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Satisfies that dry taste in the mouth.

BattleAx PLUG

Remember the name when you buy again.

Indianapolis Division. Pennsylvania Lines.

Schedule of Passenger Trains Central Time.

Westward.	AM	AM	PM	PM	PM
Cincinnati, lv	*7 25	10 40	*4 00	*10 30	11 50
Harlem Cliff		10 47			
Lockland		10 52			
Hartwell		10 55			
Glass City	7 40	11			
Valleyville		11 05			
Lake Park	8 02	11			
Cincinnati Junction		11 10			
Hopedale		11 15			
Urbana	8 15	11 25			
Mechanicsburg		11 35			
St. Paris	8 35	11 45			
Conover		11 50			
Latham		11 55			
Celina	9	12			
Mendon		12 10			
Bradford Ex.	9 27	12 27	3 30		
Bradford Jct. lv	9 30	12 30			
Union City	9 45	12 45			
Hartford	9 55	12 55			
Fort Wayne	10	1	4		
Logansport	11	2	5		
Winamac	AM	3	6		
Hammond		4	7		
Chicago, ar		5	8		
Bradford Jct.		12 40		3 40	11 55
Union City		12 55		3 55	12 10
Richmond		1 40		4 40	1
Dublin		1 55		4 55	1 15
Indianapolis		3		6	2
Columbus		4		7	3
Dayton		5		8	4
Springfield		5		8	4
Pittsburg		10		12	10
Philadelphia		7 35		9 35	7 35
New York		10		12	10
Richmond		2		5	2
Dublin		2		5	2
Indianapolis		3		6	3
Columbus		4		7	4
Dayton		5		8	5
Springfield		5		8	5
Pittsburg		10		12	10
Philadelphia		7 35		9 35	7 35
New York		10		12	10

Eastward.	AM	AM	PM	PM	PM
Indianapolis, lv		11		7 30	7
Dublin		11		7	7
Richmond		11		6	6
New York		3		3	3
New Haven		4		4	4
Philadelphia		6		6	6
Pittsburg		7		7	7
Springfield		11		11	11
Dayton		11		11	11
Columbus		12		12	12
Indianapolis		1		1	1
Richmond		2		2	2
Dublin		2		2	2
Union City		3		3	3
Bradford Jct.		3		3	3
Chicago, lv		11		11	11
Hammond		12		12	12
Winamac		1		1	1
Logansport		2		2	2
Fort Wayne		3		3	3
Hartford		4		4	4
Union City		5		5	5
Bradford Jct. ar		5		5	5
Bradford Ex.	7	5	3	5	5
Mendon		7		7	7
Celina		7		7	7
Latham		7		7	7
Conover		7		7	7
St. Paris	9 05	7		7	7
Urbana		7		7	7
Mechanicsburg		7		7	7
Cincinnati Junction		7		7	7
Lake Park		7		7	7
Glass City		7		7	7
Valleyville		7		7	7
Hopedale		7		7	7
Harlem		7		7	7
Lockland		7		7	7
Hartwell		7		7	7
Cincinnati, lv	10 30	7	1	7	7
Cincinnati Ex.	*7	7	*4	7	7
	AM	PM	PM	PM	PM

Not Fast Express trains run by 12 noon. ‡Midnight. Light Ball by 12 midnight is 12 noon.

Pullman Vestibule Sleeping and Dining Cars on trains on Sun. 6 and 7 between Chicago and Cincinnati. Sun. 11 between Chicago and Pittsburg. Pullman Sleeping Cars on Sun. 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 between Columbus and Indianapolis, and on Sun. 6 and 8 between Pittsburg and Chicago. Sun. 11 Dining Cars. Consult Agents Grand connections in Pittsburg, Union Station.

L. F. LOREE, Gen'l Manager. R. A. POND, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

J. H. MCINTYRE, Gen'l Ticket Agent. PITTSBURG, PA'A.

For time cards, rates of fare, through tickets, baggage checks and further information regarding the running of trains apply to any Agent of the Pennsylvania Lines.

CHEAP RATES

To the Northwest, West and Southwest.

Persons contemplating business or pleasure trips to the Northwest, West or Southwest may arrange for an excursion journey at low fare by communicating with the undersigned. H. Harris, District Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania Lines, Columbus, O. He represents the direct route to Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, and Cincinnati, the gateway to the Northwest, West and Southwest. Call on Mr. Harris where you want to go, and he will cheerfully furnish full information about special low rates and quick through time.

C. C. C. & St. L. Ry

SHORT LINE

Schedule in effect Sunday, June 6th, 1897

SOUTH.

No. 3—Daily except Sunday ..... 7:05 a. m.
No. 4—Daily except Sunday ..... 4:27 p. m.

NORTH.

No. 6—Daily except Sunday ..... 11:07 a. m.
No. 8—Daily except Sunday ..... 8:55 p. m.

O. P. POLEY, Agent.

TOLEDO & OHIO CENTRAL.

GOING NORTH.

No. 38 Exp. daily except Sunday ..... 4:37 a. m.
No. 3 mail and express, daily ..... 12:10 p. m.
No. 1 mail and express ..... 3:22 p. m.
No. 37 Chicago express daily ..... 1:47 a. m.
Express Sunday only ..... 8:10 p. m.

GOING SOUTH.

No. 36 Express, daily ..... 5:50 a. m.
No. 4 Mail daily except Sunday ..... 10:35 a. m.
No. 38 Cincinnati express daily ..... 1:47 a. m.
No. 6 exp. daily except Sunday ..... 8:10 p. m.

T. & O. C. R. R.

RAYMOND.

North—7:11, 11:44 a. m., 3:34 and 8:02 p. m.
South—8:39 and 10:07 a. m., and 1:25 and 7:46 p. m.

ARNOLD.

North—8:41 and 11:14 a. m., 3:04 and 8:32 p. m.
South—8:11 and 10:39 a. m., 1:55 and 8:20 p. m.

Legal Notice.

Ora Blakley, Plaintiff, } Court of Common Pleas,
vs. } Union County, O.
George H. Blakley, Def't. } Union County, O.

GEORGE H. BLAKLEY, whose residence is now unknown, will take notice that on the 8th day of August, 1898, Ora Blakley filed her petition in the Court of Common Pleas, Union county, Ohio, being cause No. 4, praying for divorce from George H. Blakley, on the ground of gross neglect of duty, to be restored to maiden name, a reasonable alimony and an injunction against the disposition of the real and with the person and property of the plaintiff.

Summons for service was granted.

The cause will be for hearing on and after October 15, 1898.

August 8, 1898—29-6. Geo. Sergan, Att'y for Plaintiff.

Homeseekers' Excursion.

The Ohio Central Lines are selling cheap rate excursion tickets to the South, Southwest and West.

For full information relative to dates of sale, rates, etc., call on any agent of Ohio Central Lines or address J. T. Gamble, G. A. P. D., Columbus, O. W. A. Peters, M. P. A., Detroit, Mich. John Moores, T. P. A., Findlay, O.

Pennsylvania Lines Excursions to Pittsburgh for Knights Templar Conclave.

Excursion tickets to Pittsburgh account Knights Templar Triennial Conclave will be sold October 4th, 5th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th via Pennsylvania Lines. For special information inquire of nearest Pennsylvania Lines Ticket Agent, or address H. R. Harris, District Passenger Agent, Columbus, O.

Homeseekers' Excursion via Ohio Central Lines.

On Oct. 4 and 18, the Ohio Central Lines will sell excursion tickets to the South and West at a rate of one fare for the round trip plus 25c. For full particulars call on nearest Ohio Central Lines agent or address, W. A. Peters, M. P. P., Detroit, Mich.; Moulton Hack, G. P. A., Toledo, O. or John Moores, T. P. A., Findlay, O.

Mention this paper when you write to any agent of Ohio Central Lines in advertisement of cheap rates.

GUARDING THE MINT.

HOW THE PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTION IS PROTECTED.

Little Chance For Any One to Get Rich Quickly by Helping Himself to Uncle Sam's Treasure—Patrols, Revolvers and Watchmen in Plenty.

Probably not one person out of a hundred who pass by the Philadelphia mint, that grim looking edifice at Chestnut and Juniper streets, after nightfall realizes what is going on inside. There is nothing same about Uncle Sam, but he is determined that any one who gets his money shall get it honestly and by process duly laid down. Therefore he has taken all kinds of precautions to properly protect, especially at night, the millions upon millions piled up in the vaults.

The doors of the mint are closed every weekday promptly at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. After that hour no one but mint employees have any business within the walls which inclose so much money, and no one can either stay in or get in without a special permit from the superintendent. Needless to say, this is difficult to obtain.

Simultaneously with the closing of the doors at 4 o'clock the first shift of the night guard goes on duty. The shift is composed of the captain of the guard and 11 stalwart men. As the men file out to begin their round each one is handed a big Colt's revolver of the most approved pattern and loaded with big cartridges.

From then on till midnight seven of the 11 guards patrol without cessation every floor of the inside of the mint, from the corridors of the gloomy vaults where, away down in the earth, are stowed eighty odd million dollars in silver and almost as much gold, to the top floor, where there is nothing more valuable than machinery. Placed at frequent intervals throughout the corridors are electrical devices for enabling the captain of the guard to keep tabs on his men. Each of these little machines communicates with the rotunda opposite the Chestnut street entrance to the mint. Here it is that the captain is stationed all through the long hours of his shift. Every two minutes and a half the central machine in the rotunda denotes the presence of some one of the guard at some particular station in the building. If it doesn't, then the captain knows that something is wrong and he immediately proceeds to discover what it is.

But if has been a long time since the little machine failed to send forth its announcement at the proper time, for the mint guards are patrolling up and down outside the big building, carefully watching that no suspicious characters approach too near the vast treasure left in their care.

Promptly at midnight the second shift of the night guard puts in an appearance to relieve the early shift. It is also composed of a captain and 11 men, and they are split up, as the other squad, into inside and outside details. From midnight on until 7 o'clock in the morning they follow in the footsteps of the first shift, with every faculty alert to catch an intruder.

The big revolvers are not the only weapons upon which the guards have to rely. On each side of the main corridor leading from the Chestnut street entrance stands a walnut case. Through the polished glass front of one frown 20 Winchester rifles. The other contains as many ugly looking carbines. To grab these dispensers of death would be but the work of an instant for the guards, and then woe be unto any man or men upon whom it might be found necessary to turn them.

For the previous three is kept constantly on hand in the mint 500 rounds of ammunition, and for the rifles and carbines 2,500 rounds. Each of the guards is an expert in the use of both the pistol and the gun, and each is endowed with a plentiful stock of courage; hence a combination capable of successfully resisting almost anything less than a regiment.

The superintendent and assistant superintendent have tested to the utmost the methods in use to protect the mint and its contents. Both smiled significantly when the possibility of one getting away with a portion of the vast treasure was suggested.

"It would be folly for any one to try it," was the superintendent's only comment. To the assistant custodian nothing had emphatic answer.

"I have been here for a good many years," the latter said, "and no such attempt has ever been made. It is practically impossible for any one to break into the mint from the outside, and no one could secrete himself in the building during the hours when it is open to visitors and hope to avoid discovery. We search every nook and corner of the structure carefully as soon as the doors are closed for the day, and you may rest assured if any one who had no business within those walls was found he would regret the day he was born."

In addition to the two shifts of night guards, the superintendent and assistant custodian have a habit of dropping in at the mint at odd hours of the night to see that everything is going on all right.

The mint is enhanced with the central telephone station, and should there be trouble the captain of the guard could communicate with police headquarters in a brief space of time.

"If you come across anybody who thinks he can get rich quickly by helping himself to our coin," remarked the superintendent in parting, "just advise him to think it over carefully first."

In conjunction with the superintendent's suggestion the advice is hereby given.

And it is pretty good advice to follow, too, Philadelphia Inquirer.

The population of Antwerp includes 20,000 Germans, who, it is said, buy their goods of German merchants only.

RACE WITH LOCOMOTIVES.

Many Wild Animals Make a Trial of Speed at Night.

Running through the forest and swamp lands of Ohio and Indiana, the employees and passengers on a watch ahead of the fast engines that haul the flying express trains see many wild animals darting along the track, and frequently desisting of the fleetest are run down, and the unlucky find their mangled remains in the morning. Coons, wildcats, rabbits and even foxes relieve ennui by the fast flying train, and frogs, and even sly opossum, with all his cunning, is often gathered up under the wheels.

For many miles the Baltimore and Ohio, Fort Wayne and Lake Shore roads run through a wild, swampy country in western Ohio and Indiana. Thick brushy wooded swamps are almost impenetrable, and they harbor nearly all kinds of indigenous wild animals and birds. In the moonlight or by the aid of the headlight the animals can be seen scampering across the tracks, and often the foolish rabbit takes to the middle of the track between the rails and races the locomotive for miles until he plunges into a culvert or a bridge.

"It has occurred to me several times in my railroad experience," said the old engineer, "that the American shunk can make himself conspicuous longer and louder than any other living thing. Frequently as we fly along 60 miles an hour through the gloom of night a little bow-legged, dark and gray, is seen by the glare of the headlight running diagonally across the track. The animal may possibly by quick action and a skillful maneuver escape the wheels, and distantly our boards are cabbed with an overpowering scent which almost makes us faint. We are 200 yards away from the cause of the smell in an instant, but it clings to us for miles, and the passengers in the cars wonder why we are so anxious to get a burning in the supposed hotbrain. If we happen to kill the little animal, his mortuary clings to us still for at least five miles.

One night a few weeks ago, as the flying fast mail on the Lake Shore was making up lost time across the Indiana swamps, a big red fox dashed out ahead of the locomotive and took the straight, level track right ahead of the train. In another instant a great black and tan hound, with his tongue protruding and his long, lank body stretched out at full speed, took the deadhead just 50 feet behind the fox. More steam was turned on, and with their heads on the engineer and fireman watched the contest of speed. It was a grand race between the two animals, with the mighty engine coming close after them 60 miles an hour and the headlight showing the fleet fox straining every limb and muscle, and his enemy slowly falling behind. The old hound appeared to know that there was danger in his rear and took to the west bound track, and in another minute the pitching train went past him, but the fox, taking advantage of the complication, disappeared in the woods again.

On the Pennsylvania railroad east of Altoona a few weeks ago the track inspector found the remains of a wildcat on the track, and on the Philadelphia and Erie away up beyond Lock Haven last winter a large black bear was cut in twain on a freight train and was killed. Bear are often seen crossing the Philadelphia and Erie tracks in the Pennsylvania mountains, and in the wild, lonesome places where the trains stop to water, if the attentive passenger who is awake will put his head out of the window and listen, he will hear the scream of the panther and the hooting of the owl.—Pittsburg Post.

New Selections.

The wise electrician is now laying in her winter stock of selections. We say "her" because the masculine electrician has become rapidly extinct since the regulations against lynching were so easily evaded. This has left the business largely in the hands of a few professional women and a large number of promising amateurs. In a community with as many churches as ours it is our proudest boast that lovely woman is not amenable to no sinnist in the same degree that rudier man is; hence the number of minnesingers in our choirs.

But the coming season offers a pleasing diversion from the prevalent monotony of the art. A brand new lot of selections, all founded on the war, will be launched upon a perfect public. There will be among others:

"The Day of El Caney."
"The Dying Marine" (piano accompaniment).
"The Child of Guantanamo."
"The Tale of a Turret."
"The Powder Monkey of the Bombardment."
"The Mule of Matanzas" (with intermezzo).
"That Captain Philip Gold."
"The Bursting of the Dam" (dedicated to Captain Bob Evans).—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wanted to Unload.

Captain Sigsbee of the United States coast survey steamer Blake tells a characteristic anecdote of Captain Robley D. Evans of the United States battleship Iowa. While aboard the Blake at Key West Lieutenant Commander Edward H. Tarazig, hydrographic inspector, was alongside the Iowa, which was lying eight miles of the port. Hailing Captain Evans, who was leaning against a rope fifty feet which had been substituted for the rails removed in case of action, Mr. Tarazig asked the chagrined commander if he had any message to send to the department at Washington, as he would leave for there next day.

"Tell them for me, Tarazig," said the captain, "that I have a cargo of ammunition on board the Iowa that I am mighty anxious to be allowed to discharge."

The reply produced a laugh, which was heartily joined in by the bluejackets on the Iowa who were grouped near the rail. The message was subsequently delivered, and it was not long after that the cargo of ammunition was being vigorously discharged from the Iowa.

Jump Lo Is a Dandy.

Jung Lo, the new viceroy of China, is one of the most popular generals in the imperial army. He has always been a dandy in dress and has the reputation of being the best dressed man in Peking, not even excepting the amazingly dandified gay boy from Kalgan and Mongolia, but which no one would dare, being in their school and rearing again being specially pronounced to Jung Lo by the emperor's commands. This is the man who now holds the responsible post of viceroy of the Chinese empire.—New York Sun.

NAVAJO BLANKETS.

A Wonderful Product of the Primitive Loom Prized by the Squaws.

Americans are a traveling people, but how many outside of army circles have visited a Navajo camp or witnessed the manufacture of a Navajo blanket? It is a product of the loom really wonderful in design and texture when the disadvantages under which it was made are considered. The Navajos are a peaceful people in the Pueblo tips. The squaws weave blankets and the men tend sheep and herds. Many of them are rich, and most of them are self supporting, deriving their income from their herds, the wool of their flocks and the manufacture of their blankets. The word of wise is termed "the native wool blanket" is taken from their own sheep, and native dyes produced from various barks give the blanket its peculiar coloring.

A Navajo blanket belongs to the Navajo, and to him alone. In fact, it is a part of him. In every hogan, or hut, you will find them blankets, and a short distance away amid the sagebrush or on the windward side of a cottonwood a Navajo squaw squatted on the ground busily engaged weaving another.

The cards is very simple. Two sticks with strings are strung a long flat stick to one each thread home, a cylinder shaped one to keep the threads straight, a small one similar to a comb to prevent any tangles, and a flat one from which grows the weird Navajo blanket. Yet with these tools a Navajo squaw manufactures a blanket which may be used for a rug and will last half a century. It may seem an easy thing to produce one, but just make the attempt!

In these days, when Navajo blankets have become a product of the market and when the Indian is surrounded by civilization, with traders' stores enabling him to exchange his blankets for articles of European make, there has arisen a new Navajo blanket made from Germantown wool. It is certainly a work of art, handsome as well as unique in appearance. The Indians buy the wool from the traders, and it is a curious fact that of the multitude of blankets produced no two have been known to be alike. I visited the store of the largest collector of these blankets when he had over $20,000 worth in stock, and I could discover no exact counterpart.

The Navajoes, as a rule, are onto and sly in the business. Their contact with civilization has taught them the "Yankee method" of driving a bargain. At Fort Wingate, a regular army post situated on the edge of the Navajo reservation, it is not unusual to see an Indian begin at one end of the officers' quarters and enter every house trying to sell his blankets. Sometimes he meets with success at the first house, but it is a well established fact that with each refusal the price of his article decreases. The spring and early summer are the best times for buying. During the winter the squaws are busy weaving, and then as the summer approaches they are brought into the settlements. Sometimes the squaws come, but never alone. The "buck" accompanies to see that they are not cheated. The buck stalks ahead, followed by the blanket laden squaw. The Indian has no conception in leading his "better half" with all she can carry.

To find a real Navajo blanket weaver one must go away from the towns and villages. Walk across about any level plain until you come to the bluff, and then among the hillsides you will find her home. I have thought as I watched her at her work, which goes on from morn till eve for months at a time, how wearied she must get and have ached myself. Does she ever want to stop? I do not know though but I have learned that when money is scarce she cannot stop, but must work on and work on, content to receive as her share of the profit some poor tobacco or bright calico.—Kansas City Journal.

A Sailless Horseshoe.

One of the most recent novelties, which, we think, is destined to act as a boon to horse keepers as well as the animals to whom they cling, is a shoe patented by Mr. J. McDougall of Wellington, which requires no nails to be affixed to the hoof without nails. The new shoe takes the familiar form, but has two projections, one on each side at the back, which engage rings at the ends of a band which passes over the front of the hoof and is fastened in the middle by a screw attachment to the center of the shoe. The entire arrangement is simple, and the innovation means that when a horse casts a shoe it will not be necessary any longer to seek the aid of a farrier, for the new shoe can be easily fitted in a few minutes by an inexperienced hand.

The material of the sailless horseshoe the new invention was put to a severe test, when he home on which the shoe was fitted being attached to a heavy laden van and worked up and down steep gradients and on granite paved streets. Notwithstanding this rough work the shoe showed no sign of shifting and was not removed until worn out. The new shoe obviates all risk of pricking or lacning by nails and a clean paring of the hoof is all that is required in attaching it to the hoof.—Chambers' Journal.

The Tired Traveler.

Physiologists have been investigating the nature of the poison which is engendered by fatigue. If the blood of a fatigued animal be injected into another animal that is fresh and unfatigued, all the symptoms of fatigue will be produced. The poison which is produced by fatigue is of the same nature as that which the Indians used to dip their arrows in, and a most deadly poison it is found to be. In case it is created more rapidly than can be carried off by the blood, the organism suffers seriously.

A teacher should make it a rule never to work at its sermons when he is tired. Tired out with a long journey, or tired by an sermon so delivered, and thus prepared, and then preaching. The biography of Dean Stanley says that on such occasions he was fractious which provoked his sermons was the economy of his time, and his mind most clearly recognized the extent and the limitations of his power. It is a matter of congratulation that a sermon has a job (ten) as well as an intellectual and spiritual basis.—Hamilton Review.

The Noble Lobster.

A Chicago paper says it holds that the word "lobster" applied to a human being is not cited figurative, lunch or abuse, and that the person to whom it is applied has no reason to complain. As the lobster adorns the rare business and is one of the finest imported and distributed elements of civilization, a consumptious can of the same is not to be admitted. To call a man a "lobster" ought to imply that he is a gentle creature and a person of taste. Even slang should respect one of the chief delicacies of sea and land.—New York Sun.

HYPHENATED NAMES.

Reasons Why the Fashion of Using Them Is Becoming Popular.

One of the fashions which, at first sight, seem difficult to account for is that particular weakness which, among an endless number of people to change their surnames. But a little thought will give the clue to the rapidly increasing array who go through the world labeled in a form differing from the original advertisement of their known male ancestors. It is strange, but nevertheless a true fact, that the unhonored members of aristocratic families is to become extinct, or to end in between. There is no legitimate male descendant of any king of England who sat on the throne before the reign of George I.

Of the 24 barons who set their hands to Magna Charta not a single male descendant remains. There is not a single English baronet by with (hereinbefore by or through female) now held by a male of the family in which it was originally created. There are only eight 300 noble or gentle families now holding the same land in male succession which their male ancestors held even so recently as the reign of King Henry VII. There is scarcely an English pedigree without a break. It is doubtful if there are 20 authentic male pedigrees today in England which can be taken back to the conquest.

Thus the necessity of changing one's name argued a connection with and descent from an ancient family—ergo, it was an aristocratic thing to change one's name or take a double name. Atop that of course came the deluge of such changes. At a much later date came the class who, with no inherited obligation to do so were glad enough to perpetuate by a change of surname or by the adoption of a double surname the fact of their descent in a female line from an ancient house.

At a still later date, probably within the last 50 years, has arisen yet another class, a typical product of the days we live in, who for mere purposes of distinction, one night say from the necessity of distinction, have been glad to seize any plausible excuse to either make a complete change or more often to hyphen on some other name in the hope that the combination will be more or less distinctive. While such names as Plantagenet, Malravoux, Montravoux, Curpeys, Fitzalan, De Rohan, etc., have become extinct, the names of Smith, Brown, Jones and Robinson still increase and multiply as the sand upon the seashore. And with this ghastly multiplication and duplication, small wonder that distinction becomes shortsighted.

It seems to be a very general idea that a man may change his name, as he and when he likes, seeking the approval and authorization of no one save himself. Nearly every solicitor will advise you to the effect, because the textbooks because from and relies upon do not teach him to the contrary. This idea, unfortunately, is rapidly spreading and to a great extent dates from the following dictum of a judge, who remarked, from the bench, "I know of no law to prevent any man changing his name as often as he likes, provided that it is not done for the purpose of fraud." This is not the only case in which a judge has gone wrong by endeavoring to apply the rules of law court law and jurisdiction to matters of "honor," which are in the sole prerogative of the crown and which are within the jurisdiction of the earl marshal's court.—Genealogical Magazine.

Life on a Transport.

You have no idea of what a transport is, and especially one that is overcrowded. It is really a hell on earth, or rather on water! Thank heaven, the vessel that has been fine, and I have slept on deck every night, not even going below when it rained. I never felt better in my life and have come to the conclusion that I can stand anything.

As I have not been at all seasick, I volunteered for the stable police, who have to clean up below decks where the horses are. If you could put all the terrible smells in the world together, you would get some idea of what it is. We can only stand it for about half an hour at a time and then have to take a spell on deck to recover. If we had a storm, I am afraid it would go hard with some of the lads, as a good many are pretty seasick.

The boat is down, and we only between decks, which is very hot, which we must put, but still I seem to thrive upon it. Every morning we get up at 5 and form a line in our blankets and have a good hose played on us. Then we have breakfast, and after that comes target practice at boxes over the stern. We were on fire three times in the night, but only had hard tack and rotten coffee to eat and a little dirty water to drink.—Harper's Weekly.

Bismarck's Head.

Some accurate calculations as to the form and measurement of Prince Bismarck's head have been contributed by Herr Friedrich H. Kraus, the present head of the old Frankfort firm of hatmakers, Martini & Co., to the Hamburger Nachrichten. As the Bismarck family objected to a cast of his head being taken after death, the trade statistics supplied by Herr Kraus may be valuable to future biographers and physiologists. Fifty years ago, according to the first record of the Martini Kopfmass machine, Bismarck's head had a width of 20½ centimeters. During the later years of his life his head increased in size the width of 63 centimeters.

His skull was of a peculiar formation, the "bumps" being considerably larger on the right side than on the left. Perhaps this was a phrenological symbol of his political sympathies, for, though he once said that the old Adam in him was inclined to republicanism, he never allowed these early inclinations toward the left to influence his mature determination to uphold the century side in politics, and the old Adam in him was kept down by a skill his skull may have been a trophy of the victory of his will over his inclinations.—London News.

An Old Kentuckian.

The Rev. Charles Kennedy is an old Kentuckian who has been on both sides of the law. He was one of one of the early pioneers of Hancock county, Tenn., and his mother was an Indian, being a member of the tribe of famous Mahlon-gone. The Rev. Mr. Kennedy is 7 feet 3 inches tall, though he claims when in the prime of manhood he was over 8 feet tall. His weight is 320 pounds, and he is 78 years old.

When lumbermen was at its height, the Rev. Mr. Kennedy was the terror of the country. He never heard the whistle of a lumberjack or saw the lion mountain 50 a year or so ago, when he went to Knoxville. It is thoroughly scary of his nature that he has killed at least seven men. The old preacher claims him. He has forgotten the errors of his youth, but says that he never killed so many.—Chicago Inquirer.

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