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CHAS. HEILAND, PROPRIETOR

THE FAMOUS STORY

HIS REVENGE.

H. M. S. RAVAGER had met with an accident. Stenning, an escaped convict, had been killed with a bullet from the ship's gun. The ship was on fire, and the crew were in a panic. The ship was on fire, and the crew were in a panic. The ship was on fire, and the crew were in a panic.

As very often happens at this place where the vessel was docked, convicts were at work upon the quays. They were a mixed lot; but, being good conduct men, they all enjoyed greater freedom of action in the discharge of their duties than is ordinarily extended to the enforced working guests of the nation. Yet, notwithstanding this unspoken testimony to their comparative worth, the commander of the Ravager was less disposed than usual to place trust in them. He was in a ferocious humor, for that little affair with the bark was not unlikely to interfere with his promotion. There would be an inquiry, of course, and what Christian ever could tell what confounded foolishness and injustice the "finding" of a ship was?

The extra precaution was scarcely necessary. To do justice to these unwilling residents within the shadow of the broad arrow, they had no evil designs upon her Majesty's warship. Their hostility to an unappreciative country did not rise quite so great a height as that. All the same, the commander might very easily have justified his course of action (had such been necessary) by the fact that many of the convicts were working only a few yards from the dock side and some what removed from the warder's immediate watchfulness; though it would have been possible to show on the other hand that, being men whose term of servitude was almost completed, these prisoners were perfectly reliable, inasmuch as they could not afford to commit any indiscretions calculated to jeopardize their expected early release on ticket-of-leave.

These considerations did not in any way concern the commander of H. M. S. Ravager, however. He was merely resolved to blow the convicts to the mischief, individually or collectively, if they tried on any tricks with his ship; and in the choicest of quarter-deck English gave orders accordingly. One of the prisoners was working quite near to the dockside and almost in the track of one of the sentries from the Ravager. Though rather a refined person in appearance, the degradation of his position by no means overwhelmed him with melancholy or distress. It may have been the consciousness of innocence that enabled him to whistle softly an air which had served the street organs some seven years before and enabled him to view with unconcern the close proximity of his fellow-men. Perhaps he reflected that those aboard the Ravager were harder worked prisoners than himself, and that he could afford them a trifle of pity.

He did not disclaim, moreover, to take advantage of the situation in which he found himself; nor was his sensitive-ness less by the slight of Tommy Atkins when he endeavored to engage that worthy in conversation. He was not discouraged by Tommy's dignity, and did not hesitate to try again when guard was changed late in the afternoon and Private Robert Smith commenced his monotonous sentry-go. As it happened Private Smith was intensely interested and excited by the presence of the convicts. He had good reason to be, for he remembered with a vividness and horror that set him shuddering how near he had been some eight years before to just such a degradation as these men were enduring. He was a different personage altogether now—different even in name—to the sly of a boy who had thought it a distinction to be the boon companion of so clever and so dashing a man as Louis Vaudouls. The service he was now a member of, had effected a complete change in his personal appearance; while the narrow escape from the conviction for forgery during the period of Vaudouls' influence had so frightened him from wild ways that there was now no stouter member of her Majesty's red marines than Private Smith, sometime Roger Vanbrugh. But in one respect he did not alter. He remained staunch to a savage hatred against the man who had certainly brought ruin into his life, and by accidentally insinuating manners and methods had almost sent him into surroundings like unto those upon which he had gazed with such fascination ever since the Ravager had been floated into dock. It is true the charge against him at the trial had not been sustained through a defending counsel's clever manipulation of evidence imperfectly presented by the prosecution; but he hated Louis Vaudouls no less passionately on that account, for he had but to recall those terrible hours spent before

friend and enemy. He had nothing to fear or to lose beyond that. But he was reluctant to do this; it maddened him to think Vaudouls, under even such conditions, was able to overreach and compel him to an act he would of his own will leave undone.

And yet there was apparently no other course before him than to accede to the ruffian's demands. He had arrived at this conclusion, and with a savage reluctance was preparing to submit to the inevitable when a thought flashed through his mind and set his pulses leaping with a sudden hope of retaliation. Would Louis Vaudouls be fool enough to fall into the trap? That was the only question.

Swiftly he made his preparations, and then strode firmly—yet with pulses beating with an excitement stronger than before—once again toward the convict. As he advanced Vaudouls' face was turned toward him with a ferociously threatening expression.

"Box—great—real—get the—smart!" Private Smith jerked out hoarsely as he passed. He marched to the end of his parade, and there stood with his body only half-turned toward the sentry box. But out of the tail of his eye he saw Vaudouls creep stealthily in the other direction. Almost shivering in his excitement and eagerness, he watched his enemy slip into the box and, emerging therefrom a moment later, with a swift movement make for the place where he had been working.

Now was the time for Private Smith to act. "That's all," he resumed his march, he made pretense of observing Vaudouls' doings for the first time, and with a roar of rage called upon the convict to halt. He covered the man with his rifle.

"Halt, there!" he shouted. "Hands up, or I'll fire."
And Vaudouls, speechless with amazement and white with apprehension, obeyed.

The commotion that ensued was astonishing. A wander came rushing forward, and a number of blue jackets and marines hurried from the Ravager. In an instant the warder had Vaudouls handcuffed, and then demanded an explanation. Private Smith lowered his rifle and went forward to where the others were standing.

"Well, what's the matter?" demanded the warder, sharply.
"I saw that fellow coming out of my box, that's all," Private Smith answered. "My greatest is there."
"And in the pockets—?"
"Two pieces of tobacco and a half crown."

Vaudouls, after darting a glance of fierce rage upon the soldier, with imprecations upon his mind, stood struggling to the guard-room, and, being searched, the articles named were, surely enough, discovered upon his person. As Private Smith had hoped, the temptation to take the silver piece had been irresistible.

"The soldier fellow gave them to me," he cried, sulkily.
But Private Smith only smiled. "Now, why should I give a convict half-a-crown?" he demanded, with quiet protest.

That was sufficient. The soldier turned to depart; and as he did so, he bent upon the convict a sly glance and gave a dry little chuckle just after the manner of Vaudouls' own chuckling laughter—which he had imitated a thousand times in the days long past. Vaudouls started and stared. "By heavens, you are—"

But a door closed between them, and the soldier heard no more. Vaudouls was punished. He was drafted to the heavy labor gangs; and the much-desired ticket-of-leave had to be worked for over again.

And I fear Private Smith felt more delight at having overreached his old enemy than compensation for the trickery way he had managed it—Chambers' Journal.


Fable Up to Date.
One morning a horse that had its mane and tail done up in curl papers and was eating oats out of a gilded manger in a paddock stall turned and whined disdainfully at a bicycle that was leaning against the wall feeling too pneumatic tired for expression.

"You are a mere drudge," said the horse. "You are made to scorch along dusty roads; you are never fed on anything more substantial than wind, and nobody loves you as I am loved. See how I am fed on fresh oats, hay and condition powders, while you never even have your bearings oiled until you squeak, and, besides, you have wheels." With that he gave a horse laugh and went on with his feeding.

But the patience of the bicycle was punctured, and he proceeded to make some scorching remarks.
"You pampered relic of barbarism," he replied, "you think because you are fed and cared for that you are of some importance."
"A bicycle is a master to the man of business. I give him exercise and cost him nothing for my keep, and I never run away. I am a faithful servant, while you are merely a curiosity kept to amuse the children. Your usefulness ceased a century ago."

At this point the horse gave the bicycle a kick that punctured both its tires and plied its spokes and sprockets. Moral: Some people argue like horses.—Truth.

Sized Up.
"Uncle Theophilus, what is a gross absurdity?"
"Well, it is a 40-year-old woman who weighs 200 pounds and calls her father and mother 'papa' and 'mamma.'"
—Louisville Courier-Journal.
No, Thanks.
Host (about to sing)—Would you like the harmony of Seattle?
Guest (Mind-Blind Guest)—No, thanks; I always shave myself.—Exchange.
A Chinaman of Walla Walla, Wash., answers to the name of "Shoo Fly."

Louis Kreuscher
DEALER IN
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FAIRVIEW AVE., HAMMEL'S STATION,
ROCKAWAY BEACH, L. I.
BICYCLES TO RENT

"TISS ME DOOD-NIGHT."

"Peace, mamma, peace, tiss me dood-night."
My blue-gum, love, with sunny curls,
Stood pleading 'tween her sobs and tears,
I said, "I can't kiss naughty girls."

I led her to her snowy cot,
"Peace, mamma, peace," she sobbed
again.
"I won't be naughty any more."

I left her, all her pleadings vain.

I heard her sob, my mother dear,
With yearning filled, to soothe and
cheer,
Yet I refrained, and in her sleep
My babe still lay sobbing there.

'Twas midnight when I felt a touch—
A fever'd hand lay on my brow,
My white-robed lady pleaded still,
"Peace, mamma, peace; I can't sleep
now."

All through that agonizing night
Delirious she moaned in pain,
The little broken words she uttered
For kisses that I gave in vain.

At dawn the angels hovered near:
She nestled close, and smiled and said,
"I won't be naughty any more."
And in my arms my babe lay—dead.

And I am old; the passing years
Have brought no comfort in my flight.
My heart still hears that sobbing cry,
"Peace, mamma, peace, tiss me dood-
night."

—Kate Thysen Marr, in Form.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE AT LOGO.

The day Logo was born there came
with the rush and roar of the boom tide
a Baptist missionary preacher ready to
open a gospel tent.

A marked feature in the opening of
nearly all the boom towns in Oklahoma
was the presence of the missionaries of
the Roman and Evangelical Protestant
churches, contesting with the gamblers,
dancehousers and others of that ilk for
the souls of the newcomers. At Guthrie
the "Dodge City game," which was
aiming to establish quarters in vari-
ous parts of the town, attempted to drive
out of a choice corner a preacher of the
Methodist persuasion who had got there
first. The preacher was a fighting parson,
but there is no doubt that he would
have been either mortally or seriously
wounded for the fact that a number of men
who were not much on piety as their usual
goal, came to the help of the Lord against
the might. On a count of guns the
Dodge City game was forced to withdraw.
At Logo, where he had reached a
different conclusion the history of Guthrie
would be bloodier than this.

The Logo parson was called Brother
John, and the strongest point of it was
that no one knew him by any other name.
Even the appearance of the name of John
Westworth at the bottom of his church
notices appearing in the town, every week
in the Logo Bloomer could not rid the
community of its fixed habit. Brother
John had been known from the beginning
and Brother John he was anxious to be
known until the end, which, I hope, is
yet far off.

Brother John was a man of good works.
He was at constant war with the world,
the flesh and the devil, and he knew that
the only way for him to reach the hearts
of the men with whom he had to deal
was to preach Christ and him crucified.
For it is as true now as it was then that
the long and dark night of the middle
ages that the men of the most desperate
valor—the most warlike instinct—the
most bloody-minded men, if you will, are
those whose eyes turn most longingly to
Galvary; who adore most that sublime
self-sacrifice, abnegation and humility of
him who knew himself to be incapable
of his own nature. The weak man
sneers at the cross; the strong man never.

So when Brother John preached the
cross in Logo he struck the popular
chord. The people heard him gladly.
Sometimes at night, when he heard the
shots in the street, followed by the rush
of feet and the excited exclamations,
which told that some one had been
killed, he would rise from his bed and remain
in prayer for hours, and often until, with
the only dawn, someone would tap at his
bamboo door to ask him to come around
and officiate at the funeral.

As Christmas drew near a new inspira-
tion and a new resolution came to Brother
John. He had been talking in the abstract.
He would be content to let the Holy
Spirit tell these men of the Christ life
and urging them to live as near to it as
possible. But he had not been practical
in his methods. He had not set before them
an example impossible of full and com-
plete attainment, but he had neglected to
provide means enabling them to attain to
it, even in part, in any practical and
comprehensive way. He had urged them to
make a supreme effort. He would
admonish them, as the birthday of Christ
drew near, to make a sublime attempt to
overcome the weakness of the flesh.

Brother John had a pretty good idea of
what the old-fashioned Christmas season
in Logo would be like. He knew these
men, or their kind, of old. He knew
that what are called the holidays of the
other parts of the world would be the
busiest season of the year for the doctor
and the undertaker at Logo. And his
heart yearned to meet them in a new dispen-
sation and a new departure.

Christmas fell on a Sunday that year.
So in the issue of the Logo Bloomer the
next but one preceding the day Brother
John inserted this notice:

"At the First Baptist Church the pastor
will preach from the text: 'I am the
way, the truth and the life,' being practi-
cal advice as to how the life of the
Christ should be spent. The pastor has
a plan to propose for giving Logo a boom.
Come one, come all."

"JOHN WESTWORTH."

"Topknot" Sawyer, the greatest boom
editor the Southwest has ever seen or
over will see, gave this notice a prominent
place at top of column and next to read-
ing matter. This was the first time he
assigned to anything, from any quarter,
proposing a boom. But immediately fol-
lowing it was this from the Red Light:
"Three new dance girls from the Orlean-
tal of Perry. Special engagement for
Christmas Day and all Christmas week.

Hot drinks of all kinds. Everything hot, red hot.

"The 70 was everything but first; at
the bottom of the boom goes."

The heart of Brother John sank within
him. How could he bring the spirit of
Christ into any community so afflicted as
this? If Christ was to be made manifest
in the 70, the devil equally manifest in this
proclamation of the Red Light? But he
was the stuff men are made of, and the
more convinced he became that it was the
devil himself who was challenging him to a
struggle for the field, the more deter-
mined he grew to win the fight. "His
saints in all this wicked world shall con-
quer us," he said, "and the devil knows
that." He was a metaphysical buckler
through his mind as he metaphorically
buckled on his armor and went out to
do battle in the name of the Lord of
Hosts.

He would have a week's start. That
was a great thing. The sermon he had
prepared for the Sunday before Christmas
would be at least four or five days ahead
of the new dance girls and the hot drink
and all the other hot stuff promised by the
Red Light. The seed he would sow
would not fall upon stony ground. He
would have the first deal in this game
of cards. "The Prince of Peace," an ap-
parently harmless, unassuming, and
Brother John flattered himself that he
had not entirely lost the skill and dex-
terity in dealing which had characterized
his play in the gambling den, he had
seen the error of his ways. He was not
disappointed in the size of his audi-
ence. It was the largest ever assembled
in the small frame building he had erect-
ed on the corner lot he had held at the
muzzle of a Winchester for twenty-four
hours after the opening. The building
was not only filled to overflowing, but
filled with a mild air, as the winter day
filled with eager and expectant listeners.

The morning stages had brought visit-
ers from all the boom towns along the
trail. They were there from Logo, Mar-
low and Reno, from Hennessey and Pond
Creek; from every town which at that
early day of Oklahoma history regarded
Logo as a rival in the race to determine
the location of the future metropolis.

"Come here to take notes on the boom
sermon," whispered Thompson Travis to
Otis Eldridge, pointing to Colonel Miles,
of Logo, and "Pony" Sanders of Reno,
who had come early and taken front
seats. "Pears to me 'taint jist the
right sort o' play to advertise your boom
pointers ten days ahead."

The reader of this narrative is already
advised of what the "boom pointers" in
the sermon was. Brother John, in his
game with the devil, had played a card
out of his sleeve in advertising a boom
sermon. He played for a crowd, and he
had won the first point in the game. And
the crowd inspired him. He threw him-
self into his work with an eloquence,
a force and an earnestness, an ap-
pealing enthusiasm which moved his audi-
ence at his will. He dwelt upon his
hopes and fears for the Christmased.
He told of how he dreamed most the flam-
ing out of the men of wrath; how he
feared strife, contention, murder and all
uncharitableness, and how he had held
the tongue of Christ before them, hoping
that they would realize that it not only in
Guthrie, but in the flesh.

"Oh, for a week of Christ-life in Logo,"
he cried, spreading his arms above his
head.

"Oh, for only a day of that life. We
might stumble, we might fall, but if we
rose again and pressed onward we would
be doing his holy will. He who seeks
surely find, though he may be long
in the search. How many here want to
be like Christ?"

Every hand in the audience went up.
"How many will try to be like him?"
Every hand went up again.

"Then every man here will sign this
contract, to run for the rest of this year,"
said Brother John, as he took a paper out
of his pocket and read:

"We, the undersigned, this 18th day of
December, 1903, agree for the rest of this
year—

"Not to drink.
"Not to fight.
"Not to kill.
"Not to gamble.
"Not to bear firearms.
"Not to be patient and meek.
"Not to hear and tell lies.
"Not to strike out the first clause
in that contract," said Dupree Dodge.

"If that goes I fear all the rest will
follow it," said Brother John, sorrow-
fully.

"Not necessary," said Dupree. "We've
got rid of all the skunks around here, and
the men of Logo are good for their word,
drunk or sober."

which struck upon many an ear in Logo
with a most familiar sound. Soon the
horse and rider came into clearer view
and Thompson Travis pointed his
finger down the trail and said:

"That comes Lum Padgett back again."
"Damn me if 'taint," growled Otis El-
dridge. "What do you know me? I'm
the cyclone of the plains, the blizzard of
the north, the most cantankerous, most
contradictory, most independent cuss you
ever seen. I kin whip my weight in wild
cats, fist fight or gun play, I don't keer
which."

"Is they a man heer?" he asked, as he
resumed his saddle, "as wants to take
me up? I reckon not. You all kin see
you kin see 'em. I'm a man as won't be
fooled with. The best man among you
has licked my boots in fear and tremble."
Otis Eldridge got one of 'em; Thompson
Travis is another; Syl Carney is another,
and Dupree Dodge got down on his knees
once and begged me not to kill 'im. They
collected together again me at last 'an
drove me out o' here, but I've bin layin'
out to come back, and here I am.
Whoopie!"

And he fired another salute of six
rounds. A council was immediately held
by the four men who had been named
by Padgett. They met in the upstairs
room of "Old 70," the general headquar-
ters of the vigilance committee. Every
man was white to the lips.

"I guess you're for it," growled
Thompson Travis, "but we'll have to pull
our freight. We can't stay in this coun-
try if we take it."

Just then Frank Pieper pushed his
head up through the trapdoor and
shouted:

"The Arkansas traveler's comin'
back!"

The council rushed to the windows
opening to the street, and there saw that
the crowd had left the Red Light and
moved down the block to a point in front
of "Old 70," where a long-haired and lan-
guage-lashed individual, astride of a war-
ped steed, was evidently haranguing them.

"I've come back to stay as long as I
feel like it," shouted up to the windows
the council opened. "I was draw'n
heer by a hundred men on one, 'an' they
ain't none o' them men now as'll dare
to face me in battle. I don't want to
lose an honest battle, but I'm the best
known, in Arkansas, they trample at my
name. I've come back here for revenge,
and I hereby give ten days' notice to Otis
Eldridge, Frank Pieper, Ben Bruce, Syl
Carney, Dupree Dodge and Thompson
Travis to go armed, for at the end of that
time I'll begin to shoot. They're a lot
o' ornery cowards sneaks, an' I'll get
even with 'em, if I have to camp on
their trail till the judgment day."

The "Arkansas traveler" had dis-
mounted and was about to go into the
"Old 70" for refreshments, when another
volley was heard on the outskirts of town,
and a moment later, another horseman
emerged from another cloud of dust, with
a salvo of yells and artillery.

"Haitrigger Brady," said Syl Carney.
"I saved his life in Deadwood once when
the crowd was going to hang him for
shootin' a woman in a dancehouse. He's
the ornariest, dirtiest cur this side o' hell."
"Haitrigger," said the stranger, as he
stood up in his stirrups, "I'm glad to see
this welcome to a perfect stranger in your
midst. I was expectin' it, and it kinder
overpowers me like. I've been o' Logo
ever since this country opened, an' I've
come to see for myself what you've got
here. They're only one trouble 'bout me,
I'm too easy ridin', and that's how I've
come to be called 'Haitrigger.' Brady
wherever I'm known. I've got too many
notches on my stick, an' no man knows
it better'n I do, but I can't help it when
I'm ridin'. So, gentlemen, don't rile me,
we'll get along all right together."

"If you know the pledge this town's
takin'?" asked Martin Davis.

"Oh, heavens," said Haitrigger Brady,
throwing up his hands. "You don't mean
to tell me Logo's gone dry and quit drink-
in'?"

"No," said Martin, "but every man in
town's swore off fightin' an' ridin' one
another."

"Just the place I bin lookin' fer fer
years and years," said Haitrigger, "as
he dismounted. 'God must a showed me
this place heer, gentlemen, this is a place o'
rest, sweet rest, for a man of unchange-
able temper, who can't sleep o' nights fer
thinkin' o' the widows an' orphans an'
broken-hearted mothers and sisters an'
sweet hearts he's made in his anger.'"

About sundown of that day it was an-
nounced that the Holy Terror had come
into town on the Reno coach. Thompson
Travis, Ben Bruce, Allen Downer, Ben
Bruce and Syl Carney were in the 70
when Otis Eldridge threw open the door
and announced:

"Here comes the Holy Terror back
again."

The populace of Logo was by this time
thoroughly alive to the situation and acted
as a committee of escort for each distin-
guished arrival, who might be expected
under the new order of things, to visit
humiliation and disgrace upon the well-
known and recognized fighting men of the
community. So the Holy Terror turn-
ed into Main street the crowd came with
him and it actually cheered as he mounted
a dry goods box in front of the Red Light.

"Gentlemen," said the Holy Terror, "it
fills my heart with pride and joy to give
a reception as this when I come back to
Logo. I told them coyotes that tied me
to the mule that night that I'd come back
an' drink with my own men o' this town,
and I kin see 'em. I drink by myself
when I feel like it, and if any man here
don't like it he knows what he kin do.
You know me. I'm the Holy Terror, an'
I ain't callin' the Holy Terror no more."

"I've buried my dead in every State and
territory west of the Mississippi river, and
to-night the owl crows above the grave
of the last man I buried for the Holy Ter-
ror."

"Now," he continued, after pausing a
moment to note the effect of this deliv-
erance on his audience, "I want this crowd
to go with me to the 70 saloon. I will go
inside an' call for a drink by myself. That
crowd of coyotes'll be there, an' if they've
got the grit to back up what they said
they'll kill me fer comin' back here an'
violatin' what they call the social code
of this town. I may have to die, but I'll
do, gentlemen, I'll die game and filled with
bullet holes. If not, an' they take my
drinks, I'll whistle an' the crowd'll take
drinks on me."

"What was the howl and why Otis Eldridge
threw open the door of 'Old 70,' where
the 'coyotes' were assembled, with the
announcement: 'Here comes the Holy Ter-
ror back again.'"

A moment later the Holy Terror came
through the door, outside of which the
crowd stood in silent expectancy. He
gazed defiantly, nothing particularly, as
could be seen by the movement of his eyes,
the fact that none of the group bore side
arms. Then he struck a tragic air.

"'Gentlemen,' he hissed. 'Even thus am
I revenged. When you used the brute
force of numbers to drive me from this
town I said nothing, but resolved to re-
turn some day, at all hazards, and to do
as I please. It may be a law in this town
that says that no man shall be killed, but
no law was ever made that can run me,
an' that's why I'm called the Holy Ter-
ror.'"

Walking up to the bar, he called for
glass and bottle, and when these were set
out proceeded to fill the glass to the brim.
It was the most direct and insulting chal-
lenge the committee had yet received and
Thompson Travis, who was himself easily
riled, was for a reannunciation of all Chris-
tian life on the spot. He pointed toward
the Holy Terror and urged that he be
again departed.

"But you promised to do it if I come
back," said the Terror, "was to kill me, I
dare you to do it. I'll fight any one o' you
or all o' you together."

He drained his glass and whistled and
imaging the crowd to rise. To his humili-
ation before the public eyes was adding
injury to insult, and the committee
went upstairs, while the Holy Terror en-
tertained the crowd. After this things
went from bad to worse. The "rascals"
continued to pour in. All the Fal-
staffs of the plains were inquiring the
way to Logo. "Three-Hall Charlie,"
"Deadshot Dick," "The Abigger" and
"The Fox" and a virtual ring of terror
were all on hand before Christmas day
came.

That day brought the climax. "Haitr-
trigger" Brady had slapped Thompson
Travis on one cheek and demanded that he
turn the other. It was just after the
Christmas sermon, preached by Brother
John, in which he had thanked God for a
week which had tried so sorely, without
weakening, the patience, the honor and
faith of the men of Logo.

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1 inch	100	80	60	40	30	20	15	10	8	6	4	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
2 inch	200	160	120	80	60	40	30	20	15	10	8	6	4	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
3 inch	300	240	180	120	90	60	45	30	22	15	10	8	6	4	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
4 inch	400	320	240	160	120	80	60	45	33	22	15	10	8	6	4	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
5 inch	500	400	300	200	150	100	75	55	40	28	18	12	8	6	4	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
6 inch	600	480	360	240	180	120	90	65	48	32	20	14	10	7	5	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
7 inch	700	560	420	280	210	140	105	75	56	36	24	16	12	8	5	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
8 inch	800	640	480	320	240	160	120	85	64	40	26	18	12	9	6	4	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
9 inch	900	720	540	360	270	180	135	95	72	44	28	20	14	10	7	5	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
10 inch	1000	800	600	400	300	200	150	105	80	48	30	22	16	12	8	6	4	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
11 inch	1100	880	660	440	330	220	165	115	88	52	32	24	18	12	9	7	5	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
12 inch	1200	960	720	480	360	240	180	125	96	56	34	26	20	14	10	8	6	4	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
13 inch	1300	1040	780	520	390	260	195	135	104	60	36	28	22	16	12	9	7	5	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
14 inch	1400	1120	840	560	420	280	210	150	112	64	38	30	24	18	14	10	8	6	4	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
15 inch	1500	1200	900	600	450	300	225	165	120	68	40	32	26	20	16	12	10	8	6	4	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
16 inch	1600	1280	960	640	480	320	240	180	128	72	42	34	28	22	18	14	12	10	8	6	4	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
17 inch	1700	1360	1020	680	510	340	255	195	136	76	44	36	30	24	20	16	14	12	10	8	6	4	3	2	1	1	1	1	1	1
18 inch	1800	1440	1080	720	540	360	270	210	144	80	46	38	32	26	22	18	16	14	12	10	8	6	4	3	2	1	1	1	1	1
19 inch	1900	1520	1140	760	570	380	285	225	152	84	48	40	34	28	24	20	18	16	14	12	10	8	6	4	3	2	1	1	1	1
20 inch	2000	1600	1200	800	600	400	300	240	160	88	50	42	36	30	26	22	20	18	16	14	12	10	8	6	4	3	2	1	1	1
21 inch	2100	1680	1260	840	630	420	315	255	168	92	52	44	38	32	28	24	22	20	18	16	14	12	10	8	6	4	3	2	1	1
22 inch	2200	1760	1320	880	660	440	330	270	176	96	54	46	40	34	30	26	24	22	20	18	16	14	12	10	8	6	4	3	2	1
23 inch	2300	1840	1380	920	690	460	345	285	184	100	56	48	42	36	32	28	26	24	22	20	18	16	14	12	10	8	6	4	3	2
24 inch	2400	1920	1440	960	720	480	360	300	192	104	58	50	44	38	34	30	28	26	24	22	20	18	16	14	12	10	8	6	4	3
25 inch	2500	2000	1500	1000	750	500	375	315	200	108	60	52	46	40	36	32	30	28	26	24	22	20	18	16	14	12	10	8	6	4
26 inch	2600	2080	1560	1040	780	520	390	330	208	112	62	48	48	42	38	34	32	30	28	26	24	22	20	18	16	14	12	10	8	6
27 inch	2700	2160	1620	1080	810	540	345	345	216	116	64	50	50	44	40	36	34	32	30	28	26	24	22	20	18	16	14	12	10	8
28 inch	2800	2240	1680	1120	840	560	360	360	224	120	66	52	52	46	42	38	36	34	32	30	28	26	24	22	20	18	16	14	12	10
29 inch	2900	2320	1740	1160	870	580	375	375	232	124	68	54	54	48	44	40	38	36	34	32	30	28	26	24	22	20	18	16	14	12
30 inch	3000	2400	1800	1200	900	600	390	390	240	128	70	56	56	50	46	42	40	38	36	34	32	30	28	26	24	22	20	18	16	14

The high but nuisance in American theatres is completely outdone in Japan. On payment of a small fee an auditor is allowed to stand up during the performance.

Tenant farming in Great Britain is much more general than supposed by many. Out of nearly 33,000,000 acres of cultivated land in '93, nearly 28,000,000 were occupied by tenants.

Not long ago the United States Government was asked to appropriate \$1,000,000 for the suppression of the Russian thistle in the northwest. Now a South Dakota mill owner has offered \$1.50 a ton for all the thistles which may be delivered at his factory. He says it is nearly as good as coal for fuel.

One who has made a study of dyspepsia claims that in a large number of cases the disturbance is due to the use of lard. He suggests the liberal use of beef tallow to the exclusion of all pork fat as a remedy. He says a person who is fond of "grease" can saturate his food in this with no resulting digestive disorder.

The officers of the Philadelphia public library say that as this description of institution grows in age the demand for light literature decreases, there being a corresponding increase in the demand for a more substantial article. The rule of the Philadelphia library permits a reader to have two books out at one time, but only one book of fiction is allowed.

A heraldic authority in the Saturday Review cruelly says that out of the 231 worthy men who form the London Common Council, only three are legally "gentlemen." This must be a shock to the 228 who are accused of appropriating from old families, with whom they have no connection, the crests, the noble mottoes, and the complicated quarterings which they bear so proudly.

The Memphis Commercial Appeal says: The on-looker in literature may well ask himself where the humor in the New Humor comes in. Certainly the distortions in orthography have long since ceased to possess the risible element. There is nothing funny in saying "dlo" and "lat" for "the" and "that," and the man on the alert for a laugh has a right to demand that a joke shall have a point to it, and that there shall be something essentially humorous in that which is labelled humor.

Writing in Scribner's on the subject of ill-advised Sunday-school literature, Miss Agnes Repplier observes, among other things, that nothing is more unwholesome for children than dejection, which is especially pernicious when served out to young folks in their literary food. "It is, in time we admitted," she says, "even into religious fiction, some of the conscious joys of a not altogether miserable world." Miss Repplier instances the case of a little nine-year-old housemaid who was neat, capable and good-tempered, but so perpetually downcast that she threw a cloud over the spirits of all about her. Before long the cause of melancholy was discovered, in the shape of a book purporting to give the experience of a missionary in a large city. The book was made up of nine separate stories, with titles as follows: "The Infidel," "The Dying Banker," "The Drunkard's Death," "The Miser's Death," "The Hospital," "The Wanderer's Death," "The Dying Shirt Maker," "The Broken Heart," "The Destitute Poor." No wonder the little housemaid had no spirits left after tarrying in such a literary mortuary chapel as that, admits the New York Observer. Children need to have their sympathies trained, as well as their wits, but their is no sense in deluging them with the sorrows of the world. Nothing can make up to a boy or girl for the loss of its happy, exuberant childhood.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

Good, sound business judgment is one of the best collateral a bank can carry nowadays.

Lois Fuller has had many suitors, but Senator Cantor of New York seems to have won in a walk.

If the Spaniards had accepted Uncle Sam's offer of \$100,000,000 for Cuba forty or fifty years ago they would be now about \$300,000,000 better off.

A movement has been started by New York ministers to boycott the Gotham newspapers and "establish an ideal daily." This is indeed a freak country.

Just as the discovery is made that a lot of Tennessee negroes are turning white along with a scientist with the announcement that "Americans are becoming Indians." The only real Americans are Indians.

A commercial contemporary asserts that patent medicines have become devalued and prices have gone all to pieces. What else could logically be expected? A patent medicine always is a drug on the market, anyway.

A New York paper remarks that "Germany now objects to American sausages," and adds: "They are always growing over there." We can hardly blame Germany for objecting to a sausage that is continually growing.

The Treasury Department announces that a new counterfeit \$10 bill has been engraved recently. The fellows who did it probably will starve to death, for they will be unable to work off a bill of that size nowadays without exciting suspicion.

There is an old gentleman in Harrison County, Georgia, who is 80 years of age and has never ridden on a railroad train or taken a meal at any kind of public house. His son died in an adjoining town last week and he refused to attend his funeral because he would have to ride on the cars.

An extraordinary attack of conscience seized upon a young New York book-keeper the other day. He had taken from a house which he visited for good business reasons a small package, which he found to contain diamonds, and he went to Philadelphia and pawned them. But hearing that a servant had been arrested for stealing the diamonds, he returned and gave himself up to the police because he could not suffer an innocent person to be punished for his crime.

The New York Advertiser notes that the idiot who "did not know it was loaded," the fellow who "locks her load," the man in the house who she goes to visit a neighbor, and the man who thaws out sticks of dynamite in the kitchen oven are doing their parts almost daily toward removing the surplus population. It will not do to say that these persons should have read the newspapers. Most of them do. Solomon had something to say of the impossibility of removing his folly from a fool even if he be layed in a mortar.

The report comes from California that an attempt is to be made there soon to construct an alibi on a large scale. It is to be made chiefly of aluminum, is to be about 300 feet in length, and the money is to come from the sale of shares in a stock company. This will make the second California alibi of the year. The other had no difficulty in sailing in the air, for it was constructed entirely of foreshadowing imagination. It is not expected that the sailing qualities of this later craft will be any more a table or go beyond a sale of stock.

In an article in one of the New York papers on the late whiskers of John L. Sullivan, a prize fighter and absorbent of alcohol, portraits were given of the razor with which said whiskers were removed and also of the mug which held the brush and soap. To the unpracticed eye they looked almost the same as any other mug and razor, but the service to which they were dedicated gave to them a peculiar sanctity in the eyes of the editor of the newspaper. Pictures of Mrs. Astor's ash barrels and Mr. Vanderbilt's toothpicks are next to be expected.

Joseph Jefferson has taken up the cudgels against undue athletic training, which, he says, "kills off more people than it cures. The strain undermines the system, forces the heart to a task far beyond its powers, and as a result there is a collapse of the life machinery long before the appointed time." Mr. Jefferson says that he met Lawrence Barrett some years ago on a street corner in Boston, and Barrett said he was waiting for a car to take him to a gymnasium. "What's the matter with walking?" said Jefferson. "The better exercise than you will get at the gymnasium and it will save you the trouble of going there."

The New York Tribune states that Uganda, the "Pearl of Africa," is making rapidly progress toward civilization. A Parliament has been established, together with excellent police and postal systems, and the King has learned to read and write English. The credit for all this must very largely be given to Christian missionaries, who have been diligently at work there, often amid

great discouragements, for many years. The favorite Radical cry in England, "Uganda should be abandoned," which has been repeated more often than Cato's demand for the demolition of Carthage, may now well be hushed.

To find on any good map of Asia the City of Kirin, which by the new treaty is to be the junction of the Russian and Chinese railway systems, draw a line west from Vladivostok, and another northeast from Port Arthur; the junction of the two straight lines will fall near Kirin. Now draw a straight line from Kirin northwest to Irkutsk; this will show approximately the route of the Siberian Railway through Northern Manchuria. The Chinese railway running northeast from Tientsin is to be extended to Kirin, and will have a branch to Port Arthur. As Manchuria is about as big as Texas, and about the same latitude as New York, has above 3,000,000 people, and plenty of fertile soil, the coming development will be very great.

Science has discovered an infallible test of typhoid fever in what is known as "the blood test." A drop of blood taken from the lobe of the ear, or the tip of the finger of a suspected typhoid patient, and sent to the laboratory on a card, is mixed with sterilized water and a fraction of it put on a microscopical slide. To this a drop, or a portion of a drop, of pure typhoid culture is added. The slide is then put under the microscope. If the bacilli move and keep separate, there is no typhoid in the blood of the person under examination. If the bacilli cluster and stay quiet, typhoid exists, or else has existed in the system within six years, a matter which can be very easily learned from the patient himself. No febrile diseases, no malaria, or any other malady in the blood, will prevent the clustering of bacilli. The test is therefore absolute.

As illustrating the possibilities of delay that confront the person who tries to get anything done by a government department, Lord Wolseley has been instructed to go to Khartoum for a camel saddle of peculiar construction. After waiting for forty-eight hours he inquired if the saddle was ready and received the discouraging information that his request had not yet been passed. At the time was a great number of stores, upon by the inspector-general of stores, for a private, unofficial saddle, set him at work, and by next morning the desired article was delivered. Meanwhile the requisition made its slow way through mazes of red tape from one official to another, till it reached the government stores. When it did, the saddle was ordered to make twenty dollars, and many found it impossible to obtain any work whatever. At first, the photo-engravers expected light and acids to do between them all the work of making the plates. When this idea proved to be impracticable, they turned reluctantly toward tool work on the engraving benches. When this stage had been reached, the times began to brighten for the old wood-engravers, and more and more of them were employed to work over the plates after they had left the etcher's hands. Gradually, too, a higher grade of skill came into demand, and the consequence is that the incomes of engravers are on the rise. At present, in some cases, photo-engraving may be said to be used only to do the rough work of cutting out the plate. It is then handed over to a skillful engraver, and every inch of it is gone over with painstaking skill. The result is a combination of the best of the two methods, with all the light and shade and color that have been associated with wood engraving.

Joseph B. McCullagh was one of the old race of journalists, strong, determined, rudely vigorous, terribly partisan, who have made history in this country. He possessed indomitable courage and the best of the best of the race in all ages have been found essential to successful and continued leadership. He had an unequalled capacity for hard work; his persistence at the tasks he took upon himself was something formidable; his sole thought was for his newspaper and he was in affairs was more purely journalistic than that of any man of his time. To him the globe was a little thing compared with the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. He was a master of fence, knew the tierce and carrie of public discussion, and he was a perfect fighter. He had a burly build of cant and flummery and smug double dealing and was cruelly destructive of convenient pretense. In the days before "Journalistic enterprise" became a description of profligate expenditure he was a marvel of efficiency. Even in his declamation Mr. McCullagh was an important figure in American public life, a strong, commanding man, who looked upon the world coolly, loved his work and performed it with power and courage. His death is a great loss to the public life of America, but a greater loss to single-minded and intelligent journalism.

The people should be taught to be good, but it is just as important that they be also taught not to make their goodness obstructive.

FOODS IN MANY LANDS.

Nations Differ Widely in What They Like to Eat.

Tastes certainly differ vastly in the matter of foods with various nations, and so do appetites. An Italian, for instance, would be content with a piece of bread and grapes for a day's food, while an Esquimaux in the same time would demolish twenty pounds of flesh, and a Tartar perhaps even more. However, quality and not quantity is the matter of greater interest, and certainly here we have plenty of variety. The nose of the moose deer is considered a great delicacy by the New Brunswick, while the fins and tail of the shark are esteemed as specially nourishing and delicious by John Chinaman. The Celestial has also a fine taste in unchained ducks and chickens, sea slugs, fish maws, birds' nests, and many other delicacies unknown in unenlightened Europe.

In Polynesia raw sharks' flesh is much relished, and it is openly sold in the market of Havana. On the Gold Coast the negroes rank shark among such highly esteemed delicacies as alligator and hippopotamus. In our own selves reveal in turtle, and yet we decline to have anything to do with tortoise, though a very large amount of the soup in Italy and Sicily is made of the land tortoise boiled down to a strong essence. Land tortoises are also highly appreciated in some of the West Indian Islands, and in North America the eggs of the close tortoise are reckoned a great delicacy. In both North and South America the flesh and eggs of the salt water terrapin are considered a luxury. Skillfully cooked, even the hideous, scaly iguana is rendered palatable for its flesh resembles chicken with the dried skin turbot. If stewed or curried it is as good as rabbit or chicken, and the soup made from it is excellent.

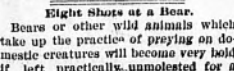
The eggs of reptiles are wonderfully good, and none are better than those of the iguana, and the land tortoise. Crocodiles, lizards, and frogs are all eaten by various people, and the first is very often excellent food, resembling veal or pork, but some kinds have a fishy flavor that is exceedingly disagreeable. Alligator tastes somewhat like sucking pig, and at Manila is sold for good prices, while the Chinese greatly value the dried skin for making the gelatinous soups to which they are so partial.—Home Notes.

Princess Tom of Alaska. Prof. L. L. Dyche of Kansas has returned from Alaska. Prof. Dyche went to Cook's inlet, and especially in search of natural history specimens. He ascended to the source of the Enik river with an organized expedition, which was a success, although the obstacles he had to overcome were appalling. He met Princess Tom, a famous Yakutat princess, wealthy beyond all other Alaskans. She has \$15,000 in \$20 gold pieces. On her right arm she wears five bracelets, each hammered out of a \$20 gold piece, and on the left arm she wears ten bracelets, each made from a \$10 gold piece. She has hundreds of blankets, sealskins, etc., and she owns a schooner and two sloops. She is 65 years old, and has just married her fifth husband, a young man of 20 years, for whom she has paid 500 blankets. The relationships are traced back through the mother's side. It is, in fact, almost a savage realization of Lytton's "Coming Race."—Baltimore American.

He Raised Them. A few nights ago a miner from the north who had lately sold a claim, had money to burn, and was in an incendiary mood, came down to Spokane to make the currency bonfire. He was Spokane, but he was hungry, and, before going to a barber shop or a bath, dropped into an up-town restaurant to get something to eat. There was but one waiter, and he, busy carrying champagne to a party at another table, paid little attention to the hard-looking miner. Finally the waiter was called away, when the miner said: "See here, kid. Do I eat?" "Sorry I can't wait on you now," was the prompt reply, "but the gentlemen there have just ordered a \$50 dinner."

"Fifty-dollar dinner be hanged. Bring me \$100 worth of ham and eggs, and be quick about it. Do I look like a guy who can be bluffed by a mess of poppajays?" He was waited upon promptly.—Spokane Review.

Bad Loss to the Queen. Society in New York will be pained to learn that the Queen is about to lose her coachman. He did not strike and he was not discharged. He was retired, with a handsome silver testimonial, but he was hungry, and, before going to a barber shop or a bath, dropped into an up-town restaurant to get something to eat. There was but one waiter, and he, busy carrying champagne to a party at another table, paid little attention to the hard-looking miner. Finally the waiter was called away, when the miner said: "See here, kid. Do I eat?" "Sorry I can't wait on you now," was the prompt reply, "but the gentlemen there have



Nobody says "yes;" everybody says "yeh."

Not Kid.
Fifth Form Boy—Please, I want a pair of gloves.
Gentleman's Outfitter—Kid gloves?
Fifth Form Boy—No, no. Gloves for grown-up people!—Come On, a

Women don't swear, because they don't have dry goods and millinery bills to pay.

of Refreshments

MODEL BAKERY
CHARLES EVIDS, Proprietor.

HOME MADE BREAD, CAKE AND PIES
ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY DELIVERED

CAMPBELL BUILDING

Central Avenue Far Hackaway & Co.

The Visibility of Colors.
It is frequently observed that as twilight comes on red objects lose their color sooner than others, finally appearing black, while other colors are still visible. When the luminosity is gradually reduced, the various colors in great measure disappear, a person with normal vision perceiving through a stage of red blindness as the intensity is diminished before he arrives at absolutely monochromatic vision. Captain W. de W. Abney shows that the curious color of a moonlight landscape is entirely accounted for by this fact. White light becomes greenish as it diminishes in intensity, and the red, blue, and yellow being reduced or absent are not reflected by surrounding objects; hence moonlight is cold, while the sunlight is warm, owing to their presence. Further, the loss of color in flowers as night draws on may be easily followed. Thus, orange colored flowers may be plainly distinguished, while the scarlet geranium appears black; green grass will be gray when yellow flowers may be just visible.

Six Miles of Elk.
Reports received at Denver from the Jackson's Hole country, Wyoming, are to the effect that in no previous winter has there been so great a number of elk gathering as this season. A conservative estimate, made by the warden of the district, fixes the number at 30,000. The game warden says: "I recently gazed upon a sight which far surpassed anything I had ever seen, and utterly astonished and amazed me. For a distance of six miles a herd of elk was stretched out. The animals had made a trail through the snow, which was packed as hard as diamond ice. I know there were 15,000 head of elk in that band."

HOW TO FIND OUT.
Fill a bottle or common water glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is positive evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.
There is comfort in the knowledge often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Sold by druggists, price fifty cents and one dollar. For a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail, mention this paper and send your full postoffice address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Joliet, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

Too Late to Hunt.
A curious light is thrown on British sport by the following advertisement which recently appeared in the Cork (Ireland) "Constitution." "Red Deer—The Carberry hunt is anxious to dispose of two red deer, which they have hunted for past two seasons; must sell, as they know the country well; no other fault. Apply Secretary of Hunt, Clonakilly."

CANDIDATE stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels. Nerve sicken, weakness or grip; 10c.

Comparatively little is known of the great and productive gold fields of Alaska.

Experi-

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills

FLORIDA VIA Savannah Line

FROM BOSTON DIRECT

FROM NEW YORK DIRECT

FROM PHILADELPHIA DIRECT

There's MONEY IN IT

OPINION OF DR. J. C. STURGEON

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

New York Directory.

PRELIMINARY PATENTS

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

Patents

A FORTUNE IN POWDERS.

Mail Robbery Case Leads to a Sensational Arrest.

The following advertisement has for several years appeared in country weekly periodicals of the East and South:

"How to win the love of any one—The method is harmless and its influence lasting. Price 10 cents. Cupid's charm free. C. A. Broten, Austin, Minn."

The returns to the advertiser from this notice have been something very handsome. In fact, he has made many thousands of dollars, gone to Europe every summer, and lived always on the fat of the land.

The arrest of Mr. Broten in Winona came about in an entirely unexpected manner. In the United States court was heard the case of Carroll Hall, of Austin, for robbing the United States mails. Broten was there as a witness for the government. Hall stole several letters that belonged to Broten, and Broten's evidence was necessary for the prosecution. It was extremely unfortunate for Broten that Hall stole his letters, for the government officials into whose hands the letters came found evidence in them that Broten was using the mails to defraud people. Further evidence was collected and presented to the United States grand jury. As he sat in court he was placed under arrest. He was arraigned and held to the next term of court upon \$1,000 bail.

Broten's method is an old one. He received thousands of replies to his advertisement and to each he sent a circular telling them to get a bottle of a concoction which he prepared and to mix it with wine, whiskey, or coffee, and the desired results would be obtained. The circular further states that if any difficulty is found in securing the stuff he would send it for \$1, or would send it in powder form so that it could be mixed with candy or put on a handkerchief.

He invariably sent the powder with printed directions, which closed by saying: "It sometimes takes two or three packages to obtain satisfactory results. Price \$1."

A curious feature is observed in the fact that nearly all the answers came from Southern States, where many still believe in charms and incantations, while the Northern people were not so easily deluded.

For the Musical Maiden.

Too much pedal in playing is worse than none at all.

Do not place books or music on the piano if it can be avoided. It tends to deaden the tone of the instrument. If you love your piano do not allow bric-a-brac to rest upon it. It is in wretched taste; besides, it is often the cause of an unpleasant rattling while the instrument is being used.

Never place your piano close against the wall. It will sound much better if drawn away from the wall. If this is not possible, allow a space of eight to twelve inches between it and the wall.

Cultivate the habit of listening to your own playing. Fine results may be obtained by playing single notes and chords very slowly, endeavoring to produce a clear and long tone without striking the keys heavily. Listen to the tone. Speed is not everything. Even in rapid passages musical effect should be most carefully studied.

While playing Mozart's compositions it is well to remember that he (Mozart) demanded of the pianist a perfect legato, ringing touch, and an unaffected style. He practiced what he preached, and his beautiful fingering was the result of a close study of Sebastian Bach and his son Emanuel. He required a quiet and steady hand, with its natural lightness, smoothness, and gliding rapidly so well developed that the passages should flow like oil. The delivery of every note, grace and accent with appropriate expression. He was opposed to over-rapidity of execution and to violations of time. "Three things," he said, and he pointed to his head, his heart, and his fingers—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Horse with a Hard Cider Drunk.

A Stamford, Conn., dispatch says: A telephone message was received at the police office yesterday afternoon, asking that a policeman be sent to Summer street, as there was a horse there acting strangely. Chief Bowman sent Policeman Kurth. He found a bay horse, owned by a Long Ridge farmer, reeling about the street like a drunken man. Now and then the horse would fall down, and, after struggling, would regain his feet and stagger off again. Just as the officer was trying to aid the animal from the street the owner appeared. An investigation showed that the horse, which had been tied to the rear of another farmer's wagon, had eaten the hay from the bottom of the wagon, and then poked the cover from a pail containing two gallons of hard cider. The cider had washed down the hay, and soon after the horse began to cut up the queer antics.

Real and Personal Property.

According to the census returns of 1890 the value of real property in New York was \$3,025,000,000; of personal, \$280,000,000. Compared with this enormous wealth, that of any Western State is insignificant. Missouri, for instance, one of the richest, has real property valued at \$553,000,000 and personal assessed at \$280,000,000. This vast difference has, among other things, probably had a share in suggesting to the Populists their familiar figure of the cow with her mouth in the West, while her milk is pouring into Eastern buckets.

A tear in your trousers will never worry you as long as you are in ignorance of it.


LOUIS C. OTT, Agent,

FOR THE

Jos. Fallert

Brewing

Co., Limited.



Hammel's Av

Cor. Cedar Place,

Hammel's Station,

Rockaway Beach

BOTTLER OF THE SUPERB AND

Standard LAGER BEER.

AUG. BELLON

Successor to T. Jameson

Carriage and Wagon Builder.

HORSE SHOEING

Special attention paid to horses with CORNS.

DIVISION AVENUE.

ED. F. J. ZIMMERMAN.

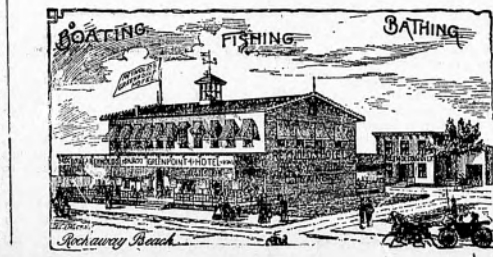
Carriage, Wagon and Sign Painter

MONOGRAMS, PICTURES, BANNERS AND SCROLLING.

OFFICES—Boulevard, near Pleasant Ave., and Washington Ave., Rockaway Beach, N. Y.

HENNE'S VIENNA BAKERY AND LUNCH ROOM

BOULEVARD, BETWEEN GROVE AND ELDERT AVENUES, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE, HAMMEL'S STATION, ROCKAWAY BEACH.



CHAS. CRABBE,

LUMBER, MOULDINGS, BRACKETS, ETC.

Pleasant Ave. and Railroad.

Near Hammel's Station, Rockaway Beach, L. I.

WEISSKOPF'S NEW GRAND REPUBLIC HOTEL.

(Formerly BACHMEER HOUSE).

HOLLYWOOD and OCEAN AVENUES, Seaside Station, ROCKAWAY BEACH, L. I.

First-Class Table. Meals Served at all hours.

SPECIAL TERMS TO BOARDERS BY THE DAY OR WEEK.

PROMPT SERVICE. CITY PRICES.

CHARLES W. KESPERT,

Formerly with ACKER, MERRILL & CONdit.

First-Class GROCERIES.

Teas, Coffees, Spices, Elgin Creamery.

MAIN STORE, BOULEVARD AND BAY VIEW AVENUE, ROCKAWAY BEACH, L. I. ARNERNE BRANCH, Boulevard and Stern Avenue.

M. J. CRONIN, GENERAL CONTRACTOR,

Dealer in Loam and Macadam.

GRADING, EXCAVATING AND SEWERAGE A SPECIALTY.

Boarding, Livery, Sale and Exchange Stable.

ARVERNE-BY-THA-SEA, ROCKAWAY BEACH N. Y.

G. R. HENDRICKSON,

PRACTICAL

Horse Shoer and Blacksmith,

FIRST-CLASS WORK A SPECIALTY.

Eldert Avenue and Boulevard, ROCKAWAY BEACH, L. I.

This image shows a vertical strip of a document page. The left side is a dark, textured binding, and the right side is a light, textured paper surface. The page is mostly blank, with some faint, illegible markings and a small, dark, irregular shape near the top center.

