A CONFIDENTIAL MAN.

They were very like, this father and daughter. Lizzie was his youngest, and although she had attained the age of 18, she was still childish in her ways.

The judge placed his hand tenderly on the little, curly head. "Where has my little daughter been?"

"Oh, I have been up to the hall talking with the housekeeper and wandering through the great rooms, and, oh, papa! she really took me into the beautiful conservatory, and I saw such lovely, flaming passion flowers, and the great, creamy, magnolia blossoms, and, dear me, I can't tell you of all the lovely things."

She was suddenly stopped by seeing a gentleman approaching from the opposite side of the road.

"Mr. Ray, I believe?"

The judge bowed.

"Agent for the St. Leon place?"

"Yes, sir."

"I came to see you in regard to it, and——"

"And you are Mr. St. Leon's confidential clerk, Mr. Hartley! I believe I received a letter from him today informing me that you would arrive this week. Yes, yes; come right up to the house and we will talk over the repairs. Shall we begin them immediately?"

* * * * * * *

"Papa, you don't mean to say you have brought him home—a confidential clerk? You know there are the best rooms to be papered and cleaned, and our pink dresses to be made, against Herbert St. Leon's arrival. Well, I shall see that he is put in the little room over the kitchen. He will never know the difference," and Blanche sank back in a studied attitude on the sofa, wondering if handsome Bert St. Leon would fancy her lovely pink morning dress that she had made for his special benefit.

The door of the dining-room was ajar, and Mr. Hartley, standing before the fire in the little parlor, had heard it all.

"Mr. Confidential Clerk, you are crying," and Lizzie pushed the white kitten from her lap and came over to his side. "I am sorry you heard them, but never mind, I'll be your friend."

"Your friendship is very dear to me, my little girl."

"I'm not a little girl! I was 18 last week."

"Pardon me, young lady, but can you tell me something of the hall? What sort of a place is it?"

"Lizzie, Lizzie! you are talking far more than is necessary. Go to your French, immediately!"

A month had passed by. Mr. Hartley had exchanged his close apartments over the kitchen for more commodious ones at the village inn, whence he calmly superintended the projected improvements at the hall, and all the gossip exchanged between himself and Lizzie was in the course of her rambles through the St. Leon woods.

MR. CONFIDENTIAL CLERK, YOU ARE CRYING.

And now Mr. Hartley sat in the same little parlor where Lizzie had first vowed to be his friend, and awaited the appearance of the judge.

"You wish to see me, Mr. Hartley?"

"Yes, sir. I came to ask you for the hand of your daughter—your little Lizzie. I love her more than my life, Judge Ray."

"You can not have her! No, sir. I look for something higher for my daughter than a confidential clerk. If that is all, I bid you good evening."

Next night the judge rode slowly home to dinner, feeling a presentiment of evil.

"Where is Lizzie?" he inquired of Blanche, as he entered the cozy dining-room.

"In her room, I suppose, mourning after her dear clerk."

"Well, call her to dinner, child."

Blanche went, but returned immediately with a pale, frightened face.

"She is not there, pap, but this note lay on her table."

The judge broke the seal and read, with a face that had grown suddenly pale:

"By the time that you read these words, dearest papa, your little Lizzie will be another's. I shall be married to Mr. Hartley. I hope it is not wrong, for indeed I do love him very much."

As he folded the note with stern features a light step crossed the threshold, and Lizzie's arms were around his neck; the confidential clerk standing at the door with a face where pride and indomitable resolution struggled for the mastery.

"Papa, forgive us!"

"I'll see you hanged first!" roared the old gentleman. "Begone both of you! Beg, starve, but never come to me for assistance!"

"Oh, papa," pleaded Lizzie, "I want to explain."

"I won't hear you."

"Be it so," said the clerk; "come, little wife, we have each other left, you know," and they went from the house.

Blanche was just coming out of hysterics when there came a ring at the bell, and a gentleman bearing a foreign-looking carpet-bag was ushered in.

"Is this Mr. Ray?"

The judge bowed.

"Is Mr. St. Leon here?"

"Mr. St. Leon, sir, is in Paranham, Brazil."

"I think you are mistaken, sir, as I have been informed he is at this moment in his native village."

"Herbert St. Leon at home and not send word to me, his agent? I must go to the hall immediately."

The lights glimmered brightly from the gothic windows of the hall and winked defiance at the blustering storm without as the judge rang the bell at the great front door.

"Mr. St. Leon—has he arrived?"

The servant bowed and ushered him into a room whose superbly arranged furniture struck Mr. Ray with an indefinite idea of luxury.

Lizzie was standing by a tall alabastar vase, that stood in the bay window, arranging the tropic vines that curled around its standard, and the light from the colored lamps shone down on the curly head so dear to the judge's heart. The confidential clerk stood near.

"I wish to see your master, young man."

"I am at your service, sir."

"You are! Who the mischief cares whether you are or not? I wish to see Mr. St. Leon."

"Herbert St. Leon is my name, sir."

"You? Well, I thought you were the confidential clerk!"

"I never told you I was. You took that for granted. As the confidential clerk I wooed and won your daughter. As Herbert St. Leon I could have gained no greater treasure."—New York Daily News.

STORIES OF RAVENS.

They Are Clever Birds and Seem to Have Reasoning Powers.

Many stories are told of the cleverness of the raven, a bird that really seems to have reasoning powers. One of these stories tells how the raven by a skillful stratagem got a young hare for its dinner. It had pounced upon the little animal, but the mother hare drove it away. Then the raven slowly retreated, encouraging the mother to follow him, and even pretending that he was afraid of her. In this fashion he led her a considerable distance from the young one and then suddenly, before the hare had time to realize the meaning of the trick, he rose in the air, flew swiftly back, caught the young hare in his beak, and bore it away. A similar plan was adopted by some ravens that wished to steal food from a dog. They teased him till he grew so angry that he chased them from the spot, but the artful birds turned sharply around, easily reached the dish before him, and carried off the choicest bits in triumph. As to the raven's power of speech, the following story, which is given on the authority of Capt. Brown, who vouches for its truth, will show how aptly it can talk. A gentleman while traveling through a wood in the south of England was startled by hearing a shout of "fair play, gentleman; fair play!" uttered in loud tones. The cry being presently repeated, the traveler thought it must proceed from some one in distress and at once began to search for him. He soon discovered two ravens fiercely attacking a third. He was so struck with the appeal of the oppressed bird that he promptly rescued him. It turned out that the victim was a tame raven, belonging to a house in the neighborhood, and the cry that it had used so opportunely was one of many that it had been taught to utter.—Philadelphia Times.

FOOD IN FICTION.

Women novelists, particularly Ouida, rarely allow their heroes and heroines to partake of a substantial meal, while in the pages of the men writers feasts abound. Compare Dickens and Thackeray. Each is fond of feeding his characters, but Thackeray tells of the feasts with an epicurean touch, an appreciation of the delicacies of the table, while Dickens' written meals are always hearty, plain, boiled beef and greens and meat pies ruling.

In Scott's stories there is a hint of picturesque splendor about the dinners he describes. There are "noble" meals and much geniality and good-fellowship.

The elegant young men of whom Ouida writes usually breakfast at midday on peaches, chocolate and cakes, and yet are great athletes and general wonders on this sybaritic diet. Dickens does not descend to specify meals, but has a way of introducing gorgeous banquets of unlimited courses. Everything in "Lothair" happens at dinner parties and "fat little birds in aspic jelly" and ortolans usually form part of the menu.

Trouble in Teaching Monkeys.

From the Washington Post: An experienced animal trainer says: "As a rule, monkeys are readily trained, but occasionally there is one, as in the human species, who is a dunce and won't learn anything, is positively stupid and refuses persistently to become educated. The trouble in teaching monkeys is largely that they are mischievous. They try to overdo things, and do things which are not wanted of them; so that, in order to make them perform as desired, steady drilling is necessary, although they grasp an idea quickly. The only two species of animals which can be taught by precept and example are the chimpanzee and the orang-outang. They are imitators, and to instruct them in doing a thing it is only necessary for the trainer to do it first himself and then either one of these will imitate him."

The Beak of the Mosquito.

The beak of the mosquito is simply a toothbox, wherein the mosquito keeps six miniature surgical instruments in perfect order. Two of these instruments are exactly counterparts of the surgeon's lance, one is a saw with a double barbed head, the fourth is a needle of exquisite fineness, a saw and a pump going to make up the complement. The spear is the largest of the six tools, and is used for making the initial puncture; next the lancets or knives are brought into play to cause the blood to flow more freely. In case this last operation fails of having the desired effect, the saw and the needle are carefully and feelingly inserted in a lateral direction in the victim's flesh. The pump, the most delicate of all six of the instruments, is used in transferring the blood to the insect's stomach.

The Barber Talked.

Smithy (coming out of the barber shop)—"That shave made me think I had made a mistake and got into a dentist's chair." Jonesy—"Why? Did it hurt so?" Smithy—"No; but I had to take gas, you know."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

METROPOLIS OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS.

Scientists Unearth in New Mexico the Ruins of a City in the Cliffs, Hundreds of Feet Above the Bottom of the Canon.

Rev. Dr. George L. Cole has returned to Los Angeles within the past few days from a trip to Arizona and New Mexico, where he has been exploring again the cliff dwellings, with news of the most remarkable of all those surprising discoveries. He has found the metropolis of the cliff dwellers, a vast city compared to all the other discoveries previously unearthed, in which probably twenty thousand of these strange people lived. More than this, he has uncovered strange skeletons which in various attributes show marked differences from any previously found. Altogether his expedition in its results surpasses any previous one, save only in the extent of its researches, which, for the reason that it was unprepared for extended work, had to be postponed till another time.

His discovery was due to a strange good fortune. He accidentally heard of a prospector who in scaling the cliffs of a canon near Espanola had found some remarkable unknown dwellings. He sought and found the discoverer, and induced him to guide him to the spot, where an examination revealed treasures which surpassed his fondest expectations—the remains of a great city.

It lay on a tableland near the canon, about a mile and a half in length and a quarter of a mile wide. At its edge stood a granite watch tower. Back a little way rose a mound, scarcely more than fifteen feet high, in any place, with broken walls standing forth here and there. This was the ruins of the aboriginal city, a vast communal dwelling, measuring 240x300 feet, which in its prime must have contained at least 1,600 rooms and perhaps 2,000. Between five and six thousand people may well have dwelt in that single building. Farther back on the mesa, and separated from the first building by a stone wall, stood the ruins of a second still older pueblo, sunk into a shapeless mound. Beyond, shattered beyond recognition, but still unmistakable, were others destroyed by some great force pressing upon them from above.

Even the discoverer himself had difficulty in finding again the lost city. After much wandering up and down he at last found his bearings and led the way to a point in the cliffs where ascent was possible.

It quickly became apparent why the city had been so long overlooked. The country about was desolate and most inhospitable. The river bed was apparently waterless. Before beginning the climb the prospector dug a particular spot in the stream bed and there, at a depth of several feet, found water to replenish the canteens. Only one who knew this secret could safely linger in the region.

The climb up the cliffs was long and difficult. A full thousand feet in altitude had to be surmounted before the goal was reached. Many cliff caves were passed on the way, but the guide bade the party husband their wonder until the top of the cliffs was reached. The summit gained, the party found themselves close beside the watch tower of which their guide had told. It was all of granite blocks, of uniform size. The nearest granite deposits are a considerable distance, and every one of thes blocks must have been carried with incredible labor across the valley and up the face of the thousand-foot cliff. The tower was about at least sixty feet high, says Dr. Cole, but today its height is less.

The great pueblo came next. Dr. Cole made a careful study of its outlines and reached the conclusion that originally the stone walls rose two stories and were surmounted by a third story of adobe. In the center was a great court, a common kitchen, where the women cooked under the open sky. From the court radiated an immense number of rooms, twelve deep and in three tiers. They averaged fourteen feet square in size. It is believed that, as in the modern pueblos, entrance was gained only by climbing on ladders to the roof and thence descending by interior ladders and trap doors from room to room. Thus the whole building was a fortress, situated on a seemingly impregnable mesa.

The stones of which the pueblo was built had been quarried from the cliff below. The blocks were regular in size, measuring six by six by fifteen inches. Many of the walls still stood, but most had fallen or been buried by the adobe from the upper story and the miscellaneous debris of the ruin. Entrance to the individual rooms could be gained only by digging.

Dr. Cole excavated one small burial mound and a single room in the communal dwelling, but the results of this mere scratch on the surface were rich. Ancient pottery, whole and unscratched; carved stone implements and vessels, bones, a stone pipe whose carvings differ from anything ever before seen, and many other strange survivals of the centuries-vanished household were unearthed. Dr. Cole estimates that it would cost about $45,000 to properly excavate the ruin and to scientifically collect all the information which it could throw on the life of the cliff dwellers.

It is in the hope that some university, scientific body or museum may undertake the exploration and that the ruins may be protected from the relic hunters and vandals that he has kept to himself the means of reaching the newly discovered pueblo and the name of the prospector who found it.

Across the canon are marks of recent volcanic action. Dr. Cole believes that centuries upon centuries ago there was an outpouring of internal fires. Terrified by the sinking of the rock platform which had long been their home, half suffocated by smoke and sulphur fumes, the cliff dwellers, at the very beginning of the disturbances, filled with superstitious terror, fled, never to return. The earthquakes toppled down the walls, the volcanic ash buried them deep, and through all the ages since the dead city has awaited the coming of a civilized race that the story of the past might be read, preserved like some uncouth monster of a former epoch, frozen in the Siberian ice fields.

The story is today being read. Pottery tells much. The accompanying photographs show pottery dug from the ruins of ancient pueblos, and reveals from the most ancient habitations of the cliff dwellers. The strange picture writing tells still more. In some such bit of these ancient characters as shown in a photograph of one of the pictorial rocks of the Verde river, Arizona, one may see the concentric circles which represent the sun, the quivering lines which mean lightning, the zigzags of the clouds, the vertical lines which record rain, the figures of the sacred turkey, the crude representation of a human figure and innumerable symbols in which is written the history of evil days and happy, prosperous years and seasons of famine, the deeds and deaths of chieftains and praise of the Most Holy, the Lord God Sun, whose life-giving radiance typified for the cliff dwellers all that was most sacred.

The important discovery of the skeletons was made in excavating the newly discovered ruins. The skeletons were uncovered in number, buried in a sitting position, with face to the rising sun. When he looked at the skulls he found that every one had a complete set of double teeth. There was not a single incisor to be found. At first he thought the teeth might have been worn down by eating hard food, but skulls of individuals of both sexes and different ages were all found to show the same peculiarity.

The skulls were shown to anatomists. They exclaimed in wonder over them, saying they knew of no existing race which shows the same peculiarity. It was definitely settled that the front teeth were not merely worn flat. The whole shape of the front double teeth was shown to be different from that of the incisors of ordinary men and characteristically molar. The explanation was that these skulls had belonged to a race of grain eaters—another proof of semi-civilization—and that long continuance of the habit had developed teeth suited to the race's needs.

This seems to prove that the cliff dwellers are a distinct race, entirely distant from the Indians of the plains, who have since disappeared from the face of the earth, wiped out by pestilence, famine or savage war.

The last of the cliff dwellers died no one knows how many centuries ago. Their ancient habitations remain, astonishing testimony to the social complexity and to the development of arts and crafts among these men and women of the stone age. Some have been mercilessly despoiled by relic hunters and invaluable anthropological material scattered before the scientists could read these torn pages of American history.

The results of Dr. Cole's journey have shown, however, that some of the most interesting of these ancient ruins are as yet practically untouched. Their burial mounds are unprofaned, their picture writings whole, their crumbling walls unharmed save by the elements. These virgin fields offer a rich harvest for the university, museum or society which undertakes their scientific exploration.

A SECTION OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS' ANCIENT METROPOLIS.

IT WAS THE WRONG HAT.

How a Cutting Speech Acted as a Boomerang.

When James Voorhees, prominent in Washington as the actor, author, sculptor, statesman, son of the late senator from Indiana, was private secretary to Gov. Oliver P. Williams of Indiana, Gen. Manson once came into the governor's office. Gen. Manson was auditor of the state. He died not long ago in Terre Haute. He was short, but corpulent, bald of head, but long of beard, which latter was white and neat cost of his performance was probably eight or nine cents for laundry, and its chief result was to give considerable unnecessary work to a tired chambermaid who was in nowise responsible for his grievance. Yet I dare say he will boast for months how he made the hotel sweat for trying to impose upon him."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A FILIPINO UNIFORM.

It Indicates How Small the Natives Must Be.

Among the interesting trophies soldiers in the Philippines have sent to Des Moines is a uniform which Frank Merrill of company H, son of Jeremiah M. Merrill of 1204 East Ninth street, took from a captured Filipino and sent to his parents in this city. The uniform is patterned somewhat after the Spanish uniform, and is quite fantastic for use in war times. The red and yellow combinations so popular with the Spaniards appear on the blouse of the uniform. Some idea of the inferiority of the Filipinos and their insignificance as compared with Americans can be had from the size of the uniform. It would be a good fit for a 12-year-old American boy, and it is easy to believe all that has been said concerning the diminutive Filipinos after examining their uniform. The trousers of the uniform are of red calico and are made regular pajama style, being tied at the top with a drawstring. Along the outer seam of the legs are stripes of black velvet. The blouse is made of heavy cotton material, which is woven with alternate pin stripes of white and black. The collar of the blouse is of red calico and is adorned in front with two stripes of yellow calico. The cuffs of the blouse are also of red calico and bear three stripes of yellow. The front of the jacket bears six stripes of red and yellow calico combined. Altogether the costume looks as if it might have been designed by some child who had a fondness for bright colors. The sewing on the garments has been done with a sewing machine and the blouse has been fastened with hooks and eyes and buttons similar to those in common use in this country.—Des Moines Capital.

Peary's Next Dash for the Pole.

Lieut. Peary, who, as recently reported, is now encamped on North Greenland, has always had a theory that if proper precautions are taken and proper clothing is worn there is nothing to be feared from the extreme cold of the far north. His own recent experience, however, shows that he was mistaken. After exerting himself to the point of exhaustion he was caught on an ice floe, far from his camp, and was obliged to spend the night under a temporary shelter. As a result his feet were so severely frostbitten that his seven toes were amputated. In spite of this accident he has determined to stay in the arctic and will start early in February on a dash to the pole by dog sledge. In the effort he will be assisted by an entire tribe of arctic highlanders. Many explorers feel now that he has better chances of reaching his goal than any of his predecessors.

Accounted For.

When a man grows stout, his interest in the scales at the coal dealer's 'round the corner increases. Tom B——, a corpulent Glasweglan, weighed himself the other day, and was very much worried to find the scales registered 225 pounds. "Some mistake," he muttered, looking carefully at the balance steel, and got on the platform again. For some strange reason, the scales showed an almost human liability, and somewhat astounded Tom, who looked at the numbers, only to find himself weighing 230 pounds. "Good gracious!" he exclaimed, "there must be some mistake here. Is it possible that I can increase five pounds in a minute?" "Naw!" said the coal dealer's boy, as he surveyed the corpulent one with disdain, "It's anxiety that's weighin' on ye!"—Spare Moments.

Honest Criticism.

Author.—Now, I want your honest opinion. Tell me what facts you see in my book. Friend—Well, for one thing, I think the covers are too far apart.—New York Journal.

Consumption of Apples.

On an average every man, woman and child consumes about three bushels of apples per year and only a few are exported.

THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS.

Elections are to be held in twelve states this fall. The principal topic discussed is bimetalism except in Maryland, the Democrats generally holding fast to the Chicago platform, and the Republicans upholding the record of the administration. Trusts and other issues are secondary, particularly as all sides seem against them.

The nominations in each are as follows:

Iowa.

Republican—Governor, Leslie M. Shaw; lieutenant-governor, James C. Milligan; judge Supreme Court, John C. Sherwin; superintendent of public instruction, Henry Sabin; railroad commissioner, Robert C. Barrett; railroad commissioner, Edwin A. Dawson.

Democratic—Governor, Fred E. White (D.); lieutenant-governor, M. L. Bevis (D.); judge of Supreme Court, A. Von Wagenen (D.); superintendent of public instruction, F. R. Rider (D.); railroad commissioner, W. H. Calhoun (P.).

Prohibition—Governor, W. Atwood; lieutenant-governor, George Pugsley; judge of Supreme Court, no nomination; superintendent of public instruction, D. S. Dunlevy; railroad commissioner, A. B. Way.

Middle of the road Populist—Governor, Charles A. Lloyd; lieutenant-governor, S. M. Harvey; judge of Supreme Court, L. H. Weller; superintendent of public instruction, Worth Wright; railroad commissioner, R. J. Dunaway.

United Christian—Governor, C. C. Heacock; lieutenant-governor, J. F. R. Leonard; judge of Supreme Court, J. C. Darling; superintendent of public instruction, W. C. Pidgeon; railroad commissioner, C. Z. Lindley.

Kentucky.

Democratic—Governor, William Goebel; lieutenant-governor, J. C. W. Beckham; secretary of state, Breck Hill; attorney-general, R. J. Breckinridge; treasurer, S. W. Hager; auditor, Dan Wolfley; commissioner of agriculture, L. B. Nall; superintendent public instruction, H. H. McChesney.

Honest Election Party—Governor, John Young Brown; lieutenant-governor, P. P. Johnson; secretary of state, E. L. Hines; attorney-general, Lawrence Maxwell; treasurer, John Breeze; commissioner of agriculture, J. B. Vanderpool; superintendent public instruction, the Rev. E. C. Overstreet; auditor, William S. Taylor.

Republican—Governor, William S. Taylor; lieutenant-governor, John Marshall; secretary of state, Charles Powers; attorney-general, Clifton J. Pratt; treasurer, Walter R. Day; auditor, John S. Sweeney; commissioner of agriculture, John W. Threckmorton; superintendent public instruction, John Rudy.

Populist—Governor, John G. Blair; lieutenant-governor, J. W. Lawrence; secretary of state, Benjamin Keys; attorney-general, John Dale Rushing; treasurer, A. H. Cardin; commissioner of agriculture, W. J. Hanna; superintendent public instruction, John C. Sullivan.

Socialistic Labor—Governor, Albert Schmutz; lieutenant-governor, no nomination; secretary of state, no nomination; attorney-general, no nomination; treasurer, James Delaney; auditor, R. P. Caldwell; commissioner of agriculture, James O'Hearn; superintendent public instruction, W. S. Palmer.

Maryland.

Republican—Governor, Lloyd Lowndes; controller, Phillips L. Goldsborough; attorney-general, John V. L. Findlay.

Democrat—Governor, John Walter Smith; controller, Dr. J. W. Hering; attorney-general, Isidor Rayner.

Prohibition—Governor, James Swann; controller, P. F. Hall; attorney-general, F. C. Hendrickson; for Baltimore city's representative on the state Court of Appeals, Samuel D. Smucker.

Union Reform—Governor, Dr. William N. Hill; controller, William E. George; attorney-general, no nomination; for Baltimore city's representative on the State Court of Appeals, Archibald H. Taylor.

Massachusetts.

Democratic—Governor, Robert Treat Paine, Jr.; lieutenant-governor, John H. Mack; secretary of commonwealth, Henry Lloyd; treasurer and receiver general, Joseph J. Flynn; auditor of accounts, E. Gerry Brown; attorney-general, John H. Morrison.

Republican—Governor, W. Murray Crane; lieutenant-governor, John Hates; secretary of commonwealth, William M. Olin; treasurer and receiver-general, Edward S. Bradford; auditor of accounts, John W. Kimball; attorney-general, Hosea M. Knowlton.

Mississippi.

Democratic—Governor, A. H. Longino; lieutenant-governor, James T. Harrison; secretary of state, J. L. Power; treasurer, R. J. Stowers; auditor, W. Q. Cole; attorney-general, Monroe McClurg; superintendent public instruction, H. L. Whitfield; revenue agent, Wirt Adams; land commissioner, E. H. Hall; clerk Supreme Court, E. W. Brown; railroad commissioners, A. Q. May, J. H. McBride, J. C. Kincannon.

Populist—Governor, R. K. Prewitt; lieutenant-governor, J. W. Prude; secretary of state, N. M. Hollingsworth; treasurer, John A. Bailey; auditor, T. J. King; attorney-general, J. J. Dennis; superintendent public instruction, J. H. Simpson; revenue agent, J. W. Anderson; land commissioner, T. J. Djning; clerk Supreme Court, E. E. Anderson; railroad commissioners, W. T. Ray, A. M. Monroe, G. M. Calm.

Nebraska.

Fusion—Judge Supreme Court, Silas A. Holcombe (F.); regent state university, J. L. Teeters (S. R.); Edison Rich (D.).

Republican—Judge Supreme Court, R. W. Hayward; regent state university, E. G. McGilton; Dr. William B. Ely.

Prohibition—Judge Supreme Court, no nomination; regent state university, Charles E. Smith, Albert Flint.

New York.

No state ticket. Members of the state assembly. One congressman.

New Jersey.

Legislature.

Ohio.

Republican—Governor, George K. Nash; lieutenant-governor, John A. Caldwell; judge Supreme Court, William Z. Davis; attorney-general, John M. Sheets; treasurer, Isaac B. Cameron; auditor, Walter D. Guilbert; member board public works, Frank A. Huffman.

Democratic—Governor, John R. McLean; lieutenant-governor, Abraham W. Lean; judge Supreme court, Dewitt C. Badger; attorney-general, William H. Pease; treasurer, James E. Kilbourne; auditor, George W. Sigafoose; member board public works, Frederick D. Malin.

Non-Partisan—Governor, Samuel M. Jones.

Pennsylvania.

Supreme Court, J. Hay Brown; Superior Court, vacancy; state treasurer, James E. Barnett.

Democratic—Supreme Court, Judge S. L. Mestrezat; Superior Court, Abraham W. Reilly; state treasurer, William T. Creaky.

Prohibition—Supreme Court, Agib Rickette; Superior Court, James Crosby; state treasurer, John M. Caldwell.

Fusion—Supreme Court, John H. O. Stevenson; Superior Court, N. I. Atwood; state treasurer, Justus Watkins.

Massachusetts.

Fusion—Justice Supreme Court—Edmund Smith (S. R.), C. B. Kennedy, (P.), Julian Bernard.

Republican—Justice Supreme Court, Lewight Corson, Howard G. Fuller, Dick Haney.

Virginia.

No state officers. Legislature—Full house and half senate. This body as a whole will elect a successor to United States Senator Martin.

Sandals for Infants.

Creeping sandals to be worn over baby shoes to protect the toes while in the house are welcomed by mothers. They not only save the little shoes from so frequent repairing, but keep them in condition for street wear longer, and save changing every time the child is taken out. Children's shoes to cure the turning in of toes or ankles, and others to straighten bow legs, are to be found ready made. Neither has braces, but they are so constructed that nature is greatly assisted.

Coining.

The counterfeiter was free to confess that coining money was poor business on the whole. "You should coin words!" exclaimed the refined fraud. "For when you have coined ten or eleven words, you know, you can publish a revised dictionary, and there's nothing quite so effective to swindle people with as a revised dictionary!" We live in an age that is dominated by the forces of the mind. That much is certain.—Detroit Journal.