

LOVE SONNET ON AN OFFICE BOY.

I wish, some day, when she's typewritten and I've took a note out for the boss somewhere They'd be some outlaws sneak in here and scare That long-legged clerk to death and then the hand Would steal her, and nobody else would dare To try to save her, and they'd run away To where they had their cave, and keep her there And ast more for her than her folks could pay.

Then I would get a gun and bow-knife And take the name of Buckskin Bob or Joe, And track them to their den, and then I'd go Agally whoopin' in, and save her life, And she would say: "My hero's came at last!" And we'd stand there and hold each other fast.

II.

My darling, often when you set and think Of things that seem to kind of bother you, You put your pencil in your mouth and chew Around the wood, and let your sweet teeth sink Down in it till its all marked up and split; And yesterday I seen you when you threw A stub away that you'd bit up; it flew Behind the bookcase, where I gobbled it.

Capturing a Polar Bear Alive.

From March to September, 1887, I made my first Arctic voyage with Captain Gray of the steam-whaler Erik, four hundred tons, seventy horsepower. At Peterhead, Scotland, we had taken on board, in sections, a strong iron cage, which at the time excited considerable comment and speculation as to its intended use. I was greatly delighted to learn that it was meant for a polar bear. Captain Gray hoped that a large bear, if not a full-grown one, might be captured and brought back home alive, as liberal offers had been made for such an animal, if injured. None larger than a cub had ever previously been secured, and there would be plenty of fun in taking a big one. It was late in June, and I had shot several polar bears. Captain Gray and I frequently discussed the best means of taking one alive. I devised a kind of lasso made out of a "fore-gear"—a portion of the harpoon line, about twenty fathoms long, constructed of Manila fiber, attached immediately to the harpoon.

At the end of this line I made a running loop, and then tied it with thin twine to the end of a long boat-hook, allowing the line from the loop to run through my hand. My intention was to use the boat-hook pole to put the loop over the bear's head, then break the twine connecting the lasso with the boat-hook, lay this aside, and then hold the bear by the lasso. To the conservative minds of the crew, this apparatus appeared to "new-fangled," to be of the slightest use. I resolved, however, to test the gear at the first opportunity. One afternoon a bear was reported to be swimming from a large floe, about half a mile away, toward the ship. A boat was quickly lowered and manned, and I took up my position with my bear-catching apparatus. In the bows. On seeing us in pursuit, the bear whipped short round and made for the ice which he had left. He was too late, however. Gradually the boat overhauled him. I popped the loop over his head, snapped the twine holding it to the boat-hook, and had on my line the heaviest "fish" I had ever attempted to land. How he struggled and lashed the water, churning it into foam, now and then turning over to gnaw at the rope that held him! But his efforts were of no avail and his resistance was short-lived.

Unfortunately for this bear and for ourselves, I had had the tip of my left thumb taken off by a seal-bite a few days previously. In the struggle with the bear I lost the bandage, and my thumb began to bleed profusely. In order that I might tie it up again I handed the end of the line to the harpooner behind me. After working at the bandage for a couple of minutes, I turned round to find the bear drawn up to the ring-bolt, with his tongue hanging out. The harpooner had hauled him up tight to the bows, and had made the line fast to the thwart. In response to my hurried order to "slacken off," the man got the line free after some fumbling, but it was too late; the bear was dead. Feeling very much like executioners, we towed the carcass to the ship. It was a male cub, a little more than half grown. The next morning a bear was sighted, lying on a large "snow-piece" about a mile across. "Now's your chance, Jackson," said Captain Gray, as he came down into the cabin. So my tackle was fitted up again, two boats were lowered, and volunteer crews—as we considered it a risky business—were called for and selected. I started off in command of one boat; the first mate had charge of the second. We pulled round the floe to

the farther side, and there lay in wait behind a ridge of hummocks at the water's edge, the mate's boat taking up a position two hundred yards in our rear. In the meantime, a party of men with rifles, who had been landed from the ship, advanced across the ice toward the slumbering bear, shouting and firing, in order to drive him off the ice into the water toward us. Gradually the shouts and shots came nearer and nearer, and we could see the bear slowly coming toward our boat.

The suppressed excitement became intense as the critical moment drew near. "Steady now, not a word, but keep your oars free!" I whispered, as I clutched my lassoing apparatus more firmly. The bear came to the water at a spot about thirty yards from our boat and after a casual glance at us, as if he considered us very small fry, splashed in. In a few moments he was only a few feet from the floe he had left. "Pull away!" I shouted and off we went in pursuit. Five stout pairs of arms strained their utmost for a minute or two before the distance between us and our quarry materially lessened. Our friend in the white coat was a powerful swimmer.

Once he tried to head back for the floe, but, seeing that we were in the way he kept on the course he first had marked out. Gradually we overhauled him, and a spurt placed us within striking distance. "His!" snarled the bear, as the noose went over his head. Unfortunately a paw became also encircled by it, and off his head it slipped. I had to fit up the noose again, and the chase had to be renewed. This proved rather longer than the first one, and a good half-mile was covered before we again overtook him. This time the noose did not slip, and I looked him quite securely.

Then there was an uproar! All the lions, tigers and bears in the Zoo might have been suddenly let loose, to judge by the noise made by that one bear; and I felt as if I were tied up to an earthquake. First he dashed forward with the utmost impetuosity, and then, on being pulled up by the rope, returned to the boat, seized the guanine with his teeth and tore at the woodwork. He quickly demolished the canvas which covered the harpoon gun, and it was only by quick manoeuvring that I saved the gun itself from going over the side.

Next he tried to free his neck by hauling himself up by the guanine, and I really feared we should have him on board soon. The men in the bows began to retreat toward the stern. I pommelled his paws with an oar to make him let go, but in vain. Then some one conceived a brilliant idea, and a wet swab was passed forward to me. With this I struck him in the face. The effect was magical; he dropped back into the water and a bullet had hit him. A heavy ear he didn't mind a bit, but a wet swab was too horrible and barbarous—something quite outside the pale of civilized warfare!

The wet swab, however, soon lost all its terrors for him, and he became as indifferent to this as to the oar. Several times matters became extremely critical. With the boat listed over almost to capsizing by the weight of the bear, by accurate weighing, I estimate that he must have scaled nine hundred and fifty pounds. Our captive behaved like a lap dog during the rest of the day, and gobbled up some pork cracklings the cook threw to him as if he had been accustomed to dine on board ship all his life. His apparently gentlemanly and "nice" behavior was the subject of general comment; but these illusions were to be rudely dispelled the following morning.

A great uproar on the main deck was heard at about seven o'clock, and one of the mates rushed into the cabin, exclaiming that the bear was loose on deck. Hurriedly tumbling into a coat, I went with a rifle, to find that the animal had forced its head and shoulders through the top of the cage, and that several of the crew were up in the rigging, as they expected him in any moment to take charge of the ship. Not wishing to "shoot him," I picked up a capstan-rope and hit him a heavy blow over the head, which caused him to drop back into the cage. Then I took up a coal-hammer, and whenever he placed a paw on the top bars, which were bent like wire, I brought the hammer down upon his claws, and so kept him in check until spars were lashed over the aperture he had made by crumpling up the bars and he was again secure. One of the sailors had played a hose upon him. He objected to a bath and proceeded to try the cage all round like a monkey, found the top was weak. On the following evening when the captain of the Hope came on board to see our captive, there was more excitement. Captain Gray, very rarely walking about on the top of the cage,

THE FAD IS A SNAIL FARM.

MME. PERNOT HAS THE ONLY ONE IN THE UNITED STATES.

She Thinks the Raising of These Little Creatures Might Prove a Profitable Occupation for Women—How the Toothsome Delicacies are Eaten. Southern California has a small farm. It is said to be the only one in the United States. Of course, it is a French snailery—each original mollusk having been imported direct from France, and imported for its gastronomic features alone. This snailery is a few miles out from Los Angeles, at the ranch of Mme. V. A. Pernot. It is located under the shade of a house of a large windmill a short distance from the driveway leading up to the Pernot home. Vines growing over the framework of this particular spot render it cool and shady. Inside of the enclosure, running all around the supports, are box shelves, lidded with wire gauze, where the snails are confined.

Snails are great travellers. If not guarded they wander far from home, so here they have plenty of room and comfortable quarters. Each box is furnished with sections of porous earthen pipe, where the little creatures may retreat at night or in cold weather, attaching themselves to the inner surfaces by means of a viscid fluid which oozes from around the edges of the shell.

The first snails imported from France by Mme. Pernot were of the variety escargot Bourgeois, but they did not long survive. The smaller variety, escargot Bourdeloise, were then tried, and the three dozen which arrived in the month of June in good condition before a year had elapsed numbered more than three thousand. This was in 1900, and now the snailery is growing too small for the new thousands of family relatives.

This group of mollusks respiration is effected by means of a lung or pulmonary sac, no gills being developed. The eggs are laid in a hole in the earth about an inch deep. They do not hatch simultaneously, but the average period is about sixty days. The eggs, numbering 200 or 300, are whitish gray. The young snails are about the size of a pinhead when hatched, having a perfect shell complete as when grown.

Mme. Pernot is as devoted to her snail farm as many women are to their poultry farm. She gives the little things a bath with the hose upon bright mornings when they travel wearily around with their shells upon their backs. "As my snails are shut in," said Mme. Pernot to a New York Tribune representative, "they must be fed or they eat each other. Their food consists of lettuce, artichokes, cabbage and various kinds of herbs. Just before we eat them I feed them aromatic herbs, mint, thyme and summer savory, which adds greatly to the flavor. A month before eating we pack them in bran. At the end of this time they are ready for use. They are then thrown in salt and vinegar, which extracts the slime. Then they are placed in boiling water for a few moments. After being stuffed with parsley, bread crumbs, pickled bacon, butter and parsley, they are placed in the oven and browned, then you have the most delicious dish.

"About forty are considered a meal, though many more may be eaten, as they shrink greatly in cooking. Another method of preparation is to fry them with an onion in butter, browning them a little with flour. Still another method is to stew them in half water and half white wine, mixed with parsley, thyme, garlic and laurel leaf. After baking for half an hour, serve them in the pyramid, with chicken or sauce made of the yolks of eggs, butter and lemon juice. The stuffing and seasoning so chosen the flavor that really the taste of the snail becomes a secondary consideration. Of course, there is none of the fishy taste found in the bivalve. In France snails are a great part in vineyards, and boys are hired to pick them. The large ones are taken to market, where they are sold as a regular article of diet. The small ones are fed to poultry.

"While my fad for snails is only for the pleasure of the family table, yet I supply many of my French neighbors with these toothsome delicacies. Considering their easy and very rapid propagation, there is no reason why snail culture might not be a very profitable industry in Southern California. The Romans considered the snail a great delicacy, and portions of plantations were set apart for their cultivation. From Italy the taste spread throughout the old world, and colonies are yet found in Great Britain where the Romans encampments were.

How Horses Catch Fatal Diseases. Persons who fancy that a horse can get his feet wet with impunity are in error, according to a local veterinary surgeon. This man's practice is confined principally to public cab horses, and for the last ten days he has been up night and day in attending cases of spinal meningitis. All of them, he declares, have been caused by the patient's standing in the snow and slush, with which the streets have been covered.

There are few abuses to which the horse is subjected," said the doctor, "more disastrous than leaving him for any length of time in snow that is even fetlock deep. If it does not bring on spinal meningitis it is almost certain to result in acute laminitis or founder. Pavements on which salt has been sprinkled to melt the ice or snow are particularly dangerous. The salt when it becomes saturated plays the mischief with a horse's hoof. There are known cases where the animal has been made absolutely worthless."

Spinal meningitis is considered fatal, and unless the patient is an extremely valuable animal it is put out of its suffering as soon as the disease develops.—New York Press. It may seem harsh treatment, but prompt measures are necessary if one would cure a child of the troublesome and dangerous habit of holding its breath when screaming from anger or fright. As soon as it holds its breath again sprinkle its face with very cold water, increasing the amount as needed to produce the desired effect. The sudden shock will, no doubt, cause it to catch its breath at once, and a few repetitions will probably effect a permanent cure. Perseverance may be needed, however. If so, persevere. It may not only cure the dangerous habit of holding the breath, but at the same time cure the fits of screaming that lead to this practice.

CURIOUS AMERICAN CHARACTER.

James Jesse Strang, the Michigan Usurper and His Ways.

The curious American character is the subject of an article in the Century, from which we take the opening paragraphs: The fact that about fifty years ago a kingdom was established on Beaver Island, at the foot of Lake Michigan, which flourished for seven years, in defiance of our government and its laws, is one of the episodes in our national life which has not yet passed into history, and is consequently unfamiliar to most of the present generation. The strange story of this isolated Mormon community centers around the strong personality of the self-constituted king. James Jesse Strang was born in the year 1813, in Cayuga County, New York. The son of a farmer, he had only the ordinary education of a country lad of the period, but as he was an indefatigable reader and possessed a retentive memory, he was constantly adding to his store of knowledge. He early took a prominent part in rural debating clubs and temperance meetings, where he showed marked oratorical ability. He was extremely voluble, self-conceited, and visionary, but was regarded as a promising youth, entirely reputable in character, though eccentric. At the age of twenty-three he was admitted to the bar, and in connection with his practice of the law, filled acceptably, at various times, the positions of editor, schoolmaster, lecturer, and postmaster.

At the time when the remarkable career of Joseph Smith, the Mormon "prophet," was drawing toward its close, Strang removed with his young wife to Burlington, Wisconsin, where he became one of a firm of attorneys. Previous to this he had been interested in the preaching of itinerant elders from Nauvoo, the Mormon center, and in his new home he soon fell under the same influence; his active imagination was stimulated by the so-called "revelations" of Smith to expose some of the doctrines of the "One Day Saints." One year later he visited Nauvoo, where he became an elder with authority to organize a church, or, in their phraseology, "plant a stake of Zion," within the limits of Wisconsin.

The Wrong Letter. Letters of introduction are not invariably serviceable. For one reason, they may be too frank. Harry Furness, in his "Confessions of a Caricaturist," says that when a brother artist was setting forth on his travels in foreign climes, he was provided with a letter of introduction to a certain British consul. The writer of the letter enclosed it in one to the artist, saying that he would find the consul a most arrogant, a bumptious, arrogant humbug, a cad to the back-bone. Still, he would probably offer some courtesies to any one who had a good social standing, and thus compensate the traveler for having come in contact with such an insufferable vulgarian.

On the return of the artist to England, the writer of the letters asked how the affair had turned out. "Well, my dear fellow," drawled the artist, "he did not receive me very warmly, and he did not ask me to dinner. In fact he struck me as being rather cool."

"Well, you surprise me," rejoined his friend. "He's a cad, as I told you in my letter, but he's very hospitable, and I really can't understand this state of things. You gave him my letter of introduction?"

"Why, I thought so; but do you know on my journey home I discovered it in my pocketbook! So I must have handed to him instead your note to me about him!"

The explanation was quite adequate. When a Hint Failed. The kaiser's barber is an incorrigible latecomer. Some time ago he kept his royal master waiting several minutes. On his appearance the kaiser, in a fit of generous irony, presented him with a costly gold chronometer, leaving it to the barber to guess the real reason of the gift. The servant's inability to arrive up to time continued, however, until at last the kaiser demanded, impatiently: "Have you still got the watch I gave you?" "Yes, your majesty," was the answer, "here it is."

"Well," came the royal reply, "as it doesn't seem to go very well, here is another."

And the next moment the stupefied hair-dresser had in his hand a nickel-plated timekeeper valued at five shillings. Carnegie's Gift Abused. From a speech delivered by Principal Story at the annual conference of the students' councils of Scottish universities, it appears that Mr. Carnegie's recent gift is being abused, donor intended to give poor students a free education. So far the scheme has been an unqualified success. The advantages have, however, been utilized by other and less needy students, who can well afford to pay the fees. Principal Story, in referring to the matter, said that the best remedy was the creation of a healthy public opinion among undergraduates. If this were formed there would be no more complaint as to the abuse of Mr. Carnegie's gift by people for whom it was not intended.—London Express.

Tact's Achievements. Tact has achieved more great works than all the genius the world has known.—New York Press. The average bride doesn't think so much about the future as she does of the present.

A GERMAN DECAPITATION.

AN AMERICAN'S ACCOUNT OF A MURDERER'S EXECUTION.

The Criminal's Head Severed From the Body by a Single Stroke of the Axe—The Execution Apparently Painless. While traveling in Germany last Summer Dr. Herman Westphal, of Baltimore, had an opportunity of comparing the German mode of execution, beheading, with the method of hanging, adopted generally in the United States. The scene of the execution was Flensburg, a town in Schleswig-Holstein. The criminal was Franz Deppe, who had murdered a seven-year-old girl. The executioner was Herr Reinhold, who travels from place to place in Prussia when his services are required. At 6 a. m., July 5th, Dr. Westphal presented himself at the prison gate. He was admitted and escorted to the room where the execution was to occur.

Here were gathered the First States Attorney, his secretaries and other witnesses. The attorney who defended the murderer were also present, wearing black skull caps. On a table were spread the legal papers in the case and a small cabinet which contained two candles and a crucifix. Near one end of the table was the head block, separated from the body block by about 1 1/2 inches. The space being filled by a zinc receptacle, intended to catch the blood from the decapitated trunk; a white cloth covering the executioner's broad axe.

"I had never myself for a horrible scene," said Dr. Westphal, in speaking of the beheading, "and, seeing the preparations, I regretted that I was to be a witness. The faces of all the prison guards and officials were pale and tense. "There was no noise, no whispering, not the slightest movement as the prison bell tolled the appointed hour. A few moments later the door at the further end of the room was thrown open and admitted the condemned. "Deppe stopped for a moment and looked defiantly at the group. He was clad only in shirt and trousers. His coat was thrown loosely across his shoulders. Urged by the guard nearest him he stepped up to the table where stood the State's attorney. "The condemned man then heard read the affirmation of the sentence and was shown the signature of Emperor William at the bottom of a document in which the Emperor declined to interfere with the sentence of the law. The State's attorney asked the condemned if he had anything to confess. Deppe replied: "I have nothing to confess."

"These were his last words. Herr Reinhold, the executioner, wearing a frock coat and a silk hat, made a slight signal. The State's attorney exclaimed, "Do your duty," and on the instant two assistants seized the condemned man and laid him prostrate on the block table. "As his body fell into position with his head on the block intended for it, one of the assistants fastened his hands in the condemned man's hair and stretched his neck out on the block holding it steady. "Herr Reinhold whisked off the white cloth which covered the axe on the table, lifted the implement of death and, with one preparatory brought it down upon the bare neck just above the shoulders. "The axe was so quickly, so skillfully accomplished that the murderer's head was cut off at one stroke, and the assistant, who had not released his hold upon it, had laid it beside the block, while the other witnesses and myself were still straining to meet the climax. "The executioner laid his axe the executioner laid it on the table, and turning to the First States Attorney said: "My First State's Attorney, the sentence has been carried out. "There was no struggle, nothing sensational, exactly twenty seconds elapsed between the time the States Attorney said, "Do your duty," and the time when Deppe's head was laid on the block. Instead of a horrible spectacle, such as I once witnessed in a Maryland county town when a man was executed by hanging, the decapitation was speedy, painless, I believe, and absolutely clean and decorous. "There was no spouting blood. Of course blood flowed, but the witnesses could not see it. "While I stood somewhat agast at the rapidity of it all, the executioner rinsed his fingers in a bowl of steaming water and dried them upon a white napkin handed him by one of the attendants, bowed politely to the officials and withdrew. Herr Reinhold, I was told, receives 200 marks, or about \$50 for an execution. "He is assisted in giving the deadly stroke with certainty by the fact that the blade and handle of the broadaxe are hollow and filled with quicksilver. This flowing downward adds to the weight and steadiness of the blade. Judging from his own observations, Dr. Westphal says that beheading is more humane, yet more terrifying, than hanging or electrocution, and that conducted decorously and without publicity, as in Germany, it does not arouse a morbid and unwholesome curiosity.

The Enterprising Germans. Whenever you see Germans you see thrift. We have had evidence of it in this country for a century. Prince Henry is amazed at it. German enterprize is making old Palestine blossom anew. Last year a German bank in Jerusalem exchanged \$15,000,000 of the waters of the Dead Sea, where no rudder had been seen in hundreds of years, are now being plied by German motor boats. The Land of Moab has been awakened by the hum of German machinery from the sleep of a thousand years. The Baghdad Railroad is a civilizing German promotion.—New York Press.

AGRICULTURE IN SIBERIA.

American Farming Machinery Has Aided in Increasing Production.

Richard T. Greener, United States commercial agent at Vladivostok, Siberia, has submitted a report on agriculture and farm machinery in Eastern Siberia, which in part is as follows: "Enoch Emory came to Siberia from Cape Cod forty years ago. He was the pioneer American merchant, and now has stores at Nikolafsk, Habarovsk, Blagoveshensk, and Moscow. Gov. Grodekoff says that he has increased the working force of the Amur territory 20,000 men by the introduction of American labor-saving machinery. Most of the supplies under the head of emigrant stores are furnished to the local government by him. "American agricultural machines have enjoyed such an established reputation that it has long been a paying business to imitate them. The complaint now is that many cheap and inferior machines, mostly made in Germany from American models, are on the market. Since the retaliatory tariff took effect, Feb. 7 (20), 1902, many American machines come via Germany. It is asserted all American makes being carefully obliterated. "At present there is no great demand for American machinery. The market is well stocked, crops are bad, money is scarce, the government is closing down on credit, and the condition of the Siberian peasant farmer is deplorable. Efforts are being made to teach the peasant how to farm in the United States the foreign immigrant learns by everyday example rather than by theory. The Siberian peasant is not used to severe and unremitting labor; he has few wants and many holidays. Lately some highly colored reports have reached us from America as to what Siberia was capable of doing in an agricultural way. It is suggested that American flour mills on the Pacific coast will soon be closed in consequence of the million of acres here ready to be devoted to cereals. An uncertain climate, imperfect machinery, and unreliable labor are not factors for successful competition with the United States. "Notwithstanding the cheap transportation offered emigrants and the development of virgin soils, famine seems a periodical visitor, and it is hardly to be expected that the government is literally besieged with clamors for bread, for medicine, for work, grain, hay—anything. Tomsk, Perm, Kerson, Yaroslaf, Khalkisk, all join in this demand. It is safe to say that the United States need have no immediate fear of competition from the quarter, whether it be in grain or machinery, canned goods or cotton goods. "The production of gold, or building of ships. The new traffic has caused a rise in the price of all necessities. It has made imperative an imperial ukase allowing employes of the ministry of the interior one month's pay. The appropriation has already been made."—N. Y. Times.

No Sails in Suez Canal. Consul General Long reports from Cairo, in reply to an inquiry from the department relative to the extent of the Suez canal is used by sailing vessels, that Comte Charles de Serionne, superior agent in Egypt of the Suez Canal Company, has given him the following information: "No sailing vessels have crossed the canal since 1874 or 1875, except during the time of the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78. At that time sailing vessels arrived from Calcutta with Indian troops; but for the last ten years no sea-going sailing vessel has crossed the canal. Sometimes trains of coal and materials, treated by the Suez Canal Company as sailing vessels, with the object of collecting the lowing duties, have crossed the canal, but no sailing vessels engaged in high-sea navigation has crossed it within the period named. "The absence of sailing vessels in the canal is explained by the difficulties of navigation in the Red Sea. The extraordinary number of sailing vessels lost in the Red Sea, (which is full of dangerous reefs and shoals) during the years 1872-73 seems to have effectually discouraged further attempts. The officials of the Suez Canal Company believe that the construction of the canal, which was opened to navigation in 1869, has been an impetus to steam navigation throughout the world."—New York Times.

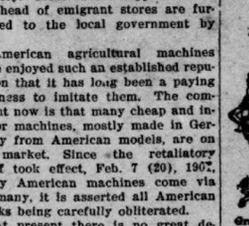
Calling Birds From the Sky. Frank M. Woodruff divulged a secret at the Academy of Science in Lincoln Park. It is a "system" for coaxing maritime birds to alight in Lake Michigan. "While I stood somewhat agast at the rapidity of it all, the executioner rinsed his fingers in a bowl of steaming water and dried them upon a white napkin handed him by one of the attendants, bowed politely to the officials and withdrew. Herr Reinhold, I was told, receives 200 marks, or about \$50 for an execution. "He is assisted in giving the deadly stroke with certainty by the fact that the blade and handle of the broadaxe are hollow and filled with quicksilver. This flowing downward adds to the weight and steadiness of the blade. Judging from his own observations, Dr. Westphal says that beheading is more humane, yet more terrifying, than hanging or electrocution, and that conducted decorously and without publicity, as in Germany, it does not arouse a morbid and unwholesome curiosity.

Tall and Short Races. The mean height among Pata gonian men is about six feet, among Bushmen about four feet six inches. Thus, speaking in the average, the men of the shortest race are about three-quarters the stature of those of the tallest race. England owns 7,930 of the 1,407 steamers belonging to the twelve leading nations of Europe and America.

State Government of Louisiana.

Governor—W. W. H. Ward, Lieutenant-Governor—Albert Estel pinal. Secretary of State—John Michel, Superintendent of Education—John V. Calhoun.

U. S. SENATORS. Don Caffery and S. D. McNery. REPRESENTATIVES. 1 District—B. C. Darcy. 2 District—Adolph Meyer. 3 District—R. F. Bronsard. 4 District—J. P. Brazolis. 5 District—J. E. Henshall. 6 District—S. M. Robinson.



SOULE COLLEGE. A New Orleans, La. college founded as a land-grant college. It is now a college of the State of Louisiana. It has a large endowment and is one of the best colleges in the South. It has a large number of students and is well equipped for the study of all the sciences. It has a large library and a fine collection of books. It has a large number of professors and is well known for its high quality of education. It has a large number of graduates and is well known for its high quality of education. It has a large number of graduates and is well known for its high quality of education.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY RAILROAD. Unsurpassed Daily Service between NEW ORLEANS & MEMPHIS, connecting at Memphis with trains of the Illinois Central Railroad for Cairo, St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville, making direct connections with through trains for all points NORTH, EAST AND WEST, including Buffalo, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, Kansas City, Hot Springs, Ark., and Denver. Close connection at Chicago with Central Mississippi Valley Route, Solid Fast Vestibuled Daily Trains for DUBUQUE, SIOUX FALLS, SIOUX CITY, and the West. Particulars of agents of the N. & M. V. and connecting lines of W. MUMFORD, Div. Pass. Agt., New Orleans, La. J. A. SCOTT, Div. Pass. Agt., Memphis, Tenn. W. A. HULLMAN, A. G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

THE NEXT THING TO GOING TOWARD. It is to read all about it in THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT. Covering every item of news on land and sea through SPLENDID SPECIAL SERVICE as furnished the New York World, New York Journal, Associated Press and Staff Correspondents, all in one. Only \$1.00 a Month. Subscribe through your newsdealer, postmaster or direct to THE TIMES-DEMOCRAT, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD. THE GREAT TRUNK LINE. Between the North and South. Only direct route to Memphis, St. Louis, Chicago, Kansas City and all points NORTH, EAST AND WEST. Only direct route to Jackson, Vicksburg, New Orleans and all points in Texas and the South West. Double Daily Trains. Fast Time. Close Connections. Through Pullman Palace Sleepers between New Orleans and Memphis, Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago with first-class service to all points. The great steel bridge spanning the Ohio river at Cairo completed, and all trains (freight and passenger) now running regularly over it, thus avoiding the delays and annoyance incident to transfer by ferry boat. A. H. HANSON, Gen. Agt., Chicago. J. A. SCOTT, Div. P. A., Memphis.