

MAKING CORN A KING.

THE THIRD OF THE GREAT WESTERN MONARCHS.

Out on the prairies they have been busy celebrating his greatness—Tragedies Connected With His Reign—This Year Dame Fortune Has Smiled.

There have been three kings in the west—King Wheat, King Cattle and now King Corn. Once the through passenger trains in crossing the prairies stopped that the travelers might gaze on the stretching fields of wheat that covered thousands of acres in a single body. Then there were excursions to celebrate the opening of new stockyards where the cattle by the herd were to be shipped to market. Now there is a new sovereign, and the plains people are having "corn carnivals" and making the yellow and white ears that are so plenty emblems of rulership proud to be called the vassals of King Corn. They sing pretty verses, which say:

The rolling prairie's billowy swell,
Breezy upland and timbered dell,
Stately mansion and hut forlorn—
All are hidden by walls of corn.
They're hid and held by these walls of corn,
Whose banners toss in the breeze of morn.

Out on the Kansas prairies a month ago they were busy celebrating his greatness. There was a day of rejoicing and a night of jollity. The people threw kernels at each other, and the girl with the red ear was kissed when caught. It awoke pleasant thoughts in the minds of the older ones to observe this latter custom—thoughts of the younger days in that halcyon world where everything seems beautiful and of good repute as they look back at the joys of it all—"back east." Corn was then king in a way about this time of the year, and the husking bees were the delight of the countryside. No carnival of these latter days can compare with that time for real delight, but the attempt to put the grain on its pedestal is commendable. The western farmer has seen too many failures not to appreciate anything that is of promise and that is likely to give a permanent prosperity. Corn does this and is the one great savior of the settler. In the long rows that are so beautiful in the spring and so fruitful in autumn (if the hot winds do not blow), there is inspiration to keep him and his family happy through many a day and night. Its possibilities as an implement of jollity have been a new discovery. The corn carnival is one of the outposts of the flower festivals of the Pacific coast that have turned the tide of amusement for the multitude from the old fashioned fairs to the more modern methods. It is surprising what can be done. Corn was even drawn into politics the other day in one of these celebrations out on the plains. It was a two days' affair. On the first the white corn was the ruler and the decorations were all of that variety. The people who entered the gates paid as a toll one ear of white corn each. This was silver's day, and the speeches were of that stripe. The crowds yelled for the white metal, endeavoring to outdo all records. The next day gold had the inning. Yellow was in the ascendancy, and an ear of yellow corn was the price of admission. The decorations and the speaking were of a nature to please the opponents of those who attended the day previous. It was a stern rivalry, and the countryside for miles around was drawn upon to make the crowds as large as possible.

Dreams of good times are always connected with the corn crop on the plains. Wheat is so low and its price is so little changed in the course of the year that it is considered as a crop that will be of little speculative value to the settler. But the corn crop is all right for a splendid gain if it turns out well. It comes to maturity in a few weeks, comparatively, and the settler can plant it after the wheat is seen to be a failure or after the oats are blown out of the ground by the spring winds. He knows, too, that if the price is low he can feed the grain to the cattle and hogs, and so have another chance to recoup himself. Indeed, the most prosperous farmers nowadays are those who do not sell their corn in the grain, but feed it and take it to market in the more condensed form of pork and beef. Said a western farmer to a visitor the other day, "We took this country from the Indians too blamed soon!" Perhaps we did, but the Redskins left a beneficent gift in the maize that has been the foundation of so many a home through the passing years. As the settler looks back on the times when he was struggling to make the mortgage lessen he remembers that it was the corn that gave him the most help. It was this that made the better cakes on which the family lived in the dull days in the prairie cabin. He thinks of these things, and if you talk with him you will find that he is still loyal to the grain as the best of them all.

But there are tragedies of the corn as well. When the summer has come to its height and the July sun is making havoc in the cities, there come into the newspaper offices special dispatches that tell of the dreaded "hot winds" out on the plains. "Corn is suffering," they say, and the next night they add, "Corn is severely burned and will be only half a crop if the county does not have rain soon." That does not tell it all by any means. In the settler's family there are anxious eyes looking for the cloud that is yet to come. The days go by, and the clouds are parched, the stalks bent to the north by the furnace heated breezes that come up out of the south. Then the leaves begin to twist and curl, and the ears that were ready to fill are seen to be dried. The corn crop is hurt. It means that the profit is gone for the year's work, and that it is a question if there will be enough for the necessary feed. It does not take much to do it—a week will spoil the whole crop—yes, three days of the dreaded winds will make the fields valueless if they come at the right, or rather the wrong time. It is perilous when this happens, and the farmer is not to be blamed if he looks at the chastened sky and offers a few

forceful remarks that are more spirited than elegant. It is pretty hard luck, for corn culture is by no means an easy task. It is only possible to win by doing the work well, and that is by the route of early rising and long days of following the plow, harrow and cultivator.

But when there comes a crop! Then the farmer is happy. That is the case out on the plains this year, and that is why they are celebrating the kingship of the grain. When corn is a success on the prairies, it is very much of a king. Along the lines of railway in northern Kansas and Nebraska there are yet the big cribs in which the speculators at the last crop time put up the grain for a rise. There were hundreds of thousands of bushels stored in long sheds, ready for market, and the piles had a great attraction for all who saw them. The trains passed between these sheds as between the lines of freight cars on the side tracks in city yards. But as to profit, there is little in these years of plenty. Corn sells out in the western counties of Kansas and Nebraska for 6 cents a bushel. That means small return for the days spent in the fields. Still, it is better than to be out altogether, and it makes certain the proper care of the cattle and horses of the settlers. Jewell county, in western Kansas, this year has corn enough to make a fence around the entire state of Kansas if it were piled in a long row. Over 9,000,000 bushels of it will be gathered.

Corn has a foreign cousin that is coming to the front rapidly in the west—Kaffir corn. Over 100,000 acres will be garnered this year in Kansas—twice the acreage of last season. It grows where the old variety will not and is sure to make a crop if it has half a chance. It makes fine feed, and the cattle are fattened on it as easily as on the Indian maize. It bids fair to help revolutionize the farming of the semiarid region. And it strengthens the power of the principal ruler—strength giving, prosperity bringing King Corn.—C. M. Harger in Chicago Times-Herald.

ALL LOYAL TO THE FLAG.

Scene at General Gordon's Lecture on the "Last Days of the Confederacy."

There was a touching scene at the conclusion of Senator J. B. Gordon's lecture on the "Last Days of the Confederacy" before the Lincoln club at Rochester the other evening. General Gordon spoke for two and a half hours under appeals to "Go on, go on." In concluding he said:

"As I stand here tonight in your presence and in the presence of the great God who is the judge of us all as the selected chief of all the living Confederate soldiers I want to present to you my honor, the honor of all the living Confederates, the honor of a great people, that we are ready to join with you in waving aloft this proud banner (here he caught up the American flag from the table and held it above his head), and we join with you all who love that flag in saying that, by God's help, there shall never come to it one blot or stain; that as long as the ages remain that flag shall be the most proud and potent emblem of human freedom in all this world."

CHILDREN FOR BAILIFFS.

The Federal Court in Kansas City Swears In Boys.

Lawyers who practice in the federal court at Kansas City have not yet grown accustomed to having boys for bailiffs. Freddie Graham, Sam Pruzan and Harold Gale were made bailiffs not long ago. They have been sworn to execute the duties of their office with promptness and fidelity at the beginning of each term, and Saturday morning the sight of the three little fellows marching up before the judge's desk to be sworn caused considerable merriment among the members of the bar present. As the little fellows stood up in a row to be sworn the head of the smallest and youngest—12 years old—reached hardly half way to the top of the judge's desk. They held up their right hands quite bravely, however, and took the oath of office.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dogs Accused of Theft.

The county jail harbors Wilson Hoffman and wife, charged with being the instigators of a peculiar crime. According to the story of the neighbors, the Hoffmans used to go on foraging expeditions every morning, accompanied by their two dogs. When the expedition reached a farmyard, the dogs would bound over the fence, each seize a chicken and bear it back to the wagon. As the Hoffmans could undersell less fortunate dealers and quickly dispose of their goods an investigation disclosed the facts recited. One householder claims to have lost 150 chickens in this way.—Philadelphia Press.

New Six-in-hand Record.

Lawson N. Fuller has made a new record with his six-in-hand team at Fleetwood Driving park. The time for the mile was 2:56 1/4, which was 1 1/2 seconds less than the previous record held by the team. The team was attached to a light two wheeled wagon. With the exception of Fleetwing's slight break at the start, the team trotted evenly. The leaders were Dexter and Crick, with Florrie and Higny in the center, and Lamar and Fleetwing as the wheel horses. The first eighth was made in .223, quarter in .48 1/2, half in 1:27 1/4, the three-quarters in 2:13 and the mile in 2:56 1/4.

A Georgia Challenge to the World.

Rumor has it that there is a family in Brooks county who will acquire four sons-in-law between now and Christmas. We challenge the world to beat this.—Quitman Free Press.

HER GREAT DISCOVERY.

The Interesting Observation of a Woman Regarding the President Elect.

Who but "the sex" would imagine that we have got for ourselves a "bar-gain counter" president?

It was at a Brooklyn tea. The ladies were discussing politics and back breadths, husbands' foibles and gossip, all in that delightfully inconsequential way that makes up so large a part of woman's charms. She was an old lady, who had transplanted herself from the barren wastes and rocky coasts of Maine to the sunnier clime and the effulgence of a fuller life in South Brooklyn. To any one who knows the transplanted New Englander it is unnecessary to say she had brought all her New England thrift with her. She sat up in her straight backed way—it was at the close of a long argument on the good and the ill that would result from the outcome of the last election—pushed back a pretty white curl from the edge of her forehead and said as she set her teacup sharply down on the little table:

"Well, ladies, I thank the Lord that McKinley's elected. He's got an invalid wife, and he can't do much entertaining, and that'll be an awful savior to the nation."

There will be other things than mere politics to reckon with if women ever do come into the game.—New York Journal.

A PARTRIDGE KING.

A Minnesota Man Whose Methods May Make the Birds Become Extinct.

Special Agent Gray of the general land department, who has returned from a trip to the Canadian boundary, reports running across an eccentric character 20 miles north of Tower, Minn., who is known as the partridge king. His name is Stephen Gheen, and he is a trader.

Gheen as a side issue contracts to furnish partridges in enormous numbers. He recently completed a contract of furnishing 5,000 birds, has practically filled another similar one, and is now at work on another for 8,000 birds which was taken by a would be rival, but who found that Gheen had organized all the Indians and half breeds in the region.

The birds are sold ostensibly to Twin City parties, but it is believed that this is said merely to evade the state law which prohibits partridges from being shipped out of the state. It is suspected that Chicago houses are the real purchasers. The Indians employed by Gheen make it a practice to kill male birds, and as a result it is feared that one or two seasons of the king's reign will devastate the northern wilds of the favorite feathered game.

On the Canadian boundary partridges are not much of a luxury. Dressed birds sell there for 5 cents each.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

COXEY'S NEW DOCTRINE.

He Devises a Platform and Calls a Convention For 1907.

J. S. Coxe of commonwealth fame is on the ground floor with a new doctrine for 1907. It is a platform which declares for the demonetization of gold as well as silver, state ownership of all railroads, highways, waterways and telegraph and telephone lines; municipal ownership of all street car lines, waterworks, market houses, electric light and gas plants; employment of surplus labor in public work, woman's suffrage, state control of liquor traffic and election of president by direct vote of people.

Coxey has called a conference of all friends of the initiative and referendum and advocates of the above principles of government. He believes that national banks should loan money to the people at cost, and this principle, he says, will be incorporated in a platform to be adopted in the parlors of the Lindell hotel, St. Louis, Jan. 12, 1897. All who favor the principles above set forth are urged to attend the St. Louis convention.—Chicago Post.

Novel Damage Suit.

A novel suit has been entered against the Sassafras River Steamboat company. Thomas Hall claims \$5,000 damages from the company for causing him to lose his vote on election day. He says that on Oct. 19 he bought a round trip ticket from Georgetown to Baltimore and return, and in coming on the steamer the wrong coupon was taken by the purser. When he wanted to go home to vote, the company refused to accept the ticket for passage back. He did not have means to pay his fare and was obliged to remain in Baltimore.—Philadelphia Times.

Wins a Wife in Rapid Order.

The record for rapid wooing is claimed by W. L. Dalem, a Pittsburg traveling salesman, who has been united in marriage to Miss Alice E. Wehmer, a young woman living near Rome City, Ind. Dalem visited Rome City on his regular trip Monday. He met Miss Wehmer at the depot and a flirtation resulted. Tuesday Dalem wired his newly made acquaintance a proposal of marriage. A telegram of acceptance was immediately sent in response, and Wednesday the nuptials of the couple were solemnized.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Good Thing For His Employer.

A unique election bet between J. B. Scott, a dry goods clerk in Hicksville, O., and Frank Draper, a traveling man of Columbus, O., is being paid. Scott now wears his coat, waistcoat and trousers wrong side out while in the store. The affair has caused much amusement, and hundreds of people have been attracted to the store where Scott works to witness the funny spectacle. Scott will continue his peculiar mode of dress for six months unless released by Draper. A forfeit of \$50 was posted.

For Syrian Women.

The Daughters of Syria, a new society, open to all Syrian women who can read and write, has been organized in New York city for social and moral purposes as well as for study.

STARS ABOUT TO SET.

BRILLIANT SENATORS WHOSE RETIREMENT IS AT HAND.

Conspicuous Statesmen Who Will Not Be Heard In the Fifty-fifth Congress—Blackburn, Voorhees, Hill, Gordon and Cameron Among the Number.

Although the changes in the personnel of the United States senate will not be numerous at the beginning of the Fifty-fifth congress, they will be conspicuous. Many years have passed since so many prominent figures were retired at the same time, as will be remembered to lasting private life after the next senatorial elections.

Voorhees, a glittering spectacle in public service for 35 years, fluent, superficial, stentorian, belligerent, often defeated in battles of his own invention, free silverite, greenbacker, sympathizer with the southern rebellion, social, companionable, not the least of Bohemians in his younger years, will pass from public view and contemplate whether his deeds are of sufficient importance to live after him. He will be much missed. He will be regretted. His health is such that he cannot hope for re-entrance to the arena of political strife.

If ex-President Harrison be not persuaded to stand for the succession, Indiana will probably be represented by no Republican of note. Turpie, whose term will end in 1899, is a strong intellect, and it would be uncomplimentary to the dominant party if they place beside him a nobody.

Joe Blackburn will be lamented almost as greatly as Voorhees. Impulsive, fiery, oftentimes coarse, he is yet known as one of the best fellows in the world. He is a notable bon vivant and will be missed at Chamberlin's as well as in the senate. The strength of Kentucky's representation in the senate will wane with the departure of Blackburn. Lindsay, as the successor of Beck, has been a failure. The places of such men as Beck, Carlisle, Blackburn and even of Cerrito Gordon Williams cannot easily be filled, not to go back to Henry Clay.

Don Cameron, silent and mysterious as he has been, will be missed from his seat, which, by the 4th of March, 1897, he will have occupied continuously for 20 years, almost as greatly as any senator that could be named. He was secretary of war for President Grant when he was elected to the senate to succeed his lamented father.

Wishing to retire, wishing his son to succeed him, recognizing the robust growth of an anti-Cameron sentiment in the state, the elder man presented his resignation to the president of the senate one Saturday in 1877 after the legislature at Harrisburg had adjourned to meet on Monday. Most of the members were out of the city, and most of them in Philadelphia. Bob Mackey was where he was most needed, and it was all arranged that Don should be elected on Monday, as soon as the legislature was called to order and before the anti-Cameron element of the state could learn of the resignation of the old senator.

There were 20 Republicans in the house and senate who would have voted with the Democrats for any acceptable independent Republican, but the Democrats preferred a Cameron to a half way man, and Don was elected by a party vote.

Cameron and Quay are directly credited with the defeat of the last federal elections bill. They agreed to accomplish their gentle though lingering death if the Democrats would permit the tariff measure of 1890 to come to a vote. The tariff bill was passed and the elections bill deferred to the next session, when it calmly glided into the sphere where there was no hope of resurrection.

None of the retiring members of the senate will be regretted more than the venerable General Palmer of Illinois, who played a part in the late elections that will have a great place in the political history of America.

Since his advent in the senate, in 1891, Palmer has borne a strong hand in all sorts of legislation, though accused at times of being a little tedious, garrulous and peevish. He has always been interesting, however.

It goes without saying that the passing of Senator Hill will leave a void in the senate. Whether Hill was right or wrong, he was strong. Sophist, politician, selfish, isolated, looking upon party as a machine and not a principle, he is regarded as a dangerous antagonist by the most confident and experienced debaters. Platt is another of Hill's type, but will, if he comes to the senate, exhibit no such forensic power.

Brice of Ohio and New York will be missed, more as an entertainer at his residence in the old Corcoran mansion than in the senate. Mrs. Brice has been the Mrs. Whitney of this administration to some extent, though the Brice entertainments have seemed to be less brilliant, if fully as expensive, as those of the late wife of the ex-secretary of the navy. Foraker will now a wider swath than Brice oratorially, though he may not socially.

Vilas of Wisconsin will hardly give place to a weaker man. He has been blustery and irritable. Senators do not like to be lectured, and especially by a person who poses as the mouthpiece of a president who is not popular with any except a few cuckoos of the American house of lords.

That grand old Confederate, General Gordon of Georgia, retires from choice and will devote the remainder of his life to the work in which he has been largely engaged for years—that of cementing more closely the wearers of the blue and the gray, the reuniting of the sections in bonds of confidence and love.

The foregoing are the prominent senators who will surely be retired from office next March. There are others who will probably be, such as Call of Florida, Squire of Washington and Dubois of Idaho, but they are still in the ring, though somewhat disfigured.—Washington Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

VACANT LOT.

A Proof of the Progress It is Making In New York.

The fact that at the recent American institute fair a woman who has been farming on vacant lots in this city carried off eight first prizes, three second prizes and two special prizes, amounting to \$55, and that several men who have farms similar to hers took prizes amounting to \$45, is looked upon by those interested in the vacant lot movement as proof of its success. When the vacant lot plan was suggested several years ago, it was said to be a visionary scheme, and it was urged that poor city people without previous farming experience could not cultivate land with any profit to themselves.

The men who were interested in it, however, decided that it should have a fair trial, and they now believe that its success has been demonstrated. The expenses of the farms for the last year amounted to \$4,500, and the receipts of the planters were \$9,500. The Association For Improving the Condition of the Poor, under whose management the farms were conducted, received several hundred bushels of potatoes, beets and cabbages for distribution. This association says that an excellent showing was made this summer, despite the fact that it was a bad season for city farming, owing to the early wet weather and the extreme heat that came later.—New York Sun.

A SUPERIOR RACE.

Interesting Find of Skeletons Near an Indiana City.

A great deal of interest has been attracted to several finds of skeletons in the vicinity of Anderson, Ind., within the past few days. The most peculiar thing in connection with them is the fact that the top of the head had been sawed off or in some manner removed. Editor Biddle of The Daily Bulletin has a skull in his collection that is a fair sample. The top of it had evidently been sawed off when the body was interred. The top piece was found lying right next to the skull. It had been taken off right above the ears, and evidently for the purpose of removing the brains.

The skeletons indicate that the people were of a large build—much larger than the present tall men and women. Similar finds have recently been made near Montpelier, and, together with the Indiana mounds, a nice story is being put together by the theorists, who are of the opinion that the mound builders made it a practice of removing the brains of the dead for some purpose.

Some of the most remarkable finds that have been made in the way of skulls and skeletons have been brought to light around the Indiana mounds. All of them have been found very recently. The skulls are well formed, indicating a superior race of aborigines.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Splendid Creature.

A steady increase in the appetites of the students at Vassar college is reported by an expert. Lately a New York society debated the question of physical deterioration consequent on too much nervous and brain development. With the foremost female educational institution setting the standard of healthy appetites, there is small danger of physical deterioration. The latter day civilization, with its gospel of liberty and fresh air for women, is developing the head, heart and body of a splendid creature, who bears in her buoyant bloom and sound brain the best evidence of the physical as well as the mental salvation of the race.—Baltimore American.

Eight Hundred Garret A. Hobarts.

A committee from New Brunswick, N. J., went to Vice President Elect Hobart the other day to secure his attendance at a political demonstration. Mr. Hobart begged to be excused. Then he added:

"Gentlemen, the demands upon my time are enormous. I have about 75 invitations to attend dinners and celebrations on Monday. If I did nothing but write autographs for the babies, I would be very busy."

"Babies? What do you mean?" asked one of the committeemen.

"Why," said Mr. Hobart, "I have had 800 of them named after me so far, and the end is not in sight."

Cutting.

The former wife of Congressman Cutting of this state has got her second divorce within two years and is ready for the next chap. If Lillian Russell comes out here next month, as promised, they might hire a hall and hold a convention.—Los Angeles Times.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Over 45,000 copies of Ian Maclaren's new work, "Kate Carnegie and Those Ministers," were ordered in England and America immediately on publication.

A lithograph printer in New York has been discharged for making a theater poster on which appear a policeman in a green uniform and a basket of blue roses with yellow leaves.

In one room in the Maine Central general offices are employed a son of the Hon. Joseph H. Manley, a nephew of the Hon. Arthur Sewall and a nephew of the Hon. Thomas B. Reed.

Women prompters have been tried at the Covent Garden theater with success, as it has been found that their voices carry better across the stage and are less audible in the auditorium.

In Portsmouth, New Hampshire's one fine seaport, the people still celebrate the old English anniversary of Nov. 5, "Guy Fawkes' day," the anniversary of the discovery of "the gunpowder plot." This curious survival of an old custom, dating back to an earlier day than the historic voyage of the Mayflower, is an illustration of the enduring force of custom.

MUSICAL PRODIGY.

A Marvelous Little Michigan Girl's Performances.

Michigan has a marvelous musical prodigy. She is little Alice McClung, who lives with her parents in the village of Coloma. Although she is only 7 years old she has attained musical people not alone with her playing, but with her clever compositions.

Little Alice is a born musician—in fact, it was less than two months after her birth when she first demonstrated that fact. At that age she became so excited while a pianist was playing a Chopin selection that her mother could with difficulty hold her in her arms. She is at once a child of nature and of the old masters. She will listen intently to the songs of birds and insects, to the buzzing of telegraph wires, and then imitate them.

When but 5 years old she composed her "Sault Ste. Marie March." She was born in Sault Ste. Marie, where there is a United States fort. The beginning of the march is an imitation of the bugle calls which she heard at this fort each day.

The idea that the sole object of every individual is to learn to play on the piano was early fixed in the child's mind. Her mother was a music teacher, and the baby would enter her studio after the pupils had left and imitate the music she had heard. She soon began to compose, and when a melody was given to her she would quickly write a bass to fit it. Her sense of harmony and of tone seems to be absolutely perfect.

In very early childhood it was Alice's hobby to sit with a volume of Beethoven's sonatas before her and spend hours playing bits of the music which her little hands could encompass. Music of an inferior nature has never been given to her. Her taste has been formed entirely by the study of the best composers and of nature's sounds.

Professor Ziegfeld of the Chicago College of Music has tested her powers and pronounces her ear for music perfect. Her "Songs of Merry Birds" is a musical composition of a very high standard.

Only twice has little Alice been induced to appear in public, both times during last February, first in Coloma and next in Benton Harbor, Mich. Her remarkable executions on the piano of compositions by Beethoven, Chopin, Kunze, Diabelli and of her own music astonished the audiences. Her tone tests on those occasions were noteworthy. Standing with her back to the piano, she correctly named the keynotes when numbers of the keys were struck.—Boston Journal.

LARGE ELECTRIC PLANT.

Over \$2,000,000 to Be Expended in a Little Pennsylvania Town.

York Haven, a little town situated a few miles from York, Pa., will shortly enjoy a boom such as is seldom given to so small a place. One of the largest electric plants in this country will shortly be established there, at the cost of about \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000, and will be about 20,000 horsepower. It will be under the supervision of H. L. Carter, present owner of the York Haven paper mill of Philadelphia, and Mr. Severy and Mr. Einstein of New York.

The plant will distribute a current of electricity throughout the nearby towns, such as Harrisburg, Lancaster, York, Manchester and all the towns within a radius of 30 or 40 miles. It is said that the plant will be the means of the establishment of three or four large mills at this place. Early in the spring about 2,000 men will be put on the works in order to hasten its completion. It is thought that it will take about three years to complete the plant.—Philadelphia Times.

Identified by His Dog's Tag.

At the Chicago city hall license department, whenever any one gets a dog license, the purchaser gives his or her residence number to the clerk, and also a description of the dog. This number and the appearance of the dog are written down of record and are easily referred to.

A day or two ago the ticket seller at the Sixty-third street station of the elevated road noticed a very small boy standing on the platform, accompanied by a brown setter. The boy was so small that he could not tell where he lived and was evidently lost. The dog licked his hands affectionately, panted in a benevolent way and stuck close to the boy. That dog knew that the boy was lost.

Some one read the number of the dog's license and went to the neighboring drug store and telephoned to the city hall. Could the city hall give any description of owner or house number of dog license No. 2,867? Certainly! The owner lived at a certain hotel in town. By the way, was the dog a brown setter? Well, they will find the owner at the Auditorium.

So the small boy was sent home to his rejoicing parents, and the faithful dog trailed behind.—Chicago C. onicle.

A Prophecy.

Dr. W. Seward Webb has gone back to Vermont to look after his railroads and the legislature of that state, of which he is a member and the chairman of the committee on railroads.

Let me make a prediction. Within the next six years, if not sooner, Dr. W. Seward Webb will be United States senator from Vermont.

Just stick a pin in that, oh, ye of little faith in the get there qualities of the heavy swell in politics.

Why, the political dude can make a monkey of the other kind whenever he puts his mind to it. Eh, Cram, old chap?—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Journal.

She Was Rejected.

Mrs. Smith, the self constituted reformer of bicycle girls, is said to be the only woman in the United States who has honestly tried to become intimately acquainted with the wheel and was rejected.—New York Herald.