

One Who Failed.
He started out to make his name
A household word;
He has not won the laurel fame,
And few have heard
That there is such a man as he
Upon this twirling sphere—
He failed, but it was well if we
Had more such failures here.

He missed the goal he had in view
And grieves to-day;
The grave lies just beyond him, too—
He's bent and gray;
Yet though he failed in winning fame,
He's won a greater prize:
Few men have ever heard his name,
But they'll weep when he dies.
—S. E. Kiser.

A NIHILIST'S SACRIFICE.

The dark, heavy clouds were drifting slowly across the sky, driven by a steadily rising wind. The moon, shining through the rifts, lit up for a moment the grim, Siberian prison below, throwing the high buildings into strong relief, then leaving everything blacker than before as another mass of clouds obscured its face.

Here and there around the place, a light flickered feebly, showing the position of the sentries; and they, but toned up tightly to keep out the biting wind, paced slowly to and fro. Inside the prison all seemed still, and the unsuspecting guards were so; but in the outer block of buildings nearest the river, a scene of silent activity was taking place.

"Have you got your cursed iron off?" inquired a voice, in a whisper.

"Almost, Ivan. But do not hurry; the guard will not be round for an hour yet. What a lucky thing it was you managed to secure these files. Now, our comrades can escape with us. Give the signal gently, Ivan."

Ivan silently went to the wall of the cell and tapped three times almost audibly. A moment later two similar taps were heard from the other side.

"Yes, they are ready, Chakoff, and will await our signal. What a grand night it is for those who would escape from this awful horror," said Chakoff.

"Escape—freedom!" broke in Ivan. "Oh, what thoughts does freedom conjure up! Back to Moscow, whether in danger or not, to try and win a woman for my wife."

"What? Then that is another tie to bind us? Although we never met before, I have known her here, and she is joined by ties of friendship that nothing can break. Let me tell you my story," continued Chakoff.

"Five long, weary years ago, when I was a free man in Moscow, I loved a woman who loved me in return, and is still true to me."

"But I had a rival, whom I never saw, nor even learnt his name, and he determined to rid me from his path."

"One night, when I was at a party meeting, the police broke in and I was arrested. From what was said, I gathered that the information must have come from one who could be no other than his rival."

"For a moment the men were silent; only their heavy breathing telling of their emotion. A strange recognition, indeed, to take place in the darkness of a prison cell—each to have been the cause of the other's imprisonment; to be taken to a Siberian cell to live together for many years, and then, just at the time they intended attempting escape, to suddenly discover each other's identity."

"And you were my rival?" said Chakoff. "And I told you my story, never thinking it!"

"Clank! clank! clank! The guard was approaching."

"The signal—quick!" he hoarsely continued, forgetting in a moment the exciting climax through which they had just passed, and only thinking of the promised liberty.

All unconscious of the danger which threatened, the men walked straight to the door, and, unlocking it, looked into the cell. A deep groan smote his ears.

"Shaming again," he muttered, with a Russian oath, "taste of my knout will do him good!"

Stepping forward, he was about to carry out his brutal intention when the figure on the floor, which the light of the lamp he carried revealed, suddenly sprang up, and seized him in a firm grip, the waist, simultaneously another sprang from the darkness, and stifled the cry for help which was rising. The lamp dropped to the floor and went out, and a rifle fell on the rough bed of straw.

To and fro the men walked, the sound being uttered. The emaciated frames of the convicts, desperate as they were, proved more than a match for the herculean strength of the guard, and slowly the prisoners gained the upper hand. A few moments later he was lying bound hand and foot on the floor of the cell.

"So far, so good," said Ivan, taking the bunch of keys. "Take his greatcoat, Chakoff; it may be very useful to us."

Proceeding cautiously into the open wind-swept square, Ivan arrived unscathed at the next cell, and, selecting a key from the bunch, he liberated the overjoyed men inside.

A few moments served to release about twenty, who armed themselves with pieces of the chains they had so lately worn.

Suddenly a loud cry for help, instantly answered by the nearest guards, fell upon their ears, and they realized that in some way the captured man had eluded the vigilance of Chakoff. Instantly a scene of wild confusion began, the prisoners, quickly of them there for a very little offense, were determined to make the most of the opportunity offered them for escape, and seeing they could not leave the precincts of the prison without fighting the soldiers, they rushed to meet them. A hand-to-hand conflict followed; for the soldiers dare not use their rifles for fear of hitting one of themselves. This put them at a disadvantage, and, being taken by surprise, and also outnumbered, the convicts made short work of them, and at a signal from Chakoff, ran towards the river, and plugging in, all safely reached the other bank.

The officer in command had been stunned by a blow from the butt end of a rifle in the hands of Ivan, which the latter had wrenched from the grasp of a wounded soldier, and, therefore, no instant chase was given; but the deputy governor was quickly on the scene, and he taking the command, a strong force set out in pursuit three hours later.

At the base of fifteen hills, and weary men rested the night following the escape in a clump of woods. Seven men had succumbed to the horrors of the day's march through the broken country, and the remainder were sleeping, not caring whether they were captured or not.

Ivan was keeping guard over the camp, and, finding it a difficult matter to keep his eyes open, he walked to

the edge of the wood, and looked out into the darkness. A tremor shook him, and he muttered a startled exclamation. In that distance, perhaps not a quarter of a mile away, he saw the camp of Cossacks!

He returned and awoke his comrades. "What is the matter?" asked Chakoff, standing up.

"The soldiers are here," was the low reply. "They have ridden to the north of the wood, and, knowing we were so beautiful, they would have done anything to win her for my wife. Chakoff, say you will forgive me!"

"What did I say when I told you my story last night? It is you who must bear that. But why talk to me about this? We shall continue at once through the woods, where those brutal Cossacks with their horses cannot follow."

"You do not know the country," was the reply. "This wood only extends a few miles south, and if we followed it we should get to the mountains, where death would be slower, yet just as sure as the bullets of our enemies. The only way is to vanish like soldiers!"

"Which is impossible," said Chakoff, with a sigh; "and, therefore, we die at break of day. Friends," he continued, "I have a plan for the conversation had awakened the sleepers, 'the soldiers are very near to us, and are only waiting a while before attacking. There are about forty of them, well armed and strong; fifteen of us, unarmed and weak. If we become the attackers and do not wait for daylight, one or two might escape in the confusion and darkness.'"

"There is another way," said Ivan, stopping forward. "By which nearly all of you may escape."

"What is it? Tell us your plan," said one standing near.

"The dawn is near, therefore my plan cannot wait. So to the edge of the wood and wait. The first number of the Cossacks detach themselves from the main body and after an hour do not return, follow Chakoff's plan."

"But what do you intend to do?" inquired Chakoff, anxiously.

"You can watch with the others," was the low reply. "But if you escape and once again see her"—he added brokenly—"tell her I begged for forgiveness. You can take care of her better than I. Give me your greatcoat, Chakoff, it is necessary. If you are successful you will get another; if not—well, you won't need one. Good-bye, and forgive me."

"Come back, Ivan! come back!" cried Chakoff, but too late. He had disappeared in the darkness.

As the first rays of light broke from the horizon the watchers beheld a strange sight.

A figure crept toward the Cossack camp, was challenged by the sentry and taken before the commander. An excited interview followed. Ivan was pointing towards the wood.

"Is he a deserter?" the watchers wondered. No, that could not be; but it was evident something strange was on foot.

The camp became a scene of bustle and activity. In a few minutes three parts of the men were mounted. They formed in charging order, and with a wild cheer, dashed along the edge of the wood in a southerly direction, the sound of rattling hoofs grow fainter as the distance, and at last died out altogether.

Suddenly one of the anxious watchers started up and declared he heard a wild cry of terror; but he was the only one, and his statement was discredited.

An hour passed, and no sign of a return. The sun began to rise, and the remaining soldiers were becoming uneasy.

Suddenly from out the wood dashed a band of wild-looking men, armed with chains, clubs and the one who is leading with a rifle.

They fell upon the unprepared Cossacks, and a stubborn, bloody conflict, scattered them in all directions.

Then the visitors, after eating of the food they found, followed in the path of the company of soldiers led by Ivan.

For two miles they journeyed on, when they came to a stop before a deep chasm, at the bottom of which they dimly discerned the mangled remains of horses and men.

Descending, they searched among the gruesome mass, and at last found the body of a man, which they regarded with great tenderness. And they reverently buried him just as he was, in his large, gray coat—a look of infinite peace on his face.

In a cozy little room, in an English household, a man and woman were seated on the knees of the former sat a little child.

"And why did your brother Ivan jump over the precipice, father?" he asked.

A tear came to the man's eye, and he looked at his wife with a sad smile. "When he went to the office, Ivan, he must have convinced him in some way that we were escaping round the far end of the wood. He let him lead the men there, and, going at full speed, they jumped straight over the chasm. Clarissa, is it not his bedtime?"

Queer Practice of Mexican Miners.
A recent traveler in Mexico, who visited the mines there during his journey, says that he was much astonished at seeing the men who carry the ore come out of the mine each with one eye shut.

The foreman, seeing his surprise, explained the matter. He said the candles belonging to the traters (who drill and blast) do not give sufficient light in the drifts, where it is consequently quite dark, but, where, nevertheless, the traters see well enough to run their heads against the rocks. But on emerging into daylight they were blinded and they do not take precautionary measures.

For this reason, as they approach the mouth of the shaft, at the point where they catch the first glimpse of light, they drop the eyelid of one eye, and keep this down while they are discharging their ore and until they have reduced the shaft.

When they are again in the dark they open the eye kept hitherto in reserve, and at once see everything distinctly, while the other eye, previously open and somewhat blinded by the daylight, perceives nothing at all.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

The entire membership of the mission churches in Chicago is 60,000.

CHICAGO AND NEW

JUST seventy years ago something of the nature of a "boom" struck Chicago, gave it the first impulse towards the great metropolis it has become. Before that, its history was practically that of a frontier village, a trading point. In 1830 a canal connecting the Illinois River with Lake Michigan was under consideration. Congress set

Began to "Feel Its Oats."
By 1836 the "Garden City" began "to feel its oats!" The first vessel built in Chicago was successfully launched, and ground was broken for the long-talked-of Illinois and Michigan Canal. The Galena railroad was chartered. Speculation became rife, and real estate reached figures that discounted the wildest previous speculations. Chi-

and commercial interests had reached the highest typical plane. The city entered \$800 with a marvelous history behind it. The wonderful metropolis not only astonished the world, but surprised its own people.

Today a Wonder.
In To-day a wonder to survey. Its vast area, immense population, magnificent buildings and enormous industries are known to and appreciated by all. The city comprises in its limits about 100 square miles of territory. It is twenty-five and one-half miles from its extreme north to its extreme south limit.

From absolutely nothing to a city of 2,000,000 people within the narrow limits of a single century, it has come to lead the world in many things—a railway center, port, lumber market, grain market. In live stock of all kinds Chicago takes the preference. All this is not the result of chance or fortune. Good luck seldom has a run of sixty years. Chicago's present and prospective greatness rests upon her location at the gateway of a fertile country as large in extent as Europe.

Her history has been a series of triumphs and helpings. Chicago and the Iowa farmer, the Michigan miner, the Indiana merchant, the Wisconsin lumberman, have all helped to build up the metropolis in a way. A century ago the advantages Chicago utilized were counted trivial, but close applica-

tion and shrewd enterprise have annihilated distance, bridged rivers, and tumbled mountains, until, for all practical purposes, the Lake city is nearer to Chicago than Boston was to Philadelphia the year Fort Dearborn was built.

AN OBSTINATE ARTIST.
He painted a Red Ear on the Baron de Rothschild.

"A portrait painter can't afford to be entirely independent unless he has a tremendous vogue," remarked an artist who has spent a number of years in study abroad, to a correspondent of the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "I remember when I first went to Paris, Sergeant, who is probably the greatest master in his special field that America has ever produced, was just beginning to attract attention. He had painted a portrait of his preceptor, Duron, tant was generally applauded, and the artist created led to his getting a commission from the Baron Rothschild. It was his first big job, but he went into it with exactly the same nonchalance that characterizes him at present. During the last sitting, when the picture was receiving its finishing touches, it chanced that one of the Baron's ears became unusually red; a circumstance probably due to the heat of the room. Sergeant seized on it at once as a good bit of color and made the painted ear redder, if anything, than the original. When Rothschild inspected the portrait, he was greatly pleased. 'But of course,' he said, 'you will tone down that left ear.' 'Oh, no!' replied the painter promptly. 'I think I shall leave it just as it is. I rather like this red.' The banker was astonished and very angry, and while he paid for the canvas he never hung it. Of course, the incident raised a laugh and the artist's obstinacy was admired in Boston."

Some City Improvements.
Gas came to Chicago in 1850, and the Illinois Central Railroad began to plan out its line. In the following year the drinking water system of the city was put on a progressive basis, obviating the buying of small quantities from two-wheeled carts, which dispensed the same at the rate of 10c to 15c per gallon. The rule now is to build the organization of a new water road company about every two years. The Fort Wayne, the Michigan Southern, the Burlington and Quincy, the Alton, and numerous other lines sprang into being, but only at the expense of careful capital and hard, energetic labor. Some idea of the way these roads were built up may be gained from the fact that the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, which is the largest of the city, consists of a consolidation of no less than forty-five separate and distinct lines. By 1855 eleven trunk lines centered at Chicago, and a great many branch lines radiated from it.

During this year Chicago's first great fire occurred, thirteen persons losing their lives in the conflagration. Two years later the first street railway made its appearance—a single-track affair, quite primitive. A strong disposition was now evinced "to lift Chicago out of the mud," and paving was the order of the day. Now the city began to be the center of important political events, and it was in Chicago that Lincoln was elected president.

The most imposing structure many momentous war meetings were held. The city became the recognized center of the West. Its progress was now all along the line of the great business of the world. The great fire of 1871, a conflagration overshadowing any in the history of the world. Then came the years of reorganization and rebuilding. With 1880 the prospering metropolis had reached the 1,000,000 mark. The most imposing structures in the world were designed and constructed. The year 1883 saw the World's Fair open and close, after scoring a brilliant success. Great crowds came to view the city for the first time from all quarters of the world, enormously swelling the already great population of the city. Electricity was advanced in its highest form in all the industries. Mechanics of every class here found the ideal field for progress. The social, literary

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Carving Done by Kernels.
There is a curiously carved frame around a picture recently hung in the office of the Penitentiary, Ore., board of fire commissioners by Secretary Weidner. It is made of a board of Oregon fir, but the carving, which in places is nearly through the board, is of such a queer pattern and in such a strange and peculiar style that no one who sees it can imagine how it was done. The nearest guess anyone makes is that it is Japanese work. The fact is, the board was part of a grain chute, and the quaint and curious carving as well as the polishing was done by kernels of wheat passing down the chute. As just why the wheat cut such curious curves is difficult to imagine, as the wood does not appear to be any softer where the cuts are deepest.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Population of the World.
The population of the earth is about 1,500,000,000. It being estimated in 1894 at 1,428,753,000. The Statesman's Year-Book of British publication for 1897 estimated that four-fifths of the world's population, or 1,273,284,463 human beings, were under the sway of ten powers, as follows: China, 402,080,000; British Empire, 382,488,400; Russian Empire, 123,545,000; France, 70,467,775; United States, 62,929,790; Germany, 57,628,790; Austria-Hungary, 41,858,880; Japan, 41,818,215; Netherlands, 38,822,451; and the Ottoman Empire, 30,212,000. The estimate of the population of China is really guess work, nothing more. It may exceed the figures given, or it may fall vastly below.

Williamburg Special Election.
Williamburg voted on two propositions. First, the most important was one providing for the purchase and construction of a gas plant, to be owned by the city. There has been some opposition, but the proposal carried by a large majority. The second proposition, to grant a telephone franchise to a local company, was also carried.

A Deliberate Suicide.
The body of David A. Barron, a prosperous farmer, was found hanging in a country school house near Dewar. He had taken his own life, and evidently with deliberation, judging from the preparations made. He was said to have been engaged to be married soon. Overwork and overheating is suggested as a cause.

Drowned While Fishing.
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Brief State Happenings.
A flour mill is projected at Bloomfield. It is estimated that Fort Dodge has a population of over 12,000. The button factory at Davenport is now working seventy hands. Joe Jarret, a young man of Monticello, has slain two farmers at suicide. John Sinit, formerly of Gilmore City, was killed by the cars near Anaconda, Colo.

Davenport Elks will attend the St. Louis convention costumed as Filipino natives. The St. Anthony Catholic Society of Dubuque will build a \$15,000 church this year. William Willough of Latimer had several ribs crushed by being caught between a wagon and corn crib.

The citizens of Mason City are discussing the question of building a large hall for public gatherings. George C. Cook, instructor in English in the State university at Iowa City, has sent in his resignation. The C. & N. W. will erect a depot at Danlay.

Mrs. Leavelle of Carson attempted suicide by taking strychnine, but the prompt action of physicians saved her life. Capitalists in Des Moines are considering the purchase of a large tract of land and establishing a wall paper factory. The supervisors of Story County have let the contract for the construction of an iron bridge over West Indian creek.

A large number of soldiers have died throughout Blackhawk County from kidney disease within the past few weeks. William D. Jacobson has been appointed postmaster at Lyons. Herndon Demont, a Dubuque clothier, fell off his bicycle and was killed by a street car.

At a special election the citizens of Hudson voted to bond the town for \$5,000 for the purpose of erecting a system of water works, there being only seventeen votes cast against the proposition. The postoffice at Melbourne was entered by burglars. A window was pried open and \$275,000.00 of the people under her sway being inhabitants of India.

The Great Pyramid of Cheops.
The largest structure ever erected by the hand of man. Its original dimensions at the base were 754 feet square, and its perpendicular height in the highest point 448 feet. It covers four acres, one road, and twenty-two rods of ground, and has been estimated by an eminent British architect to have cost not less than \$165,000,000.

Mosquito Bite Pain.
The pain of a mosquito bite is caused by a fluid poison injected by the insect into the wound in order to make the blood thick enough to float through the mosquito's throat.

Victoria's Income.
From the time that she was crowned, Queen Victoria has been in receipt of an income from the Government amounting to about \$3,000,000 a year. From this she pays all the expenses and salaries of her household, charities, pensions and other charges imposed upon the sovereign, but she is more or less. She has \$300,000 per annum for pocket money, of which no account is ever asked.

The salaries of her household amount to about \$600,000, and the other expenses to about \$750,000 per year; \$60,000 is given for "bounties and alms," and \$96,000 for annuities and pensions. In addition to this, the other members of the royal family receive annuities amounting to \$865,000. From the Duchy of Lancaster the Queen receives about \$450,000 a year, which she has no need to touch at all,

and probably invests in bulk as fast as it comes to her. This income of itself since she has been upon the throne, with interest, would aggregate \$40,000,000.—Philadelphia Press.

A Surprise for Hubby.
She was a young wife just married from boarding school—one of the lovely dovey order—and although highly educated didn't know beans from any other vegetable. Hence this dialogue with the cook:

"Now, Biddy, dear, what are we to have for dinner?"

"There's two chickens to dress, mum."

"I'll dress them the first thing. Where are her clothes?"

"Dear me, mum, they're in their feathers yet."

"Oh, then, serve them that way. The ancient Romans always cooked peacocks with their feathers on. It will be a surprise for Hubby."

"It will that, mum. Sure, if you want to help, you could be parin' the turmps."

"Oh, how sweet! I'll pair them two and two in no time. Why, I had no idea cooking was so picturesque!"

"I think, mum, that washing the celery do be more in your line."

"All right, Biddy, I'll take it up to the bath room, and I've some lovely Paris soap that will take off every speck."

Wedding a Surprise.
The announcement from New York of the marriage there of J. J. Richardson, Miss Estlin, a Dubuque native, was received with great surprise because no formal announcement had preceded the event. Mr. Richardson is the publisher of the Davenport Democrat and was formerly the Iowa member of the Democratic national committee. He is prominent in Episcopal church circles and has been a leading member of the Board of the Hall Diocesan, the boarding school for young ladies at Davenport. Miss Rice has been the principal of the school for several years and has prospered greatly under her direction.

Wedding Guests Eat Poison.
"Four persons who were at a wedding at Robins the other night suffered from poison, partaken of at supper, and it was not until next day that all were prostrated by the effects of the deadly poison. Of the number nearly twenty were from Cedar Rapids. George J. Prescott of Cedar Rapids and Miss Myrtle Meek of Robins were married and a large number of guests were invited. After the ceremony a wedding feast was spread and part of the menu consisted of pressed chicken on lettuce, both of which contained ptomaine poison."

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