SILVER'S PROSPECTS.

TWO-THIRDS VOTE SAID TO BE NO LONGER POSSIBLE AT CHICAGO.

The Minnesota Democratic State Convention's Declaration For Gold Makes It Impossible According to the Following Figures—Silver's Majority Up to Date Is 80.

Minnesota's Democratic state convention has declared for gold.

This makes it certain that the silver men will be unable to elect two-thirds of all the delegates, as their leaders confidently predicted in an official estimate in last Sunday's World. It means also that they will be unable to nominate a free silver candidate for president if the two-thirds rule, which has prevailed for half a century in Democratic national conventions, is preserved.

The whole number of delegates to the national convention is 918.

Two-thirds, or a majority sufficient to nominate, is 612.

The gold standard men have already elected 213 delegates. The New York and Maine state conventions, which meet in the next fortnight, are certain to be for sound money, excepting possibly two Maine delegates.

This will add 82 delegates—72 for New York and 10 for Maine—to the gold column, making 295 delegates who will demand the maintenance of the single gold standard. Nearly all the Wisconsin delegation is conceded even by the silver men to the gold standard.

The total number of delegates elected to date is 506. The majority of the silver men so far is 80.

FOR GOLD.		FOR SILVER.	
Connecticut	12	Missouri	32
Maryland	16	Oregon	8
Missouri	1	Washington	8
Massachusetts	30	Dist. of Columbia	4
Rhode Island	8	Alabama	22
Washington	5	Mississippi	18
Dist. of Columbia	2	Tennessee	24
Michigan	15	Colorado	8
New Jersey	20	Iowa	26
Pennsylvania	64	South Carolina	18
New Hampshire	8	Michigan	13
South Dakota	6	Nebraska	16
Vermont	8	Nevada	6
Minnesota	18	Kansas	20
		Kentucky	26
		Virginia	24
		North Dakota	6
		Wyoming	6
		Oklahoma	6
		Indian Territory	6
Total	213	Total	293

—New York World.

Although the latest elections bring to light the fact that the silver men will not have two-thirds of the delegates at Chicago, according to the above estimate, yet they will be able to make their own platform, which only requires a majority vote.

SERUM NOW FOR LOCKJAW.

Partial Victory Gained at Last Over the Dread Disease.

Tetanus is the latest horror which, if the bacteriologists of the New York health board are to be depended upon, has succumbed to the influence of serum. The physicians have issued a circular to the profession in general, in which are described the benefits of the use of the tetanus serum as a preventive of the advanced stages of the disease.

The remedy which the board of health proposes to distribute is not a sure cure for tetanus in the advanced stages. It is chiefly a minimizer of the symptoms. It acts upon the bacilli after the manner of similar serums, lymphs or preparations in which the ptomaines are an active principle. It destroys the power of the bacilli to increase and finally acts as an expurgant of the disease. The use of the antitoxine of tetanus must be immediate, as in the case of hydrophobia. Once the bacilli have an opportunity to increase, the patient is beyond the aid of the serum.

The board of health declares that if the patient is treated with the lockjaw antitoxine before the bacilli have had time to incubate in any great force the remedy is certain. The official circular of the department says that 20 cubic centimeters of the serum will protect 3,000,000 grams of guinea pigs from any fatal results of an attack of tetanus. In other words 15 drops of the antitoxine injected hypodermically into 1,200 guinea pigs will save every one of them. As 1,200 guinea pigs are regarded as scientifically equal to one man in the absorption or expulsion of poisonous substances, 15 drops will cure a human being.—New York Herald.

CAN READ ONLY THE BIBLE.

Old John Bradshaw Says It's the Lord's Command.

The Dover (Del.) Index contains the following: John Bradshaw of Marydel, a remarkable old man, is spending a few days in Dover. He is 83 years old and was a slave until he arrived at his twenty-first birthday. He was seen by a Dover scribe on Wednesday and said he never attended school in his life—did not know the letters of the alphabet until about four years ago, when a revelation came to him and the Lord told him to read the Bible to everybody.

Although Bradshaw cannot read newspapers or books he is able to read the Bible correctly, rapidly and with ease. The most remarkable thing about this old man's gift is his ability to pronounce the Bible names correctly. He recited the first five chapters, 213 verses, of the gospel of St. John with ease. The writer held the Bible over the old man, and the feat was done without an error. He will probably give a public exhibition in Whatcoat Methodist Episcopal church this week.

SWAM FOR A BRIDE.

Delaware Girl Refereed the Quarter Mile Race Between Rivals.

Joseph Hearn and Ernest Doe of Dover, Del., have been rivals for the hand of Mollie Jolls for two years. Their jealousy reached such a point that Miss Jolls decided to settle it in a novel way. She made a match between the men to swim across Jones lake, two miles from town, the winner of the match to receive her hand in marriage. The lake is about a quarter of a mile wide.

Hearn and Doe arrived on the west bank of the lake at the same time and struck water simultaneously. Both are good swimmers, and it was neck and neck up to the time the men emerged from the water. The conditions of the match required the men to go from bank to bank.

Fate was against Hearn, for his foot caught in the thick mud, losing him the race by a yard.

Miss Jolls refereed the race herself from the east bank.

Hearn took his defeat good naturedly, and after tendering his best wishes for the future happiness of the couple he bade Miss Jolls an affectionate goodby.

Gives Kansas City a Big Park.

Kansas City has been made the recipient, free of cost, of park property not second in point of area to any public park in the United States. The gift was made by Thomas H. Swope, one of the city's oldest citizens. The property is situated four miles southeast of the city and contains 1,314 acres. All told there are over 1,000 acres of timbered lands, and there is a broad natural lawn of 100 acres. It is grandly situated and admirably adapted for the purpose intended.

TALES OF THE TIMES.

The Anaconda Mines—A Romance of the West.

It is reported that the great Anaconda mining and smelting properties in Montana have been sold by J. B. Haggin and Marcus Daly to an English syndicate, backed by the Rothschilds, for $45,000,000. The development of these properties is one of the most interesting romances of the rapid creation of wealth in the Rockies.

Somewhere back in the seventies two miners named Hickey, who came from St. Lawrence county, N. Y., began to sink a shaft on a hill overlooking the little mining camp of Butte. In a valley hard by ran the Silver Bow creek, and along its banks the gold seekers had washed out about all the yellow metal that could be found in the gravel and had begun to turn their attention to the outcroppings of silver-ore on the faces of the hills. A few paying mines had been opened. Edward Hickey remembered a sentence he had read in one of Horace Greeley's editorials when he and his brother were living on their York state farm—a sentence about McClellan's army closing in around Richmond like a huge anaconda, and he gave the name of the big snake to the new hole in the ground. A fairly promising vein of silver ore was struck, but the Hickeys had no money to go on with the mine and wanted to sell it.

A stalwart young Irish miner named Marcus Daly had been noticed about the camp for some time. He would work in a mine for a week or two and then call for his time, saying that he had the rheumatism and wanted to lay off for a while. Then he would get a job in another mine and again quit after a short spell of work. This young man had been sent out to Butte by J. B. Haggin of California to pick up some good mining properties, and he bought the Anaconda for his principal for $35,000.

What Haggin wanted was a silver mine. Nobody at that time suspected that there was a vast wealth of copper ore underlying Butte, but as the Anaconda shaft was sunk deeper the silver vein turned into a rich copper vein, carrying besides its phenomenal wealth of copper enough silver to pay all expenses of mining and smelting, so that the copper was all clear profit. Daly was superintendent and part owner. He showed himself to be a man of great business capacity and of masterful temper. He developed the mine, bought adjacent mines on the copper vein, and wanting a place to reduce and smelt his ores where water and wood were plentiful he founded the town of Anaconda in a valley some 25 miles away and there established the greatest copper plant in the world. He was not satisfied with the rates the Montana Union railroad charged him for transporting his ores, so he built a parallel road from Butte to Anaconda. The Anaconda now produces one-fourth of the entire copper output of the globe. Its annual product exceeds that of all the Lake Superior mines combined. Last year the assets of the Montana company were figured up at $37,087,092, and its net profits were $3,862,000. It has 3,000,000 tons of ore in sight in its mines, and no one of its shafts is down farther than 1,500 feet. How much deeper the vein goes into the bowels of the earth is a matter of conjecture. It will no doubt be worth to the new owners a great deal more than the $45,000,000 they pay for it. All this vast increase in actual wealth from the original $35,000 paid the Hickeys has come out of the ground. Butte, now a city of 45,000 people, has many mines besides the Anaconda, but none that approaches it in value.

When fortune came to him in big chunks, so to speak, Marcus Daly did not forget that he had been a working miner himself, tunneling, blasting and shoveling ore with the boys. He has always been a good friend to the miners, maintaining their high standard of wages and giving generously to aid those in distress. His tastes are simple, and his only extravagance is his passion for fine horses. At Hamilton, in the Bitter Root valley, he has fenced in a great tract of pasture land and maintains one of the best breeding farms in America. His racers have long been famous on the principal courses of the east. He is a resolute antagonist in business struggles, and he has more than once broken the combinations of the copper syndicates of Paris.

Marcus Daly lost the greatest fight he ever made, and his defeat rather soured him for a time. Two years ago he set out to remove the capital of Montana from Helena, the railway and business center of the state, to his own copper smelting town of Anaconda. The proposition appeared preposterous on its face, for Anaconda is near the western border of Montana and has no interests not dependent on the one great corporation which created it, but Daly, with his talents for practical politics, his masterful disposition and his great wealth, set on foot such a skillful canvass that he came very near winning. He would have succeeded in all probability if his chief rival in Butte, the rich banker and mine owner W. A. Clark, had not thrown his money and his strong personal influence into the scale in behalf of Helena at the critical moment. When the victory was won, the people of Helena drew Clark through their streets in a barouche and showered him with flowers. Daly has never set foot in Helena since his defeat.

The town of Anaconda ought to bear Daly's name. It has 7,000 or 8,000 people, the best hotel in Montana, a daily paper that circulates throughout the state, well built business streets, good schools, waterworks, churches, banks and big stores. It is all the creation of Marcus Daly. A few years ago the ground upon which it stands was a sheep ranch. It is an enduring monument to the memory of a man of remarkable force and originality of character.—E. V. Smalley.

"DIXIE" CAUSES STRIFE.

Basis of the Refusal of a Georgia Pupil to Take His Diploma.

For the first time in the south's history "Dixie" has caused discord.

The graduating class of the Cartersville (Ga.) high school consisted of eight members, seven of whom have received their diplomas. Wilson Congers Fite, the eighth boy, declines to receive his sheepskin, despite the fact that he finished fourth in his class. The declamation contest was the cause of the refusal. Young Fite claims that the judges were unduly influenced.

After the speech of Edward Dwelle on "The New South" (Grady), the band, at the request of persons in the theater, played "Dixie." The thrilling music increased the enthusiasm that the speech had stirred and Dwelle was given the prize on oratory.

Not only has Fite refused his diploma, but he has entered a protest against the decision of the judges, asserting that they were unduly influenced by the interjection of "Dixie" into the programme of Dwelle's speech.—Chicago Times-Herald.

General Jackson's Niece.

Mrs. A. Davidson, 70 years old, and a niece of President Andrew Jackson, is in Evansville, Ind., asking aid of Masonic and Odd Fellow lodges. Her husband was a minister, and they went from Indianapolis to Oregon 40 years ago. During the flood of 1890 her husband and son were drowned and their property lost. Recently Mrs. Davidson started for Indiana, and at Texarkana was robbed of all she possessed. She has been helped this far and will be sent on to Indianapolis. She carries documents to prove her claims, besides a cane that was once the property of President Jackson.

NOTHING BUT A LIE.

THE CORONATION MAKES COLONEL INGERSOLL'S BLOOD WARM.

He Scorns the Idea That the Czar Is a "God Selected Man" and Says the Coronation Is an Insult to the Nineteenth Century.

While reading the accounts of the coronation of the czar, of the pageants, processions and feasts, of the pomp and parade, of the barbaric splendor, of cloth of gold and glittering gems, I could not help thinking of the poor and melancholy peasants, of the toiling, half fed millions, of the sad and ignorant multitudes who belong body and soul to this czar.

I thought of the backs that have been scarred by the knout, of the thousands in prisons for having dared to say a whispered word for freedom, of the great multitudes who had been driven like cattle along the weary roads that lead to the hell of Siberia.

The cannon at Moscow were not loud enough, nor the clang of the bells, nor the blare of the trumpets, to drown the groans of the captives.

I thought of the fathers that had been torn from wives and children for the crime of speaking like men.

And when the priests spoke of the czar as the "God selected man," the "God adorned man," my blood grew warm.

When I read of the coronation of the czarina, I thought of Siberia. I thought of girls working in the mines, hauling ore from the pits with chains about their waists; young girls, almost naked, at the mercy of brutal officials; young girls weeping and moaning their lives away because between their pure lips the word liberty had burst into blossom.

Yet law neglects, forgets them, and crowns the czarina. The injustice, the agony and horror in this poor world are enough to make mankind insane.

Ignorance and superstition crown impudence and tyranny. Millions of money squandered for the humiliation of man, to dishonor the people.

Back of the coronation, back of all the ceremonies, back of all the hypocrisy there is nothing but a lie.

It is not true that God "selected" this czar to rule and rod 100,000,000 of human beings.

It is all an ignorant, barbaric, superstitious lie—a lie that pomp and pageant, and flaunting flags, and robed priests, and swinging censers cannot change to truth.

Those who are not blinded by the glare and glitter at Moscow see millions of homes on which the shadows fall—see millions of weeping mothers whose children have been stolen by the czar, see thousands of villages without schools, millions of homes without books, millions and millions of men, women and children in whose future there is no star and whose only friend is death.

The coronation is an insult to the nineteenth century.

Long live the people of Russia!—R. G. Ingersoll in New York World.

A CLERICAL FIREBRAND.

He Startles Students by His Incendiary Utterances.

Dr. J. H. Acton, pastor of the First Unitarian church at Seattle, Wash., in preaching the baccalaureate sermon in the University of Washington, developed a sensation by picturing the present condition of the world in the darkest possible colors and prophesying a speedy revolution in the United States, which he said would be accomplished "at the cannon's mouth, if need be," and which he predicted would overturn the existing order of things and radically modify the national government. Comparing this country with the Roman empire, he said:

"Rome could levy taxes at the will of her ruler, marry her daughters for money and titles, punish a servant's tardiness with death, let the thief and murderer go free with a mild reproof and make slaves of the profoundest philosophers. What less than this is America doing today?

"Rome's moral poverty settled her doom. Oh, my country, is it true of thee? The last appeal of an outraged nation is revolution. For America now there is no other redress. It must come. We do not want new hands at the helm, but a new ship. Revolution is at hand, but it need not be national ruin. Foundations long considered divine will be torn up, constitutions long considered sacred will be changed. This will not come as the echo of a patriotic song.

"There are great loss, ruin and a great upheaval near at hand. Do you ask me how these great radical reforms are to be inaugurated? I will tell you. By the power of intelligent decision, by the explosion of expanding indignation, by the final climax of a fruitless patience which has at last culminated in the resistless fury of the tempest."

The sermon has provoked severe criticism, as it is known that no such sentiments are cherished in the university.

UNDER THE PLOW.

The Extent of Agriculture Is Decreasing In England—Useful Statistics.

The depression of agricultural interest in England, which has been very marked of late years, is illustrated anew in the figures just published in London for the year ending Jan. 1, 1896. These show the cultivated area of Great Britain to be 32,-575,000 acres. The shrinkage of land under plow was increased during the year by bad weather. There was 510,00 acres less of wheat grown and 57,000 acres less of rye, beans and peas. The actual loss in the arable area during the last two decades, which cover the period of depression, amounts to 3,137,000 acres. The reduction in wheat alone is 1,900,000 acres. The importation of wheat and flour increased to the value of $15,000,000. The number of acres under grain in the United States for each 100 inhabitants is 230, in Russia 190, in the Argentine Republic 160, in Denmark 150, in Roumania 140, in Canada 130, in Austria and France 100, in Germany 75, in Italy 70, in Belgium 40 and in England 26. The product in pounds of grain for each inhabitant is 3,400 in the United States, 2,000 in Denmark, 1,500 in Canada, 1,200 in Russia, 1,000 in France, 700 in Germany, 600 in Belgium, 500 in Ireland, 400 in Italy and 350 in England.

In respect to the area under crops, irrespective of the population, the United States stands first among the countries of the world, and Russia comes second. The land area of the United States is about 50 per cent more than the land area of Russia in Europe, but whereas the industries of the United States are diversified among farming, mining and manufacturing, the Russians are almost exclusively occupied in agriculture, and the area of cultivation has been rapidly extended of late years.

In Honeymoon Flats.

A man in Chicago is advertising apartments in the Honeymoon flats. This is a house in which none but the newly wedded can secure accommodations. For what period the leases are made out does not appear. In other words, the landlord has not yet given judgment upon the length of honeymoons. Some, it is known, last 20 years, while others are over in as many hours. It has been suggested that the first matrimonial jar should be taken as terminating the lease.

The New Dixie.

Oh, silver, raise de price er cotton,
Goldbug gone en soon forgotten.
Vote away,
Vote away,
Vote away down south for silver!

Don I wish I had mo' silver,
Hooray!
Hooray!
Don I wish I had mo' silver
Away down south in Dixie.
Hooray!
I say,
Fer de silver boys in Dixie.

Oh, goldbug say: "I'm a purty fellow."
But he done took sick, en he face turn yellow.
Vote away,
Vote away,
Vote away down south for silver.

Don I wish I had mo' silver;
Hooray!
Hooray!
Don I wish I had mo' silver
Away down south in Dixie.
Hooray!
I say,
Fer de silver boys in Dixie.

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

WHY DICKEY GOT THE MEDAL.

When a Man Was Needed He Proved Himself Fitted to Act.

The medal of honor conferred by congress and the war department upon Supreme Court Judge William D. Dickey of Newburg, N. Y., recalls an interesting war incident. Dickey was a youth of 19 when he became major and brevet colonel in the Fifteenth Heavy artillery, New York volunteers. He had been wounded in the thigh by a piece of shell in the advance on Petersburg, but refused to leave the field. Their corps seized the Weldon railroad at the Globe tavern and moved forward under a hot artillery fire to a point fronting a strip of woods. The Maryland brigade had taken a position in a cornfield beyond, and two Confederate brigades stole down the road, jumped the Maryland brigade, and, as Lieutenant Ritchie says, "hell broke loose in an instant."

Colonel Wiedrich, Captain Dickey and Lieutenant Ritchie were in consultation. The captain turned to the colonel and said: "Why not file right and bring the regiment into line of battle and stop that rush? You've got to do it on the double quick."

The suggestion was at once adopted. The wreck of the Maryland brigade came into view at the edge of the woods, the Confederates at their heels, yelling, firing and knocking men down with the butts of their muskets.

"Steady, boys; steady. Here's where we get them," called out a strong voice, and they saw Captain Dickey coolly surveying the whirling mass in front. His example made the line as firm as a rock.

"Let this riffraff get out of the way, and then we'll seek it to 'em," he shouted.

When the fragments of the shattered brigade had passed to the rear, a ripple of musketry ran along the line, followed instantly by an awful crash, and the fire smote the enemy fair in the face. Their wild rush was checked, but from the undergrowth and sparse woods the enemy poured a raking fire.

Dickey ordered fixed bayonets and a charge and captured the woods, saving the flank.

On the following day the enemy broke through the corps line and sweeping toward the left gathered in more than 2,000 prisoners. Captain Dickey ordered a change of front to meet the flanking force under General Mahone, but was directed by a staff officer to fall back to the artillery, 300 yards in the rear. This his men did under a severe crossfire. Behind the guns the line was reformed and ordered forward, but the men hesitated. A word, a single man breaking to the rear, would have caused a disgraceful flight. A leader was needed. Out in front of the wavering line appeared an officer, who seized the colors, waved them over his head and gave but one order: "Come on, boys!" The line stiffened up as with an electric shock. The men sprang forward with a yell and swept the enemy from the field. This is why the medal of honor has been conferred upon Judge Dickey.—New York Herald.

New Searchlight For Ships.

A new and powerful searchlight has been invented for the purpose of simplifying searchlight operations on board ship. It is portable and may be packed in a box when not in use. It can be attached in less than a minute. Its weight is just below 15 pounds, and it can be handled with the greatest ease or suspended from a chain and operated by the officer on watch. Its peculiar feature is that it does not dazzle the sight of the operator. None of its beams is wasted, and it gives a high degree of concentration of light rays upon the object on which they are directed. The instrument has both automatic and hand feed, and the focusing arrangement is very simple. It shows small objects, such as a buoy, three-quarters of a mile off, while it makes sails visible three miles away.—Boston Transcript.

The Raid Is Already On.

The report that Cecil Rhodes and Barney Barnato are investing in British Columbian mines is notice to look out for a Jameson raid on Alaska.—Philadelphia [illegible]

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WHAT DO YOU CARE

if we do not know very much about [illegible] but Razors? We've given so much [illegible] to learn that one thing that [illegible] that we understand your wants [illegible] Razors to satisfy them.

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PERFECT TEETH.

Comfort, Health, Speech and Personal Appearance are affected by the Teeth. Why not have them perfect? We guarantee to give truthful advice. A filling or two here and there, if that's all that is needed, will be done painlessly and at small cost. If artificial teeth are needed, you'll be ever pleased with what we furnish. Our large practice enables us to ask the lowest prices in town. And always remember—

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It clears the head of foul mucous; heals the sores and ulcers of the head and throat; sweetens the breath, and perfectly restores the senses of the taste, smell and hearing. Stops headache and dropping into the throat. Also destroys the germ which causes

HAY FEVER,

making a perfect cure in a few days. Never fails! No fatal case of LA GRIPPE ever known where Brazilian Balm was faithfully used. It destroys the grippe germ and quickly removes all the after bad effect.

INFALLIBLE in ASTHMA, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, PLEURISY, PNEUMONIA, DYSPEPSIA, RHEUMATISM, TYPHOID and SCARLET FEVER, MEASLES, and any disease where there is Inflammation, Fever or Congestion. Greatest relief in Consumption ever discovered.

Cures a Fresh Cold in one day. Stops EARACHE in 2 minutes. Stops ringing in the head and relieves deafness. As an injection invaluable in female troubles. For outward use heals Cuts, Sores and Burns like magic. Prevents lock-jaw from wounds. QUICK CURE FOR CONSTIPATION AND PILES.

Its Healing Power is Almost Miraculous. The Best Family Medicine in Existence.

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