through with the unit of value; that I had some other things to submit in so many words, and we did not agree to take up any one subject at any particular session, only that we would take them in a certain order and let them run until we had finished them.

Mr. Harvey—And the order was that the crime of 1873, as we call it, came next after the discussion of the unit.

Mr. Horr—I am not through with that yet.

Mr. Harvey—Well, I am, and I will go on. (Laughter.) Words are our ammunition in this debate, sixty thousand words apiece being allowed to us and if the readers think that I have neglected some side issues that Mr. Horr has introduced I want to tell them now that I do it in order to devote my part of the words in this debate to that which will do them more good than following Mr. Horr's on the side track. (Applause.) Mr. Harvey then discussed at length the act of 1873.

Mr. Horr, following on the above subject, said: "We now come to the discussion of the law which changed this Nation from a bimetallic nation to a single-standard nation, the law of 1873, which Brother Harvey kindly names a 'crime.' It has been called that as long as there is nothing novel in the name. I purpose to show during this discussion that no law has been ever passed by the American Congress which was more completely and fully understood than the law of 1873. The statement which he read to you that the scheme was concocted in London is a simple assertion upon which he cannot produce one scintilla of reputable truth, not one word. It has been a good many years since England dictated the legislation of this country. They have had trouble to do it ever since 1776. (Laughter.) They would experience as much difficulty now as they did then if they should attempt it. The law of 1873 had its origin, as all such laws have, in the brains of experts. The question of coinage, mintage, is a most intricate one. It is one of the most complicated problems with which philosophical men have ever grappled. It has been a process of development from the earliest stages of humanity down to the present time, which has given us the perfect system of money, though not perfect, as perfect as it has come to be, at this time. If anybody will read the reports of the Confederate Congress of the United States they will find that all the men who assumed to be able to discuss the matter intelligently could be counted on the fingers of my two hands."

HARVEY'S CLOSING REMARKS.

Mr. Harvey—Mr. Horr says that I have no proof that the scheme was concocted in London to demonetize silver in the United States. When I was a boy I went into a courthouse one day to hear a criminal trial and I heard a lawyer say: "When a crime is committed and you want to detect the criminal, look for the man that is benefited by the crime." (Applause.) Reasoning by induction will more invariably locate the criminal than any uncertain human testimony. Silver was demonetized in England and in England only, prior to the day it was demonetized in this country. That was where the movement started, that is another evidence. London bankers initiated the Paris conference in 1867, at which Mr. John Sherman was present, therefore, I have the right to say the conspiracy originated in London. Mr. Horr says that the science of money is hard to understand. Ever since money lenders of the world shackled the people of the world and taught the people that money was hard to understand (applause); that it is one of the difficult things, as Mr. Horr once said in his speech, "to give me a headache to think of it" (laughter), and you are not competent to study it or understand it, and as long as they can make you believe that, they have you in their power. You may study chemistry and can understand the most difficult problems of scienced chemistry, and other sciences that would make a banker's head dizzy to contemplate, yet we are told you cannot understand the simple proposition of money, that which you come into the use of every day. Mr. Horr has only taught in this debate a proposition that it is the interest of every selfish money lender in the world to advocate and he is here advocating it. (Applause.) In 1873, when this treacherous act was passed there was no specie currency in this country. During all the years from 1792 to 1861, when it was actually in use and being tested for its merit, no one proposed to demonetize either of the metals except some money lenders of Europe, who proposed it in 1854. (Applause.) But at a time, in 1873, when it was not in circulation and was not needed, the movement was begun and consummated. And as one Congressman said, when the bill was offered in Congress, "We are not using gold and silver as money, have not yet considered an act for the resumption of specie payment, and the introduction of this bill at the present time either means a trick or is a farce worthy of being caricatured by Thomas Nast."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This closed the debate for the day, and questions being in order, the first was by Mr. H. L. Bliss to Mr. Harvey, as follows: "The total coinage of silver by the Philadelphia mint up to 1873 amounted in round numbers to 105,000,000; that of all the mints to 143,000,000. You said that the treasury had changed its figures, and that you compelled it to do so. Did you not make the blunder of taking the coinage of the Philadelphia mint for the total coinage? Is it true that the treasury has changed its figures?"

Mr. Harvey—My answer is: First, that I did not say that I had forced them to change it, or to correct any mistake; and next, that the list, table of coins, from which the 105,000,000 was figured when "Coin's School" was written, was before me in a report of the Director of the Mint. I don't know now whether there were separate tables or not. Since then, in their later books, the one last out, it is all in one table and my impression was that the one "school" was calculated from one table. So that I cannot tell, Mr. Bliss, whether the mistake was made by taking the Philadelphia mint or not, but I did state the amount at 37,000,000 less silver coined before 1873 than was really coined and at the same time it was to the interest of my argument to state it at all it would stand.

The next question was by O. B. Gunn, of Kansas City: "Mr. Harvey asserts that the mints were open to the free and unlimited coinage of silver from 1792 to 1873. Jefferson closed the mints in 1806 to the coinage of the silver dollar, and only 1,300 of Mr. Harvey's dollars, or units of value, were coined up to 1840, a period of thirty-four years. Was this free and unlimited coinage of silver?"

Mr. Harvey—Mr. Jefferson did not close the mints; that could only be done by an act of Congress. Mr. Jefferson directed (the mints being open to the free coinage of all kinds of silver coin) the mint directors to the legal-tender provision, the option of the people, in fifty-cent pieces and less. It made no difference to the people who brought it whether they coined it in fifty-cent pieces or dollars—it was all money. The mints were open to free and unlimited coinage of silver, but the Director of the Mint or President might direct what kinds of coins should be coined, without interfering with the principle of law that the mints were open to free and unlimited coinage. (Applause.) The number of units coined in no way affects the substance of the unit being the measure of value. You need not coin a single unit, and yet by law the 371 quarter grains of silver could be the unit of value regulating all other coins, all compared with it in legal and commercial ratio. The act of 1873 made the gold dollar the unit, and now, by act of Sept. 15, 1889, it is unlawful to coin a gold dollar. So that we now have a unit of 23 2-10 grains of gold, and Congress has said that the mints shall not coin any of them. But, nevertheless, we have a gold standard, because the five-dollar gold pieces and ten-dollar gold pieces are coined with reference to twenty-three and two-tenths grains of gold being the unit of value. (Applause.)

Mr. Horr—The first question I have is by James Bollinger. I see he asks us both to answer it. I will answer it and then pass it to Mr. Harvey. "Why is it I have had so little silver or gold since the passage of the act of 1873?" is his question. It is impossible for me to tell unless I know how you have been behaving since 1873. (Applause.)

Mr. Harvey—My answer to it is because you have been on a gold standard. (Long-continued applause.)

AN INDIANIAN'S QUESTION.

Mr. Horr—The next question is from Mr. Motsinger, of Shoals, Ind. He asks: "Was it not right that under the so-called bimetallic laws which existed previous to 1873, when one precious metal increased in exchange value, that the debtor had, through the legal-tender provision, the option of paying in the metal which had not increased in exchange value?" It was not only proper, but perfectly natural, and the only way that a man who had any sense would pay. It was a legal right that everyone in his right mind would take advantage of.

Mr. Horr, continuing—The other question is by H. S. Taylor. He asks: "Did not Thomas Jefferson, in making report to Congress in 1806, quote the report of the Director of the Mint, to the effect that a great increase in coinage of fractional silver was made at the special request of bankers, because of the demand for fractional coin and to prevent the exportation of silver?" He did not. If anybody will show me the report that says he did, and it is authentic, I will agree to it. I have never, myself, had my attention called to it. It was not the reason that the Secretary of State, under his direction, gave for suspending the coinage of the standard silver dollar. If the small change was scarce, and the banks had requested Mr. Jefferson to stop the dollar-coinage and coin the small money because they needed that the most, I should have considered it patriotic in him to have aceded to their wishes. He did not give it to the Secretary of State as one of his reasons, but he may have had such reason—I don't know.

Mr. Horr—Question of E. D. Starr, of Cleveland: "Do you not think, in view of all that has transpired since, that it was a good thing in 1873 to have gone to a gold standard for this country?" Without any question it was the only safeguard for the people of this Nation and the business interests of this country. (Long and enthusiastic applause.)

To Mr. Harvey—Question by L. G. Bowers: "Was there a report of the Director of the Mint made that did not contain separate statements of the coinage of the Philadelphia mint, and also a summary of the coinage of all mints, and did the Director of the Mint ever make a mistake, as has been said by you?" Mr. Harvey said: "My answer is, as I understand it, the coins are reported in separate tables from the separate mints, and that in another book just issued officially from Washington we get them all combined in one table. As to mistakes being made by the Director of the Mint, mistakes are made in all official tables produced at Washington, more or less. Where you deal in so many figures it is utterly impossible. The only question is to get them as near right as possible, and where a mistake does not affect the principle that is being examined it is not regarded as a material mistake."

The further hearing of the debate was adjourned to 10 a. m. to-morrow.

Republican National League.

CHICAGO, July 17.—General E. A. McAlpin, of New York, president of the National Republican League, has directed Acting Secretary Humphrey to call a meeting of the National League's executive committee at the Great Northern Hotel, Chicago, Aug. 14, to consider:

First—A general plan for a campaign of organization and education.

Second—The election of a treasurer for the National League in place of Hon. Edward B. Harper, deceased.

Third—Designation of location for National League headquarters, at present located at Chicago, Washington, New York and Chicago are under consideration.

Fourth—To make provision for funds to carry out the plans of the committee, as may be agreed upon at this meeting.

Policy of Republican Silverites.

PORTLAND, Ore., July 17.—Gov. W. J. McConnell, of Idaho City, is en route to Yaquina bay. Speaking about the policy of the silver men, he said: "The friends of silver will not force the financial issue in the national Republican convention next year further than to secure a declaration in the platform that the nominee of the party shall sign any measure that passes Congress that not only affects the financial system of the country, but also the pensions of the soldiers of the rebellion, the building of the Nicaraguan canal, the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands and other issues of paramount interest to the country. The individual who heads the ticket is of little consequence to me as long, of course, as he is a sound protectionist."

Bay State Populists.

BOSTON, July 17.—The first delegate convention of the Massachusetts People's party was opened at noon to-day, in this city, by Chairman E. Gerry Brown, of Brockton. In his opening address he said: "Massachusetts stood twenty-second in the list of States casting Populistic votes in the last election. Massachusetts is bounded by State street on the east, Wall street on the west, and decorated throughout with national banks. The founders of the Republic, in 1776, declared political independence against bayonet rule, and July 4, 1894, the People's party wrote a financial declaration of independence against the foreign power." It was voted to make the State organization permanent, and J. P. Gardner, of Danvers, was elected president of the committee.

WEATHER BUREAU FIGURES.

Temperature Records Yesterday Morning and Last Night.

The local forecast official of the Weather Bureau furnishes the following observations taken yesterday at the places and hours named:

	7 a. m.	7 p. m.
Bismarck, N. D.	54	66
Rapid City, N. D.	66	86
Pierre, S. D.	64	..
Huron, S. D.	66	86
Yankton, S. D.	64	..
St. Vincent, Minn.	48	62
Moorhead, Minn.	48	60
Duluth, Minn.	58	68
St. Paul, Minn.	64	74
North Platte, Neb.	64	88
Valentine, Neb.	66	92
Omaha, Neb.	76	86
Des Moines, Ia.	72	80
Davenport, Ia.	70	80
Keokuk, Ia.	74	..
Concordia, Kan.	78	90
Dodge City, Kan.	76	92
Wichita, Kan.	76	88
Kansas City, Mo.	82	80
St. Louis, Mo.	82	80
Springfield, Mo.	76	84
Chicago, Ill.	70	78
Springfield, Ill.	74	74
Cairo, Ill.	80	78
Marquette, Mich.	64	62
Grand Haven, Mich.	66	70
Indianapolis, Ind.	74	80
Louisville, Ky.	76	84
Cincinnati, O.	78	88
Cleveland, O.	78	80
Parkersburg, W. Va.	78	86
Pittsburg, Pa.	74	84
Buffalo, N. Y.	76	74
New York, N. Y.	76	68
Boston, Mass.	62	..
Washington, D. C.	74	82
Charlotte, N. C.	78	86
Atlanta, Ga.	76	86
Jacksonville, Fla.	80	78
Chattanooga, Tenn.	74	..
Nashville, Tenn.	76	86
Memphis, Tenn.	76	86
Vicksburg, Miss.	80	92
Fort Smith, Ark.	80	88
Little Rock, Ark.	80	88
Oklahoma, O. T.	76	86
Amarillo, Tex.	68	86
Abilene, Tex.	76	86
Palestine, Tex.	76	88
San Antonio, Tex.	76	92
Galveston, Tex.	82	84
Shreveport, La.	80	90
New Orleans, La.	82	82
Helena, Mont.	54	64
Havre, Mont.	54	54
Cheyenne, Wyo.	58	66
Denver, Col.	62	84
Santa Fe, N. M.	60	74
Salt Lake City, U. T.	74	84

Wednesday's Local Observations.

	Bar.	Ther.	R.H.	Wind.	W'ther.	Prec.
7 a. m.	30.08	74	72	N'west.	Cloudy.	.08
7 p. m.	30.08	80	57	North.	Cloudy.	.04

Maximum temperature, 88; minimum temperature, 65.

Following is a comparative statement of the temperature and precipitation on July 17:

	Temp.	Prec.
Normal	78	.16
Mean	76	.12
Departure from normal	—2	—.04
Excess or deficiency since July 1	—53	—2.14
Excess or deficiency since Jan. 1	—257	—15.73

C. F. R. WAPPENHANS,
Local Forecast Official.

Forecast for Thursday.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—For Indiana and Ohio—Showers; cooler; westerly to northerly winds.

For Illinois—Fair; preceded by showers in northern portion; cooler.

Gale in Michigan.

DETROIT, Mich., July 17.—Dispatches from St. Joseph, Benton Harbor and other points in the fruit belt of western Michigan report a terrific gale early this morning, the wind reaching a velocity of seventy miles an hour. Many small buildings and forest and fruit trees were blown down and thousands of bushels of apples, pears and peaches blown from the trees. A heavy sea is running and much anxiety is felt for small boats.

Heavy Fall of Rain.

PEORIA, Ill., July 17.—The rainfall today was the heaviest known in forty years. In ten hours it was 3.7 inches.

Ex-Federal Officers Short.

SAULTE STE. MARIE, Mich., July 17.—A large shortage has been discovered in the books of ex-Receiver Meade and ex-Register Royce, of the United States Land Office at Marquette. Homesteaders in nearly every county of the upper peninsula are affected and many will lose their land on account of no entries of their applications or proof of claims ever having been placed on record. Many homesteaders lose the work of years.

Trial of a Student's Murderer.

TRENTON, N. J., July 17.—In the trial of John Collins, the negro, for the murder of student Ohl, of Princeton College, the defense was opened to-day by Attorney John L. Conard, who said that it would be proved that Collins's act was justifiable homicide; that Collins shot in self defense; that he was attacked by the students with palings and fired only after he had been struck. John Collins, the defendant, was put on the stand and told about meeting the students a second time, when the students said: "If we were down South we would lynch you, nigger." He said he went into the hallway to get away; that the students following him and one of them struck him with a club; that he was frightened and then fired. He did not aim at any person.

NATIONAL REGATTA.

Exciting Contests Between Amateur Oarsmen at Saratoga.

SARATOGA, N. Y., July 17.—The national regatta began to-day. The story of the day is that of several exciting contests and one record breaker and beautifully rowed race—the intermediate eights. The winning crew, the Wachusetts Boat Club, of Worcester, Mass., made the mile and a half in 7 minutes 33½ seconds, or three seconds better than the previous best record, made by the Tritons, of Newark, N. J. The wind was quite high and favored the rowers, but outside of that it was a hard fought race. The crews entered were the Wachusetts, of Worcester; the Eurekas, of Newark, and the Montrose Boat Club. For the first eighth of a mile the crews were on even terms, all rowing a forty stroke. Owing to the quarter, the Montrose eight pulled into the Eureka's water and gave them their wash, practically putting them out of the race. Up to the mile, it seemed as if the race belonged to Montrose, but after that the Wachusetts, with a clean, telling stroke, simply forced their boat, inch by inch, past their rivals, and at a mile and a quarter there was a glimpse of clear water between them. To the call of their coxswain the Montrose responded, and within twenty yards of the finish they had lapped the nose of their boat over the stern of the Wachusetts and were still crawling up. The nose of the Wachusetts had barely cleared the line when the Montrose boat touched it. The race was won by a third of a length.

In the pair-oared contest the Pennsylvania crew were the first to catch the water. The Torontos steered absolutely straight, while the Philadelphia boys were a trifle erratic. At the quarter the Pennsylvanias led slightly, and just beyond the flag the Torontos began to steer badly, while the Pennsylvanias had straightened out for the flag. At the half the Pennsylvanias were leading, but at the turn the Torontos were ahead, followed by the Pennsylvanias fourteen seconds later. At the mile and an eighth the Torontos had increased their lead slightly, and were rowing along at a sweeping thirty-eight stroke. Entering last eighth the Pennsylvania crew tried to spurt, but could not, while the Torontos increased the stroke to forty and crossed the line winners by about two and a half boat lengths. Time, 9:46.

In the intermediate four-oared event all three crews caught the water together, the winners leading slightly. Both the Winnipegs and the Excelsiors steered out of the course. At the quarter the Winnipegs led slightly, while the Metropolitans were second. At the turn the Winnipegs and Metropolitans turned together, but the former began to draw away. The Metropolitans tried to hit it up, but failed, the Winnipegs crossing the line two and a half lengths ahead, the Excelsiors several lengths behind. Time, 9:03.

The races to-morrow will begin at 3 o'clock, and will include the finals in singles, the senior eights and fours.

FAIRS IN INDIANA.

List of Dates, Places and Names of Associations and Secretaries.

July 29 to Aug. 2—Putnam county fair, Bainbridge, A. R. Allison.
July 30 to Aug. 2—Delaware district fair, Middletown, P. R. Hodson.
July 30 to Aug. 2—Ripley county fair, Osgood, W. C. Lesue.
Aug. 6 to 8—Wayne county fair, Hagerstown, F. H. Baldridge.
Aug. 12 to 16—Howard county fair, Kokomo, O. L. Moulder.
Aug. 12 to 16—Hamilton county fair, Sheridan, N. W. Cowgill.
Aug. 13 to 15—Orange Jubilee fair, Wirt Station, Thomas Watlington.
Aug. 13 to 16—Jefferson county fair, Madison, D. H. Demaree.
Aug. 13 to 16—Henry county fair, New Castle, A. D. Ogborn.
Aug. 19 to 23—Boone county fair, Lebanon, E. G. Darnell.
Aug. 19 to 23—Fairmount fair, Fairmount, J. D. Latham.
Aug. 19 to 23—Tipton county fair, Tipton, W. R. Oglesby.
Aug. 19 to 24—Spencer county fair, Rockport, C. M. Partridge.
Aug. 20 to 23—Newton county fair, Morocco, A. E. Purkey.
Aug. 20 to 23—Maxinkuckee fair, Marmont, J. H. Koontz.
Aug. 20 to 23—Delaware county fair, Muncie, M. S. Claypool.
Aug. 20 to 24—Dearborn county fair, Lawrenceburg, J. S. Dorman.
Aug. 21 to 24—Warren county fair, West Lebanon, M. A. Judy.
Aug. 26 to 30—Hancock county fair, Greenfield, Elbert Tyner.
Aug. 26 to 30—Clinton county fair, Frankfort, Joseph Heavilon.
Aug. 26 to 30—Johnson county fair, Franklin, W. S. Young.
Aug. 26 to 30—Harrison county fair, Corydon, Amos Lemon.
Aug. 26 to 30—Bridgeton union fair, Bridgeton, F. M. Miller.
Aug. 26 to 31—Oakland City fair, Oakland City, R. C. Burba.
Aug. 27 to 31—Scott county fair, Scottsburg, Joseph H. Shea.
Aug. 27 to 31—Remington fair, Remington, Jasper Guy.
Aug. 27 to 31—Grant county fair, Marion, H. G. Hamaker.
Aug. 27 to Aug. 31.—Decatur county fair, Greensburg, E. Kessing.
Aug. 28 to 31—Paoli fair, Paoli. A. W. Bruner.
Sept. 2 to 6—District fair, Boswell, Wm. H. McKnight.
Sept. 2 to 7—Tippecanoe county fair, Lafayette, Wm. M. Blackstock.
Sept. 2 to 7—Spencer county fair, Chrisney, P. C. Jolly.
Sept. 2 to 7—Sullivan county fair, Sullivan. C. H. Crowder.
Sept. 3 to 6—Washington county fair, Salem, E. W. Menaugh.
Sept. 3 to 7—Shelby county fair, Shelbyville, E. E. Stroup.
Sept. 3 to 7—Pike county fair, Petersburg, W. A. Oliphant.
Sept. 3 to 7—Warren tri-county fair, Warren, G. Fleming.
Sept. 9 to 13—Montgomery county fair, Crawfordsville, W. W. Morgan.
Sept. 9 to 13—Vigo county fair, Terre Haute, W. H. Dungan.
Sept. 9 to 13—Daviess county fair, Washington, John Downey.
Sept. 9 to 13—Vermillion district fair, Covington, W. T. Ward.
Sept. 9 to 14—Gibson county fair, Princeton, W. B. Light.
Sept. 10 to 13—Lake county fair, Crown Point, W. L. Allman.
Sept. 10 to 13—Kentland fair, Kentland, H. Strohme.
Sept. 10 to 13—Rush county fair, Rushville, W. L. King.
Sept. 10 to 14—Huntington county fair, Huntington, Adam L. Beck.
Sept. 11 to 14—District fair, Macy, Ira B. Hurst.
Sept. 16 to 20—Tri-State fair, Evansville, R. L. Akin.
Sept. 16 to 20—Cayuga fair, Cayuga, J. S. Grondyke.
Sept. 16 to 21—Indiana State fair, Indianapolis, Charles F. Kennedy.
Sept. 16 to 21—Dubois county fair, Huntingburg, D. Rentpholer.
Sept. 17 to 20—Carroll county fair, Camden. A. O. Armstrong.
Sept. 17 to 20—Lagrange county fair, Lagrange, L. M. Rowe.
Sept. 17 to 20—Agricultural and industrial fair, Plymouth, Chris Fisher.
Sept. 17 to 20—Wabash county fair, Wabash, W. E. Coate.
Sept. 17 to 20—Porter county fair, Valparaiso, E. S. Beach.
Sept. 17 to 21—Starke county fair, Knox, H. R. Koffel.
Sept. 23 to 27—Jay county fair, Portland, George W. Bergeman.
Sept. 23 to 27—Flora fair, Flora, C. E. Nobes.
Sept. 24 to 27—LaPorte county fair, LaPorte, J. Vene Dorland.
Sept. 24 to 27—Fayette county fair, Connersville, W. F. Downes.
Sept. 24 to 27—Monroe county fair, Bloomington, C. R. Worrell.
Sept. 24 to 27—Bremen fair, Bremen, Henry H. Miller.
Sept. 24 to 27—Ligonier fair, Ligonier. J. H. Hoffman.
Sept. 24 to 28—Vermillion county fair, Newport, John Richardson.
Sept. 30 to Oct. 4—Eastern Indiana fair, Kendallville, J. S. Conlogue.
Sept. 30 to Oct. 4—Southern Indiana and Northern Michigan fair, South Bend, Dixo W. Place.
Oct. 1 to 5—Bedford fair, Bedford. S. T. Zollman.
Oct. 1 to 4—Poplar Grove fair, Poplar Grove, A. D. Woods.

Policemen Arrested.

CINCINNATI, O., July 17.—Police arrested the driver of a mail wagon to-day for reckless driving. The driver was late, and was hurrying to the depot. The United States marshal afterward arrested the policemen for interfering with the United States mail, and their hearing was postponed.

Do not neglect the symptoms of impure blood. Do not disregard nature's cry for help. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and guard against serious illness and prolonged suffering.

Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels act easily yet promptly and effectively.

GOD IN THE DESERT

THE TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE WHICH CONVERTED AN UNBELIEVER.

Saved from Death by What Appeared Providential Aid—An Earthquake and Its Consequences.

San Diego (Cal.) Letter in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"If you want to convert an unbeliever," said Jim Bailey, the foreman of the day shift on the Contention, "just put him alone out here on the desert. If he will pass one summer out here—alone, mind you—and not acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Being, then will I confess my confidence in Him shaken. Out in the solitude of this 'level of gray death' one feels his littleness as nowhere else, not even in the mountains or on the ocean. The old saw that 'one is never so lonely as in a strange crowd,' is all bosh. It made a pretty line in our old Spencerian copybooks, but it has no place in practical life.

"Yes, sir," continued Jim, as he drew a blazing ironwood twig from the fire and applied it to his pipe; "yes, sir; put your Mr. Atheist out here alone for a few months and you will see a wonderful change of heart. Back in the cities he is in the midst of life, the hurry and rush of business, and realizes that he is part of that 'grand scheme of nature.' But put here he faces nature in her rawest state and his urbelief evaporates like water under the terrible heat of the sun. Here there is nothing but rocks and sun and sand and crawling things, and he realizes his insignificance as never before. You all know me and what my belief had always been up to last summer. How, when I began to cuss there wasn't a living thing in hearing but what hunted its hole. Well, last summer I was prospecting over about Old Woman's mountain, and water, you know, is terrible scarce there. I camped at Jumping Frog Tank, in Box Canyon, and prospected around the neighborhood, taking enough water on one burro to do until some time the next day.

"One night I was waked by a terrible racket. I jumped out of my blankets and there was that big burro there, Tom, braying over me and evidently nearly scared to death. His hair seemed to stand all the wrong way and his legs actually trembled. I saw he was bad scared. I knew the symptoms. Did you ever see a burro scared? Well, they're pretty near human. I had seen that burro tremble and raise a fuss whenever a lion or bear was about. But I never knew him to act the way it did then. It didn't seem to sense that anything was about; didn't look in any one direction, but kept rubbing up against me and braying and trembling. Well, sir, it kept on until I got scared. I felt like something awful was going to happen; I couldn't tell what. I was down in a deep, narrow canyon, the bottom covered with big bowlders, while above me the walls went up maybe one thousand feet. It was fearful dark in there, so I poked up the fire, but it only made the night blacker. The burro's eyes seemed about to drop out of its head, and it kept trembling and rubbing around me and a-screeching like all possessed. All at once it struck me that I wanted a more open country, and wanted it bad. It wasn't the season for cloudbursts, or I would never have camped in the bottom of that canyon, but I felt that it was either that or something else awful coming, and I didn't want it to catch me there in that canyon. I threwed the pack on old Tom, he headed down the cayuon, I caught him by the tail and away we went. Lord, how that old jack pulled me over the bowlders. We was beginning to get down where the canyon was wider and not so dark, when I heard a terrible rumbling and roaring and crashing and rocks grinding together. For a second I thought it was a cloudburst, and I was about to leave go of the jack's tail and, cut through the dark of the side of the canyon.

A TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE.

"But as quick as the thought the earth began to rise and fall, then wave from right to left. I knowed what it was then—an earthquake. The next eight or ten seconds seemed like an hour. There I stood in the dark, not knowing which way to turn, and the very mountains themselves toppling over. Great bowlders came thundering and crashing down the mountain sides all around me, some bursting to pieces as they struck the bottom, and I could hear the fragments, weighing tons maybe, whizzing by me through the air. Every instant I expected to be mashed into a shapeless mass, and all I could do was to stand there and stare into the dark. It ain't so bad if a man can see his danger and face it, but to stand still and expect death to strike you every minute and you not able to see him coming or to lift a hand in your defense, is too much, so I turned and started to run. I hadn't taken more than three steps until I fell over a dry waterfall in the canyon and rolled down between two big bowlders almost as big as a small house, and hit my head on another rock and must have stunned myself, for when I come to the earth had quit shaking, but I could hear the rocks a-rolling and crashing down the mountains, and every once in a while, from away up to the top of the cliff somewhere, bowlders as big as that shaft house there would come tumbling and grinding along, and some would hit the ones I was lying between and burst into a dozen pieces. I laid low, I tell you, for I knowed there would be two more shocks—there always is, you know—and after they passed I rested easier and began to wonder what had become of Tom, for I hadn't heard a thing from him since I let go of his tail and started for the side of the canyon. As soon as it got day I went on down the canyon and found him grazing about unhurt. Just for curiosity I went back to the place where I had camped that night, and, sir, it was buried under rocks and dirt, and right where I had been lying was a bowlder that would have mashed me flat. Tom and I finished up what water there was in the canteens and then started for camp at the tanks.

"Well, you all know what it is to be on the desert without water, and can imagine how I felt to find the tanks dry. Yes, sir, dry as a bone, and as they have been ever since; and right in the bottom of the granite tanks that had been full of water the day before was a crevice wider than your hand, that showed where the water was gone. The earthquake had done it. Well, sir, I began to get ready to get out of there pretty quick. You see, it was well along in the afternoon, and Tom and me had been without water since early in the morning, and the burros that I had left tied up near the tanks had probably been without since the day before. The nearest place where I knowed I would find water was on a flat between the Eagle and Pinto ranges, at what is known as Palin's well. You know what it is—just a deep hole in the alkali earth with about three feet of stagnant alkali water in it. From where I was it was forty miles away—forty miles of the worst part of the Mojave desert, an arid, cactus-covered stretch of hot sand and alkali. Could I cross it, was not the question. I had to cross it. It was death to stay where I was, that I knew, and while I also knew that death was lurking somewhere along that forty-mile stretch I stood a chance to fight him off and reach the water at the well. The more I thought of the distance the thirstier I got, and so I quit thinking of it and began to talk to the burros as I finished packing. We had one thing in our favor—night was coming on, and by pushing right along, I thought, we could cover the biggest part of the distance before the worst of the next day's heat—that is, if I could hold out that long.

FLEEING FOR SAFETY.

"Well, I crowded the burros right along all night. I knew the way well enough, or rather the general direction, for there is not a trail in that whole country; so, with the north star almost directly behind me, but over the right shoulder, I kept my course a little west of south. I didn't suffer much from thirst during the night, and a little after daylight I crossed the low pass between the north spur of the Palin range and the Pintos. Away down on the flat, some twelve or fifteen miles, I could see the location of the well, and the burros, too, seemed to sense where they were going, for they headed straight for it, and it didn't take no urging to get them along. It was along about the middle of the forenoon when we reached the well, and I almost crawled the last half mile. You see I had been on the move constantly since daybreak the day before, without water, too, and was about petered. You may imagine my horror to find at the bottom of the hole the bloated, distorted and decomposed body of a man lying half submerged in the greenish, scum-coated water. I learned then that there are depths of horror that cannot be sounded by human expression. Weak, nerveless and almost crazed with thirst, I could only drag myself back from the stench of that horrible pool and then lay flat on the sand and cry—yes, cry; cried like a baby. I must have laid there for an hour or more, utterly exhausted, when I was aroused by half human moans, and, raising my head, saw my burros gathered about me, their big, bloodshot eyes gazing at me in a questioning manner. I could not stand their dumb pleading, so, rousing myself, I took one of my leather buckets, and, fastening a rope to it, crawled to the edge and drew up some water from alongside the body and offered it to the mules. They smelled of it, snorted and started back as if frightened, and would not touch it. I built a fire and boiled some of it, hoping to purify it sufficiently to be able to swallow a few mouthfuls to preserve my own life. Ugh! The result was nauseating, both in taste and appearance. Then I cut small holes in one of my heavy canvas saddle-bags, filled it with sand and filtered the water half a dozen times. The mules managed to swallow a little, but it was with evident disgust. Then I filtered it again and again, and tried it myself, but could not hold it down an instant.

"For a short time I gave up in despair. The sun beat mercilessly down upon me, and the air was stagnant save for the pulsations of the fierce heat. It was then noon or after, and the burros and I had been without water since the morning of the day before, and you know what that means. I tried to think what was best to do. I knew what I ought to do—try to reach Canyon Springs, thirty-five miles south on the old Arkansas stage road—but, God! the route was a continuation of the last forty. The strongest of the burros might reach it, but I knew that I never could. Then I began to think of the old Gasconade, back there in Missouri, where I used to fish and swim when I was a boy. I could see it just as plain, cool and clear, flowing along between its high, green banks and the shady wooded heights rising beyond. I laughed aloud; why, I had only been dreaming; my suffering from thirst out on the Colorado desert was only a nightmare; to prove it I would kneel and drink from the river as of old. God! my blistered tongue only licked the hot, dry sand, and I was awakened.

GOING MAD.

"I knew then what was in store for me. I was going mad, just as That did at the bottom of the well last week or last month. Then I thought that by night I would be keeping him company down there in the slime. I screamed in my horror, and, leaping to my feet, ran wildly across the sands in another uncontrollable fit of madness. When I came to myself again an hour or two later I was out of sight of the well; the burros were nibbling at some ironwood bushes near by, having followed me in my mad race. I got up and staggered over to Tom, the saddle burro, and remember saying, 'We're all alone, boys; you and Jim Bailey, and just at the present moment he ain't worth a d— to himself or you, either, and you are not much better. We have got to stick together to get out of this, but Bailey's private opinion publicly expressed is that we ain't going to get out of it. We're in it to stay until hell—' then I caught myself, and said, 'Hold on, Bailey, there ain't no sense in talking that way; no use trying to run a bluff like you had here, because you are alone, and you know your nerves are all scorched and withered in this heat, and you can't fool yourself. Besides, if he's got any idea of doing so, such talk ain't very likely to encourage him.' I guess that was about the first time that I ever admitted that there might be a God. I remember thinking strange about it at the time, but somehow when I crawled into old Tom's saddle I felt more hopeful. I had a hazy idea of the general direction of Canyon Springs, and remember that the burros headed that way. The next thing I call to mind was the fact that I was lying flat on the sand with the burros around me. I had fallen out of the saddle. I caught hold of the stirrup strap, pulled myself up and got on again, only to tumble out a little farther on. I had another spell of digging in the sand until my fingers were raw and bleeding before I partially regained my senses. Then I got out my jackknife and a cup out of the pack and tried to crawl to that little black burro there to cut its throat for its blood. But I couldn't catch it; it kept backing away from me, and finally I pitched headlong on to the sand, and called to God for help and asked him for water; yes, sir, broke down completely, acknowledged my helplessness, and begged him to see me through a hell hole. After that everything is a blank.

"The next thing I knew I was lying on my blankets under that little mosquito tree by the spring on the bank at Canyon Springs. My head was in my saddle and down in the gulch I could see the burros browsing around. It was about an hour after sun up and I looked around expecting to see somebody in camp, somebody who had brought me there. But, sir, there was not a living soul in sight, and there was no evidence of any one having been there for two or three weeks. Alongside the saddle was one of the canvas bags. I opened it and inside was a slab of bacon, a frying pan, a hunk of dry bread and some coffee done up in a rag. I was too worn out to think much, but I remembered of having left the coffee pot back at the well, so I hunted up an old empty fruit can, made some coffee and fried some bacon, and felt better. My clothes were in rags, my hands were raw and blistered and my tongue was swollen and cracked and I had some fever, but beyond that there was not much the matter with me; that is, nothing serious. Another thing that puzzled me was that the packs were off the burros and were nowhere to be found, and I knew that I had cinched them well. After I had eated for a day or two I took the back track, hoping to find them. Well, sir, about where I had tried to kill the little black burro I found my packs all piled up nicely under an ironwood tree, the grub hanging in the branches out of the reach of coyotes and crawling things, the balance all covered with the tarpaulin and weighted down with rocks. Who done it? Ask Him, I don't know.

"I went back to the well, and, taking a long cactus stalk, poked the clothes off the body, but there was not even a scrap of paper to tell who he was. I took my shovel and filled in the well, for I didn't want some other fellow to suffer as I had, and it would be better for him to find the water gone than to see That at the bottom of the well. Yes, sir, gentlemen, Jim Bailey has experienced a change of heart and is ready to acknowledge at all times the existence of an all-seeing and merciful God."

HESSIAN FLY AND CLOVER SEED.

How to Destroy the First—Suggestions for Sowing the Second.

Purdue University Bulletin.

Owing to the prevalence and destructiveness of the Hessian fly this year, concerted efforts should be put forth to prevent a recurrence of its ravages upon the next wheat crop. In order to prevent a serious attack of "the fly" the following measures should be adopted:

1. Thoroughly burn all fly-infested wheat stubble in which there is not a stand of young clover or grass.

2. Prepare very early a border, one or two rods wide, around each field of wheat, and sow the same to wheat in August.

3. Turn this border under very late, using a jointer, following with roll and harrow, and then sow the entire field.

By taking this course many of the insects which escape the fire will be buried when the early-sown border is turned under, and the late sowing of the general crop will avoid the earlier attacks of any remaining "fly."

If these precautions are carefully and generally observed by the farmers the Hessian fly will not seriously damage the next wheat crop. United effort is necessary to be effective.

The intense drought has quite generally destroyed the spring seeding of grass and clover. Unless a "catch" of grass is secured this season, the crop rotation will be thrown out of joint, the supply of hay and pasture, next year, cut short,