Old Blazer's Hero

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER IV.

The proprietors of the Old Blazer had no right to call upon the services of Ned Blane; but in such a case no man who was competent to discharge the duties of superintending the work of rescue could hesitate to obey the summons. Blane was doubly competent. His business duties as mine surveyor had made him familiar with the workings, and in similar cases he had more than once given proof of courage and resource. He threw himself heart and soul into the work, and even forgot for an hour or two at a time that his sweetheart had that day married his rival and that her marriage was likely to endanger her happiness.

It was night time, and the roaring wind had fallen, to be followed by a thick drizzle. Great cages of fire burned here and there, and smeared the thick atmosphere with a murky light. The scattered crowd looked listless enough on the surface. The engine panted with a noise of fear and hurry, and echoes from the waste of darkness beyond the circle of the flaring cressets answered drearily. Faces shone like hot metal in the near light of the fires, or took a ghostly pallor as they stood against the borders of the darkness. Knots of shawled women waited motionless round the hovels by the pit's mouth; the rest of the lingerers moved purposelessly hither and thither about the slippery and uneven ground.

All was being done that could be done, and for the moment there was no more need of the man who felt most need of labor. He stood disconsolate near the mouth of the mine, with his hands folded behind him and his eyes upon the ground. The drizzle was growing thicker, and the crowd, knowing that there was no hope of rescue, or even of early tidings, had begun to fall away, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and, turning, found Hepzibah by his side.

"I've brought you a change o' clothes and some victuals, Mister Edward," she said, as he turned upon her. "You should ha' sent a message to the missis. Dinner was kept waitin' for a hour and more. We've only just found out as you was here, though anybody but a set of thick heads might ha' guessed it."

He took the things from her half mechanically, and having bestowed them in one of the hovels, came back into the rain and stood there looking gloomily about him.

Hepzibah, who could guess something of her young master's troubles, though she was scarcely competent to calculate their force, laid hands upon him and insisted on his return to the hovel, where she opened her basket.

Whilst Blane forced himself to eat, Hepzibah sat and watched him in silence; but when he pushed the food away and arose from the stool on which he had been seated she broke into complaint and reproach. He paid no heed to her until she laid both hands upon his arm, and in her earnestness gave him just such an imperative little shake of command as she had been wont to use for the emphasis of reproof when he was a child. He laughed rather forlornly at this, and turned upon her:

"Well, Hepzibah, what is it?"

"Why, it's just this," responded Hepzibah. "You've got your mother and the little uns to think of. There's nobody else in the whole wide world for them to look to but you, and it's no part of your business here to be doing anything rash and throwing your life away. You went down the Ald Tump when nobody else would go. And there wasn't a creetur there as saw you go as ever expected to see you back again. Don't you go playing any of them tricks here. And look here, Edward, you take heart; pluck up a bit of a sperrit and bethink yourself. There's as good fish in the sea as ever come out of it. Now, don't you go jumpin' at me as if I'd stuck a pair of scissors into you. I shan't say no more; least said soonest mended; but a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse. And now I'm going away, but not before I've got your promise to get into your dry clothes. If you say you'll do it, I know you'll do it; but I shan't go until you've promised."

He gave the promise and she went away, leaving him in the hovel alone. He opened the door, and, accosting one of the loungers, said:

"If anybody asks for me you can say I'm here. I'm going to get a change."

The man nodded in response; and when Ned had exchanged his saturated garments for the dry ones Hepzibah had brought him he sat down and surrendered himself to his own comfortless reflections. After the space of some half hour or thereabouts a knock came to the door, and the man who had accosted him outside entered.

"Here's Mr. Hackett asking for you, sir," he said.

"Mr. Hackett!" cried Blane, rising in surprise and fear. He could think of nothing but some sudden misfortune which could have brought his rival there at such a time, and he went out to meet him with the feelings a man may have who walks to the gallows.

"Hillo, Ned!" cried Hackett's voice as Blane emerged from the hovel, and, turning round in the direction of the voice, the surveyor saw his rival swaggering, with his feet planted wide apart and a bottle in his hand.

"They told me you were in charge here," said Will, "and I snatched a minute or two to run up and see how things were going on. I've brought a drop of comfort for the fellows who're at work here. Pass it round, boys."

Hackett, glistening from heel to shoulder in a long India rubber waterproof coat, and with a felt hat stuck rakishly at the back of his head, had his face turned away from the glare of the cresset, so that his old companion could but dimly discern his features.

Blane's unformed fears of half a minute earlier were gone, but a terror as great and more tangible was in its stead. He advanced without a word, and seizing Hackett by the sleeve, turned him round gently but firmly and brought his face into the light. He knew then what he had only guessed before. The bridegroom had been drinking.

"You have no business here at such a time as this," he said roughly. "Go home."

"No business here!" said Hackett. "Why have I got no business here?"

"You know as well as I do," Blane responded with a choking and rapid voice. "why you have no business here to-night. Come with me."

He had kept his hold upon Hackett's arm during this brief exchange of words, and now, gripping him harder than he knew, he was leading him away. Hackett twisted his arm from the other's hold and laughed.

"Don't you fret about me, Ned Blane," he said, with a laugh. "I'm perfectly right where I am, and I know what I'm doing. Did you ever read the life of that great and good man, Doctor Johnson?"

"Never you mind that great and good man, Doctor Johnson, just at present," said Blane, who by this time, between wrath and anguish, was as white as a sheet. "You go home."

"I'm taking a leaf out of his book, my boy," said Hackett. "There's nothing like having the reins in your own hands at starting."

Such a tempest of anger raged through Blane's mind that it was a matter of wonder to him afterward that he did not then and there knock Will Hackett down. But he restrained himself, and, turning abruptly, walked back to the squalid shelter he had so recently quitted, and closed the door behind him.

CHAPTER V.

Blane was alone wrestling with himself for a full hour, and at the end of that time he was called out to some small duty. He got through it doggedly, compelling himself to listen and understand with as strenuous an urgency and compulsion as would have been needed to hold a struggling man physically, and then betook himself to a waste field hard by, and there walked up and down in the darkness and the rain.

He did not know how long he had been thus occupied when a voice hailed him excitedly, and he ran, shouting in answer, toward the engine house. The little remnant of the day's crowd was gathered closely about it, and he had to push his way through with some force until he was recognized and room was made for him to pass. Three or four of the more intelligent and instructed of the workmen were gathered in the engine room, and with them was a mine surveyor—one Atkinson—who had a little while before arrived on the scene prepared to tender his services in case of need.

"Here's a strange thing, Blane," said the new arrival. "The water in the shaft has gone down thirty feet within the last ten minutes. It can't have gone down in the shaft without having gone down in the workings, and a draught like that can't mean anything but this: the weight of water has broken into some lower workings that I don't know of, and the Blazer is more than two-thirds drained already."

In the excitement of this news Blane forgot his personal griefs, and instantly became master of himself and the situation. He called for the plan of the mine, studied it for a moment and then turned quietly upon his fellow volunteer.

"We can get at them now," he said. "The fall in the water has left bare this old air-way, which is bricked up in the shaft. We must break through at once. Shadrach, rig things up in the downcast. Meshach"—this was Shadrach's brother—"get lamps and picks. See that the lamp casings are watertight."

The two men were gone about their several affairs as briskly as the orders were conveyed.

"I'll make one," said the new volunteer. "But it's likely to be a wet job, and I'll borrow a suit of flannels from one of you chaps. And you'd better do the same, Blane. It'll be well to have dry things to come up to."

The little crowd outside was excited, but intensely quiet. The shawled women stood like grouped statues in the red glare of the cressets and the murk of the night. Preparations were made rapidly, without noise or bustle, and in a few minutes the rescue party was ready to descend. It consisted of Blane, his momentary colleague, Shadrach and two others—all tried and experienced men, who knew that they might be venturing upon a desperate enterprise, but had faced the like so often that scarcely a nerve fluttered among them.

They entered the skip which hung over the black cavern of the pit's mouth. The word was given, and they swung downward. In a minute the floor of the skip began to heave beneath their feet like the deck of a boat at sea—answering to the regulation of the engine on the bank—and a second or two later they came gently to a standstill.

"Here," said Blane, striking the bricked wall resoundingly with the point of a pick.

Shadrach lay on the floor of the skip at full length, face downward. The two other miners steadied him as he hung chest and shoulders over the black space. He worked the point of the pick into a crevice of the wall, and after a tug or two out came a brick and fell with a splash into the water, which, from a couple of fathoms lower down, reflected the light of the safety lamps with a sulky and oily gleam. He and his companions peering into the hole thus made saw nothing but what looked like a solid darkness.

"Go on," said Blane. "That's the place. You'll be through directly."

Shadrach worked industriously, and the bricks fell fast until there was a hollow made big enough easily to admit of the passage of a man. Shadrach bridged the chasm between the skip and the wall with his body and wormed himself carefully through the orifice he had made; then turning, thrust out a hand for his lamp.

"It's deadly wet," said Shadrach. "I'm up to mid-thigh in it."

Nobody spoke in answer to this statement, but, man by man, bridged the chasm and entered upon the air-way. When all were landed they set out upon a difficult and broken road, which in places was so low that they were compelled to go snakewise, and even then came into occasional contact with the sharp ridges of the roof. By and by the road dipped suddenly. The passage was higher at this point than it had been hitherto, and the men could stand in a crouching posture whilst they paused to take breath. Blane went down upon his hands and knees, and thrusting his lamp before him surveyed the depression in front.

"Lads," he said, turning and looking upward at his companions, "there's water here. I fancy we shall have to dive for it."

"That'll be queer work," said his fellow surveyor gravely. "It'll be a bad business for anybody who gets stuck down there. And who's to know whether the road rises again and gets free of water? And if it does, who's to say what the distance is?"

"I'll try it feet foremost," said Ned Blane. "I shall come out of it easiest that way if I find the road too narrow or too long. If you get a tap from the other side you'll know it's pretty easy to follow."

He blew out the light of the lamp, and encased the lamp itself in a waterproof tin box which was suspended about his shoulder. Then kneeling down again, he slipped feet foremost into the black water, and slowly disappeared from sight, his companions following every motion with eager glances until the water closed over his head, and a bubble or two rose upon its inky surface. The little pool lapped its boundaries idly and noiselessly, and the watchers, crouching immobile and silent, kept their eyes upon it. Suddenly it ebbed by three or four inches, and a second or two later was heard a muffled and inward tap, tap, tap, from beyond it.

"Who goes next?" asked the volunteer. "Be careful about your lamps and matches, lads."

The Bard put out his lamp, encased it as his predecessor had done, and slipped backward into the water. Then his companions followed. The volunteer, having put out his light, fumbled in the dark awhile to fix it in its case, and then went after the others. When he had emerged upon the farther side, he found a lamp or two already relighted, and in a while the journey was begun again. The road still presented the same characteristics. At times they could walk stooping, at times they could make their way upon their hands and knees, and again at times they were compelled to crawl. On a sudden when they were in the straitest pass they had yet come to, the leader's light went out. The lamp of the man behind him followed suit.

"Get back, for your lives!" shouted Blane; "the choke-damp's on us!"

In a narrow way there was no room to turn, but they shuffled backward with breathless haste, tearing their thick clothes against the jagged roof, and wounding hands and knees upon the broken way below. Another lamp went out, and then another. But by this time they had reached a less difficult portion of the air-way, and were making more rapid progress.

"We shall be all right on the other side of the water," said Blane. "The gas can't get past that."

They hurried on by the light of the foremost lamp, which by good hap was still burning, until they reached the water. And here, by some disaster, the lamp went out. One after the other they struggled through this gap of safety. The volunteer, having been the last to enter, was first to leave. Arriving on the safety side he took a match from its waterproof case and struck it. His comrades came up one by one, dripping and breathless; one—two—three.

"All here?" asked Blane, as he emerged, shaking himself like a dog, and wringing the foul water from his hair and face.

"No," said one of the men. "Where's Shad?"

Shadrach was absent. They waited for a little time, and the volunteer surveyor ignited one match at another while they watched and listened.

"This is getting serious," said Blane. "I must go back for him."

"It's mere madness to go back," answered the volunteer, gravely.

(To be continued.)

STATES IN THE NAVY.

Only Six Names Now Available for Future Battleships.

Congress, act of May 4, 1898, provided that "hereafter all first-class battleships and monitors owned by the United States shall be named for the States." This is the provision that gave the names of States to the Arkansas class of monitors recently completed.

By the act of March 3, 1901, the President is given the power to establish the classification of the vessels of the navy, and the old classification by gun strength gave place, under order of June 8, 1901, to a classification by tonnage, says the Scientific American.

First rates are men-of-war of 8,000 tons and above, thus including armored cruisers, which, until recent increases in battleship tonnage, differed only from battleships by the relative proportions of speed and armament.

The names of States in the navy list appear as follows:

Commissioned — Battleships, first class: Alabama, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, Oregon, Wisconsin; battleship, second class, Texas; armored cruiser, New York. Total, 11.

Building—Battleships: Connecticut, Georgia, Louisiana, Missouri, Nebraska, New Jersey, Ohio, Rhode Island, Virginia; armored cruisers, California, Colorado, Maryland, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Tennessee, Washington, West Virginia. Total, 17.

Monitors: Arkansas, Florida, Nevada, Wyoming. Total, 4.

Designations of ships authorized by last session of Congress: Vermont, Idaho, Kansas, Minnesota. Total, 5.

New Hampshire, wooden ship, useless. Michigan, service on Lake Erie.

Names of States not on navy list: Delaware, Montana, North Carolina, South Carolina, North Dakota, Utah. Total, 6.

Countercharge.

A retaliatory thrust at mankind lies in the remark of a woman who is quoted by the New York Times. She was putting the finishing touches to her toilet, and her husband was waiting with ostentatious patience. Having adjusted her hat, she took a hatpin from the cushion, and suddenly cried out:

"I think it's a shame!"

"Yes, my dear," nervously assented the waiting husband.

"I mean the way these writers say women sharpen lead-pencils and open tin cans with their husband's razors."

"Yes, my dear."

"Yes. Now I never do such things with your razor, and I don't believe any woman does. I looked at your razor once, when I had a box of sardines to open, but it was so sharp and so wabbly in the handle I was afraid to use it."

"Yes, my dear."

"If the writers want to put something true in the papers, why don't they talk about men who use their wives' hatpins for pipe-cleaners? Ugh!"

This time the husband forgot to say, "Yes, my dear."

His Ambition Realized.

"At last, after forty years of hard work, my highest ambition is about to be realized," said a worthy fellow citizen who began on a capital of brains and push and is now counting his wealth in seven figures. "I have bought a house before whose doors nearly every parade of consequence will pass. I can sit in the window night or day and see the crowds go by, hear the cheering and listen to the music of the bands without having myself squeezed flat, my toes trodden upon, my clothes disarranged, my hat knocked off and all that sort of thing. Ever since I was old enough to run away from home to witness a procession I have envied the possessors of doors or windows along the line of march, and at last I'm happy."—New York Press.

Ticket Sellers' Perquisites.

Ticket agents on the elevated railroads occasionally turn a snug little penny by keeping a sharp lookout for the old and rare coins they may receive and selling them to the numismatists. Many of the coin collectors have agents among the elevated men, whom they visit regularly and of whom they eagerly inquire for any finds. Most of the money passed in to the ticket agent is, of course, in small change, and some rare coins have been picked up in this way. In the offices of the surface roads where the money is handled the clerks also are alert for anything that promises a premium.

His Opinion.

"Do you believe that every man has his price?"

"I won't discuss that," answered Senator Sorghum; "but I will say that the reason some men stay honest is because the price asked is so much higher than the price bid."—Washington Star.

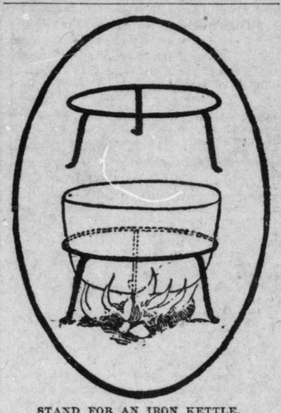
Cupid is always looking for a chance to swap a peck of trouble for a pint of happiness.

Seeing may be believing, but there are occasions when it is safer to pass and risk being bluffed.

FARMS AND FARMERS

Iron Kettle Support.

An Iowa Homestead correspondent describes an article handy to have at butchering time. It is stand for the big iron kettle. Take a piece of wagon tire and bend it into a circle so that it will fit the kettle about half way up the side; then rivet or weld the ends together and fasten the legs to this by rivets or welding. The legs should be turned out at the bottom so they won't sink into the ground. The height of the legs should be about twelve inches. I prefer riveting, as it is so much easier done and can be done on the farm, while



STAND FOR AN IRON KETTLE.

if the legs are welded on it will have to be made by a good blacksmith. With this device a person can heat water and render lard with the greatest convenience.

Doubling the Yields.

There are but few farmers, compared with the whole number, who do not plant a larger acreage then they can attend to profitably, the consequence being smaller crops in proportion to cost than should be the case. Instead of forty bushels of corn per acre the farmer should secure eighty bushels. The smaller yield is more expensive than the larger, while the time expended on twenty acres is much greater than on ten, the manure also being distributed over too large a surface to permit of any portion of the crop receiving a sufficiency of plant food. If the expense and labor bestowed on twenty acres could be concentrated on ten, the yields would be doubled, and leave the farmer ten acres on which to grow some other crop. In periods of drouth the farmer who puts his work on the smaller plat will give it better cultivation and save his crop, while other farmers may not be so fortunate. Intensive culture leads to systematic rotation of crops, and the land will be improved by a diversity of crops. All farmers have manure, but they derive little benefit therefrom, because they endeavor to apply it over too much land. Give the land the plant food and it will repay for all expense bestowed.—American Fertilizer.

Grain and Milk Production.

Results as shown in the milk pail do not indicate so much difference, pound for pound, in the various feeds of the same class as is sometimes claimed. Cottonseed meal, linseed meal, either new or old process, high-grade gluten meal, may either one be instituted for another in a mixed ration without showing much difference in the amount of milk. Whole meal from corn or wheat or oats, barley or buckwheat will produce about the same yield whichever grain is ground. In buying all the relative feeds the market cost would be the main thing to consider were it not that some feeds have peculiar effects on the digestive and milk-producing organs, and that the richness of manure varies considerably according to the feed. The best all-around results are obtained by a mixture of the leading feeds, varied in proportions of each according to the market. Bran is the bulk maker, and should be a part of all winter rations where much grain and dry fodder are used.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Catching Sheep.

A sheep should never be caught by its wool. This method not only causes the animal unnecessary pain, but in the case of fat sheep, that are to be killed, it does much harm to the joint of mutton that lies underneath where the wool was pulled. It causes a dark bruise just in the same manner as our bodies become discolored from being bruised. A California sheepman advises that the proper way to catch a sheep is to take it either by the hind leg just above the gambrel joint, or by putting the hand underneath its jaw or neck. In using a crook it is important that the sheep are not caught below the gambrel joint, as injury to the leg is liable to result from this.—New England Homestead.

Choice Seed Corn.

Heavy, plump seed corn has been shown by comparative test to produce more vigorous plants than does seed of light weight. No other grain responds more quickly to selection than does field corn. Care and storage also affects vitality. Seedsmen hesitate to buy seed corn even when they know it to be pure, for the reason that so many growers do not properly dry and store the seed. The moisture absorbed in a damp, poorly ventilated place injures the vigor of the seed. Good Northern seed corn, both sweet and field variety, will probably be rather scarce and high next spring.—American Cultivator.

Selling Turkeys.

The largest and best turkeys bring the most money. But don't sell them all because you are greedy for money and keep inferior stock for breeders. The breeding stock should be selected from earliest hatches. Be sure they are healthy in every way. They should not be overgrown. Medium sized turkeys, with well rounded bodies and large through the breast, have strong vital organs and will be found satisfactory for breeding the coming season.

Roots for Hog Cholera.

The claim has been made that if hogs are fed regular rations of root crops such feeding will prevent cholera. The statement is too broad for, while it is admitted that roots will do much to keep the hog in good condition, preserving the animal's vitality and enabling it to fight off disease, such rations would be of no avail if the animals were surrounded by everything conducive to the dread disease, such as a filthy pen and a more filthy yard, damaged grain for food and impure drinking water. After an experience of more than a quarter of a cenutry in swine-raising, I believe that cholera is due wholly to filthy quarters and the other conditions just mentioned. True, the disease is contagious or more properly infectious, but even then few hogs will be afflicted if they have been properly fed and housed. The feeding of roots is advisable and by all means practice it, but do not consider it a cure for cholera or even a preventive.—Indianapolis News.

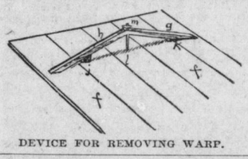
Bailing Shredded Corn.

Since it has been demonstrated that corn stover is economically shredded much of this work is being done and it has been noticed that considerable of this shredded stover is being put on to the market in sections where considerable feed has to be bought. Of course this baling is done by men who are familiar with baling hay, but there is no reason why the farmer cannot do it himself if he is located near a market, where there is likely to be a demand for the stover put up in such a manner. Where there is a shortage of the hay crop or of crops used by stock as roughage there is likely to be a market for the baled stover.

Care must be used, however, to have it properly cured before it is baled. It should be cured in the shock as much as possible and then finished in the barn. After the stover is shredded it will usually sweat some and when this is over it is fit to bale. It is advised that one look into the conditions near at home and see what the opportunities are for a market for baled corn stover.—St Paul Dispatch.

To Straighten a Warped Door.

Many stable and shed doors, opened by trucks running on a track, require a great effort to move them. This trouble is caused generally by the door, f f, becoming warped. To straighten such doors, make a truss, h g, of 2x5 inch joist and securely fasten them on the top and bottom of the door. Next put in the fulcrums, j and k. Then put a strap of iron on at m, through which and the truss frame run the bolt l m. On the inside of the door, f, put a large washer, at l, to prevent bolt l m from pulling through the door when the nut



DEVICE FOR REMOVING WARP.

m is turned up. The fulcrums, j and k, need to be varied to remedy the warping of different doors.—L. E. Drake, in Farm and Home.

Mange in Horses.

While it is admitted that mange in horses is not always due to a filthy coat, it is primarily the cause. There is too much careless grooming on farm horses and particularly after they have been working and perspired freely. Try the plan of putting the work horse in his stall after the harness has been removed and after throwing it a forkfull of hay to munch over, wash over his coat with a sponge and lukewarm water where the harness has touched. Wipe off the moisture with a dry rag and before bedtime go over the animal with the brush and curry, cleaning it thoroughly.

Farm Notes.

The hard keeper is the horse to sell. The easy keeper is the one to keep.

Give the horse a bath occassionally. By bathing the shoulders and keeping the collars clean, many cases of galled shoulders might be prevented.

The pork that has been produced at the least cost is from pigs that have never lived through one winter. This is not saying that fall pigs cannot be made profitable.

It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. This rule applies to agriculture. The conditions that cause a large yield of any product will also cause lower prices for the same.

The digestive powers of a hog are a marvel. He is short-lived and he does not have time to injure his constitution by overeating. The way he evens up is to cause the dyspepsia in the human family.

The history of every country has been that fertility decreases until a certain stage has been reached when farmers come to themselves and a system is ushered in that will bring back or increase fertility.

To keep seed corn it should be in a dry place and not exposed to severe cold. Selected ears should be hung up where the air circulates freely, but in a warm room. Corn thus kept seldom fails to germinate.

Should the implement shed have but one door or opening it will be a good plan to store the machinery so that which will be used first in the spring can be obtained without removing the rest of the machinery in the building. The reason for this is obvious.

There is need of some science in hauling out manure. One needs to know the conditions of soil, the kind of crops to be grown, the season to apply and the character of the manure to be applied.

Good results with potatoes have been secured by mulching between the rows with straw as a protection during the dry season and for keeping down weeds. The mulching with straw has long been known, and has its advocates, but one objection is that the straw serves as a harboring place for insects.

The common mode of feeding animals is to give the grain in a separate trough from hay or fodder, and at different times. Such method is preferred because it saves labor, but the best results are obtained by mixing the ground grain with coarse food that has been passed through the feed cutter. Less food will then be required to obtain results, because the mixed food will be better digested and assimilated than when the substances are given separately.

THE BADGER STATE.

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONCISELY CONDENSED.

Quarrel Over Slain Deer Settled by Court—Priest Said to Heal Diseases—Drainage Ditch Will Increase Land Values—Free Food as a Lure.

A case out of the ordinary was decided in Justice Halstead's court in Baraboo. Nov. 25 Morris Cowles, who resides near that city, shot and killed a wounded deer and proceeded to dress it. He just started when O. J. Tabor and Frank Meyers of Prairie du Sac appeared and both claimed they wounded the deer, having followed its trail. Meyers put a hunter's license tag upon the carcass. With cocked rifles the three men stood guard over the carcass all night and part of the next day, when Meyers took the carcass home. The matter was referred to Game Warden Hulbert, but he had no authority to decide the dispute. Cowles placed in the hands of the sheriff a writ of replevin and the deer was brought to Baraboo. Fifteen witnesses were examined in the court trial. Attorney Swansen of Madison appeared for Meyers and Tabor and Bentley & Kelley for Cowles. The court decided in favor of Cowles. Tabor had already killed two deer, the number allowed by law, and had the court decided in Tabor's favor Game Warden Hulbert stood ready to arrest him for violating the game law.

Priest Wins Fame as Healer.

Many people from Marinette and surrounding country who are afflicted with illness of any sort are visiting Rev. Father Dagnault of Peshtigo, who has become renowned as a healer. Several people in Marinette attest remarkable cures. The priest himself says that he is not a divine healer, nor does he believe in Christian Science or Dowieism. His cures, he claims, are effected by electro-therapeutics. Father Dagnault is 65 years old and is a Canadian French priest. His house is crowded with the afflicted.

Will Reclaim Much Land.

Land owners of Avon township have formed a drainage district, whereby from 4,000 to 5,000 acres of boggy land will be reclaimed, adjacent to the Sugar river. This land lies along the State line and will raise the value of the already valuable lands in that vicinity about 50 per cent. A canal will be dug which will be 6 feet deep, of various widths and 6 miles long. The board of supervisors will advertise for bids and work will be begun in the spring.

Free Lunch Lures to Church.

Appleton preachers, in addition to advertising their services, are using free lunches as an attraction to meetings. Rev. S. H. Anderson of the Methodist Church is trying to draw people to the revival services now being held, and is serving free lunch in the church parlors after the services. So far the meetings have been a great success.

Thomas Joyce Not Guilty.

After four days' trial Thomas Joyce of Janesville was found not guilty of murder. The defendant, who is 19 years old, was charged with having struck Herman Zimmerman on the head while he slept on the grass in the city park one night last May.

Elmer Cleveland Is Acquitted.

After an hour's deliberation the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty" in the case of Elmer Cleveland, charged with the murder of his stepfather at Fond du Lac. The killing is held to have been justified by self-defense.

Brief State Happenings.

Caspar Hoffman Cook of Marinette died in a lumber camp near Amberg of heart disease.

Wages of section hands on the Northwestern Railway at Appleton have been cut from $1.50 to $1.25.

The general store of P. J. Walsh was broken into at Lodi and the safe was blown open. The amount taken is not known.

The 13-months-old child of William Schroeder of Elk Creek accidentally fell into a kettle of boiling water and was scalded to death.

Louis Severson, a farmer in the vicinity of South Leeds, hung himself because of excruciating pain caused by the breaking of a glass eye in his head.

John Neupert, living three miles northwest of Lake Mille, lost his farm buildings, four horses, a large amount of hay, grain and farm machinery by fire.

John Vermeulen, a young machinist, was fatally shot by John Pera while hunting rabbits near Beloit. The gun was accidentally discharged, the charge taking effect in Vermeulen's right side.

The Radisson Lumber Company has started up the new sawmill at Radisson. The mill will give employment to a great many men in the new town on the present terminus of the Omaha Railroad extension.

Anton Peterson, who is wanted, charged with several highway robberies near Marinette about a month ago, was arrested in Peshtigo. It is alleged that he held up a number of farmers and shot at several of them.

Judge Stone in Marinette has rendered a decision in favor of Mrs. Mary McKenna, in the celebrated suit of the Wisconsin and Michigan Railway against her, to restrain her from interfering with their tracks across her land. She drove the crew off with a rifle.

Twenty-two years ago William Mayer, a wealthy resident of Milwaukee, adopted a boy named Joseph A. Allmeyer. The County Court in Kenosha has handed down a decision by which the entire estate of Mayer, amounting to nearly $50,000, was transferred to the protege, who is now known as Joseph A. Mayer.

Two residences were burglarized in Racine the other evening and it is believed that it is the work of crooks from Chicago. At the residence of George Schneider about $200 worth of jewelry was stolen and at the residence of Mrs. Sarah Doe about $60 was taken.

William Fisher, a companion of Oscar Anderson, killed while deer hunting at Maple, is charged by the coroner's jury with having fired the fatal bullet. The ball was taken from the body of Anderson and was found to be the same as those used by Fisher. The jury found that Fisher did not use reasonable care.

The demand for woodsmen is very good just at present, as the time is just about to arrive when the camp crews are filled out. The prevailing scale is from $28 to $32 per month.

Charles Donner, a young unmarried farmer, living with his parents about five miles east of Bloomer, committed suicide by hanging himself to a tree near the place. He had been demented for some time past, and often despondent.

Frank Schmidt of Three Lakes, found guilty of manslaughter in the fourth degree, was sentenced by Judge Silverthorn to serve two years at Waupun. George View, the victim, was killed in a Three Lakes saloon last Christmas day.

Clarabel Millet of La Crosse fell through the ice and was rescued with great difficulty by boys who were skating and came along just in the nick of time.

Car inspectors working on a refrigerator car arriving in Minneapolis from Gladstone, Mich., found the frozen body of Earl Seaburg, a young man from Emery.

Fire destroyed nearly all of the business portion of Milford. The general store of Zimmerman & Vergenz, J. W. Parkyns' saloon and another store building were destroyed. The loss is estimated at $10,000, partially covered by insurance.

Capt. Bernard Dohert, one of the pioneer millionaires of Ashland, is dead.

Jerry Haley, a well-known logger, was run over and killed at Pratt junction by a passenger train on the Omaha road.

Thomas Flannery, a prominent farmer, and believed to be the oldest man in western Wisconsin, died at La Crosse, aged 101.

Gov. La Follette has approved the action of the State board of control to establish an artisan school for the blind at Milwaukee.

Frank Smith and Charles Tulver, from Madison, were arrested at Bloomington, Ill., while in possession of a horse and buggy stolen in Joliet.

Miss Maude Weeden of Woodstock, while on a train on the St. Paul road took a dose of carbolic acid. The cause, so far as known, is a love affair.

Dennis J. Daley and Mrs. Catherine Whalen of Chicago were married in Kenosha and brought to an end the quarrel which deferred the ceremony just thirty years.

Worpel and Zimmerman, two farmers and neighbors, residing near Marshall, quarreled over some poultry. Mr. Zimmerman is said to have struck Worpel over the head with an ax, inflicting a serious wound.

The Parker Pen Company of Janesville will give to the women and girls who have been in its employ three years $15, and $35 after five years' service. The move is made to discourage the girls from getting married.

The allowance of water to be drawn in Appleton from Lake Winnebago for power purposes is restricted to 60 per cent of the normal flow. This indicated that the proposed repairs to the upper dam are abandoned for this season.

The remains of the late John M. Ewing were laid at rest at Wildwood cemetery in Sheboygan. The services at the home, which were simple and unostentatious, were conducted by Rev. J. W. White of the Congregational Church.

William Herring, a farmer near Sparta, was blown to pieces by dynamite in his house. He was standing by the kitchen stove with three sticks of dynamite in his hand when the explosion occurred. His sister was in the same room, but escaped injury.

All the print paper mills in the Fox river valley region and throughout the West shut down and remained down three days on agreement for the frankly announced purpose of curtailing overproduction and preventing the slump in the market price which would result from the piling up of the stock.

Lars Engelbretson, a farmer residing near Lanesboro, who has been missing for a week, is dead. His body was found in a field near his home with every indication that he had been murdered. The remains were mutilated and footprints not his own were found in the vicinity, as well as blood stains.

The ice racing yacht Comet, one of the fastest on the upper Mississippi; the warehouses of E. H. Pfaff and several other buildings and many carloads of produce were burned at Pepin by a fire of mysterious origin. Several less speedy yachts were also destroyed. The total loss is estimated at $8,000, without insurance.

Three men working under the heavy iron beams on the Burlington bridge three miles below Prairie du Chien nearly lost their lives when a staging broke, precipitating all three to the rocks and ice below. Martin Ducharme, a carpenter, fell on his head on a pile of rock, crushing the skull and inflicting internal injuries. His condition is serious.

As the result of the commercial travelers employed by the bankrupt Mons Anderson Company of La Crosse getting the worst of it in the division of the estate, Congressman John J. Esch has introduced into the House of Representatives at Washington a bill providing that traveling salesmen shall receive their pay in full, not exceeding three months prior to the bankruptcy and not exceeding $300.

T. W. Morgan's $500,000 stock farm near Beloit caught fire. The fire started in the $75,000 barn and the buildings were all threatened with destruction. A high wind and the cold made the fire a hard one to fight. This is one of the finest stock farms in the world and is owned by Fred W. Morgan of the Morgan & Wright Company of Chicago. The loss is estimated at $25,000 on the building and $10,000 on hay, grain and implements.

Judge Bunn in the United States Circuit Court at Milwaukee made an important ruling regarding the life of trademarks. The suit was brought by the Warren Featherbone Company against the American Featherbone Company. The Warren company claimed the sole right to use the word "featherbone." The claim that the right to a trademark expired with the patent on the article was not allowed, the decision being that a trademark lasted indefinitely.

The Fair store, one of the largest department stores in Sheboygan, was destroyed by fire. The loss is $100,000. Edward Gerber, a fireman, was struck by a falling wall and suffered a fracture of the skull and three broken ribs. John Gerber, a brother, fell through a trapdoor in the fire engine house and his skull was fractured. His condition is serious. The store was owned by David Nadelson and Max Winnick, and the building by the Geele Hardware Company.

In an endeavor to discover the true cause of the death of the 6-months-old babe of William Kleinfeldt, the authorities of Ashland County disinterred the body and an inquest was held. Following a post mortem, the jury was unable to bring in a verdict other than that the babe died of concussion of the brain while in charge of the father, whose carelessness, they said, caused the accident. The child died the day before Thanksgiving and was buried two days later. The result of the inquest was to exonerate the father.

While working a corn shredder on the farm of Jacob Wheeler at Rock Falls Ben Shaw had his mitten caught in the machine. Before the engine could be stopped, however, the arm was pulled in and cut off at the elbow.

Tired of life, Mrs. Mary Bell, wife of a drayman in Madison, committed suicide. When her husband returned from work at 11 o'clock he found her hanging by a handkerchief from a bedpost in her room. She was a victim of melancholia and had often remarked that she wished she were dead. For the past four years she had suffered from internal trouble.

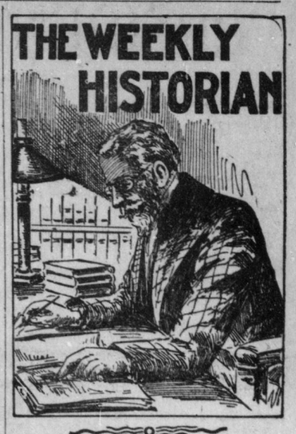
Under involuntary bankruptcy proceedings instituted by creditors, the La Crosse Cheese and Butter Company has been adjudged bankrupt. The firm has been doing a large business in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois and the Dakotas. The financial difficulties were the result of an effort to corner the cheese market.

The family of D. A. Howard in Beloit came near being suffocated by coal gas last night. Mr. Howard awoke and succeeded in getting telephone connections with the police and called for the ambulance. When the police arrived every member of the family was unconscious. All but one of the children will probably recover.

Armour Brown, said to be the oldest resident of Oshkosh, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. F. H. Green, after an illness of but two days. The immediate cause of his death was blood poisoning, the result of a scratch on the hand. Mr. Brown was 95 years of age.

Miss Gelsomine Conforti, the beautiful Italian woman who is alleged to have been smuggled to Kenosha across the Canadian border, filed with the Treasury Department an affidavit in which she denies charges made against her family, and in which she declares that she came alone from Montreal to Buffalo without being stopped by the officers of the United States.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



One Hundred Years Ago.

The twentieth anniversary of the evacuation of New York by Sir Guy Carleton's British army was celebrated in that city.

Hundreds of adventurers are flocking to New Orleans as a result of President Jefferson's message recounting the immense riches of the new Louisiana territory.

English citizens were frightened by reports that 12,000 vessels were building and 800,000 Frenchmen under arms ready for an invasion of their island.

Hayti secured its independence of France after three years of revolutionary war.

Seventy-five Years Ago.

The Postmaster General reported 26,956 persons employed in the United States postal service, with 17,584 horses, railroads being practically unknown.

The first American tin was extracted by Prof. Hitchcock of Amherst College from ore found near Goshen, N. Y.

Galena, Ill., surveyors reported that it would require a canal only one and one-fourth miles long, with one lock, to connect Lake Michigan with the Mississippi river.

Bolivar was asked to accept the imperial crown of Colombia because of the continued disturbances there, executions for political crimes taking place daily at Bogota.

The quantity of cotton manufactured in the United States yearly was estimated at 120,598 bales.

Fifty Years Ago.

John Mitchell, an Irish exile who had escaped from Van Dieman's land, arrived at New York from San Francisco and was given a public reception.

President Franklin Pierce was criticised for allowing an English made carpet costing $3,000 to be laid in the east room of the White House.

Over 65,000 bushels of grain were reported to have been shipped from Milwaukee, Wis., in thirty-six hours, of which 14,000 were for flour mills at Cleveland.

The steamer Winfield Scott was sunk near San Francisco, 500 passengers and $1,100,000 in gold from the California mines being saved.

Forty Years Ago.

President Lincoln was attacked by a mild form of smallpox, business at the White House being transected practically under quarantine.

The siege of Knoxville, Tenn., was abandoned by the rebels under Gen. Longstreet, and preparations were made to retreat.

Gen. Longstreet's rebel army was repulsed in a fierce assault on Fort Sanders, at Knoxville, Tenn., that city and Burnside's imprisoned Union troops being finally saved from capture.

President Grant, in his annual message to Congress, reported that the navy was being put on a war footing because of threatened hostilities with Spain and that the Madrid government was fast losing its authority in Cuba because of the intrigues of the slave holders there.

The capture of Knoxville, Tenn., where Burnside's Union army was imprisoned, was att