

of the veteran, men who
in the Mexican war and had
of the loss of the money. The
new weeks and is confident of
with the \$150,000 in gold.
tain will take with him all
of a diamond drill.
he will prospect all about
of the spot. He believes
be but the work of a few
the boxes, which were of
draped with iron bands.
in will be made on the
Mexican government he
but there is no custom
of any realm being car-
a foreign country. Neither
he undertake to say what claims
the United States would present
against the gold. The money was sent
to Gen. Taylor to pay off the troops,
and its amount is mentioned in the pa-
pers of the war department of that
date, the captain asserts. The fact that
its loss was not reported is accounted
for by the captain by stating that the
superior officer simply did not report
it, as it was not lost in a fight, but dur-
ing a storm, and the loss was not known
until after the troops had reached
Jalapa.

BOWLING ON THE GREEN.

An Ancient British Pastime Which Has
Invaded America.

Some of the big athletic clubs whose
athletic committees are always on the
lookout for new games have recently
taken up "bowling on the green," a
very ancient British pastime. In its
present form it hails from Canada,
where it has been played in a quiet way
for some time. A set of balls for green
bowling consists of one round yellow
ball called the "jack," and eight bowls,
which are egg-shaped balls of lignum
vitae, perhaps six or eight inches long,
with a small plate of metal let in at
one end and a larger one at the other,
so that the bowl can always be rolled
in a curve, which is in or out accord-
ing to the position of the hand and
of the larger strip of metal.

In the American game two or four
can bowl. One throws the jack away
on the turf, and all bowl at it. When
a ball lies in the way, the bowler
attempts the curve. The player whose
ball is nearest the jack when all have
bowed, wins one point, and it is then
his privilege to throw the jack as far
as he likes in any direction for a new
bowl. In this way the game can wander
over an entire golf course and furnish
lots of exercise. If four players are
in the game they can choose sides or
not, as they like. The game is substan-
tially the old English game of bowling,
which was declared unlawful under
Henry VIII. The law remained a dead
letter for many years and was finally
repealed so late as 1845. In the Eng-
lish game, the playing is restricted to
a green about sixty feet square, so
that the players wander back and forth,
and a skip or captain is named on each
side.

He Was Different.
The Maine man who recently sued
his neighbor for occupying three inches
of his land found by a survey that he
himself was the trespasser to the ex-
tent of two feet and eleven inches. The
neighbor told him he needn't move the
fence—but he was a different sort of
man.

FUNNYGRAPHS.

Isaac—"Haf a cigar, Cohen?"
Cohen—"Vat's der madder mit it?"
Truth.
Clerk—"You say you will take this
hammock, miss?" She—"Yes, but I
want two of them." Clerk—"Very well,
madam."—Life.
Benedict (proudly)—"My wife kisses
me good-night regularly." Rounder
(bitingly)—"Women are suspicious
creatures, ain't they?"—Boston Herald.
Clerk, man—"My boy, do you know
it's wicked to fish on the Sabbath?"
Youngster—"I ain't fishing; I'm teach-
ing this 'ere worm to swim."—Tit-Bits.
Gallant Bandit (robbing a young
woman's jewelry)—"I assure you, miss,
a diamond ring on such a lovely hand
is absolutely superfluous."—Pileague
Blatter.

Got Left.—Mrs. Brown-Jones—"I
married my husband for protection."
Mrs. Brown—Did you get it? Mrs.
Brown-Jones—"No; I didn't even get
reciprocity."—Truth.
Cook (to policeman)—"How neatly
you carve that goose!" (With a sudden
outburst of jealousy.) "You have de-
ceived me! I am not your first love."—
Pileague Blatter.

First Boarder—"I wonder the land-
lady lets him stay; everybody can see
how he drinks." Second Boarder—
"Yes; but he never has any appetite in
the morning."—Puck.
"Why, George, you haven't smoked any
of those cigars I gave you for a
birthday present?" "No, dear, I
couldn't find it in my heart to burn
anything you gave me."—Jugend.

"Well, Golightly, did you have any
fun wearing a red lantern on your
wheel?" "Yes; about fifteen men
thought I was a dog store and chased
me ten blocks."—Detroit Free Press.

Pained.—Patient—"Vot? Two dol-
lars for takin' out dem teeth." Den-
tist—"Young man, I ought you vas a
dentist. I didn't know you vas a gat
gomahny."—Puck.

They had been drifting about in an
open boat for seven days and had al-
most given up hope, when the lookout
cried, wildly: "A sail! a sail!" The
only man passenger looked up, anx-
iously: "Oh, is it a bargain sale?"
—Tit-Bits.

"I have all the world before me!"
shouted the young politician, who was
addressing an audience in the north-
eastern part of the seventh ward.
"Yes," shouted an enthusiastic listener,
"and Tuckahoe at your back."—Yonkers
Statesman.

Marriage as a Defensive Art.—"Two
dozen old maids up in Kansas have
organized a brass band. As soon as
one marries she has to resign."
"They'll have no trouble in getting
married after their first appearance."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Why were you discharged from your
last place?" asked the merchant
of the applicant for a situation. "I
was discharged for good behavior."
"Wasn't that a singular reason for
discharge?" "Well, you see, good
behavior took nine months of my sen-
tence."—Life.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-Date Hints About Cultiva-
tion of the Soil and Yields Thereof—
Horticulture, Viticulture and Flori-
culture.

"Take" Cotton Plant.
RECENTLY there
appeared in the N.
Y. Sun what pur-
ported to be a tele-
gram from Atlanta,
Ga., telling of a
wonderful cotton
plant that had been
introduced from
equatorial Africa
and was to revolu-
tionize the cotton
growing industry of the world. It was a
most marvellous plant, towering to the
height of twenty feet and covered with
a mass of downy cotton balls. The man
in Georgia that is growing it would sell
seeds as low as five cents apiece. The
Farmers' Review sent the clipping to
the Georgia Experiment station, and
received a reply in the line it expected,
namely that the so-called wonderful
plant was merely a very ordinary cot-
ton plant that was probably palmed
off on the present Georgia enthusiast
by some local joker. Below we give the
letter. Parenthetically we would cau-
tion our readers against believing any
of the wonderful yarns that are con-
stantly appearing in the daily press
about new agricultural plants of great
value. The propagators are simply
using the gullible city reporters to help
advertise some worthless thing that
they hope to make money out of by
sales at fabulous prices. The letter fol-
lows:

Experiment, Ga., August 25, 1897.
Editor Farmer's Review, Chicago, Ill.
I have yours of the 26th this a. m., en-
closing clipping from a Chicago pa-
per. In reply to your letter I beg to say
that the article has simply a naked
basis in fact—something to build upon.
There is a gentleman named Jackson,
who runs a small farm near Atlanta,
and who is engaged in booming a so-
called African variety of cotton, etc.
After some difficulty I succeeded in
getting a few seeds of the cotton,
of undoubted purity, and have now in
progress an elaborate, competitive test,
including 21 varieties of cotton, em-
bracing most of our popular, prolific
varieties, seeds of which are easily ob-
tainable at from 50 cents to \$1.50 per
bushel. So far I note nothing peculiar
in the cotton. The plants have an up-
right habit of growth, and the fruit
is produced on short fruit spurs, each
containing from two to five balls. Usual-
ly there is one or more long side
branches that proceed out from the
main stem near the ground. This
habit, however, is not so very remark-
able. In fact it so happens that one
of the varieties planted in the com-
petitive test, and in rows adjacent to
this "wonderful" cotton is very similar
to the latter, but not growing so tall.
At the close of the season I will make
an exhaustive report of the test, which
will be published in bulletin form. At
present there is no indication that the
yield will be even equal to the average
yield of the other 20 varieties. A few
bolls have already opened and show a
staple of fair length and fineness, but
not comparable to Sea Island cotton.
There is now no possibility of any ma-
terial improvement in the conditions
and promise of any of the varieties. In
other words the crop is practically
"made," and the final results will be
practically the same (relatively) as are
now indicated. Very truly,
R. J. REDDING,
Director.

Michigan Fruit Growers Organize.
The fruit-growers of Pentwater,
Mich., have taken the initiative step
to protect their interests in the way
of handling fruit. A stock company has
been organized with a capital of \$5,000,
the management to make contracts
with strictly reliable dealers in such a
way as to protect the growers. A de-
fective service is contemplated to in-
vestigate all complaints of unfair treat-
ment of shippers and cause for com-
plaints by the commission dealers
against the farmers for any sharp or
underhand practice on the part of the
shipper. To make the work of the
company effective, farmers are being
organized into local unions. The local
unions report the names of their mem-
bers to the company and pay over a
membership fee of one dollar each.
The secretary of the local union ac-
certains the number of acres and condi-
tion of the different kinds of fruit to
be shipped. All these facts will be re-
corded by the company's secretary, who
will designate the markets to which
shipments should be made from each
local union, so that some shall go to
an over-stocked market. The com-
pany is determined to secure the best
prices possible for union members, who
are to pay one dollar each every three
months to the company, in order to
continue its beneficiaries. Several
strong local unions have been organ-
ized in Mason and Oceana counties.—
Michigan Fruit Grower.

Enemies of Plant Lice.
Plant lice, like most insects, have
certain natural enemies that tend to
keep them in check. Prominent among
these are the parasitic and predaceous
insects. The former are very minute
creatures, resembling wasps, which
usually lay their eggs upon the lice.
These eggs hatch into small maggots,
which enter the bodies of the lice,
where they feed upon the body juices
until they are full grown. They then
transform to pupae within the body
of their host, from which they finally
emerge by cutting a round hole through
the body of the lice. Close examina-
tion of a colony of most any louse will
reveal several yellowish or brownish
remains of individuals which have
succumbed to parasitism. The predac-
eous insects live by actually feeding
upon the lice. The ladybirds or lady-
bugs are, by far, the most important
factors in the destruction of plant lice,
as both the adults and young feed voraciously upon them. There is a notion
prevailing in some parts of the state
that ladybirds, in some way or other,
produce plant lice. Natural laws will
not permit such a state of affairs. Like

begets like in the insect world just as
perpetually as it does in the higher
animals. The progeny of a ladybird is
always a ladybird like the parent. How-
ever, looks very different from the
adult. In fact, the young of some
species resemble minute alligators in
general appearance, and are gaily col-
ored. They feed almost entirely upon
soft bodied insects. Among other in-
sects that feed upon plant lice, the
young of the Syrphus fly must be men-
tioned here. In nearly every colony
of lice these little slug-like worms or
larvae can be seen. They move about,
raising their heads high in the air,
and striking here and there. When-
ever an unlucky louse is touched it is
seized, held aloft until its juices have
been sucked out, when its empty skin
is cast aside, and the worm seeks
others.
Bulletin 48, Maryland Experiment
Station.

Rendering Beeswax.
Many who have only a few bees and
do not own a wax extractor, says the
Bee, miss one of the sources of profit
in bee keeping by not saving the
odd bits of comb and the old combs
that are no longer of any use to the
bees. Have a receptacle into which all
may be thrown until the end of the
season, or until there is sufficient to
make a good sized cake of wax. Some
day when you have a fire in your cook
stove, and will not have use for the
oven, tie these pieces of comb up in
an old cotton cloth. Place in the oven
a tin or granite iron pan with about
an inch of water in it; lay two slender
sticks across the pan, and on them the
cloth containing the combs, in such a
way that it will not dip down into the
pan, nor drip outside into the bot-
tom of the oven; shut the door and go
about your work. Take a look at it oc-
casionaly to see that all is going well.
The temperature of the oven should be
moderate. If the water boils, it is too
hot. Regulate the fire or damper, or
leave the door open a little way. The
heat should not be great enough to
scorch the sticks or the cloth. When the
wax seems to be all dripped into the
pan, remove the sticks and cloth. If
possible, let the fire die out, shut the
oven and leave the pan of wax to cool
in the oven. This will insure a cool
and even cooling of the wax, and will
allow the dirt that may have filtered
through the cloth to settle into the
water in the bottom of the pan. But
if the fire is used for other purposes,
remove the pan carefully and steadily,
cover with a tin pot cover, or anything
that will lie closely over it, but will
not touch the wax; then place over all
an old blanket or quilt, folded several
times, and tucked closely around the
pan, to prevent the heat from escaping
too fast. On this, more than any one
thing, depends the quality and appear-
ance of your wax. If it cools too rap-
idly, the particles of dirt, prophylla, and
honey will be caught in the mass, giv-
ing it a sticky feel and a mottled ap-
pearance. If the surface hardens too
quickly it will crack and open as the
inside cools. Do not uncover until the
pan is so warm that your hand
will loosen from the pan easily, but if
you attempt to get it out before, even
though the wax seems hardened, you
will not only have your trouble for
your pains, but you will realize as
never before, what it means to "stick
as tight as wax." Scrape off with a
case knife whatever settings are on
the bottom of the cake, and you
should have a clean, clear, smooth cake
that will bring the highest price in the
market. If for any reason, the wax
is not satisfactory, the cake can be
broken up, tied in a clean cloth, and put
through the same process again. If it
is desired to make small cakes, pour
from the pan while hot, into cups or
metal molds and cover closely. Here
are a few don'ts to hang on the walls
of your memory when rendering wax.
Don't allow the wax to come in con-
tact with iron, as it will blacken the
wax.
Don't grease the moulds. It is not
necessary, and injures the appearance
of the wax.
Don't move the moulds before the wax
cools. The wax that slopes on the sides
will harden there and give the cakes a
ragged look on the edges.
Don't let the wax boil. This tends to
make it brittle and crumply.
Don't spill any melted wax on the
floor. If you do you will be sorry.
Don't spend precious time trying to
scrape and scour off any wax that may
stick to the pan, but take it out of
doors, away from the fire, and apply a
little gasoline. It acts as a certain
amount of pills are said to act on a weak
stomach—like magic.
Don't rush off to town and sell it to
the first bidder. Begin now to watch
the market reports. The price of wax
fluctuates with the change of seasons,
and you can soon learn what time of
the year is the highest. Then sell.

These directions are for those who
have only a few pounds of wax to be
rendered. A large quantity would, of
course, have to be handled differently,
but for small lots I prefer this method
to any I have ever tried.

Expenditures for Agriculturists.
Farm News: The following table,
compiled by the British government,
shows the sum total and the amount
per capita expended by various coun-
tries for the advancement of agricul-
ture. While the United States leads
the list in amount spent, the sum per
capita is far below that of many lesser
nations. Expenditures for agricultural
purposes:

Country.	Sum voted annually.	Rate per inhabitant.
United States	\$2,900,000	84
France	1,570,000	124
Hungary	1,700,000	234
Austria	950,000	194
Prussia	650,000	54
Italy	320,000	34
Switzerland	150,000	134
Belgium	112,000	44
Denmark	108,000	124
Bavaria	82,000	54
Wartemburg	65,000	84
Holland	54,000	34

It will be noticed in the above that
England appropriates nothing.

Sowing Winter Wheat.—Winter
wheat is practically a biennial plant,
for it requires the best part of two sea-
sons for maturing. During half of this
time it lies dormant, nor does it grow
much during the hottest part of the
year. It does its best during the moder-
ate temperature of the spring and
fall, and this is a guide as to the be-
st time of sowing this grain in differ-
ent latitudes.—Rx.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

The Effects of Interesting Music—The
Trouble with Boston—A Martyr to
Melons—Elohim and Jettam from
the Tide.

A "Drop O' Dew."
HAB often heard it
said—
(That my warring
may be new)
Like tiny blades o'
grass
Gris its ain purp-
drop o' dew.
This said saying I
did say,
Asking Jeanie if
she like a Made
o' grass,
Wad she be my drop o' dew?

**Yester'en her answer came—
Sweet and saucy, she sayd:
"In the way o' color, Rob,
Ye are like a blade o' grass."
An' ye're growing in my heart,
Where the said wad never be!
Dinna suffer lang w' thist;
Come and take your drop o' dew!"
—Little G. Campbell in "Ladies Home
Journal."**

A Martyr to Melons.
The melon crop was short this year,
and a southwest Georgia farmer who
had practically "cornered" it in his
neighborhood had suffered seriously
from the depredations of some of the
hungry colored brethren. So he gave
it out that he had poisoned his melons,
and after the news went forth he
ceased to miss them.
Night after night an old negro who
lived near the finest melon patch had
gazed at their green sides with hungry
eyes, but the thought of the poison kept
him hungry still.
One moonlight night, however, his
appetite got the best of him. He look-
ed in the direction of the melons long
and earnestly; then, shouldering a
sack, he started off.
"In de name er goodness, Rufus,
whar you gwine?" asked his wife.
The old man turned, pointed to the
melon patch and said, slowly and sol-
emnly:
"I'm a-gwine whar dem melons lay."
"That—dey's poisoned!"
"I know dey lay! But I'm gwine ter
take my death. Pray fer me!"—At-
lanta Constitution.

Missed a Treat.
FREE
CONCERN
Hungry Higgins—"An' t'ink dat we
skipped last free concert las' night!"
Empty Edwin—"Why?"
Hungry Higgins—"Dis here paper
says de music was intoxicatin'."

Same Old Lie.
"Business," exclaimed the manager
who had just come back with a sum-
mer company. "My boy, you never saw
such enthusiasm. Why, only night
before last we had a house that actually
forced the orchestra out."
"Yes," returned the man who had
been there before. "Once in a while
an audience does get unnecessarily
violent, doesn't it?"
The man who had just come back
gave the man who had been there a
cold, hard stare, but he didn't try to
explain.—Chicago Post.

Lack of Confidence.
"I'll never buy candy at that store
again! Never!"
"Why, what's the matter?"
"Why, you know they have the candies on
the counter in front, and the scales
on the shelf back of the counter?"
"Yes."
"Well, they have looking glasses
back of the scales, so that when the
girl turns around to weigh 5 cents
worth of candy she can watch you to
see whether you take anything off the
counter or not."—Chicago Tribune.

His '91 Model.
"Did you get a new bicycle this
year?" inquired the newspaper man.
"Oh, dear, no," replied the artist. "I
couldn't afford it. I am still riding the
one I got last year."
"But I heard you speak of your '91
model."
"Yes. She's a novice who has just
begun to pose for me this summer."—
Chicago Post.

A Comfortable Companion.
"Doesn't your wife annoy you by
asking questions at the base ball
game?"
"Never; she is one of those women
who always like to let on that they
know all about everything."—Detroit
Free Press.

Awful.
Frink—"Well, how are things in Bos-
ton? Have they named any new pie
after Aristotle yet?"
Jinks—"No-s. But I heard a man
were ask for a Plato soup."

FOR A \$75,000,000 CANAL.

A Project to Pierce the Florida Penin-
sula—New Public Construction.

Florida, long behind her neighbors
in respect to material development, has
increased her railroad mileage and has
added to her steamboat trade recently.
Florida has a coast line of 1,530 miles,
and the area of water surface is 4,435,
to 54,000 square miles of land surface,
says the New York Sun. For a state
having so much water area Florida has
a very inferior canal service, the chief
canal of the state being the Santa Fe,
ten miles long, completed in 1850, and
costing \$70,000, between Waldo and
Melrose. With the increase of the
railroad business of Florida there has
been a like increase in the demand for
canal communication, and recently
there has appeared a project for the
cutting of a waterway through Florida
to connect the Atlantic ocean with the
Gulf and to be of sufficient capacity for
the passage of ocean going vessels. The
articles of incorporation have been filed
in this city. The capital is \$75,000,000.
The projectors say that the canal will
be of the greatest importance to the
commercial interests of this country.
The width of the waterway will be 200
feet through its entire length, and it
will be five years or more before the
canal can be completed, provided that
there are no serious difficulties in the
way. A \$75,000,000 canal would be an
ambitious enterprise for Florida, es-
pecially when the fact is taken into
consideration that the great Cuen canal
represents in all a total expenditure of
\$101,000,000, and the Erie canal, which
has contributed so largely to the pros-
perity of New York city, only \$51,-
000,000. It is believed by the projectors
of the Florida canal project that no
insurmountable obstacles will be
met. The assent of the Tallahassee
legislature has been secured.

WOOTEN'S SHIRT OF MAIL.

He Had It Made to Protect Him from
Bullets of Moonshiners.

J. W. Wooten, one of the Breathitt
county, Ky., constables, has had so
many close calls while assisting re-
venue agents in raids on moonshiners
that he determined recently to take
precautions for the future. He has
been shot in the chest several times,
and was near death for several months
on a certain occasion when a moon-
shiner's aim was unusually accurate.
Wooten had been reading of coats of
mail, and he determined to have one
made that would turn bullets. He went
to a firm in Cincinnati and explained
what he wanted. One of the firm's
artisans conceived the idea of making
him a shirt of mail composed of small
steel rings lapping each other com-
ing on the order of the feathers of a
bird. Wooten told the manager that
he would buy such a shirt if it was
guaranteed to be bullet proof, and if he
was allowed to fire a Winchester at it
at a distance of fifty yards before ac-
cepting it.

Wooten had the idea of making the shirt
made, and accordingly the
shirt was built. It is three-ply,
the rings being adjusted so that the ar-
mament is flexible, and yet the steel wire
of which the rings are composed resist-
ed the impact of a forty-four caliber
bullet fired from a Winchester by Con-
stable Wooten at the specified distance.
The constable now says that the moon-
shiners will have to shoot him in the
head before they can kill him. Nearly
all the raids are made in the night-
time, and the constable thinks it will
be difficult for the shiners to hit him
in the head.

Wooten's Fate.
A man named Moon was presented
with a daughter by wife recently;
that was a new Moon. The old man
was an overcast with joy that he got
drunk; that was a full Moon. When
he got sober he had but twenty-five
cents left; that was the last quarter
of the full Moon. But when the old lady
met him with the rolling pin there was
a total eclipse of the Moon, with my-
riads of stars in the scenery.

Prize for an Artist.
Visitor (contemplating picture of
country residence)—"Let me congrat-
ulate you, old fellow! You've struck
your gait at last." Artist (proudly)—
"Do you really think so?" Visitor—
"Yes; I always said you would make
a success as a house painter."

A Good Excuse.
Mrs. Gazzam (as she came in from
church)—"Sometimes it is very hard
to listen to Dr. Thirdly's ser-
mons. Mr. Gazzam—That's the reason
I don't go to church. I don't believe
in working on Sunday."

Blue Blood.
First Mosquito—Why are you look-
ing so blue? Second Mosquito—I'm
just after dining on that English count
who's stopping at the Hilltop House.

When They Want to Be.
He—There is one class of people
which is very expert at fortune telling.
She—Gypsies? He—No—assessors.

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.
Julia Arthur's engagement in New
York in Mrs. Barnett's "Lady of Qual-
ity" will last six weeks.
Harold Frederic's novel "The Dam-
nation of Theron Ware" is being dram-
matized by John E. Kellard.
Harry Miner is making arrange-
ments to present "Shere Arva" in the
leading role.

Papists, the myriad dancers, has
bought a California ranch. It contains
100 acres, and cost \$150,000. When she
has acquired a comfortable fortune she
intends to retire to the ranch and en-
joy life.
Anthony Hope Hawkins, author of
"The Prisoner of Zenda," is one of the
handsomest men in England, six feet
tall and 25 years of age. He was edu-
cated in a school founded exclusively
for the sons of clergymen and gradu-
ated from Oxford in 1885.

Anna Held, who will appear in the
title role of "La Poupée," will sail for
America the last of this month. At
present she is studying her part under
the guidance of Anderson, the composer,
at his summer villa in France. Miss
Held is having great difficulty in her
study of English, which she is obliged
to learn, according to her contract.

Looking Westward.
A dispatch received here from Chib-
pee, Mass., says that Edward Bellamy,
author of the book "Looking Back-
ward" and "Equality," will soon move
from this city to Denver. Mr. Bell-
amy's health has been poor for some
time, and his friends think the change
will restore him.

ABOUT THE ELEPHANT.

HOW THE DRIVER RECONSTRUCTS
HIS FRONT.

How a Native Public Works Corps
withdrew Distinguished Elephant
Accidentally Driving a Whole Train
of Wild Specimens Into a Corral.

N' Burmah the pub-
lic works and other
apartments are
dependent on the
elephant for a large
amount of heavy
labor. By this gen-
tiant's strength man
is able to accom-
plish with ease
that which would
be almost impos-
sible without him. Any one who has
seen these cleverly trained animals at
work in the forests and timber-yards
of Burmah will at once realize their
utility. Sometimes harnessed to huge
teak logs, they drag them wherever
they are required; or a monstrous
timber may be seen trundling a log
with his tusks and piercing it in any
position he is ordered as easily and
with apparently as little exertion as a
child would handle a tennis ball.

The illustrations are from snap-
shots of one of these useful creatures,
with his mahout (driver), at work and
at leisure. In one you see the mahout
guiding the elephant's forehead with a
swoosh-out, which is supposed to
keep the beast cool when working in
the hot sun. The marks on the
head are made with a gik, which the
mahout delights to decorate his
pet. So much for the elephant tamed.
In his wild state he is another crea-
ture. The most skillful and difficult
part of elephant-taming operations is
to drive the herd into the kheddah
prepared for its reception; hence the
catch which was made in the Mysore
Jungle a few weeks ago ranks as
unique. A native public works officer,
on the way to inspect a bridge in his

district, passing near one of the
enclosures built for the purpose,
saw a large herd of elephants feeding
near the gate. Being alarmed, natu-
rally, he fired his gun and shot for
all he was worth; the herd, equally
alarmed, fled inconspicuously into
the kheddah, whose gate stood open.
Whereupon the engineer recovered his
wits and made his coolies lower the
gate, capturing the lot. That various
delays gave the elephants time to break
down the unguarded stockade, whereby
the majority escaped, reducing the
number actually secured to 10, does not
affect the capture as perhaps the most
remarkable in the annals of elephant-
taming.

JOINED THE SALVATION ARMY.
The court circles of Sweden received
a severe shock several years ago when
it was announced that Prince Oscar,
a nephew of the present king, was
about to marry Miss Ebba Monk, a
young lady of patrician birth, but far
below the prince in station. The king
protested and refused to permit the
marriage, whereupon Prince Oscar de-
clared that he would yield his title
and resign all rights of succession, but
that marry Miss Monk he certainly
would. The marriage was celebrated
in due time and Prince Oscar has never
been seen in the royal circles since.
The king and queen have maintained
friendly but distant relations with their
democratic nephew, who is known sim-
ply as Prince Oscar and who is im-
mensely popular with the people be-
cause of his philanthropy.

Prince Oscar and his wife have been
devoted to causes of charity and bene-
volence, but recently have created a
second sensation by joining the ranks of
the Salvation Army. The prince and
his wife hold regular open-air meet-
ings according to the methods of the

army. The prince exhorts and he and
his wife lead in the street singing.

Civic Ownership of a Paper.
Dresden, the capital of Saxony, owns
a singular piece of property—a news-
paper, the Dresdener Anzeiger.
This daily, upon the death of its last
proprietor, was bequeathed to the city
upon the condition that all profits arising
therefrom should be spent upon the
public parks, as has been strictly done.
The paper continues for the trust has
as one of its objects to hold the re-
sults of the election for the trust has
never been em-
ployed to foster any school of opinions
—social, political or religious.

Looking Westward.
A dispatch received here from Chib-
pee, Mass., says that Edward Bellamy,
author of the book "Looking Back-
ward" and "Equality," will soon move
from this city to Denver. Mr. Bell-
amy's health has been poor for some
time, and his friends think the change
will restore him.

Prince Oscar.
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