AT THE WINDOW.

You are there at the window; the splendor
Falls on the great gardens. The rose
With all the sweets it can render
The way up the love-trellis knows.
The dance—do you hear them begin it?
And why are you lingering there?
They miss you each musical minute—
But—toss me that rose in your hair!

Who gave it? I care not! I only
Know this: In the shadow I stand
And sigh, as the lost and the lonely,
For the touch of your lips—of your hand.
I hear not the tender words spoken
By lovers that call you most fair;
But am I not worthy one token—
That rose in your beautiful hair?

Ah, me! for the careless, mad dancers
And all the wild, reveling throng!
Ah, me! for the waltz and the lancers
That fain would make sorrow a song!
Do you know the heart speaks in the thrilling
Sweet music? They cannot impart
A balm to the eyes that are filling,
Nor dance down the grief of the heart!

You are there at the window. Oh, let me
Not grieve you in darkness below!
Back—back to the dance, and forget me!
But dearest, this—this ere you go:
I care not for tender words spoken
By lovers that call you most fair;
But kiss it, and toss me that token—
That rose in your beautiful hair!

IN THE HEART OF THE ROCKIES.

By Mary W. Roe.

Jack and I had run up into the mountains of Colorado for our summer's outing, and invigorated by the cool bracing air, had been glorying in climbs and scrambles among the matchless canons and valleys. We had found a quiet home among the foot-hills, and every day, as our strength came back, we increased our distance, until the dear old mountains already seemed like well-tried friends, who had gently taken from us the cares and anxieties with which we came, and, in return, were giving us back our youth and the elastic vigor of childhood.

This morning we had climbed to the broken summit of a mountain which stood in the angle of two canons, surrounded by a perfect ampnitheatre of hills. It was a hard climb, and at first we were too exhausted to see or care for the wonderful beauty around. After a rest we explored the three peaks of the summit, and traced out many tramps for the days to come, as we noted the windings of mountain road or trail among the hills and valleys at our feet. Then, perhaps foolishly, we discarded the trail, and began the descent over a shoulder of the mountain which we could see all the way down to the rushing torrent at the bottom of the canon.

As we neared the foot of the mountain, we came upon a group of people staring up at the face of a granite cliff which lifted itself almost perpendicularly hundreds of feet above the stream at its foot. Under a pine sat a pale-faced lady in black, hushing in her arms a laughing baby, while with horror-stricken eyes she watched two figures clinging to the cliff before her, 500 feet up: one, that of her boy, motionless; the other, that of her gallant husband, straining with brave but futile efforts to reach his son, but separated from him by about 30 feet of impassable, overhanging rock. For hours the boy had clung there, evidently unable to help himself, and for a long time the father had been trying to bring him assistance, but without avail. Almost immediately after we joined the rapidly gathering crowd, a white-haired gentleman touched my husband's shoulder, and said: "If only I were once more young, I would go to the help of that brave fellow." Jack's cheery voice rang out: "How many of you men will go with me to save that boy?" No answer. Again the question, and a young man frail in body, but with a dauntless courage in his big eyes, said, "I'll go, sir!" Jack knew that he could never make that climb, in spite of his willing spirit, so he asked him instead to go to the foot of the canon at once for rope and expert help; and, meanwhile, he himself climbed up far enough to send his voice on to the father, urging him to wait for the help coming. By the time Jack had climbed down and taken a few mouthfuls of food, urged upon him by kind ladies, our friend returned, bringing several hundred feet of lariat rope. There came with him three stalwart men who had just arrived in some prairie schooners, and were encamped on the mesa at the mouth of the canon. Although just from the plains, utterly unaccustomed to the mountains, the call of distress had found a ready response in their manly hearts. Walking right up to Jack, they said: "Captain, we don't know whether we can even get to the top of that place, but we'll try mighty hard."

The four men took their ropes, some water and food, and started back on the trail by which we had ascended that morning, for the cliff was inaccessible on three sides from below. Fortunately I passed down to where the poor little mother sat, and tried to forget my own anxiety in the presence of her greater fear.

I scanned the cliff, and saw that between the part of the mountain upon which the trail lay and the precipice before us was a deep chasm with almost perpendicular sides, upon which I felt sure no human being could find footing. The cliff they must reach seemed to stand out detached and inaccessible. Consequently I was surprised when, sooner than any one expected, the four men appeared on top, in plain view, but far beyond the reach of our voices. With the fascination of fear, I saw Jack lie down and look over the edge of the cliff. Then we caught a glimpse of them all as they secured the rope to a boulder above, and lifted away such loose rocks as threatened to fall down on the boy beneath. Then, as the men afterward told me, Jack said: "Men, I will have to go down to that sharp ledge below, or it will cut our rope." One of them answered: "I would never let you do it, captain, but I just cannot keep my head anywhere near that edge. We'll hold on to this end of the rope, though, bein' there's a human at the other end."

"All right, fellows, let her go," and, thankful for old gymnasium practice, Jack let himself over the edge, and began to overhand down the rope. Far below, with a thrill of agony, his little wife saw his familiar figure, with the old felt hat as usual on the back of his head, hanging over 500 feet of space.

Just as he started, a large piece of rock that the natives call "rotten granite," broken by his movements, rolled over the ledge, and, bounding from the rocks, actually grazed the knee of the boy below. We saw Jack, on reaching the ledge, lean cautiously forward and note the position of the boy. Then he drew down the rope from above, and, weighting it, lowered it carefully. It slid down like a serpent, slowly, and we watched breathlessly to see whether it would be within reach of the lad's arm, for we saw that he could not move from his place at all to grasp it. An involuntary shout went up from the increasing crowd in the canon when it slipped over his shoulder and into his lap. We saw him wind it twice around his body, fasten it securely, and gave the signal to his father, who passed it on to Jack, and he to the men above. As the rope tightened, the boy slowly rose to his feet, and we saw with relief that his legs were not broken, as we had feared. He had remained motionless all those long hours because his feet rested on two little niches so narrow that he dared not alter his position an inch.

Instead of drawing him to the top, we soon saw that they were directing him to the left toward the rock upon which his father was, and which, dangerous though it was, still had been reached by him from below. The eyes of the silent crowd followed the movements of the boy, as, encouraged again, and supported by the rope, he pluckily made his way around the projecting cliff, pushing his body with arms and legs away from the rocks, that the rope might hang free from above. Avoiding any look into the depths below, his eyes sought that pale but kindly face so far above. Mine never swerved from the slender figure up there moving steadily to the left with the rope upon the dizzy and constantly narrowing ledge above the boy. After some minutes of perilous climbing—minutes that seemed as long as hours—the father, with eager, reaching arms, seized the boy, and drew him to the comparatively safe point upon which he stood waiting.

A great shout rang out. My quiet little black-robed neighbor buried her face in her baby's breast. Jack waved his cap, and the men on top, who could not see what was going on, looked at one another with relief. Then, after a colloquy, instead of drawing them both to the top, Jack let down a rope, and in a few minutes father and son, tied fast together, began their long, dangerous descent; and Jack, winding another rope around him, was drawn by glad, strong hands to the top. Waving his hat again to me, he disappeared. So slow was the progress of the man and boy before us that before they had gone more than quarter of the distance the rescuers were down. Clinging with their hands and feet—for they had thrown down their shoes—the father, holding the rope, would aid the boy to a place of safety, and then follow unsupported himself. At last they neared the foot; the poor tortured mother climbed, baby in arm, up the first slope, and stood waiting to meet them at the shoulder of rock around which they must come. Jack, his face white and drawn with fatigue and excitement, so filled my mind and thoughts that I scarcely saw the little mother as she quietly but with deepest feeling called down God's blessing on my gallant husband, or the father when he seized his hand with manly grasp and turned hastily away without being able to speak.—The New Voice.

A STUDY IM HEARTS.

Why She Was Sure He Could Never Drown Himself.

She was a woman, therefore to be wooed. She was but twenty, and that kind are not easy.

He was a young man of fashion, full of promises and the smell of cigarette smoke, and he loved her with the entire purpose of his life.

Perhaps that wasn't a great deal, because he had too much money to have a great deal of purpose, but what there was of it was all for her.

And she didn't care a continental for him.

He was neither of brilliant intelligence nor of masterful mind, and his inane vapidities bored her so that at last, in self-defense, she firmly but respectfully declined to marry him.

"I shall put an end to my miserable existence," he said, in terrible earnestness.

She did not apply for a stay of execution, and he went forth into the cold, gray afternoon.

Half an hour later her dearest friend came in.

"Oh, Alice," she exclaimed, hurriedly, "what have you ever done to Harry? He looked the very picture of desolation when I met him, and he told me he was going to drown himself."

"I think not," replied the authoress of all his woes.

"But he will, I am sure," insisted the visitor. "I could see it in his eyes. I'm positive he will go right down and jump into the river."

"Perhaps," admitted the other, quite freely.

"Then you think as I do—that he will drown himself? Oh, you—"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted the other. "I'm sure that he won't. He can't; he's too light to sink."

Thus does a woman play rag-time on the strings by which she holds man's heart in thrall.—Washington Star.

Ranche Telephones.

A few months ago the ranchmen of Seward County, Kan., met to propose a plan of connecting their raches by telephone facilities, utilizing the barbwire fences instead of setting poles and stringing wires. It had been demonstrated that a fence wire worked perfectly for a telephone connection. The scheme was favored by the stockmen, and a local company was formed, with headquarters at Liberal, that being the nearest telegraph point.

Lines have since been constructed and are in operation, extending from Liberal over the whole of Seward, Stevens and Morton counties, Kansas, and have reached out into Beaver County, Oklahoma, and Hansford County, Texas. Many of the ranches in this ideal grazing country are situated miles from railroad and telegraph facilities.—The Electrician.

Express-Cars on Street Car Tracks.

Express cars are now running on the street car tracks of Pittsburg. "They are built on the same principle as the United States mail cars," says The Dispatch. "There are two doors, one in front and one in the rear. The interior is made of the finest wood, and has several shelves for packages. All along the route yesterday people looked with curiosity on the new car. Few had any idea to what use it was to be put. In McKeesport flocks of children ran after the car, imagining it was one of the show variety."

Paris' city council is going to give prizes yearly to the architects and the constructors of the six handsomest houses erected during the year.

RUSSIA'S BIG ROAD.

GREAT TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY SYSTEM.

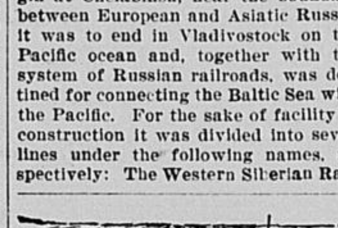
When the Czar's Stupendous Project Is Completed Our Pacific Coast May Become More Important than the Atlantic.

The Russian minister of railroads is quoted in recent St. Petersburg dispatches as saying that there is no longer doubt that the trans-Siberian road will be finished next year and that when it is completed it will be possible to make the trip around the world in tuirty-three days. In this same dispatch Bremen is taken for the European starting point, for the reason that it is reached by steamer from New York; thence the route indicated is from Bremen to St. Petersburg in one and a half days; St. Petersburg to Vladivostock, ten days; Vladivostock to San Francisco by steamer, four and one-half days; San Francisco to Chicago, three and one-half days; Chicago to New York, one day; New York to Bremen, seven days.

Should this longest railroad in the

GREAT RAILWAY SYSTEM THAT RUSSIA IS BUILDING.

world be completed next year it will have been nine years in course of construction. The preliminary plan of its construction was outlined by the late Emperor Alexander III. of Russia in his rescript addressed in May, 1891, to the Czarowitz. Surveys were made for portions of this continuous trans-Siberian road in 1887-88. Designed to begin at Chelabinsk, near the boundary between European and Asiatic Russia, it was to end in Vladivostock on the Pacific ocean and, together with the system of Russian railroads, was destined for connecting the Baltic Sea with the Pacific. For the sake of facility of construction it was divided into seven lines under the following names, respectively: The Western Siberian Rail-



RAILWAY ACROSS THE STEPPES.

road, 885 miles; the Central Siberian, 1,149 miles; the Baikal Loop Line, 195 miles; the Trans-Baikal Railroad, 689 miles; the Amoor, 1,111 miles; the North Oussouri, 227 miles, and the South Oussouri, 252 miles. So that the total length of the railroad in Asiatic Russia was designed to be 4,507 miles, and the total distance from St. Petersburg to Vladivostock, or from the Baltic Sea to the Pacific, was estimated at 6,232 miles. This gigantic work has been prosecuted with marvelous vigor and steadiness and a year ago was declared to be nearing completion.

Changes in the Line.

Changes have been necessitated in the line by recent events in China—originally only one port on the Pacific was thought of, Vladivostock, and that was to be reached, first, by a northerly and then by a southerly bend entirely through Russian territory. But owing to interests obtained by Russia in Manchuria it was deemed inexpedient to follow the line as it was originally surveyed, and accordingly a new line direct from Irkutsk southwest to Vladivostock was adopted. Still more recent events in China have caused another change in the main line to be made, and in consequence not Vladivostock but Port Arthur will be the terminus on the Pacific. So that the trans-Siberian Railroad divides into three prongs as near approach is made to the Pacific. One prong goes straight on to Vladivostock, another strikes down through Manchuria and a third bears in a southerly direction down to Port Arthur. Either of these latter is a shorter cut to the sea by several hundred miles, the Port Arthur route being the shortest of the three. Vladivostock is not to be abandoned; it will have its railroad and be made in consequence a commercial place of importance, but it has the disadvantage of being during one-half the year under snow and ice. Port Arthur is open the year round. But this latter port is in China and before Russia decided to extend its trans-Siberian Railroad thither Russia must have come to a satisfactory understanding with China. Within the present year, then, St. Petersburg will be connected by rail not only with Vladivostock, but with Port Arthur, and probably within next year by branch roads with Canton and Pekin.

It is estimated that after the road is repaired after the first few years of traffic the journey from St. Petersburg to Pekin will be made in five days. From London the most important harbor on the Japan Sea will be seventeen and a half days. It is now possible by the "North Express" to go from London to St. Petersburg in two days and four hours. It will therefore be possible to reach Pekin from London in seven or eight days. But this in the future. While the road is new and stiff the speed at which the trains will run will not be greater than twenty miles an hour, but even so it will be possible to go from London to Japan in sixteen days and to China in seventeen days. The shortest cut at present from London to those countries is across the Atlantic, across the United States or Canada and across the Pacific, and with the best of luck it takes from thirty to thirty-five days to make it. At first thought this promised shortening of the time would seem to bode anything but good to the transcontinental traffic of the United States and Canada which has been heretofore afforded by England in her commerce with Asiatic countries. But the intense rivalry existing between England and Russia is to be taken into account. The trans-Siberian road will not be extensively patronized by England—it will be supported by Russian traffic and, in a degree, by German. Time, it is true, is a valuable element in commerce, but it will be lost sight of by the English while pushing their own interests in opposition to those of their most dangerous rival. England, at any rate until the Nicaraguan canal is constructed, will continue to support the Canadian Pacific Railroad by her shipments, and at the same time and from the same source the transcontinental lines within the United States will have each a share of benefits.

Course of Empire Turned Back.

It is for other reasons not to be feared that the course of commerce—of empire—will be changed, turned back on itself, and made to move toward the east. It has ever been westward going, and there is every reason to believe that it will continue in that direction. Civilization, so far as we know, began in the Euphrates valley, moved to the Nile valley, and then to the east end of the Mediterranean. Rome took it up and spread it entirely around the Mediterranean, and afterward it drifted out into the Atlantic. There was never any change or shadow of turning in the course civilization would pursue in its march over the world. Meanwhile eastern trade was had by the advancing nations—first Venice possessed it, then Spain and Portugal, and next Holland and England. Venice ceased as a world power, and her successors to the trade of the Orient, while continuing in the rich traffic, looked ever out toward the west. At length nations surrendered that trade to commercial companies, and themselves sought more and more to discover and occupy new lands in the distant west. Exactly three centuries ago England incorporated the East India company, when England was engaged in making conquests on the American continent. "Westward the course of empire takes its way." It was pursuing that course when it left the Atlantic States of this republic and made its way over the Alleghenies and into the Mississippi valley. Again it was pursuing that course when, in 1849-50, the Pacific coast was reached, and the intermediate country began to be occupied by intelligent people. Our interest in "empire" is, or was until recently, limited to these United States. How far that interest may extend and how permanently nobody just now can say. But it is absolutely certain that the part the United States are to have in the trade and commerce of the beyond—of all the Asiatic countries—is to be immense and soon to be realized. The completion of the trans-Siberian railroad is an event of the greatest significance to this country. It means, first, that Siberia, a country as large as all North America and about as diversified as respects climate and soil and general fertility as large portions of North America, will be filled up with industrious people, and that before the twentieth century is half out all Asia will be teeming with new life and sharing modern prosperity. Secondly, it means that the United States will then exchange products on a large scale with Siberia, China and every other country in that quarter of the globe. Then the Pacific Ocean will be white with steam and sail, as the Atlantic now is—and our Pacific States will be populated perhaps not less densely than Japan. The

AROUND THE WORLD IN THIRTY-THREE DAYS.

civilization on the Pacific coast will be the best on this continent, and the splendor of its trading and commercial achievements will eclipse anything that has been known in the past on the eastern side of this continent. Only—the United States hesitates to face about and face the Pacific and the Orient.

Such sections of the Siberian railroad as are being operated are reported to be earning operating expenses. The first, or western, section earned expenses the first year, which was 1894. It carried of first, second, third and fourth class passengers 152,315. It brought 189,606 settlers into the country, besides 33,000 workmen and 2,258 convicts. In 1896 the connecting, or Omsk-Obi, section carried into the country 37,500 passengers of the different classes and 116,026 settlers. In 1896 on the third section, the Chelabinsk, were carried 23,768 passengers and 3,072 settlers. That was thought to be a good beginning, but it is stated that since 1896, the road having been enormously extended and old stations improved and new stations established, the passenger business has largely increased. Official tables are not at hand, but it is believed that during the last two years not less than 350,000 emigrants have arrived in Siberia. From all accounts the most of them are contented and doing fairly well. The total receipts last year for transportation of passengers and freights were upward of $3,500,000. These figures will serve to change the ideas many hold of that country. Siberia has ever been regarded as a frozen waste, uninhabited except by exiles and quite uninhabitable. A country that can furnish such an amount of business to a new railroad is plainly something very different from that.

When the road is completed the passenger business will be largely increased, for the way passenger traffic will increase, and it is certain that thousands every year will prefer to go all-rail around the world, especially as that way it is cheaper and quicker. Tickets from Warsaw to Vladivostock cost 120 rubles, or $82.40. From London to Vladivostock the cost of a ticket is $119, first-class; a second-class ticket is considerably cheaper. A Chicago person knowing the fare to New York and London can easily calculate the cost of transportation from his city through Europe to Vladivostock. The price of a first-class ticket by the Suez canal to Japan is $428. Add the price of sleeping berth, twelve nights, by the Siberian route, and still there is a saving of $190. It is estimated that 160,000 first-class passengers will use the new route annually. Expectations equally high are entertained of the freight traffic. Goods going over the road to the east and those coming west will be those that can pay the highest rates, such as furs, gold, silver, platinum and tea. As the estimated cost of building and equipping the road is $160,000,000, the highest earnings it may be capable of will be needed to pay a profit on the investment. But as the road is owned by the Russian Government and as above all things a military road, pecuniary profits are not what are mainly sought.

Many Branch Roads.

From almost the first the activity of the Russians in Siberia has not been confined to building the main line. Branch roads were early contemplated and some of them are completed. The Russian railroad from Ekatrinburg to the navigable part of the Dwina is nearly completed and the products of Siberia will thus have an important outlet to the White Sea, and hand in hand with the building of the main Siberian water ways connecting with the railroad is progressing, and surveys are preparing for the building of branch roads to all the more important towns of the various provinces and to the mining districts. Few of these branches will be built, however, until the trunk line is completed, for most of the energy and money will be devoted to the main road until the great project is an accomplished fact.

An enormous part of the country that is tributary to the Siberian Railroad is amply blessed by nature and is capable of supporting an enormous population. This road will be the main factor in the next century in the development of an important fraction of the earth's surface. We have only to glance over the list of the projected lines connecting the Siberian road with China to get an idea of the immense influence which Russia is certain to wield over all the interests of Eastern Asia.

OLD NEWGATE PRISON.

This Thousand-Year-Old Building to Give Way to a New Structure.

Newgate prison, the cable dispatches say, is to be torn down. On its site a new court building is to be erected. Newgate is a place of bloody memories. Standing in the heart of London, it has

NEWGATE PRISON.

been for a thousand years the scene of tortures and executions. Englishmen will probably be glad to see its ancient walls give way to a new structure which will stand for more civilized and merciful methods of punishment.

Newgate has not been used since 1881, except for the detention of prisoners awaiting trial or execution. It is one of the oldest buildings in London—how old no one knows. It was used as a prison as far back as 1188, as the records of those times show. It was probably built several hundred years before. Hundreds of thousands of prisoners have been executed within its walls. In 1556 it was almost altogether destroyed by fire and again in 1630, but was rebuilt, and has always served the same grim purpose. The names of the distinguished men who have been imprisoned in Newgate would fill a volume. Among them are William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania; Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe;" and Sir Robert Wright, Lord Chief Justice of England.

Inside Newgate Prison many prisoners have been tortured. In fact, as late as 1723 torture was used, and until 1868 the executions were public and were made the occasion of a holiday. In 1807, when 40,000 people had gathered to see one Hollway, a murderer, executed, a panic ensued, and 100 men, women, and children were trampled to death. As late as 1788 women were burned to death in front of Newgate prison for counterfeiting, and the stocks and pillories were always full of unfortunates. Dickens thundered against the abomination of the public executions at Newgate, and it is largely due to his great influence that the reform was accomplished in 1868.

The smaller the woman the easier it is for her to twist a big man around her finger.

OF INTEREST IN IOWA

A DIARY OF NOTEWORTHY HAPPENINGS.

Gilbert Carries Off Honors at State Shoot—Novak Gets a Life Sentence—Doctors to Fight a New Law—Illinois University Defeated.

The Iowa State Sportsman's Association shoot closed at Algona. W. B. Crosby of Batavia, N. Y., and Fred Gilbert of Spirit Lake, Iowa, tied for the 90 per cent cup. The tie was shot off, Gilbert shooting forty-seven pigeons and Crosby thirty-eight. The State team championship cup, two men to a team, ten birds to a man, was won by C. M. Grimm of Clear Lake and A. H. Sheldon of Mason City, who killed nineteen live birds out of twenty. The Algona Gun Club cup, twenty-five targets with handicap, was won by Will K. Parks of Philadelphia, Pa., who had to shoot off six ties. The Sweepstakes cup, ten live birds, was won by Fred Gilbert of Spirit Lake, who killed ten straight birds. In the three days' shoot Gilbert has the high average of 93 per cent, which is considered a remarkably high record. The Iowa State Sportsman's Association elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: President, Dr. Kibbery, Marshalltown; vice-president, Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake; secretary, L. C. Abbott, Marshalltown; treasurer, H. D. Densel, Marshalltown; board of directors, A. H. Sheldon, Mason City; J. Kirscher, Des Moines; J. R. Patch, Hartley; C. W. Budd, Des Moines; C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake. Marshalltown was selected as the next meeting place.

Novak Goes Up for Life.

The Supreme Court at Des Moines handed down a decision in the famous Novak murder case, affirming the verdict in the lower court, which was imprisonment for life. Two of the judges dissented. The night of Feb. 2, 1897, in the village of Walford, a store building belonging to Frank A. Novak was burned to the ground. Novak was missing after the fire, and the belief was expressed that he had been burned to death. It soon leaked out that Novak and a young man, Edward Murry, had been seen drinking together before the fire. One body was found in the ruins. Novak's father, a banker in the town, claimed it was that of his son, but a dentist and physicians proved that the skull was that of Murry. Detectives were put on the case with the result that Novak was found in the Klondike and brought back for trial. He was sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary for life.

Opposed to Medical Law.

The members of the Iowa State Eclectic Medical Society are prepared to inaugurate a campaign for another change in the laws governing medical practice in the State. Their efforts will be directed against one of the provisions which went into effect last June. It is in regard to the admission of doctors from outside of the State to practice in Iowa. The law provides that all persons who desire to practice in Iowa must pass an examination by the State Board of Medical Examiners. This is absolutely unreasonable in many respects, claim the eclectics. They say that any man who is a graduate of a reputable college and has been admitted to practice in any other State in the Union, should be admitted in Iowa without any examination by the board.

Spalding's Surety Wins.

The University of Illinois lost the suit against John Hayes of Red Oak, one of the sureties on the bond of C. W. Spalding as treasurer of the university. It was shown in the evidence that the bond had been altered by the substitution of a surety after Mr. Hayes signed it.

Sues a Town for $10,000 Damages.

C. Ruffner of Calamas has commenced damage proceedings in the District Court against the town of Calamas in the sum of $10,000 for personal injuries. It is alleged that he fell because of a defective walk on March 16 last, receiving serious injuries.

Brief State Happenings.

A saloon has been opened at Hull.

A new jail is being built at Rome.

Spencer is enjoying a building boom.

There were only eleven births in Grundy Center in 1898.

Crawford County paid out $68 during April for wolf scalps.

The city of Muscatine has a balance in the treasury of $49,806.14.

Hog cholera is epidemic in the country surrounding College Springs.

Cedar Valley Seminary at West Union has received an endowment of $9,000.

Real estate within the corporate limits of Shenandoah is valued at $1,080,732.

A company of the Union Veterans' Union has been mustered in at Glenwood.

It is estimated that 25 per cent more flax is being put in this year than formerly.

The station which the C., R. I. & P. road is building at Council Bluffs will cost $20,000.

The First Congregational Church in Dubuque has just celebrated its sixtieth anniversary.

Iowa Falls is delighted at the prospect of a telephone war and consequent cheaper service.

Thirty thousand dollars has thus far this season been spent on new buildings at Ida Grove.

John Holler, Jr., of Monticello has been indicted by the grand jury for attempting to poison a horse.

The members of the Congregational Church at Algona chipped in for funds to put in electric lights.

The ladies of the First Congregational Church at Muscatine have just paid off $625 of the church debt.

The old gas company at Burlington, which has had control of the gas plant over twenty years, has been absorbed by a new company.

The 2-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Radloff of Dillon was standing on a porch when a window sash fell, striking her on the back of the neck, killing her instantly.

The contract has been let for the superstructure of the new auditorium building at Des Moines for $22,777. It is required that the building be ready for occupancy Aug. 1.

Philip Ball has been awarded $10,000 in District Court at Des Moines. This was secured on his suit for damages against R. W. Marquis for alienation of his wife's affections.

A new town has been platted in Crawford County named Schleswig, and a number of lots have been sold.

The postoffice at Almira has been discontinued. Mail will go to Hazel Green. The office at Bradford has also been discontinued, and mail will go to Nashua.

The Davenport Business Men's Association refuses to take any part in the quarrel between employes and the arsenal authorities.

Mayor McVicar of Des Moines has prepared a message vetoing the action of the Council levying a 3-mill tax for erection of a library building, but has withheld it until the city solicitor can investigate the matter.

About $4,000 has been subscribed around Rock Valley for the organization of a fair association in Lyon County.

Andrew Leffelman, a farmer living near Dunlap, while despondent over money matters, committed suicide by drowning himself in the Boyer river.

A movement is on foot at Iowa City to incorporate a company capitalized with $17,500, to establish the largest cracker, biscuit and bread bakeries in the State there.

George Davis of Waterloo, in attempting to swim after his floating boat, became exhausted and but for the prompt assistance of a friend, would undoubtedly have been drowned.

A driving club has been organized at Creston.

A telephone exchange is being put in at Gladbrook.

A mild form of diphtheria is prevalent at Ackley.

Dubuque County boasts of a living cow with five legs.

Another bank consolidation is talked of at Des Moines.

Cedar Rapids is to build a convention hall to cost $20,000.

The elevator of L. D. Shaw at Bristow was destroyed by fire.

German Presbyterians of the State held a conference at Dubuque.

Grace M. E. Society at Manson will build a church to cost $10,000.

A council of Ladies of the G. A. R. has been organized in Waterloo.

A wind and hail storm has done much damage in the vicinity of Leon.

The corner stone for the new St. Paul's Church at Harlan has been laid.

The Thirty-third Iowa will hold its annual reunion at Pella Sept. 19-21.

At last work has commenced on the walls of the Des Moines auditorium.

Rev. Thomas Brande, a well-known and pioneer preacher of Grinnell, is dead.

Iowa Falls has granted a franchise to the Cedar Valley Telephone Company.

Anew church is being erected at Keystone, the first in the history of the town.

A Muscatine woman gained a husband from Kansas by means of a matrimonial bureau.

In Henry County during 1898 there were 166 marriages, 320 births and 215 deaths.

A large box factory from St. Louis has located at Muscatine and will be in operation soon.

A system of alarm has been arranged for in Waterloo to be used when children are lost.

After all the talk of a big brewery at Des Moines the negotiations have fallen through.

Burlington complains of vandals who rob the public parks of flowers and growing plants.

A watch has just been unearthed by plowing near Clinton, which was lost nine years ago.

There now seems to be a tendency to compromise in the court house fight at Des Moines.

The eighth annual meeting of the Interstate Sheriffs' Association convened at Burlington.

While Frederick Burns was working on the Northwestern cut-off at Boone he dropped dead.

An order has been issued in Brooklyn that every resident over 1 year of age must be vaccinated.

Farmers in the vicinity of Ashton are replanting corn. Poor seed and cold, wet weather the cause.

The Presbyterians at Williams have purchased a site and will erect a new church to cost $3,000.

Clinton is sanguine that the Milwaukee will build their line from Savanna to Ottumwa through that city.

The baby of Mr. and Mrs. Rynson of Des Moines fell out of a third-story window, but was not injured.

The contract has been let for the superstructure of the new auditorium building at Des Moines for $22,777.

Nine babies born in Louisa County during 1898 were named Dewey. Henry County follows with eight.

A company with a capital stock of $10,000 has been formed at Waterloo to push the butter making business.

There is a famine for brick at Shenandoah and several blocks being erected are standing still for want of brick.

The Adjutant General now has the reports of the Forty-ninth Iowa, receiving them from the War Department.

Congressman Hull has formally presented two brass cannon used in the civil war to Simpson College, Indianola.

E. B. Palmer of Yankton, S. D., is probably the first white child born in Dubuque County, the date being 1836.

Under the new assessment law the property valuation of Dallas County has decreased nearly $1,000,000 this year.

Burglars entered the home of Mrs. J. C. Corey at Hudson and stole $42 in cash, a draft for $400 and a note for $100.

Peter T. Bowen of Dubuque had his head badly bruised by the falling of a flue cover while he was examining a boiler.

Two burglars made their escape from Green County jail by tearing up the floor and digging a hole through the brick wall.

Seven Des Moines County boys are already named Dewey. Six are of German parentage and one of Swedish extraction.

There have been twenty-two deaths during the past month from diphtheria in the northwestern part of Hamilton County.

Morning Sun schools first graduated pupils in 1883, and since that time 133 have passed through the local educational mill.

C. Ruffner of Calamus alleges that he sustained personal injuries on a defective sidewalk in Clinton and sues for $10,000 damages.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society closed its State meeting at Fort Dodge. Mrs. N. S. Brush of Ottumwa was elected president.

In raising a barn on Mr. Kallem's farm, near Ellsworth, a brace broke and a section of the barn fell on Mr. Kallem and perhaps fatally injured him.

A workman at Davenport found a sack containing the body of an infant floating on the Mississippi, but threw it back again without notifying the coroner.

The little town of Princeton is torn up over the trial of a teacher in the public schools on a charge of assault and battery on the person of one of his pupils.

While two men were repairing a telegraph line at Boone a pole broke and they were thrown to the ground a distance of twenty-five feet and severely injured.

Harry F. Booker of Fairfield died at the Chicago Homeopathic hospital after an operation for appendicitis.

Taxes to the amount of $1,538.67 were collected in Des Moines last year on cigarettes, according to the treasurer's report.

The Farmers' Co-operative Lumber Society at Logan have declared a dividend of 22 per cent on the year's business just closed.

A special stock train on the Chicago and Northwestern went through the bridge over Prairie creek, two miles west of Otis. Two tramps were killed and 160 head of cattle perished.

The oldest inmate in the Iowa Soldiers' Home is Jesse Bracken, just admitted from Mason City. He is 99 years old and is a veteran of the Blackhawk and Mexican wars.

Eighteen bidders competed for an issue of Sac County refunding bonds in the sum of $27,000. The purchaser got the bonds at par, paying all exchange and expense of issue. The rate of interest is 3½ per cent.

Andrew Henge, aged 40, an Illinois Central baggage checker at Dubuque, died of hydrophobia. He was bitten during the mad dog scare two months ago. His was the only genuine case of hydrophobia developed there in forty years.

Miss Effie Potter of Kirkman was bitten by a cat, which caused lockjaw, and it took the combined efforts of three physicians to save her.

The death of Mrs. James Wearin of Hastings, which was at first supposed to be caused by strychnine poisoning, now proves to have been due to natural causes.

A severe storm passed over Chelsea, accompanied by heavy wind, rain and hail. The hailstones fell to the depth of two inches, completely covering the ground, the stones weighing from an ounce to two and a half ounces. The water in the Iowa river is out of its banks in many places and smaller streams are overflowing their banks.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

When the small merchant listens for the first time to the advertising man's proposition, he seems to regard it vaguely. He doesn't stop to think that he is merely a medium between the sales counters and public audience of thousands of readers. After a while he may become interested enough to say. "I believe in judicious advertising." Then the advertising man knows that his vis-a-vis never advertised in his life, knows nothing about it, and he realizes that he is up against an iceberg. He has perhaps felt when he entered that particular store that the atmosphere was frozen hard. He had already sized up the merchant sitting at his desk, and from the cut of his jib, thought there was nothing in him. His impressions had not been favorable the first dash out of the box and first impressions are most always good ones. He wonders if he can ever thaw this merchant out, and somehow wishes he hadn't walked a dozen blocks out of his way to see this man, but had instead gone to the lunch he missed. Then he begins to get hot under the collar, but he won't show it, and he goes for the merchant red-handed, knowing he is offering a good thing.

"You put these price tags on your goods to attract attention, don't you?" he asks of the merchant. "Of course, where should I put them, in the back yard?" he answered. The advertising man thinks this reply a little rough; still it wasn't much rougher than the question, for couldn't he see that the cards were there for no other purpose? "Right where they are," he says, "that is the proper thing to do. There are merchants who get price cards on the brain and don't stop to think that nobody sees them unless they happen to come into the store. They forget that the shopper at her home, the banker at his desk, or the workingman at his fireside, smoking his pipe, is reading one of the daily papers and not worrying about price cards. They are a good advertisement, after you have attracted your buyer into your store, but they are not gilt-edged magnets to get people to come in. Great guns! the way to make money is to get people to come into your place, isn't it?"

"Yes," says the merchant, "but my neighbor So-and-so on the corner, and So-and-so next door, take whole pages in the papers. They attract the people to this street, and when they get here, they see my bargains, and I get the trade without spending money in the newspapers."

Now here was a merchant who clearly kept his eye on the main chance. By his own words, he was getting his trade at the expense of his neighbor.

But was he getting it?

He had started in business about the same time as either of his neighbors and on the same scale. There was no evidence that during his ten years' career, he had added one inch of floor or counter space. His work was beginning to sprinkle his hair with gray threads, and he looked like a man who eked out an annual profit about equal to a first-class head-salesman's salary in either of his neighbor's stores. Clearly, he had not accumulated a fortune. One of his neighbor's stores now occupied four floors and workmen were tearing down walls alongside to take in a favorable corner to still further provide for a growing business. The other neighbor was rated A1 in the commercial agencies and employed fifty clerks and salesmen. They had been persistent advertisers—he hadn't.

Somehow the advertising man was disgusted because this merchant wouldn't get sociable, and because he talked in that strain. He knew he had a good proposition to offer, and he knew he could help that merchant build up a fine trade, but he felt discouraged at sowing the advertising seed on such barren ground. While he would have liked to take that merchant's contract for 25,000 lines, knowing that his newspaper would be of great benefit to him, he felt that his paper could get along without it if the merchant could.

They talked and talked—that is, the advertising man did—and then he said he would have to go, that he would drop in to see him. Of course that was sarcasm. If he were to go past that store every day for a year, he wouldn't drop in to see him, and very likely that merchant wouldn't miss him. But some day the merchant would begin to see that the neighbors' pages of advertising didn't attract trade anywhere but where it belonged; and that still more buildings were being demolished to make more room for his neighbors' increasing trade. Then he would begin to hump himself, and the words of the advertising man would come back to him. Then he would thaw out and strive to get into the bandwagon hard and fast along side his prosperous neighbors, and the advertising man would be vindicated.

Don't you think so?

Silence is not always golden and the merchant who thinks so, and doesn't herald his goods in printers' ink is dense. He can't be a hermit and compete with his neighbors. No matter what his line of goods, he can sell more of them if he advertises.—San Diego Tribune.

Official Report of the Killing.

A Santa Fe section foreman working near that town recently made the following report to the roadmaster: "MacWhorter's bull struck at the long siding and was killed. We found him alongside the track, and, as he was not quite dead then, I borrowed a gun and shot him three times, killing him again. Dennis Sullivan then struck him another blow on the head with a pick and finished him. The bull is now dead."—Osage (Mo.) Public Opinion.

British Antarctic Exploration.

A gift of $125,000, just made by Mr. Longstaff to the Royal Geographical Society, makes a British expedition to the antarctic probable. The society has now collected $200,000 for that purpose, and when it has $50,000 more will again ask the Government to undertake the work.

A Definition.

It was a Deering (Me.) schoolboy who defined "anodyne" as "something to a sausage pan," and then brought Webster's unabridged to his skeptical teacher, with his finger pointing triumphantly to the words, "serving to assauge pain."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Queer Mourning Colors.

Coffins in Russia are never covered with black. If the deceased is a child, pink is used; if a woman, crimson, though for a widow they use brown.

About all there is in wickedness is thinking about it.