ON RUSSIA'S BORDERAND

Scenes and Events Along the Siberian Frontier Described by an American.

FROM FRYING PAN INTO CHINESE FIRE

Eighty-Mile Flight Through a Desolated Region—Desperate Fighting and Great Slaughter in Many Battles.

(Copyright, 1900, by G. Frederick Wright.)

Dr. George Frederick Wright of Oberlin, O., editor of Bibliotheca Sacra, theologian and an eminent authority on glacial formation, has been for several months traveling in Siberia and Manchuria studying geologic and glacial conditions there. Finding himself the object of hostile demonstration in Manchuria from the Chinese, who were at that time inflamed against all foreigners, he set out hastily for the Russian border only to find himself in the midst of warfare. The account of the borderland war recently received from him is the first adequate report of events on the Chinese-Russian boundary.

BLAGOVESTCHENSK, July 24.—When two weeks ago we had fairly escaped from Manchuria and were under the full protection of Russia, in its own territory, we thought our perils ended. But this was far from being the case. To our astonishment, and that of everyone else, we have run into the very center of the Chinese war on the borders of far-off Siberia. The general confidence prevailing was indicated by the fact that a week ago today, while coming up the Amur on a steamer from Bavarsk, we met six steamers with nine barges loaded with troops and their equipment, who were hurrying from this place to Harbin, on the Sungari river, for the protection of the new railway. These had left Blagovestchensk Saturday, the 14th.

First Taste of Warfare.

No sooner were these troops well away than the Chinese on the opposite side of the river began firing upon Blagovestchensk, while from their forts at Aigun, twenty miles below, they fired upon passing steamers and sent soldiers over to destroy the Russian villages along the bank. All unconscious of these events, we left our steamer, which was hopelessly obstructed by a sandbar eighty miles below, and drove on in tarantasses. But after having covered a little more than half the distance in the regular way, we reached the village of Gulvesna about sundown to find the people alarmed though not panic-stricken by the news which was just reaching them. There was nothing for us to do, however, but camp down in the common room of the posthouse and await developments. The excitement continued to increase, especially upon the arrival of refugees from the up-river villages which had been set afire.

Gulvesna is a settlement of religious dissenters called Molokites (Milk Eaters), who drink no spirits and eat no meat. As we entered the village large droves of cattle which had been herded during the day in the luxurious green fields of this vicinity, came leisurely into the broad street and were distributed to the various households to which they belonged. Nothing could be more peaceful and idyllic. The village contained about 1,000 people, and trim, well-painted log houses gave evidence of the thrift naturally accompanying such a settlement. But at midnight everything was in confusion. Hundreds of carts loaded with the most necessary household utensils, and covered with excited women and sleeping babes, filled the street or stood at the gateways ready to join the procession. A few armed Cossacks remained to direct the company to places of greater security in the interior, while the most of them were stationed nearer the river for general defense of their homes. We remained in our quarters until morning.

The danger was principally from a night attack by the Chinese. With the appearance of daylight the fleeing inhabitants all came back to their houses. They did not, however, unpack their carriages, but kept them in readiness for instantaneous movement upon further approach of danger. Their fears, as well as ours, were deepened by frequent reports of cannon in the direction of the Chinese fort at Aigun on the opposite side of the river, about ten miles away. The puffs of smoke from these guns could be clearly seen as they rose in the still air some time in advance of the sound. Vague rumors were afloat that Blagovestchensk was besieged by the Chinese. Still we thought it possible to reach the city by a roundabout road through the back country to a station seventeen miles on our way. For a large sum ($60) we were able to persuade three teamsters to carry us.

Through a Wasted Country.

Our party consisted of five, Captain Hartford, the English consul at Manila, with his traveling companion, Captain Smith Darrian, commander of the English gunboat Bonaventura; Mr. Wettekind, a member of the great mercantile firm of Runtz & Albert, from Vladivostock; my son and myself. Captain Hartford had seen service in the English army in many places, having been at the siege of Sevastapol and had lived many years in the Crimea, was very fond of the Russians and had a great confidence in their management of a campaign. Captain Darrian was younger and more deliberate in his calculations and with me hesitated about running the risk. But the impetuousness of Captain Hartford and of our German companion prevailed. We set out with two tarantasses and a droga to carry our luggage. The two Englishmen were in the rear and the rest of us in the fore. We soon found ourselves driving along at a breakneck speed over the low, rolling prairie, which constitutes the country back from the flood regions of the great river. Our attention was at once attracted by columns of smoke from the vicinity of the river half way around the horizon. We could count as many as twenty of these at a time, and afterwards heard that two or three distinct fires were blended in the distance. We occasionally met small companies of mounted Cossacks from whom we learned that the road was clear. The settlements were few and our road did not lead through any for several miles. At length, however, we reached a small hamlet which had been burned the day before. It had been inhabited by Chinese. We learned there that a plan for the wholesale destruction of the Chinese villages was in process of execution.

The horror of the situation first dawned upon us just before reaching this village, when our attention was attracted by two unarmed Chinamen hurrying along in the tall grass a few hundred feet from us. They were evidently endeavoring to escape. But our driver, without any ceremony, stopped the horses, passed his reins into the hands of our German companion, rose in his seat, took his rifle out, aimed at the nearest one and fired. The Chinaman fell and we saw him no more. Whether killed or wounded, or only hiding himself, we did not stop to ascertain, but hurried on through charred and deserted villages and hamlets until we reached our post-station. This was a lonely place, beside a small circular lake or pond, but was well guarded by Cossacks and, to our delight, had a supply of horses, so that without delay, except for lunch, we were sent on our way soon after noon, while our former drivers hurried back to bear their part in the protection of the village we had left in the morning.

Some miles in front of us one of the largest columns of smoke was rolling angrily up to the heavens. As we approached it we discerned what is rare on the prairie—an extensive grove of trees. The land also showed signs of high cultivation. Fields of poppies were brilliant with their flowers in full bloom. Wheat, peas, beans and potatoes had all been carefully cleared of weeds. In short, there was everywhere apparent the thrift attendant upon the careful Chinese cultivation. We were in a vast Chinese garden. But behind the grove of trees the smoke rose fiercer and fiercer, and soon we could see sheets of flames flashing through it all. A flourishing Chinese city of 8,000 to 10,000 inhabitants was in flames. Half the houses were already in ruins, while Cossacks were busy in every direction with kerosene oil and torches setting the remaining portions on fire. The inhabitants were all gone, where, no one could tell. We were twelve miles southeast of Blagovestchensk. The burning city was on both sides of a small stream and covered a large area. Everything there bore the appearances of great thrift. The houses were large with newly thatched roofs. Temples and shrines were numerous. Large stacks of straw betokened at once abundant harvests the previous year and the frugal habits of the people. Numerous dogs and pigs and an occasional flock of geese looked forlorn enough as they wandered about homeless amid the ruins. The houses had been nearly burned away from the street through which our only practicable road lay, but flames were leaping from several large buildings near by and cinders were flying in every direction. Besides, a little way ahead of us the way was encumbered by burning timbers and a small wooden culvert was beginning to blaze. Our only hope was to get safely through this narrow passage as soon as possible.

Dreadful Fate of Chinese.

The appalling thing of all was the fate of the Chinese on the Russian side of the river, though we were prepared for it by what we had seen of the burning villages on the way. No sooner were hostilities begun than a war of extermination was declared against the Chinese. As near as we could learn, between 5,000 and 6,000 living in the city or its immediate vicinity were forced to abandon their homes and told that unless they were out of Russian territory within a set time—far too short for adequate preparation—their lives would be forfeited. Then began a great and hideous rush for the few boats on the river. Men, women and children scrambled and struggled for the clumsy craft, and as each one put out, fearfully overloaded, shrieking refugees clung to the gunwales, only to be beaten back by those inside. Brief was the career of most of these boats. They filled and sank, the shrieks of the drowning mingling with the howls of those who had been left behind.

Still the banks were lined with the Chinese. There was but one thing to be done, build rafts. Materials were hastily collected and jumbled together. Men fought for the boards and logs which were to be the means of life. It was a mad scene of terror and ineffectual effort. Raft after raft put out, as overcrowded as the boats had been, and disintegrated before the eyes of those on shore. To add to the horrors of the situation, the Chinese from the forts on the opposite side opened fire on the miserable wretches, probably thinking them Russian invaders in disguise. How many escaped out of that double slaughter no one knows; they must have been terribly few. The bodies of the dead fairly blackened the stream. Even when we arrived we could easily count 100 bodies in the water from a single point.

Such war upon non-combatants probably is not countenanced by those high in authority, but is due to the fact that the Cossacks are temporarily thrown off their balance from the rage and fear naturally arising from the situation. Every Chinaman is regarded as an enemy. The color of his skin, the slant of his eyes and the cut of his hair are evidence enough, and so, as with our frontiersmen in their dealings with the Indians, the Cossacks act on the theory that "there is no good Chinaman but a dead Chinaman." This is the more startling from the fact that heretofore the Russians and the Chinese have lived together in great peace and cordiality. But now this has suddenly changed. The evil results can scarcely be overestimated. These two peoples, thrown so close together by the extension of Russian colonies along the Amoor and by the railroad through Manchuria to Port Arthur, must now be in a state of eternal enmity to one another and both are so virile and numerous that one cannot absorb or exterminate the other.

A Race Through Fire.

The burning timbers were removed and the culvert found to be yet safe. The horses attached to the tarantass on which I was sitting were steadier than the others, though driven by boy. It was resolved, therefore, that we should lead the way. Our team dashed past the others and under the stimulus of much exhortation and free use of the whip we made the charge through the narrow passage, the others following in close succession. The heated air was stifling. The cinders rained like hail, but this danger was safely passed and we breathed freely for a little while, only to learn that another similar gauntlet was before us on the other side of the stream. But then the burning street though longer was broader, and the burning houses nearest the road were blazing in the rear, with only occasional tongues of flame darting out from the side next to the road. This danger passed, we had no further trouble. The banks of the Zeya river were reached late in the afternoon and we found a small steamer engaged in transferring soldiers from one side to the other, which gave us passage to the city. The anxiety to get news from us was only equaled by ours to learn what was happening there. We were the first to come from down the river in two days and therefore the first who could tell what the smoke of the burning villages meant and give assurance of the safety of the Russian settlements beyond.

Blagovestchensk is a city of something over 30,000 inhabitants, spread out with broad streets over an extensive delta terrace, between the Zeya and the Amoor rivers. The street through which we drove to reach the Amoor front was fully three miles long and lined on both sides by pretty, low log houses set well apart from one another. But we could not help observing that the blinds were all closed and that the street had a deserted look. Our drivers also seemed to delight in back streets and alleys as we approached the hotel and landed us at a side door. While our luggage was being unloaded we ventured into the main street to take a look. We heard frequent rifle reports, but thought it was soldiers practicing. And so it was, but they were Chinese soldiers on the other side of the river practicing on us, for we soon heard the "ping, ping" of their bullets as they whizzed by our heads. We noticed also that everybody else stood around the corner of the cross street. These discoveries led us to join the "street loafers around the corner" as quickly as we could. We found that the city had been in a state of siege for five days, that the Chinese had five cannon and an unknown number of troops on the opposite side of the river, that the city was defended by only 5,000 hastily recruited troops, with no cannon and a scanty supply of small arms. At first the people were panic stricken, but trenches were speedily dug along the whole front and occasional volleys were fired by the whole line to warn the enemy that the city was not without defenders. At the same time the troops were expected to come down the river. All this had the desired effect and the Chinese did not attempt to cross the river. Moreover, their marksmanship was so poor that their firing was ineffective. No buildings were set on fire and only a few persons were killed by bursting shells. Several bullets, however, hit the hotel while we were in it, though it was on the second street back from the river front and the river is about 1,000 feet wide. Only yesterday a shell burst a few rods away, killed one man and wounded another.

Bright's Disease.

High living, intemperance, exposure and many other things bring on Bright's disease. Foley's Kidney Cure will prevent Bright's disease and all other kidney or bladder disorders if taken in time. Take nothing else. Myers-Dillon Drug Co., Omaha. Dillon's Drug Store, South Omaha.

COCAINE AS AN ANESTHETIC.

Successful Use of Solution Injected Into the Spinal Canal.

Any device for the relief of human pain is always a boon to suffering mankind. In such a sense must be viewed the new method of anesthesia by injecting cocaine solution into the spinal canal discovered by Dr. J. Leonard Corning of New York City. Although fifteen years have elapsed since he wrote his first scientific article on the subject, says the New York Herald, it is only within the last few months that the medical profession has carried out his predictions. Now it would appear the more the principle of producing this form of limited insensibility is tested the better pleased are those who are doing results.

For a long time after ether and chloroform banished agony from the operating table it was the aim of surgeons to discover some drug that would accomplish the main purpose in view without inducing an unnecessarily profound narcotism. There was always something weird and dreadful connected with the thought of being subjected to this new sleep and being so absolutely and helplessly under the control of another. Even to this day many patients have such an instinctive fear of these powerful agents that the ordinary terrors of the knife sink into comparative insignificance.

Especially did it seem desirable that something should be found which should distinctly limit the area of induced insensibility to the part affected and leave the brain free to think. Then came cocaine to take its place in fulfilling to a certain extent the required condition.

It was while Dr. Corning was studying and experimenting to increase the usefulness and more extended applicability of this new and valuable remedy that he conceived and demonstrated the practicability and comparative safety of injecting the solution in question into the lower portion of the spinal canal. By such means he succeeded in temporarily destroying all sensitiveness in the roots of the various nerves which have their origin in that portion of the spinal cord. As a consequence we now hear almost incredible stories of patients who have watched amputations of their own limbs without the slightest consciousness of a smart or twinge and who could scarcely realize that parts of their own bodies were being severed.

Other operations of equal severity have also been performed in this newly created area of anesthesia with like astonishing results. The only thing which apparently remains to be done is to extend the surface of insensibility as safely and surely to the upper portions of the body. This may possibly be accomplished in time, when greater experience with the use of the solution in the present restricted regions of the spine shall warrant the requisite ventures in other and more extended directions.

Even as the matter now stands there is great reason for believing that this principle of treating and preventing pain has a very promising future and a comparatively extensive range of applications. Already it has been so successfully applied to the abolition of the pains of maternity that its future use for such purpose is confidently assured.

It Heals the Lungs.

When suffering from a racking cough take a dose of Foley's Honey and Tar. The soreness will be relieved and a warm, grateful feeling and healing of the parts affected will be experienced. Take no substitute. Myers-Dillon Drug Co., Omaha. Dillon's Drug Store, South Omaha.

TABLE AND KITCHEN.

Practical Suggestions About Food and the Preparations of It.

Daily Menus.

THURSDAY.
BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Cereal. Sugar and Cream.
Fried Egg Plant. Tomato Omelet.
Hashed Brown Potatoes.
Corn Bread. Coffee.
LUNCH.
Tripe a la Creole. Stuffed Potatoes.
Stewed Fruit. Ginger Bread.
Tea.
DINNER.
Clear Soup.
Roasted Loin of Veal. Browned Potatoes.
Stuffed Tomatoes. Lima Beans.
Vegetable Salad.
Chocolate Souffle.
Coffee.

FRIDAY.
BREAKFAST.
Fruit.
Cereal. Sugar and Cream.
Codfish Balls. Creamed Tomatoes.
White Muffins. Coffee.
LUNCH.
Creamed Eggs. Cheese Toast.
Pop Overs. Lemon Sauce.
Tea.
DINNER.
Onion Soup.
Broiled Halibut. Maitre d'Hotel Sauce.
Buttered Beets. Scalloped Potatoes.
Egg Plant Fritters. Pepper Salad.
Tapioca Pudding.
Coffee.

SATURDAY.
BREAKFAST.
Cereal. Sliced Bananas. Cream.
Liver Hashed on Toast.
French Fried Potatoes.
Milk Biscuit. Coffee.
LUNCH.
Salmon Cutlets. Tomato Sauce.
Cucumber Salad.
Deep Apple Pie. Whipped Cream.
Cereal Coffee.
DINNER.
Fricasee of Lamb. Brown Gravy.
Mashed Potatoes. Spinach.
Stewed Potatoes. Cauliflower Salad.
Baked Peach Pudding. Coffee.

SUNDAY.
BREAKFAST.
Toasted Wheat Biscuit. Cream.
Stewed Fruit.
Broiled Sweetbreads. Creamed Peas.
Bacon Chips.
Waffles. Coffee.
DINNER.
Cauliflower Soup.
Hot Boned Chicken. Chestnut Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes.
Sweet Potatoes a la Caramel.
Planned Tomatoes.
Lettuce and Celery Salad.
Coffee. Ice Cream.
SUPPER.
Indian Sandwiches.
Nut and Orange Salad.
Cheese. Wafers.
Tea.

BATTERS AND DOUGHS.

Certain Methods Govern the Preparation of Each.

Much discouragement, as well as waste of material, are avoidable if the housewife has a clear understanding of the meaning of terms applied to cooking. This is especially true in regard to batters and doughs. A "thin batter" or a "stiff dough" are rather vague definitions to the inexperienced cook. The proper consistency cannot always be regulated by the quantity of flour or liquid given in the recipe, although in theory and according to the rules governing proportions the recipe is correct. There are exceptions to all rules, and this must be taken into consideration when using flours. Difference in the grain, milling and locality in which it is used have much to do with a seeming inaccuracy in many recipes. The teacher is often blamed, when in fact the fault lies not in her teaching so much as it goes, but in lack of necessary detail.

Batters—In a general way this term is applied to a mixture of flour, meal and liquids, usually in combination with other materials, such as eggs, salt, sugar, melted butter and sometimes baking powder or yeast. But these batters vary in consistency from a mixture that will pour easily to one that will drop from a spoon. A few examples of the different batter preparations may be of assistance to the younger housekeepers at least, and save them many disappointing failures, as well as materials.

Muffin Batters—Muffin and drop batters are the thickest and the nearest approach to a dough. The original English muffins are made without eggs and raised with yeast. The batter, allowed to get very light, is poured into tin muffin rings which are set on a hot griddle. These muffins are turned over as soon as set, and browned on one side. The American muffin is a batter made richer with addition of eggs and raised with either yeast or baking powder and baked in gem pans. English muffins are always made with white flour. American muffins comprise all sorts, wheat, corn, rice and rye.

Fritter Batter—This must be thick enough to coat over whatever is dipped in it, and the only means employed to lighten these batters is the addition of eggs and thorough beating. This batter must be thick enough to cling to article encased, otherwise it will run off in the hot fat.

Pancake Batter—This should be about the consistency of cream, the French pancake batter being the thinnest of all. These are rolled as soon as fried like jelly cake. Ordinary pancake batter is a little thicker, and not rolled. Pancakes are baked in a small frying pan, as the name implies. No baking powder is used in these batters.

Griddle Cakes—The batter must be thin enough to spread quickly when poured on a hot, greased griddle, into a small, thin cake, which is turned when set and browned on one side, and allowed to brown on the other side, but must not be turned again. This batter is raised with yeast or baking powder.

Waffles—This batter is really a griddle cake mixture, enriched with melted butter, to make them crisp, and baked on waffle irons, instead of griddles.

To Make Batters Light—While eggs are employed and, with the exception of French batters, yeast or baking powder used to lighten the batters, they require a very thorough and vigorous beating to force in as much air as possible, especially with the thick batters. Do not use too many eggs, as they will toughen your cakes. If you wish to enrich them use melted butter, or cream. Beat eggs separately, and fold whites in last. The liquid used as a batter should be added to the dry ingredients and stirred gradually, or the batter will be lumpy.

Doughs—A dough is a mixture of flour or meal with liquids or other materials, but differs from batters very materially. A dough must be stiff enough to knead and mold in various forms. The softer the dough, especially when baking powders are employed, the lighter and moister the breads. Doughs that are not made with yeast require a greater amount of heat in baking. In order to force the solid articles apart. Incorporate air into your dough in every possible way. By sifting the flour well, beating the batter or sponge thoroughly and allowing the process of fermentation or formation of carbon dioxide gas the necessary time is gained to do its work effectually.

Kneading Doughs—The grain and texture of the dough depends on the kneading. To give white bread the fine grain and crisp tenderness of texture it must be thoroughly kneaded. While all doughs should be mixed as soft as can be handled without sticking, those that are to be rolled and cut into special forms must be a little firmer.

Answers to Inquiries.

Hashed Brown Potatoes—Mrs. S. L. M., Ypsilanti, Mich., writes: Have been interested for a long time in this department and would like to ask for a recipe for hashed brown potatoes.

Cold, boiled, left-over potatoes will answer for this dish, if not too well done. They must not be mealy, or they will not keep their shape. Chop them very fine. Rub a smooth omelet or frying pan with a slice of onion; melt a tablespoonful of butter, and when hot turn in the potatoes; season with salt and pepper; press down smoothly over bottom of pan, and stand where they will cook slowly, without stirring until they are a rich, golden brown on bottom; about fifteen minutes should brown them. Sprinkle very lightly with finely-minced parsley, and roll carefully like an omelet. Serve on a hot plate with parsley garnish and poached eggs.

Are not the recipes you refer to published in the daily paper? I would advise you to drop a card to the editor and learn if this is not the case. It is the rule in all other schools.

French Fried Potatoes—A Subscriber, Albany, Minn., writes: Kindly give recipes for French fried potatoes and brown potatoes mentioned in menus.

Wash and pare the potatoes and cut into eighths, lengthwise; throw into cold water and soak an hour. Drain and dry carefully between towels. Fry in hot fat deep enough to float them until a delicate golden brown and dry and mealy inside. Do not have the fat too hot, as potatoes must have time to cook and not get too brown; have fat as hot as for doughnuts.

Brown Potatoes—This is probably the recipe you refer to: Boil and mash the potatoes and season with salt, pepper, melted butter and hot cream enough to moisten. Beat light with a fork, then put into a greased, shallow pan, put smaller pieces of butter over the top and put in a quick oven to brown. If the potatoes are served with pot roast they are placed under the meat and cooked. They brown nicely in that way and are very palatable.

Steamed Graham Bread—Sift three cups graham flour, one cup white flour, one teaspoonful salt and three and a half level teaspoonfuls soda together. Mix one cup of molasses and two and a half cups sour milk together and stir into dry ingredients. When well mixed, turn into a well-buttered mold and steam four hours, standing the mold on a muffin ring in deep boiler to prevent burning, if you have no regular steamer.

Mighty Men.

The porters of Smyrna and Constantinople often carry weights of five to eight hundred pounds on their backs considerable distances. These men live almost entirely upon barley cakes, dried figs, peas and milk. The idea that meat is necessary for strength is wholly an error. The original source of strength is the products of the earth. A pound of Granola contains more than three times the amount of strength-sustaining and fat and blood-making elements contained in a pound of beefsteak. Toothsome, palatable, ready to eat at once. Ask your grocer for it. Be sure you get the genuine Granola. Each package bears a picture of the Battle Creek Sanitarium. Beware of imitations of the world-renowned Sanitarium Granula.

Politeness as a Life-Saver.

In the public square of Vendome, says a writer in the Saturday Post, I stopped at a little shop to have a punctured tire repaired.

"Have you seen our new statue," said the man, "yonder in the square? It's a very fine thing—Rochambeau."

The American who travels in France takes his country with him. There is hardly a nation without its American souvenir—or countess. This statue to the glory of the man who forced Cornwallis to surrender at Yorktown was presented to his birthplace by Americans and unveiled by the American ambassador. Not all republics are ungrateful. I don't remember very much of Rochambeau's career. Yorktown is enough.

But the little man of Vendome, as he pumped up my wheel, told me an anecdote which proves that politeness, like honesty, is the best policy. During the Reign of Terror the convention had condemned the old hero to death. With a crowd of unfortunates he was ordered into the wagon that was to take them to the guillotine. Courteously the old man stepped aside that Malesherbes and his companions in death might get in first. The wagon was full before his turn came.

"Take him back," said the headsman; "he can go with tomorrow's batch."

But when tomorrow came Robespierre had fallen and the reign of the guillotine was over. It was a lesson in politeness and when the little shopman and I parted we took off our hats to each other. One never knows what may happen in this land of revolutions.

Record-Breaking Gold Ingot.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Oct. 23.—The Cariboo Consolidated Gold mine of Quesnelle has shipped to New York a record-breaking ingot, weighing 736 pounds and of the value of $154,760.

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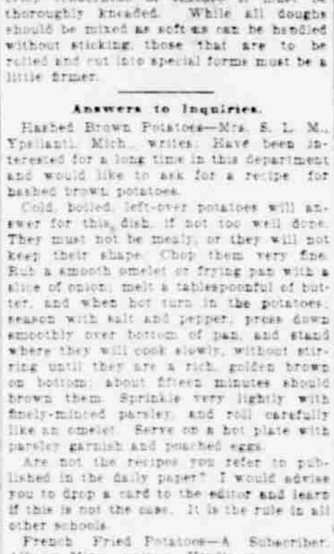

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The person receiving the third largest number of votes, the third choice, and so on, until the ten receiving the most votes have each selected a scholarship.

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7. If backward in your studies, your teachers will give you inexhaustible attention; no lack of previous education need keep you from entering the contest; if you really study, you will surely succeed.
8. If you wish to prepare for examinations, you will get the best kind of preparation, because you will learn to express yourself clearly in writing, and you will remember what you write.
9. You will have no text books to buy.

HOW TO VOTE.

Cut out the Coupon on page 2, and mail or bring it to the business office of the Bee.

Each Coupon must bear the name of the person for whom you wish to vote.

The records of the competitors will be shown in the paper every issue, and votes will be received until midnight of December 3d, 1900.

Each Coupon counts one vote.

Every 15c paid in advance on subscription counts 15 votes, etc.