CRIMSON AND BLUE

HARVARD AND YALE SIGN A TREATY OF PEACE AS TO ATHLETICS.

CONTESTS TO BE RENEWED.

BUT CORNELL IS A STUMBLING BLOCK AS REGARDS BOAT RACING.

ARBITRATION IS AGREED TO

In Future Differences—Deciding Games in Winnipeg Bonspiel.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Feb. 14.—Harvard and Yale have at last signed a definite treaty, and a complete athletic reconciliation has been effected. Walter Camp and William A. Brooks Jr. drew up the agreement last evening, but it was not signed until this noon. It provides for base ball, football and track athletics to be agreed to by the undergraduates' managers, and for an arbitration committee in case of a disagreement. As to the boat race this year, Cornell appears to hold the key to the situation. The text of the agreement is as follows:

It is hereby agreed by and between the Harvard Athletic committee and the Yale Athletic management that there shall be annual contests in rowing, football, base ball and track athletics between the representative organizations of Yale and Harvard, beginning March 1, 1897, and ending March 1, 1902.

The details of these contests to be left to the management and captains.

It is also agreed that all contests, with the exception of rowing, shall take place on college grounds and the net gate receipts shall be equally divided between the two contesting organizations.

This agrement is conditional on the appointment, on or before April 1, 1897, of a committee, to consist of one graduate of each university, to whom shall be referred all disagreements in any way relating to athletics and all questions of eligibility. The decision of the committee is to be final.

In case of a disagreement between the members of the committee, it shall have power to call upon a third person to settle the particular question in dispute.

Exceptions to clause 1—Owing to Harvard's present boating arrangement, Yale is willing to make a third party in the Harvard-Cornell race at Poughkeepsie in 1897 if Harvard so arranges.

Yale is to be definitely informed of the decision regarding the date of the race on or before March 1, 1897. If the race for 1897 is arranged, Yale is to have the privilege of naming either Poughkeepsie or New London for the race of 1898, the races of the succeeding years to be governed by the main body of the agreement.

If the race of 1897 is not arranged, that failure shall in no wise affect the general agreement, and a place for the races of 1898 shall then be governed by the terms of the general agreement.

—W. A. Brooks Jr.
—Walter Camp

Feb. 13, 1897.

The signing of the agreement puts an end to a long suspense, and will be received everywhere with great relief. The plan is tacitly that which Harvard presented to Yale months ago, but which, without being actually refused, was strongly objectetd to. Every one in Cambridge is delighted.

Walter Camp said tonight: "When I took charge of affairs a few days ago at Capt. Bailey's request, I believed that the feeling at Yale not to row Cornell was practically unanimous, but rather than put off meeting Harvard another year, we gave in."

Dr. Brooks said that Harvard's position had not changed in the last month, and the same agreement was sent to Yale six weeks ago. It will not affect agreements with other colleges, nor prevent a boat race with Cornell in the following years.

It is understood that the first base ball game will be played in Cambridge on June 25, which is the day before class day, with the second at New Haven on June 30. If a third game is necessary, it will be played a week later. The track athletic games will occur at New Haven May 15.

DULUTH BEATEN OUT.

Failed to Win in the International Event at Winnipeg.

WINNIPEG, Feb. 14.—The Winnipeg curling bonspiel will be concluded tomorrow. It has been a most successful affair. Eighty-one rinks competed in the New York Life challenge competition. The deciding game was played last evening. F. L. Patton's rink of the Winnipeg Assiniboines, composed of himself, skip; C. P. Wilson, third; G. F. Gault, second, and F. W. Stobart, lead, takes first place and gold watches; L. R. McKenzie's rink, of the Winnipeg Thistles, takes second prize; I. Pitblado, of the Winnipeg Granites, third, and the McCaffrey, of Neepawa, fourth. The Walkerville finals are between Dunbar, of the Winnipeg Thistles, and Knight, of Brandon. The Dolge trophy is between McArthur, of the Winnipeg Thistles, and McCarthy, of Regina; the Tuckett trophy is between the Regina and Gladstone rinks; the Galt trophy is between Smith, of Regina, and Rochon, of Fort Williams. Four rinks out of fifty-two are still in the consolation.

The Duluth curlers made a good showing but were beaten out last night in the semi-finals of the Dolge international event by McCarthy, of Regina.

JONES WON THE RACE.

Took It From Sudheimer in Only 2.50.

The amateur skating race for the championship of the Northwest at Lake Como yesterday afternoon, between George Sudheimer and Alfred Jones, was won by the latter in 2:50. The ice was not in the best of condition, though the time shows fast work on the part of the contestants, a fact due to the shortness of the track, which lacks some yards of a mile. The race was called at 4 o'clock in the presence of a large crowd of spectators, who availed themselves of the fine weather to enjoy an afternoon's skating and also witness the contest. The men jumped away together at the pistol shot, and half way round on the first lap settled down to long swinging strides with Sudheimer leading and Jones trailing close. The order was the same the first time over the line, but on the next turn Jones went to the front and made a dash to get away from his rival. Sudheimer, however, kept the pace and reversed the positions on the third lap, keeping the lead until a few yards from the finish, when Jones sprinted in ahead of him and won the race by less than a yard.

RENO IS JEALOUS.

Corbett Will Have to Give That Town a Wide Berth.

CARSON, Nev., Feb. 14.—Dan Stuart has announced that the carpenters will commence work on the pavilion Wednesday. The building will cover a space of 300 feet square, and will, of course, be temporary, as the race track people would not allow a permanent structure to be put up on the track. It is understood that if Corbett gives his theatrical performance in Reno he will be arrested, because one of the scenes portrays a boxing match, and the district attorney of that place thinks he must get out a license for boxing. It is understood Corbett will simply pass Reno with his show, and will give it in Carson and Virginia City, where the law is not interpreted in the same manner.

BURNED THE POST.

Pittsburg Daily Newspaper Plant Destroyed.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 14.—The office of the Post, on Fifth avenue, was almost totally destroyed by fire this morning, causing a loss to the paper of about $60,000, well insured. Loss on the building is not yet known. The only other tenant in the building was Gleason, the railroad ticket broker, whose loss was small. The Commercial-Gazette, next door to the Post, was in imminent danger, but good work by the fire department saved the plant, the only damage being caused by water which flooded the cellar. The Commercial presses and engines are thus, for the time being, disabled. The paper's edition tomorrow morning will be printed at the Press office. Both the Post and the Commercial were promptly tendered the use and services of machines, presses and the offices of the other newspapers in the city. The Post will be issued from the office of the Leader until a new plant can be established.

The fire which caused the trouble was a mysterious one, breaking out about 8 o'clock. It is supposed that electric wires are responsible for the conflagration.

Loss on the building, which belonged to the J. V. McCullough estate, will be $25,000, well insured.

APPRECIATES THE GLOBE.

Private Nobody Upholds It in Its Fight for Sound Democracy.

To the Editor of the Globe.

I have wanted to write you for some time and have been prevented by several reasons. First, what I wanted to say I thought other and better men than myself should be the ones to say, and I waited that they might do so, but waited in vain. Then when I started to write there was so much I would say I could not well tell which was the most important.

My primary reason for wishing to write was because I felt what a hard fight you were waging against overwhelming numbers, and I looked that the fine men that I know you have behind and around you should step to the front and say: "Go ahead, Mr. Editor; we are with you. We read your splendid articles on all the leading questions of the day, and our hands are right here to uphold you. Don't you give up, but go on, strong in the strength that the knowledge of close sympathy and hearty approval gives to him who is fighting a hard battle against heavy odds."

I run over the names as I remember the faces of that grand gathering of splendid men who represented in every way all that was noble and advanced in manhood, that gathered in Mozart hall in the early part of last fall.

I recall their words burning with a most perfect patriotism, and I have waited and waited to see them rally round you now that we outsiders, that only read your most excellent leaders, might know that it is no weak staff we are leaning on, but a veritable tower of strength, and that although the outlook now is black, we have no cause for despondency, for we have with us the men (the finest in the land), and they are bidding us be of good cheer, as we read the columns of the St. Paul Daily Globe.

But, Mr. Editor, we, by that I mean us, outsiders who can only hope to form the rank and file of what we expect will some day be the great National Democratic party, for I suppose it will dawn upon the minds of the grand staff we now have, with the extra good collection of regiment and company officers, that it will be absolutely necessary to have a rank and file and that to get them recruiting must be resorted to, and I fear we shall be at some disadvantage in our efforts to recruit, because we cannot (like the other political bodies) appeal to ignorant prejudice to sustain class distinction.

We dare not deceive by misrepresenting things to catch our untaught brother, nor can we pander to the half-digested fallacies that have grown to be considered respectable. And, harder than all, we must be true to that lofty patriotism that demands the sacrifice of the individual in the common good. We, the outsiders, I say, want to know where are the men who came so well to the front before election? I, myself, as I have already said, have waited until I am tired, to read of one (I had hoped of many coming right out and giving you the glad word, the hearty handshake, that so cheers the leader's heart).

And because they do not so support you, or, at least, do not come right out and put themselves alongside you in your great work, why I, Private Nobody, of Company None, left file, in the awkward squad, want to say to the editor of the St. Paul Daily Globe: Thank you for your good work for the pure, undefiled Democratic party. Thanks for your stand on the arbitration bill. I know all the great men of our party did not come to the front. The appeal to patriotic Americans fell flat, and the parsons were too busy to respond. But the boys in the ranks are with you. They heard your big drum calling, and want you to know they are right behind you.

Go ahead. Keep track of Senator Morgan, and don't let him steal that $100,000,000 from our treasury.

Expose every move of the protection frauds who so badly defrauded us. Make plain to the deluded ones the errors that paid talkers have been able to lead them into, and all the time know that you are not laboring in vain, but are really sustaining the faith of numbers that have no help outside yourself.

—Private Nobody,
Company None, Left File, Awkward Squad.
Minneapolis, Feb. 12, 1897.

CALL IT EMBEZZLEMENT.

Ex-Congressman Darlington Arrested on Queer Charges.

WESTCHESTER, Pa., Feb. 14.—Ex-Congressman Smedley Darlington has been arrested on a charge of embezzlement arising from the financial troubles of the Westchester Guarantee and Safe Deposit company, of which he was president before the appointment of receivers. The charge is preferred by Mrs. Mary A. Burnett, who alleges that on Dec. 2 last Darlington received from her on deposit $1,300, knowing at the time that the company was insolvent. Darlington was held on his own recognizance. The offense is punishable by a fine of double the amount received and imprisonment from one to three years. Mr. Darlington declares that the prosecution is actuated by malice, and that the institution was solvent at the time specified. Mrs. Burnett's attorneys announce that other arrests will follow. The receivers of the company have entered bonds in $100,000.

EX-MAYOR NOT POPULAR.

Deposed From Control of Two Manufacturing Companies.

TRENTON, N. J., Feb. 14.—Ex-Mayor Frank A. Magowan has been deposed from the presidency of two of the companies of which he was the head. Gen. William H. Skirm was elected to succeed him as president of the Empire Rubber company, and George R. Cook was made the head of the Trenton Oilcloth company. Both changes were made by the respective boards of directors. In each instance the old board was re-elected including Magowan. The Eastern and Trenton Rubber companies, of both of which Mr. Magowan is president, have not yet held elections, owing to the inability of the directors to get Magowan to call a meeting.

SIX WERE DEAD.

Only Two of the Imprisoned Miners Rescued Alive.

GOUVERNEUR, N.Y., Feb.14.—Work of rescue in the Freman mine, which caved in yesterday afternoon, progressed all night. Six of the eight men who were in the mine at the time of the accident were killed, and their horribly crushed bodies were recovered. The other two escaped without injury. The unfortunates were William Dawley, Fred McCoy, M. Louchlan, Charles Larock, A. Edgerton and John Matthews. Each left a large family.

High Priestess of Theosophy Coming

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—Mrs. Annie Besant, the theosophist, will arrive in New York early in March. She will remain in this country six months, during which time she will visit all the larger cities. Her lectures will be devoted to the exposition of theosophy, and some of her experiences in her journey through India, from which country she is now returning, will be told. Mrs. Besant comes at the invitation of the Theosophical society, American section, and will not have any connection with the college for the study of ancient histories to be established in California under the guidance of Mrs. Katherine A. Tingley.

No Option in His.

The bill which will cause more strife, lawlessness and corruption than any other measure before the legislature, if it passes, is Senator Barr's county option bill. Theoretically, local option is the way to handle the liquor traffic; practically it is impossible to control it in that manner. In the counties which will have local option, should the bill pass, there will be "holes in the wall," "blind pigs," "clubs," and all the other various devices by which the law will be evaded. There will be less drinking and more drunkenness, for the man who gets drunk now will, if he can afford it and can't get it otherwise, send for a jug and make a saloon of his home. He will drink more, because it will be cheaper. Senator Kellar should attach his "dangerous" sign to this measure.—St. James Plaindealer.

High Hats in Brussels Theaters.

The city council of Brussels has passed a regulation prohibiting ladies wearing hats in the pit stalls and orchestra stalls of the local theaters.

IT'S A BIG CUT-OFF

CAR FERRY AT MANITOWOC IS PROVING TO BE A BIG SUCCESS.

TWO ROADS INTERESTED IN IT.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL AND NORTH-WESTERN HAVE TERMINAL FACILITIES.

FACTOR IN FUTURE POOLING.

Old Ideas and Differentials Doomed to Get a Severe Shaking Up.

Special to the Globe.

MANITOWOC, Wis., Feb. 14.—When the management of the Wisconsin Central railway, baffled in their efforts to get access to the lake at Milwaukee, and feeling the force of economic conditions that demanded a shorter and cheaper route for Northwestern products than the circuitous one around the head of Lake Michigan, decided to utilize the exceptional harbor facilities of this place and the demonstrated utility of the car ferry. They made their operations here commensurate with the magnitude of the enterprise and its anticpated consequences. The work of which I have previously written is now nearly completed. The car ferry slip was finished some time ago, and the boats now take the trains of loaded cars and carry them across the lake, where the Flint & Pere Marquette road receives them and delivers them at Port Huron, Detroit or Toledo to lines for the seaboard. A 900-foot warehouse, with the river on one side and the rails on the other, gives evidence of the company's expectations of the freights it will have to provide storage for in the future. A 500,000-bushel elevator is receiving its finishing touches, while the river front is being docked and its bed deepened by dredges that are at work amid the floating ice.

The Northwestern railway, which, for twenty years, has afforded the city all the railway facility it had, and given them grudgingly, has awakened to the new conditions and met them with promptness and amplitude. Down on the lake shore, just inside the harbor line, where the government ends its work and that of the city begins, it has dredged out a slip 400 feet in length, with provision for loading two car ferries at once, and is sending its loaded trains across the lake. Both these companies have selected this port for their new routes because of its superior harbor, its sheltered bay, its exemption from ice embargo, its Eastern connections, and the fact that it makes, with them, an almost perfect air-line to the East with their lines from the Northwest. The fact that this cut-off shortens the route from the Twin Cities to the sea coast by 128 miles over any other route, was also a decisive factor in times when trifles can no longer be neglected. The fact that but for one day in twenty-seven years has this harbor been blocked with ice was not overlooked in the calculations.

At present but one ferry is running, making two trips a day over the forty-eight miles of water and carrying the trains of either road. Another boat is being built and will raise the carriage capacity to 240 cars a day, and leaving the limit of transfer dependent only on the railways to provide cars. I stood on the dock today and watched the ferry take on a load of cars from the Northwestern slip and steam away into the lake, where a southwest wind was piling up the waves and a snow storm was darkening the sky, and she plowed her way through the floating cakes of ice, brushing them aside as her powerful engines drove her through them, with all the fine disdain of mind in its triumph over matter.

To the Northwest this new route, disturbing old conditions, upsetting old balances, disarranging differentials, means lower freight rates in and out. It will be inevitable, in the conflict for freightage, that the shorter haul of this route will be a temptation to both these roads to get business that they will not resist, even if some "gentleman's agreement" offers its spider-web threads in restraint.

Meanwhile, beyond a little stiffening of prices of real estate, and now and then some one talking with all the vim of an old-time boomer, there are no indications here of any boom in this quiet, conservative town. Forty years ago it had its dream of a great future when it should have its railway to the Mississippi, but it is more disposed now to accept its honors as the fruition of that patiently awaited event, although the wisdom that the years have brought has chastened the conception of the greatness that was to come.

THIRTY HOURS LATE.

Great Northern Passengers Who Arrived Last Night.

The blizzard played havoc with the trains on the Great Northern and Northern Pacific roads. The Great Great Northern officials report trouble and plenty of snow from Barnesville to Grand Forks. The Northern Pacific officials say from Staples to Mandan the storm and snow have delayed travel.

The transcontinental Great Northern No. 4, scheduled to arrive in St. Paul at 6:45 Saturday evening, pulled into the union depot at 11 o'clock last night. There were in the neighborhood of 200 passengers, and, while there was considerable grumbling, the general opinion among the travelers was that the company had done the best possible under the circumstances. The snow and the blow were "something frightful," as one of the passengers put it. Saturday afternoon the train reached Barnesville, and here the blocade was such that the question of going ahead was out of the question. Yesterday afternoon the train, reinforced by another No. 4, which, owing to the blockade at Barnesville, had caught up with the preceding one, started for St. Paul. A couple of snow plows raised the blockade, and both trains reached St. Paul, the second one half an hour after the first section.

The "Humanity" theatrical company arrived on the first section, it having been switched on at Barnesville.

At midnight the Northern Pacific coast train, due here Saturday night, was chalked up on the board at the union depot as due to arrive at some indefinite hour.

The "Soo" train from Enderline arrived at 9 o'clock, about three hours late. The engineer said the snow was about thirty feet deep in places and the wind was making matters worse.

The Northern Pacific and Great Northern sent out trains last evening on time for the coast.

Rome's Holy Baby.

The most wonderful and the wealthiest baby in the world is probably the "Miraculous Bambino," in the church of the Ara Coeli, at Rome.

Regularly every Christmastide this little wooden baby, accredited with the power of performing miracles, is loaded down with valuable offerings, placed in a manger in the church, and all day long the people pass in an endless procession before it, beseeching some favor—the restoration to health of a loved one, a successful number in the lottery, a safe return of a friend from afar, the mending of a broken limb, or the fulfillment of any desire that enters their minds.

It is said that the image was carved at Jerusalem by a Franciscan monk from wood from the Mount of Olives. This monk, though possessing great skill at carving, was not an adept in the use of coloring matter, and in his despair he resorted to fasting and prayer. He fell into a deep sleep, and when he awoke he found the little olive wood image tinted a beautiful flesh color. He decided immediately to send it to the church of Ara Coeli, at Rome.

Wonderful tales of the model are told. It is said that a sick woman, desiring the Bambino to stay with her longer than was customary, had a false Bambino made, which she sent to the church instead. The true Bambino was so indignant that, on its own little bare feet, it went back to the church, and when an astonished monk opened the door it strode past him and went to its accustomed niche. Be this as it may, thousands of devout believers pay tribute to the little image every Christmas time.—London Mail.

ITCHING SKIN DISEASES

SPEEDY CURE TREATMENT for torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, and scaly skin and scalp diseases with loss of hair.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA (ointment), and full doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures.

Cuticura

Is sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.
"How to Cure Itching Skin Diseases," free.

RED ROUGH HANDS Softened and Beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

Cooking Winter Vegetables.

A little sugar added to turnips, beets and winter squash will be an improvement.

Onions should be soaked in warm salt water to remove their strong flavor before cooking.

Old potatoes are improved by peeling and soaking in water for a few hours before cooking.

Turnips, carrots and onions should never be split, but sliced in rings cut across the fiber.

Vegetables that are stored n the cellar will often need "sorting," and all wilting or decayed ones should be immediately removed.

When vegetables require stirring it should be done with a wooden spoon, and this should also be used for taking them up.

A piece of red pepper the size of a pea dropped in with the vegetables when first beginning to cook will greatly add in killing the odor, and this should be remembered in cooking cabbage.

PUGILIST AND CONGRESSMAN.

Disdain of the Former When He Learned the Statesman's Occupation.

Although some of them hit pretty hard, there is now and then a story on a member of congress that is actually too good to keep, and he tells it himself, says the Washington Star. Representative Curtis, of Kansas, tells one. He was advertised to speak at a certain town in his district, and on the same day a prize fight was arranged for in the same vicinity. The political meeting proved to be by far the biggest drawing card and in the evening the little hotel was crowded with the admirers of both politicians and pugilist. The pugilist was feeling sore over his reception. He wasn't used to such shabby crowds, and complained emphatically.

"Soy, what yer git a fellow out here for an' trun 'im down loik this, I don't want ter know? I comes to you wid the glad heart and yer gives me der marble hand. I don't loike it none. See? And the god of sinews and scientific hitting leaned back against the wall in gloomy disgust, while the village small boys and men formed an admiring circle about him. In the other corner of the room Mr. Curtis and his friends were discussing politics.

"We did allow to make your coming quite a society affair," remarked on of the village dudes, in a sack coat and a "chimney pot" hat, as he lounged familiarly up alongside the pugilistic tough. "But you see the state central committee had arranged for Charley Curtis to come today, and he drew the biggest crowd."

"Soy, who is this yer Charley Curtis? Somebody chases me wid 'is name since the minute I landed. What's 'is record? Who's 'e licked? Curtis, Curtis, I ain't never seen no such name in the Perlice Gazette, so he ain't much lugs. He ain't in my class, nohow, see?"

Shouting with laughter, Mr. Curtis' friends brought him forward and introduced the rivals to each other. The pugilist squared himself disdainfully as he heard the words "Member of Congress."

"I knowed you wasn't in my class," he responded, loftily, "law-whackin' ain't in my line, see?"

The whole crowd "saw" at the expense of Mr. Curtis.

"GET HIS CONFIDENCE."

How One Man Would Deal With a Degenerate Son.

"Yes," said one of the men sitting at the little table at the club, "his son is pretty bad. But then you know he doesn't know how to deal with the boy."

"He don't. You don't know the young rascal! What would you do?"

"I'd get his confidence."

Everybody laughed.

"Yes," continued the first speaker. "You see he hasn't any idea how to raise a boy. Now the first thing to do is to get the boy's confidence. Suppose he wants to sit up until 6 o'clock in the morning playing poker. He should allow him to do it. He should perhaps play with him and get his confidence.

"And then suppose the boy wants to give a little dinner and have a lot of actresses there. Let the youngster do it. The old man should foot the bills and be glad to do it. It will help him to get his confidence.

"Then he should take him around and take part in all his pleasures, giving him whatever money he needs without grumbling. This he should continue for a few months until he had thoroughly won his confidence. That's the way I would do if I had a son like his.

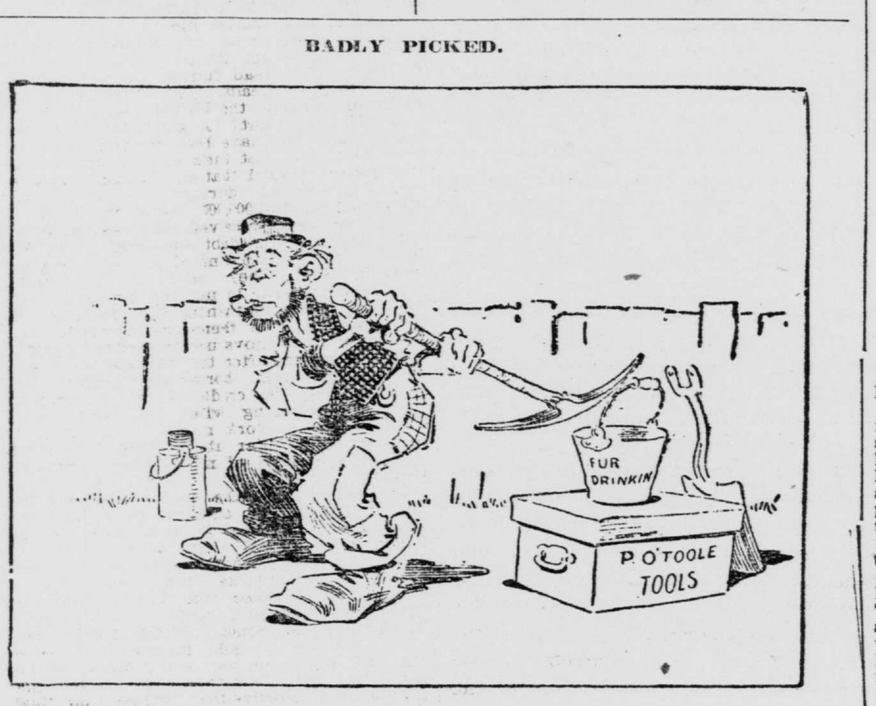
"And then after I had gained his confidence to a great extent I would take him up on the roof of one of the big buildings. I would show him the houses and offices of great men, the factories and the workshops where thousands of people are employed. I would take him near the edge of the roof and show him all these things. I would get his confidence.

"And then I would persuade him to gradually draw nearer the edge, and when I had his confidence thoroughly I would shove him over it. That would be my reward for having gained his confidence."

Difficulty of breathing, and all the alarming asthmatic symptoms, can surely be relieved, and the disease cured with Jayne's Expectorant.

For consumption take Jayne's Painless Sanative Pills.

BADLY PICKED.



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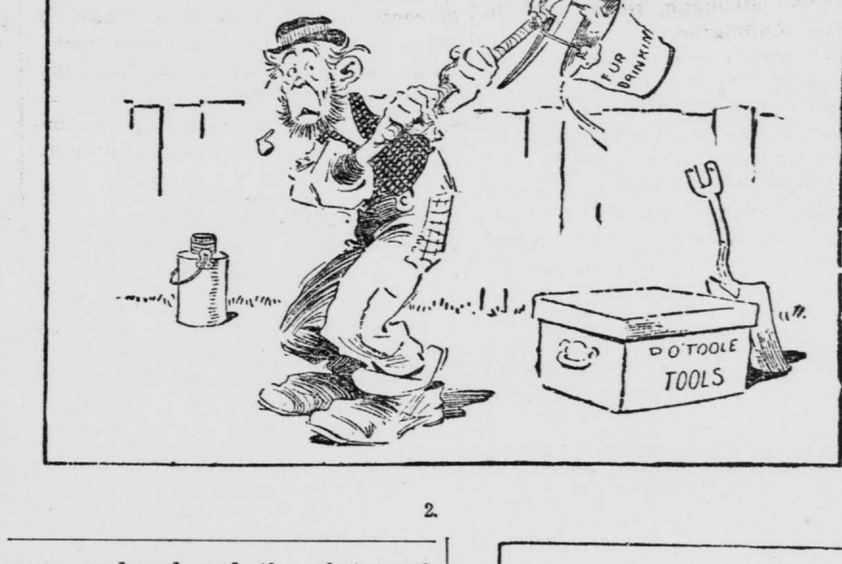

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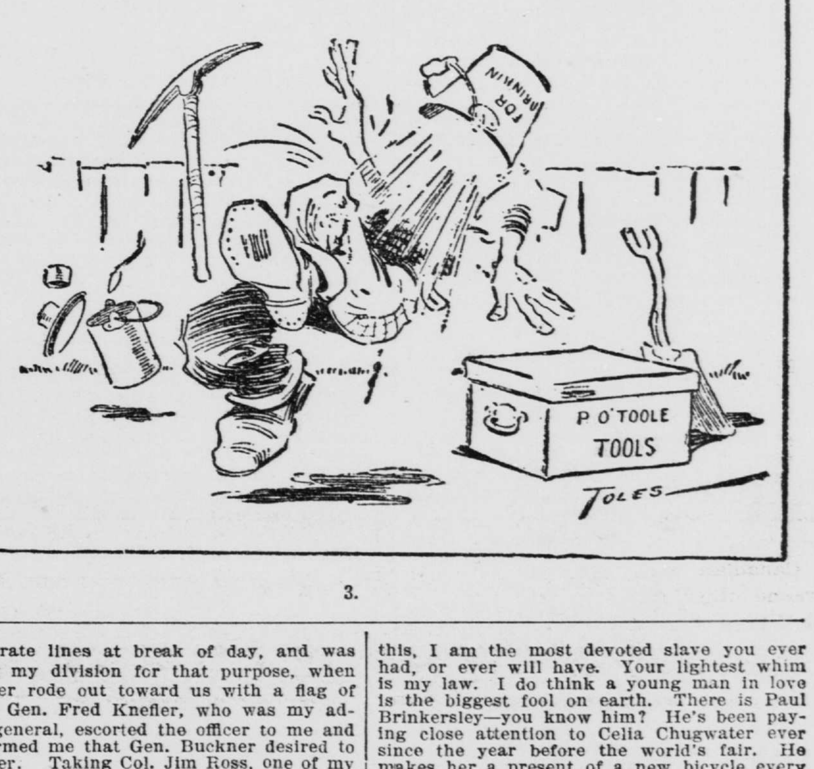

3.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY

TWO SUCCESSFUL PROCESSES ARE SAID TO HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED.

TINTS TRUE TO NATURE

CAUGHT BY BOTH A FRENCHMAN AND AN ENGLISHMAN.

OTHERS ARE NEARING SUCCESS.

Number of Processes Which in Time May Be Brought to Perfection.

LONDON, Feb. 14.—Two men—one an Englishman and the other a Frenchman—seem to have discovered the art of taking photographs in colors about the same time. M. Villedieu Chassagne is the name of the Frenchman, and he has developed a process originally suggested by Dr. Adrian Dausac. To say that it enables protographs to be produced in natural colors would not, perhaps, be precisely true, since coloring media are employed, but the result of the process is a photograph in the colors of nature—a faithful reproduction in color of the object photographed.

A negative is taken on a gelatine plate prepared by treatment with a special solution. This is developed and fixed in the ordinary manner, but it shows no trace of color. From this negative a print is taken on glass or paper, the latter having previously been prepared with the same special solution. The print or transparency is then washed over with three colored solutions in succession—namely, blue, green and red—and the photograph takes up the appropriate colors in the various gradations, giving as a result natural colors in all varieties of hue. The nature of these solutions for the present remains a secret.

INVENTION OF AN ENGLISHMAN.

W. Bennetto, of New Quay, Cornwall, also has succeeded in taking photographs in colors. At a recent exhibition in his studio a transparency was put in an ordinary magic lantern and projected upon a screen without anything being used but the ordinary condensing lens and objective, and the resultant picture was so beautiful that it could only be described as "charming," notwithstanding that an ordinary incandescent gaslight was used as the illuminant. The photograph, or slide as known to lantern operators, consisted of one film and showed colors. When viewed transparently against the light seascapes, lanscapes, birds, fishes and foliage were all reproduced most faithfully to nature. These, it was asserted, were obtained with an exposure of one and a half minutes, and with those taken in the spring of the year as short an exposure as sixteen seconds sufficed. Many of the photcgraphic experts were skeptical of the original announcements until some one known in the optical and photographic world had seen the result, but as a group of financiers have thought it worth while to acquire the invention it may be considered that color photography is so far an accomplished fact and the published statements indorsed.

In order that color photography in its true sense may be discriminated from photographs colored by artificial means, it may be as well to epitomize the methods previously published, and give the credit due to those investigators who have shown and described their work.

FELL SHORT OF SUCCESS.

Foremost among these must be named Mr. Ives, who has on many occasions read papers before the learned societies on his chromograms, and who has exhibited his "kromskop," which beautifully reproduces in stereoscopic relief objects that have been photographed through three different color screens, and which produce in the instrument representations as nearly as possible akin to nature.

Then there is M. Lippmann, who adopted the interferential method, and obtained photographs which, viewed by reflected light, gave most interesting results and brilliant colors, but owing to the uncertainty of the results has been classed among those of scientific interest rather than beneficial to the art or commercial world. The fact of a long exposure to obtain a photograph being required, and the necessity of viewing the positive produced from the negative by reflected light, limited the application of this method.

The Joly process, again, necessitated three films being placed in layers, in superposition, to give color, and even the best examples, although interesting, fell short of the photographic ideal.

A POLICEMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

What Does Not Happen So Often as Would Be Desirable.

The wind was blowing a gale, bringing on its invisible wings a sky full of sharp snow sprinkles, which beat on the windows and rattled through the leafless trees as if the hunters of the night were shooting the air full of bird shot, while in a cozy corner sat a retired police officer, who listened at the crackling elements outside and shivered to himself just to emphasize the fact that he didn't have to go out into that sort of thing any more forever.

"I remember," he said to a Washington Star reporter, "that it wasn't just such a night as this when I had the most powerful argument I ever heard, exemplifying the truth of the maxim: 'Too many cooks spoil the broth.' It was an unusually dark night, though, and as I pulled along the rough street in the suburban ward, where my duties led me when I first came on the force, I felt that a policeman's lot was not a happy one, though at that time that very truthful little poem hadn't been thought of, though all of us knew the facts very well. At the country end of the street the houses were far apart and the last one was a big one and was occupied by a rich family.

"I had been expecting that some night it would be raided by burglars who know a good thing when somebody tells them about it, and I was pretty sure they knew of the fine things in that lonesome house which were portable and negotiable. Indeed, all of us, burglars and police, knew about it, and my instructions were to be extra careful on dark and ugly nights. For the same I also received $5 a month from the owner. But nothing on earth can head off a burglar when once he gets 'sot' on doing a thing, and so on this night I was not greatly surprised in approaching the house to hear a pistol shot and a cry of alarm.

"I hurried to the place and at the upper window I saw the head of the owner of the house and he called to me to hurry around to the back window, as his son had shot a burglar there. I went, and at the foot of the ladder I found the body of a man. The son was at the top of the ladder and said he had shot him as he went down. I turned him over and found that he was still alive with a bullet-hole through his chest. Death came soon, though not before he told us he had killed some one in the house.

"This created a panic, and the members of the family left the burglar's side and rushed into the house, for they thought it might be some of their own household. But it was not, for the man whom they found with knife wounds all over his chest and neck was evidently another burglar, and the two had met unexpectedly, and the one had been killed by the other without knowing who his victim was. We supposed this to be the case, as a violent struggle had taken place, which had awakened the son, who killed the burglar who was trying to escape after he had, as he supposed, killed one of the men of the house he was robbing."

"Ugh," exclaimed the reporter, as he buttoned up his great coat to keep out the winds and snows he was compelled to mingle with on terms of closer intimacy than he liked, and the policeman shivered again.

GEN. "SIM" BUCKNER

His Surrender at Donelson, as Related by Gen. Lew Wallace.

Gen. Wallace, in the Indianapolis Times, relates some incidents of the Confederate Gen. Buckner, at the surrender of Fort Donelson.

"At Donelson," says Mr. Wallace, "Buckner was the heroic figure on the Confederate side. There were two generals who outranked him, who, if they had taken his advice, would have cut their way out of Donelson before all of Grant's forces had come up and got in position. When surrender was the only thing that could be done, Floyd, who had been a member of Buchanan's cabinet, said to Pillow, the next in command, 'I turn the command over to you'. Gen. Pillow, in turn, said to Gen. Buckner, 'I turn the command over to you.' The soldierly Buckner replied: 'Very well; I am content to share the fortunes of these men who are to be surrendered.' Already terms had been asked of Gen. Grant, and his famous response to the request was unconditional surrender.' I had orders to assault the Confederate lines at break of day, and was forming my division for that purpose, when an officer rode out toward us with a flag of truce. Gen. Fred Knefler, who was my adjutant general, escorted the officer to me and he informed me that Gen. Buckner desired to surrender. Taking Col. Jim Ross, one of my staff, I rode inside the works with the officer of Gen. Buckner. Through the lines of men with stacked arms we rode to Gen. Buckner's headquarters in the little village tavern.

"The general was at breakfast, but upon my being announced he sent one of his staff to invite me inside. With that courtesy, which is so natural to him, he came forward and offered his hand, and, turning to his staff, said: 'Gen. Wallace, you know these gentlemen.' It was true, for they were among the officers I had met and become acquainted with when I was their guest at the Kentucky encampment. With true Kentucky hospitality, Buckner asked: 'Have you breakfasted?' I replied that I had not. 'Sit down and have breakfast,' he continued, as room was made for me at his side. Breakfast must have been a light affair with Gen. Buckner and his staff that morning. 'Tom,' said Buckner, addressing his servant. 'What have you got to eat?'

" 'Not much, general,' said Tom, with a bow.

" 'Have you any meat?' said the general.

" 'None,' said Tom.

" 'Have you any bread?'

" 'A little corn cake,' was the reply.

" 'Any coffee?'

" 'I will see', said Tom, as he disappeared.

"In a few moments Tom appeared with some corn bread and a coffee pot. The coffee had been watered to transparency. 'Wallace, do you take sugar and cream in your coffee?'

" 'Never in the morning,' I replied.

" 'It is well, for we have not even sugar,' was the Kentuckian's reply.

"We conversed while I ate the very frugal breakfast. The surrender followed on Gen. Grant's terms; but we all admired the chivalry of Gen. Buckner, which was displayed in his remaining with the army and sharing its fortunes and the surrender, when he might have escaped, as did his superior officers. Gen. Grant had known Gen. Buckner in the old army, and they were fast friends. By the special invitation of Gen. Grant, Gen. Buckner visited him a short time before his death, and was one of the pallbearers. I am very proud to have enjoyed his personal friendship for nearly forty years."

HIGH AUTHORITY.

What a Leading Chemist Says Is the Best Thing to Do at This Time of Year.

There has been more discussion over the subject of quick consumption, pneumonia and sudden deaths within the last six months than ever before. Doctors, and all thinking people have been interested in it, and the fact that more than two-thirds of all deaths arise from throat and lung troubles has intensified it. The best thing upon the subject that we have seen is from William T. Cutter, State Chemist of Connecticut. He says: "Some years ago in Kentucky, I received a letter from a number of leading physicians of New York, asking if I would furnish them with a pure article of whiskey for the sick. I did so, and for several years furnished them with a whiskey as nearly suitable for their purpose as I could find; but neither at that time nor since have I found what they required until I chemically analyzed Duffy's pure malt whiskey. Having a practical, as well as a chemical knowledge of the manufacture of whiskey, perhaps I am a better judge of its merits than one only having a chemical knowledge. I was surprised at the analysis of Duffy's pure malt whiskey to find it was absolute pure, as I have never found this to be the case in any other whiskey. Its advantages to those suffering from pulmonic troubles, nervous prostration or mental exhaustion must be great. I consider that its absolute purity, as well as scientific mode of manufacture must commend it to public favor."

ABOUT INCANDESCENT LAMPS.

How the Burned-Out Filament May Be Replaced and Renewed.

It has been generally supposed to be a fruitless task to attempt the renewal of a burnt-out incandescent electric lamp, although there appeared to be some economic fallacy involved in the destruction of what is except in one small if important particular a perfect piece of apparatus, according to the Providence Journal. It is not intended, as a rule, to give descriptions of American devices or achievements drawn from foreign publications. This subject has, however, been taken up by the English journal, Industries and Iron, and although it states that an American process for renewing these lamps after the filament had been broken has been developed it does not give the name of inventors nor state that the process has come into anything like general application. Its description of the operation is, therefore, given for what it is worth. It states that a commercial success has been made of the process for renewing burnt-out lamps which renders possible the use of the old bulb at a very slight expense. By the new method the collar or bare end of the lamp is not disturbed, the old filament being removed and the new one placed through a small hole in the lamp bulb made by removing the tip. The small hole is subsequently closed exactly in the same manner as in the case of the new lamp, leaving nothing to indicate in the finished repaired lamp that it had ever been opened. It is stated that some 400,000 lamps have been repaired by the method, the filament been inserted through the small hole referred to by a skillful twist of the hand, and secured in position by a special carbon paste. The black deposit on the inside of the bulb is removed by fitting the lamp to the holder and removing it in a gas furnace, while immediately following this operation a small glass tube is fused to the opening made by the bulb, through which the lamp is exhausted. When this has been done and the last trace of air and gas absorbed, a blow-pipe flame is directed upon the throat of the tube, which is melted into the point exactly in every respect a counterpart of the original lamp.

CALLED TIME.

It Wasn't the Senate Just Because There Was a Quorum.

Young Kiljordan had been walking restlessly up and down the room, with his hands clasped behind him, says the Chicago Tribune.

Suddenly he stopped in front of the young woman.

"It may seem funny to you, Kate Naggus," he said, "to trifle with a fellow as you have trifled with me—"

"What do you mean, Mr. Kiljordan?" demanded Miss Naggus.

"I mean," he rejoined, nothing daunted, "just what I say. It seems to me I have hinted often enough and strongly enough what I mean by coming here so much—"

"How long have you been coming nere?"

"O, you don't remember, of course! You don't know it's been three years—three long, weary years!"

"If they have been such tiresome years, Mr. Kiljordan, why don't you—"

"I see I didn't use the right word. I meant three long and hungry years. How much longer do you want to keep me dangling in this way?"

Miss Naggus sat down.

"How much longer is it going to take you to find out whether I am a young man to be trusted?" he went on. "It seems to me any girl ought to be able to tell in three years whether she likes a fellow or not. If I were in your place I would have known long ago. I have told you everything about myself I can think of. I'm not trying to play any confidence game on you. I am old enough to marry. I'm old enough to know my own mind. I am able to support a wife in good style, and I haven't any bad habits. I am not even a collector of autographs. Besides this, I am the most devoted slave you ever had, or ever will have. Your lightest whim is my law. I do think a young man in love is the biggest fool on earth. There is Paul Brinkersley—you know him? He's been paying close attention to Celia Chugwater ever since the year before the world's fair. He makes her a present of a new bicycle every year, and she takes his devotions as a matter of course. He's one of the truest-hearted men alive. There isn't a mean streak in him. He's pure gold all the way through. Paul Brinkersley is too good for that girl. I have known him all my life. He is a man who—"

"George," softly interposed the young woman, "remember you are not putting anybody in nomination for the United States senate!"

Seen at the Jeweler's.

Flexible gold bracelets, with jeweled enrichment, have returned to stay.

The latest fashion in glass jugs exhibits quaintly pointed lips and stoppers of silver.

The heart lockets and brooches are going out. The few lockets that remain are round or oval in shape, and set with diamonods. But even these are scarcely to be numbered among the popular.

The sword and dagger designs are also something passe, though occasionally desirable from some rare point of beauty. Earrings are gaining in vogue, but the effort made to put the bracelet forth as a popular ornament seems to have quite failed.

Illustrating the new vogue for introducing old-fashioned stones with pearl or diamond settings, is a pansy brooch, the two upper petals being incrusted with tiny diamonds. The effect is weird, while a big amethist is set round about with raised coronets of seed pearls, a very attractive and not expensive ornament.

His Awful Break.

"Horatius!" said the professor's wife, "I don't believe you've heard a word that I've said, and here I've been talking for half an hour!"

"Well," said the pondering professor, "who would believe it? You seem just as fresh as when you started."

And it took him a week to square himself.