

several others, con- successful business. Mr. even, decided to enter and withdrawing him the Cleveland concern, York and entered the Claffin & Co., where he was in receipt of a great salary enjoyed by aged in the great New York. The great is now known as the Mr. Armstrong is a set stockholders. Thus county man, may be a leading business American means to together with his re guests of Mr. and ity, who accompany various excursions vince. A delightful the Dream has been pleasure indulged in, is greatly impressed noticeably improv- and vicinity.

Y MATTERS. school at the Bar- progressing rapidly. four rides each morn- each hour from 8 all the classes are rid- and all but one are words. Though the been in operation at a great deal of been done, both by in- officers attached and Surgeon Major 74th Battalion expect examination this week for them to remain in. Both officers are and no doubt will ceases up to the cele-

patch of July 14th onal Artillery Associa- various reasons have like the collection of an artilleryman to be a dilaatory than, was right honorable the ar recommended the ar sanction, and the National Artillery As- sengers decided to go to the visit to Canada ed until next year, in a trip, to have the promoting the exist- between the mother colony, must be car- mer beyond the pre-

WHEAT CROP. those in the province of tive," says the Monetary in most districts has be desired, in the west- province threshing has al- and if the yield of wheat, sary samples reveal that use a grain merchant's tything on record." The new wheat was about the first samples of ed the contrast is remark- ated at the opening of as sputated and weighed pounds per bushel. Only rope and the latter man- meeting was proposed and carried- motions moved by Texas Joe generally were—and the dictator took the "bar- rel."

ND FALLS. (Special Correspondence.) is here, accompanied in Washington as his in the development of water power was eed. There are even- employed, and in a mber will be doubled. to be a large building y 300 feet, it will rang of men to carry excavating for build- beside this, many will e of railway built to C. P. R. Between andred thousand dol- on the works, and eally pushed to com-

AWAY WHOLE- SALE. a parcel post pack- Livepost postmark, the head office of the ance company. The s opened, was found in Bank of England gold. As the com- pany no advice of this to make conjectures, case some years ago, ed in Vol. II, p. 108. real said that it was ary in this case, sary in as yet un- fan Jottings.

R OUR BAILLOE NCE. 14.—The Duke of ar with British sail- the British public. of the happy mem- when his royal high- on board the Cres- this week at a "sing- the ship at Portlan- ss and the Duchess the ship's company on. of the concert, successful, all hands gave three hearty royal highnesses.

in Cry for TORIA. SOUTH CITY, Cal., U. S. A.—Hon- ored Sir: North City have got a chap- eron and South City felt that the time has come to have a real col- ege- parson living in the town. A weak man ain't no use, 'cos we want a strong man fit to run the show pro-

THE ANGLIO-AMERICAN DINNER.

(London Referee.) The Eagle was screaming and swelling his chest. For the Lion had driven him frantic; He had grown a big bird since he flew from the nest. Far away o'er the stormy Atlantic. He was called to peck out the Britisher's skin. And he called him a hoary old snapper. But the Lion invited him down from the nest. To an Anglo-American dinner. The Deeds of the Jungle and Birds of the Air. Who were not to be banqueted in the hall. Saw the guests at the table, a lord in the chair. And exclaimed, "See the giants united!" They stunk to their caverns and flew to their trees. Where they moped and grew rapidly thin. And to Britain creation's gone down on its knees. Since that Anglo-American dinner.

A STRONG MAN.

The weekly coach was due at South City, and all the inhabitants were eagerly awaiting its arrival. The Dig- gers Arms was, as usual, crowded, and against its hospitable walls lounged those unable to get in. Suddenly a crack, loud and reverberating, sounded in the clear mountain air, and with a whoop and a rattle the great coach lumbered up. The driver, a cheery Yankee, who knew his men as well as he did his horses, shouted: "Have you heard the news, boys? No! Well, I tell you—North City has imported a parson!" "A what!" shouted the miners, jealously of their own town. "A real, live parson, and what's more, they've turned the old saloon into a meeting house."

There was a long standing feud between North and South City, which dated from the first gold rush, and many a feud were the buildings that the rival towns had erected to "go one better" than the other. All looked toward Texas Joe, an old and tough miner, who, by a breadth of speech and a quick use of his gun, had long held the perilous position of dictator to the miners. "No one spoke—indeed, no one quite cared to. At length the oracle, shifting his plug from one cheek to the other, said: "Pass the word that there'll be a meeting here of all the boys at 6 o'clock. It ain't to be allowed that a young shrike-head village like North City is to take the shine out of us. No, sir—it ain't likely."

Long before 6 the whole adult population was collected near the saloon, and it was clear that no room would hold the crowd. Finally an open-air meeting was proposed and carried— motions moved by Texas Joe generally were—and the dictator took the "bar- rel."

"Men of South City," he began, "you all know why this here meeting is called. We've been made fools of by the people away yonder, waving his hand northward, and it ain't to be. They've been presumptuous enough to get a parson, as if the inhabitants of these parts want either doctors or parsons, and are cracking on about it no end. Now, I ain't no more religious than most, still I say, kidding his heel in the barrel to emphasize his words, "that's it a real disgrace to us that we ain't got a parson here. Now, what I say is this: North City will get a parson—South City will have one, too. They have got a travelling cuss—we will have a man of our own, a chap wot's got some education. That'll fix 'em up, you best."

SOUTH CITY, Cal., U. S. A.—Hon- ored Sir: North City have got a chap- eron and South City felt that the time has come to have a real col- ege- parson living in the town. A weak man ain't no use, 'cos we want a strong man fit to run the show pro-

THE INHABITANTS OF SOUTH VIEW.

per. We send on four hundred dollars for exes. Yours truly, THE INHABITANTS OF SOUTH VIEW. "Now, boys," said Joe, "it's my shout." South City was en fete. The miners, unusually clean, were waiting for the arrival of the man who was to fairly knock North City. Their hopes had been raised to a high pitch—hoping that a real strong man was coming up to put them in the way they should go. Joe had suggested a salvo of pistols as a welcome, but it was felt that such a reception was open to misconception and the subject dropped. The empty saloon, which had been taken as a temporary church, was as clean as whitewash and soap could make it, and only wanted the presence of the parson to make it complete. The excitement grew intense as the hour drew near when the coach was due, culminating in a mighty cheer when the driver drew up opposite the saloon. Several passengers got down, but no one answering to the descrip- tion of a strong man left the coach. Finally Texas Joe said to the driver, "Say where's your new parson?" "There, sitting on his trunk," replied the man, with a broad grin on his face.

All eyes turned toward a young, slender looking man, who, with eyes twinkling with amusement, was watching his new congregation. Seeing that something was expected of him, he came forward and held out his hand. "Men of South City," he began, in a clear, musical voice, "I have been sent up here to act, if you will have me, as your new parson. Something tells me we are going to be good friends, and if you'll let me, I'll do my best. There's lots for me to learn from you, and perhaps I can do a little for you, too."

There was some pretty strong lan- guage used, but the parson was the local practitioner aforesaid is not likely to have another opportunity of practicing on royalty. The parson's condition is really serious, and his recovery, at best, will be prolonged and his life will be precarious. He will be lucky if he does not have to go on crutches the rest of his days. Dr. McCormack, one of the doctors in attendance, is probably the greatest operating surgeon now practicing in the State. The parson was in favor of performing an operation with a view to suturing the broken petella. Had the parson been, say, a common laborer, that course would certainly have been followed, the character of his injury being such that it lends itself to that treatment. But the parson is not a good subject for the surgeon's knife, and there are grave doubts of his fitness for anaesthetics. Any surgical operation would have been attended with the most serious results, and the parson would have been left a cripple for the rest of his life.

LONDON, July 27.—The Prince of Wales is progressing so favorably that it has been definitely decided to remove him to Cowes on Saturday. BISHOPS AND DIVORCE. LONDON, July 23.—The Anglican bishops, composing the upper house of the convocation of Canterbury, have made an important pronouncement on the subject of the marriage laws and divorces. The pronouncement declared that: "It ought to be clearly and strongly impressed upon the faithful, and on the clergy as their advisers in matters of this kind, that the Christian ideal is that of indissoluble marriage, and that the most dutiful and loyal course, even in the case of the innocent party, is to put aside any thought of remarriage after divorce. But if any Christian, conscientiously and without any intention to be limited by our Lord's words to re- marry, should be made to do so, then endeavor should be made to dissuade such person from seeking marriage with the rites of the church, legal pro- ceedings having been made for marriage by civil procedure."

THE LOBSTER LAW. The steamer Fred M. Batt, with W. C. Hokkirk, captain, was on board, is patrolling the straits coast, to prevent illegal lobster fishing. On Monday 26th lobster traps were found and destroyed, off Sea Cow Head, and about five thousand lobsters taken from four boats which had just left the traps, were returned to the water. It is quite evident from the stand the government has taken that it is the intention to stop lobster fishing this year without fail. We understand that the traps which were on board are to be taken and the owners of the factories fined. All traps found out are to be destroyed, and when canners persist in violating the law, their boilers and gear are to be destroyed.—Summerside Journal.

A WORLD-WIDE PROBLEM. A determined band has been made against the matinee hat in Lille. The mayor of that town has just issued an edict against the colossal hats and elevated coiffures adopted by ladies who attend the play. The order is short and severe, and states that low bows or hats with bows worn in the stalls of the theatres, hats being absolutely forbidden. It remains to be seen whether this courageous func- tionary will be able to enforce his or- der. They have failed in Paris and London. Will they succeed in Lille?—Newcastle Daily Leader. To all who find themselves with health gradually slipping away, kidney and liver so disorganized, that they are incapable of keeping the system free from poisonous wastes, material, stomach disordered, bowels constipated, head aching, back aching, take Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. The quick way they help you back to health will surprise you. Mamma (to her little girl)—You needn't be afraid of that barking dog, Billy. See, he's wagging his tail. Billy—Yes, but the other end I am afraid of.

TRAIL OF BLOOD

Follows the Iconoclast—The Strange Story of a Strange Paper.

Assaults, Murders, Lynchings, and Now Perhaps, a Duel Result from a Texas Monthly.

(Special Correspondence of New York Herald.)

WACO, Texas, July 26.—A trail of blood lies in the wake of Brann's Iconoclast, and the end is not yet. For the benefit of those who have never heard of Brann's Iconoclast, I will say that it is probably the most remarkable publication in America. Although published in this out of the way corner of the country, and appearing only once a month, it is known from Maine to California among a limited class of readers who admire vituperative journal- ism. But Brann is no more. Three months ago his turbulent career was cut short by an injection of hot lead, but not before he had in a term called the man who had laid him low, both murders caused by the vituperative personalities indulged in by this remarkable publication.

The Iconoclast continued to be pub- lished under the editorial direction of Judge G. B. Gerald, who had been one of Brann's staunchest friends and admirers. Gerald had previously proven his devo- tion to the Iconoclast's cause by kidnapping men who had opposed Brann. In the affair Gerald was pretty well shot up himself, but survived with the loss of an arm. With the current July number of the Iconoclast Gerald announces that his connection with the paper is at an end. But that doesn't interfere with the trail of blood. The inhabitants of Waco are in momentary expectation of an encounter to the death between Gerald and the Rev. B. H. Carroll, Jr.

DUEL INEVITABLE NOW. There is no other way out of it. Texans are not given to mincing mat- ters, nor do they waste very much time in choosing their words. The cor- respondence which has passed between the Iconoclast, and the clergyman, can only result in one way. Epithets have been applied on both sides which can only be atoned for in blood. The Rev. Mr. Carroll is chaplain, with rank of captain, of the First Texas Volunteer Cavalry, stationed at San Antonio. In the current number of the Iconoclast Gerald attacks him, his father, several of his friends and the Baptists in general in a vicious manner. The attack, together with all these blood-curdling epithets, was called a series of events dating from Brann's crusade against the faculty of Baylor University, in which he charged the professors at the Baptist institution with ruining young girls placed in their care.

That was the beginning. The residents of the town became wrought to a great pitch of excitement. Every- body took sides. Some thought Brann was on the right track, others sided with the authorities of the university. Each succeeding number of the Iconoclast the charges were reiterated and expanded. Brann was a most pic- turesque writer. His language was always forceful, and what it lacked in elegance was more than made up in originality. He believed in calling a spade a spade. Finally a party of students visited his home, took him by main force to the campus and placed a rope around his neck. They were in dead earnest, these brazen young Texans, and Brann knew it. A paper was presented to him, the contents of which were a retraction of the charges against the faculty. "Sign that and you go free," said the leader of the students. "Refuse and you swing."

ROPE AROUND HIS NECK. Brann felt the rope about his neck. It was thick and strong. He looked in- to the faces about him, and read only determination to see the thing through to the end. He signed the paper, and But that didn't end matters. It only added fresh fuel to the flames and the fight was continued with more bitter- ness than ever. Then Judge Gerald stepped into the fray. He went one day to the office of the newspaper of which J. W. Harris was editor to de- mand the return of a communication which he had sent for publication. This communication was a defence of Brann, and Harris had refused to print it.

Harris' brother, W. A. Harris, was in the office at the time, and hot words passed between Editor Harris and Gerald. There was an altercation which led to blows. Gerald was badly used up and was literally thrown out of the office. After being laid up for a week for repairs he came into the city with blood in his eyes. He met J. W. Harris in Fourth street, and every- body knew carnage was coming. Harris opened fire first and a run- ning street duel ensued. The other brother appeared on the scene and Gerald found himself between two fires. But he killed both men, and he himself was so severely wounded that it was necessary to have one of his arms amputated. The Rev. Mr. Carroll preached the funeral sermon over the bodies of the brothers, who were buried in one grave.

THEY KILLED EACH OTHER. His brother was very sensational. He had been one of Brann's most bitter opponents, and he took occasion to re- live his mind. He spoke of Brann and Gerald in measured terms. He said what he thought, which is not considered a virtue anywhere except in Texas. The duel continued at Waco, Texas. The duel was fought on the 26th of April. Brann and the business manager of the Iconoclast, whose name was Ward, met Captain Thomas E. Davis in the Pacific Hotel. Captain Davis had two daughters who were students at Bay- lor University at the time of Brann's attacks upon the faculty, and he was

THE CHAPLAIN AGAIN.

Again the Rev. Mr. Carroll called upon to preach a funeral sermon, this time over the dead body of Cap- tain Davis. Again did he give vent to his feelings without reserve. Judge Gerald spoke in his characteristic man- ner as a "free thinker" at the grave of "the Apothe" as Brann was called by his friends and followers. Both men were buried on the same day, and the most intense excitement prevailed. Naturally the occasion only served to widen the breach between the Judge and the clergyman, a breach which now can only add another tragedy to the long list which has marked the career of the Iconoclast.

Many persons thought that Brann's death would also mean the death of the Iconoclast. But in this they were mistaken. The paper was continued, and his widow's name as publisher, and the name of Judge Gerald as edit- or. Gerald continued the policy insti- tuted by Brann, whose blistering style he imitated, but his writing lacked the unique diction which has charac- terized those of his master. On the front page of this month's number ap- pears this announcement: "TO THE PUBLIC. "Circumstances unnecessary to men- tion at the time called me to take editorial charge of the Iconoclast; cir- cumstances unnecessary to mention now cause me to announce that with this issue closes all my connection with the Iconoclast, editorial and otherwise. Thanking the many who have kindly and flatteringly endorsed my efforts during my brief career I retire from the Iconoclast, wishing it success and only result in one way. Epithets have been applied on both sides which can only be atoned for in blood. The Rev. Mr. Carroll is chaplain, with rank of captain, of the First Texas Volunteer Cavalry, stationed at San Antonio. In the current number of the Iconoclast Gerald attacks him, his father, several of his friends and the Baptists in general in a vicious manner. The attack, together with all these blood-curdling epithets, was called a series of events dating from Brann's crusade against the faculty of Baylor University, in which he charged the professors at the Baptist institution with ruining young girls placed in their care."

With his last editorial Gerald apparently determined to make him- self remembered. In reviewing the Brann trouble he denounces the young men who assaulted "the Apothe," and says: "The names of the four curs that spit a spark of manhood in your brains, you would never have written it, but while in Waco would have sent the word that you were here and what you desired? But this, as your letter proves, you were too infamous a coward to do." "Out of your long distance insult I think one god will come, for I shall forward a copy of your letter and mine to the commandant of your regiment and also to the secretary of war, and I think the decent people of Texas will have the pleasure of seeing you kicked out of the uniform which you have already too long dis- regarded."

"You made a postscript to your letter, in which you said you had for- gotten a copy of the newspaper of the State for publication. I am glad you did so, and I here notify all newspapers in the state and out, that I give my permission for all to pub- lish your letter that will publish this, my answer, along with yours. "G. B. GERALD."

"N. B.—If you want to see me (as you and I both know you do not), you must come before the 18th inst. On that date I start for Atlanta, to be gone about two weeks, and if you come for child's sake, and tell me your lies about hunting for me, I will leave a quarter with a friend to hire that old crippled nigger woman that lives in Sandtown to cowhide you!"

This remarkable correspondence be- tween a preacher of the Gospel on one side and a fire eating Free Thinker, with a record as a "killer," on the other, can only result in one way. There will be more craps on Waco's doors and there will be more sensa- tional funeral sermons. And after that, what? Who can tell? SURE DEATH TO POTATO BUGS. Thomas Glover, who lives a short distance from Summerside, P. E. I., is the proud owner of a flock of peacocks, which have this year saved him the expense of buying Paris green for his potatoes. The birds walked up and down the rows pick- ing off the potato bugs so effectively that the ravages of the little pests are not noticeable. Hitherto the peacock has been looked upon as purely ornamental and the bug as an unmitigated evil bug. This new departure proves that each has its sphere of usefulness.—Guardian.

SAILORS OF LA BOURGOGNE. Have Authorities Will Investigate the Case of the Austrian Contempt. HAYRE, July 21.—The police and the local maritime authorities will jointly investigate the case of the Austrian sailors who are accused of seizing one of the boats of the General Transatlantic line steamer La Bour- gogne, which was run into the bar by the ship Cromartyshire recently, and of refusing to allow some of their companions to enter it. The accused men are expected to arrive on La Bretagne on Sunday.

Your son is said to be remarkable for his versatility, Mr. Skippy. I guess he must be. He sure is able to one thing more than a month. "Oh, Bridget, I told you to notice when the apples fall over the top of the tree, it was a quarter past eleven."

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