HEAD OF G. A. R.

JUDGE TORRANCE OF MINNEAPOLIS IS ELECTED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

GENERAL SICKLES WITHDREW

Contest Then Lay Between the Minnesota Man and Stewart of Pennsylvania and the Former Had a Walkover—Election Made Unanimous Before the First Ballot Had Been Completed.

Cleveland, Sept. 14.—Judge Ell Torrance of Minneapolis was unanimously elected commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic at the day's session of the annual convention.

General Daniel E. Sickles of New York withdrew from the fight, leaving the field to Stewart and Torrance. The Western man had been quietly gaining in strength on his own personality since the opening of the encampment. The withdrawal of General Sickles also threw a heavy vote to Torrance, so that when the balloting commenced the latter had a walkaway. The ballot stood 230 to 476 in favor of Torrance when Comrade Wagner, who had the Stewart interests in hand, moved to make Torrance's election unanimous.

Other national officials were elected as follows: Senior Vice commander, John McElroy, editor National Tribune; junior vice commander, James O'Donnell, Custer post, Chicago; surgeon general, W. R. Thrall, Cincinnati; chaplain-in-chief, L. M. Boyle, Pennsylvania.

The election of officers was the only business before the convention, all other business, including the report of the pensions committee, having been referred to the council of administration.

The installation of officers was conducted in secret, after which the convention immediately adjourned.

The unfavorable news regarding the condition of the president cast a decided gloom over the convention. There was a manifest disinclination to transact any business while the death of the chief executive seemed imminent. Consequently the election of officers was rushed and the 35th annual convention of the G. A. R. abruptly terminated.

The naming of the place for holding the next encampment was referred to the administration council.

Mrs. Calista R. Jones of Bradford, Vt., was unanimously elected national commander of the Woman's Relief Corps, auxiliary of the G. A. R.

POOR AND BIG HEARTED

Specimens of the Hospitality of the Southern Mountaineer.

The latchstring hangs outside every cabin door if the men folk are at home, but you must shout "Hello!" always outside the fence.

"We uns is pore," you will be told, "but y'u're welcome ef y'u kin put up with what we have."

After a stay of a week at a mountain cabin a young "furriner" asked what his bill was. The old mountaineer waved his hand. "Nothin," he said, "'cept come ag'n!"

A belated traveler asked to stay all night at a cabin. The mountaineer answered that his wife was sick, and they were "sorter out of fixin's to eat, but he reckoned he mought step over to a neighbor's an borrow some." He did step over, and he was gone three hours. He brought back a little bag of meal, and they had corn bread and potatoes for supper and for breakfast, cooked by the mountaineer. The stranger asked how far away his next neighbor lived. "A leetle the rise of six miles, I reckon," was the answer.

"Which way?"

"Oh, jes' over the mountain thar."

He had stepped six miles over the mountain and back for that little bag of meal, and he would allow his guest to pay nothing next morning.

I have slept with nine others in a single room. The host gave up his bed to two of our party, and he and his wife slept with the rest of us on the floor. He gave us supper, kept us all night, sent us away next morning with a parting draf' of moonshine applejack of his own brewing, by the way, and would suffer no one to pay a cent for his entertainment. That man was a desperado, an outlaw, a moonshiner and was running from the sheriff at that very time.

Two outlaw sons were supposed to have been killed by officers. I offered aid to the father to have them decently clothed and buried, but the old man, who was as bad as his sons, declined it, left for that, and if not, why, he had.—"The Southern Mountaineer," by John Fox, Jr., in Scribner's.

Peculiar Trees.

The visitor to the Falkland islands sees a number of what appear to be weather beaten, moss covered bowlders of various sizes scattered here and there. On attempting to turn one over he is surprised to find that it is anchored to the ground by roots of great strength. These are not bowlders. They are trees. No other place in the world can show such a peculiarity of "forest" growth. The Falkland islands are exposed to a strong polar wind which renders it impossible for trees to grow in the proper form. Nature has consequently adapted herself to the prevailing conditions and produced this strange form of plant life. These "living stones," as they are called, are quite devoid of "grain," and it is next to impossible to cut them up and utilize them for fuel.

The Penmanship of Authors.

Is there really any connection between the cast of a writer's mind and his handwriting? asks The Pall Mall Gazette. Thackeray was one of the neatest of writers and boasted that if other trades failed he could get his living by writing the Lord's Prayer on a shilling. Keats wrote like a clerk, and Gray, Tom Moore, Leigh Hunt and Sir Walter Scott all used running hands, which were legible without any marked characteristics. The same may be said of the writings of Anthony Trollope and Professor Tyndall, none, perhaps, of these writers being much given to subtlety of expression.

Carlyle, on the other hand, is said to have produced the most untidy and awful scribble that ever puzzled a compositor, and Victor Hugo, Browning and Tennyson were nearly as bad. Yet, although this looks as if there might be some sort of a rule in such matters, we find Napoleon, who certainly never failed in directness of expression, writing a hand that he could not read himself, and Macready, the actor, whose order for the theater was once taken for a prescription for a cough mixture.

One thing seems pretty certain—that the mere size of the letters has little to do with character.

Raleigh's Favorite Tipple.

Sir Walter Raleigh seems to have had a pretty taste in stimulants, to judge by his "cordial water," the recipe for which is copied from a cookbook nearly 300 years old. This is how Sir Walter concocted his favorite drink:

"Take a gallon of strawberries and put them into a pint of aqua vitæ (brandy). Let them stand so four or five days. Strain them gently out and sweeten the water as you please with fine sugar or else with perfume."

Queen Elizabeth was exceedingly fond of perfumes, and, according to this old book, her favorite scent was made in this manner: "Take eight spoonfuls of compound water, the weight of twopence in fine powdered sugar and boil it on hot embers or coals softly. Add half an ounce of sweet marjoram, dry it in the sun, the weight of twopence of powdered benjamin (benzoin?). This perfume is very good and sweet for the time."

Shorts In a Corner.

"Yes," said young Mr. Bashful to his best girl, "the stock market has been through considerable excitement of late."

"Oh, yes," the girl responded, eager to take part in conversation on a topic which interested her Adolphus. "I have read a lot about it in the paper—all about those dreadful bulls and bears and things."

"Yes," Adolphus went on; "they got the shorts in a corner and effectually squeezed them."

"Did they?"

"Yes."

"I think," the demure maid added, after a few minutes' meditation, "that if ever I become a speculator I shall be a short."

A few minutes later she found it was not necessary to speculate in stock in order to be treated as a "short."—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

Different From the Rest.

They are talking about how they happened to marry.

"I married my wife," said one after the others had all had their say, "because she was so different from any woman I had ever met."

"How was that?" chorused the others.

"She was the only woman I ever met who would have me."

LATEST MARKET REPORT.

Duluth Wheat.

DULUTH, Sept. 13.

WHEAT—Cash No. 1 hard 70¼c, No. 1 Northern 67⅝c, No. 2 Northern 65¼c, No. 3 spring 63¾c. To Arrive—No. 1 hard 70¼c, No. 1 Northern 67¾c, Sept. 67¾c, October 67¾c, Dec. 68c.

Minneapolis Wheat.

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 13.

WHEAT—Cash 67⅝c, Sept. 67⅝c, Dec. 67¼c. On Track—No. 1 hard 69⅝c, No. 1 Northern 67¾c, No. 2 Northern 65½c.

Sioux City Live Stock.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., Sept. 13.

CATTLE—Sales ranged at $3.50@5.30 for beeves, $2.25@3.50 for cows, bulls and mixed, $2.50@3.75 for stockers and feeders, $2.50@3.50 for calves and yearlings.

HOGS—Sales ranged at $6.30@6.65.

St. Paul Union Stock Yards.

SOUTH ST. PAUL, Sept. 13.

HOGS—Sales ranged at $6.15@6.60.

CATTLE—Sales ranged at $5.00@5.25 for prime butcher steers, $3.80@4.10 for prime butcher cows and heifers, $4.50@4.75 for choice veals, $3.15@3.40 for choice feeders.

SHEEP—Sales ranged at $3.85@4.35 for choice butcher lambs, $3.00@3.25 for fat wethers.

Chicago Union Stock Yards.

CHICAGO, Sept. 13.

CATTLE—Sales ranged at $6.00@6.40 for good to prime steers, $4.00@5.70 for poor to medium, $2.75@4.25 for stockers and feeders, $2.50@5.00 for cows and heifers, $3.00@4.50 for Texas fed steers.

HOGS—Sales ranged at $6.15@6.75 for mixed and butchers, $6.50@6.95 for good to choice heavy, $6.00@6.40 for rough heavy, $6.10@6.60 for light, $6.30@6.45 for bulk of sales.

SHEEP—Sales ranged at $3.75@4.10 for sheep, $3.00@5.00 for lambs.

Chicago Grain and Provisions.

CHICAGO, Sept. 13.

WHEAT—Sept. 67⅞c, Oct. 68⅝c, Dec. 70¼c, May 73¾c.

CORN—Sept. 55c, Oct. 55⅛c, Dec. 56⅝@57c, May 58⅝c.

OATS—Sept. 34¼c, Oct. 31c, Dec. 35⅝c, May 37⅝c.

PORK—Sept. $14.65, Oct. $14.75, Jan. $15.80, May $15.95.

FLAX—Cash Northwest $1.52, No. 1 $1.52, Sept. $1.43, Oct. $1.44.

POULTRY—Dressed chickens 8¼@11c, turkeys 6@8c.

BUTTER—Creamery 14@20c, dairy 13@17c.

EGGS—Fresh 15½c.

A WORTHY SUCCESSOR.

"Something New Under the Sun."

All doctors have tried to cure catarrh by the use of powders, acid gases, inhalers and drugs in paste form. Their powders dry up the mucous membrane causing them to crack open and bleed. The powerful acids used in the inhalers have entirely eaten away the same membranes that their makers have aimed to cure, while pastes and ointments cannot reach the disease. An old and experienced practitioner who has for many years made a close study and specialty of the treatment of Catarrh, has at last perfected a treatment which when faithfully used, not only relieves at once, but permanently cures Catarrh, by removing the cause, stopping the discharges, and curing all inflammation. It is the only remedy known to science that actually reaches the afflicted parts. This wonderful remedy is known as "Snuffles the Guaranteed Catarrh Cure," and is sold at the extremely low price of One Dollar, each package containing internal and external medicine sufficient for a full month's treatment and everything necessary to its perfect use.

"Snuffles" is the only perfect Catarrh Cure ever made and is now recognized as the only safe and positive cure for that annoying and disgusting disease. It cures all inflammation quickly and permanently and is also wonderfully quick to relieve Hay Fever or cold in the head.

Catarrh when neglected often leads to Consumption—"Snuffles" will save you if you use it at once. It is no ordinary remedy, but a complete treatment which is positively guaranteed to cure Catarrh in any form or stage if used according to the directions which accompany each package. Don't delay but send for it at once, and write full particulars as to your condition, and you will receive special advice from the discoverer of this wonderful remedy regarding your case without cost to you beyond the regular price of "Snuffles" the "Guaranteed Catarrh Cure."

Sent prepaid to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of One Dollar. Address Dept. D496 Edwin B. Giles & Company, 2330 and 2332 Market Street Philadelphia.

Henry Braydon, Harris, N. C., says: "I took medicine 20 years for asthma but one bottle of One Minute Cough Cure did me more good than any thing else during that time. Best Cough Cure."

COOK & ODEE.

B. W. Pursell, Kinterville, Pa., says he suffered 25 years with piles and could obtain no relief until DeWitt's Witch Hazel salve effected a permanent cure. Counterfeits are worthless.

COOK & ODEE.

Pingree and Mosby.

When Hazen S. Pingree was coming into prominence in Michigan politics, he was in Washington one night and strolled through the corridors of Willard's hotel, which he had not visited since war times, when it was the popular rendezvous of the city, political, military and otherwise. A friend introduced him to Colonel Mosby, the old guerrilla chieftain.

"Why, hello, colonel," said Pingree in his bluff, offhanded way, just as if he was in the habit of meeting Mosby every day. "I have not seen you for 25 years, but I remember very well the last occasion when we met."

"Ah," said the Virginian politely, "what incident recalls it to your mind? I really fail to remember you, much to my regret."

"Oh, well," said Pingree, "you would not be so apt as I to remember the day. I was captured by your men, and, happening to be wearing a very good, nearly new uniform, you confiscated it on the spot and gave me your old ragged butternuts. But that's all right. All's fair in love and war, I know. Let's have a cigar."

Without a word of protest Mosby accepted, and a long friendly chat followed.