

IT CANNOT BE.

It cannot be that he who made This wondrous world for our delight...

It cannot be that all the years Of toil and care and grief we live Shall find no recompense but tears.

It cannot be that after all The mighty conquests of the mind Our thoughts shall pass beyond recall.

It cannot be that all the ties Of kindred souls and loving hearts Are broken when the body dies.

A FRONTIER CINDERELLA.

But He Managed in Spite of Narrow Lines to Make Christmas Come His Way.

It must not be forgotten that before Cinderella attracted the attention of the prince...

Years ago, when the Territories were more unused to the ways of civilization than they are to-day...

"Cindy" had a room in a "lodge" smack over in the Mexican quarter of the town, and he maintained bachelor apartments there...

Some persons would have mistaken "Cindy" for a farmer. Perhaps the diagnosis would have been good in a country where they have farms.

In the course of his speech at the Atlanta Peace Jubilee the President is quoted as saying: "That flag has been planted in two hemispheres, and there it remains—the symbol of liberty and law, of peace and progress."

Beware of the Grip. It is raging in New York and Philadelphia and the physicians there have decided it is both infectious and contagious.

The People Will Be Glad Enough to Haul It Down Ere Long. In the course of his speech at the Atlanta Peace Jubilee the President is quoted as saying: "That flag has been planted in two hemispheres, and there it remains—the symbol of liberty and law, of peace and progress."

World's Largest Farm.

In Northwestern Canada and Contains 100 Square Miles.—Purchased for the Younger Sons.—Owned by an English Syndicate and 45,000 Acres Under Cultivation—A Land of Immense Farms. Land Very Cheap.—Some Popular Errors.

It is a fact not generally known to the public, though well understood to the grain trade of the northwest, that in the new far Canadian northwest, in a province whose very name is a synonym for desolation in Assiniboia, 1,000 miles to the north and west from the head of Lake Superior, are situated some of the largest and most successful wheat farms in the world.

It is named after Major Bell, the military manager of the estate, and has an area of ten miles square, or 100 square miles, of which 45,000 acres, or about three-quarters is under cultivation.

In this district, where for hundreds of miles the train passes no houses nor tilled soil, where there are millions and millions of acres apparently as good as those that are yielding thirty to forty bushels of wheat the acre...

The problems of farming in these great plains that stretch northwesterly 2,500 miles from the head of Lake Superior into a latitude that further east is a region of cold so intense that scarcely any vegetation will grow, have been long in solution, and have raised many a man with a red neck against them.

The senator has been some years the patriarch of the Senate, and has held a warm place in the affections of his associates. He likewise has enjoyed the fullest confidence of his constituents, who, notwithstanding his years, re-elected him in 1896 for a sixth consecutive term...

Senator Morrill Dies From the Effect of Grip. A Remarkable Case. His Combined Parties of Republicans in the Senate and House Was Almost Forty-four Years. The Senior Senator.

Such a farm as the Bell, with 45,000 to 50,000 acres under cultivation, and two-thirds of this immense land in crop every year, yielding at the rate of thirty bushels to the acre, gives a crop of from 750,000 to 900,000 bushels of grain.

Mr. Beacom says the hopes of his predecessor that the state revenues would be largely increased under the legislation enacted by the last legislature and improved business and financial conditions have not been realized.

Prayed in the Courtroom.

The Supplication Didn't Prevent the Jury from Finding an Adverse Verdict.

A ten-minute prayer in open court in Allentown, where a horse case attracted considerable attention not long ago. Robert F. Thomas had brought suit to recover the part payment he had made on a horse.

"O Lord, Thou who rulest over all, and art willing that all shall have justice, we appeal to Thee, in this our trouble, to lend ear and give Thy presence. Guide us and all of us to tell the truth in this honorable court and to this jury; that I bought that dark bay horse from German for \$80; that I paid \$50 on him; and the balance, \$30, was to be paid in sixty days.

Girl Caught a Footpad.

Tried Him on a Barbed Wire Fence and Handed Him Over to a Policeman.

For two months Kansas City has been terrorized by footpads. Hold-ups have been of almost nightly occurrence, and people who were not absolutely obliged to be on the streets after night, all stayed indoors as a matter of precaution.

The climax came when nine women returning from shopping just after nightfall to their homes in Independence and Garfield avenue were held up and robbed of their purses and packages.

The first one, however, was brought in Saturday, not by a stalwart policeman, but by a woman—Miss Effie Buck. The footpad, William Smith, is a negro. It all happened in broad daylight.

She was the slowest nigger I ever saw," she said afterward. But when she was ready to grasp him, she realized the place was lonesome and there was no one near.

Then Miss Buck sprang upon him, screaming for help. She caught him by the collar with both hands and held him fast. Smith, panting hard for breath, turned his head around and asked in an injured tone what he had done to be treated in so brutal a way by a woman.

Fatally Poisoned.

A Case Which Resembles the Celebrated Dunning Case in Many Ways.

Mrs. Kate J. Adams, a well-to-do woman, was fatally poisoned last week in her handsomely furnished apartments in New York. Her death is connected with a curious case of events.

Mrs. Adams was a widow, 50 years of age. She lived with her son-in-law, Edward Rogers, an insurance agent. Harry Cornish, a well-known athlete and physical director of the Knickerbocker Athletic club, boarded with the Rogers's. Mrs. Adams awoke one morning with a bad headache.

Income and Expenses.

State Treasurer Beacom Tells of Receipts and Expenditures.

State Treasurer Beacom has submitted to Governor Hastings his annual report for the fiscal year ended November 30, 1898, with a statement of the estimated receipts and expenditures for the ensuing year.

Mr. Beacom says the hopes of his predecessor that the state revenues would be largely increased under the legislation enacted by the last legislature and improved business and financial conditions have not been realized.

Why Didn't He?

"This," said the police judge the other morning, "is one of the most aggravated cases of assault and battery ever brought to my official notice.

Colonel Bryan's Jap.

Yamachita Came Unbidden, and Now Mr. Bryan Doesn't Know What to Do With Him.

Speaking figuratively, one of the white elephants Colonel William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, is trying to unload himself of is the enterprising Jap, who recently appeared at the Colonel's house, in Lincoln, and annexed himself thereto.

"O Lord, Thou who rulest over all, and art willing that all shall have justice, we appeal to Thee, in this our trouble, to lend ear and give Thy presence. Guide us and all of us to tell the truth in this honorable court and to this jury; that I bought that dark bay horse from German for \$80; that I paid \$50 on him; and the balance, \$30, was to be paid in sixty days.

His Head is Level on This Question. From W. T. Stead's Interview with the Czar of Russia. "I look out over the world; I study our civilization, and I do not find it very good. I see nations all engaged in seizing, or trying to seize, all territory not yet occupied by European powers."

Boston's Great Station.

Dedication of the Largest Railroad Depot in the World. It Covers Thirteen Acres.

The new terminal station for the railroad entering Boston on the south, by the largest railroad station in the world, was dedicated last week in the presence of a number of invited guests, by Mayor Quincy, of Boston, and President Clark, of the consolidated roads.

The station covers about 13 acres, and is 765 feet long and 662 feet wide. The main building is of granite, and dark buff mottled brick, and faces the square formed by the intersection of Federal and Summer streets and Atlantic street.

It is five stories in height, and is surmounted by a tower with an illuminated clock. The train shed is 602 feet long and 570 feet wide.

Its maximum height is 112 feet. Its roof is of steel construction in three great spans, the middle one being of 225 feet, and each of the side spans of 171 feet.

"Bab" is Dead.

Mrs. Isabel Mallon Dies from Pneumonia—She Was a Well Known Writer—Death Hurried by Grip.

Mrs. Isabel A. Mallon, best known by her non-de-plume of Bab and Ruth Ashmore, died at her home in New York on Tuesday the 27th. Grief over the death of her mother, Mrs. Mallon's inseparable companion for so many years, so weakened her that she was a ready victim to the dread disease.

As "Bab" and "Ruth Ashmore" Mrs. Mallon was known to thousands of readers in this country. She was one of the pioneer newspaper women. She went to New York 16 years ago, suddenly thrown on her own resources by the death of her husband, who possessed considerable wealth, and began her career as a newspaper correspondent.

She began writing the "Bab" letters in 1888. They made a hit, and there was much curiosity as to who was their author. Later she made a reputation under another non-de-plume, "Ruth Ashmore."

Mrs. Mallon was one of the editors of the Ladies Home Journal. Her illness began the very day of her mother's death, Oct. 8 last. She suffered from neurasthenia. A month ago she was attacked with the grip and this was followed by pneumonia.

Diagnosis Under Difficulties.

"What appears to be the matter with your father?" inquired the doctor, as he hastily put his clothes on. "He's got the plumbago," replied the boy. "I think that's what it is."