A Sufferer Cured

"Every season, from the time I was two years old, I suffered dreadfully from erysipelas, which kept growing worse until my hands were almost useless. The bones softened so that they would bend, and several of my fingers are now crooked from this cause. On my hand I carry large scars, which, but for

AYER'S Sarsaparilla, would be sores, provided I was alive and able to carry anything. Eight bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me, so that I have had no return of the disease for more than twenty years. The first bottle seemed to reach the spot and a persistent use of it has perfected the cure."—O. C. DAVIS, Wautoma, Wis.

AYER'S
THE ONLY WORLD'S FAIR
Sarsaparilla

AYER'S PILLS Promote Good Digestion.

THE HUMAN EYE.

The Text of an Interesting Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

Wonderful Construction of Creator's Masterpiece, and the Splendors It Is Permitted to Behold—"He That Formed the Eye, Shall He Not See?"

Dr. Talmage, who is still absent on his summer preaching tour in the west and southwest, prepared for Sunday a sermon on "The All-Seeing," the text selected being Psalm xciv. 9: "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?"

The imperial organ of the human system is the eye. All up and down the Bible God honors it, extols it, illustrates it or arraigns it. Five hundred and thirty-four times it is mentioned in the Bible. Omnipresence—"the eyes of the Lord are in every place." Divine care—"as the apple of the eye." The clouds—"the eyelids of the morning." Irreverence—"the eye that mocketh at its father." Pride—"Oh, how lofty are their eyes!" Inattention—"the fool's eye in the ends of the earth." Divine inspection—"wheels full of eyes." Suddenness—"in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump." Olivetic sermon—"the light of the body is the eye." Sunday morning's text—"He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" The surgeons, the doctors, the anatomists and the physiologists understand much of the glories of the two great lights of the human face; but the vast multitudes go on from cradle to grave without any appreciation of the two great masterpieces of the Lord God Almighty. If God had lacked anything of infinite wisdom, He would have failed in creating the human eye. We wander through the earth trying to see wonderful sights, but the most wonderful sight that we ever see is not so wonderful as the instruments through which we see it. It has been a strange thing to me for forty years that some scientist, with enough eloquence and magnetism, did not go through the country with illustrated lectures on canvas 30 feet square to startle and thrill and overwhelm Christendom with the marvels of the human eye. We want the eye taken from all its technicalities, and some one who shall lay aside all talk about the pterygo-maxillary fissure, and the sclerotica, and the chiasma of the optical nerve, and in common parlance, which you and I and everybody can understand, present the subject. We have learned men who have been telling us what our origin is and what we were. Oh! if some one should come forth from the dissecting table and from the classroom of the university and take the platform and, asking the help of the Creator, demonstrate the wonders of what we are!

If I refer to the physiological facts suggested by the former part of my text, it is only to bring out in a plainer way the theological lessons of the latter part of my text, "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" I suppose my text referred to the human eye, since it excels all others in structure and in adaption. The eyes of fish, and reptiles, and moles, and bats, are very simple things, because they have not much to do. There are insects with a hundred eyes, but the hundred eyes have less faculty than the human eyes. The black beetle swimming the summer pond has two eyes under water and two eyes above the water, but the four insectile are not equal to the two human eyes. Man, placed at the head of all living creatures must have supreme equipment, while the blind fish in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky have only an undeveloped organ of sight, an apology for the eye, which, if through some crevice of the mountain, they should get into the sunlight, might be developed into positive eyesight. In the first chapter of Genesis we find that God, without any consultation, created the light, created the trees, created the fish created the fowl, but when he was about to make man, he called a convention of Divinity, as though to imply that all the powers of Godhead were to be enlisted in the achievement. "Let us make man." Put a whole ton of emphasis on that word "us." "Let us make man." And if God called a convention of divinity to create man, I think two great questions in that conference were how to create a soul and how to make an appopriate window for the Emperor to look out of.

See how God honored the eye before He created it. He cried, until chaos was irradiated with the utterance, "Let there be light!" In other words, before he introduced man into this temple of the world he illuminated it, preparing it for the eyesight. And so, after the last human eye has been destroyed in the final demolition of the world, stars are to fall, and the sun is to cease its shining, and the moon is to turn into blood. In other words, after the human eyes are no more to be profited by their shining, the chandeliers of Heaven are to be turned out. God, to educate and to bless and to help the human eye, set in the mantel of Heaven two lamps—a gold lamp and a silver lamp—the one for the day and the other for the night. To show how God honors the eye look at the two halls built for the residence of the eyes, seven bones making the wall for each eye, the seven bones curiously wrought together. Kingly palace of ivory is considered rich, but the halls for the residence of the human eye are richer by so much as human bone is more sacred than elephantine tusk. See how God honored the eyes when he made a roof for them, so that the sweat of toil should not smart them; and the rain dashing against the forhead should not drip into them; the eyebrows not bending over the eye, but reaching to the right and to the left, so that the rain and the sweat should be compelled to drop on the cheek instead of falling into this divinely protected human eyesight. See how God honored the eye in the fact presented by anatomists and physiologists that there are 800 contrivances in every eye. For window shutters the eyelids opening and closing 30,000 times a day. The eyelashes so constructed that they have their selection as to what shall be admitted, saying to the dust, "Stay out," and saying to the light "Come in." For inside curtains the iris, or pupil of the eye, according as the light is greater or less, contracting or dilating. The eye of the owl is blind in the daytime, the eyes of some creatures are blind at night, but the human eye, so marvelously constructed, can see both by day and by night. Many of the other creatures of God can move the eye only from side to side, but the human eye, so marvelously constructed, has one muscle to lift the eye and another muscle to lower the eye, and another muscle to roll it to the right, and another muscle to roll it to the left, and another muscle passing through a pulley to turn it round and round—an elaborate gearing of six muscles as perfect as God could make them. There is also the retina, gathering the rays of light and passing the visual impression along the optic nerve, about the thickness of the lampwick—passing the visual impression on to the sensorium and on into the soul. What a delicate lens, what an equisite screen, what soft cushions, what wonderful chemistry of the human eye! The eye washed by a slow stream of moisture, whether we sleep or wake, rolling imperceptibly over the pupil of the eye and emptying into a bone of the nostril. A contrivance so wonderful that it can see the sun, 95,000,000 miles away, and the point of a pin. Telescope and microscope in the same contrivance. The astronomer moves and swings this way and that, and readjusts the telescope until he gets it to the right focus; the microscopist moves this way and that, and adjusts and readjusts the magnifying-glass until it is prepared to do its work; but the eye, without a touch, beholds the star and the smallest insect. The traveler among the Alps, with one glance taking in Mount Blanc and the face of his watch to see whether he has time to climb it.

Oh! this wonderful camera obscura which you and I carry about with us, so to-day we can take in our friends, so from the top of Mt. Washington we can take in New England, so at night we can sweep into our vision the constellations from horizon to horizon. So delicate, so semi-infinite, and yet the light coming 95,000,000 miles at the rate of 200,000 miles in a second, is obliged to halt at the gate of the eye, waiting for admission until the portcullis be lifted. Something hurled 95,000,000 miles and striking an instrument which has not the agitation of even winking under the power of the stroke. There, also, is the merciful arrangement of the tear gland, by which the eye is washed, and from which rolls the tide which brings the relief that comes in tears when some bereavement or great loss strike us. The tear is not an augmentation of sorrow, but the breaking up of an Arctic of frozen grief in the warm gulf stream of consolation. Incapacity to weep is madness or death. Thank God for the tear glands, and that the crystal gates are so easily opened. Oh! the wonderful hydraulic apparatus of the human eye. Divinely constructed vision! Two lighthouses at the harbor of the immortal soul, under the shining of which the world sails in and drops anchor. What an anthem of praise to God is the human eye. The tongue is speechless and a clumsy instrument of expression as compared with it. Have you not seen it flash with indignation or kindle with enthusiasm, or expand with devotion, or melt with sympathy, or stare with fright, or leer with villainy, or droop with sadness, or pale with envy, or fire with revenge, or twinkle with mirth, or beam with love? It is tragedy and comedy and and pastoral and lyric in turn. Have you not seen its uplifted brow of surprise, or its frown of wrath, or its contraction of pain? If the eyes say one thing and the lips say another thing, you believe the eye rather than the lips. The eyes of Archibald Alexander and Charles G. Finney were the mightiest part of the sermon. George Whitefield enthralled great assemblages with his eyes, though they were crippled with strabismus. Many a military chieftain has with a look hurled a regiment to victory or to death. Martin Luther turned his great eye on an assassin who came to take his life, and the villain fled. Under the glance of the human eye, the tiger with five times a man's strength, snarls back into the African jungle. But those best appreciate the value of the eye who have lost it. The Emperor Adrian by accident put out the eye of his servant, and he said to the servant: "What shall I pay you in, money or in lands? Anything you ask of me; I am so sorry I put your eye out." But the servant refused to put any financial estimate on the value of the eye, and when the emperor urged and urged again the matter he said: "Oh, emperor, I want nothing but my lost eye." Alas for those for whom a thick and impenetrable veil is drawn across the face of the Heaven's and the face of one's own kindred. That was a pathetic scene when a blind man lighted a torch at night, and was found passing along the highway, and some one said: "Why do you carry that torch when you can not see?" "Ah!" said he, "I can't see, but I carry this torch that others may see and pity my helplessness and not run me down." Samson, the giant, with his eyes put out by the Philistines, is more helpless than the smallest dwarf with vision undamaged. All the sympathies of Christ were stirred when he saw Bartimeus with darkened retina, and the only salve that he ever made that we read of was a mixture of dust and a prayer, with which he cured the eyes of a man blind from nativity. The value of the eye is shown as much by its catastrophie as by its healthful action. Ask the man who for 20 years has not seen the sun rise. Ask the man who for half a century has not seen the face of a friend. Ask in the hospital the victim of ophthalmia. Ask the man whose eyesight perished in a powerful blast. Ask the Bartimeus who never met a Christ, or the man born blind who is to die blind. Ask him This morning, in my imperfect way, I have only hinted at the splendors, the glories, the wonders, the divine relations, the apocalypses of the human eye, and I stagger back from the awful portals of the physiological miracle which must have taxed the ingenuity of a God to cry out in your ears the words of my text, "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" Shall Herschel not know as much as his telescope? Shall Fraunhofer not know as much as his spectroscope? Shall Swammerdan not know as much as his microscope? Shall Dr. Hoke not know as much as his micrometer? Shall the thing formed know more than its master? "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"

The recoil of this question is tremendous. We stand at the center of a vast circumference of observation. No privacy. On us, eyes of cherubim, eyes of seraphim, eyes of archangels, eyes of God. We may not be able to see the inhabitants of other worlds, but perhaps they may be able to see us. We have not optical instruments strong enough to descry them. Perhaps they have optical instruments strong enough to descry us. The mole can not see the eagle midsky, but the eagle midsky can see the mole midgrass. We are able to see mountains and caverns of another world, but perhaps the inhabitants of other worlds can see the towers of our cities, the flash of our seas, the marching of our processions, the white robes of our weddings, the black scarfs of our obsequies.

It passes out from the guess into the positive when we are told in the Bible that the inhabitants of other worlds do come as convoy to this. Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation? But human inspection, and angelic inspection, and solar inspection are tame compared with the thought of divine inspection. "You converted me 20 years ago," said a black man to my father. "How so?" said my father. "Twenty years ago," said the other, "in the old schoolhouse prayer meeting at Round Brook you said in your prayer, 'Thou, God, seest me,' and I had no peace under the eye of God until I became a Christian." Hear it. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place. His eyelids try the children of men." "His eyes were as a flame of fire." "I will guide thee with mine eye." Oh, the eye of God, so full of pity, so full of power, so full of love, so full of indignation, so full of compassion, so full of mercy! How it peers through the darkness! How it outshines the day! How it glares upon the offender! How it beams on the penitent soul! Talk about the human eye as being indescribably wonderful—how much more wonderful the great, searching, overwhelming eye of God. All eternity past and all eternity to come upon that retina.

The eyes with which we look into each other's face to-day suggest it. It stands written twice on your face and twice on mine, unless through casualty one or both have been obliterated. "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" Oh, the eye of God! It sees our sorrows to assuage them, sees our perplexities to disentangle them, sees our wants to sympathize with them. If we fight Him back, the eye of an antagonist. If we ask His grace, the eye of an everlasting friend. You often find in a book or manuscript a star calling your attention to a foot note or explanation. That star the printer calls an asterisk. But all the stars of night are asterisks calling your attention to God, an all-observing God. Our every nerve a divine handwriting. Our every muscle a pulley divinely swung. Our every bone sculptured with divine suggestion. Our every eye a reflection of the divine eye. God above us, and God beneath us, and God before us, and God behind us, and God with us. What a stupendous thing to live! What a stupendous thing to die! No such thing as hidden transgression. A dramatic asvocate in olden times, at night in a courtroom, persuaded of the innocence of his client charged with murder and the guilt of the witness who was trying to swear the poor man's life away—that advocate took up two bright lamps and thrust them close to the face of the witness, and cried, "May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, behold the murderer!" and the man practically under the awful glare, confessed that he was the criminal instead of the man arraigned at the bar. Oh, my friends, our most hidden sin is under a brighter light than that; it is under the burning eye of God. He is not a blind giant stumbling through the heavens. He is not a blind monarch feeling for the step of his chariot. Are you wronged? He sees it. Are you poor? He sees it. Have you domestic pertubation of which the world knows nothing? He sees it. "Oh," you say, "my affairs are so insignificant I can't realize that God sees me and sees my affairs?" Can you see the point of a pin? Can you see the eye of a needle? Can you see a mote in the sunbeam? And has God given you that power of minute observation, and does he not possess himself? He that formed the eye shall he not see?,

But you say, "God is in one world and I am in another world; he seems so far off from me; I don't really think he sees what is going on in my life." Can you see the sun 95,000,000 miles away, and do you not think God has prolonged vision? But you say, "There are phases of my life, and there are colors—shades of color—in my annoyances and my vexations that I don't think God can understand." Does not God gather up all the colors, and all the shades of color in the rainbow? And do you suppose there is any phase or any shade in your life, he has not gathered up in His own heart? Besides that, I want to tell you it will soon all be over, this struggle. That eye of yours, so exquisitely fashioned and strung, and hinged and roofed, will before long be closed in the last slumber. Loving hands will smooth down the silken fringes. So He giveth His beloved sleep.

KENTUCKY NEWS.

The Latest News From All Parts of the Commonwealth.

RELIGIOUS EXCITEMENT

Causes Richard Cooley to Become Insane—He Attacks His Sister With a Knife.

VANCEBURG, Ky., July 29.—Richard Cooley of Fairview, suddenly became insane under the stress of religious excitement Saturday morning, and, whetting his knife announced that it was his God-imparted duty to sacrifice his sister. He made a slash at her throat but fortunately a number of people were present and disarmed him before he could do futher harm.

A revival has been in progress there for some time, and, being a deeply religious man, of emotional temperament, he became devoid of reason. He was also greatly grieved that his wife and child attended that celebrated dancing picnic, given a few days ago for the benefit of the church. He went insane once before under the pressure of religious excitement. He will be taken to the asylum.

FIRED THE JAIL.

Prisoners' Desperate Attempt to Get Their Liberty.

GREENUP, Ky., July 29.—About 10 o'clock Friday night someone, supposed to be a confederate of some of the criminals confined in the jail, fired James Soward's big stable, situated a block off, and while the entire population of the town was trying to prevent the spread of the flames, the prisoners were ripping off the sheet-iron lining of the jail corridor and boring their way upward through the timbers. However, finding the boring process too slow for their limited time, they set fire to the timbers, and the nine prisoners would undoubtedly have been burned to death had not the flames been discovered. A large section of the jail roof was torn off, and after a great deal of work the fire was extinguished.

Blackburn Will Wage a Red-Hot Campaign.

VERSAILLES, Ky., July 29.—Senator Blackburn is expected home from Washington Sunday or Monday, and beginning next Wednesday he will be heard from daily upon the stump. He intends making an active campaign, and will visit every section of the state between now and November. His appointments for the coming week are as follows: Bald Knob, Franklin county, Wednesday, July 31; Peak's Mills, Thursday, August 1; Frankfort, Friday, August 2; Carlisle, Saturday, August 3; Mt. Olivet, Monday, August 5. Senator Blackburn's lieutenants here are greatly encouraged over his prospects for re-election.

A Marshal Kills a Doctor.

GRAYSON, Ky., July 29.—There is great excitement prevailing at Willard, a town ten miles south of here, on account of the town marshal, L. D. Landers, killing Dr. H. Williams by shooting him through the neck. The marshal had Robert Roberts under arrest for shooting through the drug store door at that place some days ago, and it is understood that Williams tried to release Roberts and was killed. Landers has left town.

A Chew of Tobacco Causes Murder.

PADUCAH, Ky., July 29.—Alfred Hale was killed by Henry Bush Sunday. They were at a baseball game. During the afternoon they quarreled over a chew of tobacco. Bush stabbed Hale in the breast and the latter died in half an hour. Bush was caught after being chased two miles. The men were friends. Bush asked Hale for some tobacco, and the latter refused him in fun. Bush became angry. One word led to another and the killing followed.

Killed at a Dance.

PADUCAH, Ky., July 29.—George Egnor stabbed Simon Odum to death at a dance at Birmingham, Marshall county, Saturday night. The killing was the outbreak of an old feud. Both men had many friends, and they are thoroughly aroused over the murder, which was committed without any provocation. It is feared th at there will be more trouble.

Pensions Granted Kentuckians.

WASHINGTON, July 29. — Original—John Roark, Manchester, Clay. Additional — John Sigman, Broadhead, Rockcastle. Renewal and increase—Solomon C. Elkin, Log Lick, Clark. Increase—John Ramsey, Gray Hawk, Jackson. Reissue — Melvin Johnson, Farmdale, Franklin; Benjamin Ham, Creelsboro, Russell.

Fatally Wounded.

HOPKINSVILLE, Ky., July 29.—Perry Jennings was shot in the left side by Joseph Holmes and fatally wounded near Beverly, in the southern portion of this county. Jennings managed to reach the home of a physician, when he became unconscious. There is no hope of his recovery.

Returned Without Requisition Papers.

MARION, Ky., July 29.—Wes Hall, the prisoner who escaped from jail here last Sunday, was recaptured in Gallatin county, Ill., by Fred. Lemon, a citizen of this county. Hall agreed to return without requisition papers, and was brought in.

Declined to Make the Allowance.

WASHINGTON, July 29.—Postmaster S. B. Holmes, of Frankfort, Ky., came here to secure additional clerk hire and increased salary for some of his clerks, but the post office department declined to make the allowances.

Shot by a Negro.

LEXINGTON, Ky., July 29.—Bank Embry, a Louisville negro, shot and dangerously wounded John Williams, of this city, during a quarrel over a trivial matter Sunday. Embry escaped arrest.

Kentucky Postmasters.

WASHINGTON, July 29.—Fourth-class postmasters appointed for Kentucky: Joseph Waller, Florence Station, McCracken county; J. C. Smallwood, Pedworth, Lee county.

CONDENSED NEWS

Gathered From All Parts of the Country by Telegraph.

A telephone war is on at Grafton, W. Va., between the Bell Co. and the Standard.

The Italian chamber of deputies has adopted the commercial treaty between Italy and Japan.

The body of William Douglass, who suicided by the laudanum route, has been found at Wabash, Ind.

Since the outbreak of cholera in Japan 9,000 persons have been attacked with the disease, and over 5,000 per sons have died.

Six Gatling guns intended for the use of the Hawaiian royalists are said to be en route to Puget Sound from one of the eastern states.

While in a delerium of fever Farmer Henry Bradshaw, living near Paris, Tex., shot and killed his wife, his little daughter and himself.

Eugene Dill, wanted at Muncie, Ind., for alleged horse stealing, was arrested at Portland. Dill is a young man whose parents reside near Dunkirk.

At McArthur, O., the ticket office of the C., H. V. & T railroad was broken open while the agent was at dinner and $24.25, all that was in the drawer taken.

The remains of a 14-year-old boy were found on the Erie railroad tracks at Akron, O. He was a stranger there and has not as yet been identified. He was killed by a train.

The yacht Valkyrie III is now well out at sea, bearing westward the hopes of British yachtsmen and others. She sailed Saturday for America and was given an enthusiastic farewell.

Rev. William Edward Beecher, brother of H. W. Beecher, died Sunday at his home in Brooklyn, in his 92d year. A sudden attack of stomach trouble, which resulted in his death, occurred only three days ago.

William Upshur, who murdered Joseph Davidson near the Kentucky and Tennessee line in a duel concerning the affections of a woman was captured and jailed at Clarksville, Tenn., making ten murderers in jail and two out on bond.

Ten citizens of Beaufort, N. C., all prominent in business and social circles, have been arrested on warrants issued on the affidavit of J. W. Aiken, special agent of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life association of New York for defrauding six insurance companies.

Services were being conducted in a negro church near Mitchell's Station, Ala., when the report of a pistol rang out and the preacher, Eli Williams, fell dead in his pulpit, the ball having entered his heart. The assassin is believed to have stood outside the church building at the time he fired.

Weather Forecast.

WASHINGTON, July 29.—Kentucky—Fair, slightly warmer, variable winds becoming southerly.

Ohio—Fair, warmer; winds becoming southerly.

Indiana—Fair, slightly warmer; variable winds becoming southerly.

A Prairie Schooner.

A novel adaptation of the house-boat idea to overland pleasure has been worked out by a wealthy Kansan. With his wife he started from his Kansas home a week or two ago on a summer pleasure trip to the far northwest in a big prairie schooner, built expressly for the trip, and fitted with most of the conveniences and comforts of a summer cottage. The wagon is of more than ordinary size, even for a prairie schooner. The bed of the wagon is floored over, and on this is constructed a substantial house of canvas, with strong wooden framework. It has windows in the sides and doors at each end, and is compactly and cozily fitted. The wheels are low and have very wide tires. In this conveyance the people will travel over the prairies and the western trails, as fancy dictates, just as a house boat party lazily drifts among the Florida bayous.

Curious Custom in Holland.

When young Queen Wilhelmina visited the other day the marvelous vaults at Maestriche, which are one of the sights of the place, she was requested by the authorities to inscribe her name upon a marble slab in the wall, which bears the signatures of many other sovereigns, Dutch and foreign, prominent among them being the autograph of the first Napoleon. Just at the very moment when she was about to comply with the request three tiny gnomes sprang out from behind a pillar and exclaimed in accordance with the time-honored custom: "Who are you that dares add your name to that of William the Silent and of the many illustrious rulers of the Netherlands?" Queen Wilhelmina, who had been prepared for this little piece of pantomine, replied: "I am the daughter of this King William III, whose signature you see here, and his successor to the throne of Holland," whereupon the gnomes—three small boys dressed up for the occasion—bowed low, received some coin, and retired.

A Volcano in Maine.

Much interesting and conclusive evidence that Knox county, Me., was once the seat of an immense volcano has been discovered by Prof. Bayley, of Colby university. Some of the evidence is in the presence to-day of great sheets of lava stretching over the northern part of Vinalhaven. How long ago the Maine volcano was active has not yet been determined. The subject is being investigated by many geologists from universities outside the state.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder World's Fair Highest Award.

TORCH APPLIED.

A Courier Reports Indians Burning and Pillaging Houses.

The United States Troops Arrive and Camp at Jackson's Hole.

Lemhi Indians Join the Hostiles in the Jackson's Hole Country—Murders Were Frequent—Both Whites and Indians Had Very Little Regard for Life.

MARKET LAKE, Idn., July 29.—The United States troops on the way to Jackson's Hole reached the south fork of the Snake river at 10:30 o'clock Saturday night. Camp was broken at daylight, and Rexburg was reached at 8:30 a. m. by the advance troops, the main body arriving two hours later. The camp Sunday night will be on Canon creek, twenty miles from Rexburg.

Gen. Coppinger has engaged Deputy Sheriff Hawley as chief of scouts, and also John A. Carnes, an old Indian scout, to guide the troops through the mountains. Hawley and Carnes both say that the killing of the Indians three weeks ago was simply a massacree perpetrated by the whites. The leaders of the twenty-seven white men who captured the sixteen Indians were Steve Adams, Wm. Crawford, John Crawford, Frank Peterson, Frank Woods, Billy. Belvue, Joe Calhoun and Wm. Stannings.

It is now extremely dangerous to reach the point where the Indians are encamped. Twenty miles of dense forest lie between the main body of settlers and the Indians, who are ensconced in the most rugged portion of the Rocky mountain system, rivaling in ambush facilities the lava beds of the Mexican war. If they are inclined to be hostile it will require several thousand troops to dislodge them, and the starving-out process is the only one that will be successful. According to the scouts who accompany the troops, Indian scouts well acquainted with the country where the Indians are encamped fear the present quiet of the Indians means that a trap has been prepared for the troops, but every precaution will be taken to prevent a repetition of the Custer affair.

A large body of Lemhi Indians, probably 150, have joined the Indians in Jackson's Hole country. A large party of Indians at Cammas were observed on the night of July 25 to be watching, by means of fires and signal arrows (arrows to which were attached flaming material), shot in the direction the reinforcements were to take. The morning of the 26th, Indians were seen to have changed their course to the direction taken by the flaming arrows during the night.

CHICAGO, July 29.—Despite the denials from Boise, Ida., and from Washington in regard to the alleged massacre at Jackson's Hole, a local paper has the following dispatch from Market Lake, Ida.:

"Late Saturday morning a courier from the Teton river valley reached Market Lake with a dispatch from some ranchmen who are barricaded in a ranch in the valley this side of Jackson's Hole. The message reads:

"Use every influence to hurry the soldiers forward. Indians are murdering, burning and pillaging. For God's sake lose no time. The courier can not tell what was the extent of the massacre at Jackson's Hole. The torch has been applied beyond the range and fires could be seen at night.".

SUNDAY'S NEWS CONDENSED.

Two more horrible murders are credited to Holmes' account. That of Anna Powers and Emilie Van Tassal.

Petitions by the thousands are pouring in asking for executive clemency in the case of Maria Barbert, under sentence of death in New York for the murder of her false lover.

At Cincinnati Eddie Kneven, a rejected lover, shot and fatally wounded Mary Schurer. He then turned the weapon upon himself blowing his brains out.

At St. Louis a Negro who won a cake walk was stabbed to death by a jealous rival.

A boy named Harvey Guthrie was smothered to death in a wheat bin at Seymour, Ind., while playing.

At a Negro picnic near Lexington, Ky., a small riot broke out between whites and blacks. Some three hundred shots were fired. When the smoke of battle cleared away, and the whites were forced to abandon the field, it was found that the Negroes had three men and two horses wounded. The whites had one man shot, but not seriously.

It is thought that the selection of the jury in the Durrant murder trial at San Francisco will not be completed before eight or ten days.

Lightning wrecked a tenement house at Lorain, O. Mrs. Oria Ross is thought to be fatally injured.

Maj. Teter says the settlers are to blame for all the trouble at Jackson's Hole. Indians, instead of whites, are being massacred.

Seven dead, three fatally wounded and two dangerously hurt is the record of a series of assassinations that have occurred in the last few days in the Italian settlements near New Orleans.

Gov. Culbertson in a proclamation forbids the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight to take place in Texas.

The Superior national bank, of West Superior, Wis., has failed.

At Maderia, Cal., Victor Adams, the murderer of Judge Baker, was lynched by a mob.

Otto Pfennegworth, aged 69 years, hanged himself at Cincinnati, financial trouble and old age the cause.

Ed. Carter, bell boy at the Grand hotel, Cincinnati, was crushed to death in the elevator shaft.

Margaret Nichols, step-daughter of Congressman Bellamy Storer, is to wed a French marquis.

No defense will be made by James J. Corbett against his wife's charges for divorce.

Holmes, the alleged murderer has become alarmed. His bravado has taken flight, and he is now conjuring his brain to seek some method for combatting the evidence that has been piled up against him in Toronto, Philadelphia and Chicago.

"French Louie" an alleged notorious post office robber is under arrest in Louisville.

At Columbus, O., Edward S. Haughtwort, a traveling salesman, kissed his dying wife and then committed suicide.

Denny Lyon, whose knee cap was fractured some tiome ago, was unconditionally released from the St. Louis baseball team.

The reported massacre of the settlers of Jackson's Hole by the Bannock Indians, seems to have taken place only in the minds of the courier

Pittsburgh Oil Market.

PITTSBURGH, July 29.—The oil market opened Saturday on Pittsburgh and Oil City exchanges at $1.30. Standard Oil Co's price $1.35.

Very Clever Girl.

A young woman with a pretty little voice, but with no great possibilities in her singing, has laid out a course for herself which is so decidedly shrewd that it may well be worth noting. She devotes herself entirely to Scotch songs, most of them the old ones of Burns or Scott. Now, every listener, except the severest musical critic whom she could not hope to satisfy in any case, is sentimental and likes to have that sentiment catered to by means of the ear. The singer has taste and wit enough to eschew "Annie Laurie" and "Comin' Thro' the Rye," save "by request," when her compliance gives an added charm of kindliness. She hunts up sweet old tunes and pathetic words and after the most brilliant performance of her rivals she seats herself at the piano, and, like the heroine in the lackadaisical novel, she charms her audience by "running her fingers over the keys" and singing softly "some dear old song" or other. Ah, that is a very clever girl!

A Crimson Water-Way.

One curiosity of coastwise navigation in the Gulf of Mexico used to be Grant's passage on the inside route from Mobile to Pensacola. The inside voyage is made by crooked way of waterways separated from the open gulf by narrow banks of sand. A man named Grant straightened a part of the passage by digging a canal to give deep water at a point where a wide detour used to be necessary. He set up a little lighthouse to aid navigators, and then charged toll upon all vessels passing through. The passage was of some importance during the period when north and south were fighting over the defenses about Pensacola.

THE HORSE'S TAIL.

Frequently It Indicates the Health and Strength of the Animal.

In well-formed horses the tail should be strong at the root, rising high from the croup, the direction of which it follows. When this is horizontal the tail is gracefully carried, especially when the horse is plowing. With a powerful, good-shaped horse it is often carried upward, or even curved over the back, especially when the horse is lively. The health and strength of the animal are, according to popular notions, indicated by the resistance the tail offers to manual interference and by the way in which it is carried. To some extent also it affords an indication of the horse's disposition.

A fidgety horse usually has the tail, like the ears, always in motion; when about to kick the tail is drawn downward between the legs; when the animal is fatigued or exhausted then it is drooping and frequently tremulous; and with some horses, when galloping, it is swung about in a circular manner or lashed from side to side. There can scarcely be any doubt also that, like the tail of birds, it assists in the horse's movements, as when the animal is galloping in a small circle or rapidly around a corner it is curved to the inner side.

With well-bred horses the hair of the tail is comparatively fine and straight, and often grows to such a length that it reaches the ground; coarse-bred horses may also have the hair long, but then it is usually very thick and strong and more or less frizzly, though soft, curly hair may occasionally be noticed in the tail of thoroughbred horses. In some horses there is a tendency to shedding of the tail hair (this, like that of the mane, tail, forelock, fetlocks, and some other parts, is permanent, and not shed at certain seasons, as in other regions of the body); the horse is then said to be "rat-tailed," and there is a popular saying to the effect that such a horse is never a bad one. In other instances the tail hair falls off, except at the end of the dock, where it forms a tuft, and the horse is then "cow-tailed" or "mule-tailed."—Nineteenth Century.

THE FARM MECHANIC.

How He Can Make a Simple But Effective Wagon Jack.

My jack shown below has been in use 25 years. Make the slanting piece (A) and the upright (C) of any light strong wood. The handle (E) is made of inch hard wood. Cut a slot (F) in the upper ends of each of the 2x3 pieces and deep enough to receive the handle which should be 4 to 5 inches wide at the upper end. Two ¾ by 3 inch bolts are all that is needed to put together. Bore the lower hole in the handle a little below the line of the end hole so that when the thing is put together and the handle end of the lever is brought down, the upper end of the support (C) is thrown in a little past a line drawn from the end hole in handle to the foot

FOR OILING WAGONS.

of the upright (C) which would hold the handle at this point without any fastening. Bore 3 or 4 half-inch holes in A and insert pieces of half-inch round rod, letting them project ½ inch to keep the axle from slipping down. Hew off the upper side of A from the lower pin down to an inch thick at lower end to make it lighter.—L. W. Frost, in Farm and Home.

HANDY ARRANGEMENT.

Convenient Combination of Grain, Poultry and Dog House.

The accompanying illustration shows an arrangement by which the poultry, grain and hogs can be brought into proximity—an arrangement calculated to lessen the work of caring for both kinds of stock, for both are, to no inconsiderable extent, fed on grain. The plan calls for a story and a half building with two wings—one of the wings for the accommodation of hens and the other for the hogs, pens for each being arranged along the sunny side, with a walk extending the length of the other side. The central grain building has a chamber where a part of the grain can be stored in bins, the latter having chutes to convey the grain to the first floor. If this central building can have a cellar, so much the better, for in this

CONVENIENT COMBINATION FARM BUILDING.

can be stored roots and vegetables for the use of fowls and hogs, the cooking of these being done in a boiler set on the first floor. The building should be so arranged that runs and outside pens can be arranged in front of corresponding inside pens in two wings. The building should be upon well-drained ground.—American Agriculturist.

Success in Plant Growing.

There is a wonderful amount of truth in the following statement: "Some persons have a knack of making all kinds of plants grow in the most unfavorable circumstances. I think this is partly owing to a magnetic attraction existing between such persons and their plants. The plants seem to know that they are loved, that they are household treasures, that every new leaf and flower is as welcome as the new words and expanding thoughts of a baby to its mother. Apparently unconscious of this they do their utmost, and in places least adapted for house culture of plants, we often find stands or individuals equal to the best greenhouse specimens."

A TERRIBLE REFLECTION.

"Yes, it's just too awful to think I've got to grow so old that gents won't make room for me in the cars!"—Life.

Good Trait.

Jack—There is one thing I like about old maids.

Harry—What?

Jack—They don't say they did this or that "long before you were born."—N. Y. World.

Exclusive.

Milicent—They say that Mrs. Bentonby is very exclusive.

Miriam (whom she snubs)—Yes. I hear that some of her teeth even don't move in the same set as the others.—Judge.

A Change for the Better.

Dick—Well, the heiress has accepted Brown. He says he feels as if he was walking on air.

Harry—That's better than living on

IMPROVING PASTURES.

It Can Be Done Only at the Expense of Much Time and Labor.

There are pastures that have never produced as profitable crops as the trees on them, so says a speaker in an address before the Maine board of agriculture. To get anything out of these pastures to-day you have to send cattle scurrying over a large area to get what they should get on six or eight acres. The result is the cow works herself to death and works the butter out of her cream and the cream out of her milk.

A cow should never take any more exercise than is absolutely necessary for her health, because exercise costs money, costs food, costs milk and costs butter. A cow that has to scurry over a large area to get food will not begin to give as much milk as one which can get it on a small area and lie down and chew her cud and rest.

Now, the question is what to do with these pastures. You cannot fertilize them with manure, because that disgusts the cow. Consequently what is known as grass dressing, prepared by fertilizer companies, is a good thing. In these pastures you have failed to renew the value taken from them by grazing. You have kept them from seeding. They need reseeding. They need also to be broken under, plowed and harrowed. The ordinary slanting-toothed harrow is a good thing to use.

In as early spring as you can possibly get on to it go over this pasture with a slanting-toothed harrow and give it a good mixture, as much as possible—a mixture of June grass and white clover. It is an excellent combination. If you choose, a little red clover. Then follow with your dressing, and, if you can, give it a dressing of land plaster, which is a good thing.

In future handling of the pasture that is run down divide it. Cattle tread down at least three or four times as much as they crop. Say, take a pasture of forty acres and divide it into three parts. Put the cows into the third this week, the next third the next week, and the last third the next week, and right back again, and you will find a large improvement in the croppage and also in the character of the butter and cream, an improvement in its flavor.

FARM MACHINERY.

Some Buy Too Much of It, and Others Not Quite Enough.

One may easily go to either extreme on almost any question. This is certainly true in the matter of buying farm implements and machinery. A prominent place in the causes of failure of not a few farmers should be given to their habit of recklessly buying farm machinery when not needed, and of neglecting to care for it after it is bought. Where one has a good implement or machine, it is folly to throw it aside and purchase another because of some trifling claimed improvement. On the other hand, it is at least equal folly to continue to use nearly worn-out or inferior tools, neglecting to avail oneself of important improvements. A noticeable tendency of agriculture in the prairie regions, which are so admirably fitted for the use of farm machinery, is to reduce hand labor to a minimum. It is not only attempted to do almost all parts of field culture work by the aid of horse-drawn machinery, but to do it with the smallest possible number of men. Wide-cutting or gang plows, harrows or cultivators, or seeders, and so of mowers and reapers, are becoming more common. Many of the new machines are decidedly better than the older ones of the same class, some are not. It many cases it will be a clear gain to buy new machinery; just as in others it would be a needless waste of money.

If the new plow will cut an inch or two wider than the old one with no increase in draft, it will soon pay for itself. If equally good work can be done with a harrow which cuts fifteen feet instead of ten, the saving in cost of labor will soon equal the cost of the harrow. One or two bushels increase per acre in the yield of corn on the area which can be cultivated with a good cultivator will make the price of a good cultivator in one year.—Prairie Farmer.

GOOD WAT