

# WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Disorder attending the presidential campaign in Cuba has led thoughtful people to a consideration of the power of the United States to prevent a renewal of the conditions of anarchy that prevailed in the island during the last years of Spanish rule. It is recalled that this country interfered in the affairs of Cuba seven years ago in order to put a stop to disorder and anarchy, which produced such conditions as brought infectious disease to our Southern ports and required the constant vigilance of the navy to prevent those ports from being used as the base for filibustering operations. Cuba was occupied by American troops, and Congress ordered that they should not withdraw till a government had been established under a constitution which should give to the United States the right to "intervene for the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property and individual liberty." The Cuban constitution gives this right to the United States, and it is still further secured by a treaty duly ratified and proclaimed. The certainty that this government would intervene in case of grave and widespread disorder has had a salutary effect on the Cuban politicians trained in the methods of the old revolutionists. If they succeed in holding themselves in check during the political canvass which closes with the presidential election on Dec. 1 they will have advanced far in the arts of self-government. But, says the Youth's Companion, if the United States is compelled to intervene to put an end to the annoyances caused by a disorderly neighbor, the Cubans will have only themselves to blame for the outcome.

The President's forthcoming message is a matter of concern to those interests that have reason to believe they will be dealt with. Among those who show greatest concern are the railroad corporations of the country, because of the President's known attitude toward rates and rebates. Already these corporations have begun to assemble a strong lobby. Among other interested parties are the great trusts of the country whose concern extends in two directions: First, toward the President's enforcement of existing law; and second, toward his possible recommendation of tariff revision. The protected interests, alarmed by the stand taken by the Massachusetts Republicans, fear that recommendations will be made which will bring up the whole tariff question. Then there are the insurance companies, which fear some suggestion of Federal regulation and control. Other interests may be cited as being extremely anxious regarding the President's forthcoming message, but these are the more important. One reason why all such interests are more anxious than they would otherwise be is because President Roosevelt has no further political ambitions. This idea regarding the matters above cited leads to the conclusion that whatever recommendations are made in his forthcoming message will look to radical legislation; that is, radical in the estimation of those interested. On the other hand, the President's forthcoming message causes the people very little concern, they having taken it for granted that existing evils will be properly dealt with, and that the rights of the people will be upheld.

With nearly \$800,000,000 of the precious metal in his strong box, Uncle Sam promises to worry through the winter without suffering any great privation. It is worthy of note, however, that the amount of gold now in the treasury establishes a new record, and the indications are favorable to a still further increase. There has been an increased production of metal and besides there is a steady inflow of gold from other countries, with nothing in sight to warrant the opinion that the current is likely to take the other direction.

A direct cable from the United States to China and Japan is assured by the grant of the necessary concessions by the Chinese and Japanese governments to enter Shanghai and Yokohama. The cable connections will be made by extending the present lines of the Commercial Pacific Cable Company, which run from San Francisco to Manila by way of Honolulu and Midway and Guam Islands. Japan will be reached by a cable from Guam direct to Yokohama; and China by a cable from Manila to Shanghai.

On the battlefield where Custer was slain the government is making a cemetery of famous Indian fighters. The bones of the dead are being removed from the burying-grounds of the Western army posts and taken to the Custer field in Montana, where the graves are to be kept green.

Electricity is to be put to a novel test by the Department of Agriculture. A laboratory is being fitted in the division of pathology for the purpose of conducting experiments in the growing of plants by the aid of an electrical appliance. The experiments are based on the theory that the growth of vegetable matter, which ceases at sundown, will continue through the night if proper artificial light is supplied to stimulate the natural developing powers of the plants.

## MASSACRED IN A CAVE.

Missionaries at Lienchow Pursued by an Infuriated Mob. Bishop Merel, of the Catholic Church at Hongkong, has received a letter confirming the news of the massacre of American missionaries at Lienchow and giving the following particulars: Dr. Machie requested the removal of a street theater near by the hospital on account of the noise. This request incensed the Chinese, who becoming violent attacked the hospital. The mob then paraded the street exhibiting the skeleton used in the instruction of the medical class and alleging that it was an example of the foreigners' inhumanity to the Chinese people. Becoming frenzied, the crowd burned the hospital, the girls' school and the residences of the missionaries. Dr. Machie, Mrs. Machie, their 10-year-old daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Pearle, Dr. Chestnut and Miss Patterson took refuge in a cave. The mob pursued them and killed all except Dr. Machie and Miss Patterson, who escaped to the yamen. Dr. Machie was badly wounded. The American gunboat Calao and two Chinese gunboats, with members of the American board of missions, proceeded to the scene of the massacre. Advice from Canton declares that the measures taken to suppress disturbances in the provinces are inadequate and that the native officials will not give out any information on the subject. Catholic converts have written Bishop Merel to petition the clergy of the province for the protection of the French mission at Lienchow. It is declared that the boycott headquarters at Canton received the first news of the massacre of the American missionaries at Lienchow, but the native gentry assert that the boycotters are not connected with the slaughter.

## TRIBUTE TO MORTON.

Ex-President Cleveland Eulogizes His Secretary of Agriculture. In the presence of 5,000 persons, and with elaborate ceremony, a statue of J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture in the last Cleveland cabinet, and founder of Arbor day, was unveiled at Nebraska City, Neb. Principal of those present at the ceremony were former President Grover Cleveland, former Vice President Adlai E. Stevenson, Gov. Mickey, Hilary A. Herbert, David H. Francis and others associated with Mr. Morton during his term of office. There were six addresses, principal of which was that of Mr. Cleveland, which was a touching eulogy of his former cabinet officer and personal friend. Mr. Cleveland said in part: This is but to testify to his lofty civic righteousness, his simple and sure standards of public morality, his stern insistence on official honesty, his sturdy adherence to opinions deliberately and conscientiously adopted, his generous concession to others of every result of their efforts, and his passionate desire to serve the best interests of his fellow countrymen.

He believed that the same care and good faith exacted by a trust undertaken for an individual were due to the people from those who assume official responsibilities, and he believed that waste in public expenditure was sin. The noxious atmosphere of governmental extravagance could not blind his eyes, nor could the ridicule of those who had learned to scoff at official economy, or the threats of those who perfidiously courted to appropriate public funds to private gain, drive him to compromise with wrong. True, it was that our friend's true moral perception and his love of rectitude shed a bright and unwavering light on the path of official obligation; and thus did his clear and disinterested duty lend impressiveness to his efforts towards the highest usefulness in public office.

Our friend loved nature with constancy and delight and thought nature he was led to a reverent love of the maker of the universe. He served the purposes of God on earth and taught his fellow-countrymen to realize their relationship to nature and the father of all created things, when he established the planting of trees as a custom of general observance among our people. No beautiful crest or elaborate coat of arms would so well illustrate his grand simplicity or typify the spirit in which this project and its rise and completion are its symbolization by a growing tree surmounting the homely legend, "Plant trees."

None of us should go from this place untaught by the lesson which this statue teaches. Here we should learn the character, uncorrupted by the contagion of inaction, unsoftened by the corrosion of riches and money making, the corner stone of every true useful life, and of every genuinely noble achievement. We have fallen upon days when our people are more than ever turning away from their old faith in the saving grace of character and flocking to the worship of money making idols. Daily and hourly, in the light of investigation and exposure, characterless lives are seen in appalling numbers, without chart or compass, crowded upon the rocks and shoals of faithlessness which character and rectitude point out for a wild and headlong rush over unknown seas in a consuming search for gain.

If our people ever return again to their trust in character as a standing force in our restless enterprise and immense material progress, it will be when they take to heart the full significance of such a commemoration as this. We memorialize a man who not only earned the lasting honor of his countrymen, but whose life, in all things worthy of high endeavor, was abundantly successful.

## Notes of Current Events.

John D. Rockefeller is learning to run his own automobile. The whaler Gayhead returned to San Francisco with 400 barrels of oil and 2,000 pounds of bone. The Sylph, Lieut. Evans commanding, which did duty at Oyster Bay and New York during the summer, has returned to Washington. The Navy Department has been informed that the Russian transport Lena, interned at Mare Island since last spring, has sailed from that navy yard for San Francisco.

The Secretary of the Interior has ordered the withdrawal from entry of 300,000 acres of land in the Cheyenne, Wyo., land district, with a view to creating a forest reserve. Italy's consul general at New York has been instructed to take the sworn evidence of J. Pierpont Morgan, with a view to discovering the original vendor of the stolen paper cops.

A decapitated human body has been found a mile east of Glyndon, Minn. Documents upon the body disclosed the name of Joe Modjaki, en route, evidently, from Spokane to Hastings, Minn.

## OHIO'S WEEKLY OLIO.

### BRIEF COMPILATION OF LATEST STATE NEWS.

An Interesting Summary of the More Important Doings of Our Neighbors—Weddings and Deaths—Crimes, Casualties and General Buckeye News Notes.

#### Buckeye News In Brief.

The board of trade of Findlay is securing a porcelain manufacturing industry for the city.

Judson Smith of Zanesville, a steel worker, was killed by being struck by a Zanesville and Newark interurban car.

John Presso, a Roumanian laborer, was run over and fatally injured by an automobile speeder on the Erie tracks at Niles.

Marion is being flooded with counterfeit halves, quarters and dimes. They appear good, look good and are of about the right weight.

Diphtheria epidemic is raging at Marblehead. One death has occurred and a number of children are ill. The schools have been closed.

Joseph Torney was arrested at Huron on the charge of killing Bert Harris, a colored porter at Lorain. He says he shot Harris in self-defense.

The colored Baptist ministers of Ohio, in session at Bellefontaine, decided to erect a home for aged ministers and a gospel training school at Franklin.

Fire destroyed the warehouse and other property of the Kelly Island Lime and Transportation Company at Marblehead, causing a loss of about \$20,000.

Armed with a club, Max Schwartz, an escaped inmate of the Dayton asylum, held undisputed possession of an uptown street until he was overpowered by a half dozen policemen.

Thurmer H. Conley, 20 years old, a graduate of the high school of East Liberty, was instantly killed at Piqua by falling into the Miami river from the cab of his engine, a distance of fifty feet.

Clifford Lusch, while working at a machine in a factory at Marion, was caught in the wheels by his hair and his head was slowly being drawn under a set of knives when the seal was torn loose and he fell unconscious on the floor.

An amended petition has been filed in the suit of Treasurer Anderson against the Barney & Smith Car Company of Dayton, of which Geo. B. Cox is a director. The treasurer sues to recover \$157,166.99, alleged to be due as back taxes.

John Ritzenthaler of Sandusky, who attempted to rob the paymaster of the Wheeling and Lake Erie several months ago, was adjudged insane. Dr. H. C. Rutter of Columbus, declared he was a degenerate, pointing to his webbed hands and unusually high palate.

The Riverside furnace at Steubenville, of the National Tube Company, which has been idle for two years, has been leased by the Carnegie Steel Company of Mingo Junction and General Manager Peterson will put it in operation at once and give employment to 200 hands and use the output at the Mingo plant.

As the result of a gasoline explosion in a tenement house at Marietta, occupied by Mrs. Joseph Roseberry, Mrs. Sadie Onks and Mrs. Retta Moffett, the house was partially destroyed and Mrs. Roseberry and Mrs. Dora Perkins were burned, but not seriously. Part of the Perkins woman's clothing was burned off.

Will F. Granger, one of the members of a company playing a melodrama at Toledo was shot in the eye during the progress of the play. In a scene in which a girl is rescued from a cage of lions one of the beasts showed anger, and a revolver, carried by the rescuer, was accidentally discharged. Granger may lose his sight.

Clyde Hawley of Belaire, one of four men indicted for robbing the postoffice at Strasburg, Tuscarawas county, last November, whose trial last January resulted in a hung jury, was given his second trial. This jury brought in a verdict of guilty. Thomas Murphy of Martins Ferry, another of the burglars, changed his plea from not guilty to guilty and both were sentenced to the reformatory.

Mrs. Frank Edmondson of Springfield, widow of the man who was killed by Mercer Owen, testified in behalf of the prisoner, charged with manslaughter in slaying her husband. Her daughter, Jennie Edmondson, took the stand and stated that her father was intoxicated on the night of the shooting. She says when she went in where her father and mother were quarreling he attacked her and that Owen came to their rescue. The jury acquitted Owen. He admitted killing Edmondson, but claimed self defense.

While playing cowboy, Ivan, the 12-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Baker of McComb, was killed and his body badly mangled on the main street of that village. The boy had taken his grandfather's horse and strapped to the animal, was riding it without bridle or saddle. The horse became frightened and ran away with the boy holding to its mane. As the horse suddenly turned a corner the straps broke and the boy was thrown with great force upon the pavement. His head struck a stone and he was almost instantly killed.

Gahanna is among the least of the villages of Franklin county. A damage suit has been filed in the county courts by the mayor of the village against the marshal in which he asks for \$3,000 for being imprisoned by the marshal for the space of one-half hour. D. L. Steigler is the mayor and Edward Breneman the marshal. The latter arrested the mayor for making threats against the peace and dignity of the state and the mayor suffered the humiliation of being locked up in his own calaboose for the space of half an hour, for which he asks damages.

The Governor of Colorado has refused to honor a requisition paper to bring E. A. Phinney back to Ohio. Phinney was indicted at Akron on a charge of embezzling \$9,000 from the Pioneer Cereal Company. The overturning of a ten-ton ladle of molten metal into a pit of water at the Struthers furnace in the village of Struthers, caused an explosion in which Joseph Bounyak was killed and Andy Besio and Oscar Thomas, injured. The last-named is a negro and the others Slavs. All were workmen at the plant. The casting house was wrecked and every window in the village broken.

## What's the Use?

I've got a sorry case of blues, Because the world's reward is slow. In Sicily, at Syracuse, They've raised a statue, don't you know, This year of nineteen hundred five, Of Archimedes (nakes alive). Who died two thousand years ago.

Old Archimedes was a man Of many most astounding parts; He could the vasty heavens span; By means of mathematic arts; And he devised a forceful screw Whereby the earth an inch or two (He claimed) he moved by fits and starts.

No doubt most of us living now Could move the world, with half a show. But where's the profit, anyhow, If we to cold oblivion go Like Archimedes (such a shame!) And ere we reach the Hall of Fame Must wait two thousand years or so?

—Portland Oregonian.

## The Girl at the Five-Yard Line.

BY EDWIN BALMER.

"It's Randall!" "It's Randall!" in a hoarse whisper, as if a louder tone feared to confirm the statement, the words swept through the throng. On the twelfth tier of seats at the five-yard line the girl made out the murmur, already confused to a sigh, upon the lips of the thousands.

"It's Randall! It's Randall!" she repeated. "That means—"

Young Barstow, beside her, raised his left wrist and let it fall again into the black silk sling he wore over his shoulder.

"Yes," he said, without interrupting his eager, jealous scrutiny of the field below, "that means David goes in as quarter-back. It ought to mean me," and he glanced down bitterly at his broken wrist. "but it means David now. They'll have to put David in."

"They'll have to?" the girl asked, reproachfully.

Jimmy Barstow, of Harvard '0—, and but for his broken wrist first substitute for Randall, the crimson quarter-back, smiled with his customary elder-brother-of-David indulgence. Then he looked approvingly at her troubled, flushed little face set off by wavy brown hair.

"Excuse me, Helen," he said. "David has my place to-day, but I have his. 'Twas awfully rude to want to change back, wasn't it? But," he went on, quickly and more seriously, "he's only a freshman; he's only a freshman, and he's never been in a big game—and the ball's on the five-yard line."

"He isn't 'only' at all," the girl corrected, stubbornly. "He's David. What if it is our ball on the five-yard line? Isn't that all the better?"

Upon the side lines, where the substitutes sat together, a crimson-clad form, smaller and more youthful than the others, turned and twisted uneasily; and beside him Dalton, the head coach, hesitated uncertainly. Almost upon the broad chalk-line, which eleven men in body and twenty thousand in spirit defended as Yale's goal, the blue and the crimson teams—the latter lacking a man—eye each other defiantly, confidently. Five yards more or only another play, perhaps, and the game would be lost and won. But Randall, who had directed Harvard's play during the long first half of the game still barren of score; Randall, who, in the second half, driven back, back, had at last inspired his team for their successful stand before their goal; Randall, who, taking the ball, had driven the unceasing, unceasing line plunges, which regained the lost ground for the crimson; Randall, who had guided the play on past the center of the field, on past Yale's twenty-five-yard line and on to the very shadow of the coveted goal; Randall, who had never faltered and never failed—was gone, and his team knew, as the coach knew, who must take his place.

They had known from the week before, when Barstow the elder was hurt, that Barstow the freshman would have to go into the game if anything should happen to the regular quarter-back. But Dalton could not have foreseen that the boy was fated to make his first appearance not only in the game against the team, but to direct the very play which would be the play to the forty thousand straining forward from their seats. It was not strange, therefore, that during the seconds which seemed minutes the head coach hesitated.

Indeed, although few in the eager, impatient multitude fully comprehended the reason for the delay, all sat in a silence which seemed doubly still by reaction from the moment before. Only here and there one who understood more fully muttered to himself, "He's only a freshman, he's only a freshman; but—but—"

Dalton half-beckoned with his hand, and as the little substitute quarter-back sprang forward, as if at a signal, the rows of crimson banners streamed higher and waved frantically, as the thousands jumped up to cheer him. But Barstow, running to

ward the waiting teams, heard nothing but the voice of the coach. "The five-yard line," it said. "The five-yard line, David, David—David." That was all.

The teams crouched in position. Young Barstow bent forward. "15—53—38—53—94."

Like the jaws of a trap, when sprung, the lines crashed together. To direct the play between guard and center, Barstow had already received the ball, but as he turned with it toward the full-back, the left guard behind him fell back a little. Stamping for a fresh hold, as he yielded, the big lineman tripped the quarter-back, and the big bounded perversely away from the crimson line, an opposing end-rush threw himself forward upon it. Less than five seconds had passed; perhaps not three.

Barstow, as he trotted bravely to his conspicuous lonely place far to the rear of the line, where Harvard now crouched in defense, hardly realized his failure. He scarcely heard the great tumult, still sounding as it did before that moment when the ball slipped from his hands. It confused him at first, as it came hoarse and unintelligible in its exultation. It sounded dully in his ears. Why should they still be cheering? It was not for some moments that he realized that the sounds came from the stands where the blue waved triumphantly, and that the great crimson-decked crowds to his left and behind him were silent. For a moment the great stands seemed to be dropping and sinking away till, as the sizzling ceased, he realized that it had been only the great masses which had been standing settling down into seats again.

A single figure, a dozen tiers up and opposite the five-yard line, remained standing—a trim little girlish figure in a gray suit, across which the wind whipped a broad crimson streamer. The girl stood all alone for a moment, facing not the two teams at the end of the field, but the quarter-back all alone in the center. With one hand she waved a crimson flag proudly and confidently; and she extended the other hand to the man beside her.

The Yale captain dropped behind his own goal for a kick, and Gray, the Harvard full-back, ran down beside Barstow, while the ends spread out. The ball rose in a high ellipse, and hovered for a moment over the freshman quarter-back. On the right an end came down rapidly, but Gray threw himself forward, and went down with him. On the left the other end threatened, but Barstow caught the ball in his arms and darted forward, dodging quickly. Five yards, ten yards he ran. Fifteen yards; and his own men were about him staving off tackles. Twenty yards he ran, and then—

One man was bandaging his head while another was bathing his face with a very dirty sponge. In the excitement the pall of "training-table" water had been dashed over him for he could feel the soaked oatmeal flakes sticking to his cheeks. He was hugging something in his arms and murmuring to himself.

"Yes," Gray was answering him, "yes. It's the ball. You have the ball. You have the ball David. They threw you pretty hard, old man; but get up. Come on, David. Get up! You're all right!"

There was alcohol in the fresh sponge which they passed over his face, and the freshman staggered to his feet.

"Certainly," he said, apologetically. "Of course."

"Harvard's ball on Yale's thirty-yard line?" the newspaper men shouted down. "Five minutes to play?" they asked.

Barstow did not hear the answer, for the big men were crouching about him once more.

"5—53—64—28—92!" he called. "37—43—85—90—51!"

Series of numbers burned blue and yellow upon his eyeballs. He shouted at them and drove them away. Methodically, but quickly and accurately, he grasped the ball from between the legs of the man before him. He hurried it into the arms of the back running up from behind and he clung to the runner,—except when instinct sent him ahead,—pushing, pushing, pushing all the time. Then some one would help him up just as a fresh row of figures danced before him. And he would do it all over again and again.

On his left the deep, regular roar, reverberating like the echoes of a mighty sledge, and on his right the quicker, panting cheers grew louder and more indistinguishable, till they blended together into a mighty, incoherent sound. The line from still another transverse mark stung his eyes as he fell forward, and they forgot for an instant to pick him up. Something very cold and stinging struck his face, and a voice came to him once more. "The five-yard line. The five-yard line, David," it said. "David—David—"

As he crouched again, he knew without looking that he was on the five-yard line once more; but he staggered a little, and the friendly numbers which had flashed before him had ceased to burn. He faltered a signal, however, but as the ball came to him on the snap-back, it slipped from his useless arms. He sighed thankfully then, as Gray covered the leather with his body. The quarter-back called a signal again, and this time he passed the ball safely, but as he ran weakly beside his half-back, a Yale end brushed him aside

easily, and downed the Harvard runner in his tracks. It was third down with still five yards to gain—and the last five yards.

"No. There's no one else," he heard the captain say, as he lay upon the ground. "There's no one else we can put in."

"There's no one else." It thundered in the little freshman's ears.

"There's no one else." It seemed to come to him from all about. Pitying and exultantly it came from the north and west stands; and bitterly and reproachfully it scoured in the rear from the south of the field. Even the flags, the crimson flags, waved angrily and resentfully at him. Put no—not all. For sending out confidence and inspiration from every fold, one flag fluttered proudly high above the rest—as high as a little girl in a gray suit, with a crimson ribbon whipping across her chest, could raise it.

"35—62—37—18—38."

He half knelt upon one knee behind his line. He took the ball and passed it back. With a mighty effort the center guard opened a hole in the line before him. Pushing, pushing and tugging behind his full-back as the others closed about them, the little quarter-back broke through the line beside his captain.

Between them and the goal stood only the Yale captain, looking up his line. He had turned, as the line yielded, and when the Harvard backs came through, he sprang confidently toward them. Then throwing his captain to one side—to one side and rolled, so that the big Harvard back followed across the goal line with the ball—the little quarter-back, with his best effort, hurled himself against his waiting adversary, and here the Yale captain out of the play.

A great cry, louder than any before, crashed and cracked in the air about him, and then suddenly died quite away. Those bending over the freshman quarter-back handled him gently and carefully now. So he smiled and lay very still, for he knew that the game was over—and won.

Late that night, when the last of the special trains were deserted at Huntington avenue, and when the overflow from the electric cars had marched their noisy way from Back Bay to Harvard Square, a platform was hastily improvised between Hollis Hall and Thayer. The crowds, which filled the yard to overflowing, cheered, first of all, Gray, the captain, and the man who had made the touchdown. Then, as they hesitated upon the order of cheering the rest of the team, the big full-back leaned down and caught up beside him the smallest player of them all.

"David," the captain said, simply, and:

"Harvard, Harvard, Harvard! Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah!"

David, David, David!"

It echoed about the ancient building, not doubtfully and with forced trust, but proudly and confidently. For they all cheered him; the new friends who called him David, thinking it his surname, and the others who repeated "David—David!" because he was that to them. And the little girl who had stood at the five-yard line during the last of the game was very happy and quite content.—Youth's Companion.

The Perfect Pun.

A perfect pun makes good sense both ways; the edges meet with a click like the blades of a sharp pair of shears. Sometimes the very thoughts fit tight together in antagonistic identity, as when the man said of the temperance exhorter that he would be a good fellow if he would only let drink alone; or when Disraeli (if it was he) wrote to the youth who had sent him a first novel: "I thank you very much. I shall lose no time in reading it;" or, as when a man seeing a poor piece of carpentry, said: "That chicken coop looks as if some man had made it himself." Exquisite perverse literalness of thought! And the same absolute punning, the very self-destruction of a proposition, was the old death-thrust at a poor poet by the friend who said: "His poetry will be read when Shakespeare and Homer are forgotten." It was a fine double-edged blade of speech until some crude fellow, Heine, I think, sharpened it to a wire edge by adding, "and not till then," a lanality that dulled its perfection forever.—J. A. Macy, in Atlantic.

Difference in Creeds.

"I ran across two new sects up in Minnesota a few days ago," said the returned traveler. "In a village of a few hundred people I saw two large churches. I thought there must be intense piety among the natives, coupled with a difference of opinion, and I made some inquiries.

"'Yah,' said the Swede, 'das wan we tank Ey she made Adam eat apple, an' das wan we tank Adam big rascal all time!'"—New York Press.

"Something Nice" in Kansas.

The young ladies of the Thompson Dry Goods Company invited us in the other afternoon to drink lemonade with them, prefacing the invitation with the remark that we must say something nice about them in the paper. And of course we could not do otherwise, for they are all, without a single exception, just as nice and sweet as they can be, and our only wonder is that they have been allowed to remain single so long—and some of them, oh, so long.

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