him through the government of Before we got on the top of the divide it France and the Department of State for began to snow just as it is snowing now, presentation to Mr. Schott, and remarked fine drifting snow, and the wind got up to

along blindly until we got on top of the divide. All we could tell was that we were going down on the other side, and we had "The horses were afraid and did not wan:

to face the drifts, and we were half dead

with cold. In floundering through one drift

we got tangled in a wire, and that was our salvation. It was the single wire on the government telegraph line. "The drift was clear up to the top of the telegraph pole at that point, but it was for the most part within three or four feet of the wire. We knew we must follow this line to find our way. We could not do so by sight. One of us had to hook his arm

around the wire and hold on to it while the other took care of the horses. He would just slide the wire along in the bend of the elbow, letting go only to pass each pole, and in this way we got into Deer Lodge. It seems strange here to talk about walking on about the level of the tops of telegraph poles, but that's what we did from the top of the divide to Deer Lodge."

HENRY GEORGE, THE PRINTER.

Nonh Brooks Tells How the Famous Writer Became a Journalist. fornia," Mr. Noah Brooks tells the readers of the February Century how the political

economist became a newspaper writer: In the autumn of 1866 I was the editor of the Times of November 20, 1886. Let me the Times, a daily newspaper published in say that when I told my foreman that, sur-San Francisco. One day the foreman of the prised by the excellence of the English and compesing room, after disposing of business oncerning which he had come to my desk. comewhat healtatingly told me that one of the young printer's work, he warmly rethe compositors in his department had writ- plied that the young fellow was a thorten several editorial articles, by way of ex- oughly honest man and would no more borperiment, and they were very good, so the foreman thought. But the young printer had good friend Turrell would risk his reputadestroyed his productions, after passing them

thing worth printing it should be used and the writer should be paid for it. A few hours later a bundle of sheets of

Manila paper was laid on my desk by Mr. that the young printer had happened to have ready an article which he was willing to but in face was ten years older, as he was submit to my judgment. I read the paper, at first with a preoccupied mind and in haste, and then with attentiveness and wonder. Considering the source from which it came article was to me remarkable. I recollest that it was written in a delicate, almost feminine hand, in lines very far apart, and making altogether a bulk which had at first misled me as to the actual length of the disquisition. The article was not long and was entitled "The Strides of a Giant;" it was descriptive of the gradual extension of the Asiatic frontiers of Russia, the changes that had taken place in the relations of the European powers and the apparent sympathetic approach of the United States and

Russia toward each other. In some doubt as to the originality of this paper, sent to me by a young and unknown printer, I first looked through the American and foreign reviews on my table, then, In an article on "Henry George in Cali- satisfying myself that the article had not been "cribbed" from any of these publica tions, I changed the title to "The Two Giants" and printed it as the "leader" in the studition exhibited in the article, I had some doubts concerning the originality of row ideas than he would steal. Oh, no; my tion on the young compositor's honesty.

that in science there are no international We were in a beating blizzard and couldn't Would the editor-in-chief like to look at one to see the young man, I would find him at be glad to see one, and if he sent me any- trance to the composing room. I looked with some interest and was disappointed to find that my vigorous and well informed contributor was a little man, so short that he had provided himself with a bit of plank Turrell, the foreman, who, with a smile, said on which he stood at a case too tall for him, He was apparently then about 25 years old, born in 1831. His auburn hair was thin and the youthfulness of his face was disputed by the partial baldness of his head;

his blue eyes were lambent with animation and a certain look of mirthfulness. Near acquaintance with Henry George onfirmed me in my strong prepossession in his favor. He was bright, alert, good humored and full of fun; yet his talk showed that he was a thinker, that he thought independently of all writers, and that he had wide, serious and original views of life. Thu man's manner, his simplicity, his diffidence and absolute siscerity captivated me and I liked him thoroughly and at once. He continued to contribute to the editorial page of the paper, sometimes with a fertility of production that dismayed me, and after a few weeks, a vacancy having suddenly happened in my editorial staff, I invited George to the place. He was given a comfortable salary and from that time forth he set type

no more. Encouraging Rubber Industry. SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 9 .- A letter from Guatemala states that the government, in order to promote the rubbe industry, has issued a decree offering a caballeria of the public lands equivalent to over 100 acres—to any person having 20,000 rubber trees over four very and

La Grippe is again opidemic. Every pre-caution should be taken to avoid it. Its specific cure is One Minute Cough Cure. The best remedy for all ages; cures coughs, colds and all lung troubles. Pleasant to the No one will be disappointed in us-

over four years old.