









CREW SHIP... one of the big guns of the Chinese six companies...

TWELVE innocent-looking Texas farmers last week whipped out their revolvers...

SOMEBODY proposes to adorn tombstones with the pictures of the deceased persons...

WALTER BESANT said a year ago that it seemed almost safe to prophesy an outburst of genius in the United States...

The prevalence of crimson colors in certain fishes found off the New England coast is said by Professor J. Brown Goode...

The latest flying machine is the invention of an Oregonian. While not on the lines of any of its predecessors...

ACCORDING to the figures compiled by Carroll D. Wright, superintendent of the United States department of labor...

A PEKING SOUND official suspected of undue friendliness to the Chinese has been dismissed...

THERE is no doubt a growing tendency to postpone murder trials too long. A murderer is not a man to be handled with kid gloves...

It is stated by a prominent Texas cowman that the number of cattle on the ranges has greatly decreased...

WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER has pushed into hitherto unexplored regions of Africa and made some important discoveries...

The farmer of all men should take pains to encourage his boys if he wishes them to adopt the business of farming...

Two young men have set out from New York with the intention of walking to San Francisco...

An Idaho man has been sentenced to death for arson. People prone to set incendiary fires for the purpose of collecting insurance...

An American riding through China on a bicycle was thought by the intelligent natives to be the devil...

It is announced semi-officially from the high dignitaries who have been in session in Paris...

AN EPISODE.

A duelist and a goatee. Died when the river bent. The duelist with composure...

MYSTERY OF THE ROSES.

When the young and beautiful Pauline de Sambreuse died last spring every one feared that her husband would lose his mind...

His grief showed itself in a touching, though slightly romantic manner. Pauline from her earliest childhood had been extravagantly fond of roses...

In his own apartment, M. de Sambreuse made a sort of shrine to the memory of his wife. At the back of a deep niche, whose interior was concealed from the curious eyes of the servants...

Every evening M. de Sambreuse hastened to his room, and after opening the door of the tabernacle...

One morning of autumn, when according to his invariable custom, M. de Sambreuse arrived at Pere Lachaise...

Without asking himself whence came these flowers which seemed to him impious usurpers...

Three days later on reaching Pauline's tomb he found that the deed had been repeated. He felt the same surprise and anger...

The following day matters were even worse. For a strange bouquet was in the urn and his own was no longer upon the tomb...

However, by constantly questioning his memory, he recalled that on the morning of the burial when, crushed with sorrow, he stood at the grave...

edge of Pauline's grave, he had raised his eyes as the priest threw the earth upon the coffin...

One morning he went to the cemetery earlier than usual. As he approached his wife's tomb he saw a man standing before it...

"What are you doing here, monsieur?" he demanded. The stranger started, looked at him and replied in a sweet but firm voice...

"Doubtless what you yourself are doing, monsieur?" I come to pray at my wife's grave. "I come to pray here, also."

"You were a friend who hid himself from me and whose existence my wife concealed," he said in a trembling voice. "Is this the reason that you have profaned her tomb by depositing it of the flowers which I have put upon it?"

"You loved my wife—confess it!" "I loved her much," he said, in a tone equally free from boasting or timidity.

"Passive and resigned, he awaited the result of the husband's access of fury. But the grasp on his arm loosened and he saw M. de Sambreuse slowly draw back and pass his hands over his forehead as if to dissipate his anger.

A terrible conflict was going on in the heart of the wretched husband. Would he not, in demanding a full explanation, from this young man, run the risk of shattering the altar upon which he had placed his idol?

"You must never come here again, monsieur. Promise me that you will never return, and that you will always recognize my exclusive right to weep at this tomb and to bring flowers to it."

"I promise, monsieur," sighed the stranger, and he immediately started to go away. But the husband detained him.

"Had Time to Grow. A hungry man went into a fashionable downtown restaurant and gave an order for dinner. Among other dishes, he ordered calf's liver and bacon.

His Maternal Parent—I am sorry, Willie (whack), to have to do this. It (whack) hurts me a great deal (whack) worse than it hurts you!

Willie, wriggling and shrieking—No it don't! You've got a glove on!

LISHED BY LITTLE ONES.

Trayers add Hyman—Assume. Carious Shape When Uttered by Children. The childish understanding has a hard time of it, and in no sphere so much as in that of religion.

The deepest English colliery at present is Moss Colliery, near Ashton-under-Lyne, which is sunk 2,820 feet. A monster marine eel, thirty feet long, was caught in the weir of the Provincetown, Cape Cod, fishermen a short time ago.

The Saylor family of Mayendale, Pa., which numbers seventy-eight members, has experienced but one death in the past sixty-four years. The highest chimneys in the world are two in Glasgow, one being 468 feet high and the other 435 feet, while one near Cologne comes next with a height of 441 feet.

At Selma, Ala., there is an artesian well provided with two tubes, one of which spouts pure cold water, the other warm water strongly impregnated with iron.

Right at the foot of a great glacier in New Zealand there is a tropical growth of plant life and a hot spring, with water issuing forth at a temperature of over 100 degrees.

An unusually large egg, which contained a second egg with a shell equal in hardness to the outer one, was laid by a hen on the farm of W. H. Stocks, at Contentnea, N. C., a short time ago.

"Baby," a cat belonging to Mrs. Cragin, of Worcester, Mass., is believed to be the giant of the domesticated feline race. It is two and a half feet long, sixteen inches high and weighs thirty pounds.

The kangaroo leaps from sixty to seventy feet. The highest recorded leap of a horse is thirty-seven feet. Mrs. Amos Corey of Turnwood, New York, showed herself to be a heroine lately. A bear strolled into the yard and upset some bee hives.

There are two ways of telling a woman by its glib and its walk. FITS all the "chaps" from Dr. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT. Nothing will do more to improve the looks than "Swamp-Root" in the hair.

OLD WESTERN PIONEER. The Last Living Member of Captain Collins' Famous Expedition. "I think I am the last living member of Captain Collins' famous expedition, which in 1860 cut its way through the forest from Seattle to the other side of the mountains."

"I went out to-day on Collins' old ranch on White river, where we rendezvoused for the start. It was the first time I have been there since the day we left, thirty-three years ago. I could scarcely recognize the surroundings. There were good traces of the old fort on whose parapet Collins had mounted a cannon, but the gun was gone."

"Many a good story have I heard Collins tell about his fights with the upriver savages. He used to lead his old cannon with rivets, sawtooth, scrap iron, and all sorts of missiles, and after laying low for the Redskins let them have a whole broadside when they were passing the fort in their canoes."

"Captain Collins returned to Seattle, and afterward was drowned in the Salmon River, dying in poverty. I remained in the Okanogan for several years, and then went up into the cariboo country, where I remained for about fifteen years, traversing the entire region. I then came back to the Similkameen, where I am now hydraulic mining some placer claims about seven or eight miles from the river's mouth. I am the only living white man who went into the Okanogan country, and I was the only one who came in a few months later, and Colonel Haines used to say that I had spoiled many a good story of the veteran of the Osoyoos."

The Passing of the Sap. How water, commonly called sap, necessary to the life of a tree, passes from the roots to the topmost leaf and evaporates is a problem not yet solved by botanists. It is known that the ascent is made chiefly in cavities in the sap-wood only, the heart and bark serving other purposes.

Had no Leather Trousers. His Maternal Parent—I am sorry, Willie (whack), to have to do this. It (whack) hurts me a great deal (whack) worse than it hurts you!

Willie, wriggling and shrieking—No it don't! You've got a glove on!

GATHERED GRIST.

The largest tomb in the world is the pyramid of Cheops, 461 feet high and covering thirteen acres of ground. More than two-thirds of the male prisoners in the state's prisons of the various states are under 30 years of age.

The fourth verse of the twentieth chapter of Revelation contains more words than any other verse in the New Testament. The little island of Iceland with about 70,000 inhabitants has the same number of newspapers as the great empire of China.

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Nore but Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure. No other equals it, or approaches it in leavening strength, purity, or wholesomeness. (See U. S. Gov't Reports.) No other is made from cream of tartar specially refined for it and chemically pure.

CLEVER NONSENSE. A fool carries his name in his mouth. "Are Grabber's writings all original, do you think?" "Yes, I guess the writing is all that is, though."

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME. Running down another is only another way of trying to praise yourself—Kam's Horn.

JUST ISSUED! A WEEK AT THE FAIR. THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION. ILLUSTRATED WITH OVER 275 ENGRAVINGS. The most complete and reliable guide published, containing DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES, specially written by Exposition officials and eminent authorities.