M'KINLEY AT HOME

PRIVATE LIFE OF THE LEADING REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS.

THEY COME BY THE HUNDRED FROM CONVENTIONS AND INDIVIDUALS.

HIS PLEASANT FAMILY CIRCLE.

Has Little to Say on Money, but Discusses Other Subjects Freely.

CANTON, O., May 8.—We were seated in Maj. McKinley's private office overlooking a large lawn, and located in the first room to the right of the front entrance to the house. The major was extremely affable. He had just finished luncheon and was comfortably seated in a revolving desk chair, blowing blue clouds of fragrant smoke ceilingward, and evidently a most happy and satisfied man.

"Maj. McKinley," I ventured timidly, "there seems to be little doubt of your nomination and it also looks as though the convention in St. Louis would predominate with gold men. You have never expressed your views. Your intimate friends all say you are for gold. Now, what—" I paused. The major nodded in that thoughtful way, which signifies that he had followed me and was waiting for me to go on. Then he puffed in silence a few moments and held his cigar outstretched, while he blew smoke at it. Then he turned to his desk. He searched intently his papers for a few moments. "Let's see," he uttered slowly, "where did I—oh, yes. There up stairs, I say," turning to one of his assistants, "just run up stairs and bring me down a copy of my last speech."

HIS LAST SPEECH.

The man returned shortly with the desired pamphlet and the major turned the leaves until he lighted on the paragraphs he sought. Then he borrowed a pencil (which, by the way, he din't give back) and drew a line along the margin. I took the pamphlet and read:

"It (the Republican party) stands now, as ever, for honest money and a chance to earn it by honest toil. It stands for a currency of gold, silver and paper with which to measure our exchanges that shall be as sound as the government and as untarnished as its honor. The Republican party would as soon think of lowering the flag of our country as to contemplate with patience or without protest and opposition any attempt to degrade or corrupt the medium of exchanges among our people. It can be relied upon in the future, as in the past, to supply our country with the best money ever known, gold, silver and paper, good the world over."

Now, what does Maj. McKinley mean by commenting on the currency question by referring to this paragraph? I had stated to him that the convention might declare for gold. He had been told that all his friends were gold men. He had been informed that they all considered him with them. And to not one of these statements did Maj. McKinley demur. On the contrary, he nodded in silence and for comment displayed his utterances at the Marquette club banquet on Lincoln's birthday. Did his silence mean acquiescence to the propositions? Do these statements mean that he is a gold man?

ON OTHER SUBJECTS.

But if Maj. McKinley plays the sphinx when national issues are touched upon he will discuss other subjects as freely as one can desire, and in a manner which is most instructive, as well as interesting. Maj. McKinley is a most polished gentleman. His smoothness disarms and makes powerless an interviewer, who would lead him on with statements, which at the present stage of the presidential contest would be read with avidity by millions of people. But before repeating to you the talk which the major gave me the other day let me tell you something of his daily life—of his surroundings. He lives with his wife in what is known to Cantonians as the "old Harter residence" on Market street, in this thriving little city. The house is a plain frame structure, located on one of the prettiest streets in the city, and in one of the most beautiful of locations, situated as it is at the summit of a sloping hill, and commanding a fine outlook. The major does not own the house. He rents it, 'tis said, at a monthly rental of $40, but it is home in every sense of the word to him and his invalid wife, for nearly a quarter of a century ago he brought his young bride to this home, and although many years have passed since they left, there are many dear and cherished associations, some sad, some bright, which cluster around the pleasant place, and it is for this reason that, returning to Canton and private life, the house was leased.

THE LATCHSTRING ALWAYS OUT.

It is not hard to gain access to the house and an audience with McKinley. Veritably the latchstring of hospitality seems always out, and of the scores of visitors who call on Maj. McKinley each day it is the one comment, "Why, how cordial and yet how reserved he is."

It requires but a ring at the bell to bring a colored man servant to the door. He will admit you and usher you directly into the major's office to the right. If the governor be not in, then he will ask for your card, not by presenting a solid silver tray for you to deposit your pasteboard upon, but by taking it in his hand.

Unless the governor is very busy, there will be no tedious delay, and almost immediately he will appear. In fact, you will have had just time enough to glance at the desk littered with letters and telegrams, to cast your eyes on the walls and see a large picture of Mrs. McKinley over the desk, a picture of Lincoln and Grant at either end of the room, and a picture of Gladstone and Judge Goff on the opposite wall from the desk, before you are shaking Maj. McKinley by the hand, and are hearing his pleasant-voiced inquiries as to what he could do for you.

The major lunches at about 1:30 each day. I arrived while he was still at the table, but three minutes had scarcely passed before he came in, puffing a newly lit cigar and seemingly happy and contented.

The major announced himself as in splendid health, and then, in answer to questions, talked pleasantly for a half-hour of his life, of his work and his estimate of great statesmen who have gone before.

HIS BOOK ON THE TARIFF.

"Yes," he said, "I have just finished a review of the tariff legislation from the time of Clay down to the present time, and the book is now in the press of J. Shay, of New York. I have no proof sheets of the book, having sent those forwarded to me back to the publisher. No, I have never been engaged in any literary work beyond the preparation of my speeches. I have delivered addresses on Washington and Lincoln, who are my two idols in the history of our country, although, perhaps, I should include Grant in the list. I am going to talk on Washington next month in Cleveland before the Methodist conference. That is the only engagement I have in advance. In fact, I expect to remain at home all summer."

"Having studied the lives of both Washington and Lincoln," I asked, "how would you campare them? Which do you put first?"

"I hardly know," answered Maj. McKinley. "The two men were of totally different types. Each had his own niche to fill and each filled it to its fullest. They both served their country, and the work of both has still its influence in our nation."

Maj. McKinley talked of other things. He told how he arose and breakfasted each morning at 8 o'clock, then went with his wife into his office and looked over his morning mail, which generally consisted of from 100 to 200 letters, and how from then until noon frequent interruptions prevented him from doing much work.

"You would scarcely believe it," he said, "but this morning there have been at least fifty callers, and I have seen them all. So it goes each day. After lunch I generally walk to my mother's house and make a visit to her. Then I return, and from then until dinner I work. My mother is now eighty-seven years old. Wednesday is her birthday, and, of course, we shall have a pleasant reunion of the family."

EVERYBODY LIKES HIM.

Maj. McKinley has lived in Canton for many years. He knows everybody and everybody knows him, and, furthermore, likes him. Every resident of Canton wants to see him nominated, and is doing his utmost to secure that end.

Perhaps as good a picture of McKinley's domestic life was given by a well-to-do old gentleman, who is a deacon in the Methodist church, and who has known Ohio's Napoleon for many long years. I was fortunate in meeting him, for the word picture he gave me of the home life of Maj. McKinley was as perfect as though one entered and lived within the portals. The old gentleman, now in the decline of life, is a most ardent admirer of Maj. McKinley, and is a frequent caller at his house, where he is treated as though he were one of the family. As a matter of fact, though, I found not a single resident of Canton who did not claim long personal experience with the now famous statesman.

"I have known William McKinley," said the old deacon, "from the time he first ran for prosecuting attorney, in 1869, and, although Stark county was a Democratic stronghold, he was elected and served two years. The next time he ran, though, he was defeated. From that time he has figured prominently in politics, and in 1876 we sent him to congress. We little thought when he was prosecuting cases way back there in the late sixties that we'd have a chance to vote for him as president in 1896."

If may be said in explanation that all Cantonians consider McKinley as good as nominated, and for that matter as good as elected.

HIS HOME LIFE.

"Well, you said you wanted something about him at home. I can tell you anything that you want me to. Has he changed any since he got to be famous? No, sir; not a bit of it. He's the same unassuming man that he ever was. Why, we don't think of him in any other way but as our friend. He is pretty busy now, you see, but he'll see us any time we call. I was up there the other morning bright and early, along about 8 o'clock, and I found the major in his office opening his mail. He always does that after breakfast. His wife sat next to him a-clipping the envelopes and pulling the letters about half-way out. All that he did was to read 'em. She always helps him that way. Say, do you know that's a pretty picture, that life of theirs? There they are married nigh on to twenty-five years, and yet they hain't done courting yet. She's an invalid, you know, and he loves her and pets her just like as though she was a child. Well, the major, after opening his mail, receives callers, and, say, you should see who they are. Why, they run all the way from beggars up to gov'nors and senators. Their names?" and the old man's eyes twinkled. "Oh, no, I can't give 'way state secrets. I can tell you one thing, though, they don't come to put up deals. They come to shake hands with the major. You see, Mark Hanna up in Cleveland does all the rest.

TELEGRAMS AND LETTERS.

"All the major does is to answer his correspondence and receive callers—and, yes, telegrams. Every time a convention declares for him he gets a telegram, and, say, they've been coming pretty plenty these last few weeks. Did you notice 'em on that spindle on the top of his desk? Those are a few of his late ones. The major takes lunch at 1 o'clock and then goes over to his mother's. She lives down there on Tuscarora street. She's eighty-seven years old, and he dotes on her as much as ever. He generally walks down, smoking a cigar and bowing to all his friends. Say, and speaking about smoking, I read in a paper the other day that Maj. McKinley smoked as much as Grant used to. Now that hain't so. He smokes about four cigars a day. I know it. As I say, he goes down to his mother's and spends an hour and then goes back home to work. He always thought a great deal of his mother and they used to always walk to church together Sunday morning. That's the church over there," and the old man pointed with his cane toward the splendid stone structure which rears its steeple just a block away from the principal corners of the city.

"He's in full communion with the church, rents a sitting and used to be superintendent of the Sunday school. That was before he got to be a politician, though. If you want to answer some of those A. P. A. stories you better drop around and see the minister. He lives next to the church. His name is Edmonds. Go and see him. He'll talk to you," and I left the old man to follow his advice and see the minister.

His wife answered my summons at the door and informed me that her husband was out of the city, but when I made known my object, she really assented to say something.

A GOOD METHODIST.

"That's all nonsense," she said, "about Maj. McKinley being a Roman Catholic. Why, he's one of the best Methodists in the city. He's a good Methodist and comes to church just as regularly as he can, with his wife sick and other things. Why, it used to be a common thing to see Maj. McKinley and his mother coming down the aisle together. My husband is receiving letters every day asking about his religion and he is replying to them in a way that can't be misunderstood."

Get Reduced Rates.

The Northern Pacific will make reduced rates for the following meetings:

Annual session, Grand lodge, I. O. O. F., held at St. Paul June 10 and 11. Rate one and one-third fare on certificate plan from points in Minnesota.

G. A. R. encampment, Sauk Center, Minn., June 16 to 19; fare and one-third on certificate plan from points in Minnesota.

Annual meeting, United Norwegian Lutheran Church of America, held at St. Paul June 3 to 11; fare and one-third on certificate plan from points in Minnesota and North Dakota.

Democratic state convention, Jamestown, N. D., June 4, rate of fare and one-fifth for the round trip from points in North Dakota.

CURIOUS INCIDENT.

How the Monkey Brought the Boy and Girls to School.

The newest service rendered by monkeys to mankind was recently illustrated in London. In one of the school districts too many parents reported no children in their families, and in order to ascertain the real number of children in the district the school officers resorted to an ingenious measure, Two monkeys were gayly dressed, put in a wagon, and, accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work; distributing candies to the youngsters they took their names and addresses. They found out that over sixty parents had kept their children from school. The ingenious measure brought to the school about 200 boys and girls.

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Highest Honors—World's Fair,
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Oklahoma's New Women.

Mary Smith, a young woman, was recently arrested in Oklahoma, at the home of a family named Hughes, on the charge of counterfeiting. Prior to her arrest she arrived in Arkansas City from Southeastern Kansas, procured a livery rig and went to Mr. Hughes' home. She had been there but a few days, however, when an officer followed her, placed her under arrest, and took her back to Kansas. From the meager facts learned it seems she had formerly been engaged teaching school in Southwest Missouri, and, while so engaged, formed the acquaintance of an outlaw from the Indian Territory named Huffman. As Desdemona became enraptured with Othello for the deeds of daring he related, this little Missouri school teacher became fascinated by the bold outlaw of the Indian country, and she forsook school, friends and all to become his mistress.

There was another gay and dashing robber in the gang who looked upon Mary's charms in a lovelike way, regardless of Huffman's prior claims thereto. Mary became smitten with the new robber lover, and, forgetting Huffman, ran off with the new love. Such actions upon the part of Mary and her new outlaw lover aroused the ire of Huffman, and, arming himself with a whole arsenal, he swore dire vengeance upon lover No. 2, and started upon his trail.

The two rivals met in a joint at Caney, Kan., and when the smoke cleared away, both men were lying bleeding upon the floor, with empty six-shooters beside them. They were placed under arrest and physicians summoned to attend them. An examination revealed that they were both pretty thoroughly "shot up," but their wounds were not necessarily fatal.

By telling each that the other confessed, a confession was drawn out of each, in which the fact was disclosed that they were members of a counterfeiting gang, and that Mary Smith, the school teacher, was the person relied upon to get the money into circulation. In the meantime Mary had decamped, but officers were upon her trail and captured her in Nobles county.

The arrest of this Miss Smith revives interest in another notorious woman lawbreaker, known as Jessie E. Findley, who was indicted by the federal grand jury of Oklahoma county on Nov. 26 last, and is now confined in the United States jail in Guthrie, awaiting her trial, which will take place at the next term of the United States court.

The indictment against her is based on the fact that she took weapons into the county jail of Oklahoma county in June last to assist the Christian outlaws in making their escape, which they accomplished on June 30, 1895, and killed Chief of Police Jones. There is a great contrast between Miss Smith and Miss Findley. The former is as yet a tyro in crime, while the Findley girl, although but seventeen years of age, possesses a finished criminal education, and is hardened to the wild, uncertain life of the frontier outlaw. But the two girls received their first taste of outlawry through the capers of Cupid.

Jessie moved with her parents to Oklahoma when the country was thrown open to settlement seven years ago from Ozark, Mo., where she was born and reared. Her life was like that of most girls of tender age—uneventful. About the house she was bright, apt and decorous, and thought of little else save "going to meeting," doing home work and reading novels.

But one day Bob Christian called at Jessie's home, met the little brunette and it was a case of love at first sight, at least as far as she was concerned. Bob and two others of his gang had stopped there for something to eat, and Bob, while waiting for the meal, made love to the cook. He was a very presentable young desperado. The meal over, Bob mounted and rode away, but not before he had made an appointment to meet his fair hostess at a not far distant day. The courtship extended over a period of only two weeks, and one morning Jessie was missing. She had eloped with her Robin Hood.

She remained with him for several months, riding with the gang on several forages, but usually staying at the cabin and acting as housekeeper and cook. Bob taught her to shoot and to ride, and she soon became very proficient in the use of the revolver and rifle and not afraid to mount the wildest broncho. She ventured where even the bravest of the gang was afraid to go, and it is related that at one time she plunged into the North Canadian with her pony when it was running bank full, and not one of the boys dared to follow until they were goaded to it by her revilings and epithets.

About this time Bob and Bill Christian were arrested for killing Deputy Sheriff Turner, of Pottawatomie county, who was attempting to arrest them for cattle stealing. This was the first murder that could be brought home to them, and the prosecution was thorough and prompt. They were convicted of the crime and sentenced to long terms in the penitentiary, and taken to Oklahoma to await transportation to prison. Jessie was a constant attendant at the trial and at the Pottawatomie jail, bringing her lover nice things to drink, and when they were taken to Guthrie for safe keeping, pending their transportation to the penitentiary, she followed them, and was a daily visitor at the jail.

Jessie succeeded in smuggling three revolvers to them, with thirty rounds of ammunition. The attempt to escape was to be made on Sunday, June 30, and on Friday, after she had performed her mission, Jessie went to their old home, near Violet Springs, O. T., to await her lover's coming. Sunday came, and the attempt was made. The two Christians and James Casey, another murderer confined in the jail, overpowered the jailer and made their way into the street.

A Sabbath stillness was over the city, it being about 5 o'clock in the evening, and very few citizens abroad. The desperate men, each with a cocked revolver in his hand, ran down the street, passing Chief of Police Milton W. Jones on the way. He noticed they were in their shirt sleeves, and, suspecting something wrong, called upon them to halt. They answered with a shot, which killed the chief instantly.

Their volley was answered by shots from Officers Jackson and Stovall, which killed Casey and badly wounded Bill Christian. The two Christians made their escape through the aid of confederates, who met them on the edge of the town with fresh horses, and were soon beyond pursuit.

Jessie was instantly suspected of having introduced the weapons into the jail, and while strenuous efforts were made to recapture the Christians, a posse of men were sent out to Bob Christian's cabin to effect the capture of Jessie, believing she would give the whole snap away if she could be once got away from under the influence of her lover. The friends of the desperadoes received a tip of the intentions of the authorities in some manner, and at once spirited the girl away, passing her from member to member of the gang in different parts of the territory, for they had many sympathizers, either from fear or favor, and their bidding was done without question.

To facilitate her escape Jessie was dressed in a cowboy costume—slouch hat, high-heeled boots, storm coat and all the paraphernalia of the typical rustler. Putting her on horseback, they compelled her to ride from point to point, some of them accompanying her all the time, and permitting her to have no converse with strangers. They gave her but little rest for five days, and it may be said she was in the saddle continually, night and day, for that length of time, doubling and redoubling on her pursuers. She estimates that she rode 250 miles in those five days, and when she was finally taken to a negro settlement in the Choctaw country, she was almost dead with fatigue.

She made up her mind by this time that her life was in great danger. By what the different members of the gang who had ridden with her had let drop from time to time she knew almost to a certainty that they were fixing to sacrifice her for the good of the gang, fearing that she would give them away if she was captured. She made up her mind that they had brought her to this negro settlement to kill her, for all of the negroes were sympathizers of the Christians or members of the band.

Besides this she had found that Bob was playing her false—had other women in different sections of the country—and with all the bitter feelings of a woman scorned, she resolved to give herself up to the officers if an opportunity presented itself, and tell the whole story.

She was taken to a lone cabin in the depths of the forest, and there remained for two days and nights alone. She had been given some food and water and did not suffer bodily, but found whenever she put her head out of the door that negroes were on the watch.

She slept to the music of the howling of wolves and the cries of panthers and other wild beasts, but did not fear them, she says, as much as the human wolves she knew were on the outside. She had her revolver and rifle with her, and the negroes knew her prowess with the weapons.

Finally, on the second night of her imprisonment, Sheriff De Ford and posse, guided by a faithful negro, found her. He placed her on horseback and, by a forced night ride of fifty miles, reached the railroad at dawn and safely lodged her in the Oklahoma City jail. She has given up all the secrets of the gang, their friends and sympathizers, and will prove such a valuable witness for the government that it is not believed she will suffer very greatly for her share in the escape and murder in connection therewith.

Jennie affects blue dresses with fringes and frills at the neck and of late dresses her hair with curls over the ears and a psyche knot on the crown.

Just Out.

The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry.'s book of Summer Tours showing routes and rates to the Eastern resorts. One of the handsomest publications of this character ever issued. Sent free on application to J. E. Hull, T. P. A., 154 E. Third St., St. Paul, Minn.; C. K. Wilber, A. G. P. A., Chicago.

Gave Him a Pointer.

San Francisco Post.

"No, no, thanks; no sausage for me," said Bob Mitchell, the comedian.

He was taking supper at a San Jose restaurant after a recent minstrel performance.

"Don't you like sausage?" asked Cathcart.

"Not since my friend, the butcher, told me how he made it. I bought some sausage of him the other day, took it home and ate it, and I never tasted any finer sausage in my life. The next time I saw him I asked: 'Where did you get that sausage?' 'Made it,' said he. 'It was the finest I ever ate. How did you make it?' 'A friend gave me a pointer.'"

Missed.

Truth.

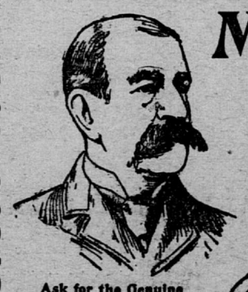
Parke—My baby won a prize at the baby show.

Lane—What! Has there been a baby show and I didn't know it? How long did it last?

Parke—A week.

Lane—A week! Heavens, what a vacation I could have had!

Mayor's Office, Nashville, Tenn. What



Mayor Guild

Says:

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Ask for the Genuine JOHANN HOFF'S Malt Extract.

ALL OTHERS ARE WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

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GREAT VERSATILITY SHOWN AMONG THE MEN OF IDEAS IN NEW YORK.

POSSIBILITIES BOUNDLESS.

MONEY MADE BY THE MAN WHO MAKES SHORT-HAND REPORTS OF FUNERALS.

A COCKTAIL AT YOUR DESK.

Men Who Follow Excursion Steamers in Yawls—Private Wedding Reports.

Odd and remunerative avenues of employment are constantly being opened up in New York. Here is one of the very latest: A competent stenographer who arrived from England a year ago was unable to find work. One day while reading the brief notices in the daily papers of the obsequies of a distinguished citizen he was struck by the scant mention of "the touching and eloquent tribute to the memory of the deceased," delivered by the officiating clergyman.

He attended the next Fifth avenue funeral, getting well down in front of the church, where he took a full stenographic report of the prayer—and "eloquent tribute." A few days later he appeared at the home of the widow with a neatly type-written copy of both prayer and sermon. He suggested that she would no doubt like to preserve as a souvenir of the dear departed the truthful and eloquent review of his life, so delightfully given on the occasion of the obsequies.

The widow was deeply impressed, and also bent a willing ear to the suggestion that a dozen or more copies would be a suitable remembrance to send to absent relatives or near and dear friends. The young man was willing to furnish twenty copies of the sermon and prayer for $100. The widow, who was not supposed to know anything about the cost of typewriting, thought this was a most reasonable offer.

This was the commencement of a prosperous business. The stenographer has been so busy at times as to require two assistants. He recently attended a swell wedding and took down the remarks of the officiating divine at the wedding breakfast. The parents of the bride gave a liberal order for copies, and private wedding reports will now be a regular feature of his business. To this end he has employed a young man of good social connection who can secure cards of admission to swell social functions.

A tall, well-dressed man, with glossy silk hat, well-trimmed whiskers of the cut once called "Burnsides," but now generally known as "sideburns," is a daily figure in the Wall street district. He, too, is conducting a prosperous business designed by himself. He carries a neat rosewood case about two feet long by eighteen inches high and six inches thick, which might contain surgical instruments or valuable samples. His manner is so dignified, and as he always seems to know just where he wants to go, elevator boys, hall guards or janitors never dream of calling his attention to the signs announcing that "Bootblacks, peddlers and solicitors are not allowed in this building."

The handsome rosewood case is a compact portable bar. On one side there are three bottles, one of gin, one of rye whisky of a famous brand, and the other filled with brandy of a great age. The other side contains bottles of bitters, sugar, lemon peel and handsome glassware. The tall man has for thirty years been employed in the bars of leading New York hotels, and he is a past grand master in the art of mixing cocktails. He is prepared on his daily round to make the seductive Manhattan, Martini or plain cocktails of gin, rye or brandy. He has a regular clientele. Many of his customers are men who are never to be seen drinking in public. Others are men who make no secret of their fondness for the good things in the alcoholic line, but who do not care to interrupt the office routine to go after what can be brought to them at a regular hour.

The walking barkeeper charges fancy prices for his drinks, but he deals only with people who are willing to pay for the unique accommodation. Asked one day whether he had an excise license, the dinified man intimated that by permission he was working under the license of a famous down-town saloon of many years' standing.

In the summer time during the excursion season a man of seafaring appearance will be noted seated in the yawl which the law requires shall be kept trailing after each vessel or barge containing pasengers. There are a dozen of these men. They are not employed by the owners of the vessels, but are given permission to ride in the yawls. They sit there as a matter of speculation and their revenue is in the shape of rewards received for the rescue of hats that are blown overboard, or of men, women and children who fall, are pushed or thrown overboard.

In the cities of Europe the business of guide or commissioner has long been established. In New York city the driver of cab or carriage acts as guide, pointing out objects of interest to strangers, and some of them do the work with tact and intelligence. Recently there has appeared in the columns of the World a small advertisement announcing that "parties desiring to visit the slums of New York will be supplied with trustworthy guides at reasonable rates." It is a private detective agency that has entered this field, and the white loafers of Chinatown and the Bowery who formerly forced themselves upon slumming parties fell as if the iron heel of capital had been placed athwart their short, thick necks.

Methodist Episcopal ministers and delegates going to the general conference meeting at Cleveland, O., May 1 to 31, should keep in mind that the most convenient way of reaching that point is via the Albert Lea route, which makes direct connections at Chicago in the union depot with trains of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railway for Cleveland, thus avoiding a long and tedious transfer which passengers are subject to by taking any other route. Rate, fare and one-third, certificate plan. J. H. Whitaker, City Ticket Agent, 393 Robert street, St. Paul, Minn.

More Barbary Pirates.

New York Sun.

The pirates on the Barbary coast are at it again. When the Ailsa, returning from her races with the Prince of Wales' boat on the French Riviera, found herself fired upon within sight of the rock of Gibraltar, and escaped capture only by the freshening of the breeze, her owner must have wondered if he had not been put a century back, before the United States navy made the Mediterranean safe.

The depredations of the Riff pirates are due to England's dog-in-the-manger policy. Spain two years ago, in its little but expensive Melilla war, got the upper hand of the Riffians, and would probably have made them powerless had it not been for the intimation that any permanent occupation of the Morocco coast would be regarded as an infringement on British interests. She had to content herself with an indemnity, for which she paid dearly, as it will be recollected that it was on its return from conveying the Moorish ambassador home that her crack cruiser, the Reina Regente, was lost with every soul on board.

Since then German or Italian or British vessels have been repeatedly attacked or captured by the Riff pirates, followed by demands for indemnity by the several governments on the sultan of Morocco. The European powers should take measures to put an end to this nuisance. If they can agree on no other means they might induce the Riffians to attack some American ship and enable the United States to show them the way, as it did once before in the days of Decatur, Bainbridge and Preble.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.

Castoria.

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