Out Of Andersonville.

A Veteran's Story of His Thrilling Escape from a Rebel Prison.

Of the thousand or more Andersonville prisoners who at one time or another made a break for liberty, nine-tenths were captured within an hour, says a New York Sun correspondent. Of the other tenth, the majority were returned inside of a day. So far as I can learn, only three prisoners ever made their way from Andersonville to the Union lines, and I was one of them. I was captured soon after Lee returned to Virginia from Gettysburg, and was sent with about 150 others direct to Andersonville. I had at the moment of capture about $500 in Confederate money with me, hidden in the lining of my vest, and $50 in greenbacks in the heel of one of my shoes. I was searched four different times before I passed through the gates of Andersonville, and my money was not discovered. They would have taken my clothes away from me, but I would not have it that way. On two occasions when I was ordered to "shuck" I stood boldly up and said:

"This is my uniform. I paid for it. I own it. I'm going to keep it. If the Confederacy is so hard up that it must needs rob prisoners, England and France ought to be informed."

I entered the stockade with my full suit of clothes and all my money, much to the surprise of my fellow prisoners, all of whom had been despoiled. The place was then approaching its worst. I had made up my mind directly after capture that if taken to Andersonville, I would run any risk to escape. I had not been inside an hour before I was canvassing the chances. According to all accounts they were slim indeed. The stockade was heavily guarded, the guards were aware of every Yankee trick, and the people in the country around eagerly took up the hunt after any prisoner who made a dash for liberty. There was no longer any hope of tunnelling under the fence, and the idea of a sudden uprising of all the prisoners had to be abandoned in the face of the artillery planted to prevent such a movement. In two days I had figured the matter down to this: First, if I got away it must be while I had strength, pluck and money. Secondly, the first move toward escape must be to get a detail outside the stockade. On the third day of my stay I sent word that I was willing to serve on the medical staff of the post if desired, and my offer was accepted.

Just at that time there was a good deal of sickness among the Confederates as well, and there was no one at the post worthy of the title of surgeon. I had served for six months as hospital steward at Washington, and, though nothing of a doctor, I was better qualified to administer medicine than any one at the post. The dispensary was a room about twelve feet square, and the stock on hand was almost worthless. There were about a hundred boxes of cathartic pills, some blue mass, not over two ounces of quinine, an ounce of calomel, and a gallon jug of extract of blackberry root. There were a few surgical instruments but the whole outfit would have been held in contempt by a backwoods beginner. The day I went out of the stockade there were twenty-three Confederates on the sick list, and at least one thousand prisoners should have been under medical care.

I was informed that I would be put on my honor not to attempt to escape, but was not sworn or asked to sign any paper. I therefore felt at liberty to carry out any plan which might come to me. I knew the location of Andersonville to a dot, and the long distance one would have to travel to reach the Union lines. Such prisoners as had got away had no other idea than to put distance between them and the stockade and had soon worn themselves out. My first attention was given to the country around us. In two weeks, by observation and inquiry. I knew every highway and plantation for ten miles around us. In another fortnight I could have made my way across the State of Alabama without asking a question. A great many colored people came to the post as sightseers, and, as I employed some of them to bring me bark and roots, I had every chance to pursue my inquiries. I got the highways to the West truthfully mapped out in my mind, and I was posted as to every negro cabin between Andersonville and the Alabama State line. A week before I made my break I had every detail planned and every emergency provided for, and there was no fear that anything would miscarry.

After coming out of the stockade I had gradually exchanged my uniform for civilian's clothes, and by the time I was ready to go I had nothing blue left. Up to three days before I left my secret was my own. But for one thing I should have kept it locked in my own breast. I wanted to get hold of a horse, and I could not do it unaided. The horse I wanted belonged to the Captain, and was cared for by a colored man named Joe. I had spoken with him on several occasions, and from words he had let fall I realized that he was anxious to escape to the Union lines. To reach Joe after nightfall I must have an excuse to pass the guard. This alone he could furnish. I was to go, horse or no horse, but to get the horse if I could. Autumn had now come, and the rainy season might soon be expected. On the morning of the day I had set for my last at Andersonville Joe came to see me about a sore throat. His demeanor was such that I determined to fully trust him, and I finally queried:

"Joe, would you advise me to try and escape from this?"

"On foot?" he asked.

"No, on horseback."

"Whar' ye gwine to git a hoss?"

"I'll take the Captain's."

"Which way ye gwine?"

"West, into Alabama."

"How far?"

"About twenty-five miles; then I'm going to stop with an old colored man for a month, or until the matter blows over."

"How ye gwine to git dat hoss?"

"Why, to-night, soon after dark, you'll be taken with cramps and send for me. I'll come. Then I'll ride off."

"But, dey'll track yer."

"Its going to rain. It will be a rainy night."

"Dar mought be two hosses in de stable," he said, after looking at the weather from the window.

"How?"

"De Capting bought anoder yesterday, which he's gwine to send off to somebody."

"Well, you can go, too."

After dinner I had opportunity to speak with him again, and it was settled that he should go with me. He realized the danger as fully as I did. If recaptured, I would be returned to the pen, but he would suffer death in some horrible form. A slave who would not only help a prisoner off, but go with him, and rob his master in the going, would be burned at the stake as a fitting punishment. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon the heavens were overcast, and a slow, steady rain-storm set in. I was determined to go that night, Joe or no Joe. He came to me at 6 o'clock with the information that a strange negro, and one he dared not trust, had been sent to share his quarters, and that any attempt to get off with the horses would be frustrated. From 6 to 9 I might be alone for fifteen to twenty minutes. When taps sounded at 9 I was supposed to turn in, as were all others about the post. If I went I must go before that hour, as I would then be stopped by the sentinels.

At 6:30 a Lieutenant who had quarters a few steps away came in off duty with a chill. I advised him to go to bed, and when he had done so I hung his clothes before my fireplace to dry. It was while taking them along. I bundled them up, wet and soggy as they were, brought out from my desk some bread and bacon I had saved up, and ot 6 o'clock, bundle in hand, I stepped outside. It was a dark night with a steady drizzle of rain, and I put on the Lieutenant's cap and passed the camp sentinel with a wave of my hand. I went down into the village, passing numerous soldiers on their way back to camp, and, without coming in contact with any one, took the highway running west. I had made a break, and I could not expect that my absence would remain long undiscovered. While in feverish haste to get as far away as possible, I did not run. The dogs could not follow me, owing to the rain, and if pursued by horsemen, I hoped to hear and avoid them.

Luckily for me, after going about two miles without meeting any one. I heard men coming from the west. I lay down beside a log, and as they passed I made out it was a portion of some home-guard company proceeding to the post to do duty. It was lucky for me, because, when met nearer the town by those in pursuit of me, they truthfully declared they had encountered no one on the highway. After the guards passed I took to the road and pushed on at the rate of five miles an hour. I was strong and hearty and a good walker, and was determined that daylight should find me far away. Twice before midnight I had to give up the road to horsemen, but after that hour I met no one. I put in at least nine hours' walking between the time of my escape and daylight, and I was justified in believing that I was over thirty miles from Andersonville when I sought a hiding place. I was mistaken, however. In the darkness and rain, and without the slightest suspicion on my part, I had taken the wrong road at the first forks and gone toward Columbus. I had thus cheated myself out of fully ten miles.

As daylight began to break I entered upon a plantation, having for the last half hour been following the road through the woods. It was still raining, and I wanted shelter for the day. As soon as it was light enough to take an observation I crossed an old cotton-field to a cabin or building, which turned out to be filled with cow peas on the vine. I climbed in over the vines and stowed myself away near the roof, cold, soaked through and through and so tired out that I could not go a rod further. My crackers had been reduced to dough by the rain, and the bacon, none too good at the start, now disgusted me. I therefore lay down without tasting food, and was just dozing off to sleep when two or three people came to the building. A little later they went to work on the peas, and I made out that there were at least three old negroes in the party. They were below me and entirely unsuspicious, and after a time I got over my scare and went to sleep. It was noon when I awoke, and what broke my slumbers was the voice of a white man who came riding up to the place. Looking out between the logs I saw that he was a confederate cavalryman and from his mud-splashed appearance I could guess that he had ridden many miles. His salutation as he rode up was:

"Ho! thar' you niggers, come out!"

"Yes, mas'r," answered all in a chorus, as they hurried to the door.

"You are hiding a white man in thar'! He came here this morning. Bring him out or I'll have the three of you skinned alive."

"A white man?" queried one.

"Yes, d——n you! Bring him out!"

For a moment I gave up, believing I had been seen as I crossed the fields. My heart was in my throat as one of the negroes finally said:

"No, mas'r, no white man ar hidin' yere dis mawnin'."

"If you lie to me I'll shoot you!" shouted the trooper.

"Fo' God, but we's done toled de troof, mas'r!"

"Well, keep your eyes open. If you see a strange white man around here, do you let 'em know at the house at once."

"Git away from de prison-pen, sah?"

"Yes, last night. Keep yer eyes peeled."

"Yes, sah."

With that he rode off, and I was satisfied that no trace had been found of me. I fell asleep again in a little while, and when I awoke it was night. I was now thoroughly rested, but sharp set. Satisfied that I ran a great risk in trying for anything to eat on the plantation, I headed for the highway, and as soon as I struck it I set off at a brisk pace. While the rain still continued, there was considerable travel, and every half-hour at least I had to hide myself to let travelers pass. I had walked ten miles before I suspected that I was headed for Columbus. I kept on until midnight, however, hoping to come to landmarks, which I should have found long ago on the right road. I then met a negro, who told me it was only nine miles to Colnmbus. He had a bundle, and was, I suspected, a runaway. I gave him my confidence at a venture, and it was my salvation.

He had been sold the year before by his master at Jackson, Miss., to a man living near Hawkinsville, Ga. A week before I met him he run away, planning to get to Grant's line in Mississippi, and just as I encountered him he had been raiding a plantation for provisions. In ten minutes we knew we could trust each other.

Up to this time I had carried the Lieutenant's uniform, thinking to don it if the worst, came to the worst, and put on a bold face. The negro, who was called James, advised me to abandon it, which I did and we entered the woods, cooked some of his meat and bacon, and lay hid all next day. When night came we flanked Columbus by the left, passed into Alabama and headed for Tuskegee. That was the beginning of a tramp lasting forty-one nights. During this time we lay hidden by day in swamps, barns and thickets, fed by negroes and hunted by white men, and several times narrowly escaped capture. We passed to the left of Montgomery and Selma, right through Demopolis, and near the Mississippi state line were hidden three days and three nights in a swamp, while a hundred men beat up the neighborhood for us. When we were finally picked up by a Federal scouting party I had walked nearly 500 miles, had not been in bed for forty-three nights, weighed thirty-seven pounds less than when I started, and was so sore and lame and full of aches that the last night of our journey the negro carried me seven or eight miles on his back.

Below Selma, as I was trying to get into a corn house one night, while the negro was after bacon, a white man came upon me suddenly, gun in hand, I struck him with a club I had in hand, and have no doubt that I broke his skull. Again, nearer Demopolis, we were pursued by a savage bloodhound, and while I went on the negro waited behind a tree on our trail and killed the dog with a single blow as he came up.

Breaking in Their New Teeth

There are two middle aged ladies living in the same block uptown who have been friends for years, sharing each other's joys and tribulations to a remarkable degree. One is a widow and the other a spinster. For years they have been trying to screw up courage enough to go to a dentist's to have their few remaining teeth out preparatory to having new sets made.

Their friends have coaxed and scolded, telling them how much younger and handsomer they would appear, and what a great advantage new teeth would be to them in every way.

At last they plucked up courage and had the old ones out. For six or seven weeks after they lived on mush and gruels, and then went to the dentist's for their last ordeal. "Taking the impression" proved more than their friends had pictured it, and feeling they had seen enough of that dentist they ordered their teeth sent home when finished. In due time the packages came, and each lady set diligently to work to "break" her new teeth in. They found it no joke.

Mrs. H. lives with her married daughter, who spurred her on by repeated assurances that her troubles would soon be over if she would persevere, and by telling her how young the teeth made her appear. Again and again poor Mrs. H. declared her teeth didn't fit. She was sure no one had ever suffered as she, and she would beg to take them out for a day or a meal. But her daughter was firm and the poor old lady, with swollen, blistered gums, kept the teeth in bravely for a few days, and then she declared she could stand them no longer. She put on her bonnet and went across the street to discover how the "breaking in" process was progressing with her friend. She found her in tears. She too, had been laughed at, scolded and told "every one felt so at first." They compared notes, and then a bright thought flashed into Mrs. H.'s head.

"I wonder if that rascal of a dentist hasn't made a mistake!" she exclaimed. Lets change teeth.

They did, and found they had been blistering their gums breaking in the wrong teeth. The triumph the discovery gave them over their friends, however, almost paid for their sufferngs.—New York Evening Sun.

Military Efficiency of France.

The military ability of France, and her system of fortification, are splendidly developed, especially when one considers the shifting policies of the war department under her peculiar administration of republicanism. It may be said, however, that each new minister, urged on by the national feeling, has accelerated rather than abated or suspended movement. For five years following the re-establishment of the republic, the national assembly spent much of its time in supplementing the organic laws of '72, which were copied in the main from those of Prussia. Universal liability to arms, non-substitution, and the abolishment of paid enlistment, are the first features of the modern military statutes. Liability to service in the actives or reserves extends from twenty to forty years. The annual contingent is divided into two categories, the first serving three in active army. Since Boulanger's time in the reserve, and the second, only one year in the years with the colors, and two years in the war office—and the subtle inspiration of his policy is now becoming manifest, the enlistments have been localized. In consequence of this concession, thousands of trained soldiers, armed for revolution as well as war, are caserned at their own firesides, which enables them to balance their interest between subjects of home politics and trainings for national defence. Including the Gendarmerie and Garde Republicaine, France has at present a peace footing of 525,711 men. Deducting vacancies, absentees and sick, the total would be 465,000. The territorial force, officers and men, is about 590, making the total active 1,155,000. The German authorities narrow the total war force of France to something less than 4,000,000; both Hennebert and Froment, who are perhaps the best authorities on the subject, approximate it at over 4,100,000.

The Bustle Must Go,

The bustle must go. The upper circles of Washington society have been thrown into a flutter of excitement by the announcement that Mrs Cleveland has abandoned the bustle Last week she drove in and received a few friends at the White house. The ladies who called could hardly believe the evidence of their own eyes when they observed the entire absence the customary bustle. They looked again, however, and saw that their first impressions had been correct—Mrs. Cleveland was bustleless. No remarks were made on either side, but it is comparatively certain that now that Mrs. Cleveland has abandoned the bustle, the rest of feminine upper-tendom in Washington will lose no time in following her example.

JUPITER.

The ruddy planet of war is giving place as the chief glory of the evening the chief of all the planets, Jupiter, the Greater Good Fortune of the old system of astrology, in which Mars was the Lesser Ill Fortune.

The contrast between Mars and Jupiter, as science now discloses these orbs to our ken, is greater even than that which astrology thus recognized. Mars is a minature of our earth; Jupiter, while much larger the earth, cannot be regarded as merely an enlarged copy of our world. Jupiter belongs to another order of orbs altogether. He not only is not now like the earth, but probably he never will in the remotest degree resemble her, regarded at least in relation to the support and nourishment of life, which we must consider the chief purpose of all the orbs peopling space. (I am obliged to explain here that when I speak of "purpose" I use the word in a non-natural sense for want of a better. I do not imagine that any specific purpose which man can understand exists in any of the operations of nature, or resides in any natural phenomena. But when we see that such and such operations and such and such phenomena do actually produce certain effects or subserve certain results, we find it difficult—nay, as language is constituted, it is impossible—to speak of them otherwise than we should if, in accordance with ancient superstitions, those effects or results had actually been purposed by Mother Nature.)

Jupiter is an orb so immense, and in virtue of his mass so mighty, compared with the earth, that even had we no other reasons, we must regard him as belonging to a distinct class. But so soon as we consider the effects which must inevitably result from his enormous size and mass, we perceive that he must of necessity differ altogether from our earth in his life history. And when we note the results of observation we see that he actually does differ as to his present condition in precisely such degree as we should antecedently have expected.

Formed like all the orbs in space by processes of condensation and aggregation, Jupiter must at the beginning of his career have been sun-like, glowing with intense light and heat, the scene of disturbances akin to those taking place still in the glowing orb which rules the solar system, possibly subserving some useful purposes in the scheme of nature, but also quite posssibly not at present subserving any; for nature is patient and can afford to wait, even, if need be, for millions of years, until sun or planet or satellite is fit for its special work.

With his immense mass, surpassing that of our earth 345 times, Jupiter could no more cool at the same rate than the glowing contents of a great furnace can cool at the same rate and in the same time as a kitchen fire. It is not a matter of speculation or a hypothesis open to doubt; it is not a matter of absolute certainty, that for the millions of years which we now know to have passed while our earth was cooling from her sun-like condition, Jupiter must have required tens of millions. It is probable—though it must always be remembered that on questions of this latter sort we can only have probability, not certainty—that Jupiter, though his mass was gath ered together long before that of our earth, was not formed many tens of millions of years before the world on which we live. Supposing him to have been in existence as a sun-like orb a hundred millions of years before our earth began to be, he would still be far younger than the earth at this present time, considering age not with reference to mere duration in time, but to developement. Certainly much more than a hundred millions of years have elapsed since our earth was in the sunlike stage, and in that time she has done as much in the way of cooling as would corespond to five hundred millions of years' cooling in the case of Jupiter. If, then, Jupiter began his career as a sun-like orb a undred millions of years before the earth, and our earth was in that stage a hundred millions of years ago, Jupiter has passed through no more than two hundred millions of years out of the five hundred millions which he would require to reach our earth's present condition. So that, on these very moderate assumptions in regard to Jupiter's past and our eaith's—assumptions which are certanly far within the truth—three hundred millions of years must pass before that orb which is now shining as the chief glory of our midnight skies will have reached the stage of cooling through which our earth is passing now.

Will Jupiter, however, be then in the same condition as our earth? It was for many years a favorite idea of mine that he would. I pictured each planet passing through its fiery childhood, its hot youth, its temperate mid-life, its old age, decay, and death: and so far I think I was right. The old idea, according to which the problem of other worlds than ours had been for two centuries dealt with—the idea, namely, that all the planets are to be regarded as worlds in the fulness of world life, and all nourished (in greater or less degree) by the sun—must, I conceive, give place to the view resulting from all modern researches into the life history of our earth. The duration of the life stages of each planet's career must be so enormous (judging from the evidence given by the earth as to hers), and the different planets, being so unequal in size, must have life stages so different in length, that to imagine all the planets now in the same stage of planet life would be to form an utterly artificial and fanciful conception of the past progress of events. We should have to suppose that the larger planets had all commenced their lives later, in just such degree that the smaller planets had exactly made up by their rapid changes for the lameness of their beginnings, and in just such amount that all the planets, the chief giants Jupiter and Saturn, the inferior giants Uranus and Neptune, the chief terrestial planets Earth and Venus, the minor terrestial planets Mars and Mercury, and perhaps even all the satellites and all the asteroids, have reached precisely that stage of planet life which we recognize in the world on which we live. This, of course, is utterly incredible, nay, even unimaginable. The idea that all the planets are (in that sense) worlds died when the past history of our own world came to be red, and its dependence on physical processes such as we can deal with and understand, and above all, its relation to the progress of time, came to be recognized and appreciated.

So far, then, the views which I advanced first in my Other Worlds than Ours may be regarded as supported, or rather as demonstrated, by known facts. But I supposed further that while the smaller planets—how odd, decayed, or even dead—had been like our earth, and that while our earth had been like Jupiter, and both our earth and Jupiter, at still greater distances back in the abysms of past time, had been like the sun, the larger planets would one day be like our earth.

I now see that even as one star differs from another in all the details of its life history. I see in the dead face of the moon that though she has passed through stages of vulcanian history akin to those passed through by the earth, her life history has not been the same as the earth,s; nor will our earth, though she endure for tens of millions of years to come, ever present a face akin to the crater-covered face of our dead companion world. And in like manner, though we have no traces left on our earth of the time when she was in the part of her life corresponding to that through which Jupiter is passing, I cannot doubt that there were many characteristic differences between our earth's condition then and Jupiter's condition now, although in certain general respects there may have been a very striking resemblance. The two chief reasons for such differences are, first, the difference in the condition of atmospheric or vaporous matter on the surfaces of planets very unequal in mass; and secondly, the immense difference in the durations of the proceeding periods of time through which particular stages of planet life have been attained.

To show the effect of the former cause, suppose Jupiter, with his mass 345 times as great as the earth, to be in the same stage of planetary life as our earth, having the same density, and clothed with an atmosphere consisting of the same gases, whatever these may be at the particular stage of our earth's history in question, a point left purposely unconsidered. Then, his mass being 345 times the earth's, Jupiter's diameter would be seven times, his surface forty-nine times, the earth's and the total amount of Jupiter's atmosphere being 345 times as great as the earth's while the surface times of Jupiter is only forty-nine times the earth's, the amount of atmosphere above each square mile of Jupiter's surface would be seven times as great as the earth's. Moreover, that much greater mass of atmosphere would be drawn downward with seven times the force of terrestrial gravity. (The reader must not turn to tables of elements and compare my statements here with theirs. I am dealing with a hypothetical state of things.) It follows, or would follow if ever this state of things could have existed, that the atmosphere of Jupiter at the same stage of the common lives of the earth and Jupiter pressed forty-nine times as heavily on the surface as our earth's, and was therefore forty-nine times as dense.

This of course would make the state of things in Jupiter and the earth entirely different. In other words, by supposing certain conditions alike, we arrive at others entirely unlike. Consequently the two planets have never been and can never be alike. The effect of multiplying six or seven fold, as we must, all the periods of the earth's history, in order to obtain the durations for the corresponding periods of Jupiter's history, would be of course to intensify all the differences which would arise from the differences in the forces at work and the structure of the materials acted upon during those several stages of the histories of the two planets. In fine, I take it that while the lives of two planets of different orders (even perhaps of any two planets in the universe) are probably alike—in that each passes through sunlike childhood, a fiery youth, a middle life of moderate temperature, a cold old age, till finally it passes to the death-like stage—there is no resemblance in the actual details of life any more than there is between the details of the lives of two animals of different orders—reptile and mammal or insect and vertebrate—even perhaps than there is between the life of an animal and the life of a planet.—Richard A Proctor.

The Roman Wife.

In the early stages of Roman history there is reason to believe that the Roman wife was completely under the control of her husband. The Roman idea of a family made the father a despot with power of life and death over his children who could do nothing without his consent. This was the case in regard to male children, even after they had reached a considerable age. Women, according to the opinion of the early Romans, were always children. They required protection and guidance during their whole life, and could never be freed from despotic control. Accordingly, when a Roman girl married she had to choose whether she remain under the control of her father or pass into the control or, as it was called, into the hands, of her husband. It is likely that in the early ages of the city she always passed from the power of her father into the hands of her husband, and the position that she occupied was that of daughter to her husband. She thus became entirely subject to him, and was at his mercy. Roman history supplies many instances of the despotism which husbands exercised over their wives. The slightest indiscretion was sometimes punished by death, while men might do what they liked without let or hinderance. "If you were to catch your wife," was the law laid down by Cato, the censor, "in an act of infidelity, you would kill her with impunity without a trial; but if she were to catch you, she would not venture to touch you with her finger, and, indeed she has no right." Wives were prohibited from tasting wine, at the risk of severest penalties. The conduct of Egnatius was praised, who, surprising his wife in the act of sipping the forbidden liquid, beat her to death. The same sternness appears in the reasons which induced some of the Romans to dismiss their wives. Sulpicius Gallus dismissed his because she appeared in the streets without a veil. Antistius Vetus dismissed his because he saw her speaking secretly to a freed-woman in public, and P. Sempronius Sophus sent his away because she had ventured to go to the public games without informing him of her movements.—The Contemporary Review.

WAIT FOR THE BEST

Cleveland and Thurman.

It would be difficult to find a man better fitted to write the lives of the democratic candidates for president and vice president than W. U. Hensel, lawyer, editor and politician. For nearly fifteen years he was one of the editors of the Lancaster Intelligencer; for five years chairman of the democratic state committee of Pennsylvania; a delegate to nearly all the democratic conventions since 1877; chairman of the state convention of 1888; delegate to St. Louis, author of many sketches of public men and notably the campaign biographer of Mr. Hendricks in 1884. Sincerely devoted to the principles of the party to which he has been attached, and which he has served from boyhood, active in all honest efforts to promote those principles among his countrymen, and having come into close personal contact with most of the men who have been recognized by the present and the last generation as the exponents of the best ideas of the party, he is particularly fitted for the task in hand. He has the additional advantage of having been one of the warmest friends and adherents of Mr. Cleveland, not only before his ascension to the presidency but since and during that time. He has also long been an admirer and personal friend of Mr. Thurman, so that he has all the qualifications necessary to enable him to write fair, truthful and entertaining sketches of the distinguished men.

The Use of Flowers.

The question is often asked by those who have naturally a deficient appreciation. "What is the use of flowers?" says the Country Gentleman. A recent writer answers in substance, rather ingeniously: "There are 500,000,000 bushels of wheat grown annually in this country; but we should not get a single bushel of it were it not for the flowers on the newly opened wheat heads, which fertilize the germs and cause the grain to grow. There are nearly 2,000,000,000 bushels of corn, but every farmer knows that the cobs would remain bare if it were not for the pollen from the flowers above dropping on and fertilizing the silk of the ears. There are multitudes of other plants dependent on their flowers in the same way, worth millions every year." The mistake which many persons make is in taking it for granted that what is beautiful can not be useful and so proceed to "turn flowers out of doors," forgetting that the existence of the whole human race depends on their useful offices.

Lucky Boston.

Boston (Mass.) Record, July 3.

The latest of fortune's favorites to receive a large sum of money from a very small investment are Messrs. Moore, Spaulding & Co., the well-known wholesale dealers in millinery goods at 17 and 19 Summer street. Messrs. Moore, Spaulding & Co., held one-twentieth of ticket 90,448, which drew the first capital prize of $300,000 in the June drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery. When questioned about their good fortune by a Record reporter a member of the firm, illustrating his well-known character for modesty, said that he did not care to talk about it, but the reporter learned that on Friday last Mr. Spaulding received from Adams Express Co. a draft on the Maverfck bank for $15,000 which had been promptly forwarded upon receipt of the winning ticket at New Orleans. The firm it is said have from time to time made small investments of this kind but never had quite such good luck as in the present case, when they have found themselves among the number who, purchasing tickets through the New England agency, have received over $75,000 in cash within a month.

In a Chicago glucose factory 3,000 bushels of corn are converted into glucose daily.

"Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers show the sun his way;
For what my senses can perceive,
I need no revelation to believe."

Ladies suffering from any of the weaknesses or ailments peculiar to their sex, and who will use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription according to directions, will experience a genuine revelation in the benefit they will receive. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

There are extensive beds of iron in the Congo.

Happiness.

The foundation of all happiness is health. A man with an imperfect digestion may be a millionaire, may be the husband of an angel and the father of half a dozen cherubs, and yet be miserable if he be troubled with dyspepsia, or any of the disorders arising from imperfect digestion or a sluggish liver. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are the safest and surest remedy for these morbid conditions. Being purely vegetable, they are perfectly harmless.

The annual lard product of the United States is valued at $80,000,000.

Thousands of cures follow the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents.

Jay Gould will spend six weeks at Saratoga. He is troubled with insomnia.

What the Champion Pedestrian Says.

Harry Brooks, of New York, says his lady pedestrians will not contract with him to race unless he furnishes all the Moxie Nerve Food they wish to use during the race. That they say they could not possibly stand the terrible strain of a long contest without it. That it is the only thing that will stand by them without reaction. He says one of his lady champions, who won five races, owes it all to the Moxie.

A woolen mill is in course of erection at Ensenada, Cal.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

The iron moulders of Cincinnati have accepted a 10 per cent reduction.

University of Notre Dame.

Among the educational institutions of the United States there are but few that have advanced as rapidly as the University of Notre Dame—established over forty-five years. It rapidly passed to the front rank and has each succeeding year kept pace with the demands of the times. No better educational institution can be found anywhere, which the large and increasing patronage it enjoys from all sections of the country testifies. Parents contemplating placing their sons or wards at school will obtain full information and catalogue by addressing Rev. T. E. Walsh, Pres. University Notre Dame, Ind.

The United States consumes 10,000,000 barrels of salt annually.

Denver.

The St. James is without a doubt the most comfortable hotel in Denver. The location is in the very heart of the city, with street cars to and from the union depot every few minutes. Rates, $2.50 to $3.00 per day.

A London, Eng., hotel is lighted by 1,400 electric lamps.

Herman Bobzine worked his way unaided through Elliott's Business College, Burlington, Ia., and is now a book keeper for one of the banks at Hastings, Neb.

The Scandinavians of Minneapolis, Minn., have a workingmen's society.

The attention of the readers of this paper is called to the announcement "Educate Your Sons."

They have begun to ship coal from Japan to San Francisco.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Campaign in Nebraska.

Two-thirds of the people of Nebraska are republicans. It is safe to predict that Harrison and Morton will carry the state by from twenty-five to thirty thousand majority. This majority is assured even if every republican paper and every republican campaign orator remains mute on the national issues from now until the 6d of November. But there are issues vital to the people of this state which must be fought out in the open arena. In this irrepressible contest party lines cannot safely be drawn.

The people of Nebraska are confronted with grave problems with which the next legislature must grapple. Nebraska is one of the most taxridden states in America. State taxes are higher in Nebraska than in any state in the union, excepting alone Nevada. With a debt of less than half a million, of which over four hundred thousand dollars is held by the permanent school fund, Nebraska last year levied a state tax of eighty-one cents on the hundred dollars of assessed valuation. The state of Louisiana, with a state debt of nearly twelve millions, levies a state tax of only sixty cents on the hundred dollars. North Carolina with a state debt of over fifteen millions levies a state tax of only twenty-five cents on the hundred dollars. The state tax in Iowa is twenty-five cents, in Kansas forty-one cents, Minnesota thirteen cents, and Wisconsin fifteen and three quarter cents on the hundred dollars. The ordinary running expenses of this state for salaries and maintaining state institutions are over one million a year, and the last legislature piled up appropriations for another million a year which have to be wrung from a people heavily burdened with county and municipal taxes. How is this exhausting drain to be checked? How are the people to secure tax reduction and a more equitable distribution of the burdens of taxation? Can these needed reforms be secured unless the next state officers and legislators are men of integrity and men who cannot be swayed from their duty?

This is only one of the issues. The ever pressing and ever present railroad issue must be met and the lines must be sharply defined between honest men who will faithfully represent the people, and venal rogues who want to sell out or intend to use their positions for levying blackmail. Brazen throated railroad politicians and professional jobbers will, as usual, howl themselves hoarse over the national issues in order to befog the taxpayers, and seek to keep the issues in which the people are more vitally concerned in the background. They will discuss protection and free trade when the people want to hear about revision of the state assessment laws and railroad regulation. They will fight over the battles of the war, but make no reference to the scandalous debauchery of our legislature and the law defying course of the railroads. It remains to be seen, however, whether the people of a state that proudly boasts its intelligence can be deceived and distracted by such tactics. It remains to be seen whether they will blindly support "yellow dog" candidates because they were tagged and labeled straight by a packed convention. The campaign in Nebraska has already begun. The industrial classes must do their duty. Let them rally and unite, regardless of party, to elect honest, competent and unpurchasable men to the next legislature. The BEE proposes to do its full share of the work to redeem the state from monopoly misrule. With this end in view it will labor earnestly until the legislature convenes. We want to place a copy of the WEEKLY BEE in the hands of every farmer and mechanic and appeal to friends of good government to aid us. We will furnish the WEEKLY BEE from now until the end of the year for thirty-five cents, or in clubs of ten for three dollars. Address all orders to THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., Omaha, Neb.

A Rice-bird—The Heathen Chinee.

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What terrible visions this little word brings before the eyes of the nervous.
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Indigestion, Sleeplessness,
Nervous Prostration,
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