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DRS. FALLS & WILKINS, DENTISTS GASTONIA, N. C. Office in Adams Building. Phone 86.

DR. J. M. HUNTER, Cancer Specialist Will be in Gastonia at the FALLS HOUSE NOVEMBER 13 For Consultation with any patients who may desire his services. -9c3.

Dr. W. H. WAKEFIELD, of Charlotte. Will be in Gastonia at the FALLS HOUSE On Thursday, Nov. 8, for the purpose of treating diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, and fitting Glasses. 26-N64c.

J. A. LILES Graduate Optician I will fit glasses at my residence on Saturdays. All Work Guaranteed. J. A. LILES Phone 136 Gastonia, N. C.

OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT ON Plumbing Heating Bicycle and Electrical SUPPLIES Respectfully, Torrence Bros. Phone No. 88. Gastonia, N. C.

THE Charlotte Observer The Largest and Best Newspaper in North Carolina. Every day in the Year. \$8.00 a Year. THE OBSERVER consists of 10 to 17 pages daily and 20 to 25 pages Sunday. It handles more news matter, local, State, national and foreign than any other North Carolina newspaper.

THE SUNDAY OBSERVER is unexcelled as a news medium, and is also filled with excellent matter of a miscellaneous nature. The Semi-Weekly Observer issued Tuesdays and Fridays, at \$1.00 per year, is the largest paper for the money in this section. It consists of 8 to 10 pages, and prints all the news of the week—Local, State, national and foreign.

PRESS COMMENTS

What Some of the State Papers are Saying About The Gazette and Its New Management.

To Good to Stay Out. Charlotte Chronicle Editorial, 2nd. Mr. J. W. Atkins, who was for some time past news editor of The Observer, has purchased The Gastonia Gazette and will conduct that excellent paper in the future. He is a young man of much energy and literary talents and knows how to make up a good newspaper. We shall expect The Gazette to prosper and grow under his management.

Well Wishes. Yorkville Register Editorial, 2d. Mr. W. F. Marshall has sold The Gastonia Gazette to Mr. J. W. Atkins of Charlotte, and Mr. Atkins has already assumed the management of the paper. Mr. Marshall is a most accomplished newspaper man, and The Gazette has for years been one of the most creditable semi-weekly papers of North Carolina. Mr. Atkins has his training from Mr. J. P. Caldwell of The Charlotte Observer, and of course, has the capacity to keep The Gazette up to its high standard. We wish Mr. Marshall well, we wish Mr. Atkins well, and we wish The Gazette well.

Formerly With The Gazette. Charlotte Observer, 2d. Mr. James W. Atkins, news editor of The Observer, has purchased the plant, good will and effects of The Gastonia Gazette and, commencing yesterday morning, succeeded Mr. W. F. Marshall as its editor as well as owner. Mr. Atkins had been one of The Observer's family for more than a year and a half, having charge of the State news department. He is a capable and experienced newspaper man and filled his position most acceptably. Mr. Atkins did local work on The Gazette before moving to Charlotte.

Charlotte Man Editor. Charlotte News, 1st.

It will be a matter of considerable interest among the newspaper fraternity to know that Mr. J. W. Atkins, who has been filling the position of telegraph editor on The Observer for some time has bought THE GASTONIA GAZETTE from the former owner, Mr. W. F. Marshall, and has taken charge of this thriving semi-weekly newspaper. The location is in one of the State's most thriving towns, and the field for a good newspaper is unexcelled, and Mr. Atkins will no doubt meet with the greatest success in his work. Mr. Atkins took charge of the paper to-day, and will continue its publication at the same place but will improve it from time to time as conditions warrant such expenditures.

Mr. Atkins himself is one of the best posted newspaper men of the section, and is prepared in every way to push the paper.

A New Hand at the Wheel. Gastonia News, 2d.

A new hand now pens a new brain now conceives, and a new soul inspires the thoughts that henceforth shall appear in the columns of the Gastonia Gazette. Twenty-six years ago this paper and the town of its love were babies together, infants in endeavor, but giants in hope. Through the storm and the calm, the darkness, sunshine and shower they have striven, worked, and gained. After fourteen years, Editor Marshall finds himself willing to resign the enviable insignia of office and to entrust it with "greater confidence" to a younger head, to a younger heart. The brilliant personalities that have been displayed by the former author of the editorials that have appeared through twenty-six times three hundred and sixty-five days must cease to shine, or at least to transfer themselves to other fields. There is ever a pathetic touch to every farewell, and in this case the hidden tears of sadness must have risen to bedim the eyes that have kept watch over their charge through the rolling days.

The paper has, under the care of Messrs. Chalk, Page, Grier, and Marshall, been a cheerful exponent of the highest and best of the things of life, and it is a welcome visitor to the homes in to which it enters. We are glad to have as the new editor and manager, Mr. Jas. W. Atkins, and as the local reporter of the paper, Mr. Claude A. Bury. To neither of these are the duties and the details of the work new; for both have been Gazette men. They are only back with their foster mother, and The Gastonia News can do no other than bid them, honor and protect her as long as she may live and serve.

ATLANTIC CITY HORROR.

Beave Deeds That Marked Wrecking of Pennsylvania Electric Train. The recent disaster on the draw-bridge at Atlantic City caused by the wrecking of a three car train on the Pennsylvania railroad's new electric system was not without its stories of heroism, says an Atlantic City correspondent of the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Brakeman Wood of the train crew showed remarkable presence of mind and proved himself a hero. When the train left the rails and was bumping over the trestle Wood ran to the rear door of the last car, threw it wide open and held it for the passengers to escape. He held the door open until the car slid off the bridge, and he went into the water with it. He then swam to the shore. His action in holding the door open probably saved many lives.

Harry C. Deemer of Philadelphia says that it is wonderful that even the few who did escape from the last car were able to do so. Many of them owe their lives to Deemer. He and his wife are in the Atlantic City hospital. The husband is suffering from bruises and cuts from jagged glass received in effecting his own escape and in assisting a way out for others. Wrapped in bandages, Deemer told the story of how he and his wife were saved. He said:

"We were riding in the last car, and every window was closed. Suddenly we felt the jar when the train jumped the track. I looked from the window and saw the first car as it splashed into the water. The second car followed, and then the front of our car plunged from the bridge and came to an abrupt stop. Most of the passengers were thrown into a heap in the lower end of the car, which was submerged. It immediately filled with water.

"I bobbed to the surface and all at once thought of the windows. I struck at one of the panes of glass with my fist, but the first blow I gave it failed to break it, and then I used my elbow and jabbed a hole in the pane. The hole was not very big, but I managed to squeeze through. When I had got a good breath of air I turned to look for my wife. I then crawled along the car, breaking in the windows with my fist, which was bleeding profusely by this time.

"While doing this I heard my wife's voice crying out to me. 'Save me, Harry! Save me, dear!' I hurried along until I found her. Then I reached through one of the broken windows and grabbed her arm. She cried out with pain. 'Don't, Harry! It's broken!' but I held on to it and with the aid of another man, who had come to my rescue, we managed to pull my wife through the car window to freedom."

One of the fishermen at work on top of a submerged car discovered a woman's jeweled hand sticking through the roof ventilator. He worked heroically to get her body and finally succeeded in drawing it through the aperture.

NEW USE FOR CIGARS.

Now a Minneapolis Man Saved His Diamond Pin With One. Boxing Jim Jitsu, savat and wrestling as a method of defending person and property have been put down and out by a new system devised by Captain Hudson, who lives at Calverly avenue and Twenty-seventh avenue north-east in Minneapolis. All that is needed is a cigar, mild, strong or medium, as suits the taste of the user, and a little presence of mind, says the Minneapolis Journal.

While riding on the platform of an interurban car Captain Hudson found himself jammed in so closely that he could not raise his hands. At the same time he noted that one of his neighbors, who was more at liberty, was reaching toward the "stone" which adorned his tie. Some men would have called for assistance in such a situation, but not the captain.

Just as the thief's fingers touched the pin Captain Hudson ducked his head and brought the hot coal at the end of his cigar in contact with the back of the pilfering hand. The result was instantaneous. No further attempts were made on the captain's jewelry. The would be assassinist was too busy nursing a badly burned hand.

Henceforth the captain, who is now past the three score and ten mark, will turn a deaf ear to any one approaching him with a lecture on the evils of smoking.

JOKING BY WIRELESS.

Led Edge Up Over Front and Has Fun With Operators on Wireless. Malcolm Doolittle of New Haven is only thirteen years old, but he has rigged up a wireless telegraph outfit with which he has picked up steamship coming into New York bay and along Long Island sound, says a New Haven special dispatch to the New York Times. The expert wireless operators aboard have been amused when responding to a call to receive the following: "I am thirteen years old and a grammar school boy, with a wireless apparatus rigged up in my back yard, and I am calling you just for fun. Let's have a jolly talk just to give me practice."

Malcolm says men on most of the big boats seem too busy to joke or talk with him socially, and some of them get mad when they find a schoolboy in knickerbockers is their wireless correspondent, but he doesn't mind that and keeps right at his electrical amusements. He finds out the score of Yale football games and fancies it along the sound to the boats.

The removal of the several commercial wireless stations from New England has left Malcolm's apparatus the only one of its kind in Connecticut. He says he intends to pick up business and deliver messages all over New Haven. His wireless pin cost his parents \$100, and they subscribed \$250 for his outfit. The lad was led into the experiments by his general reading. When he gets into academic work he will take up electricity and physics which deal with his apparatus, although he knows more about the subject now than most college graduates.

SCHOLARSHIP HONOR ROLL

Names of the Central Graded School Pupils who Made the Highest Grades in Their Classes During the Month of October.

Following is a list of the Central graded school pupils who last month distinguished themselves by making the highest grades in their respective rooms:

Beginners, Miss May Stuart, teacher—Henry Wilson, Claud Craig, Roger Marshall, Mary Withers, Charles Boyd, Kenneth Cross.

B. class—Erdman Love. A. class—Annie Clifford.

Miss Sandifer's room, second grade—McCay Dilling, Richard Faysoux, Johnnie Foskett, Robert Glenn, Robert Owen, Ralph Padgett, Malcolm Rhyne, Leonard Smith, Bryan Walters, Tala Beard, Regina Coon, Mary Lofat, Vesta Lindsay, Rebekah McLean, Grace Strickland, Mary Wilson, Annie O'Brian.

Miss Sparrow's room, third grade—Tom Dees, Mack Dilling, James Hunter, Theron Ormand, Bertha Boaz, Madge Craig, Emma Glenn, Madge Hanna, Lucile Hopper, Helen Jackson, Mary Ellen Jenkins, Sue Ramsey Johnston, Katherine McLean, Aline Reid.

Miss Carrie Glenn's room—Lillie Morrow, Karl Groves, George Armstrong, Ernest Warren, Minnie Sarah Boaz, Oran Hicks, Robbie Lindsay, Wilmet Whitesides, Coyt Dilling.

Miss Annie S. Galloway's room, fourth grade—Pauline McFadden, Louise Reid, Neely Hanna, Durwood Morrow.

Miss Bess M. Horton's room, fifth grade—Dana Caldwell, Paul Caldwell, Henry Rankin.

Miss Barnett's room—No one. Miss Barre's room, seventh grade—Clara Armstrong, Kirkpatrick Reid, Stafford Whitfield, Lavina Hunter, Ollie Jenkins, Ella May McFadden, Cora Dixon, Charlie Adams, George Hicks, Violet Rankin, Giles Curry.

Miss Egerton's room, eighth grade—Lola Jenkins, Mildred Rankin, Otto Baber, Clyde Armstrong, George Patrick, Pearl Huffman.

Miss Bradley's room, ninth grade—Gregg Cherry, Roland Clinton, Ruth Boyce, Jennie Pegrum, Mary Parks; tenth grade—Stacy Boyce, Avriett McLean, Gertrude Fogle, Ella Rankin, Lola Whitesides, Mamie Patrick.

The Best in This Section.

Mr. James W. Atkins, news editor of The Observer, closed a deal yesterday with Mr. W. F. Marshall whereby he becomes sole owner of THE GASTONIA GAZETTE, one of the best known semi-weeklies in piedmont Carolina.

Mr. Atkins came to Charlotte 18 months ago from Gastonia, where he did local work on THE GAZETTE, to accept a position on The Evening Chronicle. He was shortly promoted to a desk on The Observer, having charge of the State news department. This position he filled most capably. Mr. Atkins is an experienced and thorough newspaper man, being acquainted with every department of the business, and THE GAZETTE will be made the best semi-weekly in this section under his management. He entered upon his new duties this morning.

Our Jury System Defended.

Every once in a while some writer or speaker bobs up and declares that our jury system is all wrong, that the gathering of twelve men here and there from the ranks of the common people for the purpose of trying cases at issue is not the best way. We wish that every man who is inclined to criticize the jury system could have heard Judge Justice's charge to the grand jury here last Monday morning. Judge Justice, after paying a high tribute to the good hard common sense, the integrity and the virtue of the common people, he said that it was a rare thing that a jury drawn from them went very far wrong and that the fellow who goes around saying that the jury system is wrong is usually one who has been tried and found guilty by some good jury. In fact Judge Justice's whole charge abounded in good, sound sense and was a splendid charge.

Special Low Rates.

The C. & N-W. Railway Company has issued the following notice as joint circular No. 1: To All Agents: Upon application and sufficient notice to this office, Special Round Trip Rates will be quoted parties of Twenty-five to Fifty people on one ticket, on regular trains, between any two points, on these lines. Effective on and after April 1st, 1906. H. F. REID, General Passenger Agent.

Subscribe for THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

HOUSEMAIDS' SCHOOL

Italian Banker's Unique Scheme to Solve Servant Problem.

TO BRING OVER GIRLS FROM ITALY

Save Cost of New York Passage in Train Then in American Ways in a Home to Italy Trained Up Like Modern American House-Guests to Be Brought Here and Placed in Special Homes.

Of the making of schemes for the solution of the domestic service problem there is no end, and most of them inspire little hope in the breast of the housewife, but when a man, and a prominent business man at that, turns his attention to the subject she may perhaps begin to take heart of grace, says the New York Tribune. The man in question is an Italian banker in New York, and he is now over in Italy, the country from which he proposes to bring his recruits, making arrangements for the carrying out of his plan: He hopes to interest the Italian government in the scheme and also secure the aid of the wealthy and influential women of Italy.

At the present time the Italian peasant girl rarely goes into domestic service, either in the United States or in her own country. Only 25 per cent of the Italian immigrants are women, and these are either wives with husbands of their own to keep or they are sent for by relatives to go into factories. When the Italian girl does go into domestic service in the United States it is among her own people, where she finds conditions something like those to which she has been accustomed in Italy. The American housewife, with its electrical and other mechanical contrivances, would strike terror to her soul. Even the American breakfast, Mr. Conti says, would revolt her, and, moreover, she is by nature so timid and conservative that to even almost mythical to her in her own country, would rarely leave her of her own initiative into the American home.

Mr. Conti proposes to overcome these difficulties by training the Italian girl to American ways in her own country and placing in a carefully selected home. He proposes to select or build a house in Italy similar in arrangement and fittings to the American home, with gas, electricity, running water and all modern American conveniences. This house will be furnished entirely in the American style, and one floor will be arranged as a "flat." Here American instructors in domestic science will teach Italian girls how to cook and wash and wait on table in the American way, and a short course of instruction in English will prepare them for intercourse with the American butcher, baker and candlestick maker as well as with their mistresses.

Mr. Conti will meet the entire initial expense of the scheme, and he is sure that a sufficient number of persons in the United States and in Italy will be enough interested in the undertaking to keep it running.

The course will cover about six months, and as soon as the first graduates are ready to come over some institution will be selected on this side of the water to shelter them when they arrive, and places for them, care for them in sickness and defend them generally while they are strangers in a strange land. This institution must, it is said, be a convent, as no other would inspire an Italian woman with such confidence.

THOUGHT CLEARING HOUSE

Instruction of Chicago Pop. Acquainted Essence of What It Was. An international thought clearing house, where the people could have their doubtful thoughts examined, condensed, distilled, stretched, broad and returned in good order, was recently established at the closing session of the World New Thought federation convention in Chicago, says a special dispatch from that city to the New York World.

The entire world is invited to submit its thoughts to the federation for analysis, so any citizen may send any stray "thought" he may hold on any subject, and they will be cheerfully received and elucidated. "In other words," explained one of the organizers, "we want a national center where thoughts may be boiled down to the essence and the particularly bright or witty. There are two advantages to these thought clearing houses. They must be short for the napkin rings will hold only a few minutes' talk, and it is easier to deliver a speech by photograph than orally before a roomful of critics. "One thing little known about photographs," said an expert, discussing the new dinner feature, "is that few persons are able to recognize their own voices as reproduced by the machines. Others may recognize it readily, but not one person in a hundred knows how it seems to hear his own voice."

A club of women on the south side of Chicago recently gave a unique entertainment for its members. A dozen of the women caught the votes of their countrymen on the way records and on a given afternoon assembled and ran all the records through a machine. Then there was a vote as to which country should have the prize, a package of nine yards of the women had their pet dogs bawled and after trying these records, they voted for the record of the machine going at once, making a tremendous racket.

Miss Louise Post Underwood. In removing a casing from an oil well on the farm of Nancy Williams, near Davney, L. T. workers recently found in the casing at a depth of 1,300 feet the nest of a gold mouse in which was the mother and her young, says the Kansas City Star. The workers had the mice as pets. At a depth of 1,300 feet in an oil well the air usually is too toxic for animal life.

Love Is a Nuisance. Announcing a betrothal in valent shirts, led with white ribbons, was the novel feature of a Larchmont dinner party the other night, says the Boston Herald. Love is a nuisance in a sort of tabloid to be expected from a society devoted to sports, accomplished whys and golf players.

King's Nominations.

It is getting to be almost out of the question to obtain shingles on this market. The John Manufacturing Company is hauling them from Bethany.

George V. Patterson has bought the lot and residence in which he now lives on Railroad avenue from Mr. E. S. Flook who owned it. This is a very desirable lot and Mr. Patterson is fortunate in securing it.

We heard of one farmer in this section who last spring sold his cotton at ten cents, selling ten bales under this contract. This farmer proposes to stick to his bargain in this case although he has made a bad trade.

Misses Della and Myrtle Nolen and Willie Jenkins, accompanied by Carl Terrell and their two little brothers, Heygood and Lemen, were here Sunday to the pleasure of several of our young men.—Mrs. C. Russell and children came in from Gastonia Tuesday where she had been visiting relatives for a few days.—Miss Carlyle Warr, of the El Bethel neighborhood, is spending this week with Mrs. G. V. Patterson in our town.

There appears to be much trouble in obtaining lumber at the John Manufacturing Company's mill to finish up the roofing. For this reason the entire roof is not yet on the building. And the misfortune of Mr. Rhodes getting his leg broken has also had much to do with it for want of looking after the material.

The ladies of the several churches have been very busy getting ready for their Floral Fair and will be ready the last of this week to present what they have to the public. Elsewhere in this issue they tell you the date and other data connected with the fair. "Jack Frost" has cut them short of many fine flowers, but what they lack in these they will make up in something better.

We learn that there are on the registration book at this precinct about 363 names in all, and we already hear of some who failed to get their names on the book. This is their own neglect, for we did all we could to give the people word about the registration.

Miss Ida Ware, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ware, will teach the school again at Ebethel this year. Miss Ware has the reputation of a fine teacher and the Ebethel people are no doubt fortunate in getting her. The school will begin a little late or when cotton is picked.

PHONOGRAPH DINNERS.

"Gunned Talk" Served on Napkin Rings at Chicago Banquets. Did you ever hear of a phonograph dinner? They're giving them in Chicago now with soup and fish and roast beef to the accompaniment of "canned" music and with phonographic toasts all fed up in the form of napkin rings and laid by the side of the plates of the diners, says the Chicago News. It is only one of the many ingenious things done by ingenious Chicagoans with their talking machines, which in five years have come to serve many purposes, from strange batteries for business letters to musical crooning songs of sleepiest to tired babes at night.

"Cold storage for hot air," is the way a young woman clerk described the phonograph dinner. Those who are on the dinner programs for a speech or song prepare it in advance by storing it away on a little wax cylinder made purposely to serve as a napkin ring and round condenser. The napkin rings are put on a phonograph at appropriate times, and the speeches come forth. After the dinner the diners are enabled to talk some for future reference anything found at the table that strikes him as particularly bright or witty. There are two advantages to these toasts. They must be short for the napkin rings will hold only a few minutes' talk, and it is easier to deliver a speech by phonograph than orally before a roomful of critics.

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FEAST TO HONOR PONIES

Prize Winning Steeds Guests at Clubman's Dinner.

CELEBRATE HORSE SHOW VICTORY

Survey S. Lader, Baltimore News Ticker, Had His Dinner Table Laid Across Favorite Steeds in His Restaurant and Fed Dinner Pleasure While in Form of Banquet.

Flowers arranged on four different tables and each table gold topped with a "pony dinner" given by Survey S. Lader, the millionaire proprietor of a new lunch and dining room at his home in Old City, on Long Island, the other night, says the New York American.

Two of the four tables were in the dining room and the other two in the clubman's dining room. In sight were given the stalls of the four guests of the millionaire, who he invited to celebrate his horse show victory.

Three other sets were laid through the colored dining hall of the restaurant by guests in ivory, and guests fed on sugar plums as a treat.

Which Princess, winner of 100 per cent in Great Britain, was the chief attraction and another little mare, All Time, more coveted from the crowd of whom they had secured honorary membership than any of the other guests.

The Ladies county seat is one most beautiful and costly on all islands, but to do honor to the fact it was transformed into a gold land of barrenness to do honor to the equine pet which its master prizes more than any other possession in the world.

The brilliant chandeliers which lighted the sets stretched downward in the form of trees, the lights were hung over and the shades were blinded.

Lader's restaurant has guests in a room designed to resemble a stable, in it even the wine bottles look like barrels of whip socks. And the horses that were entered confessed that they had never witnessed such a novel spectacle before.

Even the obligatory table from which the guests were served was laid in the form of a horseshoe, and the silver cutlery represented the horses. Special glass and silverware had been made for the occasion to represent everything "horse" from harness to riding crops and stirrups.

The stalls built for Lader's equine table faced the inner curve of the horseshoe table and the two prize winning ponies sat forth their names frequently into the very dishes of the guests and were fed by order of the host.

After the serving of the soup three other ponies were led into the room by groom. Each guest was compelled to stroke them, then followed a moment of darkness, and the electric lights flashed up again to disclose the uniformed grooms serving the champagne glasses with courses of oats and "fover" in golden frame colors.

Mr. Lader was delighted with the success of his entertainment, and John Dryden and Richard Carman agreed with Harry Wall that it had a mosty dinner out of sight.

"CABBAGE PATCH" PARTIES.

Women Right Them in New York to 444 Cabbage Patch.

"A cabbage patch party" is the latest idea of women's societies connected with church work as a means to raise money, says the New York World. Several such parties have been held in the Bronx recently, and each was rated "a great success."

The latest one was under the auspices of the Ladies Aid society of the Woodlawn Methodist church. It was held by Mrs. Lyman C. Pierce at her home, Glovet avenue, Woodlawn Heights. The exterior of the house was decorated with huge heads of cabbage and lanterns. The interior of the house was likewise ornamented.

In the house the usual musical programs was rendered and extracts from "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" were read. Souvenirs wrapped in cabbage leaves were sold.

TO PARIS ON DONKEYS.

Spaniards Hope to Cross Atlantic Mounted on Back of Animals.

Two well known residents of Madrid, in Spain, Senors Crustel and Biano, recently arrived at Bordeaux from that city on their way to Paris, says a Bordeaux cable sheet to the New York News. They are making the trip on donkeys as a protest against the excessive taxation of automobiles and they have named their asses after prominent automobile manufacturers.

Colton county, the only one in Illinois without a railroad, will raise more apples this year than any other county in the state, says a Blooming-ton dispatch. Its crop will exceed 50,000 barrels, all of which must be transported by pack trail. One grower alone has 7,000 barrels from an orchard covering thirty acres. The best apples are bringing \$1.50 to \$1.75 per barrel delivered at the market.