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The oldest poem in the world has recently been found, and the critics will now be busy for a while trying to decide who was plagiarized by its author.

Michigan's supreme court has decided that women cannot hold elective offices. Never mind; they can at least hold the baby that subsequently gets into the office.

For laughing in a Chicago courtroom the other day, during a criminal trial, a young woman was sentenced to imprisonment in jail for two hours. The judge who imposed that penalty must be awfully overstocked with judicial dignity.

Emperor William the other day made a brief, but pithy address to the crew and officers of the German warship Falke, recently in Samoan waters, in which he praised their devotion to duty, and added: "Let us hope that the day may not be distant when Germany will have larger, more powerful ships and more of them to send out on the far seas for the protection of her interests, and that all other nations will respect her just wishes and rights."

In calling attention to the large decrease in the per capita consumption of liquors the president of the Woman's Christian Temperance union calls attention to the vast influence for sobriety which machinery has had upon the American people. The man who handles machinery or has any control over machinery must be a sober man. Thus while the number of users of alcoholic liquors has greatly increased, the amount which they use per capita has enormously decreased.

It is one hundred years ago since Pestalozzi started at Stanz, by the Lake of Lucerne, the first public institution of which the modern kindergarten schools are the successors. Pestalozzi had made a previous venture in the same direction by teaching a number of poor children at his own house; but that effort failed from causes which had nothing to do with the merits of this method, and it was in 1799 that he started the idea successfully. Some years later he was visited by Froebel, whose name has become associated with the system, which is founded upon the basic laws of the great school of nature.

The sanitary value of trees is a matter which has been too little regarded. All forms of vegetation play a more or less important part in tempering the extremes of climate, but the service performed by trees is by far the most efficient. Their leaves present a vast area of surface to the air, while the tree itself occupies little ground space. With the destruction of forests have come marked changes in climate. The winter has grown colder, the summers hotter. Streams which once flowed evenly are now transformed in a few hours from trickling rills to raging torrents. The springs which feed them have gone dry. The earth not sheltered by trees is more deeply frozen in winter and more parched in summer. With the extremes of climate new and dangerous diseases have appeared in localities heretofore noted for their healthfulness. The lost trees cannot, of course, be recalled, but by planting others in their places and by preserving those which have so far escaped destruction, a real and important service may be rendered to the public health and the public welfare.

An Absent-Minded Boy.
Hicks—That's a pretty good boy in your office. Wicks—First rate. Not a lazy bone in his body. The only trouble with him is that he is a little absent minded. When I tell him to polish my shoes it almost always happens that he shines his own instead.—Boston Transcript.

The Boy Who Didn't Count.
Mrs. Tindler—Why, Johnny, what is the matter with you? You've been fighting! And I told you to count ten when you were angry. Johnny—I did, but Tommy Tinker played roost on me. He didn't count his ten until after he'd plunked me in the eye.—Boston Transcript.

PICKLES, MUSTARD.

Such a discussion as developed on the piazza at the home of the Ellisons, that summer afternoon, would have been of serious import had it not been for the personality of the disputants. But a wrangle involving only a half dozen pretty women gowned in the light, breezy, fluffiness pertaining to a perfect June day, becomes prettier in proportion to its earnestness.

It came about through Emily Hastings' proposal for a picnic on the Desplaines river. "No one of those formal, cut-and-dried, lemon-pie affairs," she explained, "but just a rollicking, jolly party of us young folks, who want to have a good time in the woods."

"And the young men?" queried someone, doubtfully. "This isn't leaf year, you know!"

"Leave that to me," returned Emily reassuringly. "I can't make Herbert Winslow take up the idea and carry it out as his own, then I'm not up to enough snuff to make a baby sneeze!"

"Oh, Emily, how can you?" came in a deprecating chorus.

"I'm not going to him and blantly ask him to hire a picnic wagon, pay for the provisions, and generally act as field manager for the party," insisted the young lady. "You ought to give me more credit than that. I'm simply going into a little psychological suggesting. He'll think he did it all himself. When the idea has taken, I expect him to invite your humble servant as his own particular side-partner, after which I'll propose that we girls make up the luncheon."

"What a pig!" exclaimed pretty May West, disconsolately; "you'd monopolize the attentions of Mr. Winslow, and leave the rest of us to any Tom, Dick and Harry."

"O, that comes of my being the promoter, you know," laughed Miss Hastings, lightly; "as a simple stockholder, you'll have to wait for dividends."

"But how about a chaperon?" suggested Blanche Fielding, the demure.

"A chaperon!" exclaimed the promoter tragically; "my kingdom for a chaperon! You, of all sober-sided in Christendom, to suggest a chaperon!" she continued, argumentatively.

"Goodness knows, you don't need one, and as for casting such an aspersion on the rest of us—what shall we do with her, girls?"

When the little levy had gone into individual pieces, the picnic was assured, if only Emily Hastings' psychological equipment did not fail. And it did not—at least in part. Herbert Winslow took up the scheme like an original enthusiast. A railroad trip to



IT WAS A GAY PARTY.

Riverside, and a picnic wagon to take the party down the river, were fixed upon. The luncheon scheme was excellent. A list of the young ladies was made up and a corresponding number of escorts were considered. The day was set—

But that night Herbert Winslow wrote an informal invitation, asking for the company of demure Blanche Fielding.

If Emily Hastings was keenly disappointed she did not show it. Her interest in the picnic did not flag. Out of her inventive genius she even improved on the original plans.

"This is to be a novel picnic," she said, "nothing else will do. Now, as the designer of it I am going to be the chef. I'm going to write out a list of just what each girl is to bring in a covered basket. These lists must be kept in secret, and not till we get to the woods, ready to spread the table, is any one but myself to know what we're to have for dinner."

Everybody was pledged to the compact of secrecy and when the bill of fare had been made out and distributed, preparations began for the outing. Saturday, July 1, was an ideal day. Gathered in the union station in the early morning, only Emily Hastings and her escort were missing. Five minutes before train time Edward Austin, breathless, came up to the anxious group with the news that Miss Hastings was ill and could not go.

"Nothing serious," he assured them. "Miss Hastings sends a thousand regrets and asks that we fill the program without her."

It was a gay party in spite of the disappointing fact that Mr. Austin was a bit overplus, community property. The swift, thundering train; the jaunty picnic wagon, trailing its cloud of dust; the silence of the wooded banks of the Desplaines—nothing was lost to the senses of the group, left at last to themselves, while the wagon lumbered back to Riverside, five miles away.

"Don't forget to come for us in time for the 7 o'clock train," young Austin had impressed on the driver, and with his disappearance hammocks were swung for the lazy ones, while the naturalists, in pairs, wandered at will.

IMPROVISED BIRD HOUSES.

Basket opening at 1 o'clock was to be a feature of the outing. Under a spreading elm a grassy spot was cleared.

"Who has the linen?" called Eva Best, who, in the absence of Emily Hastings, took the lead.

"Here," and Anna Hunt opened the hamper in which a pile of snowy nasperie lay basked. Nothing else was there. With the opening of the one, others turned to their baskets unexpectantly. It was a surprise, in fact. One basket had only knives, forks, spoons, pepper, salt, and the et ceteras of the ordinary table. Another had only dishes. On down the list the baskets were opened upon only table paraphernalia—on until Blanche Fielding's hamper yielded the first edible things in the party—pickles, mustard, Worcestershire sauce, and one full quart of vinegar.

"But there are lots of pickles," said Blanche, breaking the long, breathless silence that fell on the party. Somebody burst into a shriek of laughter, the keynote of the spirit in which all day long the members of the party fasted, save as their teeth were put on edge by pickles.

"Never speak of it to Miss Hastings, mind," was Blanche Fielding's parting injunction, as, tired and hungry, they separated at the Union station that night. "And really, we have had a lovely time."

Not every one assented to this, but it was noticeable that Herbert Winslow did so emphatically. Less than a week ago this emphasis had a new meaning for the members of the group who marked it. It was brought about from the results of a tete-a-tete in the Fielding's front parlor, during which Herbert Winslow had turned nervously back and forth on the piano stool.

"Did you know," he said huskily, "I've been thinking a good deal of that picnic of late."

"I hope you don't let that bother you," she replied evenly, as if she did not know what was coming.

"Worry me!" he repeated. "You don't understand—that was the happiest day of my life. I've been wondering ever since why—as we could be so happy for one day on a pickle and mustard diet—why we couldn't be happy always in a home that had a better and more varied bill of fare?"

She was thrusting the golden point of a scarf pin into the broadened surface of a settee, regardless of the damage that she was doing.

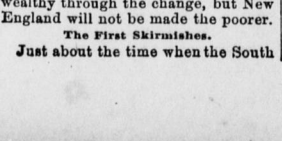
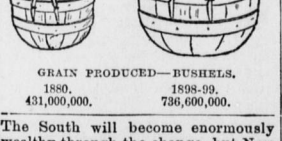
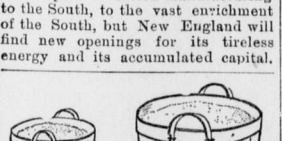
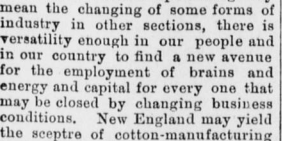
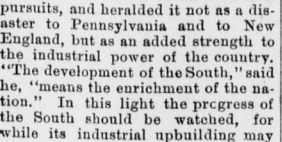
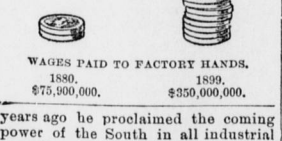
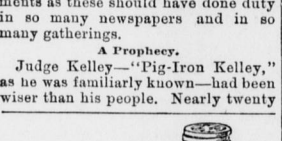
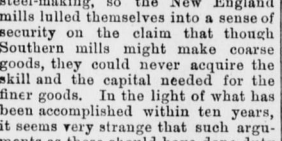
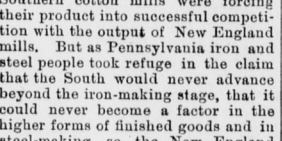
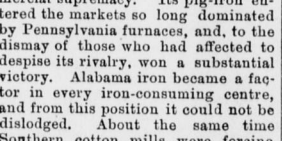
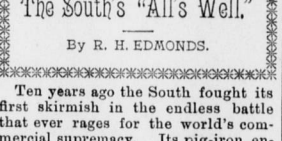
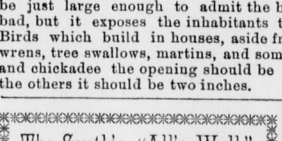
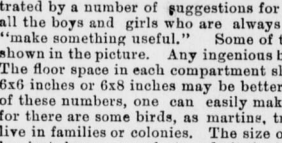
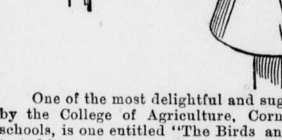
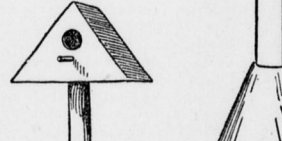
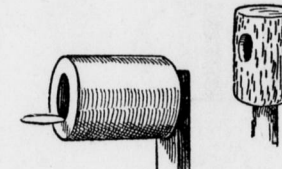
"Blanche," he said, appealingly. She looked up and let him read the answer in her eyes.

QUICKSANDS OF ARIZONA.
Masked Pitfalls Are Frequently Found in the Desert.

Curious but dangerous freaks of nature frequently found in the desert of Arizona are called *sudimeros* by the Mexicans and Indians. They are masked pitfalls of quicksand that occur in the dry plains and are covered with a treacherous crust of clay that has been spread over them in fine particles by the wind and baked dry by the sun. The peculiar properties of the soil retain all the moisture drained into them after the infrequent rains, and allow it to be filtered to unknown depths, so that a man or a horse or a cow or a sheep that once steps upon that deceptive crust instantly sinks out of sight beyond hope of rescue. The *sudimeros* are on a level with the surface of the desert. There is no danger signal to mark them, and their surface cannot be distinguished by the ordinary eye from the hard clay that surrounds them. They occur most frequently in the alkali-covered flats, and are often fifteen or twenty feet in diameter. Sometimes they are only little pockets or wells that a man can leap across, but the longest pole has never found their bottom. A stone thrown through the crust sinks into unknown depths, and no man who ever fell into one of them was rescued. They account for the mysterious disappearance of many men and cattle.

Small Praise.
A young man who had disappointed his grandfather by displaying no fondness for New England farm life made his way through college, and the law school, and in time became a judge. His grandfather watched his progress with a sort of unwilling pride, but never by word or look gave young John the least encouragement or praise. When the appointment to the judge's bench at last came, the grandson took heart and asked for the old man's congratulations. "Aren't you glad for me, grandfather?" he asked, almost wistfully, glancing at the stubborn old face beside him. "Well, yes, I am glad for ye, John," admitted the octogenarian in a grudging tone. "I am glad for ye, but I don't want you should feel set up and imagine you amount to any great shakes just on account of being made judge. I want you should always recall when anything like this comes to ye that there's plenty of folks that when they're in need of a stopper and haven't got any cork, they'll make shift with a corn-cob! You jest bear that in mind."

Reasonable.
The reasons for orthography are among the things which pass man's understanding. Some explanations, however, have a plausible sound. A minister was recently called upon to marry a couple in private, and had occasion to ask how the name of one of the witnesses was spelled. "M-c-H-u-g-h," replied the man. "Haven't you a sister Margaret?" inquired the clergyman. "Yes, sir." "Well," said the minister, she spells her name, "M-c-u-e." "That," said the witness, "is because my sister and me, we went to different schools."



One of the most delightful and suggestive of the teachers' leaflets issued by the College of Agriculture, Cornell University, for use in the public schools, is one entitled "The Birds and I," by L. H. Bailey. This is illustrated by a number of suggestions for bird houses, which may be copied by all the boys and girls who are always wanting to use hammer and nails and "make something useful." Some of the many forms which can be used are shown in the picture. Any ingenious boy can suggest a dozen other patterns. The floor space in each compartment should not be less than 5x6 inches, and 6x6 inches or 6x8 inches may be better. By cutting the boards in multiples of these numbers, one can easily make a house with several compartments; for there are some birds, as martins, tree swallows and pigeons, that like to live in families or colonies. The size of the doorway is important. It should be just large enough to admit the bird. A larger opening not only looks bad, but it exposes the inhabitants to dangers of cats and other enemies. Birds which build in houses, aside from doves and pigeons, are bluebirds, wrens, tree swallows, martins, and sometimes the chickadee. For the wren and chickadee the opening should be an inch and a half angr hole, and for the others it should be two inches.

was winning these first skirmishes, and when its people were dazzled by the new opportunities of employment and wealth creation which were open-

ing before them after the darkness of thirty years of war and reconstruction trials, there came the world-wide financial panic following the Baring failure. The South, suddenly brought down from its dizzy speculative height, had to face new conditions. The business world recognized that the supreme test of the South's inherent advantages and possibilities had come. It faced the situation—its iron-masters steadily reduced the cost of iron-making until furnaces which had been turning out \$8 and \$9 iron

were able to produce \$6 iron; its cotton-mill owners wisely abandoned old machinery, and, equipping their mills with every modern improvement, drove them to their utmost capacity night and day, in order to double the output on their invested capital and proportionately reduce the cost of goods; its cotton-planters, who had kept their corn-cribs and smoke-houses in the West, buying in the aggregate about \$100,000,000 worth a year of Western corn and bacon, commenced to raise their own food supplies, and in this way, returning to the old ante-bellum system, reduced the cost of raising cotton. While these changes, all revolutionary in their character, were in progress, the small bankrupt railroad lines were brought into compact systems, new and heavier rails laid, rolling-stock increased and necessary extensions made.

Iron and Coal.
Thus the South passed through the long period of depression, standing the great test, which came so unexpectedly, in a way that strengthened the world's confidence. It not only held its own during this period, but its iron-makers entered foreign markets, and demonstrated that the South could dictate the price of iron for the world. Alabama iron set the price in England and on the Continent, as well as in Japan, and even from Jerusalem came an order for it. This marked a revolution in the world's iron and steel interests. Henceforth the world was the market for Southern iron. When this point had been reached, the next step was to build steel-works commensurate with what has been accomplished in iron-making; and to-day two gigantic plants—one to make steel billets, and the other to make finished

The South's "All's Well."
By R. H. EDMONDS.

Ten years ago the South fought its first skirmish in the endless battle that ever rages for the world's commercial supremacy. Its pig-iron entered the markets so long dominated by Pennsylvania furnaces, and, to the dismay of those who had affected to despise its rivalry, won a substantial victory. Alabama iron became a factor in every iron-consuming centre, and from this position it could not be dislodged. About the same time Southern cotton mills were forcing their product into successful competition with the output of New England mills. But as Pennsylvania iron and steel people took refuge in the claim that the South would never advance beyond the iron-making stage, that it could never become a factor in the higher forms of finished goods and in steel-making, so the New England mills lulled themselves into a sense of security on the claim that though Southern mills might make coarse goods, they could never acquire the skill and the capital needed for the finer goods. In the light of what has been accomplished within ten years, it seems very strange that such arguments as these should have done duty in so many newspapers and in so many gatherings.

A Prophecy.
Judge Kelley—"Pig-Iron Kelley," as he was familiarly known—had been wiser than his people. Nearly twenty

years ago he proclaimed the coming power of the South in all industrial pursuits, and heralded it not as a disaster to Pennsylvania and to New England, but as an added strength to the industrial power of the country. "The development of the South," said he, "means the enrichment of the nation." In this light the progress of the South should be watched, for while its industrial upbuilding may mean the changing of some forms of industry in other sections, there is versatility enough in our people and in our country to find a new avenue for the employment of brains and energy and capital for every one that may be closed by changing business conditions. New England may yield the sceptre of cotton-manufacturing to the South, but New England will find new openings for its tireless energy and its accumulated capital.

WAGES PAID TO FACTORY HANDS.
1880, \$75,900,000.
1899, \$350,000,000.

RAILROAD MILEAGE.
1880, 20,000.
1899, 50,000.

COTTON CONSUMPTION IN SOUTHERN MILLS—BALES.
1880, 233,886.
1898-99, 1,399,000.

SPINDLES IN COTTON-MILLS.
1880, 667,000.
1899, 5,000,000.

GRAIN PRODUCED—BUSHELS.
1880, 431,000,000.
1898-99, 736,600,000.

COAL MINED—TONS.
1880, 6,000,000.
1899, 40,000,000.

PHOSPHATE MINED—TONS.
1880, 750,000.
1899, 2,000,000.

FIG-IRON PRODUCED—TONS.
1880, 397,000.
1899, 2,500,000.

CAPITAL INVESTED IN MANUFACTURING.
1880, \$257,000,000.
1899, \$1,000,000,000.

CAPITAL IN COTTON-SEED-OIL MANUFACTURE.
1880, \$3,500,000.
1899, \$40,000,000.

steel products—are nearing completion at Birmingham. They have cost about \$2,500,000. They have

already booked heavy orders for steel billets for shipment to Pittsburg. A number of furnaces built during the boom of 1889-90, and which have been idle ever since, have lately been bought by strong companies, and are now being put into blast. With every furnace crowded to its utmost capacity, which will soon be the case, the output of Southern iron in 1900 promises to be nearly fifty per cent. larger than ever before. The demand for coal exceeds the production, though that is now at the rate of 40,000,000 tons a year. There is almost feverish activity in enlarging the output of old mines, in opening new ones, and

in building coke-ovens; for a ready demand meets every ton produced, with a profit that makes glad the stockholders.

The Phosphate Industry.
Turning from iron and coal, with the almost fabulous profits which they are yielding, to other industries, phosphate-mining looms into prominence. Up to ten years ago South Carolina was the only American source of phosphate rock, and our fertilizer factories, as well as those of Europe, had to depend upon the few hundred thousand tons which that State annually produced. Then it was discovered that Florida had vast phosphate beds, and soon that State surpassed South Carolina in this industry. Two or three years later similar discoveries were made in Tennessee, and the mining activity which has followed reminds one of the tales of de-

velopment in new gold regions. Ten years ago the South's output of phosphate rock was not more than 750,000 tons; this year it will be 2,000,000 tons. What this means in the diversification and improvement of agricultural conditions is too broad a subject for treatment here.

The Forests.
Possessing one-half of the standing timber of the United States, the South is building up immense lumber and wood-working interests, and throughout the entire lumber region business is as prosperous as in the iron districts.

Cotton is Still King.
Though the value of the grain now raised in that section exceeds on the farm the value of the cotton crop, cotton is still the dominant power in the business life of the South. No other country has such a monopoly of any agricultural staple of such world-wide influence as the South has of cotton. Cotton and cotton-seed bring to Southern farmers an average of \$300,000,000 a year. The comparatively new industry of cotton-seed oil making now employs over \$40,000,000 of capital, and yields an annual product of upwards of \$50,000,000. From Galveston alone the foreign exports of cotton oil and cotton-seed meal are averaging nearly 1000 tons a day. Of this industry the South has almost as much of a monopoly as it has of cotton-growing, but in the manufacture of cotton goods this section, though making marvelous progress, is still only getting well started. There are about 100,000,000 cotton-spindles in the world. The South furnishes the cotton for about three-fourths of these, or 75,000,000 spindles. To consume in its own mills its crop of 10,000,000 to 11,000,000 bales would require the investment of over \$1,500,000 in new mills, and long before that point could be reached, even at the present rapid growth, the world will annually require of this section from 25,000,000

to 30,000,000 bales. In 1880 the South started on its cotton-mill development with a basis of 667,000 spindles, representing a capital of \$21,000,000. By 1899 it had \$61,000,000 capital in this industry and 1,700,000 spindles. To-day it has

5,000,000 spindles and about \$125,000,000 of capital invested in cotton mills, while mills under construction represent about \$25,000,000 more. The most significant sign of the times in this industry is that New England mill-owners, recognizing that the South is bound to win, are transferring large capital to Southern mills. A

number of the leading mill companies of the former section have, during the last few years, built branch mills, costing from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 each, in the South; and now one of New England's greatest corporations is spending \$2,500,000 in building in Alabama what will be the largest cotton-mill ever constructed as a single enterprise. The recent advance in the price of cotton is bringing prosperity to the farmers, and if it holds for the balance of the season, will

mean \$75,000,000 more to them than they received for last year's crop.

In diversified interests the same story of progress and prosperity runs. The Newport News Ship Yard, with over \$10,000,000 of work under contract, including two steamers of about 12,000 tons each for the Pacific trade, the largest ever built in America, is said to be employing more hands than even the Cramps; the Richmond Locomotive Works are competing with the Baldwins in exporting locomotives; the Maryland Steel Company has been furnishing steel rails for Russia's Siberian Railroad, for Australia and other distant regions; Ala-

the Spanish war seems to have given promise of benefit in a direction entirely unexpected in stimulating the study of tropical products. A plant has been "discovered" that promises to become to the Gulf states what wheat is to the North. For years this plant, which resembles a gigantic beet, has been a staple product of

Brazil and other South American countries, and has recently been grown in Jamaica with remarkable results. In Eastern tropical countries it is known as "manioc," in Brazil it is called "mandioca," in Colombia it is known as "yuca," and in the West Indies the name "cassava" or "cassada" prevails. The gigantic roots produce a flour that rivals the best of wheat. They give a juice that makes an excellent table preserve. They yield an abundance of starch of a superior quality. They also make a remarkable showing in fattening cattle.

If one-half of what is claimed by the United States Department of Agriculture and the Jamaica Agriculture Society be realized, the problem of what to do with the vast areas of almost arid lands of the Gulf states is to be solved by "cassava."

Had It in Various Assortments.
It was in one of the big department stores. "What do you wish to-day, madam?" asked the courteous floor-walker.

"Nothing, I—"

"Sixteenth floor. Take the elevator. We have nothing there in large and varied assortments. James, ring the bell for the lady."—Harper's Bazar.

Remains of an Old-Timer.
The skeleton of a prehistoric sea monster resembling a shark was unearthed recently at the quarry of J. H. Davis, who lives ten miles south of Bonham, Texas. Its jaws were about four feet in length, and, though buried several feet in solid limestone, were in a good state of preservation, the enamel being plainly visible on the teeth.

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In diversified interests the same story of progress and prosperity runs. The Newport News Ship Yard, with over \$10,000,000 of work under contract, including two steamers of about 12,000 tons each for the Pacific trade, the largest ever built in America, is said to be employing more hands than even the Cramps; the Richmond Locomotive Works are competing with the Baldwins in exporting locomotives; the Maryland Steel Company has been furnishing steel rails for Russia's Siberian Railroad, for Australia and other distant regions; Ala-

the Spanish war seems to have given promise of benefit in a direction entirely unexpected in stimulating the study of tropical products. A plant has been "discovered" that promises to become to the Gulf states what wheat is to the North. For years this plant, which resembles a gigantic beet, has been a staple product of

Brazil and other South American countries, and has recently been grown in Jamaica with remarkable results. In Eastern tropical countries it is known as "manioc," in Brazil it is called "mandioca," in Colombia it is known as "yuca," and in the West Indies the name "cassava" or "cassada" prevails. The gigantic roots produce a flour that rivals the best of wheat. They give a juice that makes an excellent table preserve. They yield an abundance of starch of a superior quality. They also make a remarkable showing in fattening cattle.

If one-half of what is claimed by the United States Department of Agriculture and the Jamaica Agriculture Society be realized, the problem of what to do with the vast areas of almost arid lands of the Gulf states is to be solved by "cassava."

Had It in Various Assortments.
It was in one of the big department stores. "What do you wish to-day, madam?" asked the courteous floor-walker.

"Nothing, I—"

"Sixteenth floor. Take the elevator. We have nothing there in large and varied assortments. James, ring the bell for the lady."—Harper's Bazar.

Remains of an Old-Timer.
The skeleton of a prehistoric sea monster resembling a shark was unearthed recently at the quarry of J. H. Davis, who lives ten miles south of Bonham, Texas. Its jaws were about four feet in length, and, though buried several feet in solid limestone, were in a good state of preservation, the enamel being plainly visible on the teeth.

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