

AN EXCITING CHASE.

A CANOE RACE IN WHICH A HUMAN LIFE WAS THE STAKE.

The Adventure of a Missionary in the Kongo Country and How He Saved a Native From Being Cooked and Eaten by the Cannibals.

The stories that missionaries send home often throw a vivid light upon the dark and savage conditions that encompass them.

Early one Sunday morning, as the missionary and his wife were preparing for the duties of the day, they heard a shout from the lake.

These were the names by which the missionary and his wife are known to the natives. The old fellow called them again and again, till he saw the white man and his wife standing on the beach.

The missionary understood the situation at once. The place is not more than a day's travel from the mouth of the great Mobangi tributary of the Kongo.

Explorers have often told of the canoes sent out from these tribes to the districts a little south of the Kongo for another purpose than to buy slaves or steal men to carry away to their homes for their cannibal feasts.

At a word from the white man a half dozen young blacks launched a canoe in the lake and plied their paddles with all their might.

There were six of the pursuers and only four of the fugitive canoeemen. The chasing party had a larger sum total of muscle, and this advantage began to tell.

The cannibals jumped out and three of them made their escape into the woods, carrying with them a considerable quantity of brass wire, the form of money they use in buying slaves.

They had brass wire, they shouted, and how much did the white man want in exchange for their friend.

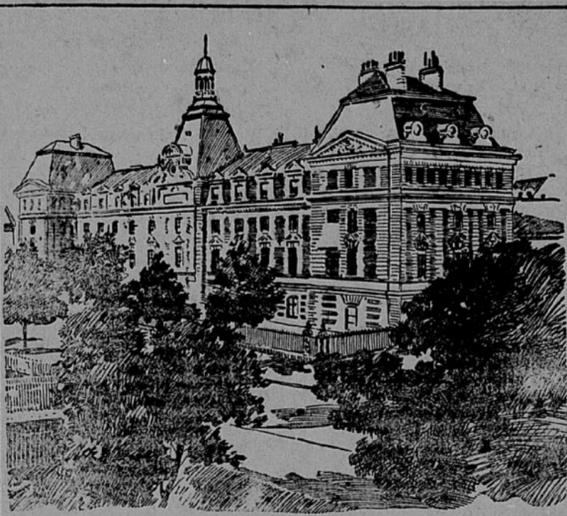
The wire was worth only \$4, but the missionary says this was enough to keep the old man in food for over nine months, and the fair inference is that the cost of living on the upper Kongo has been reduced to a bedrock basis.

The Kongo state is rigorously suppressing cannibalism as far as its influence extends, and therefore the natives who indulge in the practice no longer dare, in accordance with their former custom, to send large expeditions out to buy slaves.

Prevalence of the Lying Habit. Did you ever count up how many times in the course of a day you tell a lie even though you consider yourself a truthful person?

The cemeteries around London cover 2,000 acres, and the land they occupy represents a capital of \$100,000,000.

The smallest known insect, a parasite of the lizard, is but one-ninetieth of an inch in length.



THE LYCEE AT RENNES.

The Lycee (high school) at Rennes is a fine building of the Renaissance school of architecture.

IF.

"If I were a man," the woman said, "I'd make my mark ere I was dead; I'd lead the world with a battle cry, And I'd be famous ere I should die— If I were a man."

"If I were a youth," the old man cried, "I'd seize all chances, I'd go with the tide; I'd win my way to the highest place, And stick to honor and seek his grace— If I were a youth."

"If I were rich," the poor man thought, "I'd give my all for the poor's support; I'd open my door, and I'd open my heart, And goodness and I would never part— If I were rich."

And lo, if all these ifs came true, The woman a man, the man a youth, The poor man rich—then all in truth, This world would be, when we got through, Just as it is!

—James Oppenheim in New York Sun.

A WOMAN'S VETO.

Why a Certain Naval Appointment Was Never Confirmed.

An incident which occurred during the first Cleveland administration illustrates the good feeling existing between the newspaper men and the chief of the bureau of naval construction.

Calling the correspondent by his first name, the chief said: "Look here, Blank, I want you to do something for me. Mr. —'s appointment to a place in this department, after being fought through two congresses, has prevailed."

The correspondent replied, "I think I know a way." He left the building and went for Miss —, who was at that time doing Washington society for the Associated Press.

Miss — obtained an audience with Mrs. Cleveland and told what she came for. Mrs. Cleveland went to the president's desk and singled out a paper with the remark, "There, I guess that is the one you mean."

In the course of his work the president came to the paper and then, in a surprised tone, said to Secretary Lamont, "Dan, do you know anything about this appointment?"

"Well," said the president, "Frances has evidently turned this down for a purpose. I guess it's all right." And the official signature was not attached.

Eccentric Balzac.

A correspondent of literature sends an interesting anecdote of Balzac to that journal: Leon Gozlan used to relate how he met Balzac one day on the Boulevard des Capucines "dying with hunger."

"How much do I owe you?" asked Balzac.

"Nothing, M. Balzac," said the English girl firmly.

When a man is tired, he stretches his arms and legs and yawns. Birds and animals, so far as possible, follow his example.

Some musicians get along on their cheek, but the cornist depends on his lips.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The average walking pace of a healthy man or woman is said to be 75 steps a minute.

THE HORSE COLORER.

In Race Track Parlance He is a "Ringer Preparer."

"See that man who just went out?" asked a blacksmith, referring to a middle aged man who had left the shop a moment before.

"Well, he's the greatest horse colorer in the country and the only man who has got the business down to perfection."

"A horse colorer? What kind of a profession is that? Never heard of it before."

"Well, the business ain't generally known to the public, but nowadays the horse colorer is the whole thing in racing circles. For some time there has been an opening for a clever horse colorer, and the man who just went out has made a good many thousand dollars during the past few years working around race tracks."

"Of course, you know that the outlawing rules on the race track are pretty strict, and it has become very difficult to start a 'ringer' on any track. A 'ringer,' you know, is a good horse made to appear like an old stake, so that he can be entered in the slower races."

"This professional colorer is nothing more nor less than a 'ringer preparer,' and he's got the slickest methods you can imagine. He can take a bay mare into his barn and within 24 hours bring her out as white as snow or jet black, just as you please. The old fashioned way of coloring horses was done by a liberal use of paint, but I've known it to go pretty hard with owners when their colored horses happened to be caught in a shower."

"The new method is fully known only to this one man, but he says that he uses some kind of chemicals and can give any color to any horse. He can give a black horse white feet and turn a sorrel into a dapple gray on very short notice. In another 24 hours he can bring back the original color of the horse. He charges \$25 a transformation."—Chicago Democrat.

COOKING VERSUS MORALS.

Perfect Meals Are a Saving Grace to Many Men.

When a man does not get the stimulating nourishment which his nature craves, he resorts to liquor to supply the want. With this fact staring one in the face, is it not wise to teach that unflinching good food, with all the elements that stimulate and nourish the body and the brain, has its moral as well as its physical benefits?

There are cases on record proving the benefits of public school cooking, where the domestic sky has been perfectly cleared of clouds because good food was offered where before it had been badly cooked, and consequently did not properly nourish. In one home the substitution of a well cooked cup of cocoa for the sloppy, herby tea that had become a component part of every morning meal, and a nice Indian cake or plate of muffins for the dry baker's loaf, began a work of reform.

The mother was by no means above turning to account some of the practical knowledge the daughter had acquired under such competent training, and she began also to brush up her own knowledge that she had carelessly allowed to fall into disuse. The result is a happy home, a united family, a cheerful, contented, busy wife, and a man who puts into the family larder what formerly went to the saloon.—Baltimore News.

His Wedding Fee.

A clergyman, speaking of wedding fees, said: "About a month ago a couple came to my church to get married in accordance with arrangements made with me. The church was opened and lighted up brilliantly, and the organist played the regulation marches. The nuptial knot being tied, the smiling groom approached me and placed a spotless white envelope in my hands. It was heavy, and a touch showed that it contained a coin. I concluded that it was a \$10 gold piece. After the bridal party had departed I opened the envelope. What do you suppose it contained? A silver quarter. I dropped it in the poor box."—Brooklyn Times.

STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR.

Its Overwhelming Effect Upon an American Tourist.

"There is no doubt that Gibraltar is, from the nature of its location, the strongest fortified spot on earth," said a recently returned tourist, "but the English officers who are on duty there seem impressed with the idea that there is some weak spot about the place and that some American may discover it. They have very nonsensical rules and regulations governing the fortification, and one of them is that no American can be admitted to the fortified places, though they are allowed to wander all around the outside as long as they care to."

"I do not think the combined guns of the rest of the world, all working together and for 12 hours each day, Sundays and public holidays included, for one year, could seriously interfere with Gibraltar beyond cutting off the mail communication. The walls are solid rock a quarter of a mile thick, and such a thing as doing any damage in a military sense would be simply nonsense. Gibraltar could resist any attack, and the conditions there are such that the attacking party would necessarily have to be exposed in making its attack. This exposure would have to be within range of the guns of the fort, even if they are 50 years out of date. Consequently they would be nearly as effective as modern guns, for with all that is claimed for modern warfare there probably never will be any fighting done when the opposing parties are out of sight of each other."

"While all this is admitted by military men of all countries, it seems funny that there should be anything of a secret or hidden character about Gibraltar that Americans should not be allowed to inspect as freely as the people of other countries are. England may be whipped some time in the history of the world, but the defeat will not take place at Gibraltar, I assure you."—Washington Star.

SCENERY FOR A NEW PLAY.

Its Preparation in Modern Theaters an Interesting Process.

The preparation for a new play, as far as the scenery is concerned, is most interesting. A complete model in miniature is made, about the size of one of the German toy theaters seen in the shops. The picture is carefully painted; the rocks, if there be any, and the foliage are cut out, and all the details are followed with no less thought than when the real affair is attacked.

The work is done in water color, mounted on pasteboard, and if the scheme be an interior there are real curtains in miniature, flights of steps, and the hangings, all seriously worked out. It is something that would delight the heart of a boy and furnish him with endless amusement. These models are kept until after the piece is produced, and are then put away on shelves, plus only to warp and become covered with dust.

But the master painter's work does not end here by any means, for there are lights to be arranged, since they play an important part in the performance and must be regulated by the scheme of color; so there are long conferences with electricians and many discussions with the makers of glass shades whereby the exact tints may be obtained.

When every detail has been settled, then the great acres of canvas are spread on the paint frames, and the drawing is begun. Large china pots are used for the colors. These are filled with paints, which are mixed with water and a size, and enormous brushes put the pigment on the canvas. It is wonderful to watch the artist, who dashes on the paint with no apparent care and who has to work fast to cover the surface before the color dries, which it does quickly.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Some Superstitions.

When starting for the river, says a writer in London Field, if you have to turn back and get something that you have forgotten, you are sure to catch little or nothing that day. This is an article of Devon folklore, and I am inclined to think the west country folk right herein. The disappointment, the hurry and the bringing of wrong things always act prejudicially upon what out to be the unruined, even temper of a successful angler. He becomes hasty and rash, most often with ill results to his basket.

In the western highlands it is currently believed that if you see a colt with its back to you when starting in the morning on a fishing excursion it is the worst of luck, only to be exceeded should you hear a cuckoo before breakfast.

Riley's Neat Copy.

James Whitcomb Riley wrote a long poem for a New York newspaper. It was ordered in advance and was to be sent in upon a certain day. Now, most writers, especially poets, are dilatory. But the Hoosier bard is an exception to the rule. His poem arrived the day it was promised. It came by express in a formidable parcel. First were the outer wrappings of heavy brown paper, then some soft packing stuff, and beneath that the board covers within which was the manuscript, tied together with a small ribbon, and so neat that the editor was almost afraid to turn the leaves.—Philadelphia Evening Post.

Through Her Head.

"Bugby gets out of all patience with his wife. He says she can't get a thing through her head."

"That's funny. He told me everything he said to her went in one ear and out of the other."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Only the Singer's Fee.

Does singing the song "Oh, Promise Me," at a wedding, promise anybody anything?—Acheson Globe.

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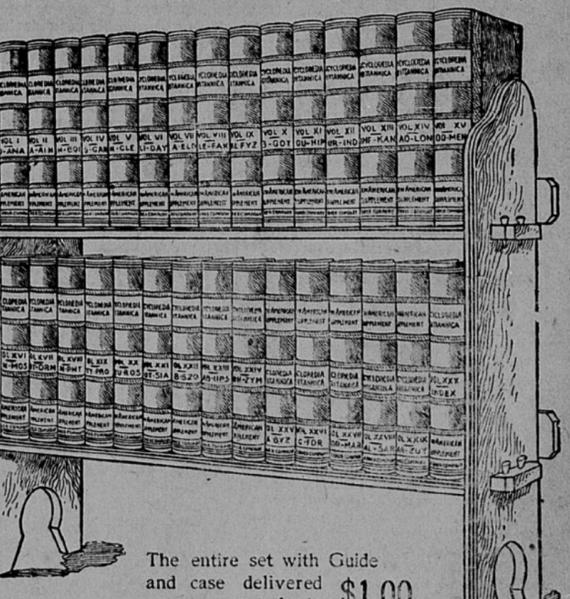
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