THE PLAGUE HAS FULL SWAY

IN INDIA IT MUST RUN ITS COURSE UNCHECKED.

The English Find Themselves Helpless in the Face of Passive Resistance to Sanitary Measures—The Native, Both There and in Manila, Avoids Most Elementary Practices of Cleanliness.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

From England's great empire in the orient comes the disturbing news that the plague is raging there more fiercely than at any moment since its appearance seven years ago and that the British government has resigned itself to allowing the fell disease to run its course unchecked. Altho more than 2,000,000 people have perished of the plague in the Deccan since its outbreak, and the whole of India's trade and industry have been gravely affected by its ravages, the exports from Bombay, for instance, having fallen off to the extent of some 30 per cent, yet the English authorities seem to have no alternative in the matter. A mere handful in the midst of a teeming population of over 300,000,000 of natives, they find themselves helpless in the face of the more or less passive resistance of the whole people to enforce those measures which are necessary to arrest the spread of the pest. Isolation, segregation and inoculation have been in turn tried, without success, and have merely served to arouse the discontent of the natives and to damage the prestige of the government by demonstrating its powerlessness to enforce its commands. And so the authorities have resigned themselves to the inevitable, and, infected, perhaps, by the atmosphere of fatalism which prevails thruout the orient, have given up the fight against the decrees of Providence in so far as the plague is concerned.

The action of England in the matter is of profound interest to every maritime power, especially to those who, like the United States, possess colonial dependencies in the orient. For it will be necessary to increase the precautions against the pest at every foreign port doing trade with India, which now being more than ever regarded as the home of the plague, is destined to witness a still greater decline of her commerce, and consequently also of her industry than she has suffered until now. Moreover, now that the British, who are past masters in the art of dealing with orientals, and whose experience of the latter extends over a period of more than 200 years, have virtually given up the struggle of endeavoring to instill the principles of sanitation into the Asiatics, and to protect the latter from the pestilences which periodically carry off by millions the surplus population, it is probable that other colonial powers, such as Germany, France, Russia and Holland, will follow suit, and that in the Philippines Uncle Sam will abandon the hopeless task of inculcating his dusky lieges with distasteful western notions of sanitation.

It was but the other day that I was reading a letter dated from Manila, published in the New York Evening Post, a graphic account by one of the United States officials there of his own efforts and of those of his associates to arrest the spread of cholera and of other epidemic diseases by the introduction of some of the most elementary rules of hygiene—according to our western ideas. The entire letter, from the opening sentence to the last line, breathed the same spirit of absolute hopelessness that has led the British authorities in India to abandon after seven years of the most arduous warfare, all further fight against the progress and the spread of the plague. It was a letter that will have appealed to every one who, like myself, has lived in the orient, and who has learnt by experience that religion, caste, time-honored customs, the mode of life and, above all, the pronounced tendency of the Asiatic of every clime and creed, constitute insuperable obstacles to the successful application in the far east of the rules of sanitation of the occident.

Of all the vehicles of contagion there are none that play a greater role in the spread of the various epidemics than water. Yet it seems impossible to get even the most intelligent of the orientals to understand the necessity of keeping pure the water supply. High caste Hindus, who regard contact with even the very shadow of a pariah as contamination, will not hesitate to quench their thirst from the pool where the corpse of some cholera-stricken native of low degree has a few minutes previously been subjected to its last ablutions. Peasants think nothing of drawing their drinking water from the same pond that receives the drainage of their entire village, and in Damietta, prior to the British occupation of Egypt, I can recall that the intake of water for the various fountains and city reservoir was situated a few yards below the spot where the open sewers, such as they were, emptied their unsavory contents in the River Nile.

Worst of all are the porous earthenware jars and the mussacks, or goat skins, in which the water is carried. They are never cleaned or disken or the skins burst asunder thru mingled foulness and old age. The major portion of the water drunk thruout the orient is conveyed to its consumers in this fashion, and eminent scientists have shown time and again that when once the germ of some disease has secured a foothold in the slimy interior of a mussack or of an earthenware jar it will infect successive charges of water, no matter how pure the source of the latter supply.

But the latter seldom is pure, for the native water carrier, unable to understand our prejudices about the matter, in nine cases out of ten fills his jars and h is bags from the nearest tank or pool, no matter how polluted.

Then there is the question of personal cleanliness and that of the houses. One finds the most majestic of mosques and temples, the most exquisite and fairy-like of palaces thruout the east, defiled by the most filthy abominations, which apparently offend neither the olfactory nerves of the natives nor yet their sense of propriety and cleanliness. The houses of the affluent and the huts of the poor have each their own domestic heaps of offal sometimes alongside, sometimes beneath the raised floor, which are never removed, but kept ripe by daily additions and by the constant rootings of the pariah dogs, the vultures, the razor-backed hogs and the other members of the beast and bird creation that attend to scavenger duty in the orient. The markets, too, are a great breeding ground for epidemics, and in the Philippines riots were almost precipitated in various towns and villages by the insistence on the part of the American authorities that the accumulations of centuries of rotting fish, meat, vegetables and fruit matter should be carted away and destroyed, and the various market booths burnt before any further buying and selling was allowed there.

Fire is a favorite agent of purification employed by the white man in the orient, one, too, that is used with a ruthless hand, especially during the visitations of the cholera and of the plague, and has served to intensify the hatred with which, in spite of all that is said to the contrary, the foreigner is regarded by the Asiatic. Convinced that the dirty conditions of the native dwellings were responsible for much of the spread of the disease, the torch has been freely applied to them! But it has proved of no use. For experience has shown, among other places quite recently at Hongkong, that the inhabitants of the houses which had been destroyed by the health authorities had carried into their newly constructed abodes the infection of the plague by means of insects harbored on their persons and in their clothes. Fleas, in fact, are pronounced responsible for the latest outbreak of the plague in native quarters that had been carefully disinfected and pronounced wholly free from contagion.

This shows that clothes—in the case of the oriental—are almost as disastrous in the spread of disease as is water. Some natives, who invariably wear the cleanest raiment, will never wash, while others, who perform numerous daily ablutions, insist on resuming and wearing their clothes, especially those concealed from view, until they are infested with vermin and drop to pieces from old age. In the end the result is the same, and, unfortunately, the white man in the east finds himself obliged by his sense of propriety to insist upon the use of clothes, his prejudices on the score of decency manifestly predominating over sanitary considerations.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

New York Sun.

Wordsworth had just dashed off "We Are Seven."

"That may do very well for poetry," he confided, "but the real truth was that the cook wouldn't stand so many in the family."

Feeling the poet's mission was to cheer, he withheld this blighting information from the public.

Byron was piping a lay to Greece.

"What a blunder," cried his friends; "why don't you lay a pipe to oil?"

Realizing that he might have been a multimillionaire, he wept for the lost opportunity.

Virgil was singing of Arms and of the Man.

"Yes," he admitted, "it was a great mistake. It should have been of Hoofs and of the Girl."

Sadly he perceived that he had disqualified himself for the Horse Show.

PRINCE CUPID'S NAME.

Boston Post.

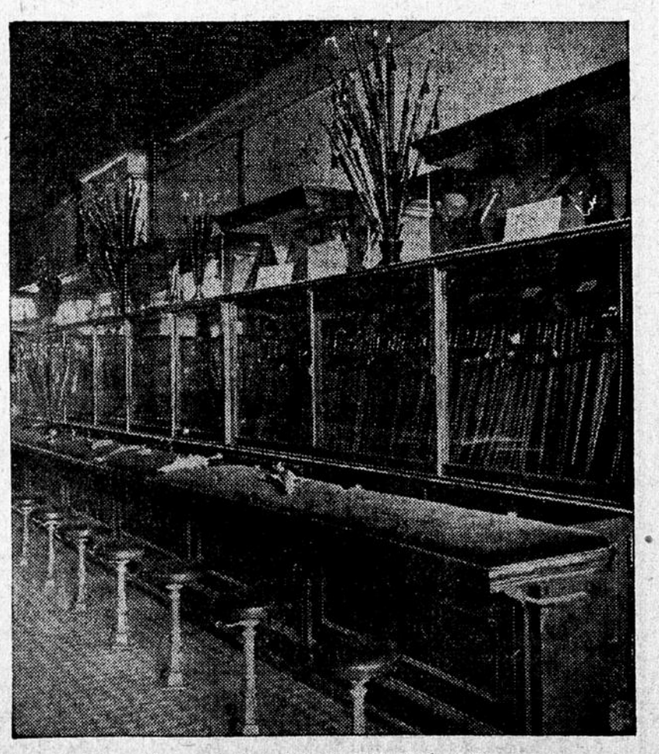
Prince Cupid, the newly elected delegate from Hawaii, had work breaking into the republican caucus. He came up to the capitol in evening clothes, expecting to be received with open arms. A doorkeeper stopped him and asked:

"What do you want?"

"I'm Prince Kalautaucale," he answered.

"Sorry, prince, but you can't go in," replied the doorkeeper. "They're pulling off a caucus."

"Prince Cupid exhibited a bunch of credentials to the doorkeeper, and, being admitted to the inner circle, returned and told the doorkeeper how to pronounce his name as a reward. Prince Cupid says the right way to pronounce his name is "Kal-e-any-o-c-la," and he ought to know.



A section of the Umbrella "half" at the Gamossi Glove Co. Store, 610 Nicollet.

JAPAN HAS LOST AN OPPORTUNITY

RUSSIA IS TOO FAR ALONG IN MANCHURIA ALREADY.

The Fortifications at Port Arthur and the Siberian Railway the Factors—Manchuria Is Already a Russian Colony and So Governed.

London Mail.

When Russia first put her foot upon Manchurian soil, shortly after Japan retired after her victories over China, the eyes of the world were turned to the orient. Since that time many changes have taken place.

Manchuria is no longer an integral part of China. It is a Russian colony with a Russian viceroy at its head, and the question of its systematized administration is only a question of time. Indeed, over three years ago when I was in Manchuria the officials, supposed to represent the "Son of Heaven," were nothing more than a lot of marionettes dancing in helpless response to Russia's pulls.

At that time, had Japan taken up a determined policy, there would have still been hopes of her being, what she should be by her geographical position, the predominating power in the far east. She, however, let her opportunity go by, and now, even if she could obtain the ascendency, the task before her is tenfold more difficult. The Great Siberian railway is no longer a dream, but an accomplished fact, thru the agency of which many legions have poured into Manchuria. There are to-day over 100,000 men in Manchuria, and more are arriving all the time.

Untried—Untaken.

Port Arthur, bristling with guns, and manned with material which has immortalized Eylau, frowns defiance at the world, and no one has yet accepted the challenge. Since the Boxer outrages this stronghold has been improved in many respects. All the machinery of Pei Yang arsenal, near Tientsin, captured by the allies in 1900, has been added to its already splendid workshops; the basin of its harbor has been deepened so that ships of all sizes can navigate it with ease; large stores of all kinds have been stacked in readiness for emergency; new barracks have been built; new guns have been mounted; new ramparts constructed; and, in fact, nothing has been left undone to make it what nature has destined it to be, one of the world's strongest fortifications. Impregnable from all points, a safe refuge for ships under all circumstances, Port Arthur would be the most important base of supplies to the Russian army in Liao Tung in time of war.

Russia's attitude is one of increasing confidence in herself. Long ere this, had the treaty between the island empires of the east and west been one of more substantial value, her movements would have meant war. If the taking of Manchuria is not the destruction of the integrity of the Chineses empire, what is it? But it is becoming more and more evident that the famous Anglo-Japanese alliance was calculated to have a stronger moral effect upon the northern Colossus than it has proved to have, and she marches on in her bloodless conquest from the occident to the orient.

The next move has already been made. Russia has her foot upon Korea. At Yongampho (Roongipu), on the south bank of the Yalu river, she has built a fort. Rumor now has it that it is a signal station. But what is a signal station at this particular point for? What does Russia wish to signal? She wishes to signal to the world that Korea, like Manchuria, is to be a part of the vast expanse of territory at the head of which rules the "Great White Czar."

The Dim Future.

The question upon all lips at the present moment is, "What is Japan going to do?" The Russian minister has informed the Waiwupu (board of foreign affairs) that Manchuria will not be evacuated. As a counter-stroke Japan informs China that she will also take territory. But what about Korea, the land whose independence cost so many Japanese lives? Is Russia again to reap the harvest? These are questions which are doubtless puzzling every one at home just as much as they are the residents on the China coast. Everybody speaks of war; nobody knows anything definitely. It is remarkable how little leaks out. In Japan the people are eager for the test, which they consider inevitable; but the government assures them time and again that there is nothing serious in the situation. There is no doubt that the latest movements—that Lloyd's refuses to insure Japanese vessels at usual rates; that no Japanese gunboat is to winter at Newchwang; that Japan has ordered large consignments of Cardiff steam coal; that the Russian fleet in the far east is being reinforced; that the families of Russian officers are requested not to come to Port Arthur yet—are all disquieting; but that is all. One thing, however, is certain—that is, Russia will not be the first to declare war. It is evident that the more time she has the more prepared she will be to receive an invading army; while on other hand, the longer Japan waits the more difficult it will be for her to dislodge her foe on the mainland.

TETANUS CONQUERED

Dread Disease Responds to Injections of Carbolic Acid Solution.

Philadelphia Record.

The recovery of 9-year-old Joseph Tracey, of Germantown avenue and Jefferson street, who lay in a critical condition in St. Mary's hospital for nearly two months suffering from tetanus, is regarded as most remarkable. The boy has responded to the antitoxin of carbolic and hypodermic injections of carbolic acid solution, and the physicians say he will be able to leave the hospital in a few days.

The lad was run over by a train on the Philadelphia & Reading railway at Girard and Germantown avenues on July 29, and several fingers were cut off the right hand and the arm was badly lacerated. He was taken to the hospital, and about two weeks later tetanus developed. For a time the boy's life was despaired of, he having had fifty-four convulsions in two hours. The physicians are jubilant over their success, as so few tetanus victims recover.

BEAT A PADLOCK

Once When a Paper of Pins Would Answer the Purpose Better.

Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A Philadelphia traveling man was on a business trip thru Alabama, and one night found himself stranded in a wretched little town with only one slipshod, miserable hotel. His "room" for the night was at the end of the hall, with a sheet hung up to screen him from view.

In the middle of the night he woke up with his head hanging out over one end of his cot and his feet over the other, while a violent draught was blowing the hanging sheet in all directions. He called for the housekeeper.

"What do you want with the housekeeper?" came from somewhere in the darkness.

"I want a paper of pins to lock my door with."

CLOSED FOR REPAIRS

The Obvious Inference When the Signs Were Read.

New York Times.

Just outside what used to be the boundary line of the city a dilapidated church stands on a picturesque country road. Up its weather-beaten sides green ivy clings tenaciously. There is a little belfry on the edifice, in which hangs the bell which summons the good people to worship. The door of the church is one of the old fashioned style—heavy black wood with metallic bands.

Over the door is a Scriptural sign: "This is the door to heaven."

Not long ago there was a sign tacked right under this, on the broad face of the big door, in big black words on a white cardboard background. Many parishioners smiled when they read:

"Closed for repairs."

SUCH A NICE GIRL, TOO

But She Had Certain Characteristics of Her Sex.

New York Press.

There are people who are fine and sincere and of noble simplicity of character, except when they are buying theater tickets. A nice little tailor-made girl, with a face like an angel and a figure too perfect to discuss, says in a soft, dreamy, trusting voice:

"I want two nice seats for the Wednesday matinee of this week."

Now, there's nothing too good for that girl. She may have whatever her heart desires, for any mortal who has been so exquisitely fashioned must of a certainty be a "darling of the gods." And if the gods see fit to indiscriminately shower their gifts on the little heathen that she is, why shouldn't a box office man emulate the example as far as lies in his power? Making the attempt, he says:

"Here, I've got two fine seats. They're just two seats from the aisle in the fourth row, center. It's really one of the best locations in the house, and as the main action occurs on this side, you can readily see the advantage of being stationed here."

The box office man wants her to take those two seats in the fourth row. He has intimated by word and tone how much he thinks of them, and he knows if she doesn't take them he'll never smile again. He'd like to tell her this and beg her to banish from her mind all thoughts of being cheated. To cheat that girl were a sacrilege—the unpardonable sin. Of course not being able to tell her these things, the perverse little heathen with the tilted nose has no method of ascertaining for herself, and, furthermore, a homely chum has warned her against the wiles and wickedness of box office men. So she says:

"I don't know what to take—these fourth row seats down stairs or the first row balcony. Which would you take if you were in my place?"

"Me?" says the box office man, flattered by the bestowal of confidence. "What seats would I take? Why, I'd take these two in the fourth row, down stairs."

"Would you, really?" she says. "You'd sooner take the fourth row down stairs? Well, then, let me see. You'd better give me the first row balcony."

ECHO ORGAN

Called an Impossible Instrument, Completed by a Builder.

Chicago Cor. New York Herald.

John J. Murdock, manager of the Masonic Temple theater, has built two organs that had time and again been declared "impossible" by old-time organ manufacturers, who based their opinions upon years of practical experience and numerous failures.

The successful results of years of endeavor are now being used in the production of a piece necessitating the use of a pipe organ which must be portable. It requires also an organ that can be made to sound as from afar off—an "echo" organ.

Organ makers, when requested by Mr. Murdock to build either of these instruments, told him it could not be done. Mr. Murdock then set to work, and after months of patient study, completed the only portable pipe organ in the world. It is in six pieces—the "big" organ weighing 2,635 pounds; three smaller pieces, each weighing 1,640 pounds; the "key" organ, weighing 1,250 pounds, and a smaller piece weighing 900 pounds.

It took Mr. Murdock three years to overcome the "impossibility" in the construction of an "echo" organ. The organ is stationed in the rear of the theater or in the balcony, and is operated from the stage by the same set of keys with which the regular pipe organ is played.

FRENCH WRITERS

Pay Great Attention to the Shades of Expression in Language.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Speaking of nice distinctions in the matter of human speech," said a man who is fond of languages, "I have often wondered why it was that the French paid more attention to the delicate shades of the difference, the nuances, as one may say, in the matter of words than other people. It has been my observation that French writers are quicker and more sensitive on this point than the writers of any other country. I suppose it is due to some extent to the fact that the French language is noted for its delicate distinctions, some of them so subtle as to challenge the closest possible scrutiny, and even then many of them are lost. Readers, you know, are dreadfully obtuse at times. Just at random I recall at the moment a couple of pretty and impressive instances from Hugo's 'Ninety-Three.' He was speaking of Tellmarch, 'the beggar,' in the first part of the story. It was after his discovery of the posted placard on the top of the hill, and at a moment when he was wandering thru the woods alone. Hugo says he as 'inattentive to everything,' and—note the distinction—'attention to nothing.' Your wise copy readers would have cut that out. Yet, is it not a pretty distinction to make? Thing over it. Speaking of Telmarch again, he said he 'heard' the noise of men; he 'listened' to the voices of birds. Isn't that a pretty idea? A man can 'hear' without 'listening' and a man can 'listen' without 'hearing.' We all know this much. But 'the beggar' simply 'heard' the noise of men, but 'listened' to the voices of birds. Even the words 'noise' and 'voices' are used almost with dramatic effect. These instances illustrate the point I have in mind, and they show how far superior the French writers are to the writers of any other tongue known to me."

BLIND MAN

Guides Himself Mainly by His Nose and Feet.

New York Mail and Express.

There is a blind man living in the heart of New York who walks nearly every day to a little restaurant near Canal street. The distance each way is from eighteen to twenty blocks, according to his route, and to see him sauntering carelessly along one would never suspect his infirmity. When some one asked him the other day how he managed to find his way so easily about the streets, he said:

"When a man has his sight, the smell of the streets is all mixed up, but when he is blind he learns to separate them. The odors of the shops when the doors are open these fine days are almost as plain to the nose as the signs used to be over the doors. Some of them you might never notice. Take a dry goods store, for instance. It smells of cloth. Iron and tin have smells of their own, and I can tell a hardware store immediately. I pass two bookstores nearly every day, and I scent them yards off by the old books. Then there are a great many other indescribable odors by which I know this place and that.

"Of course, my feet are my principal guide, and I've been over the same ground so often that I have learned every inequality by heart. But I couldn't get along with either nose or feet alone. They work together, and when one fails the other helps out. Between them they make a very good substitute for eyes.

"The secret of my stepping out is that I've learned how to step. People who can see hurl themselves forward like locomotives. That's why the shock is always so unexpectedly violent when you collide with another person. But I put no extra power whatever in my movements, and if the toe of my shoe touches some unknown object I stop stock still instantly."

WHALE FARM

Proposed by Iowa Man, Who Would Operate Big Dairy.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Iowa idea has broken out in a new form. Dr. Latta of Colfax, Iowa, wants Iowa to profit by an odd feature of the St. Louis world's fair, in the way of a whale farm, to be conducted on a water-covered pasture, the whale milk to be sold instead of the milk of cows or goats. He puts the suggestion in this way:

"My proposition is to catch fat, fresh whales, bring them up to the world's fair ground by way of the Gulf of Mexico and Mississippi river to a wet pasture, this pasture to be suitable for the maintenance and the milking of these animals. Now, in order that you may understand the commercial value of the undertaking, I will give you some figures.

"Suppose we obtain thirty whales. Each whale has, according to the encyclopedia, thirty breasts, each breast will supply eleven gallons of milk twice daily; each gallon is worth $1, so that the sum total per day would be 30x30x32, or $19,800. Each whale is good commercially for 100 days. At the end of such period the magnificent sum of $1,980,000 would stand to our credit.

"All I shall ask in addition to the right of way is that the president depose Secretary Shaw and appoint me in his stead, so that I can handle the dough myself awhile. This, in addition to my share of the profits, will compensate me."

LABOUCHERE'S WEAKNESS

Prominent Englishman Is a Cigarette Fiend of the Worst Kind.

Everybody's Magazine.

The enormously rich, Labouchere enjoys few of the ordinary pleasures that are supposed to go with riches. He eats the simplest fare, he never touches wine except when he is bullied into taking a glass or two of mild claret by medical advice, and then he swallows it as tho it were medicine. He has two weaknesses, one is his love of cigarette smoking, the other a mania for changing houses and decoration and rebuilding. He is rarely without a cigarette in his mouth, indeed, this love of smoking amounts to something like a passion. Almost every half hour, even in the midst of a fierce debate or of a great speech, Labby may be seen rising from his seat in his lazy, indolent manner; he is going to one of the smokerooms of the house to have his cigarette. It is characteristic of him that he smokes very inferior cigarettes. I asked him once what kind he smoked: "As long as there is quantity," said Labby, with his usual sardonic smile, "I really don't much care about quality."

Seamen on native river craft in China get $3 a month on seagoing Chinese vessels, $8. They furnish their own food.

RULE OF LABOR NOT SO GOOD

A CYNICAL PROPHET SAYS IT HAS MADE A MESS.

He Complains That Personal Liberty Is Getting Less and Less in Australia and New Zealand—The Minority Now Said to Be Ruling the Majority.

From the Review of Reviews.

If there is one thing about which all Australians and New Zealanders are cocksure, it is that the purest type of democracy the human race has ever known flourishes to-day beneatr Australian skies. From the eminence of that delightful conviction we look down with mild pity upon the rest of mankind who have not yet reached our level of political beatitude. The latest and most highly developed form of democratic government is that under which happy Australians and New Zealanders live. But names and things do not always agree. A name in this imperfect world is sometimes only a mask which hides a fact in utter quarrel with the name that covers it.

As a matter of sober and literal fact, personal freedom is narrowing among us until it threatens to be non-existent. We are developing what may be called a one-legged democracy. Democratic forms are employed to accomplish the most undemocratic results.

The outstanding, undeniable feature of Australian politics is that under solemnly democratic forms the inversion of all democracy is achieved. The minority rules the majority. Private freedom everywhere suffers confiscation. The present drift has only to be continued for another decade and the Australian or the New Zealander will enjoy a smaller area of personal freedom than any other human being outside of Russia.

Labor members have captured the commonwealth parliament. They have used it to write their ideas on the statute book. Their dominancy has been so absolute that, as the labor members look back, they must, like Warren Hastings, be lost in wonder at their own moderation. Sir Edmund Barton, at their bidding, put a fool's cap on the head of Australia, in the shape of the immortal clause—intended to paint not merely Australia but all the seas of the planet white—which forbids Australian letters to be carried anywhere on board a ship that employs so much as a colored cook. No one can blame the labor party for their success. They may be even complimented on their moderation. What other group of politicians, if they had the same opportunity, would not use it in the same fashion? But here is the plain fact, the paradox and scandal of sane politics, that in a house of seventy-five members a minority of twenty-three practically rules. This may be democracy; but it is of a limping and one-legged type. The few rule the many; the minority stamps its will on the majority.

And Australian legislation, filtered in this way thru labor channels, has in every detail, and at every point, the vice of its origin. It effects, tho it does not professedly aim at, the establishment of class rule; the rule of a class over the nation, of an organized minority over a disorganized majority. It legislates for the few at the cost of the many. While talking the language of freedom, it abolishes freedom. It is building up the most hateful of tyrannies, an oligarchy under the disguise of a democracy.

Mr. Siddon has promised to bring in a bill which will compel all employers to give preference to unionists as against nonunionists! The majority of registered workers, in the exercise of their freedom, refuse to join the unions; as a punishment they are to be deprived of the chance of employment! The majority, that is, are robbed by the law of their right to disagree with the minority; and democratic institutions are employed to accomplish so highly undemocratic a result!

And the bitter humor of the situation lies in the revelation this incident makes of the inner mind of the labor party about all workers not included in the unions. They feel toward them as high-class Brahmins feel toward pariahs. They are scarcely to be regarded as human beings; they may be justly denied the common privileges of civilization! A good unionist will, of course, refuse, if he can, to work with a nonunionist; he will also refuse to eat with him, to sleep under the same roof, to live in the same town with him. He feels toward him as a Spanish inquisitor felt towards heretics; nay, in the case of a fellow-unionist who departs from the faith and leaves the union, he feels as that same inquisitor might have felt toward, say, a converted Jew who had relapsed. His mood of feeling in this matter has the fervors, and sometimes employs the language, of a topsy-turvy religion. The hate of a unionist toward a free laborer outruns time. Here is the sort of poetry expended in labor organs on the "blackleg":

Oh, who would rob us of our bread,
Who cause our wives sad tears to shed,
And lay our children with the dead?—
The blackleg!

Who, when the pangs of death are near,
Is choked with hell's continual fear
Without a friend to linger near?—
The blackleg!

Who, when the end arrives at last,
And all the shame and wrong are past,
Still finds himself in hell outcast,
In memory's blacklist posted fast?—
The blackleg!

And the "blackleg," thus cursed with bell, book and candle, and pursued with hate into eternity itself, is simply a free man in a free country, who claims the most rudimentary of all liberties, the liberty of selling his labor on what terms he pleases!

FEATS OF MEMORY

Many Wonderful Instances Recorded of the Ancients.

New York Press.

Question: It it better to remember than to forget? The answer depends on the matter. Much has been said about the marvelous feats of memory performed by Senator Depew and Mayor Low in repeating off-hand, word for word, a written speech of 2,000 or 3,000 words after dinner. I take it thatthese gentlemen have said the same thing so often in post-prandial orations that it would be difficult for them to omit a word or phrase. A far more wonderful feat is that of the general delivery clerk in the postoffice, who looks for John Jarvus' mail today for the first time, and when John Jarvus puts his face at the window ten years hence will look in the same box for the same name without waiting for Mr. Jarvus to announce who he is. The memory may be cultivated to an extraordinary degree, as all are aware. Seneca, the Roman rhetorician, was able to repeat 2,000 words upon once hearing them, each in its order, tho they had no dependence of connection on each other. Pontius Latro retained in his memory all the orations he had ever spoken, without failing in even a single word. Cyneas, ambassador to the Romans from King Pyrrhus, in one day so well learned the names of his audience that the next morning he saluted the whole senate and all the populace assembled each by his name. Cyrus knew every soldier in his army by name, and Scipio had a speaking acquaintance with all the citizens of Rome. Herr von Uieublin, a celebrated German scholar, was once clerk in a bank of Copenhagen, in which capacity he gave proof of miraculous memory by restoring from recollection alone, the entire contents of a leaf in the bank ledger which had been lost by fraud or accident.

In order to secure certification of his milk by the milk commission of New Yokr city, the dairyman must have a clean cement floor stable, with whitewashed walls and abundant windows. Cows must be sponged and their tails scrubbed before each milking. White suits must be worn by attendants, bottles and utensils scalded and filled bottles kept on ice and shipped only in refrigerator cars.

STRANGE MUSEUM

Of Priceless Valuables Is the Treasury of the Sultan.

New York Commercial.

The treasury of his Ottoman majesty is one of the most remarkable sights in Constantinople. There may be seen a throne of solid gold, studded with 10,000 pearls as big as filberts; the most exquisite specimens of ancient armor, damasceped with gold and silver and gemmed with rubies, sapphires, emeralds and even diamonds, hang side by side with modern umbrellas and dressing bags, with ivory handles and fittings manufactured in the Palais Royal; there are serried ranks of bowls brimful of uncut gems and priceless fans that may have belonged to Mme. de Pompadour; clocks, big and little, by the hundreds; watches and opera glasses. Some of the most beautiful Sevres china in the world is here, sent by Louis XIV. to Sultan Mustapha; and leaning against the finest vase is a black lace parasol with a coral handle that the Empress Engenie gave to Mehri Sultana, the unfortunate wife of Abdul Aziz. In the same case is a mannikin fashioned out of a pearl as big as a pigeon's egg, with an opal for a face and a ruby as large as a hazel nut by way of a turban. In the separate chamber there is a ghastly collection of waxen effigies of "long since departed sultans."

COGHLAN'S SEARCHLIGHTS

Scared Central American Revolutionists More than Guns.

Kansas City Star.

Dr. Charles S. Elliott, a Kansas City physician, returned yesterday from Honduras, Central America, where, with several other Kansas City men, he has 15,000 acres in banana plantations. He left San Pedro, thirty miles in the interior, where the largest plantation is, Tuesday, Oct. 27. Dr. Elliott had been there nearly a year and went thru the Honduras revolution last spring. He says it is characteristic of the people of all South American and Central American republics to imagine their country is a great international power.

"They thrash each other," he said yesterday, "and firmly believe they can whip any nation on earth. The presence of American warships off the coast last spring had a very good effect. When Rear Admiral Coghlan's fleet was stationed at Puerto Cortes he took a most effective means of impressing the natives. He trained the three big searchlights of his flagship, the Olympia, upon the town and played up and down the coast with them. The reflection of the light was visible far into the interior. An American at Rio Blanco, twenty-five miles in from Puerto Cortes, said men and women fell upon their knees in prayer for deliverance from the evil one. At Tela, another coast town, Admiral Coghlan repeated the maneuver. In the morning a delegation of the townspeople was sent to ask him what their fate would be. The admiral told them to behave and he would see that no harm came to them."

A BUSINESS VIEW.

Chicago Post.

"He goes to church regularly now, I understand."

"Yes."

"And he never used to go before?"

"No."

"What's the reason?"

"In a generous moment he was induced to subscribe to the church fund, and his business training teaches him to always get the worth of his money. If they'd got a hundred dollars more from him he'd go to both morning and evening service."

MISTAKE IN THE "JONES"

And the Embarrassment that It Caused the Rector.

New York Times.

A few days following a recent uptown wedding, the officiating clergyman requested a friend to have an advertisement of the marriage inserted in the papers. The friend first ascertained the cost, and then wrote to the rector for instruction, when the dominie replied: "Put it in, Jones will pay the freight."

Now it happened that the friend had been discussing the wedding with a Mr. Jones, a near relative of the bridegroom, and, going to a telephone, called up Jones and explained the circumstances to him.

A rather astonished voice replied: "All right; put it in."

The clergyman, on meeting the friend later said: "I want to pay you for that advertisement."

"You do not owe for that. Jones paid the bill."

"What?"

"Why, did you not tell me Jones would pay?"

"Yes."

"Well, I had it charged to Jones."

"What Jones?"

"The bridegroom's brother-in-law."

For a moment the rector looked as tho he were going to have a stroke, then said: "Why, I meant that old joke, 'Jones will pay the freight,' meaning by Jones myself."

EXPLOSIVE ACTION

Of Lightning Said to Be Responsible for Damage Done.

Nature.

The following particulars of the circumstances attending a lightning flash are perhaps worth recording.

A cedar tree (deodar) fifty feet high stood at a distance considerably less than its own height from a house at Englefield Green. The lady of the house was sitting watching the storm, but in such a position that she could not see the cedar, but could see a large part of an araucaria, the common ("monkey puzzle") just outside her window, and only thirty or forty feet from the cedar. While watching this tree the lady saw, as she thought, a "rod" or "stick" of fire come crashing down thru its branches—beating them down so that she distinctly saw them rebound. This was accompanied by a fearful noise as of a thousand pistol cracks, beside which, however, the lady had an impression of hearing the branches of the araucaria beating together, and immediately afterward a cloud as of steam rose from the lawn on which the trees stood. It was found that the cedar tree had been entirely wrecked. About fifteen feet of the top was broken off, and apparently fell straight down—sticking in the ground almost vertically—close to the stump of the tree. The main portion of the trunk, to about four feet from the ground, was roughly split in two—falling right and left—One half being further burst into several pieces. There was the usual "smell of sulphur," but no sign of scorching on either of the trees.

A gentleman who saw the flash from a distance of about one-third of a mile noted that it was a straight (nonforked) flash from a cloud low down. Other observers noted flashes of a similar character during the same storm.

The cedar tree was in vigorous growth, full of sap, and well above its immediate surroundings, but there were elms and a lime tree of greater height within fifty yards of it.

The movement and the "fire" in the branches of the araucaria seems to me to suggest an electrostatic effect—a side splash rather than the mere reflection of the flash which struck the cedar. Could the beating down of the branches be explained as the result of the sudden pulse in the air? What produced the cloud of "steam?" It would be interesting to have the opinion of an authority on lightning discharges with regard to these points.

A new rifle with which the United States army is to be shortly equipped is said to have an effective range at five miles, and to be the lightest rifle ever devised.

The Only One in the World.

FIRST CASE

Of Ear Grafting on Record Proves a Complete Success.

New York World.

As a friend of Dr. Andrew L. Nelden I was permitted to view his celebrated patient, upon whom he has grafted a "living" ear from the head of a man who sold his ear for $5,000.

Except for a slight swelling and inflammation the ear had a perfectly normal appearance. So far as "fit" was concerned Dr. Nelden has copied nature with scrupulous exactness. From lobe to tip there was no indication that the tissues had shrunk, and the healthy redness of the member showed that complete circulation had been established.

Dr. Nelden removed with infinite care a silver needle which had been passed thru the side of the ear under the cuticle of the scalp to serve as a skewer in holding it in a flat, natural position, and a silver wire which had been fastened to the tip of the ear and secured over the head to prevent it from "lopping" until the increasing circulation had sufficiently strengthened the tissues.

After Dr. Nelden had removed these supports I saw the ear retain of itself a normal position. The scars of the stitches which had held the ear to the patient's head are still apparent, but Dr. Nelden says they will not be visible when the wounds heal. There was much congealed blood about the ear, as no attempt had been made to wash the wound for fear of disturbing, even in the slightest degree, the uniting tissues. Swellings were noticeable both above and immediately back of the ear, and at the side of the face just below the cheek bone. Dr. Nelden said these swelling presented no menace to the ear.

The patient still wore over the side and back of his head the plaster of paris shield which had served as a foundation for the solid plaster of paris cast which had held his head to that of the man from whom he had purchased the ear.

The patient now enjoys as good hearing as he did before he lost his ear. Dr. Nelden believes that complete circulation will exert itself in the grafted ear within a few weeks. The ear will probably be without feeling, however, as the nerves will not grow with the other tissues. Two eminent surgeons of this city viewed Dr. Nelden's patient and spoke of the work in the warmest praise.

An eminent physician, Dr. James Cantlie, asserts a statement he made some years ago that the Londoner, pure and simple, disappears after the third generation.

Two Trains Daily.

St. Paul and Minneapolis to Butte, Helena, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, via the Northern Pacific. "North Coast Limited" leaves at 10:45 a. m.; Pacific Express at 10.45 p. m. Pullman, Tourist and Dining Cars, steam heat and wide vestibules. Electric lights on the "Limited." City office, No. 19 Nicollet House block.

Doctors Agree

That it is more hygienic to sleep in a cool room under warm covers than in a warm room. With North Star woolen blankets you'll need no other heat. We are selling at our mills at a discount from 30 to 40 per cent what we call "seconds," but few people can find the flaw. North Star Woolen Mills company, 228 Second street S, Minneapolis.

The "North Coast Limited"

Of the Northern Pacific, with its close, broad vestibules, steam heat, electric lights, tourist and standard Pullman sleeping cars, modern dining cars, and observation cars, with bath, smoing-rooms, library, barber, etc., is just the train for winter travel across the continent. City office, No. 19 Nicollet House block.

C. S. Brackett Co.

Notice, Early Orders Receive Best Attention, Do Not Delay Ordering Until the Last Day Before Xmas.

Butter, Valley Creamery, best made, per ½ gal jars, $1.30.
Cheese, rich Michigan, worth 15c, per lb, 10½c.
Olives, large Queen, a bargain, per qt, 25c.
Catsup, quart bottles, 12½c.
Maple Syrup, Michigan, per gal tins, 60c.
Oranges, good size Navels, per doz, 22c.
Grape Fruit, Florida, each, 12c.
Cranberries, sound fruit, per qt, 9c.
Mixed Nuts, fresh, per lb, 15c.
Almonds, fancy shelled, per lb, 32c.
Pecans, shelled, per lb, 44c.
Ginger, crystallized, per lb, 35c.
Mixed Candy, per lb, 10c.
Bon Bons, French Cream, 5-lb boxes, $1.30.
Raisins, good table quality, 5-lb boxes, 44c.
Plum Pudding, G. & D., 1-lb can, 22c.
Asparagus Tips, per can, 23c.
Corn, Meat, Oneida Community, worth 15c, per can, 11c.
Peas, best French, regular 25c, per can, 19c.
Mushrooms, extra choice, per can, 20c.
Marmalade, genuine imported, per jar, 18c.
Maraschino Cherries, large size, per bottle, 70c.
Port Wine, absolutely pure, quart bottles, 35c; per gal, $1.
Sauternes, Chateau Yquem, a famous Christmas wine, per bottle, 58c.
Cocktails, home-made, Manhattan, 78c.
Malt Extract, a wonderful tonic, per doz, $1.18.

FANCY TURKEYS, CHICKENS, DUCKS AND GEESE.

Standard Oysters, per qt, 29c.
7 lbs Spring Lamb Stew for 25c.
Lamb Steak, per lb, 9c.
Pork Loin Roasts, per lb, 8c.
Little Pig Sausage, per lb, 10c.
Pork Tenderloins, per lb, 18c.
Veal Roasts, per lb, 10c to 12c.
Frankford Sausage, per pkg, 13c.

Xmas Candies

We have an immense assortment of the purest sweets, prepared for our big Christmas trade. Finest line of

Chocolates and Bon Bons

in fancy baskets, boxes and imported novelty packages. All kinds of

Mixed Candies, Nuts, Candy Canes, Beads, and Christmas Tree Ornaments.

Everything to delight the little ones. It is the immense business that we do that enables us to sell at prices far below other dealers.

Remember—Come early and bu