

A REMARKABLE MAN.

WONDERFUL FEATS WITH LEGS MADE OF ALUMINUM.

With Their Aid He Can Do Many Things Which a Man With Legs of Flesh Would Find Difficult—Made Them Himself and Says He Prefers Them to His Old Ones.

James T. Farrier is probably the most remarkable pedestrian that ever walked on a pair of artificial legs. He is willing to walk against any man who wears artificial legs for any distance from one mile to five miles for the championship of the world. And he is confident of his ability to win. His dexterity in using his artificial limbs is wonderful. He never thinks of using a cane, a crutch or a staff for assistance, as do so many who move about on old fashioned wooden legs. In fact, any stranger seeing him pass through the street would never suspect that he was not walking on the legs that nature gave him. He is a tall man, his gait is natural, and he walks with a swinging stride.

Farmer Farrier is now a resident of Chicago, but until recently he lived on what he calls "a little farm of 1,500 acres" in the Red River valley, in northwestern Minnesota. It was near the town of Crookston, in Polk county. There he was engaged in farming, and he raised wheat, oats and barley on an extensive scale, until misfortune overtook him. One winter's day he got caught in a blizzard. This tells the whole story to any one who has ever encountered a genuine blizzard, whether in Kansas, in the Dakotas or in Minnesota. But those who have never had the experience know very little about the nature of a real blizzard.

Early in February, 1898, when the mercury was ranging low and there was an ominous look in the sky, business took Farrier away from his home on a trip to Minneapolis and St. Paul. He transacted his business in those cities, and, after an absence of 17 days, started back with as little delay as possible. He knew that his wife and children would be waiting in great anxiety until his safe return. He had several miles to walk across the bleak prairies after he left the railway station nearest to his farm, but he thought nothing of this at the time, for he was muscular and fearless and could walk at a gait that would keep an ordinary pedestrian trotting beside him.

"I had come within sight of my house," he says, in telling his awful experience, "before I began to feel that there was anything dangerous in the air. Then I knew a terrible storm was coming, and I pushed forward with renewed energy. The color of the sky was like lead. No wind had been blowing for some time, but now I began to feel particles of sand and ice cutting my face. Then I noticed for the first time a pale brownish yellow haze, or cloud, extending many hundred feet above the earth. The air seemed charged with electricity, though it was bitterly cold. Deep snow lay over the whole country, and it began to swirl in blinding eddies. Still, I didn't think I was in any danger. I felt sure I would be able to reach home before the storm became violent, but it was not to be.

"I was about 70 rods from my house when the blizzard struck me with all its fury. It seemed to come out of the northern sky like a flash. I have not been fearful about many things in my life, but you may well believe that this first grip which that Minnesota blizzard laid upon me struck terror to my heart. I took one longing farewell look at my house the moment before every object in the heavens or on the earth was shut out from my sight and then made a herculean dash to reach it before the fury of the storm should overcome me. I could not see a foot before my face and was quickly carried out of my course. I missed the house, as I afterward learned, by about seven rods. Night came on, darkness fell, and I was still standing buffet against the raging madness of that blizzard. At times it would lift me from my feet as though I was a leaf or a twig and then drop me to the ground. It was a night of despair. Again and again I would struggle to my feet and grope my way in blind confusion against the blast. At length, exhausted, I fell upon a drift, face downward and folded my arms under my head for a pillow, so that I could breathe. Then and there I gave up the struggle. I had a smothering sensation, but did not suffer any pain from the cold, although I knew I was slowly freezing to death. My last thoughts before I lost consciousness were of my wife and children awaiting my return at home, which I felt must be very near by.

"The next morning at daybreak they came out upon the search, and after much weary tramping found me two miles from home in the snowdrift where I had fallen. I was carried home as stiff as a petrified man. Both my feet were found to be frozen through and through as solid as chunks of ice. The temperature was 42 degrees below zero. Three days later they brought the doctors and had both my legs amputated a short distance below the knees. That is how I lost my legs."

It will probably be hard for him to keep out of the clutches of the dime museum men after obtaining the notoriety which this publication will give him. Although he has reduced his height in the manner described, he is still away above the average in tallness and as a high kicker has few equals. It is no trick for him to stand and kick an ordinary chandelier as it depends from the ceiling. In fact, he can easily kick a foot or two higher than most chandeliers. He has often won wagers from men who were told that he wore artificial legs by kicking a ball held seven to eight feet above the ground. In like manner he has won wagers by his natural style of walking from those who would not believe he was wholly dependent on artificial legs. Since his limbs were cut off and he adapted himself to his new pedals, he has made a

record of 15 feet in three standing jumps, or five feet at a jump. As a dancer he is vigorous, enthusiastic and graceful. He dances the schottish, waltz and cotillon with equal skill and grace.

This remarkable man continued to do his own plowing and general farm work up in Minnesota for some time after he had adjusted his artificial limbs to his person. This made him the wonder of the entire neighborhood. People for miles around came to see him perform these seemingly impossible feats. Before sustaining the loss of his legs he was known over the entire countryside as one of the greatest athletes and lover of outdoor sports in that section of the state. As a sprinter he was never beaten. Not only was he a champion runner, but as a long distance and high jumper he never met with one who could defeat him. He also rode one of the old fashioned high wheel bicycles with astonishing success. In a short time he expects to make his debut on a safety. He will also show to the world what he can do in the way of fancy ice skating as soon as the winter rinks are thrown open.

The artificial legs which he wears, and with which he is enabled to do so many wonderful feats, were evolved out of his own brains and made by himself. They are made of sole leather and aluminum. The main body is stiff sole leather and the joints are aluminum set upon rubber bearings. The feet are made of rubber and wood, with toe and ankle joints and shoes are worn just as upon the natural feet. Farrier's artificial legs are distinguished by their light weight and by the natural manner in which the joints work. They weigh only 2½ pounds each. Some of the old fashioned wooden legs, he says, weigh more than four times as much as his invention.

His legs are held in place by means of a supporting strap which passes up over the breast and shoulders and about the neck. He sits down and rises from a chair without the help of his hands, and crosses his legs and assumes all natural and easy positions with apparently as little effort as any man on earth.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A LONG TRIP.

Novel Journey Planned by an Indiana Man in a Launch.

Algernon S. Orr of Michigan City, Ind., has constructed a steam launch, on which he will embark from Chicago on a long trip. If Mr. Orr's initial trip is successful, he will undertake, with the aid of a companion, to encircle the globe.

The little launch will steam out of Chicago within the next few days, following the course of the drainage canal to the Mississippi river and out through the delta into the gulf of Mexico. Mr. Orr will hold his compass on Florida, following the coast, and steam northward, stopping at all the points of interest, but ultimately reaching New York.

His trip will be continued up the Hudson, where he will find his way to the great lakes, following the chain around through Lake Ontario, the Niagara river into Lake Erie, from Lake Erie through the St. Clair river and Lake St. Clair into Lake Huron, through the straits into Lake Michigan and southward to Chicago, the place of starting.

WON'T SHOCK BOSTON.

Wooden Fence Will Hide the Bacchante's Beautifully Chiseled Limbs.

The MacMonnies statue of a bacchante is going to Boston, after all, and is to be set up in its destined place in the courtyard of the Public Library, which Architect McKim is bound that it shall decorate.

It has been refused once. Then an attempt was made to give it to Brooklyn, and that city declined it. Now a decorous wooden fence will be built around it, which will hide the chiseled limbs of this representation of physical delight from the eyes of all except those especially bidden.

It is said, however, that it will be only a matter of a short time when this environment will be removed, and the beautiful figure will be open to the inspection of all who visit the library.

TO PLEASE HIS WIFE.

Meek Iowa Man Pleads Guilty to Bigamy to Preserve Peace.

Gustave Erickson of Sioux City, Ia., went to the penitentiary to please his wife. He was alleged to have married in Omaha several years ago, to have deserted his wife after a time, and, coming to Sioux City, to have remarried without having previously secured a divorce from No. 1.

He entered a plea of guilty to the charge of bigamy and was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment. "I was really never married to more than one woman," he remarked as he followed the sheriff from the courtroom, "but my wife was determined to send me to prison, and I'd do anything to please her."

In the Vernacular.

To go back to the previous question for a moment, it has to be confessed that the sultan still has the ball, even if the playing has mostly been done behind his tenyard line.—Detroit Tribune.

Indian Summer.

What heights of rest are in these silences! What thrills of plains the sunlight seems to strike! The meadows bask. No bitter north winds wake the trees from their fruitless dream of ease. The slow brooks murmur like a swarm of bees. And some shy creature in the tangled brake Darts and is still, and trooping sparrows make A moment's chatter in the cedar trees. Then on far skies they quickly seem to cease. Or, wheeling, drop behind some stubbled mound. But all day long the brooks find no release And lift their wandering undertones of sound. This is the year's full flower, the crown of peace. The sunlight's harvest and the south wind's bound. —L. Frank Tooker in Boston Journal.

HER NEW ROLE.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt Becomes a MILLINER by Proxy.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's millinery shop is an accomplished fact. Thirtieth street, just off Fifth avenue, New York, rumbled with carriages and rustled with silk linings as a tribute to the actress who has gone into trade.

Mlle. Larga Bernhardt and Mlle. Yette de la Piedra are Mme. Bernhardt's representatives. They are wonderfully busy in the most delightful French fashion, assuring captious customers that the incomparable Camille, the unapproachable Gismonda, the unparalleled Iseyl, herself selected the bonnets they are to sell.

They are both rather attractive young women, as carefully and artistically made up for their work before the plate glass windows and the mirrors as their distinguished patroness is for hers before the footlights.

They have a couple of rooms at 18 West Thirty-first street, where these wonderful French creations in the bonnet line, looking glasses of flattering make, a photograph of the invisible ruling spirit of the establishment suspended against the wall by pink ribbons and a sofa, "where one may recover from the shock of their prices," said one of the visitors who did not become a purchaser. The hats and bonnets they display reflect infinite credit upon Mlle. Larga's versatile aunt.

Mlle. Larga was, before coming to America to sell headgear herself, an actress. She says that she gives up the histrionic profession without regret, intimating that it is difficult for a second Bernhardt to gain renown before the footlights. Mlle. de la Piedra does not forfeit any theatrical laurels by engaging in millinery. She maintains that she goes into business because she is tired of all other diversions.—New York Journal.

LAST MAN MUST DINE ALONE

Unique Organization, With Headquarters in Ligonier, Ind.

There exists in Ligonier, Ind., a very unique organization of men, the like of which is not known in the United States. Twenty years ago ten young men, the sons of prominent business men, formed themselves into a society the name of which is the A. S. A. They were joined together by the usual solemnity of an oath, and the organization was created to exist until there was but one member left. The last survivor, on the night of the annual banquet, which commemorates each year of the society's existence, is to have plates laid for ten, eat his supper alone, and thus end the organization.

All members are now married, and since the organization, 20 years ago, there has been but one of the mystic circle taken away by death. It has been the custom on the 11th day of January of each year to have a banquet, and this has been kept up during the entire term of existence. Jan. 11, 1897, will be kept as the twenty-first anniversary. The banquets are elaborate, and the society numbers among its members residents in Chicago, Toledo and other cities. The loyalty and fidelity exhibited among its members are equal to those of any fraternal or beneficial organization. It is the wish of each of the members that he will not be left to be the participant in the final banquet. A loving cup, which is handsomely designed and has the name of each member and the date of the organization of the society engraved upon it, will be kept by the surviving member at the final banquet.

In northern Indiana the organization has gained a reputation for its hospitality and the manner of entertaining its friends. It has but recently been made public that the organization is to continue until there is but one member living.—Chicago Times-Herald.

ALL SORTS OF QUERIES.

Some of the Queer Things Mail Carriers In the Country Want to Know.

An amusing inquiry was received at the postoffice department Saturday from a star route carrier in the west who has been put down as a Populist. He wanted to know:

"When I am riding with the United States mail, am I obliged to turn to one side of the road to give a wagon a chance to pass? Have I not the right to keep in the middle of the road?"

Inquiries of this character are frequent from mail carriers. A few days ago one of them wrote that while on his route he had stopped for dinner and turned his horse loose in a field, whereupon one of his creditors seized the animal on a writ of attachment. "Had he a right to do this?" asked the delinquent mail carrier. "Did he not violate the laws of the United States mail?"

A tollgate keeper also wrote to inquire whether he had a right to stop a United States mail carrier if he refused to pay full toll.—Washington Post.

She Sat For Victoria's Figure.

There is an old lady lying in the Pennsylvania hospital with a broken leg who once sat for the figure of a life size painting of Queen Victoria. She is Miss Blanche Sully, and her father was Thomas Sully, in his time a famous painter of portraits. In 1897 he went to England with a commission from the St. George society to paint the portrait of young Queen Victoria. He took his daughter with him, and as she was very nearly of the same stature as the queen she sat for the figure in her father's picture of Victoria, thus saving the latter the annoyance of long sittings. During the sittings Miss Sully became quite intimate with her majesty and brought back with her to this country many delightful memories of her royal friend.—Philadelphia Record.

Remember Don.

We earnestly recommend to the Spanish government that it not only read but that it lay to heart the adventures of one Don Quixote.—Chicago Dispatch.

WHEAT CROP OF 1896.

THE GOVERNMENT REPORT OF THE WORLD'S HARVEST.

An Interesting Report of One of the Great Staples of Food Products—The Harvest of 1896 Was Over 185,000,000 Bushels Less Than That of 1895.

The consular reports of the world's wheat crop for 1896, just issued, is very interesting at this time because of the recent spectacular jumps made by wheat in the stock market and the reports of the approaching famine in India. Following are extracts from it:

The result of the last wheat harvest, although completed in some countries, cannot be ascertained precisely as yet. So far three estimates concerning the harvest of 1896 have been published, namely:

	1895.	1896.
Hungarian ministry of agriculture	2,509,784,000	2,365,336,000
Parisian Echo Agricole	2,554,822,138	2,383,392,000
English Grain Trading Journal of Dornbusch	2,570,533,998	2,420,105,895

It must be stated, however, that in all these reports, as well as in the following tables, the figures for Russia are only preliminary and approximate. According to the reports, the world's harvest of wheat for 1896, in comparison with the preceding year, is below the average and considerably less satisfactory in quality as well as in quantity. The late and exceedingly cold spring had a bad effect on crops, and the drought spoiled the crops in Europe—to a great extent in southern Russia, but in Spain and Portugal especially. As to the transatlantic countries of the southern hemisphere, in which grain ripens in December to February, the conditions for the growth of wheat were also unsatisfactory. The drought during the first period of the growth of cereals and the continual rain during the harvest had a bad effect on the last crop of wheat in the Argentine Republic, Uruguay and Chile, while the drought also damaged to a great extent the crops of East India and Australia.

This information, of course, refers to the harvest gathered in those countries during the last days of 1895 and the first months of 1896. The greater part of the small surplus in these countries entered the international market long ago and was consumed during the second half of the last campaign, but in view of the fact that the new grain from these countries will not enter the European markets before the second half of the present campaign and owing to the insufficiency of information concerning the outlook for the future harvest the report of the present campaign for these countries has been made according to the figures of the last harvest.

From figures sent in by different consuls it is seen that, in general, the harvest of 1896 decreased 185,485,542 bushels as compared with the harvest of 1895. The harvest in the United States, Canada, Argentina, Uruguay, Chile, Australia and the East Indies shows a decrease of 165,892,959 bushels. Of the European producing countries, only Russia shows a large decrease—56,575,467 bushels. The countries of consumption harvested 37,205,128 bushels more than last year. Only Spain and Portugal among them had a bad crop. France harvested this year nearly as much as last year. An increase compared with last year is to be observed only in Italy and Great Britain.

The decrease of this year's harvest is due also to the decrease in the wheat acreage. Already, last year, in nearly all the large wheat growing countries the area under this cereal had greatly decreased. The great decrease took place in the United States, Russia, the East Indies, Austria-Hungary, Argentina and Germany, the principal cause of which was the extremely low prices the last three campaigns.

The information concerning the other cereals and grasses is very poor and of such indefinite character that any estimate, even approximate, is impossible. In general it may be said that the decrease in the rye harvest is still greater than that in wheat. The Hungarian ministry of agriculture estimates it at 154,785,714 bushels. Here the decrease falls mainly upon the exporting countries, especially Russia. Of the other countries, Austria-Hungary has scarcely an average harvest—a little below last year's. The bad harvest of breadstuffs is not compensated this year by a good harvest of fodder grasses, except maize, which promises a good yield. A decrease compared with last year's harvest of oats and barley is very probable in the principal countries of production in Europe and in the United States and also in the importing countries of Europe, but this decrease is not of such significance as that of wheat and rye.

It Followed Them to School One Day.

News has reached Williamsport, Pa., of an adventure with a bear in the wilds of Brown township. While Miss Lulu Beaver was teaching the little country school of 20 pupils all were thrown into a state of panic by observing a good sized bear entering the schoolroom. Boys and girls alike dashed through the windows, while the bear stood in the aisle, startled by the commotion. Miss Beaver, the teacher, hastened down one side of the room and ran out, closing the door after her. In the meantime several woodmen heard the commotion, and, hastening to the scene with a rifle, quickly dispatched the animal. The hide will be presented to the teacher.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Nothing More For Chicago to Annex.

Chicago is very proud of the fact that she cast 46,535 more votes than New York and 15,080 more votes than New York registered. But, then, Chicago has annexed everything she could find, while New York is just New York.—Buffalo Courier.

RECIPROCITY.

Mexico Swapping Her Oranges For Our Corn.

The shortage in the crop of American oranges this year has opened up an opportunity to the orange growers of Mexico, who will send us supplies of that fruit.

The shortage in the corn crop of Mexico this year has been met by the corn raisers of this country, who have already shipped large quantities of that grain to the republic which lies next to ours.

In these exchanges there is a beautiful illustration of the operation of a principle advantageous to both countries. The yield of oranges in Florida, Louisiana and California has been inadequate, and so Mexico offers us hundreds of carloads of them. The yield of corn in the Mexican states of Guanajuato, Aguas Calientes and Vera Cruz has been inadequate, and so the United States stands ready to furnish them as much of it as they need. Load the ships with American corn for the Mexicans! Load the railroad cars with Mexican oranges for the Americans! It is a pleasing spectacle.

On Wednesday we copied from the New Orleans Times-Democrat an interview with Mr. Joseph Ball, a New Orleans orange dealer, who said: "Mexico will furnish about 650 carloads of oranges, 800 boxes in each car, nearly its entire surplus crop. They are juicy and good oranges." All right; we need them.

The exportation of American corn from Mobile and other southern ports to Tampico and Vera Cruz began about a month ago, and since that time more than 8,000,000 bushels have been shipped from Mobile alone. The Mexican government had temporarily remitted the customs duty upon corn importations and had made provisions for the sale of the grain at a very cheap price. That was shrewdness.—New York Sun.

DIRECT PROOF.

Chicago Must Be the El Dorado of Departed Americans.

Any one who has doubts about reincarnation should take a look at the Chicago city directory. It may surprise the general public to learn that Richard Wagner, who died several years ago in Baireuth, is still doing business in this city as a lawyer, a painter, a clerk and a laborer.

Sir Francis Bacon, who is said to have written Mr. Shakespeare's plays, is now employed by the Illinois Central road as an architect, while Shakespeare himself is running a restaurant on South Halsted street.

Ulysses S. Grant is now engaged in ringing up railway nickels here, while Garfield is making harnesses for a living.

Tennyson is now managing a feed store on the West Side. On the South Side he is a clerk, a cabinet maker, a laborer, a lather and a finisher. Dante, the inferno man, is now in the plastering business on North Rockwell street. William Cullen Bryant is working at the carpenter's trade on Carroll avenue.

George Washington is doing business here at nine different locations. Thomas Jefferson, who fathered the Democratic party, which seems to have got lost this year, is a house painter on the North Side. Andrew Jackson has taken to preaching, to bookkeeping and to driving a cab, while Robert E. Lee is a porter in a hotel and also attends the Chicago university.

It may be a matter of contemporary interest also to note that William J. Bryan is running a grocery on Cottage Grove avenue, while William McKinley is clerking in the Rookery building, runs an engine at 44 Crosby street and lives at 19 Scott street.—Frank S. Pixley in Chicago Times-Herald.

GIFT FOR M'KINLEY.

The Big Illinois Campaign Horn Goes to Canton.

The big tin horn, 30 feet long and 6 feet in diameter at the end, which was a big feature in all the Republican campaign parades in central Illinois, is to be carried overland from Decatur, Ill., to Canton, O., and presented to President Eliot McKinley at noon on Jan. 1, 1897, as a New Year's gift. Six men have been selected to carry the horn every step of the way. A firm at Decatur will forfeit \$1,000 if the men fail. A citizen will give \$1,000 if they succeed. The men are to start with the horn, each without a cent of money, and before they reach Canton they are to earn \$1,000 by the sale of pictures of the horn and of themselves. They are to report daily as to the progress of the trip and send to a bank each day every cent they may have realized at points visited on the journey. All of the big cities will be visited.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Free Silver Colony.

R. J. and William Homan, brothers, who were extremely active in preaching the silver doctrine during the campaign to the crowds which assembled in the square in front of the Denver city hall, have organized a company of free silver men, who propose to start a co-operative colony in western North Carolina. At a meeting held by some 400 of these men temporary officers were chosen, and it was decided to purchase 1,000 acres of government land in North Carolina, the purpose being to start a colony there in about a month. Two hundred members pledged \$2,000 as a nucleus to the fund required.

A Long Mail Route.

The longest star mail service in the United States has just been established from Juneau to Circle City, Alaska, a distance of 893 miles. This recalls the story of the Irishman who was undergoing a civil service examination for the position of letter carrier. One of the questions was, "How far is it from New York to Constantinople?" His answer was: "I don't know. And if that is the route you have for me, I don't want the job."

STORIES OF THE DAY.

Some Freak Election Bet That Are Now Being Paid Off.

With chastened heart and eye that seems The coming tear to court I give my spirit up to dreams Of sad and dreary sort. For I observe with growing dread The hour is drawing near When I must bravely share my head From ear to other ear.

Alas, and oh, alack! that I Should so have wretched to Transform myself into a guy For other folk to view; But, though it fills me with despair, As you can scarcely doubt, Yet I must shave my head and wear My trousers inside out.

In ninety-two I won renown— Perhaps they've told you how When Cleveland licked I rode through town. Bet backward on a cow. Then for revenge I fiercely prayed, And when this year came in With hopeful earnestness I played The Democrat to win.

But all this world's a fleeting show, And all the show's a fake. Calm confidence delights to grow And flower into mistake. Behold me filling all the air With grievous groan and shout, For I must shave my head and wear My trousers wrong side out.

But I am game! Bring razors! Bring The lather and the glass. Though I lament, still I shall sing Of time to come to pass— Of four years more, when once again I'll make my little bet; I smile now for my triumph then, And I am plucky yet.

I'm plucky still, and though my sores Glean like a giant egg. And though I seem to be a dunce, With turned out trousers leg, And though I cause a fearful din, The present I forget. In happy thought that I shall win My nineteen hundred bet. —Chicago Record.

It is reported that James S. Whallon of Burlington, Vt., aged 38 years, who last Thursday took Miss Mabel McKinney, the 17-year-old lass, for a bride, won his wife on an election bet. The story runs as follows:

Whallon has a divorced wife, "Effie Cox," who is now serving a 20 year sentence in state prison for manslaughter, and, wanting to marry again, he won the love of Miss McKinney. She being under age, it was necessary to secure the father's consent before a marriage license could be procured. So Whallon began his pleading. The father was somewhat loath to give up his daughter, but, believing in free silver and Bryan, thought he would have no further use for a family if sound money won. So he made the offer that if McKinley were elected Whallon was to have the girl, but if Bryan won he was never to visit the house again. Whallon accepted these terms, and as soon as Jones gave up the fight led his prize to the altar, where they were married.

A scion of a prominent family paid a freak bet the other afternoon by driving a dilapidated looking mule through the principal streets of St. Louis. The mule was attached to one of the "swell" traps in town. The harness was silver mounted, but the mule was, to use a slang expression, "trotty on the bum." The conveyance was varnished in red and highly polished. It was decorated with yellow ribbons, and, with the exception of the mule, the turnout made an elegant appearance. The young man who paid the bet sat in the front seat and wore a yellow stovepipe hat and a yellow chrysanthemum. The winner of the bet, also a well known society young man, sat in the rear seat, wearing a yellow hat and chrysanthemum, and at intervals celebrated his victory with loud and long blasts on a long taily trumpet. The mule was a big, rawboned, hairy specimen, with flapping ears. It looked as much out of place as a pig in a parlor and seemed to realize its position, as several times it attempted to kick over the traces and get out of the harness. The young man who thought Bryan would win drove the mule out Delmar boulevard as far as Taylor, then over to Lindell and up and down part of that thoroughfare and Westminster place, West Pine, McPherson avenue and other west end streets.

William W. Doherty of Lynn, Mass., had confidence in Bryan's election and Sunday wore his wife's hat to church. It was a beautiful creation of ostrich feathers and waving aigrets, and as he wended his way through the principal streets of the city to St. Joseph's church he was the recipient of much attention. On entering the church he removed the hat and went to his accustomed seat. After mass he replaced it and went home, followed by a large crowd. The night before he offered Tom Kearns, with whom he had bet, \$50 to release him from his obligation. He now offers to bet that Bryan will win four years hence.

Two Van Buren county (Mich.) farmers—Isaac Haslet and Norman L. Jones—bet on the election, and as a result the former will have to operate the latter's farm from Jan. 1, 1897, to Dec. 31 of the same year. Haslet was a warm admirer of Bryan and was confident the Nebraska man would be elected, while Jones was sure McKinley would be the next president. A few weeks before election they made the above bet. It was stipulated that the loser should take care of the winner's stock, do all the plowing, seeding and harvesting—in fact, managing every rod of the farm work, besides paying full hired help necessary in addition to doing his own farm work. Haslet declares he will live up to the agreement.

At Sylvan Grove, Kan., a foolish wager was carried out. A Republican had the pleasure of stripping a Bryan advocate to his undergarments, and while he stood and shivered in the cold the McKinley man applied a coat of white lead.

Brice Osborne of Mount Gililand, O., did not think McKinley would be elected; therefore, in accordance with an ante-election proposition, he must walk to San Francisco.