AVOID NOVELTIES,

ESPECIALLY IN MATTERS AFFECTING MAN'S RELATION TO GOD.

OLD TRUTHS WEAR BEST.

TIMELY SERMON BY REV. ROBERT HAMMOND COTTON AT ST. JAMES'.

PAST EXPERIENCE A GUIDE

That Should Be Heeded by Those Who Would Heedlessly Embrace New Ideas.

"Some New Things" was the theme of the sermon preached yesterday morning at St. James' Episcopal church by Rev. Robert Hammond Cotton. The reverend gentleman took for his text Acts xvii., 21: "For all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing."

Such was the state of things, he said, in the city of Socrates and Plato when "they that conducted Paul brought him into Athens;" and we may, perhaps, see in it the survival of that spirit of inquiry which characterized the better days of Greece, as well as the restless, dissatisfied state of mind which an active intellectual life leaves behind it at the period of its degeneracy. The peaceful, placid ideal of Epicurus had given place to the coarser theory of pleasure as the end of life; and had allied itself with a total disbelief of the supernatural; while the ethical asceticism of Zeno and his successors had become a proud contempt for the common man and the common life, unspeculative and formal, like the Roman paganism. Universal doubt, and a tendency to despair of truth, along with the great knowledge of life which travel affords, created among the people a universal ridicule for religion on the one hand, and a protesting spirit of superstition on the other. Credulity and skepticism were, as they always are, strangely mixed. The city was "wholly given to idolatry," and some mocked, and others said, "We will hear thee again of this matter." The old civilization was dying, or dead; the new had not come to life. The heathen preparation for the coming of Christ was over. There was a lull and a pause of all the better activities of humanity, while many of the worst were rampant and overbearing.

Left to their own devices, heathen philosophy and religion had shown what men could do and what men could not do. Spiritual successes and hopeless failures alike witnessed to the possibility and the need of a redemption. Both the best and the worst elements of human society "spent their time"—and their strength, too—in telling or hearing "some new thing." The world was weary and heavy-laden. It wanted rest; but the easy yoke and the light burden of the "meek and lowly in heart" had not yet been heard of. It would be interesting if we had time to point out the analogies between the dying civilization of the ancient East and the nascent order of the modern West.

Let us avoid the depreciation and contempt of what seems to be old. Some persons pretend to look down upon old customs and manners, old beliefs and forms, old men and "exploded dogmas" (as they are pleased in their conceited superiority to call them), as if the world that went before us was a world of ignorance and imbecility. This is very foolish. The experience of the past is surely human and full of guidance. We have not time to begin at the beginning; and if we had, it is absurd to think that we should make any better beginning than those who have gone before us. And surely, it is transcendently true in the divine and higher life that "whatsoever things were done and written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope." Can we ever be sure that we have exhausted this learning? Do we absolutely know that we have yet attained to the patience and comfort of this hope?

On the other hand, let us avoid an exaggerated valuation of that which pretends or seems to be new. One of the truest words ever spoken is that which declares that of most or many modern utterances, "What is true in them is not new, and what is new is not true." You would suppose, on hearing modern talkers, that all traditional or Catholic doctrine was a mass of ignorance and superstition, injurious to humanity; that the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, for instance, was a sort of new discovery, and had never been heard of till the dawn of this selfish, mammon-loving Nineteenth century—whereas, it has been the teaching of the Patriarchal, Jewish and Christian religions from the beginning; and, as a matter of fact, it is not and cannot be the teaching of modern secularism. Some men would have you believe that the so-called "Emancipation of Woman" was a product of modern enlightenment—whereas, the fact is that what is true in the movement is the work of the Christian church and nothing else, and its vagaries and mistakes are the new and startling features derived from elsewhere.

The ideas of political freedom, liberty of conscience and the dignity of labor are as old as Jesus Christ, who is "the same yesterday and today, and forever;" and he who would insinuate otherwise is misleading you. Those points, which form the basis of the separateness of the modern Christian sects are, when true, parts of the old Catholic doctrine which the church for the time forgot to emphasize. What was good in the Protestant Reformation was a going back to the old; what was bad (and that was very much) was the new and the untried. Of course, we know that the Lord has always more light and truth to bring forth from His Word; but He does this for those who are most faithful to the old light and truth that first appeared to them. Do not be everlastingly looking out for novelties. The modern thirst for "news" is not altogether a wholesome appetite; and to be always trying to gratify it has about the same effect on the soul as the too free use of stimulants has on the body. Do not be like the Athenians, spending your time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing. Be faithful to the old light, and God will give you the new when you need it, and in His own good time.

For Wakefulness

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. H. C. McCoy, Algona, Ia., says: "I have used it in cases of dyspepsia, nervous exhaustion and wakefulness, with pleasant results."

A Precocious Youngster.

Philadelphia Record.

A little four-year-old tot, whose father is a broker, is liable to send his devoted mother to a premature grave unless he grows out of the habit he has of asking pointed questions incessantly. During a recent shower a large company was seated at dinner, when a crash of thunder came with startling suddenness. "What is that noise, mamma?" asked the little fellow. "That's thunder, my child." "Who made it, mamma?" "Why, God, my dear." Just then the rain began to pour down in torrents, when the youngster embarrassed his maternal guardian by inquiring: "Did God turn on the spigot, too?"

CANADIAN PHOSPHATE MINES.

They Are Not as Remunerative as They Formerly Were.

The phosphate mining interests of Canada are in a state of utter collapse at present, and to remedy this state of affairs the Canadian Mining association proposes to endeavor to induce the dominion and provincial governments to introduce the general use of phosphate fertilizers on Canadian farms, through the agency of the experimental farms, says the New York Sun. As an illustration of the stagnation of this branch of mining, it may be mentioned that three years ago 3,000 men were employed in phosphate mining in Ottawa county alone, while today not three score men are thus engaged. The cause of the collapse is the competition in the English markets of the phosphates of Algiers and the high-grade product of Florida, which can be worked and marketed much more cheaply. The mining men point out that lands in Georgia have advanced in price from $3 to $30 an acre through the use of fertilizers. Many, in fact most, of the farms of Quebec have been exhausted by the wasteful and unscientific farming of the inhabitants, and so the necessity of doing something to improve their farming methods and thus relieve the phosphate mines will be pressed upon the government.

Phosphate was mined extensively in Canada until recently. The principal mines were in Ottawa county, and the output averaged from 20,000 to 35,000 tons. The higher grades were shipped to Europe and the lower found a market in the United States. The large profits led to the opening of new mines, and considerable of a boom took place. The excitement culminated in the formation of the General Phosphate corporation, limited, with a capital of £1,000,000, and 2,660 acres were acquired in Ottawa county, at an outlay of £98,000.

High-salaried and inexperienced men were engaged both in London and at the mines. Then followed the development of high-grade phosphates in Florida, and the flooding of the European markets therewith caused a big drop in the price of Canadian phosphates. The mines were compelled to suspend or reduce operations, and the shipments fell from 30,000 tons in 1889 to 6,000 tons in 1894. This year there is practically nothing doing.

As frequently happens in such cases, the chief gainers have been land speculators rather than the mining companies. One block of land purchased from the government for $5,000 was sold for $16,000. It consisted of 1,600 acres, and half this area was resold for $160,000 and capitalized in a company at $450,000. A property of 100 acres bought at a sheriff's sale for $15 was finally disposed of for $125,000 cash. The mine owners feel that at present their only hope is the general adoption of superphosphates as a fertilizer by the Canadian farmers.

HIS MALADY FEIGNED.

California Courts Have No Sympathy for Reporters Who Sham Insanity.

New York Evening Post.

A sad blow at "journalistic enterprise" has been dealt by an unfeeling judge in California. An ambitious young reporter on the Los Angeles Herald, who had wearied of ordinary assignments, conceived the idea of winning fame by getting up a sensation. So he feigned insanity, was brought before the court for examination, was pronounced a subject for the asylum, and was sent to the state institution at Highlands. After staying long enough to get material for a good "story," he wanted to get out, but in order to secure his release, was obliged to tell the whole story of his deceit. The judge who had committed him cited him to appear to answer the charge of contempt of court, and sentenced him to pay a fine of $200 or serve 100 days in jail. The judge accepted the plea that no disrespect for him personally had been intended, but explained that contempt of court was not an offense against the person of the judge, but against the government, because it is an unlawful interference with the orderly administration of justice by the tribunals created for that purpose. In this case the reporter, by deceit, had caused the machinery of justice to be set in motion, involving considerable public expense, and when brought before the court acted in a disorderly and insolent manner to induce the court to make an improper and illegal order. The judge proceeded to express these views upon the plea that a journalistic criminal ought to be treated more leniently than one not in "the profession."

"Possibly, from the standpoint of a reporter, such conduct may seem right and proper. It is possible even that in some quarters an attempt to deceive a court of justice, and by deceit to procure an improper and illegal order—an order involving the expenditure of considerable public money, and resulting in the sending of a sane man to an insane asylum—may be looked upon as a legitimate journalistic enterprise. I hardly think, however, that, upon sober second thought, any citizen would so regard it. One who embarks upon such an enterprise—an enterprise which involves a violation of law, an enterprise which involves the commission of a public offense—must abide the consequence."

SNIFFED CITY LIFE.

An Alligataor Invades a Town and Meets His Ooom.

New York Press.

A sixteen-foot alligator crawled out of the St. John river, at the foot of Main street, Jacksonville, Fla., one day last week, and leisurely waddled up the street toward the center of the city. Main street is one of the principal streets of Jacksonville, and the appearance of the alligator created a good deal of consternation among the hundreds of people there. Every man with a pistol started shooting at the reptile, but the bullets did not worry it a bit. After promenading four blocks, and squelching with its tail a too familiar newsboy, it received a wound from a rifle which caused it to slow up a little. Then it started up a leahing telegraph pole, thus exposing its vulnerable parts, and was soon shot to death. Nine big alligators have been killed recently at the foot of Main street, but this is the first that has ventured up town.

An Unkind Retort.

Chicago Record.

"You know de w'ite house over yere on de hill?"

"Yep."

"W'at you s'pose the ole woman said w'en I axed for a hand-out?"

"Give it up."

"She sez, 'Do you like ven-son?' I sez 'Yes.' An' then she sez, 'There's a saw-buck out yere—mebbe you can rassle off a piece if you work right hard."

Did Not Impress.

A certain doctor, wishing to make a good impression upon a German farmer near Potosi, Ill., mentioned the fact that he had received a double education, as it were. He had studied homeopathy and was also a graduate of a "regular" medical college. "Oh, dot was nodding," said the farmer. "I vonce had a calf dot sucked two cows, and he made nodding but a common schteer after all."

OVER 16,000 OUT.

TROUBLE BETWEEN GOTHAM TAILORS AND CONTRACTORS CULMINATES.

HEBREWS OBSERVE SUNDAY

BY GOING ON STRIKE TO COMPEL EMPLOYES TO LIVE UP TO AGREEMENTS.

IN THE SUBURBAN CITIES, TOO.

Brooklyn, Newark and Brownsville Included in the Strike Order.

NEW YORK, July 28.—The Hebrew clothing makers of this city today, for the first time, observed the American Sunday. They were on strike. Trouble has been brewing between the tailors and the contractors for some time, and today it culminated in the general strike of the workers, which was forecasted yesterday. It is claimed by the strikers that 16,000 workers have responded to the call of the United Brotherhood of Tailors, and that not only this city, but Brooklyn, Newark and Brownsville are affected. The number out in this city is estimated at 9,000. The United Brotherhood of Tailors had hoped that the strike might be averted until September, when the agreement for the year between the workers and the contractors would expire, and when work would naturally cease until a new agreement had been arranged. The workers assert that the contractors were not willing to wait, and that now when there is plenty of business they wished to force a strike. They say that the contractors broke through the terms of the existing agreement by refusing to pay their hands on the day specified, and that they, to better ensure the success of their scheme to force a strike, locked out several hundred of their employes.

The contractors allege that slack work and few orders compelled them to knock off some of their men. They deny having any unwillingness to live up to the terms of the agreement, and that they were anxious to force the men to the actions taken today. But, however these things may be, one thing is certain, that tailors were dissatisfied, and that they have demonstrated this by responding instantly to the call issued by the United Brotherhood of Tailors, the leading spirit of which is Meyer Schienfeld, who styles himself "official organizer of the United Garment Workers of America."

The minimum wages demanded is: For operators, $15; basters, $13; pressers, $10; bushelers, $10; trimmers, $10; twisters, $9. They also insist that all members of the brotherhood out be reinstated, and that the representatives of the brotherhood have access to the shops to investigate grievances, and see that employes have their "due books" as proof of their membership of the union.

SEE PARIS AND LIVE.

How the Sights May Be Viewed Without Courting Bankruptcy.

New York Times.

A visit to Paris is generally thought to be a greater drain on a woman's purse than a visit to London, a heavier duty being levied there on respectability. But if she makes not too short a stay and has some knowledge of French it need be scarcely more expensive. The expense of Paris is due in great measures to the difficulty of obtaining cheap, clean lodging. The Latin quarter abounds in small hotels, many of them perfectly respectable, where rooms can be had from 25 francs to 60 francs a month. Unfortunately, the rooms are gloomy, and in the obscure corners dirt has long accumulated. One gasps with relief at sight of the ancient, heavy, dark bed hangings. For cheap, cheerful and clean rooms it is best to go to the haunt of the American student, to the quarter lying about the Boulevard Montparnasse. Even these furnished rooms are somewhat difficult to find. But they may be had. A double room, two flights up, with a balcony, ought not to cost more than 60 francs a month. During the summer months there are sometimes rooms for rent at the American Girls' club, 4 Rue de Chevreuse. Information may sometimes be had there of rooms for rent in the neighborhood. The Girls' club—a misnomer, since a large number of its habitues are women—might very usefully extend the aid given in that direction. A room found in this quarter, restaurant life is cheap.

There is the club. But in spite of the charming accounts which have been written of that institution it remains true that many American women prefer neighboring restaurants, for there are many small restaurants where food equally cheap is better cooked than at the club, and where the waitresses are not impertinent. The American coming from a land of saloons is apt to shy when told to enter a place the interior of which is hidden from her view by green silk curtains, and on the window of which is painted in large letters, "Absinthe a Specialty." Let her be reassured if she sees the word "Bouillon." Baedecker will tell her that the "bouillon" is a peculiar kind of restaurant established originally by a certain butcher named Duval; the peculiarity consisting in that one pays separately for napkins, bread, service, etc. Even if the magic word "bouillon" is not to be read, the restaurant being in a quiet quarter she need have no fear. At these small restaurants a decent meal may be had for 25 cents or less. They are not elegant. One can see into the kitchen, and the cook frequently makes her way into the dining room. One's neighbor, according to sex, is in a blouse or an apron.

Economy not being an all-absorbing consideration, it is pleasanter to frequent the large "bouillons." The food given at these places is, considering the quality, remarkably cheap; the cooking as good as any to be had at home short of Delmonico's. Prices and cooking vary slightly. The establishments near the opera are somewhat more expensive and better than those in the Latin quarter. In these restaurants one can easily have two excellent meals a day, including wine, for five francs. The first, breakfast, one may get for one's self at a cost from 8 to 10 cents. An order should be given a neighboring baker to deliver every morning two or three cents' worth of bread. Normandie butter, done up in small glass dishes, may be bought of a creamerie. From the same shop milk may be ordered. Breakfast, then, with the aid of an alcohol lamp to make coffee, tea and chocolate, is ready.

If too weary after a day of sightseeing to care to go to a restaurant, there is always around the corner the charcuterie shop. Very delicious are the cold ham, veal loaf, and other meat and fowl loaves which one may buy there in the quantity desired. Near by may be bought a piece of chicken, beautifully browned, or a slice of beef. At the greengrocer's one may buy artichokes, string beans, and asparagus ready to be eaten in salad; spinach and like vegetables, needing only to be warmed; young peas shelled, and in the season most perfect cherries. All kinds of cream and small pots of rich cream may be had at the creamery. From the patisserie one may have a pate and delicious spirituous morsels, cake, or fruit, just half a taste, for 3 sous. A meal thus collected should be eaten on the balcony. The cost of the sight-seeing in Paris is a bagatelle. The historical monuments and public buildings are free. Few fees are necessary except for an umbrella. Omnibus fare imperial is but 3 cents. By paying 5 one may have "correspondence" or transfer and go from one end to the other of Paris. A cab to go anywhere within the city limits costs but 30 cents and fee. The length of the drive should determine the fee.

Baedecker says "take a preliminary drive in Paris." Do nothing of the kind. Go to Pont Neuf, and for 10 cents sail down the Seine. Nothing else will give you so clear an idea of the city. The Isle of St. Louis, the right and left bank will never again be hazy terms; while many of the architectural glories of Paris will be seen to best advantage, such a sail will make you appreciate the remark, "Paris is the only city in the world one loves as one loves a woman"—very gracious lady, smiling benignly even on the poor suitor.

DREAMS.

Here Is One That Caused a Peculiar Argument.

New York Tribune.

Many a queer argument is to be heard in the cafes of uptown hotels in the evening. In a congenial party recently the conversation drifted to dreams. One of the party said:

"I think that the most awful sensation one can imagine is to dream that you are falling. I had a dream like that the other night, and I woke up with a start. I was bathed in a cold perspiration, and almost scared to death."

"It is lucky for you," said the quiet member of the party, "that you didn't dream that you landed."

"Why?" asked the first speaker.

"Because," said the other, "if you had you wouldn't be here now."

"What do you mean?" the first speaker asked.

"I mean that had you dreamed that you fell, and continued to dream until you struck, it would have killed you just as surely as if you had actually fallen."

There was a dead silence for a few moments. The quiet man silently puffed at his cigar, while the one he addressed stared hard at him as if trying to grasp the details of the new idea. Finally he said: "What makes you think that?"

"Well," replied the other, "it is only a pet theory of mine, and is not authenticated by any tangible evidence. When one dreams the mind runs riot, and the impression left upon the physical body is strong. While the actual dream is taking place the impression upon the physical body is as strong as if one were awake and the occurrence dreamed of were an actuality. While one dreams the mind is dominant. The body is simply a factor and responds to each impulse of the mind. What causes a somnambulist to get up and walk while asleep? It is the mind. You say that you woke up in a cold perspiration. Your body had simply responded to the condition of the mind. The body becomes a machine and mind the power that operates it. Now suppose you dreamed that you fell a long distance and struck. The impression of the collision between the body and substance which you struck would be conveyed to the heart as if it had really happened. The shock would cause the heart to stop, or to become so deranged that it could not perform its function, and death would be the result. Sometimes you read of people dying while asleep. The physicians say it is heart disease. My theory is that it is not heart disease, but in reality some dream of violence has deranged the heart. People do not die of heart disease while quietly resting, and sleep is complete rest."

This argument dazed his listeners for a few moments, and then the first speaker said:

"I don't believe it. It is a pretty theory, but how are you going to prove it?"

"I cannot prove it, but I know I am right."

"I cannot prove it, but I know you are wrong," was the reply.

A few days later the same men met again. The first speaker said:

"Do you remember being a few days ago that if a man dreamed that if he fell and struck it would kill him?"

"Well," said the first speaker, "you are wrong. I dreamed that I fell and struck—and I hit hard, too—yet I am all right."

"How are you going to prove to me that you dreamed that you struck, and—"

So another argument was precipitated, and the question has not been settled yet.

"WE, THE PEOPLE,"

Stand Out in Bold Relief on the Precious Document.

Washington Post.

The constitution of the United States—the original pen-written constitution, be it remembered—has been dragged from its place of concealment in the state department to be photographed. It has been decided to send a fac simile of it to the Atlanta exposition. Of course, the Atlanta people would rather have had the original document, but this could not be entertained.

The constitution is kept in a steel safe in the library of the state department. The safe, quite a pretty affair in gray and gold, is massive and strong. A combination lock protects its priceless contents, and the combination is carefully kept by one or two officials. Yesterday, however, the steel doors were swung open in order to allow a reporter of the Post to look upon the sacred pages. No document in the world has been so fraught with destiny as this very same constitution. It is today the foundation of the government. To see it as it came from the pen of the engrosser on the 17th day of September, 1787, is a sight worth traveling a thousand miles to witness.

As is well known, there are in the state department two copies of the Declaration of Independence, one the official and engrossed document, and the other the original draft in the writing of Thomas Jefferson, with all the erasures and alterations that were made before the language was finally agreed upon. In the case of the constitution there is only one copy—the final engrossment, with the signatures duly attached. As thus preserved, it consists of four large sheets of parchment, each 22x28 inches, with the words written out in the old-fashioned chirography of a century ago, and the curious capitalization of letters then in vogue.

The first three words, "We, the people," are engrossed in very large black letters, so that they stand out in bold relief. On the last page are the signatures of the deputies from the various states, beginning with the familiar autograph of George Washington, who signed himself as "president and deputy from Virginia." Many of the names are closely associated with the early history of the republic—Alexander Hamilton, Rufus King, Gouverneur Morris, B. Franklin, Daniel Carroll and Roger Sherman being among the number.

The constitution is a most excellently preserved document. The ink has faded a little, but not sufficient to detract from legibility or appearance. The autographs are clearly clear. This might have been the case also with the Declaration of Independence, but it so happened that when a fac simile of that paper was attempted in 1824 irreparable harm was done to it through carelessness and ignorance. In the case of the constitution the utmost care has been observed and not the least injury has resulted.

INTERRUPTED AN EDITOR'S NAP

Maj. Bloss Fired at His Visitor and Then Threw the Pistol.

Washington Post.

"Major Bloss, back in the latest '70s," said a worker on newspaper row, "flourished as the editor-in-chief of the Kansas City Times. Dr. Munford was the publisher, but Bloss was the active agent who got out the paper. On one occasion during his editorship of the Times Bloss was lying on the sofa asleep, and except for the major, deeply asleep, and Billy Baker, the xechange editor, the place was deserted. Suddenly a man came up to whip the editor. He was a big, forcible man.

"'Who wrote that?' he hissed, striding up to Baker and shoving the casus belli under his alarmed nose.

"'Let me beg of you,' urged Baker, edging away as a first step towards an understanding, 'to bear always in mind that I didn't write it. Moreover, I don't know who did. However, if you will come up at 7 o'clock this evening the gang will be here, and I've no doubt a little research on your part will turn up your party.'

The man who wanted to whip the editor said he'd surely come. That his life had but one purpose now, and that was to find the fellow who wrote that article and made an example of horror of him. Just as he was departing a malicious idea struck Baker.

"'Through the first round,' said Marx to me in confidence, 'the big brute didn't do a thing. He acted like he couldn't lift his arms. He had the lonesomest hands I ever see. They didn't visit me onct. I thought his arms was lead or maybe he was drunk.

"'When I went to me corner I says to meself, "Marxey, me boy, that dull can't fight," and I made up my mind to lick him. At first I thought I'd lick him in the second round, but I remembered I had friends in the audience who wanted to see a good time, so I decided to have fun with Sullivan in the second round and kill him in the third. I goes through the second round rapping and tapping the man, when and where I liked, and me friends yalling with delight.

"'While I was waiting for the third round I began to figure on how I'd spend the $500 the big muff was going to give me, and wondered why I'd never found out I was a fighter before.

"'We had just stepped up for the third round and I was getting ready to drop me man, when suddenly, as if by accident, Sullivan hit me a slap with his left hand on the side of the face that sorter stood me on my heels, and before I got back to my feet he smashed me with his right hand and me light went out. It was like I'd run against the pole of a drag.

"'Just before I went up for the third round I noticed it was 10 o'clock. When I came to myself I asked the nurse at the hospital what time it was, and she said:

"'Half-past 12.'

"'So all I got out of the go was two hours and a half sleep.'

"'After Marx came to grief,' continued Mr. Sterrett, "Galveston, with her eye insultingly on Dallas, reared up a fighter, whose first name was Herman, but whose last I've forgotten all about, except that it was very provincial. They used to tell in the Galveston papers about this fighter they had and call him 'the Pride of Galveston' and 'Local Ajax' and things like that. This man was put up to fight Mr. Creedon when he first came from Australia. The local papers wrote columns about 'Herman Trains,' 'What Herman Eats,' and told how far he could run, and how often he smote the bag and skipped the rope, and how he wrestled with a bear.

"'Well, I'll tell you what happened to Herman. "The Pride of Galveston" and the 'Terror of the Gulf.' From this point the story of Herman is brief and sad. The day came and the Galveston papers had six men each present to report the combat, and it lasted just ten seconds. Mr Creedon strolled up to the 'Pride of Galveston' and did something which experts called 'a short-arm blow,' and which, it seemed, Mr. Creedon had brought with him from Sidney for just such men as 'The Terror of the Gulf,' and that settled it. Herman was knocked out in ten seconds. The papers which had arranged to fill four columns with the fight had to write about Romans and the gladiators and Greece and the Olympic games. The story of Herman's fight didn't make a stick and was padded at that. Of course, Galveston's pride was wounded and Dallas laughed at her, and Galveston has loathed Dallas ever since."

Trapped the Postal Official.

A curiously complicated murder trial has just ended in Southern France. A box of candy was put in the postoffice at Tarbes and opened by a dishonest official, who ate some of it and gave some to two other clerks. They were all stricken down with atrocious pains, and the clerk who opened the box died, undoubtedly of poisoning. The box was directed to a local politician, and was finally traced to a schoolmaster in a neighboring town, a man of unblemished character and gentle manners, who had been persecuted by the politician. He was identified by the girl who sold the candy and the druggist who sold him the poison, and sent to hard labor for seven years. He asserted that he never intended to poison his enemy, but merely to administer a strong purge as a joke.

From Puget Point Shores,

At Seattle and Tacoma, on the Northern Pacific, the Globe first prize winner will obtain a fine view of the Olympic mountains to the west, between the sound and Pacific ocean. A grand array of peaks he will see, too.

A Playful Bear.

Philadelphia Record.

The clumsy antics of the sun bear in the lion house at the Zoo daily attract large crowds, much to the satisfaction of Bruin, who delights in a large and appreciative audience. He has recently been furnished with a new toy in the shape of a log of wood almost as large as himself, with which he pounds on the floor of his cage much after the style of a laborer ramming cobbles. Once in awhile he drives the log against his own foot, or varies the performance by throwing it up in the air to drop on his skull. Another favorite amusement of the playful brute is practiced in the morning, when the tin floor has been recently washed and is still wet. Standing erect on his hind legs Bruin takes a short run and then slides along like a schoolboy over the slippery surface.

GUN DISCHARGED BY THE SUN.

A Marvelous Case Recalled by a Recent Accident in Ohio.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Last Saturday appeared an account of a strange accident, in which a man was killed by the discharge of a gun while lying asleep on a lounge in his room, the weapon being discharged by reflected rays of the sun falling upon the cartridge of the firearm. Since the publication of the story a correspondent from York, Pa., writes concerning the accident, and refers to a similar case, in which, through the efforts of a clever Cincinnati lawyer, named C. G. Wallis, the person accused of murder and sentenced to be hanged was set at liberty, the circumstantial evidence on which he was convicted being entirely exploded by a witnessed demonstration as to how the accident really occurred. The York correspondent referred to volume 13 of the Criminal Law Magazine, page 607, on which a full account of the case appears. The case was that of the state of Tennessee against Avery, tried in Henry county, that state, and is one of the most remarkable in the history of criminal jurisprudence.

In June, 1887, Charles Ensley, the cousin of a man of the name of Avery, was killed in his room while lying on a lounge, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The weapon which caused death was a small rifle, sending a 32-caliber ball through Ensley's brain. No one was in the house at the time but Ensley. An empty rifle was found lying on a rack on the wall of the room in which the killing occurred, and the bullet fitted the tube.

Avery was arrested for the crime, as he was the only living close relative to Ensley, and by his death profited to the amount of about $10,000. Avery was tried, pleaded not guilty, but was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged. He appealed to the supreme court, and engaged Mr. Wallis to defend him. The supreme court remanded the case back to the circuit court on technical errors. Two mistrials were brought about, and then came the strangest part of the story. The brilliant Wallis struck the keynote to the mystery. In August, 1891, he had the rifle loaded and hung on the wall. A white sheet, with the form of a man marked on it, was placed in exactly the position occupied by Avery when lying asleep, and a heavy cut-glass pitcher of water like the one found in the room was placed on the shelf above. The temperature was 90 degrees in the shade, one of the hottest days of the year. The pitcher acted as a sun glass, and the hot rays of the sun shining through the water were reflected directly on the cartridge chamber of the rifle. Eight witnesses were in the room, and a few minutes after 3 o'clock a puff and a report occurred, and the ball struck the outlined form back of the ear, in the exact location where Ensley was shot, and the theory of circumstantial evidence went to pieces. The incident being witnessed and sworn to, circumstantial evidence went to the jury. A number of attorneys about the court house yesterday were seen, but none remembered Lawyer Wallis, who is reported to have so cunningly and brilliantly conducted the defense of the innocent man, with such a burden of circumstantial evidence against him. Wallis was, during 1886 and 1887, a guest of the Grand hotel, in this city, where his name still appears on the old registers, but has since drifted to no one knows where.

Brussels Court Sensation.

A great sensation has been caused at the court of Brussels by the suicide of the king's principal aid-de-camp, Count Van der Smissen, the senior general of the Belgian army, and far and away the most distinguished by reason of his services. It seems that he has blown his brains out with a pistol. Nobody knows exactly why, but it is surmised that the reason bears in some way upon the great Jonlaux poisoning case, in which he was called to testify against the prisoner.

This he did with manifest reluctance, all the more as it was brought out during the course of his cross-examination that he had been unduly intimate with the only daughter of his old comrade, Gen. d'Ablay, like himself a member of the king's military household, but now fortunately dead. Gen. Van der Smissen was present at the memorable card party at which the poisoner was caught in the act of deliberately cheating and exposed, and it was as a witness of this incident that he was called upon to testify.

The impression which his evidence created was not favorable to himself and was adversely commented upon by certain newspapers. This appears to have cut the old soldier to the quick, for he never was the same man from the time of the trial until the moment of his death. He shunned all his friends and acquaintances and avoided as much as possible appearing at court. At the last levee held by the minister of war he looked so depressed and broken that his condition was such as to excite universal sympathy. Still, no one was prepared for his suicide.

ORCHIDS.

Pretty Story of the Discovery of a New Variety.

Pittsburg Times.

Volumes might be written of the adventures of the orchid collectors sent out by the big orchid firms. All the new varieties now found are in out-of-the-way places not reached by ordinary line of travel. One kind, the phalaenopsis Schroderianum, which bears a little purple flower, has been on the market only four years, although a single specimen reached England ten years ago. The Sanders firm kept a lookout for it, but it was finally discovered by chance. One of their collectors on the New Guinea coast escaped with a part of the crew from a Dutch trading vessel, in which he was returning to civilization with a number of boxes of orchids, and which was wrecked.

It was a lucky adventure for him, for in the place he landed he found the Schroderianium. Next year he was sent to procure it. It grew only in one place, a hillside used as a burying ground by the black natives. The flower was held sacred, and the nation absolutely refused to allow the collector to disturb it. A shrewd display of beads and trinkets weakened their devout resolution, and the matter was finally compromised. He was allowed to fill a box, but it was stipulated that a god should be packed with the flowers. This god was a famous one. His eyes were made of two nuggets of gold, and he was known as "The God With the Golden Eyes." The box with its divine inclosure reached London in safety, and the god was auctioned off with a lot of orchids.

A New Invention for Warfare.

New York Sun.

There has been introduced of late for use by the French army, it is reported, what is known as the Lunette Souchard, that is a powerful binocular glass for determining the exact distance of an object from the observer. When the glass is in focus there are interposed by a movement of the fingers, between the eye and the object, two prisms of Iceland spar, then there are brought into the field of vision two images, the one being the real object, the other a smoky fac simile in line with and at the rear of it, the second image being more elevated, as the distance is greater. The object which serves for the adjustment of the glass is either a soldier of ordinary stature or one on horseback. If the head of the real image reaches to the shoulder of the fac simile, he is distant just 300 metres; if to the meter; if to the waist of the image, 700 meters; if to the knees, 1,000 meters; if the feet of the image apparently rest on the head of the soldier, the distance is exactly 1,400 meters; if there is a space between the feet of the man and the head of the other, the distance can only be approximately determined.

He Let Him Know.

A tardy debtor in Camden, Me., when called on to settle a debt became angry and said: "If you get that money before I do let me know." The creditor promptly attached the man's wages, got the money before he did, and let him know.

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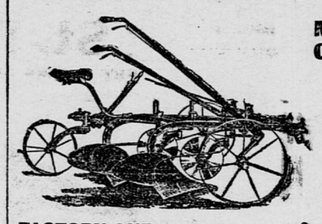

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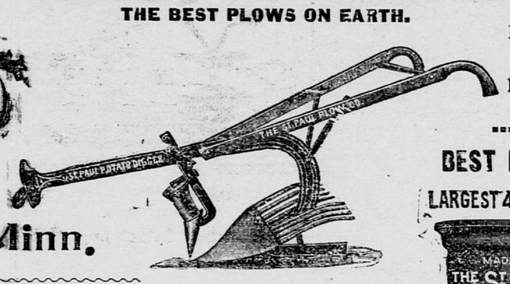

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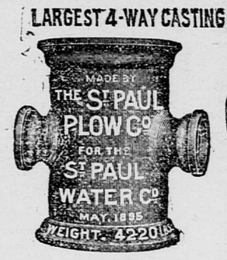

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From St. Paul to Portland, Ore., and return over the beautiful line of the Northern Pacific Railroad. This ticket includes transportation, double Pullman berth and meals in dining car both ways, and one day's board at Hotel Portland, Portland, Oregon. Good from August 1 to October 31, 1895, and from any intermediate station, and to stop off at any station.

2d A FREE TRIP

From St. Paul to Yellowstone Park and return over the Picturesque Northern Pacific railroad. This ticket includes transportation, double Pullman berth and meals in dining car both ways; also five and one-half days' staging in the Park and five and one-half days' meals and lodging in the hotels of the Yellowstone Park association. This ticket good from August 1 to October 1, 1895, and from any intermediate station, and stop off at any station on the Northern Pacific railroad.

3d A FREE TRIP

From St. Paul to Niagara Falls and return via the Eastern Minnesota railway, from St. Paul to Duluth and return, and via the Great Lakes to Buffalo and return on the steamship North West or North Land, of the Northern Steamship Co. And rail or boat from Buffalo to Niagara Falls and return. This ticket is good from August 1 to September 15, 1895, and includes berth in stateroom and meals on steamer both ways, and one day's board and lodging at any hotel at Niagara Falls. The holder may take the train or steamship at any intermediate station. Steamship trip must be continuous each way. No stop-off except at Buffalo.

Consolation Prizes!

Every person who sends in $25 or more for new subscriptions to the Daily, Sunday or Weekly Globe, and does not win one of the Three Grand Prizes, will receive a cash commission of 10 per cent of the amount sent in. No commission to winners of the Three Prizes. GET TO WORK. PRIZES FOR ALL. NO BLANKS. For subscription rates and further particulars see columns of Daily and Sunday Globe, or address

GLOBE, ST. PAUL.

Let everybody remember that the above propositions are open to any and everybody who desires to enter the competitive race for a summer vacation. The contest is open to the country as well as to the city. Remember, the excursions are free, and you may be the one to go.

To Teachers.

Many a weary schoolma'am would like a summer vacation, but the old story, "I can't afford to go," debars her. The GLOBE offers to school teachers just the opportunity they have been looking for, and a few hours' work each day among the parents whose little ones they have so zealously taught during the long school term will give them a chance of recreation for themselves, and also store their minds with valuable knowledge to be imparted to their proteges during future school terms. Let every school teacher start in and see who will make the trip.

To Clergymen.

"Our church is not rich enough to give the pastor a well-merited and much-needed vacation." This remark is often heard during these hard times from members of many congregations, but the ST. PAUL GLOBE has paved the way and made it easy for any pastor to have a magnificent summer vacation and at practically no expense to the flock o'er which the shepherd is keeping guard. Besides, the information he will gain on his trip will give him material for many an interesting lecture during the long winter months. Surely no one will refuse to aid their spiritual adviser in an undertaking which will recuperate him and benefit themselves as well.

To Students.

Now that all the schools have closed up for their long summer vacations the erstwhile busy scholar will wonder what he shall do and where he shall go during this period of relaxation. If he could only take a trip somewhere how much he would enjoy it, and of what incalculable benefit it would be to him. The GLOBE had in mind just such people as these when it made its grand offer of Three Free Excursions to the public. Let every idle student start in now and see what he can do till the first day of August.

To Everybody.

Nobody is barred from entering the race for the Globe Tours, and there will be no handicaps. It is free to everybody, and the trips will be free to those who win

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