THE MURRAY CASE.

CONFIRMATION OF HIS STORY COMES TO LIGHT.

Tristemen's Brotherhood About to Pay Him His Disability Claim of $1,000 —Murray Sets Better and Refuses to Take the Money.

GALESBURG, Ill., July 9.—The article which appeared in a number of American papers last week about Sam Murray, the Canadian railway brakeman, receives a solid substantiation in this city.

Murray, it will be remembered, was totally disabled by blood poisoning and paralysis, and had been paid his total disability claim by the Grand Trunk railway, for whom he worked. He was also a member of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, which has headquarters in this city. At the time of his illness Murray made formal application to the brotherhood for the payment of the total disability claim of $1,000, to which he was entitled as a member of the brotherhood. The case was thoroughly looked into by the committee of the brotherhood, and the necessary proofs to entitle Murray to the money were easily and speedily provided. Among others there was affidavits of four doctors that Murray was so ill he could never recover.

The case was complete and the check for $1,000 was about to be sent Murray. At this point the grand secretary and treasurer of the brotherhood received a letter from Murray stating not to send the money, as, contrary to all expectations, he was completely cured of his disease and did not consider himself entitled to anything. Murray added that the remedy to which he owed his recovery was Dodds Kidney Pills.

Whenever these pills have been used, they have never failed to give satisfactory results. They have proved to be a specific in all cases of rheumatism, heart disease, liver complaint, Bright's disease, backache, female disease, blood disorders and all forms of kidney diseases. In not one case of any of these diseases has any other failed to effect a cure. Thousands have used them, and thousands have been cured by them.

Fortunately these pills are within easy reach of every man, woman and child in the Union to-day. If the local druggist has not got them in stock, they can be procured by writing The Dodds Medicine Co., Ltd., Buffalo, N. Y., or Toronto, Canada. Price 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50. He says to get Dodds.

Education should lead out, not force on.

The troubles that kill us are the ones we borrow.

People who carry sunshine with them are always welcome.

When they speak of dropping another you are sure to hurt yourself.

Love is the only thing that can lighten burdens by adding to them.

A small letters weary the eye most, so also the smallest affairs disturb us most.

Nothing makes us richer that does not make us more thankful.

The day becomes long or every time a lazy man looks at the clock.

To give heartfelt praise to noble actions is, in some measure, making them our own.

It is the greatest possible praise to be praised by a man who is himself deserving of praise.

In France there are special railway cars for carrying bicycles.

Tea yielding calls itself plants recently sold at auction in London for $2,000.

There are men in New York city who do nothing but rent camp stools for a living.

The gold used by dentists comes in books, each containing sheets as thin as tissue. These books cost $5 apiece.

The Jaffa & Jerusalem railroad company is now running a daily passenger train each way and two freight trains.

There are more than 2,000 girl students at present in the London Guildhall school of music, and of these about 300 are studying the violin.

The Duke of York has a set of a Piccadilly jeweler is forty-one gold bars sent by the government of Western Australia and which are valued at $175,000.

A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman pleases the heart; one is a jewel, the other a treasure.

Hearts may be attracted by assumed qualities; but the affections are only to be fixed by those which are real.

The gratification of wealth is not found in mere expensive taste in lavish expenditure; but in its wise application.

Slanderers and liars are twin brothers, born under the same star, living on the same planet, governed by the same unruly member—the tongue.

Nurse, at the circus—You are too big to be begging for peanuts. Arthur—I isn't, neither; I ain't half as big as that orc elephant.

Braggart—My boots rather blue this morning, old man. Jaggs—I'm black and blue. I was green enough last night to tell a fellow twice my weight that he wasn't a white man.

Mamma—I was sorry to see that you took no trouble to walk lightly when you went into church to-day, Bridget—I didn't think I was late enough for any one to be asleep.

"And the prisoner, when arrested, was disguised as a woman?" said the magistrate. "And how was it that you did you discover his identity?" We told him his hat wasn't on straight and he didn't pay any attention to us."

Traveler—Is this here th' bureau of information? Railroad Clerk—It is. Traveler—Well, about six hours ago a fellow took some o' my sachel around th' corner to git my name engraved on 'em, so they wouldn't git lost, an' I wanter know if the engravers of that 'ere town are all out on strike.

Little Brother—Mr. Sewtor, why is it that my sister Hattie is always so good-natured before she goes home of an evening, and then so cross to me next morning? Mr. Sewtor—Don't know, Johnny, shall I ask her? Little Brother—Yes, I wish you would her, say lots of times she wondered why you didn't ask her, but I never thought it was anything about that.

Mrs. Newlywed—Some cooks for some East side families. "Sure if I had nobody's business but me own to mother," says she. "I'd have little enough to do." After expressing this sentiment she went on to say: "In County Limerick, where I come from, there was a man that said he'd give any woman that would mind her own business a pound—twenty shillin's, I mean. And, upon me sowl, niver a woot of all the women in the county got in a claim for it."

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Out the bridge across the water
And the miller's daughter's daughter,
Lightly tripping, gaily skipping o'er the herby hillside,
Where the morning sun is shipping
And the shadows fly and glide.
As she hums a little ditty like the murmur of a dryad,

How her merry blue eyes twinkle
At the spinnie and the thicket
Of the maiden of the ripples 'neath her dancing toe and heel.
How her ringlets and her laughs with pleasure
At the tantalizing measures
At the darting and the plashing of the spanking water wheel.

Ah, this charming little maiden
With her heart as light as fairy ladies
Steals the hearts of all the laddies, all the lads
Miles on the hill.
While the jealous country lasses
Frown upon her as she passes
And they toss their saucy tresses when a compliment to her the mill.

But the miller's pretty daughter,
Like the rippling, sparkling water,
Neither heeds nor cares to listen to the words
they have to say.
Cutting sought for her or laddie,
Calms only for her daddie.
While she's tripping, while she's skipping,
gaily stripping on her way.
—Clarence Ho ward.

DICK'S DARLING.

BY CLARICE LEE IZBELLE.

CHAPTER II—CONTINUED.

Dick looked up sympathetically. The old man's face was cold and hard as iron, and his gray brows were drawn into a single line, but not a muscle moved.

"It was the most idiotic thing either of us could have done. She was young, romantic, broken-hearted because her voice was gone, and only married me because I stood between her and starvation. She was frank enough to tell me so, but I was mad for her, and I thought—fool that I was—that I could make her forget me once she was my wife. The result was what might have been expected. Before six months she was tired of me, of this dull place, and wild to be back upon the stage. She begged me to let her try her voice once more; her old manager had an opera for her, and she could not exist without the excitement of it. Of course I refused, and the result was what might have been expected. One morning I awoke to find that my wife had fled, and I was a deserted man."

"Well," the old man drew a long breath, "That was the last I ever saw of her, and I heard but once. I was bitter, I suppose; for I at once secured a divorce from her, and left the place, and did not follow her actions. Six months later I got a letter from her. It was written in Washington. I need not tell you all that she said, but in sufficient to say that she hated me, and was very bitter against me for what she termed my injustice to her. She was never reasonable, none of the Hallons were, and Pearl was a true Kirke. She blamed me for persuading her to marry me when she was ill and friendless and penniless, and in other way, and her revenge was to be through her child. I had a little daughter, she said, but I should never see her even by sight, her name, and she would bring her up to follow her footsteps on the stage, which she well knew I hated above all things on earth because it was what had come between us. She kept her word. I have never seen my daughter, and she is nineteen years old to-day."

"Have you ever heard anything of either of them?" queried Dick, sympathetically. He was unspeakably sorry for the poor, old, disappointed man, sitting there with the ruins of his life scattered about him. He seemed to have aged years since the few minutes he had opened the doors of his dead past to the gaze of another.

"Never, until last night," was the reply. "I never cared to, and if one had come to me with tidings of them I would not have listened," said Dick, "I find I cannot hold out always. I always intended to die as I had lived, and make you my heir, but for months the longing has been growing upon me to see my daughter. A man is not made of stone, after all, and blood is thicker than water. I sent a man to find me a daughter, and he has done it. Do you know what that means to you, boy?"

"Certainly, sir," laughed Dick "a charming companion and several dollars less in your will. But believe me, the latter does not worry me in the least. I can get along, and I am glad you will have someone in your old days to comfort you. I congratulate you, Uncle George, with all my heart and soul, and I sincerely hope she will bring you much happier and better. You need some one near you whom you care for, and you have been living too much alone."

"Yes, and it is not good for a man to be alone," was the rejoinder, and he knew every word studied in the young man's face intently. "I believe you, Dick, when you say you are glad. You are least, I will absolve from all mercenary motives, knowing you to be what you are. Well, I want you to meet my daughter at the station to-night, Dick. I cannot go, of course."

"Certainly, sir," with alacrity. When was ever Dick Kingsley known to be reluctant where a young and presumably pretty woman was concerned? "What train brings her, and from whence? Where did you find her, Uncle George?"

"At Richmond," was the reply. "Her mother has been dead since she was a little child, and her mother's cousin has taken care of her always. Her name is Carmen, and she will bring a friend with her. She did not like to come amongst strangers alone, and I do not care to be troubled, and I knew she would be better satisfied if she had a companion near her own age."

He leaned back against the cushions with something almost like a sigh. His worn, lined face looked unutterably weary.

"What train shall I meet?" questioned Dick, pushing back his chair. He understood that his uncle wished to be left alone.

"The 9:30," was the reply. "Tell Homer to have the greys and the carriage ready for you. And now you may go, Dick. It is time for my nap."

"All right, sir," lightly. "I will see after my cousin, like the nice friend, and bring them safely to our ancestral floor. Good night, Uncle George. Don't worry yourself."

"I won't," almost testily. But as Dick was crossing the threshold he called him back.

"I want you to understand, Dick, that I am doing this simply as an act of justice," he said, quietly. "I do not expect, and I can't understand or love from this girl whom I have never seen, and I do not expect her to love me. I have neglected her all her life, and I do not expect her to begin to care for me this late. I am doing what is simply an act of justice. What is mine should belong to my daughter, and only a sense of duty makes me send for her. I do not expect to care for Pearl Kingsley's child. I have hated her too many years to forget. What affection I have for anyone belongs to you. Now go."

Dick did so, carelessly wondering at the old man's strange words. How he must have loved his wife, and how he must have hated her! It was strange, and yet—her vision of a clear-cut, delicate face and luminous dark eyes floated before him, and his heart gave a strange little thrill.

"By Jove, I'm interested, quickly, "I wonder when I shall see her again. I wish—and that Billy! Confound Billy!"

CHAPTER III.

George Kingsley's Daughter.

The 9:30 train was not late, for a wonder, so Dick found himself in very good company and very good humor. Two of the Hallon girls were starring for the mountains, and with their brother Tom were a couple of young men to see them off. Dick joined the party, and almost forgot his charges when the train came in.

"Great guns!" he exclaimed suddenly, remembering in the pleasure of being there, "I almost forgot what I was doing. Miss Irene, I shall tell the ladies it was all your fault I forgot them. Come, Tom, I shall have a good time. Good by, Miss Mame. Don't forget your friends at home. You know you always think most of the last one you saw. Good by." as the train began to move slowly out of the station.

"Good by," returned the Misses Helton, and he turned away with a rueful countenance.

"Now, I wonder how I am going to find my precious charges," he thought, ruefully. "I suppose I have not done it this time! They are gone for good I guess. Just my luck! I always act the complete idiot when I get with Mame and Irene Helton, and I almost forgot the existence of my fair cousin Carmen. I wonder what I had better do."

He stood gazing around, his hand with his hands in his pockets till he became aware of the fact that a couple of young ladies were being handed into a cab by the porters, and that one of them was talking to him in a bright animated way.

"Yes, it is quite in keeping with the rest of our adventures," she was saying, lightly, "from first to last it has been like the opening chapters of a sensation novel. Come to see me, won't you, Mr. Parker? We won't know a soul, and if what I hear is true, we will not die of gayety in my ancestral walks."

"I will if I had not wanted you I should not have asked you. You know my self-enough to understand that, I hope," the girl replied quickly. "I said come, and I mean come."

"Yes, and the girl's sweet voice another man with you," exclaimed her companion, thrusting her blonde head into the light. "There is one thing that I like more than another it is a man, and I don't know one this side of Lynchburgh. Bring somebody to see me, won't you?"

"That I will," replied Parker, laughing. "I think I can bring you in material for flirtation, Miss Maude. I will bring Mr. Hanley and Henry Carr to-morrow."

"That is just the thing," laughed the blonde, her teeth flashing in the moonlight. "I have aged years since your kindness to-day. Good night,"

"Good night," said Fred, stepping back; "look for me to-morrow."

Wait a minute, interposed Dick, recollecting himself just in time, "I beg your pardon, but am I not addressing Miss Kingsley?"

"Why, certainly," exclaimed Parker, "is it really you? Yes, this is Miss Kingsley and her friend Miss Meadows. Mr. Dick Kingsley, ladies. I thought that you are to meet them, eh, Dick?"

"Yes, and missed them when they left the train," replied Dick. "I am glad I had the good fortune to be of service you. I have a carriage waiting, and if you will come around to the other side of the depot—"

"Why, certainly," and how handbag was promptly swung out of the open door followed by a number two tan shoe and its wearer. She was young, I am glad to say, with great, with greenish-hazel eyes and a curved red mouth, which was the sole touch of color about her characteristic face. It was a pale, thin face, and it was more than a pretty one. You at once knew there was a brain and a will behind the rather small brow with the finely arched eyebrows and candor. With a few added touches of color, and a less steady look from the large eyes, and it would have been a pretty, sometimes a beautiful face. As it was, Carmen Kingsley was not a striking figure.

Her companion was not after her, a rather tall, slender girl with blue eyes under heavy white lids, a queer, turn-up nose that was not pug and yet was yellow pink, much lighter at the ends than next her head, and a stylish jaunty traveling suit finished off by a tiny white cap with silver buttons at the sides.

"Lean on. Where is your carriage," she cried, looking around out of her big blue eyes, wide open and the gold in her white teeth flashing. "I am dying to see it. Is it to be Carmen's own?" Oh, tigerlily, won't that be clean out of sight!" as he answered in the affirmative. "Did you hear that, Carm?" He says the carriage is to be yours! I don't know a girl that carriage—" Miss Meadows made an expressive pause. "Well, just wait and you will see, she advised wisely, and Parker laughed scornfully.

"I'll bet a ten you surprise the natives at any rate," he laughed.

"Come, Miss Carmen, here is your vehicle."

Carmen Kingsley ran her eyes over the rather old-fashioned, carriage, and then they rested approvingly upon the two spirited animals in front. Almost unconsciously her gloved hand strayed caressingly over the shining coat of the one nearest her.

"Climb in," Miss Meadows, following the action of her words. "I am so hungry I could eat most anything, so let's hurry along to this White Hall of yours, wherever that may be. Good-night, Mr. Parker, be sure to bring those porker and coons with you. I mean to be good friends with you. You are the first boy cousin I ever had."

"And you are the first of either sex I have had," responded Parker. Dick, taking the checks from her and handing them to one of the porters anxiously awaiting the job. "You know where to take them?" to the man. "All right. Drive on home, Homer."

Just as the impatient greys wheeled around, Carmen Kingsley gave a start, and he saw her hand close over the side of the open carriage with more force than necessary, and her face went white as chalk for an instant. Involuntarily his eyes followed the direction of hers and he saw standing in the shadow of the building a man's figure dimly outlined by the smoky lamp. When he looked again, quickly, the next instant it was set in determined lines, a bright color flamed in either cheek and her eyes had grown black and were gazing straight before her at the horses' ears in a way that was not reassuring to the unfortunate person, if he could have known it.

Maude Meadows kept up an incessant chatter. She was a bright girl, full and brimming over with fun, who cared very little what the rest of the world went so long as she could laugh and flirt and have her good time. She was not heedlessly wild, only young and full of life's glad to the overflowing. She and Dick were good friends before ten minutes. With all her nonsense and flightiness, Maude was not a fool, and could tell as quick as anyone whether a man was worthy of her friendship, or not. If he did not please her, her opinion of him grew more completely freeze out an obnoxious man than yellow-haired, babyish Maude Meadows.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Russian Princes.

The title of prince in Russia is so common that it has little significance. The bearers of the distinction, says a foreign journal, are more numerous than the wearers of the legion of honor in a French cafe, or colonels in the Southern states of America. The truth of this statement is illustrated in a report in the last edition of the military gazette, Ruski Invalid. It records the death of thirteen officers of the militia, of whom nine were princes, and the "princeliest," says the journal above referred to, "every owner of a large flock of sheep calls himself a 'prince.'" Of the twenty princes annually addressed as 'highness,' the same as the sons of the oldest princely families.

"When one of these sheep owners goes to foreign countries he places the title of 'prince' on his card, and plays a certain part in uninitiated circles. During the last few years all the many representatives in Russia of the Tartar 'princely' families. Many ancient families, such as the Shcherbatcheff, Wiazemsky, entitled to the prefix, prince, before their names decline to use it for fear of being confounded with these apocryphal princes. Receipt donations of these families are content with the use of the coat of arms."

Russia's Swarming Millions

The population of Russia at the beginning of this year numbers about 129,000,000 souls. These are distributed in the following manner: In fifty governments of Russia in Europe there are about 89,000,000 inhabitants; in the Vistula country, 9,500,000; in the Caucasus, 9,000,000; in Siberia, 4,750,000; in Asia, 6,100,000, and in Finland 2,38,000. These figures are worthy of notice. The Russian army in time of peace numbers about 820,000 men, which compared to the population is but a small number. Other countries, such as Germany and France, have already more than one per cent of their populations permanently with the colors. Should the czar one day, by a single stroke of the pen, decide to follow the example of other European powers, he would be in command of by far the largest number of men under one sovereign in the world.

What Cleopatra Thought of Antony.

The golden barge of the mighty queen floated softly down the beautiful and mysterious river and Cleopatra turned her glorious eyes from the entrancing scene to Antony.

"Oh, king," she murmured, "is there in all the world a sight so beautiful?"

"Thou art more beautiful, queen of my heart," he whispered, touching her hand with his lips.

Those wondrous eyes of hers closed languidly and the long lashes lay at rest upon the rich red olive of her cheeks.

"Tony," she sighed, rapturously, "you are a corker and no mistake."

And the golden barge floated on Detroit Free Press.

His Daily Bread.

When the boarder came down to breakfast he was as surly as if he had been having a beautiful time all night, and he found fault with everything, but particularly the bread. He scolded about that to such an extent that at last the landlady resented it.

"I don't care to hear anything more about that bread," she said, "and I want you to drop it."

He glowered at her.

"It will keep a hole in the floor if I do," he retorted, and she left the table.

The Case Urgent.

"Mamma sent me for half a dollar's worth of disinfectants," said the little boy.

"What kind?" asked the druggist.

"I don't know exactly. Something very strong, I guess."

"What does she want it for?"

"Why, it's like this. Me an' the other boys has been runnin' a Ku Klux Klan in one of the back rooms up stairs for more'n three weeks, an' she's just found it out."

A Disappointed Husband.

Sympathetic Friend—I hear that your partner has skipped with $20,000 of your money.

Business Man—Yes; but that's not all the ungrateful scoundrel did.

Friend—What else did he do?

Business Man — He neglected to take my wife along with him, and he has been flirting with her for the last six months, the ungrateful hound.—Texas Siftings.

Just Exactly.

He was, perhaps, the most phlegmatic and cautious servant in the world.

"If I should send you to the cigar store for a box of cigars," the master said to him one day, "how long will it take you to return?"

"Well," was the reply after a long pause, "a year or so I can judge, about the same time it will take me to go there."

Irrigation in Wyoming.

Wyoming has 34,000 square miles of coal deposits. There are 6,000 miles of irrigating canals, watering 2,000,000 acres. The canal cost over $10,000,000. The live stock interests are valued at $100,000,000 in value. Over $5,000,000 in bullion has been taken from the mines in one county.

LIFE MADE EASY.

An Investment of Fifty Cents Produces an Astonishing Reward.

From Colchester, Ont., comes the surprising story, as told by the subject of our sketch, of how a small investment of fifty cents succeeded where failure had become a byword. Mr. Solomon Fox is a man so well-known and respected where he lives, that no one who knows him would doubt a statement he might make over his signature, but many know of his story. These are his own words: "I want to give my testimony to the world for Dodd's Kidney Pills. When a boy I was carrying a pole, and fell, hurting myself severely. I was troubled with my kidneys ever after. There was about 18 years old I experienced severe attacks of pain over the region of my kidneys. During my life I had doctored many troubles, but without any relief. During the attacks, which generally lasted in all their intensity for three or four weeks, I was as helpless as a child. I have been in bed for three weeks at a time, unable to move hand or foot. It seemed to be an inflammation of the kidneys. After being rendered weak by the burning received when a boy, I had heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and determined to give them a trial. One box of them took them. After using the box I got up as well as ever. Whenever I feel a cold, which generally settles in the region of the back which causes me the weak part, but after using a few of your pills I invariably get well. I would not be without them. My mother, who is 80 years, considers that they lengthen her life. She was prejudiced against them, but after getting over that feeling by the benefit she derived from them, she could never be without them. They are truly a wonderful medicine. Wishing you every success, I remain, yours truly,

SOLOMON G. FOX.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold for 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for $2.50. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Sole Agents for the United States. Sent by mail on receipt of price. For sale by all dealers.

CHIEFLY CHAFF.

"Miss Oldgirl has lovely teeth!" "Yes, like her sex, they are fair but false."

The boy who goes fishing without permission may sit in the shade, but he usually gets tanned.

A—Has she given you any encouragement? B.—Oh, yes. She says she will get all her father's money when he dies.

"She isn't all that my fancy painted her;" bitterly exclaimed a rejected lover, "and, worse than that, she isn't all that she p nts herself."

Mrs. Houser—Is the oath of office I read so much about profane? Houser —Humph! Depends a good deal whether it is taken going in or coming out.

She—Why is it they speak of a man as a "strong" candidate? He doesn't have to lift anything does he? Her—not exactly; but his friends all expect him to carry the day.

Nelson's old battle ship, the Foudroyant, is now being exhibited at various ports in Great Britain. It was built of every timber of the old ship is as sound to-day as when she was launched, a hundred years ago.

Last year more than 2,000 car loads of beans, mostly lima, were shipped from Ventura county, California. Merchantable beans on one ranch were picked at the rate of 1,000 pounds per acre, the entire product being 100 car loads.

The cocoa palm is the most useful tree on earth. The nuts furnish water, food, milk and wine, and the buds a good substitute for cabbage. The shells, utensils, and the fiber clothing and textile fabrics, its juices ink, and its leaves pens and paper.

The substitution of camel's hair, option, paint and chemicals for leather in machinery belting is said to be meeting with some success by manufacturers who have examined into the matter. It is an English invention, and the material is claimed to be stronger than any other belting, more durable, more efficient and as low-priced.

A Hanoverian botanist, named Wehmer, has reported to have discovered in a microbe in the atmosphere, capable of a species of which will convert sugar into acid identical with that of the lemon. This discovery is expected to revolutionize the citric acid industry and injure the lemon growers. Eleven parts of sugar by the new process, with very little effort, are said to give six parts of acid.

Buffalo can claim the distinction of being the only city in the United States that has furnished two presidents.

A spaniel owned by Dr. Frederick A. Lyons of New York city, has adopted a chicken, which it cares for incessantly.

Photographs showing images of future husband or wife are sold by a Chicago firm. The supposed correct likeness is caused by a fakish device.

Lieutenant Waethe of the German army, who intends to found a vegetarian colony on a south-celebrating colony on a South Pacific island, has not eaten meat in ten years. He neither drinks alcoholic liquor nor smokes.

A unique case is announced from Toronto, Ont. A woman who was too lazy to bake her own bread bought a loaf from a baker, and while eating a slice of it swallowed a pin. Now she is suing the baker for heavy damages.

The notion of wearing real jewels in the bonnet is one which has taken like a flame of some ladies whose jewel cases are well furnished. It permits an individuality of decoration that would always be pleasant if fashion would but permit it.

A Buckhannon, W. Va., man, Colonel Bill Hall by name, had $1,300 in the pocket of his coat when he laid it down on the grass to start a fire to burn off some weeds. He forgot all about the coat, and it, with the money, was burned.

A servant in Russia is expected to provide her own mattress, and can pitch her moving camp in any odd corner she finds suitable; the idea of providing rooms for servants would strike a Russian housekeeper as something supremely ridiculous. The servants sleep on the kitchen stove in winter and in the corridor or outin the yard in summer.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

□Shesed—It's odd about a mountain, isn't it? Hesed—What is? Shesed—That it never wears its spurs on its feet.

Little Dick—Let's hurry before mamma gets back. Little Dot—She won't be through for ever so long. She's gettin' the baby's picture taken by the instantaneous process.

A man saw an advertisement in a dime novel which read: "A sewing machine for fifty cents. He forwarded the fifty cents and received two needles and an awl.

"You are indeed kind to me," said the bore, languishingly, "but, Ethel, you would have you sincere than kind." "And I, on the contrary," said the commonsense girl, carelessly, "would rather be kind than disagreeable."

"Mr. Silverback, who are you supporting in this campaign?" Mr. Silverback—My son-in-law, sir. "Well —oh! I didn't know he was a candidate." Mr. Silverback—Possibly not, sir, possibly not; but I have to support him all the same.

TO PEARY'S RESCUE.

Relief Expedition to the Land of the Aurora.

□The announcement was made at the monthly meet-ing of the Philadelphia Geographical club recently that an expedition, to be known as the Peary Auxiliary ex-pedition, will soon sail from New Yorkfor Newfoundland. The party will consist of seven persons. Lieut. Peary, before leaving Philadelphia, deposited funds and instructions with Prof. Angelo Heilprin covering the proposed trip.

The leader of the party will be Henry G. Bryant. They expect to reach St. Johns, Newfoundland, in time to leave that port in the Falcon, which they will there find awaiting them, on July 4. "The first stop will be at Godhavn, on what is called Disko island, in North Greenland. This is a Danish settlement, and recognition of the expedition by the officials at that point will be secured through the state department at Washington.

Continuing north, Melville bay will be crossed as quickly as the condition of the ice will permit, and Cape York visited. From here the run will be direct to Peary headquarters at Boudoin bay, in Inglefield gulf, in latitude 77 degrees 43 minutes north. They calculate to reach this harbor by July 25.

Lieut Peary and his companions are not expected to return to this point from their long sledge journey through the ice-floes until the last of August. In the meantime the Falcon will be employed in original research. The Baffin bay shore of Ellesmere land will be explored for some trace of the young Swedish explorers Bjoring and Nadtiensius, whose schooner was wrecked on Cherry Islands in the summer of 1895, and who left a message on these islands, which was discovered by a sketch whaler in October, 1895. It is not thought proposed to seek refuge among the Eskimos of Ellesmere land.

Jones Sound will also be explored for a greater distance than has yet been attempted, and the effort made to map out the 300 miles of unknown coast line forming the northeast shore of Jones' sound, and the western border of Ellesmere land. This triangular area of 100,000 square miles, known as Ellesmere land, is one of the few large areas of the Arctic coast of which have not yet been determined. A tribe of Eskimos are said to inhabit this land, who have not so far come in contact with civilization.

Henry G. Bryant, was born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, on November 2, 1852. He is the son of Walter Bryant, a well-known Pittsburg merchant. Young Mr. Bryant graduated from Princeton college in 1883, and after studying law in the office of Hon Robert N. Wilson of Philadelphia, graduated from the law department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1886.

He has been an insatiate traveler. In 1884 and 1886 he visited the northern countries of Africa. Subsequently he explored some of the Rocky mountain trips to the Rocky mountains. In 1891, with Prof. C. A. Kevaston, he started north to Labrador, penetrated a distance of 700 miles into the interior coast, reached the Grand Falls after many privations and hardships, and found their height to be 316 feet.

Mr. Bryant was second in command of the Peary relief expedition sent out by the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences in 1892, under the leadership of Angelo Heilprin. Upon his return from his trip Mr. Bryant published a volume on Labrador. He is now secretary of the Geographical club of Philadelphia.

GEN. DECHERT.

Sketch of a Union Soldier Recently Mustered Out.

Robert Porter Dechert, who recently passed away, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 16, 1842. He came from good revolutionary stock. His great grandfather, Gen. Andrew Porter, was the commander of the First Pennsylvania rifles. Gen. Dechert attended the school of Prof. E. T. Sanderlin in West Philadelphia. He had intended to study law in the office of Judge Hare Powel, Henry M. Dechert of Philadelphia; but although not of age when the war broke out, he enlisted in the GEN. DECHERT. Twenty-ninth regiment of Pennsylvania infantry in which he was 20, he was commissioned first-lieutenant. He rapidly advanced after this in grade, and in 1865 was brevetted major and colonel "for gallant and meritorious services during the war." Later he served as aid to the staff of Col. George L. Andrews, Brig.-Gen. Thomas L. Kinger, Major-General A. S. Williams, and Gen. Henry W. Slocum. He was also conspicuously at the battle of Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, and Chancellorsville. At Gettysburg he was assistant adjutant general of the second division, twelfth army corps. He also marched with Sherman to the sea. Upon his return from the war, in 1887, he joined the Gray Reserve, being elected captain of company F. He after was appointed a member of the Philadelphia City troop, passing from the rank of sergeant to that of corporal. In 1878 he became colonel of the Second regiment. In July, 1890, he was promoted to be brigadier general of the First brigade, being elected to the command of the Fourth regiment. He was an eminent lawyer and a distinguished politician. He was assistant district attorney of Philadelphia under the late Norman Shepherd Wagner, was also elected to a seat in the state legislature. Among the acts he was instrumental in placing on the statute books was the law enabling cities to tax property in their own behalf. In 1874 he was again chosen assistant district attorney. In 1881 he was elected city comptroller by a large vote and re-elected in 1885. Socially, Gen. Dechert was connected with a large number of clubs and societies. He was a prominent Mason, and a member of the Pennsylvania Society of the Sons of the Revolution.

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In round numbers the national library of the United States contains 700,000 bound volumes and 200,000 pamphlets, all of which at present are crowded into a room in the capitol — a room which was full fifteen years ago, according to Mr. Blaine Field's Washington. Yet the accumulation has gone on until there is barely room to walk about in the library itself, while a dozen rooms elsewhere in the building are filled to overflow. With the need in plain sight it took congress several years to make up its mind to erect a library building, but finally in April, 1886, it decided to do it. A site was chosen on Capitol hill directly east of the capitol itself, and $550,000 was appropriated for its purchase. Forty or fifty buildings had to be removed before excavation could be made for the foundation. It took 2,700 feet of fencing twelve feet high to enclose the ground, and it was nearly four years after the fence was built before any part of the building was visible over its top. There is a great deal of the library—470 feet long by 340 feet wide, to cover 111,000 square feet of ground and will be 140 feet in height from the ground to the top of the dome when finished. That is, next to the capitol, it will be the largest edifice in Washington and the largest library building in the world.

When congress did decide to do the work it was pleased to have it done well. The utmost care was used in securing a firm foundation, and the best of material has been put into the superstructure. All the material is of home manufacture except the white enameled brick, which for some reason was made in Belgium, no enameled brick of that kind in this country—certainly not in sufficient quantities. Several states are represented in the construction of the library building. New Hampshire and Maryland furnish the granite; the structural iron work came from Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Indiana, the ordinary brick are made within the District of Columbia, and the floor-tiling comes from Massachusetts and Vermont. "The new library building," declares Mr. Spofford, "will suffice for 150 years to come. When finished it will hold 4,000,000 volumes and will have room for 1,000 readers at one time in the reading room. Every year 100,000 volumes are added to the library proper; she is taking the Tourist Agent—Yes, sir, I have a daughter who is just taking the piano. Yours truly, Mrs. A. SWEENEY.

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