

CARLOAD OF HOGS STOLEN.

Nebraska Man Arrested at Jamestown, N. D.
Jamestown, N. D., Aug. 12.—Grant Smith, who is alleged to have stolen a car load of hogs valued at \$900 from Tekamah, Neb., was arrested here by Sheriff Eddy. Smith's capture came about in a peculiar manner. A brother of the sheriff in Nebraska was here to attend the carnival and met Smith on the street. He knew of the theft of the hogs and notified his brother. Smith will go to Nebraska without requisition papers. The theft of the hogs was accomplished in a clever manner. The animals were in a yard, and it is claimed that Smith drove them into a car and sent them to market.

PLAGUE OF MOSQUITOES.

Dakota Town Overwhelmed by a Dense Cloud of Night Pests.
Toronto, S. D., Aug. 12.—For a few hours an evening or two ago the residents of Toronto, S. D., had reason to believe a section of New Jersey had temporarily been moved to South Dakota. About 9 o'clock in the evening, without the slightest warning, a dense cloud of mosquitoes settled down over the town and for a brief period were practically in complete possession. Great numbers of the pests were destroyed by men and boys lighting newspapers and burning them. Those not destroyed left the town as suddenly as they came. The next morning the sidewalks were covered with dead mosquitoes.

TROUBLES OF A PASTOR.

Congregation Is Angry Because He Makes Some Money on the Side.
Kimball, S. D., Aug. 12.—Because Rev. T. A. Miller, for some time pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church here, painted and papered a saloon building, he has been compelled to resign his position as pastor. His salary was not sufficient to support him, and he has on week days been spending his time papering and painting buildings. He was looked upon by members of his flock as a very industrious man until he papered and painted the saloon building. Then the members of the church held an indignation meeting and decided it was time for him to retire from the pastorate.

GIBSON MUST GO.

Mining Claims on Reservation Are Worthless.
Spokane, Wash., Aug. 12.—In the injunction suit of M. F. Gibson vs. Indian Agent Anderson, Judge Hanford of the United States circuit court handed down a decision upholding Agent Anderson in expelling Gibson from the Spokane Indian reservation, where the latter has located mining claims. Gibson contended that under the general law he could locate claims previously to the president's proclamation withdrawing the land and hold them in spite of that order. The ruling involves much valuable mining property, claims to which are now declared worthless.

ELEPHANT INJURES MAN.

Picks Him Up and Throws Him Across Circus Ring.
Tacoma, Wash., Aug. 12.—Venus, a big circus elephant, attacked a stableman just before the evening performance at Ellensburg. The elephant got into the pony yard, and James Stacy picked up a rawhide whip and began to beat the huge beast, which, instead of retreating, became enraged. As the man turned to go the elephant encircled Stacy with his trunk, suspended him aloft for a minute and then flung him to the ground on the other side of the ring. He was picked up and found to be seriously injured internally.

RIVALRY OF TOWNS.

Herred Scores a Point Over the Mound City Settlement.
Herred, S. D., Aug. 12.—This town, which was established as a rival to Mound City, has again scored over that place. Presiding Elder E. P. Hall has advised that the Methodist church building and parsonage at Mound City be removed to this place at once. During the past few months numerous buildings, including a hotel, have been moved from the old town to the new, a distance of only a few miles separating the towns which are engaged in this interesting fight to a finish.

TWO MINERS KILLED.

Lives Crushed Out While Rescue Was at Hand.
Duluth, Minn., Aug. 12.—John Magie, one of the two Finnish miners imprisoned by the cave-in at the Chisholm mine Saturday evening, survived until the rescuing party reached him, but before he could be taken out the timbers settled in a lesser cave-in and literally crushed out his life. The body, bruised beyond recognition, was extricated from the fatal pit seven hours later. The body of Matt Huodeo has not been recovered.

RED CROSS BUREAUS.

What Miss Barton Plans for Western Mining Regions.
Butte, Mont., Aug. 12.—Clara Barton is planning a chain of Red Cross bureaus to be established in the large cities of manufacturing and mining sections of the Northwest to aid the injured, according to information received from Boston. It is planned to have bureaus at Butte, Portland, Anacosta, Seattle, Spokane and Salt Lake City.

TO GET RID OF RATS.

Writer Recommends Dipping the Vermin in Varnish.
All tradesmen being liable to the incursions and depredations of rats, it may not be out of place to mention a method of getting rid of these pests which is recommended by a correspondent of the Birmingham Daily Post. This consists in thinning down with petroleum ordinary slow-drying varnish such as bedstead makers and japanners use and pouring the mixture into the runs of the rats. The vermin are said to loathe the smell of the stuff, and will do anything to get clear of it. A still more effective plan is said to be to catch a rat alive, dip it up to the neck in the varnish and turn it loose. Its fellows will flee from it as from the devil. The dipping process is said to be harmless to the rat. But some ironmongers may not care to "dip a live rat up to its neck."

A GOOD PLACE TO BE "AT."

Incongruity of Surroundings in a Wild Country.
One of the strangest sights I ever saw in a wild country was a little minister garbed in solemn black, white "dog" collar, buttonless vest and stiff black straw hat. The dominie was standing in a leaky boat in the midst of a primeval woods, fishing the boiling waters of a mountain torrent. At his back a cataract roared and pounded the rocks, churning the water to white suds; above him the eternal snow glistened on the mountains, and but a few yards away a gaunt cinnamon bear was quietly nosing among the driftwood.—Dan Beard in the World's Work.

Here's a New "Drink" Cure.

A novel remedy for the "drink habit"—or, rather, for enabling those who have "sworn off" to remain "on the water cart"—consists of ice water drunk through a raw potato. Take a bowl of ice water and a potato. Peel the potato and cut down one end of it until it can be easily inserted in the mouth. Dip the potato in the ice water and suck it every time a craving for strong drink comes on. It is claimed that this treatment will effect an absolute cure. The why and the wherefore are not stated, but the process is such a simple one that there can be no harm in trying it if any one is afflicted with a thirst which they really and truly desire to lose.

To Cut Record Diamond.

In Amsterdam a syndicate has been formed which will bear the great expense and risk attending the cutting of what is the largest known diamond, the Excelsior. The Excelsior was found at the Jagersfontein diamond mines of South Africa in 1893. It has the size of a hen's egg and weighs in its present raw state 970 carats, which is nearly twice as much as the Kohinoor weighed before it was reduced to its present size. Specially constructed machinery has to be employed for cutting the Excelsior and great care is used in insuring its safety from theft.

Luncheon a Decided Success.

A lady in Buda-Pesth recently gave a charitable luncheon party to the poor of her district. She placed no limit on the number of invitations, and the result was that 3,000 people arrived, all eager for the treat. Eventually the police had to draw their sabers to keep order among the revelers. There were no two opinions about the success of the function. The guests to a man declared that they had never assisted at so intense and exciting a luncheon before in their lives. They were quite cut up when the time came to go.

Remarkable Sea Monster.

A remarkable sea monster was recently caught in Port Fairy bay by some fishermen. It measured nine feet six inches in length, had a tall like that of a screw tail-shaft, no teeth, a nose like a rhinoceros, a head like an elephant, two dorsal fins, four side fins and two steering fins. The skin was black and very soft. The most experienced fishermen say the specimen is altogether new to them. They cannot hazard a guess as to the species. The fish has been sent on to the Melbourne museum.

Corean a College Graduate.

Roanoke college at Salem, Va., which has had more foreign students than any other college in the south, will this year graduate the second Corean to take the degree of bachelor of arts anywhere in the world, the first being Kin Bung Surb, who received his A. B. at Roanoke in 1898 and his A. M. at Princeton in 1899. Kinasc Kimm, who will be graduated this year, is so good a speaker that he won a prize in declamation several years ago.

From Immense Wealth to Poverty.
George Kettler, an aged cobbler who died recently in Argentina, Kan., at one time was worth \$12,000,000. Kettler was of German birth, and during the Franco-Prussian war operated a large shoe factory in Hanover. Profitable army contracts swelled his fortune to the figure named, but he lost everything in speculation. Then he came to this country penniless to begin life anew.

Woman's Logic.

As one phase of life this is interesting. A woman was overheard to remark to her companion: "Yes, she was terribly sore about that day she lost \$45 on the races." "What did she do it for?" asked the man. "Why, she must have some fun; she works so hard all the rest of the time."

STATISTICS OF NIGHT HERONS

They Are Sought by the Smithsonian Institution.
Eight hundred night herons are wandering free about the United States, each wearing on one leg an aluminum band inscribed "Smithsonian Institution" and a number. If any person shoots one of these birds he should write to Paul Bartsch, biologist of the Smithsonian, telling where it was and how large was the bird. The night heron is one of the most beautiful of the aquatic birds of America, but scientists know less about it than they are satisfied with. Last year Mr. Bartsch discovered several breeding places of these birds on the Potomac in the District of Columbia. Recently he visited the place with several assistants in the night and the 800 aluminum bands were fastened to the legs of as many young herons. Science is anxious to know how long the night heron lives, where it spends the winters and how much of the country it covers in its wanderings. It is believed that by the time a few of the numbered aluminum bands have been reported some of these facts will have been established to the satisfaction of the ornithologists.—Cleveland (O) Plain Dealer.

THE RAINFALL IN ENGLAND.

Cyclonic Disturbances Had Little Material Effect.
Fortunately for the south of England the cyclonic disturbances, which this year have been more than usually numerous, have kept fairly regularly to their normal track, says the London Chronicle. This course has taken them across Ireland and Scotland, and as a result the rainfall account in these two countries is now much ahead of the average. Scotland north has had an excess of nearly ten inches the surplusage in the west and east being nine and five inches, respectively. Ireland has beaten the average by between five and six inches. The south of England has had but a trifle more than its usual allowance; the eastern counties, on the other hand, being nearly an inch short.

Advancement of Women.

At a meeting of the English Women's Liberal association a letter was read in which the daughter of George Meredith, the novelist, said: "My father, George Meredith, wishes me to say that it heartens him to see women banded together in union. What nature originally decreed men are but beginning to see—that they are fitted for most of the avenues open to energy, and by their entering upon active life they will no longer be open to the accusation men so frequently bring against them of their being narrow and craven. Much more he could say, but he has short time at his command."

A Good Place to Stop.

He really ought not to have gone into the Latin class that day. He was called up first, and read as far as he had prepared. Then he skirminched a little farther. This is the way it went: "I, Ulysses, saw her (Dido's) heavenly form advancing like a goddess in the sunlight. I sprang toward her, and she welcomed me. Her hair fell down upon her shoulders like the sunbeams on Olympus. Her eyes shone like two jewels of the sea. I—I threw my arms—my arms—about—about her—her neck—neck—and—and—that's as far as I got, professor."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Butcher and His Hat.

"I always thought it paid to be polite until I got into this business," remarked a prosperous retail butcher, "but I find that it costs me about \$25 a year. My trade is with nice people, and when fashionable women come into the shop I have to tip my hat to them. A butcher's fingers are always more or less greasy from handling the meat, and in about a month a new hat is no longer fit to wear. Grease is about the only thing that won't come out of a derby, and I will be the hatter's best customer until the weather grows warm and I will be able to go bareheaded."

Production of Nitrate of Soda.

The annual report of the Nitrate Association of Chile, which controls the world's supply of nitrate of soda, shows the production in 1902 to have been 2,982,522.80 pounds from seventy-eight works. The nitrate beds are near the surface and are worked as stone quarries. It is anticipated that the immense amount of nitrate the United States now gets from Chile for use in fertilizers will ultimately be supplied by factories making it by electrical process from the air, as is being done at Niagara Falls.

Etiquette of the Feud.

"There's just one thing, sah," observed Col. Gore of Kentucky, "in which we are away behind Turkey." "What's that?" Col. Bullet asked, quickly. "Well, sah, after a general killin' the porte always sends a polite note of apology to the survivors of the massacre. If we could only end our feuds in that way, sah—" "But we can't, sah," exclaimed Col. Bullet, excitedly, "for the simple reason, sah, that when one of our feuds ends nobody's left, sah, to apologize to."

The World's Rarest Bird.

To find the rarest bird in existence you must go to the mountains between Anam and Laos, where there is a certain kind of pheasant. For many years its existence was known only by the fact that its longest and most splendid plume was in much request by mandarins for their headgear. A single skin is worth \$500, and the bird living would be priceless, for it soon dies in captivity.

THE TRAINING OF A CHILD.

Several Important Points That Must Be Remembered.
To teach a child with success requires only common sense, good judgment and gentleness. There are, however, three other important points that must ever be foremost in the mind of the teacher.
First of all, she must remember that to teach is to impart instruction; not to find fault with ignorance, with lack of comprehension, with listlessness or with forgetfulness. Often, indeed, for these last named faults, poor teaching is to blame. Second, there is the inflexible rule that requires a teacher to prepare every lesson carefully before giving it, in order to present it in an interesting and intelligible way. Third, there is the ever present danger of overdoing, against which the teacher must always be on guard.
In the beginning short lessons frequently varied give the best results. Ten or fifteen minutes for each study is enough, and this time limit must not be overstepped so long as tomorrow represents another day.—The Household.

VITALITY OF BURNS' FAME.

It Is One of the Great Facts of Our Literature.
"The Inquest" on Robert Burns was concluded long ago, but from time to time the findings are reviewed by critical writers, as in a recent symposium, says Collier's. A curious result thus chances. From every such inquisition the poet emerges the more radiant and triumphant—the critics are lost in the splendor they have evoked. It is one thing to make literature; it is another and quite different thing to write about literature and the makers thereof. This is a truism, and yet the distinction is often confused, especially by the writers of criticism. Burns has survived several generations of critics, many of whom made a vain bid for remembrance by their praise or disparage of him. The vitality of his fame is one of the great facts of our literature.

Just an Incident in Georgia.

Mr. Bud Spinks was awakened the other morning by a strang, grunting noise in his room, which proved to be the voice of a medium-sized alligator that was warming itself by the smoldering ashes of his fireplace and incidentally trying to swallow his boots, which he had placed there to dry, and which he had bought on the installment plan and had only made one payment on them. The saurian had succeeded in swallowing one boot and had the other down—clear to the straps, which Mr. Spinks seized and pulled it out. The gator is now on exhibition at Minche's drug store, but will soon be slain in order that Mr. Spinks, who is going around with one boot and one slipper, may recover the other boot.—Adams Enterprise.

The Roentgen Rays Failed.

Hearing of the efficacy of the Roentgen rays for the removal of hairs from the upper lip a lady in Hanover, age thirty-five, applied to Dr. Karl Bruno Schurmayer, a properly qualified doctor and Roentgen ray specialist, for treatment. He operated twice, but instead of removing the superfluous hairs the operation resulted in the skin of the face becoming red and the lips swollen. The lady thereupon brought an action against the doctor and was awarded \$60 damages, against which he appealed, but the decision has just been upheld.

The Development of Africa.

In Ethiopia and the Soudan, the work of development and exploitation is progressing. The treaty recently concluded between King Menelek and the British government probably means the early construction of the Berber-Suakin railroad via Kassala (costing some \$15,000,000) and the subsequent extension of the Kassala line southward to Lake Rudolph, where eventually it will form a junction with the Uganda railway, at the same time marking a long step toward the realization of the Cape-to-Cairo scheme.

This Lunch Was a Success.

A lady in Budapest recently gave a charitable lunch party to the poor of her district. She placed no limit on the number of invitations, and the result was that 3,000 people arrived, all eager for the treat. Eventually the police had to draw their sabers to keep order among the revelers. There were no two opinions about the success of the function. The guests to a man declared they had never assisted in so intense and exciting a lunch before in their lives. They were quite cut up when the time came to go.

Different After Five Years.

William Glackins, who admires Whistler, cited the other day two letters written by a collector of etchings to a certain print seller. Between the letters there was an interval of five years. The first said: "I do not want etchings by Whistler. They impress me as if files that had fallen in an inkwell had walked on old paper." The second letter said: "Send me every etching by Whistler the price of which is not ruinous."—Philadelphia Record.

Got It.

At the close of the third act the tragedian was called before the curtain. "My friends," he said, apparently much as wished and embarrassed, "your kindness overwhelms me. I have striven conscientiously to win your approval, but I was not prepared for so magnificent a welcome and in the surprise of the moment I find myself utterly—I hesitate for want of a suitable word—" "Rats!" shouted a gallery hoodlum.

FILARIA IS A NEW DISEASE.

Responsible for the Death of Many American Soldiers.
Capt. Charles Kleeffer, a United States army surgeon, says the Philippines are infested with mosquitoes more troublesome and dangerous from a medical point of view than those that swarm in the Jersey swamps. A strange malady known as filaria is traced directly to them, and is common among the American soldiers quartered on the islands. Soldiers contract the disease by drinking water from stagnant pools in which the mosquitoes have laid their eggs.
The first indication of filaria appears in the form of a worm in the victim's thorax. This develops into elephantiasis, which causes the patient terrible pains, accompanied by a constant cough. The sufferer is worst at night, and the patient becomes a prey to insomnia.
The only remedy lies in an operation, which in itself is dangerous and rarely successful. If the worm, which is a female, is injured and dies through the operation, its poison gets into the blood, the disease is increased a thousandfold and the chances of recovery are small.

CAME BACK FOR HIS OWN.

How Wilkinson Was Outwitted by a Brainy Tramp.
When Wilkinson went to his office one day last week he felt calm and contented. He hadn't any need to worry about his wife's loneliness any more, for he had bought a capital watchdog for her.
But, alas! when he arrived home his wife met him with the deplorable news that the dog had gone.
"Eh!" said Wilkinson, "did he break the chain, then?"
"No," she replied; "but a great, ugly-looking tramp came here and acted so impudently that I let the dog loose. But instead of tearing the tramp to pieces the nasty dog went off with him."
"Great Scott!" said Wilkinson, "that must have been the tramp I bought him from!"

Danger in Big Guns.

Recent accidents disabling some of our best battleships offer rather startling evidence of the weaknesses that are inherent in vessels of this type. For years inventive genius has been applied to contriving guns of bigger size and longer range than those used before, and each increase has added to the demands laid upon the strength of guns and turrets and their mobility in action. Inevitably the line of safety has been passed and the result is shown in accidents which have caused loss of life, besides exposing the paradoxical delicacy of massive machinery.—Philadelphia North American.

The Modern Race After Wealth.

The mania for money-making has developed into downright madness. And the explanation is easy. People see that it is fast becoming the chief, if not the only, standard of respectability. When Talleyrand was asked if he was not ashamed to sell his influence in making treaties under the first empire he replied: "My friend, do you not see that there are but two things left in France—money and the guillotine?" We are rapidly approaching the period in our own history when there will be but two things left in America—money and contumely.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Enjoyable Denunciations.

Society to-day in search of fresh sensation flouts to hear its manifold follies denounced from the pulpit, and the more outspoken the preacher the more it enjoys his discourse. Times have changed since the day when Lord Melbourne walked out of church in disgust after a rousing sermon on the consequences of sin, exclaiming: "Things have come to a pretty pass when religion is allowed to invade the sphere of private life!" To-day society revels in hearing itself denounced and plumes itself with joy when a fashionable preacher discourses on bridge scandals and divorce cases.

Cecil Rhodes' Dream Realized.

The dream of Cecil Rhodes is realized in America before the funds left by him have made it possible in Oxford. The workshop university in the great electric manufacturing works at Schenectady, N. Y., has among its students—all college graduates—young men from England, Scotland, France, Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Spain, Italy, Russia, Brazil, Mexico, Canada, Siam and Japan. Nearly all the leading engineering schools of the world are represented there.

His Strong Recommendation.

The old gentleman showed his displeasure plainly. "It seems to me rather presumptuous for a youth in your position to ask for my daughter's hand," he said. "Can you advance any good reason why I should give my consent?" "Yes, sir," replied the young man promptly. "What?" "I am comparatively modest and economical in the matter of my personal expenditures, and I think you will find me less costly to maintain than any other son-in-law you could pick out!"

The Spare Room.

The guest from the city sat in the bedroom that had been allotted to him in his brother's house in the little country town. He watched his breath turning to icy clouds as it left his lungs and wondered how long it took a man to freeze to death. "They call this the spare room," he said, shivering to himself. "And it is well named. I don't wonder they can spare it. I think that I could get along without it myself."—Magazine of Humor.

THE OUTLOOK FOR AUTHORS

Really Good Writers Need Not Fear Discrimination.
The rush of the crowd to read a book which may have no literary merit or vitality, either of material or of presentation, simply because it is talked about, is never wholesome, and if the crowd has grown more critical and clear-minded in its judgments, and has ceased to move upon sudden impulses and learned to decide for itself, the loss will fall, not on writers of real merit, but on a few whose rewards were generally beyond their deserts. The average of literary work in this country in many departments is high. If great books are not produced in large numbers, good books are produced in very considerable numbers, and in soundness of knowledge, in good taste and literary workmanship, a great advance is evident over the work of an earlier generation. It is a period of quiet progress, a time of preparation rather than a time of accomplishment.

JOKE ON SWEET CHARITY.

And the Colored Porter, He Thoroughly Enjoyed It.
The other day a colored porter from one of the hotels was sent to buy some tin cups. After making the purchase he started back to the hotel and met one of the hostelry's best patrons—a commercial traveler—and the latter asked the negro to carry his sample case to a Washington street store. A few minutes later the store, sample case, and tin cups, were in front of the store. The traveling man was in the store. While waiting for him, the negro sat down on the sample case, and in less than a jiffy fell asleep. One of the tin cups was in his hand, and it fell forward, as does the cup held by a blind man.
Perhaps you won't believe it, but that negro collected 43 cents while he slumbered. Passersby thought him a blind mendicant. And maybe that porter didn't enjoy the joke! He did—'deed he did.—Indianapolis News.

What One Man Said.

At the City Federation meeting in the Waldorf there were many amusing incidents. Husbands of the broad-minded women tarried in the ante-room waiting for their spouses to go home. One of these patient escorts was Leroy Sunderland Smith. He gazed through the glass doors once, sighed and returned to his chair. Men would come, inquire for their wives, and then retreat to the cafe below. One man heard a few minutes of a certain paper. He said: "If these women's clubs did not struggle with the problem of how to raise other women's children they would have no excuse for being." He flung out the last words savagely and then disappeared to the place where highballs are concocted.—New York Press.

An Enterprising Woman.

Miss Jessie McCubben of Alamo, Oregon, is the owner of a valuable mining claim in the Granite district, which she "jumped" precisely as the year 1903 came in. Learning that the claim would be vacant the 1st day of January, she drove through a blinding snowstorm on the night of Dec. 31, the mercury 14 degrees below zero, and, waiting the advent of the new year, staked her claim. Another prospector had done likewise earlier in the evening, but Miss McCubben was legally in the right, and the court sustained her. She is a Portland girl, 19 years old.

Reminder of Old Times.

A rich man who has joined the multitude in New York since his quick fortune came to him was entertaining friends at dinner the other night. The service was magnificent and so was the dinner. The wife, gorgeously clad, reigned over the table. During a lull in conversation the rich man watched a servant who was dexterously removing crumbs from the table. Then he looked down the glittering table at his jeweled wife and remarked: "Sadie, remember when you used to shake the tablecloth out of the back door to the hens?"

A Paper May Criticize.

A trial jury in England gave the manager of a fifth-rate show a verdict of \$3,750 against a newspaper which published an adverse criticism. The Appeal Court reversed this, and held that the jury had no right to substitute its own opinion of the merits of the play for the critic's opinion. The court said it was of the highest importance to the public that the critic should not be exposed to the risk of having a jury pass upon his taste, and held that the trial judge misdirected the jury.

The Artist's Revenge.

A Chinese story tells how a very stingy man took a paltry sum of money to an artist, who always exacted payment in advance, and asked him to paint his portrait. The artist at once complied with the request, but when the portrait was finished nothing was visible save the back of the sitter's head. "What does this mean?" cried the sitter indignantly. "Well," replied the artist, "I thought a man who paid so little as you did would care to show his face."

He Was Kept Busy.

That was a curious little confession made to an interviewer the other day by Color-Sergeant Barry, for twenty-seven years keeper of the stage door at the Lyceum. In reply to a remark about his knowledge of plays and players, Sergeant Barry remarked: "I have never seen a play in all my life. My place is at the stage door. I have never any time to see what is going on on the stage."—London Tit-Bits.