

M'KINLEY IN BUFFALO.

The President at the Head of the Great G. A. R. Procession.

WAS CHEERED TO THE ECHO.

Daughters of Veterans to Discuss the Color Line—Separate Departments Wanted—Officers of the Women's Societies Elected.

Buffalo, Aug. 26.—The G. A. R. parade took place today. There was an immense crowd, and the weather conditions were favorable. General Clarkson and his staff rode from the Iroquois hotel to the Hotel Niagara as soon as the staff had assembled on Eagle street.

At 10:30 o'clock the command to march was given, and the procession moved up Main street, passing Seneca and Swan streets to the square in front of the Erie County bank.

The Daughters of the Union Veterans have several matters of considerable importance upon which to act at their convention, which will open tomorrow forenoon. A resolution will be introduced looking toward the same recognition from the Grand Army of the Republic as has been accorded the Woman's Relief Corps.

Elections of Officers.

The Ladies' Association of Naval Veterans elected officers as follows: Mrs. Jennie Laird, Providence, captain commanding; Mrs. Mary E. Baker, Boston, commander; Mrs. Abbie E. Dickie, Salem, Mass., lieutenant commander; Mrs. Rathbone, New Bedford, Mass., lieutenant; Mrs. Ellen E. Travers, Providence, paymaster; Mrs. Hannah Green, Providence, secretary; Mrs. T. H. Lawton, New Bedford, past captain commander.

The annual meeting of the Woman's National Auxiliary to the Union ex-Prisoners elected officers as follows: Mrs. R. A. A. Patterson, Pittsburg, national president; Mrs. Benjamin McCall, Alleghany, senior vice; Mrs. William Paul, Alleghany, junior vice; Mrs. J. S. Hutchison, Alleghany, treasurer; Mrs. Frank Tribilla, Pittsburg, chaplain; Mrs. Robert Gilchrist, Alleghany, conductress; Mrs. John Horn, Steubenville, O., guard; Mrs. Charles F. Sheriff, Alleghany, counselor; Mrs. W. P. Linhart, Pittsburg; Mrs. Oliver Dubes, Mount Washington, Pa.; Mrs. William McCarthy, executive board. Mrs. Lottie R. Caffrey was herself a prisoner in Castle Thunder, charged with being a spy.

Killed While Resisting a Levy.

Covington, Tenn., Aug. 26.—A constable and his assistants, in attempting to make a levy on the household goods of Michael Hill, colored, at Atoka, met with resistance, and shot and killed two of Hill's sons and wounded his wife. Hill was not at home, but his wife and two sons were there. As the officers approached the house, Hill's wife came out with a gun. The shooting followed immediately.

Professor Campbell to Observe Eclipse.

San Francisco, Aug. 26.—Professor W. W. Campbell of the Lick observatory will head the expedition to India, made possible through the generosity of the late Colonel C. F. Crocker, to observe the next total eclipse of the sun. The time of the eclipse would be, in California, just before midnight on Jan. 21, 1898, but in India it will take place three-quarters of an hour after noon on the 22d.

From the Goldfields.

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 26.—The sighting of the treasure ship Portland off Cape Flattery insures her arrival in Seattle shortly. This indicates that she must have made a remarkably quick discharge of her cargo at St. Michael's. The supposition is that all hands, being anxious to get ashore and start for the Klondike, turned in and helped the crew to unload the vessel.

A Kansas Mayor Arrested.

Independence, Kan., Aug. 26.—Mayor J. S. Scudder of Neodesa, Kan., has been arrested on a warrant under that provision of the prohibitory law which requires all county and city officials to notify the county attorney of any violation of the prohibitory liquor law coming within their knowledge. The penalty is a fine and forfeiture of office.

American Bar Association.

Cleveland, Aug. 26.—The American Bar association was called to order at Association hall today, with an attendance of nearly 300 delegates. President J. M. Woolworth of Omaha delivered an address to the association, which was listened to with marked attention.

Commander Booth-Tucker Back.

New York, Aug. 26.—On the White Star steamer Majestic, which arrived from Liverpool today, were Commissioner F. De L. Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army and Mrs. Booth-Tucker. They were met at quarantine by a large party of the Army.

Ship Charges Higher at San Francisco.

San Francisco, Aug. 26.—Ship charges are still on the increase, and 27 shillings and 6 pence from this port to Europe has been reached. Three vessels have been engaged at this rate.

One Day's Government Receipts.

Washington, Aug. 26.—National bank notes received today for redemption, \$198,414; government receipts from customs, \$412,332; internal revenue, \$242,436; miscellaneous, \$10,570.

English Officers Recalled.

Simla, Aug. 26.—All the British army officers on leave of absence have been ordered to immediately rejoin their regiments.

DON'T WAIT.

Now is the Time, and Norwalk People Who Have Found it Out, are Glad to Say So.

You have the evidence on every hand, from every ward, from every street of both the Norwalks, that California Catarh Cure cures catarh easily and quickly; and if it did this in the winter and spring, much more easily will it do it in the summer. now. Do not delay. Get California Catarh Cure to-day, cure all traces of your catarh, be rid once and for all of the constant hawking and snuffing, and for once be ready, when winter comes, to meet it with clean, strong, healthy nasal passages and throat, that shall not succumb in a detestable cold in the head, to the first cold wave. Note this cure:

Mrs. C. Warren, who lives at 7 Ann street, South Norwalk, says: "My little grandson, who lives with me, has been troubled quite badly with catarh, and I got him a bottle of California Catarh Cure at Plaisted's drug store, and had him use it. It helped him very much, and seems to keep his head much clearer than it was before. As so many troubles arise from catarh, especially when one so young has it, I feel that in Catarh Cure I have found a good thing."

Hay fever is immediately relieved and even entirely prevented by California Catarh Cure. All druggists 50 cents, three time as much, \$1.00.

Two Men Asphyxiated.

New York, Aug. 26.—Albert Tobias, 44, a hotel keeper, was found dead in bed today at No. 120 East Sixty-fifth street. The gas jets were turned on. It is believed he committed suicide. J. Turner, of Bridgeport, Conn., was found dead in bed in his room at No. 322 West Thirtieth street. The gas was turned on. The police believe he killed himself.

Steel Mills Starting Up.

Chicago, Aug. 26.—The Illinois Steel company has signed the amalgamated scale, and the big mills at Chicago, Milwaukee and Joliet will start up, after nearly two months of idleness. The amalgamated (Youngstown) scale provides for a 15 and 10 per cent reduction in the wages of steel and iron workers respectively.

Two Republican Candidates For Mayor.

Baltimore, Aug. 26.—The regular Republican city convention nominated Theodore Marburg for mayor. William T. Malster was nominated for the same office by the other Republican convention. Each convention chose delegates to the state convention, but the Malster men deferred the nomination of legislative candidates.

New Sewer Wanted.

Elizabeth, N. J., Aug. 26.—Indignant merchants of Broad street and citizens generally, who lost so heavily yesterday and three weeks ago by the floods in this city, have forced President P. J. Ryan of the city council to call a special meeting to devise plans to build a big trunk sewer through the city to tide water.

A Bicycle Tube Pool.

London, Aug. 26.—The St. James Gazette this afternoon says that an agreement has been reached between the leading bicycle tube makers of Birmingham and America by which no one will be supplied under a fixed price. The organizers claim that every tube maker will be compelled to join.

Reynolds Case Postponed.

New York, Aug. 26.—The hearing of the \$50,000 damage suit brought by Mrs. Lillian Klopman against Guy A. Reynolds, the clubman and heir to some of the Fayerweather millions, was adjourned today before former Justice Charles Donohue, who is the referee in the case, until Sept. 12.

The French Duty on Wheat.

Paris, Aug. 26.—M. Viger, the former minister of agriculture, has written a letter to Le Matin opposing any reductions in the duties on wheat and flour, taking the ground that such steps would only benefit those who speculate in those products.

New York's Police Chief Retired.

New York, Aug. 26.—Chief of Police Conlin was retired by the police board today. He himself applied to be let out of service, and the commissioners granted his request. His pension is \$3,000 a year.

WHAT DO THE CHILDREN DRINK?

Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called Grain-O? It is delicious and nourishing and takes the place of coffee. The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee but costs about 1/4 as much. All grocers sell it. 15c. and 25c.

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil, the most wonderful medicine to-day, positively curing Colds, Sore Throat, Rheumatism and all pain. Wholly free from oily taste, pleasant to use either as an internal or external remedy. Get a trial bottle and satisfy yourself of the great curative powers of RENNE'S MAGIC OIL



For Sick Headache, Biliousness and that miserable feeling, use Dr. Herrick's Liver Pills the old reliable and sure cure.

THE EVENING GAZETTE

CHECKER-BOARD BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Business directory listing various services and businesses in Norwalk, including insurance, storage, carpentry, and printing.

Advertisement for Saver Tonic Purifies the Blood, featuring a large graphic of the Saver logo and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for Schleichner & Son's Pianos, highlighting features like tone, finish, durability, and rightness in price.

Advertisement for advertising in The Gazette, stating that successful merchants use it to reach the entire purchasing community.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

It's curious, what a sight o' good a little thing will do; How ye kin stop the fiercest storm when it begins ter brow.

LADY DILKES.

BY HORACE EATON WALKER.

"I am distracted!" said Lady Dilkes. "Mamma's nurse won't do anything but the sick-room cooking, the last servant has gone, I want my luncheon, and I am helpless and alone!"

Everybody called Laura "Lady," because she was a lady from the crown of her golden head to the arched instep of her small foot.

"For," she said, lugubriously, vexed, too, just a little bit, "I know no more about taking care of horses than a butterfly; and as for kitchen work, I know very little of that."

"I have not seen him since I was a little girl in short frocks; but we have been engaged by letter, by telegraph and telephone, for the last ten years; and for the last ten years he has been promising to cross the ocean just to see me.

"I know!" I'll be my own kitchen maid! I'll put on a cotton frock and a cap, daub some flour on my face, roll up my sleeves, and when Master Arthur arrives, I'll just say to him that Miss Dilkes is indisposed, has the toothache or something equally aristocratic, that Miss Dilkes is ill, and I, Mary Jane Small, am the only servant in the house, and he'd better go to a hotel for a day or so.

"Oh!" gasped Laura, shocked by his audacity. "How did you hear all this, pray?"

"Common report; I heard it from the corner bootblack, the mornin' milkman, everybody! So I thought I'd take my chance. Do you want a coachman? I understand horses better than I do the alphabet."

"Not at all; it's the truth. I know a pretty girl when I see one." Laura stole a glance at him; he had removed his hat, and she saw that he was decidedly handsome—the sort of man that women spoil.

met, for some reason both colored. He went on hastily, "Well, what do you say to my offer? Is it a go?"

"Of course not! You are impertinent, Jameson. But you seem honest, and we need a coachman very much, so you may come in. Be seated, and I'll go and consult missus about your position."

"The horses have not been groomed this morning. You'd better attend to them at once," said Laura.

"Yes," said Jameson, still so abstracted that he did not notice Laura's little joke.

"There's nothing in the larder. But here's a quarter." The blushes deepened; she found it hard to offer money to this young man with the laughing eyes.

"Nothing cooked, eh?" said Jameson.

"Positively nothing," Laura gasped, getting more confused than ever; for she knew her deception must come to light very soon.

"Tramps have to learn these things," he said in explanation. "Come, take this chair, I'll bet a glass of wine you're hungry as I am."

"Who are you?" she faltered.

Friend. How are you getting on? Seedy Author. Good. I've got the matter in hand for a splendid comedy besides.

HOME LIFE OF PATTI.

CRAIG-Y-NOS AND ALL ITS WONDERFUL ATTRACTIONS.

The Regular Routine of the Every Day Life of the Great Diva—How She Entertains Her Guests—The Love She Inspires from Servants.

Patti's beautiful castle, with its sixty-five rooms, is situated in a picturesque spot among the Welsh mountains, in South Wales. It has been brought to a state of perfection, and so far as earthly possessions go is all one could desire.

The outside attractions are no less perfect, with gardens, conservatories and hothouses, where one can pick strawberries, a pear or a bunch of grapes any day in the year; the stables, with superb horses and carriages; the dog kennels, with the rarest breeds in the canine world; the beautiful lake, with its rowboats, and the fishing stream, where Nicolini enjoys keenest sport.

The regular routine of the home life of the great diva is so well ordered that it is rarely varied. She never drives on Sunday, believing that the coachmen and the stablemen should have a day with their families to rest or attend one of two churches—English and Welsh, supported by her.

An automatic piano plays during the service of this dainty repast. The guests are then at liberty to enjoy themselves to their liking till the dinner hour at 8 o'clock, when every one appears in full dress.

After this sumptuous meal every one goes to the music-room. Here the largest automatic orchestral instrument in the world plays all the operas in which Patti has sung.

At 12 o'clock Patti gives the signal for retiring, and on reaching her room touches a bell, which notifies all the servants that they are to retire, and only the watchman is thereafter alert.

Perfect liberty of enjoyment is accorded to every visitor, driving, rowing, tennis, billiards and bowling being among the recreations enjoyed. If one tires of looking at the pheasants, which are one of the hobbies of Nicolini, there is a room full of all kinds of birds—parrots who talk and sing with almost human intelligence; mocking birds, magpies and numberless canaries.

At the Boarding House. First Westerner—"Pete allus was an acquisitive cuss."

OLD STYLE FLOUNCES WORN.

Point d'Esprit Net with Strong Mesh Again to be Worn. Puffings are perhaps the latest feature in the details of fashion which require skilled hand sewing to make a success, but tucks set in closely together to resemble accordeon plating are very popular for yokes, epaulettes, collars and vests, and certainly take the lead in the number of stitches which can be distributed in a given space.



The old-fashioned Spanish flounce with rows of insertion set in above the hem is one of the whims of fashion among the organdie gowns, but the new model is knife plaited, which adds very much to the effect.



Organdies in the plain tints of yellow, pink, and especially gray, are the latest things in thin gowns, and some of these gowns have a flowered taffeta silk lining which gives them a very novel appearance.



to white. Black and white effects, alone or in combination with colors, are very fashionable, and all sorts of methods are employed to produce a variety in this contrast.

CHEAP DRIVES FOR INVALIDS.

A Young Woman's Clever Scheme for Turning an Horse Penny. These are the days when everyone is twisting and contriving to get money outside of the regular sources of income. Women have frequently shown themselves even better at the sort of contriving than men.

She had a regular scale of prices. Thirty-five cents took one passenger to the nearest park and back, 50 cents for a longer trip, and so on. She planned her trips in advance and took three with her at a time.

A test of the genuineness of an oriental rug or carpet, which a Constantinople gentleman says is sure, is to examine carefully, to see if each stitch is knotted, instead of trusting to those easily put on marks of age-patches, holes and crooked places.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Lady (to applicant for position as domestic)—My goodness! This reference is signed by Mrs. Upton.

Visitor (in insane asylum)—What is the nature of that poor fellow's hallucination? Keeper—He thinks that he invented the various terms used by golf players.

Mr. Rooney—So yer poor bye, Mike, was sht up fer loife, Missis McCafferty. Sure, that do be a long sintence.

Miss McCafferty—Yis, Misther Rooney, but he do be that delicate in blith I don't think he'll live to complete it.

Teacher (angrily)—"Why don't you answer my question, Bobby?" His Brother Tommy (answering for him)—"Please, sir, he's got a peppermint in his speech."

"Well, Willie," asked grandma, "have you had all the dinner you want?" "No," answered Willie, "but I have all I can eat."

KANSAS WIND STORMS

EXPERIENCES THAT HER CITIZENS LIVE TO RELATE.

In the Effete East the Statement that County Lines Are Moved by Cyclones May be Regarded With Suspicion, but There Are Others More Wonderful. A Kansan abroad recently found a crowd that did not seem to appreciate his conversation concerning the conspiracy of the foreign capitalists to compel the populist farmers of Kansas to pay their honest debts, so he pulled out his stock of tornado stories, hoping to attract attention, says the Kansas City Times.

"I saw a cyclone once," said he, "that picked up a straw stack and moved it a mile and put it back, straw on straw, as it was."

"Back in the seventies, we had a terrible cyclone in Western Kansas. It blew the cracks out of the fences, pulled a cistern out of the ground, moved a township line and changed the day of the week."

"Hold on," cried the Kansan; "if you are going to degrade the conversation to the level of a common lying contest I will retire." And he got up and walked away pompously.

"I was out in Kansas last summer, and the first cyclone, of course, I went down in the cellar, like other folks. The next thing I knew the cellar went, too, rolling over and over like a silk hat. I was soon spilled out. With infinite labor I crawled back in the teeth of the wind, intending to take refuge in the hole the cellar came out of it. To my consternation, I found that that had blown away also."

"Tell you what's a fact. I have known it to blow twelve days and nights on a stretch and hold a sheep up against the side of a barn until he starved to death."

Same Kansan Man (at the populist meeting in his own neighborhood)—Fellow sufferers—Dry weather. Hessian flies and goldbugs prey like vampires on our State. Our once fair state is plastered over with mortgages so heavy that we have to bore a hole through them with an augur in order to plant corn. Rouse, ye slaves!"

General Hancock's Vindication. When the gallant General Hancock, the Democratic candidate for President in 1880, said that the tariff was largely "a local issue," he was much laughed at. But the votes of Senators of all parties during the last session have gone far towards justifying his remark.

Editor—Mr. Cose, your jokes have got all their humor here of late. What's the trouble? Joe Cose—I guess I'm not well. I've felt rather funny for a week past.—Philadelphia North American.

THE LEAD PENCIL.

If my wife has a failure it is lack of reverence. She doesn't recognize those property rights which should inhere to the personal belongings of a husband. I think that I was mildly reprimanding her at the time for mislaying the gimlet. I'm the most particular fellow you ever saw about keeping everything in its place. It isn't alone gimlets, it is hammers and screw-drivers, and knives, and Lord knows what all. Why, she has even tampered with my razor!

"that makes it a little safer." I thought Jim looked a bit dubious over this precaution, but he laughed and said: "All right, my boy. I'll make myself comfortable until you come back." Minnie didn't want me to go out one bit, but I told her Jim counted on me. I didn't say a word about the money, however; I knew it would worry her, and, to tell the truth, it worried me a little. I was sorry Jim brought it there, and I didn't like his talk about precautions. Well, after supper I went out to see if the dog was all right—I've got the finest mastiff in the state—and when I came back Minnie called to me from the sitting-room. "Just a minute, Joe; I'm writing a note for Hattie." Hattie is the wife of the telegraph operator, and I knew that Minnie wanted me to leave it at the station where he could get it in the morning. It was quite a number of minutes, however, before she came out with the note, and my vest and coat. It was so warm I had left them off before supper. "Hadden't you better let the dog go with you, Joe?" she asked, as she helped me with my coat. "No, no," I said, laughing, "he'll stay home and take care of you. I'll put the lamp in the window, though, so you'll know I'm all right." That was a great joke of ours, but Minnie didn't laugh as she usually did. "Mind," she said, "I'll watch for it, and if it isn't there, I'll come down after you."

business had Jim to go away and leave all the responsibility with me. Of course, he didn't leave it all with me, but he left altogether too big a share. As I sat there grumbling a low tap on the window overlooking the platform attracted my attention. I looked up. The side of the building was in the shadow, but I could see a man's face against the pane. "Joe," said somebody outside. I supposed it might be one of the section hands and stepped across the room. "What is it?" I called. "Open the window, Joe," said the voice. I pushed it up a little. "It that you, Jerry?" I called. There was no response. I put my head through the opening and looked up and down the line. Nobody was in sight. Just then I heard a slight noise behind me. I drew in my head. Something seemed to crash into my brain. Then all was dark. When I came to I was tied in my chair, my head was sore and wet, and two men with strips of black cloth across their faces were looking down at me. "He's all right," said the shorter man. The tall man nodded. "Get the keys," he said in a queer, hoarse voice. The shorter man felt in my pockets. "Not here!" he cried. "They must be," said the tall man, in his hoarse voice. "I tell you they are not. Bring the lamp." The tall man took the lamp from the window ledge and came closer to me. But their search was in vain. The tall man placed the lamp on the table, while the other man put a revolver to my ear. "Come!" he said, "where are those keys?" My head was beginning to clear a little. I saw it all. My wife had taken the keys from my pocket because it was her way, and because she thought I had no further use for them until morning. "He must have left the keys at home," said the tall man hurriedly. "Here, give him a sheet of paper and let him write a note to his wife, asking for them. The short man looked up sharply. "I'll get them," said the tall man. They pulled the table up to me and spread out a scrap of paper. The short man loosened the rope and let my right hand free. I reached to my vest pocket half blindly and drew out my pencil. Still in a daze, I tried to put my wife's name on the sheet. The pencil refused to make a mark. I looked at it. It was dull and horribly ragged about the point. I pride myself on the fine point I put to my pencils. Again I comprehended that my wife had borrowed that very pencil to write the note to the operator's wife. I tried to scribble with the blunted thing.

"Curse you, hurry!" growled the short ruffian. I showed the pencil point. With an exclamation of anger the short man drew out a heavy-handled knife and swiftly sharpened the pencil. As he passed it back my wandering vision was caught by the lamp on the table. Heavens! It was no longer in the window! As this thought struck me I looked towards the ledge and saw there a white, scared face pressed against the pane. It was my wife. "Write!" growled the short ruffian. My only thought was to gain time. I knew my wife was there. I knew she would bring help. I took the pencil in my nerveless fingers. As I did so a low growl caught my ear. It caught the ears of the villains, too. The short man turned his knife on the table and dropped towards the door with his revolver extended. The tall man drew himself up against the wall. "It's the dog," he hoarsely whispered. "Shoot to kill, Jack." I saw the door tremble a little, I saw the short villain's arm raised and my fingers closed on the handle of the knife he had just dropped. Then as the door slowly opened I drew back my arm and thrust wildly at the man in front of me. Something yellow flew through the doorway, there was a wild scream, a heavy fall and I lapsed into unconsciousness again. When I came around I was in bed at home, with Minnie bending over me. "It's all right, Joe," she murmured, "they've got them both locked up safe and sound and the money is all right and the mill directors have given you one thousand dollars of it." "And Jim?" I asked. "Jim?" she cried. "Why, Jim was the tall man. It was all his plot to steal the money and throw the blame on you. And if I hadn't taken the keys—don't scold—they'd have had the money, and if it hadn't been for the lead pencil I dulled—the man you stabbed told the whole story—I wouldn't have got there in time with Hector. The dog almost killed Jim before I could call him away, but I ain't so sorry, because the little man says they would have killed you if you had by any chance suspected Jim's identity." I reached out and took Minnie's hand. "That thousand dollars belongs to you, dear," I said brokenly. "Well," she answered, "if you take it, Joe, you may rest assured I'll borrow it sooner or later." Then she put her cheek against my hand and laughed. "Then she cried.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Several times during the delivery of his commencement day oration he paused and took a drink of water. He was very dry." "You mean he was very thirsty." "Yes, he was thirsty." —Chicago Tribune.

AN INTERNATIONAL HENCOOP. His Conscience Cleared of Cheating Either Government. Amasa Barrow has a chicken ranch not far from Nogales, Ariz., on which he has divided matters between conscience and thrift with true Yankee ingenuity, says a correspondent of the New York Sun. Barrow is from Massachusetts, and he has an eye that magnifies the main chance by many diameters and a Puritan conscience that would have shown resplendent on the Mayflower itself. Barrow's local nickname is Old Honest, and those who know him best do not hesitate to declare that he wouldn't take an advantage even in a horse trade. But that does not hinder him from being anxious as the next man to get hold of a good thing. So when he decided to start a chicken ranch near Nogales, he saw at once the big advantage it would give him to grow his chickens across the line in Old Mexico. But he wanted to supply the Arizona trade, and to pay the duties would eat up his profits. But to Yankee ingenuity the thing was easy enough. Barrow just built an international hen house. American money changed into Mexican money means early \$2 for 1, while the cheap prices for labor and products increase the advantage for the buyer. But his chickens and eggs would command far higher prices on the Arizona side of the line. If he bought his grain and other food for his chickens in Mexico he would get it for about half what it would cost him in Arizona. But Amasa Barrow would not smuggle chicken feed across the boundary. That would be the same as stealing. So he built a long coop or pen half on the Arizona side and the other half extending down into Mexico. He buys all his supplies on the other side and stores them there in sheds. Never a grain of his chicken feed is carried across the border. When he wants to feed his chickens he opens the gate between the two parts of the pen and drives the flock into Mexico, where they fill up on Mexican grain. When they have eaten their fill he shoos them back to the other end, where, under the folds of the stars and stripes they lay their eggs and hatch their young.

A MYSTERIOUS WHITE RACE. For 300 Years They Have Lived Unknown in Their Mountain Homes. That white races of mysterious origin and of an advanced grade of civilization exist in certain of the as yet unexplored plateaus of Africa has long been a matter of tradition among all those who have devoted their attention to the ethnographical and geographical science of the Dark Continent. But no attention has been drawn as yet to the fact that in the interior of San Jago, the largest of the Cape Verd Islands, there exists a strange people known by the name of the Cantadas, who for 300 years past have been absolutely cut off from all intercourse with the outer world, and who are fair-haired, light complexioned and blue eyed, whereas the remaining population of the Cape Verd Islands consists of negroes, and of Portuguese, who are almost as swarthy and sombre in color as full-blooded Africans. Distrustful, apparently of the gaze of strangers, these people of the mountain seldom leave their habitations during day time, and on the slightest alarm of visitors they seek the shelter of the rock. But by hiding on the opposite cliffs until evening, and with the aid of glasses, it is possible to get a good view of them when they begin at sunset to gather on the grassy meadow which fronts the opening of the caves and extends down to the water's edge. Beautiful fair-haired, white-skinned girls, clad in flowing white linen garments, which scarcely conceal the sinuous beauty of perfect grace and form, come out to wash linen in the lake and to sport on the cool green grass. The men, too, are simply dressed in much the same way, their white linen garments being admirably suited to the tropic climate. Many other signs of a high degree of civilization appear, and from certain points near the summit of San Antonio it is possible, with the aid of strong glasses, to catch glimpses through fissures here and there in the wall of rock, of sheep and cattle grazing, of green fields and trees, and of white flat-roofed houses, running parallel with one another. —New York Journal. The Indian's Low Voice. A Western man tells The St. Louis Republican that Eastern people talk much more loudly than the people of the far West. "If you ever heard an Indian talk," he says, "you will realize the force of what I say. I never saw a real Indian that spoke much above a whisper. He illustrates exactly what I mean. The Indian lives in quiet and solitude. His atmosphere is not filled with noises and tympanum-piercing sounds. Consequently he does not have to elevate his voice in carrying on conversation. Your city arab, the counterpart of the Indian, talks loud enough when he comes to Arkansas to be heard in the next county."

PROMISE TO REMEMBER.

Words by EDWARD OXERFORD.

Music by V. MARRIOTT.

Musical score for "Promise to Remember" with lyrics: "I shall be re- mem - ber'd When seas our ways do part. Then, tho' the thou't for - give, thou know - est 'tis all for love of thee. Once more my hour be bit - ter, When fare - well words must cease. Thy prom - ise will be dear, For swift the mo - ments fly. And tell me thou't re - gol - den And bring me hope and peace! O prom - ise mem - ber That love will nev - er die!"

Musical score for "Remember" with lyrics: "to re - mem - ber, When thou art far a - way. The words that thou hast whis - per'd of end - less love to - day. My heart will nev - er for - get them, As tar - dy years pass o'er. For O, there - in each one will be en - shrin'd ev - er more more."

