

The Progress.

C. D. HICKS, Ed. and Prop.

SHREVEPORT, LA.

The referee in an Eastern prize fight became personally interested and walloped one of the principals. Unfortunately the police interfered before he had time to attend to the other.

Mrs. Martin O'Neil wept bitterly when for an atrocious murder her husband was sentenced to ten years in prison. She had recognized him as a brute, declined to live with him and laudably sought a divorce. But he killed a defenseless woman and the wife came back to shed tears down his neck. The case is merely cited as interesting to students of psychology.

A very grave mistake is made by persons out of work and in want who go from small towns to large cities in the hope of bettering their condition. As a rule the villages have less excessive and unusual poverty to relieve than the great centers of population, in proportion to their resources. Able-bodied single men, especially, should make their way toward the country rather than the cities. Many farmers who cannot afford to hire anybody for regular wages could give one or two men apiece a chance to earn their board and lodging by work in clearing up fields lately timbered, or in making improvements in farm buildings and fences.

That was a queer plea made by Prendergast's lawyer in the Chicago murder trial that if the prisoner had been in Washington during the silver agitation he would have killed the president instead of murdering Carter Harrison and throwing a black pall over the closing scenes of the great world's fair. It is an unusual thing for a lawyer to base his defense on the plea that if his client had not committed the crime in question he might have been guilty of even greater ones, but there is good reason for doubting the justice of such a plea. Its object is, of course, to prove the prisoner insane, but to the thoughtful mind it indicates simply that he has far too much method in his madness to escape punishment for his misdeeds.

It is pitiful to see Mr. Gladstone forced to defend the robbery of the British taxpayers, who are asked to pay the duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha \$50,000 a year, while he is drawing salary as a reigning sovereign in another country. "You would not have his highness cease to be an Englishman," said Mr. Gladstone in reply to Labouchere's protest against the grant. And yet this is exactly what his highness has done. He has expatriated himself, and given his submission to the emperor of Germany, but with the avarice characteristic of his family he is willing to take money from the British people merely because he is the son of his mother. His highness has not only ceased to be an Englishman, but from an American standpoint he has ceased to have much claim to the title of gentleman.

This country is likely to have no aid from England in clearing the ocean of derelict vessels which are now so great a danger to commerce. The secretary of the British admiralty responded to a call for co-operation with our government, that it could not give any aid. This unwillingness to help in what it did not originate has always been characteristic of John Bull. It has, however, given this country the greater honor in doing the work alone. It was the United States that first proclaimed the doctrine of neutral rights and freedom of the high seas. So, too, with the general postal union, which now includes nearly the whole civilized world. Uncle Sam can afford to take the lead in clearing the high seas of derelicts. When the job is once done the owners of English merchant ships will compel England to do its part in keeping the seas clear of the avoidable dangers which now threaten life and property.

There is such a thing as being overzealous—not to say premature—in the defense of one's domicile and household effects. The prevalence of a burglaristic epidemic justifies caution on the part of the citizen, but it does not warrant indiscriminate shooting. The case of Thomas Matthews and Daniel Ambrose is one in point. Mr. Ambrose, under the influence of wassail, wandered into the backyard of Mr. Matthews and caroled joyously. Mr. Matthews, disregarding the fact that housebreakers do not, as a rule, announce their presence with shout and song, jumped at the conclusion that Mr. Ambrose was a burglar, and riddled his anatomy with bullets, causing wounds from which he will be laid up a long time. This is all wrong. Bandits do not travel with brass bands, nor do burglars sing. "After the Ball" while operating on back doors. Caution is necessary, therefore, in order to avoid making mistakes.

And now it's San Domingo that is looking for a little game of revolution by way of pastime. It's a wonder some smart Yankee doesn't start business in the way of furnishing revolutions to order for our Southern neighbors.

That labor seeks employment, and not charity, is greatly to its credit. Every man with two strong arms and willing hands in this country of boundless resources has an honest aversion to being thought an object of charity.

AN AUBURN MIRACLE

AN ACT OF HEROISM IS FOLLOWED BY DIRE RESULTS.

Edward Donnelly Saves a Life Almost at the Cost of His Own—After Years of Suffering He is Restored to Health—His Story as Told to a Reporter of the Auburn Bulletin.

(Auburn, N. Y., Bulletin.)

It is on record that upon a chilly April day, a few years ago, an eight-year-old boy fell into the East river at the foot of East Eighth Street, New York, and when all efforts to rescue him had failed, Eugene Donnelly, at risk of his own life, plunged into the water and, when himself nearly exhausted, saved the boy from drowning. It was a humane and self-sacrificing deed, and received deserved commendation in all the newspapers. Edward Donnelly was then and is now a resident of New York City, living at the East Side House, Seventy-sixth St. and E. R., but his wife was Amanda Grantman, of Auburn, and sister Mrs. Samuel D. Corry, of No. 71 Moravia St., which gave a local interest to the incident.

Mr. Donnelly said: "I was born in Albany N. Y., and am 42 years old. The greatest portion of my life I have lived in New York City. I was general foreman there of the F. A. Mulgrew Saw Mills, foot of Eighth Street, on the East river. It was on the 29th of April, 1889, that the boy fell into the river and I rescued him from drowning, but in saving his life I contracted a disease which nearly cost me my own.

"You see when I saved the boy I was in the water so long that I was taken with a deathly chill, and soon became so stiffened up and weak that I could neither work nor walk. For some time I was under treatment of Dr. George McDonald, who said I had Locomotor Ataxia. He finally said he could do nothing for me.

"When the disease first came upon me the numbness began in my heels, and pretty soon the whole of both my feet became affected. There was a cold feeling across the small of my back and downwards, and a sense of soreness and a tight pressure on the chest. The numbness gradually extended up both my legs and into the lower part of my body. I felt that death was creeping up to my vitals. I was still taking the medicine ('It was Iodide of Potassium," said his wife), and was being rubbed and having plasters put all over my body, but with no benefit.

"I sent to the Chas. H. Sagar Company, the popular Auburn druggists and chemists at 109 and 111 Genesee St., and got three boxes of the Pink Pills and began taking them at once. In three weeks' time I was so improved that from being helpless I was able to help myself and to get up and go to work, and to walk every day from No. 74 Walnut St., where I then lived, to Osborne's New Twine Factory, Seymour and Cottage Streets—more than a mile—where I was then employed, but all the while I was taking Pink Pills.

"Then Dr. Patchen, of Wisconsin, uncle of my wife, and who was here on a visit, began to poo-hoo at me for taking Pink Pills, and finally persuaded me to stop taking them and to let him treat me. When he returned to the West he left a prescription with Dr. Hyatt, of Auburn, who also treated me. But their treatment did me no good, and after a while the old trouble returned and I was getting bad again. Then I began to take Pink Pills; have taken them ever since, am taking them now; have taken in all nearly 20 boxes at an entire cost of less than \$10.00 (my other treatment cost me a pile of money), and again I am well and able to work.

"If I was able I would at my own expense publish the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to the whole world and especially in New York City, where I am much better known than I am here."

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Military Use of Aluminum. The German war department has ordered that the cooking utensils and other metallic vessels furnished to the soldiers shall be made of aluminum. The reason given for the order is that the physical standard of the men is much lower than it was before the new army law went into effect, and many of the men now mustered into the service are not able to carry the heavy loads with which the troops are burdened on the march. Aluminum vessels are much lighter than the iron ones hitherto used. For the same reason experiments have been ordered to determine whether an aluminum helmet can be devised which will give as much protection as the brass ones now worn by the troops.

A baker estimates that every American will consume two pies a week, and if the statement is correct the American stomach is weekly tortured with 130,000,000 pies.

A LONG ISLAND MILL.

It Ground Wheat for the Westchester Farmers 150 Years Ago.

One interesting landmark of the last century remains in a suburban region fast yielding its rural charm in the face of the city's advancing vanguard, says the New York Sun. Between two and three miles north-east of New York city's limits, and perhaps a mile and a half beyond the line of ambitious Little Mount Vernon, stands Reid's mill, overlooking the broad, flat marshes at the edge of the sound. The mill is approached by one of the most picturesque roads of a picturesque region. It runs for a mile or more along the valley of a little wooded stream and crosses the latter a dozen yards before it meets tidewater. A few hundred yards eastward is a rude beach and farmyard leading to the old mill. An old Dutch house, still retaining its wide porch and broad, low eaved gables, faces mill and mill stream. High tides rise all about the house, submerge its lower garden and flood its cellar.

The mill, a three-and-a-half story shingled structure, overhangs the tide race in which its wheel once dipped and turned. The mill was built in 1739 by Shute and Stanton, local millers of that day. It was driven by the tide, and for several generations it ground the wheat for the neighboring farms. Robert Reid became the owner of the mill about the middle of the last century, and was reputed an honest though somewhat testy miller. One Waldron afterward became owner or leasee, and in 1762 a town committee was appointed to regulate Miller Waldron's toll charges.

The old mill continued its work with various fortunes and successive owners until within the last few years. When the region round about ceased to be a wheat growing country the mill ground Western grain into flour, and the crooked little stream leading to the sound brought upon its tide vessels that bore grain and grist.

Reid's mill is now slowly falling into ruins. The wreck of its wheel and other machinery is visible at the rear. Many of its shingles near the ground have been torn off as relics or to kindle fires. The great oaker beams remain seemingly sound. An oxster man now keeps his tools of trade in the large ground-floor apartment of the mill, and in the water just outside he has fenced a space where newly caught oysters may be fattened.

Every high tide brings a mass of seaweed and marsh hay about the mill. The short, stone-built, isthmus road that leads to the mill door still resists the action of the tides, and the visitor of to-day may drive quite to the door-step, as Westchester people were accustomed to drive a century and a half ago, when the new shingles of the structure were not yet weather-stained.

Weighing the Earth.

The earth has not been put in a scale and balance against a known weight, but the mathematicians have calculated its weight. Professor Maskelyne first attacked this subject in 1772, when, by repeated experiments, he determined the attraction exerted at Mount Schiehallion, in Perthshire, Scotland, on a plumb line, which it caused to deviate nearly seconds. Playfair, Cavendish, Hutton and other scientists then determined that the structure of this mountain made it have a density, as compared to the mean density of the earth, of five to nine. The comparative density of Schiehallion to water was ascertained, and that of earth to water being known as about five and a half to one, it was not hard to calculate the rest, knowing the cubical contents of the earth. It has been stated as 5,842 trillions of tons of 2,240 pounds each, or a value in pounds avoirdupois represented by thirteen and twenty-four ciphers.

Called to Mind.

Appropos of the old story: "And now," said the preacher, turning the hour-glass; which in those days was placed upon the ledge before him as a reminder to be merciful, "we will have another glass together," James Payn says "his metaphor was singularly appropriate, for he was suffering from the intoxication of pulpit eloquence." And this Mr. Payn follows with a story of Robert Hall, who was asked what he thought of a certain preacher. "A remarkable man in his line, sir; soft preaching is his line; a remarkably good she preacher."—Argonaut.

MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods in New York, St. Louis, Chicago, and Galveston. Columns include item names and prices.

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