

LITTLE-Oh-DEAR.

See what a wonderful garden is here,
Planted and trimmed for my Little-Oh-Dearest
Fishes to gaily and grass of such brown—
Search ye the country and hunt ye the town,
And never ye'll meet with a garden so queer
As this one I've made for my Little-Oh-Dearest!

Marigolds red, and buttercups blue,
Lilies all dabbled in honey and dew,
The cactus that trails over trellis and wall,
Roses and pansies and violets—all
Make proper obeisance and reverent cheer
When into her garden steps Little-Oh-Dearest!

And up at the top of that lavender tree
A silver bird singeth as only can she;
For, ever and only, she singeth the song:
"I love you! I love you!" the happy day long!
Then the echo—the echo that smiteth me here!
I love you—I love you, my Little-Oh-Dearest!

The garden may wither, the silver bird fly—
But what careth my little precious, or I?
From her pathway of flowers that in spring-
time upstart,
She walketh the tender way in my heart!
And, oh! it is always the summer-time here,
With that song of "I love you," my Little-Oh-Dearest!

—Chicago Record.

ANARCHIST CONSPIRACY.

A French Officer's Revenge on Three Fiends.

In his office at New Scotland Yard sat Inspector Murphy, chief of the "specials" told off to keep watch over the anarchists. He was engrossed in the perusal of a large official-looking document, when he was interrupted by the entrance of two of his principal subordinates, Detective Sergeants Mulligan and Magee. They had come to inquire if he had any orders to give them before they left the "Yard" for the night.

"Ah, boys," said the inspector, looking up, "I was just going to send for you."

"More work, sir?" asked Mulligan.

"Aye, and hot work, too," answered the inspector, with a significant shake of his head. "I have just received word from the French police that Lucien Miasme, Louis Roche and Jean Lerat, who disappeared from Paris some weeks ago, are reported to be in London."

"Miasme, Roche and Lerat," repeated Mulligan, thoughtfully. "They are the fellows who were tried for that Notre Dame affair, aren't they?"

"Yes, and who should have been hanged for it," replied the inspector. "I was in Paris at the time, and attended the trial. There was no doubt but they were guilty—they themselves hardly denied it—but the case was mismanaged, and the jury were scared for their own skins, and the end of it was that three most villainous murderers were let loose on society again."

"It was a big business, that Notre Dame explosion," said Magee.

"Faith, big enough for anything. The church was full of people—women and children chiefly—and scores of them were killed or injured. One family—the Comte de la Targe and his wife and two daughters—who was sitting just where the bomb exploded, were simply wiped out. I believe, at this moment, the only representative of the de la Targe family existing is the son, who, at the time of the outrage, and now, too, for all I know, was serving with his regiment in Siam."

"If that son ever meets Miasme, Roche and Lerat there'll be trouble, I expect," was Mulligan's comment.

"Yes; it was reported in the French papers that when he heard the result of the trial he swore he would have the blood of his mother's murderers yet. I dare say, however, he soon cooled down. At any rate, he has made no move, and that's seven months ago. But to business. The French police tell me that Miasme, Roche and Lerat are said to be here for the purpose of committing outrages in revenge for our surrendering that ruffian Marquis. They say, too, that they are well supplied with money, though where it comes from is a mystery. If that's the case, the sooner we get on their track the better."

The inspector paused for a moment and searched among the papers on his desk. Then he handed to the detective several photographs.

"These," he said, "are portraits of the three ruffians, taken when they were in prison in Paris. Look at them well, and see that you don't forget the rascals' faces."

The two detectives examined the photographs closely. An anxious and prolonged consultation followed. When it was ended midnight was far past.

The two detectives left the "Yard" and turned down the dark and silent embankment. The difficulties and responsibility of the task that night committed to them lay heavy on their minds. Neither of the men spoke as they walked slowly along, lost in anxious thought.

Suddenly Mulligan stopped and caught Magee tightly by the arm. At the same instant there was a brilliant flash of reddish light about two hundred yards in front of them. The next second a tremendous report almost deafened them.

For a moment the two detectives were too dumfounded to think or act. Mulligan, however, quickly pulled himself together.

"The anarchists, by heaven!" he cried. "Come, Tom, we may catch the scoundrels yet." Without an instant's hesitation the two men dashed off at breakneck speed along the embankment toward the spot where the explosion had taken place. As they neared it they slackened their pace and kept a sharp lookout so that nothing might escape them in the darkness. A second later they observed a dark mass lying huddled up on the pavement. They approached the object warily. It was the body of a man. A moment's examination showed that he had been killed by the explosion. His right arm was blown simply to fragments and his right side was a bleeding mass of flesh and bones and clothes. He was quite dead.

Detective Sergeant Mulligan struck a light and examined the dead man's face.

"The chief hero of the Notre Dame explosion has exploded himself; the Lord be praised!"

Subsequent investigation confirmed

the detective's theory. They felt no doubt that the man killed that night was the redoubtable anarchist Louis Roche, and that he had perished by the premature explosion of the bomb he was carrying while on his way to commit some diabolical outrage. What the outrage intended was and how he had become possessed of the bomb—which from the fragments discovered about the scene of the explosion experts pronounced to be of excellent workmanship—were not known for some time. At length, however, another communication was received from the French police, which threw light on both these points and on many others besides.

From this communication it appeared that among anarchists in Paris it was said that the outrage intended was nothing less than the blowing up of the houses of parliament, or, at any rate, of the clock tower. The bomb had been prepared by a person passing among the anarchists under the name—assumed, no doubt—of La Revanche. This person was reported to be a man of some wealth and at the same time a skilled chemist, and he was devoting both his talent and money to the cause of anarchism. He appeared to be known personally to few of the brethren—indeed, for purposes of safety, he mixed little with them, living in rooms in the west end of London, where he prepared his bombs, and meeting professed anarchists only from time to time in order to plan outrages and provide the means of carrying them out. Miasme, Lerat and the late Roche were his special intimates and his chosen instruments for effecting his malignant purposes—in fact, he had created some jealousy in anarchist circles by refusing to place confidence in any others than those.

The communication concluded by stating that the misadventure by which Louis Roche had lost his life had not in the slightest degree discouraged La Revanche and his associates, and that another attempt at outrage might be expected at any moment. According to the rumors circulating among the militant anarchists in Paris this would probably take the form of an explosion at Woolwich arsenal, or at some of the government dockyards.

On receiving this communication Inspector Murphy had another consultation with his subordinates.

"This," said Magee, when the inspector had stated the effect of the French police's communication, "this is a new development in anarchism—the gentleman anarchist."

"Yes, and a very awkward one, too," replied Mulligan. "We know something about Miasme and Lerat—both about their haunts and their appearances—but we know nothing about this La Revanche, except that he is a gentleman and lives in the west end, and is probably a Frenchman. That's too vague to help us much. We can't shadow every French gentleman living in West London, and yet while he's free there will be no cessation of outrages. It's true he is said now to employ only Miasme and Lerat, but even if we catch them he will soon get other desperadoes to take their places. He carries the sinews of war, and as long as he has money and a bomb manufactory we shall have plenty of outrages."

"That's quite true," said Inspector Murphy. "The pressing question then is, how can we trap La Revanche?"

"I was thinking," said Mulligan, "that when we're fortunate enough to trace Miasme and Lerat, we should not arrest them—only shadow them. La Revanche must meet them some time or other, and when he does we could shadow him until we discover where his bomb factory is, then we might catch the lot."

"A sensible plan," answered the inspector. "But, no doubt, Miasme and Lerat meet others than La Revanche. How could you tell which is which?"

"Well, probably they don't meet many gentlemen—French or otherwise," argued Mulligan. "So we should shadow all the well-dressed people they speak to or have dealing with. At any rate, that seems to me the only chance of catching La Revanche."

The inspector lay back in his chair and reflected. While he was doing so a messenger entered the room and handed him a telegram. He tore the envelope open and glanced at the message. Then he whistled.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed; "they are going it. Just listen!"

"Portsmouth, 11:20 p. m. Explosion in harbor. No injury to person or property. No trace of perpetrator of outrage. Send officer to investigate."

"What do you think of that?"

"Looks like another bungle," said Mulligan, quietly.

"Faith it does," answered the inspector, "but it may put us on the track of the rascals. Mulligan, start you by the first train and make searching inquiries."

Mulligan did start by the first train and did make searching inquiries. These inquiries resulted in a pretty certain opinion that, as he said when the telegram was received, there had been another bungle. He discovered that at Southsea a foreigner on the night of the explosion had hired a small rowing boat and that that boat had not been returned. He discovered further that fragments of a rowing boat similar to the one hired had been picked up outside Portsmouth harbor. On showing to the owner of the missing boat the photographs of Miasme and Lerat, that person, after some hesitation, identified Miasme as the foreigner who hired the boat. From these facts Mulligan drew the conclusion that Miasme had made an attempt to blow up the dockyard or the shipping in Portsmouth harbor, and had perished by the premature explosion of the bomb. And this conclusion was shortly afterwards confirmed by advices from the French police. These were to the effect that among Paris anarchists it was stated that the dockyard was the object of attack, and that since the attempt was made Miasme had been missing. It was added that much dissatisfaction existed re-

garding La Revanche and his skill as a bomb maker, but that, as he alone among London anarchists possessed funds he still contrived, in spite of his successive failures, to maintain his position.

"And long may he," was Inspector Murphy's comment on reading this communication. "He's doing more to suppress both anarchism and the anarchists than all the police in Europe put together. The best thing that could happen would be for him to go on blowing up his friends until they're all in fragments, and then for him to blow up himself."

Inspector Murphy had not long to wait. Some three weeks after this conversation he received word of an attempted outrage at Hampton court. The inhabitants of the palace were awakened about midnight by a tremendous explosion. The guard turned out, and, after considerable trouble, discovered the dead body of a man in the gardens. Evidently he, like Roche and Miasme, had been "exploded" himself, as Inspector Murphy called it, when attempting to blow up Hampton court. On the inspector examining the dead man he had no difficulty in identifying him as the third of that terrible trio of desperadoes—Lerat. Every one of them had perished by the same means as they had used to murder the innocent congregation of Notre Dame.

The detectives were still engaged in investigating the circumstances connected with this explosion when Inspector Murphy received a mysterious note. It ran as follows:

"All is discovered. Let La Revanche take care. He thinks he has escaped, having fled from London; but the arms of the brotherhood stretch far. Tell him—your agent—proceeder—that he is now in great danger, as he is in Belgrave road. The avengers of blood are after him. He shall pay!"

(Signed) "ANARCHIST."

"Hullo!" cried Inspector Murphy, when he had read this note; "the third failure has been too much for them, and La Revanche is now to be blown up himself. More power to their elbows, I say."

"Belgrave road," said Mulligan; "that's where he hung out, apparently. Surely with such a straight tip as that we should be fools if we failed to lay hands on him."

"He has left, I think," said Inspector Murphy. "I don't know whether we should let him and his friends settle matters between them. It's an act of treason—tra-hi-son!"

But the inspector was only joking, and half an hour later he and Mulligan were in Belgrave road searching for the lodgings of the missing M. La Revanche. They soon discovered them, too, though the name he had passed under with his landlady was not La Revanche, but Montagnard. The lady gave a very peculiar description of him, and stated that the cab which took away him and his baggage went to Victoria. He had not taken all his luggage, and what he had left behind demonstrated his identity with La Revanche. It consisted of several uncharged bombs, a large bottle of sulphuric acid and the materials for compounding an explosive powder of great strength. Evidently he had left in a great hurry.

To Mulligan was delegated the duty of tracing the missing man. The task was no easy one, and for more than a month his reports were not altogether satisfactory. He had traced La Revanche to Paris, but there for a long time completely lost sight of him.

One morning just after Inspector Murphy had reached his office at the yard the door opened and in walked Detective Sergeant Mulligan. Though entirely unexpected, he was received by his inspector without the slightest indication of surprise.

"Well, what's up now?" Murphy asked, in his quietest manner.

"Oh, I've finished the job, sir," replied Mulligan.

"Found La Revanche?" asked Murphy.

Mulligan nodded his head.

"Had him arrested?" asked Murphy. Mulligan shook his head.

"Failed to establish his identity?" asked Murphy, in a tone of disappointment.

"No; I had some trouble over that, but in the end he admitted it himself."

"Admitted it himself?" cried the inspector. "And pray, why did the French government refuse to arrest him?"

"Because he's the young Comte de la Targe, whose father, mother and two sisters were murdered by Roche & Co. at the Notre Dame explosion."

The inspector looked steadily at his subordinate for a moment, then he whistled to relieve his feelings.

"What are they going to do with him?" he then asked.

"Decorate him and send him back to his regiment in Siam," was the answer. —Atlanta Constitution.

Quite Right, Too.

He was one of the guests at the summer hotel, diffident and green, and he was also one of a party on a drive through the mountains to return to the hotel in the evening. He was quite attentive to one young woman in the crowd whom he had known only a day or two, and at one point where they all got out of the stage he essayed to help her in again, and in doing so it was necessary to come very near putting his arm around her waist.

"What do you mean, sir?" she asked, so unexpectedly as to unnervé him.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered; "I only meant to help you in the stage."

"It wasn't necessary to put your arm around my waist, was it?"

"I never thought of that," he said, blushing very much indeed.

"Well, sir," she concluded, emphatically. "I want you to understand hereafter that I allow no man to put his arm around me unless he is thinking about what he is doing."

Then she smiled, and the entire stage load gave the backward young man the laugh. —Detroit Free Press.

—The secretary bird, in attacking venomous serpents, uses one wing as a shield and the other as a club.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

Ten Minutes of Terror Under Stamped Cattle.

The Providential Escape of Four Men from Being Trampled to Death by a Madly Rushing Herd.

"Yes, we have an adventure now and then out in our country," said Judge Thompson, of Wyoming. "If you'll come out and see us I'll refer you to five or six men whose hairbreadth escapes would fill a book. As for me, I haven't had but one close call worth relating."

"That's the very one I'm after," said the Detroit Free Press interviewer.

"Well, it didn't amount to much as an adventure, I'm afraid, though I'm free to say I was never more frightened for ten minutes. Between what is called the Granite ridges and Bad Water creek, in central Wyoming, is a fine cattle range. I was out with a small party last summer prospecting for certain minerals, and had to cross this valley at about the center. There were four of us on horseback, with our outfit packed on the three lead mules, and at about two o'clock in the afternoon we sighted something to make the hair lift our hats right off our heads."

"Indians or grizzly bears?" queried the scribe.

"Fish! The Indians were all right and grizzly bears don't wander down into the valleys by daylight. What we sighted was a herd of about four thousand cattle coming our way, and they were coming as if every critter was carrying one hundred pounds of steam. Two or three herds got mixed, and in trying to separate them the boys had started a general stampede. In the old days the buffaloes used to be some on the mad rush, but let me tell you that the wild cattle of the west can run a third faster, and when they once get started they will charge a flaming mountain. The front of the herd wasn't over a mile away when we sighted it, and it was no use to run before it, turn back, or ride ahead. Our horses were scrub stock and had no speed."

"And there was no convenient grove or rock to shelter you?"

"Not a tree nor a rock for five miles around, but just where we pulled up was a natural ditch about fifty feet long cut out by the rains. It wasn't over two feet wide by twenty inches deep, but it was our only hope. We slipped off our horses, gave them a slap, and piled into that ditch face down."

"And the herd passed over you?"

"Exactly. I hadn't drawn three long breaths when the front of the herd was at hand. Let me just tell you that I was never so scared in all my born days. Every critter was bellowing, horns clashing, hoofs digging up the soil, and as each one jumped the ditch he caved the dirt in on me. I felt fifty different hoofs scuff my back, and every instant expected to be stepped on. It took the herd only about ten minutes to pass, but the time seemed hours long to me. When the last one had come and gone I was regularly covered in and had to be dug out. Two of the party were stepped on and badly hurt."

"And your horses and mules?"

"Picked up on the horns of the cattle and tossed about and stepped on till they were reduced to pulp. Just cleaned us out as slick as a whistle. If we'd been in our saddles nobody would have recognized us as having once been human beings."

"Seemed like the hand of providence, didn't it?"

"Of course. That's what we look for and depend upon out in our country. Come out some time and see how the old thing works when we are going to have an avalanche three miles long by a few thousand feet wide."

Not a Pleasant People.

An almost unknown race—or one rarely visited by Europeans—is described by Mr. G. S. Robertson. These people live in the sub-Himalayan region and are called Kabirians. In many respects they are not a pleasant people. Their worst mental peculiarities are cupidity, jealousy, and intertribal hatred. On the other hand they have a strong family affection and are capable of acts of heroism when at war. For killing one of their fellow tribesmen banishment is the penalty. They have their cities of refuge. They have medicine men. Mr. Robertson intimates that there is a secret valley in Kabiristan where an unknown tongue is spoken the sound of which is like "a soft musical mewling."

A Curious Incident.

A train was recently stopped in France, on the line between Bellegarde and Geneva, under the following curious circumstances: A freight train had, in one of its cars some cod liver oil, which began to leak away from the containing vessel. By chance, the escaping stream struck exactly in the middle of the rail. The train that bore the oil was not affected, but the track was thus well greased for the passenger train that followed, which came to a standstill when it reached the oily rails. Nearly three-quarters of an hour were consumed in running the two, and a half miles to the next station, and this rate was only attained by diligent sanding of the track.

Chinese Boats Have "Eyes."

Chinese junks and boats have eyes carved or painted on the bows, which are usually supposed to be a mere fanciful form of ornamentation. But they have a real meaning, as a recent traveler found. In going up one of the rivers from Ningpo he was startled one day by seeing a boatman seize his broad hat and clap it over one of the "eyes" of the boat, while other boats on the stream were similarly blinded. Looking about for an explanation he saw a dead body floating past and he was told by the boatman that if the boat had been allowed to "see" it, some disaster would surely have happened either to passengers or crew before the voyage ended.

FALL OF A DYNASTY.

Prophecy Foretelling the End of the Present Ruling House of China.

Reports of a serious revolt against the present Chinese government in Manchuria, and the issue of proclamations by the rebels declaring that the Manchu dynasty is near its end, have created a great deal of interest among the foreign colony in the treaty ports, says the Shanghai correspondent of the New York Sun. News that bears directly upon the reported disaffection in many provinces of China comes from Nanking. It appears that all up through the great valley of the Yangtze a finely written prophecy of the approaching end of Manchu rule is being circulated. It is almost impossible for a foreigner who has not lived in China to understand the importance that is given by the gentry to anything which is well written or carefully printed. If such a document does not strongly violate the probabilities it will be accepted as gospel truth.

This prophecy appears to be firmly believed by all the Chinese who have read it. It purports to have been written by Huan-Peh-Shan, who, in a vision, describes the downfall of the present government. It shows considerable literary ability, but anyone who is skeptical may readily see that the author has thrown in local detail to clinch his prophecy.

The sketch of the emperors of China is very well done, but this historical introduction appears to have been written merely to lull the suspicions of the reader and to induce him to accept the sensational statements about the coming ruin of the Manchu dynasty. The prophet declares that the great provinces of Yunnan and Kweichow are the first that will abandon the empire. After this China will be divided into three kingdoms, but this will not take place and permanent peace will not be secured until the woods are cleared from Purple mountain and the waters of Lotus lake are dried up. The specious nature of such a prophecy may be seen when it is stated that about all the forests has been cut off of Purple mountain, while in dry years one may walk over the bed of Lotus lake, which is converted into solid ground. Any season of drought may, therefore, be taken by the conspirators with the assurance that the two main items of this prophecy will be found fulfilled.

In Hunan there is deep feeling against the present dynasty, because of its favors shown to foreigners. Hunan is the seat of a set of fanatics who would rejoice to see every European thrown out of China. In this province have occurred the worst outrages on Christian missionaries, and anyone journeying up the Yangtze retains vivid recollections of the showers of stones and obscenity that descended upon his house boat from the neighboring banks. Intercourse with foreigners seems only to intensify the popular hatred of the European interlopers, who, they think, are encouraged by the young emperor and his advisers. The worst feature of the situation is that the central government does not dare rebuke the insolence of the Hunan people.

A DANGEROUS TREE.

The Manchinese of Africa—How It Is Used by the Natives.

Everywhere the manchinese has the unenviable reputation of being a most dangerous tree, in the shade of which it is never safe to rest. This evil reputation has its origin in the poisonous qualities of the sap and fruit of a tree of this kind found in Africa—the arboreal euphorbia. This tree has a magnificent but most peculiar appearance, and the thickness of its foliage, which wholly excludes the sun, seems to invite the traveler to rest beneath its branches.

The negroes have a way of taking advantage of the delightfully cool shade and at the same time avoiding the danger from the poisonous droppings of the tree. They erect a thatched roof below the lowest branches and then repose in security.

M. Fremont, says the Chicago News, in a narrative of his excursion to the Sudan, has an interesting passage respecting the arboreal euphorbias.

"While taking a view of Caecae," he says, "I saw one of the negroes who stood near me go and seat himself under a great euphorbia which stood in the foreground. At first he hesitated, then, after a little, he decided to yield, but not without raising his eyes many times in apprehension toward the branches of the tree."

"I was about to climb upon a rock to break off a branch—which I brought home with me to France—but the negro, seeing me approach, fled in terror from the shade of the deadly tree, gesticulating wildly and shouting words in a language which I could not comprehend. His signs, however, and a few Arab words uttered by one of the bystanders—'Do you mean to die?'—made me understand that in touching the tree I was running a serious risk."

"But the thing was done and the broken branch in my hand. Immediately a milky liquid flowed forth, in much greater quantity than I could have imagined from what I knew of these plants in other countries, covering my clothes and penetrating even to my skin."

"The features and gestures of the negroes expressed their fear. They made me understand that if the white juice touched one of the numerous wounds which I at that time had on my body I should die, and that it was dangerous even to let it touch the skin."

"It is with this juice that they poison their weapons in order to make their wounds mortal. They first thicken it till it acquires the consistency of paste, then they dip in it the points or blades of the weapons which they wish to poison."

"Trees of this kind are often twenty-four feet in diameter and seventy feet in circumference. The greatest height of trees of this size is twenty-four feet. The trunk and large branches are of hard wood; the smaller branches consist mostly of pith and parenchyma, sustained by a slender woody fiber."

Railroad Time Table.

C. ST. P. M. & O.			
MAIN LINE.			
Passenger No. 2.	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.	
Passenger No. 4.	11:45 am	11:50 am	
Way Freight No. 12.	11:50 am	11:55 am	
East Freight No. 18.	1:30 pm	1:35 pm	
Stock Freight No. 16.	4:00 pm	4:05 pm	
SIOUX FALLS BRANCH.			
Passenger No. 1.	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.	
Passenger No. 3.	2:30 pm	2:35 pm	
Way Freight No. 13.	3:20 pm	3:25 pm	
Fast Freight No. 17.	3:45 pm	3:50 pm	
Stock Freight No. 19.	4:00 pm	4:05 pm	
B. C. R. & N.			
Passenger.	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.	
Accommodation.	8:20 am	12:00 pm	

SEWARD.

The Advance's Correspondent Tells the News.

Mrs. Geo. West is visiting her sister, Mrs. Busse.

John Buhner lost a horse last week.

Mr. Cammoran is back from his visit in Wisconsin.

Mr. Joseph Hogen has moved on a farm a mile and a half west of Fulda.

—Hood's pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25c.

In Cold Weather.

We observe that about this time of year many individuals benevolently disposed toward the human race are giving free advice to their fellow men about taking care of themselves in cold weather. Advice is perhaps the only commodity we really enjoy giving away free. Perhaps that is why the self appointed doctors are so profuse and elaborate in their directions.

One genius says you must never begin a journey until you have eaten your breakfast. Then a line or two below this he says you must never under any circumstances take warm drinks before you go out in the cold. Shall we then drink ice water with our breakfast, or shall we drink our coffee stone cold? Which will be best?

Don't lean your back up against anything that is cold, says the adviser. Keep your back well covered up; also your chest—that is to say, you must take a section of blanketing and out a hole in the middle to put your head through. Let half of the thing hang down over your back, the other half down over your chest, then put your clothes on over all this. It is true, you will look like Santa Claus or a stuffed paddy, but what's the odds?

Again, you must never stand still in cold weather. When the thermometer registers freezing or thereabouts, drink the ice water for breakfast, put on your padded blanket robe and off and go out. Cover your nose with a silk handkerchief. Then, with the padding on you and the ice water in you, keep skipping about every second like a frisky young lamb or a flea. To be still a moment is death.

After you have taken exercise of any kind, don't, as you value your life, ride in an open carriage or near the open window of a car. If you have a load of hay to haul to market, put a box all around it and then get into the box, so that you may not ride in an open carriage. Meantime, in spite of padding yourself like a mummy and never going out after drinking anything warm and nailing yourself up in a box every time you go anywhere after exercising, you still get cold and sore throat, as you will be certain to do, then stop talking at once. If we talk while we are hoarse, our kind friend informs us we run the risk of permanently losing the voice. So, if you are hoarse and wish to tell a man his house is on fire, go and learn the deaf and dumb alphabet.

Peace to Brazil.

There is an unexpected guarantee of internal peace in the present condition of affairs in Brazil. Outgoing President Peixoto really did behave himself and give up his place gracefully to incoming President Moraes. That of itself promised well for the future. President Prudente Moraes is described as a serious, dignified man, whose nature fits well his first name. Besides that, he is also described as a man of liberal and enlightened views.

Notice of Mortgage Sale.

WHEREAS, default has been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage executed and delivered by Ole G. Olson (single) mortgagor, to Sarah M. Evans mortgagee, dated the 11th day of April A. D. 1892, and recorded in the office of the Register of deeds of the county of Nobles in the state of Minnesota, on the 20th day of April A. D. 1892, at eleven o'clock a. m., in book V of mortgages, on page 104 on which there is claimed to be due, and is due at the date of this notice, the amount of three hundred and eighty-five (\$385.00) dollars (said mortgage being given to secure part of the unpaid portion of the purchase money for the below described land) and no action or proceeding has been instituted at law or in equity to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a power of sale contained in said mortgage, and of the statute in such case made and provided, said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale of the mortgaged premises therein described at public auction for cash, by the sheriff of said county, at the front door of the old court house in the village of Worthington in the county of Nobles and state of Minnesota, on Saturday the 24th day of April A. D. 1893, at one o'clock in the afternoon, to satisfy the amount which shall then be due on said mortgage, with interest thereon, and costs and expenses of sale, and twenty five (\$25.00) dollars attorney's fees, as stipulated in said mortgage in case of foreclosure.

The premises described in said mortgage, and so to be sold, are the lot, piece or parcel of land situated in the county of Nobles and state of Minnesota, and known and described as follows to-wit:

The east half (½) of the southeast quarter (¼) of section four (4), of township No. one hundred and three (113) of Range No. forty (40).

SARAH M. EVANS, Mortgagee.

Geo. W. WILSON, Attorney for Mortgagee, Worthington, Minn.

Dated February 20, 1893.

Feb 21 1893.