



Attorneys at Law. BAIL SANCHEZ. Attorneys at Law. Will practice in all the courts of the Territory. Office, 212 Broadway Street, New Mexico.

C. O. BELL. Attorney at Law. SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

B. H. & WRIGHT. Attorneys. SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

EDMOND F. BARNES. Attorney at Law. Office corner Broadway and Main Street, SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

H. L. PICKETT. Attorney at Law. SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

JAMES S. FIELDS. Attorney at Law. Office in Broadway Hotel Building, SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

F. CONWAY. Attorney at Law. SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

H. HALLER. Attorney at Law. Office over Aaron Schuler's Store, on Bullard Street, SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

THOMAS S. REEPLIN. Attorney at Law. Office in Exchange Building, SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

Physicians—Surgeons. R. BOWEN, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon. Office over Jackson's Drug Store, SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

T. PHILLIPS, M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Office at Bailey's Drug Store, room at Dr. Hall's residence, SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

N. WOOD, M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Office over Jackson's Drug Store, SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

Physicians and Surgeons. Office next door to Broadway Hotel, SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO.

Societies. O. K. E. City Chapter No. 2, O. K. E. Meets every 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in each month at Masonic Hall. W. M. KELLY, Secy.

O. O. F. H. H. Lodge, No. 7, H. H. Lodge, No. 10, meets at Odd Fellows Hall, every Wednesday night at 8 o'clock. W. M. KELLY, Secy.

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Official Directory. FEDERAL. Delegate to Congress. W. T. THORNTON, Silver City, N. M.

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National Irrigation Congress. By the authority of the national executive committee, the fourth National Irrigation Congress is hereby called to meet in the city of Albuquerque, N. M. for the four days beginning September 16, 1895.

The present year is proving to be the most remarkable in the history of American irrigation. It has seen a wonderful awakening of popular interest in the cause throughout the east, resulting in the organization of most potential forces for the purpose of cooperating with the western people; the enactment of well considered irrigation laws in eight states, and the creation of administrative systems in five of them; the recognition of the pressing nature of the problem by the departments of interior and agriculture under whose direction a national board of irrigation has been formed from officials in various departments of the government.

These splendid evidences of the triumphant progress of the irrigation cause demand a large representative and effective session of the irrigation congress in 1896. A further reason for such a gathering is the fact that the presidential campaign of 1896 will be inaugurated previous to the assembling of another session of this body, and that it is thus necessary to formulate at Albuquerque the demands which the friends of irrigation will desire to make upon the great political parties of the nation.

In view of the nature of the opportunity, a program of extraordinary variety, interest and importance will be arranged, and it is anticipated that this session of the congress will be more widely useful and influential than the previous convention at Salt Lake in 1891, at Los Angeles in 1893 and at Denver in 1894. The friends of irrigation throughout the United States—for to-day the movement is national in its scope and interests—should unite in an effort to obtain a worthy result at Albuquerque.

BASIS OF REPRESENTATION. In accordance with a resolution of the Third National Irrigation Congress at Denver, Colorado, September 8, 1893, the Fourth National Irrigation Congress will be composed as follows:

- 1. All members of the national executive committee.
2. All members of state and territorial irrigating committees.
3. Five delegates at large, to be appointed by their respective governors, for each of the following states and territories: Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Washington and Wyoming.
4. Three delegates at large for each state and territory not heretofore enumerated, to be appointed by the governor of said states and territories, or in the case of the District of Columbia, by the President.

5. One delegate each from regularly organized irrigation, agricultural and horticultural societies, and societies of engineers, irrigation companies, agricultural colleges and commercial bodies.
6. Duly accredited representatives of any foreign nation or colony, each member of the United States senate and house of representatives, and each governor of a state or territory will be admitted as honorary members.

The use of proxies and the manner of casting the vote of delegations will be regulated in accordance with a resolution adopted at Denver and printed on page 98 of the official report of that meeting.

By order of the executive committee. [Signed] W. E. SMYTHE, Chairman. FRED L. ALLEN, Secretary.

A Very Honest View. The young man whose salary was long enough by several lengths to reach to all the points he wanted it to reach, he was harrassed that morning by numerous persons with bills and bills. About noon, at which time he had lost count of them, his landlady's husband appeared with another for the past month's provender.

Never put away for the summer a woolen garment of any kind that is spotted with grease or soiled with mud. Grease is astonishingly attractive to moths, and all the unbranded clothes "go" rapidly. Ammonia for all black spots, and a delicate mixture of ether, ammonia and castile soap for colored ones, may be advised.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

Her father was a merchant bold Who o'er the wild Biscayne water Still brought back the good red gold To richer lives his only daughter. He had a son and a young girl, But though full many a gallant sought her, No suit on all their side was From her the merchant's daughter.

Until, effluent from the fight That shook the shores from France to Flanders, Shook upon her patriot slight The kinglet of our sea commanders, Looked her through, and from her view Vanished smiling, on the sea-view. Ah! but she her laughing gleam Forsook for sighing sorrow.

"Fair blows the wind; the ship is blue. With sail with me, my winsome daughter. 'That will I, dear friends, attend!' And o'er the waves her sire has caught her."

Southward, by sun and star, His good ship fleets the ocean over. When, ah! she sprang her track These circles a sailor lover.

But as the pirate pressed them stern, And deck and hold ran red with slaughter, Sudden round the headland bend Her eyes, and o'er her true love That lath this great dolly rance wrought Obvious language.

AN ELEPHANT'S TENDER CARE. When Left to Watch Children He Will Faithfully Protect Them.

The whole family of the mahout became, as it were, parasites to the elephant, by whom they earn their living. I have seen a baby placed by its mother systematically under the elephant's care and within reach of its trunk, while the mother went to fetch water or to get wood or material to cook the family dinner. The elephant would be likely to pick up and carry off a baby who was thus confided to the care of an elephant, but most people who have lived a life in the jungle know how very possible it is for a jackal or wolf to carry off a baby when lying in a hut when the mother's back is turned.

The children thus brought up in the company of an elephant become familiar with him and take all kinds of liberties with him, which the elephant seems to endure on the principle that it does not hurt him, while it amuses the child. You see a little naked child about 2 feet high standing on the elephant's bare back and taking it down to the water to bathe, shouting all of time in the most unbecoming terms of native abusive language.

On arriving at the water the elephant, ostensibly in obedience to the child's command, lies down and enjoys himself, just leaving a part of his body, like a small island, above the water, on which the small child stands and yells and yells all the more if he has several companions of his own age, also in charge of the elephants, all welling for water around him. If the child sits on his island, the elephant's trunk promptly replaces him in safety. The little urchin as they grow up become first mates to mahouts and eventually arrive at the dignity of being mahouts themselves.—Omaha World-Herald.

An Electro-Magnetic Cannon. This recent invention is dependent for its action upon the principle of the force of attraction and repulsion as caused by magnetism. A brass tube, 5 feet long, 2 1/2 inches in diameter and 1 inch bore, was wrapped with insulated wire along its entire length, the current flowing through different sections of the windings in such a manner as to cause the bullets to become temporary magnets, which were attracted by the magnetic lines of force ahead of them and repelled by those behind them, thus giving the projectiles an increasing impetus as they pass along the gun. The bullets are thrown forward in much the same manner as the armature of an electric motor is turned on its axis. The cannon is light, inexpensive, and its capacity for throwing projectiles depends on the rapidity of loading the same. It is estimated that a five foot gun, requiring 500 volts and 100 amperes, will throw a one pound ball 1,000 feet, with a striking velocity of 100 pounds.—Boston Journal of Commerce.

Got What She Asked For. She was buying a trunk. "I want one," she said, "that cannot be opened by the regulation trunk key that everybody uses."

"All right," said the dealer. "I will see that you have one."

The next day the trunk was sent home, and a few hours later the purchaser appeared at the trunk store.

"I told you," she said, "that I wanted a trunk that could not be opened by the regulation trunk key."

"That's what I sent you."

"Why, say trunk key in the house will unlock that trunk."

"You said the regulation trunk key. Have you tried a hairpin?"

Then she went home and wept when she found that she couldn't unlock that trunk with a hairpin.—Detroit Free Press.

William Morris. William Morris, the English poet, rejoices in the possession of a prodigious memory. Given a fair start on any sentence in Dickens' works, he will complete that sentence with very little deviation from textual accuracy. Were every copy of "Pickwick Papers" destroyed today William Morris could write the book almost word for word as it now stands.

Greenland was so called because in summer its hills were covered with a beautiful green moss.

Paganini's bowled like caricature of a man, so this was he, with every feature exaggerated.

He had a long nose, an almost invariable peculiarity of genius.

Backman was at first any sort of cloth stiffened with gum.

DEATH OF LINCOLN.

NOAH BROOKS' RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GREAT TRAGEDY.

The President Did Not Want to Go to the Theater, but Would Not Disappoint the Public—A Sorrowing People Under a Weeping Sky That April Morning.

The afternoon and evening of April 14, 1865, were cold, raw and gusty. Dark clouds enveloped the capital, and the air was chilly, with occasional showers. Late in the afternoon I filled an appointment by calling on the president at the White House, and was told by him that he "had had a notion" of sending for me to go to the theater that evening with him and Mrs. Lincoln, but he added that Mrs. Lincoln had already made up a party to take the place of General and Mrs. Grant, who had somewhat unexpectedly left the city for Burlington, N. J. The party was originally planned for the purpose of taking General and Mrs. Grant to see "Our American Cousin" at Ford's theater, and when Grant had decided to leave Washington he (the president) had felt inclined to give up the whole thing, but as it had been announced in the morning papers that this distinguished party would go to the theater that night Mrs. Lincoln had rather insisted that they ought to go in order that the expectant public should not be wholly disappointed.

On my way home I met Schuyler Colfax, who was about leaving for California, and who carried with me on the following day a little while, talking about the trip and the people whom I knew in San Francisco and Sacramento and he wished to meet Mr. Lincoln had often talked with me about the possibilities of his eventually taking up his residence in California after his term of office should be over. He thought, he said, that that country would afford better opportunities for his two boys than any of the other states, and when he heard that Colfax was going to California he was greatly interested in his trip and said that he hoped that Colfax would bring him back a good report of what his note and practiced observation would note in the country which he (Colfax) was about to see for the first time.

The evening being inclement, I staid within doors to nurse a violent cold which I was afflicted, and my roommate, M. C. A., and I whiled away the time chatting and playing cards. About half past 10 our attention was attracted to the frequent galloping of cavalry or the mounted patrol past the house which we occupied on New York avenue, near the state department building. After while quiet was restored, and we retired to our sleeping room in the rear part of the house.

As I turned down the gas I said to my roommate: "Will, I have guessed the cause of the clatter outside tonight. You know Wade Hampton has disappeared with his cavalry somewhere in the mountains of Virginia. Now, my theory of the racket is that he has raided Washington and has ponced down upon the president and has attempted to carry him off." Of course this was said jokingly and without the slightest thought that the president was in any way in danger, and my friend, in a similar spirit, banteringly replied, "What good will that do the robe unless they carry off Andy Johnson also?" The next morning I was awakened in the early dawn by a loud and hurried knocking on my chamber door, and the voice of Mr. Gardner, the landlord, crying: "Wake, wake, Mr. Brooks! I have dreadful news."

I slipped out, turned the key of the door, and Mr. Gardner came in, pale, trembling and we began, like him, to "drew Primm's curtain at the dead of night," and told his awful story. At that time it was believed that the president, Mr. Seward, Vice President Johnson and other members of the government had been killed, and this was the burden of the tale that was told to us. I sank back into my bed, cold and shivering with horror, and for a time it seemed as though the end of all things had come. I was aroused by the landlady's voice, and she told me that she had not left her bed in another part of the room.

When we had sufficiently collected ourselves to dress and go out of doors in the bleak and cheerless April morning, we found in the streets an extraordinary spectacle. They were suddenly crowded with people—men, women and children thronging the pavements and darkening the thoroughfares. It seemed as if every body was in tears. Pale faces, streaming eyes, with now and again an angry, frowning countenance, were on every side. Men and women who were strangers accosted one another with distressed looks and tearful inquiries for the welfare of the president and Mr. Seward's family. The president still lived, but at half past 7 o'clock, in the morning the tolling of the bells announced to the listening people that he had ceased to breathe. His great and loving heart was still. The last official bulletin from the war department stated that he died at 32 minutes past 7 o'clock on the morning of April 15.

Instantly flags were raised at half mast all over the city, the bells tolled solemnly, and with incredible swiftness Washington went into deep, universal mourning. All stores, government departments and private offices were closed, and everywhere, on the most pretentious residences and on the humblest hovels, were the black badges of grief. Nature seemed to sympathize in the general lamentation, and tears of rain fell from the mist and summer sky. The wind sighed mournfully through streets crowded with sad-faced people, and broad folds of funeral drapery flapped heavily in the wind over the decorations of the day before.—Noah Brooks in Century.

Music resembles poetry. In each are nameless graces which no methods teach, and which the master's hand alone can teach.—Pope.

HE WAS TOO SMART.

The Experience of a Countryman With London Confidence Men.

London has its confidence men, who are quite as expert as America's, says a writer in the Boston Herald. Their methods are very similar. It is not worth while to record their routine operations, but one recent instance, as illustrative of their resources, is amusing and instructive. An old Scotch traveling man, who bore somewhat the appearance of a countryman, but who knew the ropes perfectly, was accosted. He decided to have some fun at the expense of the would be swindlers, so he pretended to fall readily in with their statements—to be a particularly easy victim. They bought him a splendid dinner, calling him Mr. Kenny of Dundee—a name which they had caught from a traveling bag which he had borrowed from a friend. He enjoyed their hospitality hugely, and ate prodigiously and expensively. They paid the bill, and began the usual talk about a lottery prize, etc. Then he saw it was about time to "cut their game." Said he: "Gentlemen, I thank you for the dinner. It was very good, and I have had a very pleasant time with you. But I won't go to see you draw your lottery prize. Oh, no! I know all about the lottery prize. My name is not Donald Kenny. It is Robert Ferguson, and I'm not from Dundee, but from Lochovon, where I've lived with my daughter for 20 years. I am too old a fish to be caught. Good night!"

And he went his way rejoicing. Two weeks later, when he went home to his daughter in Lochovon, one of the first things she said to him was: "Did you get the £20 all right?" "What £20?"

"Why, the £20 you telegraphed for." And it developed that the confidence men whom he had beaten at their own game had an ace up their sleeves, which they played after he had left them.

HE KEPT THE CHECK.

Turkman Green, Morris Was Too Cunning For the Banks.

With so many bank robberies all around us it is not surprising that there should be some meanness among depositors. In general, however, the New Yorker has a clear head. He has faith in the Clearing House association, because he really does not quite understand the mystery of it, and he believes in his bank through thick and thin because he has seen the banks of the city stand together in support of a weakened institution. I am reminded of what happened to Green Morris, the Turkman, who lived in Brooklyn and raced horses on all the tracks of the metropolitan circuit. He had a big year of winnings at Monmouth park, and roomed at the end of the season in a cheap rooming house. The association for \$67,000. Eighteen months later he showed that check to me, considerably worn.

"Why, Green," I said reproachfully, "this check is 18 months old. What do you mean by keeping it so long? It is nearly worn out. Don't you know that a check should be deposited at once or cashed? Suppose the bank was to fail?" Green chuckled knowingly and winked as he folded it up and put it back in his pocketbook.

"I ain't been racin' horses for nothin' these goin' on nigh 20 year. I ain't got no faith in no banks. They's too much failin' to suit me. That's what I've been afraid of, an' that's why I'm holdin' on to my check. I ain't a-goin' to have no bank failin' with my money in the safe. Besides I ain't had no use for the \$67,000, an' it's jes' as easy to keep it in my pocket this way."

This same Green is worth now \$300,000 or \$400,000, and yet cannot write his name.—New York Press.

"Christ Hath Risen." All at once is heard in the distance the clear boom of the cannon announcing the hour of midnight. The Russian priest, standing on the steps of the altar, swings his censer and announces in tones which penetrate to the farthest corners of the edifice, "Christos voskres!" (Christ hath risen), and the people answer him with one voice, "Vo istine voskres!" (In truth he hath risen). The vicar standing nearest the priest lights her taper at the consecrated one presented to her by him, her neighbor in turn receives the light from her, and so on, till in a minute, as it were, the chapel was illuminated with a hundred lights.

Fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, friends and relations embraced one another, kissing three times on the forehead and either cheek and exchanging the Easter greeting. The whole congregation, then passing before the priest, did the same with him, and high mass now followed.—Chambers' Journal.

Transporting Corp. When packing live carp for transport by post, some authorities recommend placing in their mouths a small piece of bread, well steeped in brandy, but I do not myself approve of this plan, as I believe it tends to encourage the fish in a dangerous love for ardent spirits. The eminently respectable Dutch, on the other hand, keep carp through the winter hung up in baskets, but feed them on a blameless course of bread and milk, which the sterner moralist could not fail to approve of.—Corkhill Magazine.

Suit-able. "My," said the shoe clerk, "but I did get a fine lot of sarcasm from my tailor when I had to stand him off again. Still, I rather think I deserved it."

In other words, "gurgled the cheerless idiot," "you damn his marks both cutting and sitting."—Indianapolis Journal.

Eyes and Darkness. Objects in a dark room cannot at first be seen by one going in from the sunlight, because the pupils of the eye have been contracted during the exposure, and cannot at once relax to admit sufficient rays of light to enable the individual to see clearly.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure! A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength—Latest United States Government Food Report. Royal Baking Powder Co., 105 Wall St. N. Y.

A Writer Affords an Explanation as Given to Him by an Indian.

In writing of the native dogs of Central America, Frederick Howle brings forward a theory as to how dogs form the habit of barking. He was discussing with an old resident of the country some traits of the coyote, as the native feline is called, but which more nearly resembles the dog.

Dogs will never go wild so long as they can find a master to serve, and more especially trained dogs. They never bark, and only gallop when pursued.

"Why don't these coyotes bark like other dogs?" I asked an old Indian, pointing to one I was trying to reclaim. "And why do they, they only howl and the pups grunt?"

His answer was, "He won't bark." "Not bark?" said I. "What do you mean?"

"No," he replied, "not learn, for if he were of an honest breed he would bark, to try to imitate his master, or, at all events, the other dogs, but all barking proceeds from dogs imitating their master's shout. The master shouts to drive in cattle to the corral, and the dog barks also. In fact, the dog imitates his master when he barks; he tries to speak, but cannot."

I give this curious observation as the only attempt I ever heard of account for the barking of our tame dogs. No wild breeds make any noise except howling and snarling, nor, under the best circumstances, will they learn to bark until the third or fourth generation.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Glass Houses. There were whole streets in Tyre entirely occupied by glass works, and it is stated that the first glass houses were erected in Tyre. The glass houses of Alexandria were highly celebrated for the ingenuity and skill of their workmen and the extent of their manufactures.

Layard, in writing about his discoveries among the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, says: "In one chamber were found two entire glass bowls, with fragments of others. These bowls are probably of the same period as the small bottle found in the ruins of the north-west palace during the previous excavations, and now in the British museum. On this highly interesting relic is the name of Sargon, with his title of king of Assyria, in cuneiform characters, and the figure of a lion. We are, therefore, able to fix its date to the latter part of the seventh century B. C. It is consequently the most ancient known specimen of transparent glass."—Boston Herald.

A Bit of Black. Nothing is complete without its bit of black. It is a bit of cunning the French have taught us and is most valuable, for it immediately adds the touch we have striven for. No matter what the color or material if not pointable or striped with black, a luscious black chon, bands of ribbon or platings of satin are used. There are no end of means of decoration, and all most effective too. So universal has this fashion become that neither frock nor bustle escapes it.—Boston Traveller.

Heavy Sermon. Mason—Why does Jason prefer taking a walk on Fifth avenue on Sunday morning to going to church? Payson—He says he likes to read sermons in stores rather than to listen to sermons from sticks.—New York Herald.

Alcohol was first distinguished as an intoxicating substance by Alcmaeon, in the twelfth century.

The spirit of Juno de Fuca was named after an old Greek sailor who explored its shores in 1592.

Hundreds of patents have been issued to inventors of water gas.

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