

#### Water at Last.

In McClure's Magazine there is an interesting account of Dr. Sven Hedin, a young Swedish traveler, who has been doing some remarkable work in Asia, in an attempt to cross the hitherto unexplored Takla-Makan desert. His party entered the desert April 10, 1895. The water gave out, the camels died, and one by one all the servants succumbed. "I went on alone," says Dr. Hedin. "The forest was very dense and the night black. I had eaten almost nothing for ten days; I had drunk nothing for five. I crossed the forest crawling on all fours, tottering from tree to tree. I carried the haft of the spade as a crutch. At last I came to an open space. The forest ended like a devastated plain. This was a river bed. It was quite dry. There was not a drop of water. "I went on. I meant to live. I would find water. I was very weak, but I crawled on all fours and at last I crossed the river bed. It was three kilometers wide. Then, as I reached the right bank of the river, I heard the sound of a duck lifting and the noise of splashing water. I crawled in that direction and found a large pool of clear, fresh water. "I thanked God first, and then I felt my pulse. I wanted to see the effect that drinking would have on it. It was at 48. "Then I drank. I drank fearfully. I drank and drank and drank. It was a lovely feeling. I felt my blood liquefying. It began to run in my veins; my pores opened. My pulse went up at once to 53. I felt quite fresh and living." Undaunted by his first terrible experience, Dr. Hedin crossed the desert again from south to north, and was rewarded by the discovery of a "very old town."

#### The Wrong Leg.

There is an enterprising Liverpool tailor who has never been known to acknowledge that he didn't have anything a possible customer might ask for. One day a customer entered the shop and asked if he had any trousers made especially for one legged men. "Certainly," replied the merchant. "What kind do you want?" "Dress trousers," said the man. "The best you've got." Hurrying into the rear of the store, the enterprising merchant snatched up a pair of trousers and snipped off the right leg with a pair of scissors. Hastily turning under the edges, he presented them to the customer. "That's the kind I want. What's the price?" "One guinea." "Well, give me a pair with the left leg off." A month later the merchant was pronounced convalescent and on the high road to recovery.—Pearson's Weekly.

#### Lucky Mr. Walter!

David Walter, a farmer living near Lititz, was the victim of a unique surprise the other day. It was the thirty-eighth anniversary of his birth, and Mrs. Walter invited about 50 friends and relatives to participate in a celebration of the event. Shortly before dinner a handsome carriage was presented to Mr. Walter. Under his plate at the table was a fine gold watch. Leaving the table, Mr. Walter was invited to the yard and a herd of ten Holstein cows was driven up and presented to him. This was followed by the appearance of two young ladies dressed in pink, who carried a tray on which were piled gold and silver to the amount of \$8,000. This, too, was presented to the happy man. Everything was the gift of Mr. Walter's wife, who by industry and frugality in their 15 years of married life had saved the money without the knowledge of her husband.—Philadelphia Times.

#### Spain's Popular Beverage.

"Horchata de chufa," is the singular name of the most popular drink in Madrid. This is made from a nut called "chufa," yielding a milky liquid when reduced to a pulp. This is diluted with water, and forms a most cooling and refreshing drink. However, it is an acquired taste. Very few like it at the first trial. The horchata may be made from different kinds of nuts. The almond is used also. Strange to relate, the horchata de chufa is always sold where matting is kept for sale, so that when you spy a roll of the latter outside the store door, it is a sufficient indication that in that particular place you may procure a glass of the horchata. In spite of inquiries, I was unable to discover the origin of the singular combination of articles on sale.—Truth.

#### Why Sigsbee Turned Scuttler.

On another occasion Captain Sigsbee deliberately sank his ship to save her from a still worse fate. He was in command of the coast survey steamer Blake and was anchored in a West Indian port when a hurricane came up, and in the heavy sea the ship's anchors began to drag. She was drifting to utter and inevitable destruction on a reef. Where she lay there was a soft, sandy bottom. The captain ordered her scuttled, and down she went. Later she was pumped out and raised—an expensive operation, but far less costly than building a new ship.—Munsey's Magazine.

#### Papa's First.

"Talk about bright babies!" exclaimed the proud father. "Talk about children who are going to be big men some day!" "But isn't it rather early to prophesy? He can't talk yet." "Can't talk! Just listen to him! Of course he doesn't say anything, but that's the beauty of it. He's a natural born filibuster!"—Washington Star.

#### Odd Name For a Mile.

A Burman mile is about equal in length to two English miles. The word for "mile" in Burmese means "to sit" and a mile is the distance that a man goes before he considers it necessary to sit down.

#### A Painter's Conscience.

In the course of some reminiscences of Sir Edward Burne-Jones a correspondent of The Westminster Gazette remarks: Those who are not "offended" by the paradoxes of Charles Lamb would have delighted in Burne-Jones' play of humor and imagination. Let me justify my reference to Charles Lamb. I once returned to Burne-Jones some books which he had lent me 30 years before, writing to him to the effect that if it was base to keep borrowed books so long it was heroic to return them after such long possession as might well breed the sense of ownership. In reply he said: "The return of those books has simply staggered me. It has also pained me, for it seems to raise the standard of morality in these matters and perhaps to sting the susceptible consciences of book borrowers. I have many borrowed books on my shelves. I would rather the owners should die than that I should have to think about these things and return them. I have two costly volumes that were lent to me before that little incident of ours, which, you may remember, was in Red Lion square. I hope the owner is no more, for I simply will not give them up. And you have made me uneasy and have helped to turn an amiable rascal into a confirmed villain. Your affectionate NED."

#### Slang Puzzled Him.

Edouard Remenyi, the great violinist, used to say that some of the hardest studying he ever did in his life began after an experience he had in Detroit. "On my first tour of this country," he delighted in telling, "I worked unceasingly to acquire a knowledge of the language and got on fairly well. But the slang that I found so prevalent baffled me more than anything else. I gave a performance in Detroit one night and met with a reception that warmed my heart toward her people. Among other things, this appeared in one of the papers next morning: 'Here an ugly, little, bowlegged chap, whose clothes hung loosely about his ungainly person, waddled to the footlights. But, sakes alive, how he did play the fiddle!' 'Now, I couldn't make out what that 'sakes alive' meant, so I timidly approached a gentlemanly citizen, told him of my inability to grasp the meaning of the slang, and asked him if the expression was intended to be complimentary. "He kindly read it and replied, 'Well, I should snicker.' "I was more bewildered than ever, and from that time on made the study of slang one of my chief occupations."—Detroit Free Press.

#### A Forgetful Bishop.

An English bishop, noted for the shortness of his memory, was one day waiting at a station for a train. Being in good time, his lordship was indulging in a solitary trot up and down the platform. While thus engaged, he came in contact with a young officer whose face seemed familiar to him. Meeting him again, he said "Good morning." At the next encounter the bishop stopped, saying, "How is your father?" The gallant soldier replied, "He has been dead for many years." The bishop tried again with the query, "How is your mother?" "Well," said the officer, smiling, "I think she must be all right, or you would have heard had she been indisposed." The bishop walked away, but his curiosity was greatly aroused. Seeing the station master, he at once asked him if he could enlighten him as to who the young officer was with whom he had been conversing. "Oh," replied the station master, "why, your lordship, that's the Duke of Connaught."—Household Words.

#### A Brave Briton.

When the attack was made on Sidon, during the war with Syria, it became necessary for the British troops to advance across a long, unprotected bridge, in the face of a battery of six guns, which completely commanded the approach. The men were unwilling to expose themselves to certain death, when Arthur Cumming, carefully dressed in full uniform, stepped forward to the middle of the bridge. It was immediately swept by the fire of the battery. When the smoke had rolled away, there stood Cumming intact, carefully brushing the dust from his boots, after which he stood erect, fixed a single glass in his eye and looked back at the men. This was too much, and they captured that bridge and battery with a whoop.

#### His Compliment.

A few weeks back a wedding breakfast was given by a substantial farmer blessed with five daughters, the eldest of whom was the bride. A neighbor, a young farmer, who was honored with an invitation, thinking no doubt that he ought to say something complimentary upon the event, addressed the bridegroom thus: "Well, you have got the pick of the batch." The faces of the four unmarried ones were a study.—London Fun.

#### The Sapper and the Sentry.

While stationed at Gibraltar I overheard, says a "regiment" story teller, the following colloquy between an infantryman doing sentry go and a sapper out with his sweetheart: Sentry (who sees sapper coming)—Hah! Who goes there? Sapper (trying to look big)—Engineer and his lady. Sentry—Advance, sapper and servant girl. All's well.—London Globe.

#### Drenching Her Conceit.

Helen—He thinks the world of me. And such nice things he says of me! He said last evening that I was a dream. Harriet—A dream may be beautiful when one is under its influence, but one forgets a dream so quickly when one wakes up, you know.—Boston Transcript

#### Siberian Prisons.

The Rev. Dr. Lansdell publicly stated, after a thorough visit to Siberia, that should he ever have to change from clerical to convict life, he would choose Siberia and not Millbank or any other English prison, as the scene of labor. I have no hesitancy to say that personally I prefer prison life in Siberia to Sing Sing, and to set the stamp of my approval upon the prison, following the kindly invitations of the chief of police. I was about to transfer my baggage from the hotel of the rich Chinaman to the jail. However, though the prison tempted me by its superior comfort, better food and bathtubs, I had to give up the project. Interesting things were to be seen in the town and upon the great river every minute of the day, so I remained with Tai Phoon-Tai, only visiting the prison for my tub every day. As upon my first visit I was always allowed to walk about the place and visit all the prisoners, and I saw nothing to change my opinion of the cleanliness and the humane condition under which they lived.—Stephen Bonsal in Harper's Magazine.

#### A Marvelous Time Measurer.

As illustrating the triumphs of modern science in the construction of instruments of precision The Scientific American instances a chronograph for recording infinitesimal intervals of time, such as a millionth of a second or less, which is stated to have been used to record autographically the compression by a blow of a cylindrical piece of copper. In one case a 33 pound weight fell 15 inches and produced a permanent compression of .1658 inch in a copper cylinder, the time consumed in producing this compression being .0030317 of a second. The machine produces by means of photography a curve showing the precise progress of this compression. The chronograph which reaches such remarkable results consists of a rotating cylinder, with a surface velocity of 100 feet a second, on which is photographed a pencil of light, which is passed through a hole in the end of a rapidly vibrating tuning fork. The delicacy of this instrument is far greater than that of the ordinary tuning fork chronograph recording on a surface blackened by smoke.

#### Hotel Clocks Always Truthful.

"When I am traveling, I never put the slightest confidence in a household clock," writes Robert J. Burdette of "Tongueless Liars," in The Ladies' Home Journal. "A hotel clock I can depend upon. There are too many watches in a hotel—good watches, watches whose absolute correctness means money to the commercial men who regulate the traveling life of this country. A lying clock would be spotted in a quarter of a second, and the unhappy clerk scourged with pitiless sarcasms therefor. In the course of my wanderings up and down this part of the globe I missed a few trains and lecture engagements by depending upon clocks in the homes of my friends. Having thus paid for my lesson, \$15,000 or \$20,000, I think, by my own computation of the value of my lectures (set ahead a little bit, you know, it may be a trifle fast. I haven't time to look up the exact figures,) I withdrew all my trust from mantel clocks, especially the highly ornamented marble and gilt varieties with silver bells or cathedral chimies."

#### Nicely Caught.

A few evenings ago a gentleman stepped from a train at one of the London stations, when a young lady skipped up to him, throw her arms rapturously about his neck and kissed him many times, saying: "Oh, papa, I'm so glad you have come!" The old gentleman threw both arms around her and held her firmly to his breast. Soon she looked up into his face, and horror stood in her eye. "Oh, my, you're not my papa!" she said, trying to free herself from his embrace. "Yes, I am," insisted the old gentleman, holding her tightly. "You are my long lost daughter, and I am going to keep you in my arms till I get a policeman." When the officer came, he found the old gentleman's diamond pin in the girl's hand.—Pearson's Weekly.

#### Looking Backward.

The titles of the king of Spain suggest a large part of the history of the world. He is king of Jerusalem, which is Turkish; of Navarre, which is French; of Gibraltar, which is British, and of the East and West Indies, which are largely British; duke of Brabant and count of Flanders, now the two independent kingdoms of Holland and Belgium, and sovereign of numerous other lands long since independent or under the undisputed sway of other powers. He bears upon his person indeed an epitome of the glory and the fall of Spain.

#### The Scholar.

Dr. Evans, a witty member of the parliament at Melbourne, was an old man, and the other members jokingly spoke of him as belonging to the era of Queen Anne. Once, while making a speech, he referred to Queen Anne and was greeted with cries of "Did you know her?" "What was she like?" "Yes, sir," retorted the doctor, "I did know her. The scholar is contemporary with all time."

According to an old French saying, "A man's character is like his shadow, which sometimes follows and sometimes precedes him, and which is occasionally longer, occasionally shorter than he is." Brazil produces on the average 300,000 tons of coffee per annum—that is, about four-fifths of the whole amount consumed in the world.

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5th best Bull, any bred, 2 yrs and over 5 00	1st best Cow, any bred, 3 yrs & over 5 00
2d best Cow, any bred, 3 yrs and over 5 00	3d best Cow, any bred, 3 yrs & over 5 00
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3d best Boar, any breed, any age..... 5 00	3d best Sow, any breed, any age..... 5 00
4th best Boar, any breed, any age..... 5 00	4th best Sow, any breed, any age..... 5 00
5th best Boar, any breed, any age..... 5 00	5th best Sow, any breed, any age..... 5 00

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1. 2:18 Class, Pacing..... \$150 00
2. 2:20 Class, Trotting..... 150 00
3. Double Drivers, county horses, 1/2 mile, best 2 in 3..... 15 00
4. Single " " " " " " " " 2 in 3..... 15 00

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

5. 2:29 Class, Pacing..... \$150 00
6. 2:29 Class Trotting..... 150 00
7. Running, 1/2 mile, 3 in 5..... 50 00

FRIDAY, SEPT. 23.

8. 2:50 Class, Trotting..... \$150 00
9. Free for All Trotting and Pacing..... 200 00
10. Running, 1 mile, 2 in 3..... 75 00
11. Running, County Horses, 1-2 mile, 2 in 3..... 15 00

Entries close September 16, except running and county races, which close September 21st, the first day of the Fair.

## REMEMBER THE DATES, SEPT. 20-23.

For further particulars, or information as to the Fair, call on or address

# C. C. KEMMING, Sec'y.

## DENISON, IOWA.