

**A MEXICAN FRAUD.**

Scheme Exposed and his Prosecution Expected.

A dispatch from Wamego, Kas., this morning gives an account of a scheme by which a number of farmers in that vicinity have been deceived in amounts varying from \$100 to \$400 by a Kansas City firm of doctors. The scheme is to visit a farmer, a member of whose family is afflicted with some disease of long standing and enter into a contract to effect a cure for a certain sum, on a no-cure-no-pay plan. A contract to this effect is drawn up and signed, but the smooth-tongued physician explains that he must have some guarantee that he will get his money, and the honest granger is talked into giving him his note for the amount payable at some time during which the cure is to be effected. The doctor explains that by virtue of the contract the note is worthless unless a cure is effected. The doctor takes the note and the farmer the contract. The note is sold as soon as possible to some innocent purchaser. The doctor sends the patient medicine, but it does not appear that it ever effects a cure, and the farmer is surprised to see the note turn up for payment.

The doctor referred to in the dispatch has an office or "health institute" in a prominent building. On his circular there is a cut of the building labeled, "Medical Dispensary." It is said that he has been working his scheme for two years. One of the leading physicians of Kansas City in speaking of the matter said: "He is a regular graduate and has been working the scheme for a long time, and he generally has several men working for him. He has the thing down so fine that I think he would scarcely be held under the law, but I know that at several other places where his victims have started to prosecute him he has returned the amount of the notes. When he first started in he would sell the notes at par but as he became known he could not get so much and I understand he now disposes of them at 25 cents on the dollar."

The scheme seems to have been operated very extensively, and has been complained of by many Kansas papers. The Wamego victims have clubbed together and secured legal representation in Kansas City and intend to prosecute.—K. C. Star.

Washington, Dec. 10.—George W. Jamison, of Parisville, Pa., became insane on account of the death of his wife last summer. He sought the ministers to ascertain why God should so afflict him. Being unsatisfied by their answers he came here and persistently sought an interview with the president to ask him the same question. He has been arrested and taken home.

A small man with a long tailed overcoat on, affects an importance not his due.

**MOISTURE IN HOUSES.**

How Thousands of Dollars Worth of Wall Papers, Etc., Are Ruined.

It is stated that the sudden change of the weather recently from cold to warm and damp, has caused thousands of dollars of damage to wall papers and others articles in houses. Of course it has, and it is so simple because many people do not study the plainest common sense principles in airing their houses.

One evening lately, people went to bed with a hunt for extra blankets because of the sudden and severe chill in the atmosphere. When they rose in the morning their bedrooms, parlors, dining rooms, etc., were yet chilly from the cold of the previous day, while the outside atmosphere had suddenly become not only warm, but hot and oppressive with dampness.

Inconsiderate people open their windows and doors because the weather was warm, forgetting the excessive moisture in the atmosphere would rush in with the warm air and swiftly deposit itself on the cold walls, furniture, etc., and penetrate wall papers, curtains, bedding, and every thing within reach that presented a surface colder than the air that carried it into the house.

Of course the moisture loosened and discolored paper; made curtains as limp as a washrag; made beds damp and musty, and generally spoiled every thing that water could spoil; but all could have been avoided by following the plain common-sense rule of not opening houses suddenly to suddenly changed atmosphere, carrying an excessive quantity of moisture.

A pitcher filled with cold water and placed in a room in summer will "sweat"—at least that is what it is commonly called. The pitcher does not sweat, because it is not porous and can not sweat; but the cold water inside of it chills the outer surface, and as soon as the outer surface of the pitcher becomes cooler than the atmosphere in the room, the moisture of the air will be precipitated upon the pitcher in drops.

This simple illustration should teach all housewives to avoid suddenly opening rooms in a house when the outside atmosphere is warmer than the temperature of the rooms and full of moisture. In all such cases the wall paper, furniture, etc., being cooler than the outside air will speedily have the moisture of the atmosphere precipitated upon them, and it will require days to restore the house to the dry condition that is essential to health.

There are no arbitrary freaks in the laws which govern the atmosphere surrounding us, and there is nothing abstruse in mastering them. Warm, damp air will ever precipitate its moisture in houses or elsewhere whenever it comes in contact with anything chilled by a cooler atmosphere, and that is the whole story. The only thing to be added is, that when people have thus ignorantly or negligently allowed their houses to become damp, they should light fires and dry them as promptly as possible.—Philadelphia Times.

—A learned bootblack thus explains the scientific reason for a "shine": Diamonds are nothing but crystallized carbon. Blacking, which is bone black, is little more when moistened than carbon paste, and the friction of a hair brush being one of the most efficient methods of generating electricity has the effect of crystallizing the carbon of the blacking. As soon as this is done the boot is covered with millions of infinitely small diamonds, and of course begins to shine as a mass of diamonds would.—N. Y. Tribune.

—She—"Good gracious! How dark it is. I can hardly find my mouth." He—"Allow me, Miss, to assist you in searching for it."

**NANCY M'KENZIE'S BEAR.**

A Half-Breed Diana Whose Rifle Brings Death to Bruin.

While at Chewela recently I met Nancy McKenzie, a noted half-breed woman, who is known throughout the far Northwest from Montana to Puget Sound. She is a large-framed, tall woman, about sixty years of age, who takes more after her Indian mother than her Scotch father, who, as an enlisted man in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, left his home in the Orkney Islands about seventy-five years ago, and sought wealth and adventure in the untrodden, unknown regions of the Northwest. Nancy grew to womanhood under his tutelage and around his camp fire, following him in his migrations from the buffalo hunting grounds of Montana to the salmon creeks that empty their waters into the great Columbia, and to Puget Sound, where the wandering tribes of savages would congregate at certain seasons to enjoy a time of indolence and mirth, living on the water fowls with which the inlets of the sound abounded, the salt water fish that could almost be had for the picking up and the clams that were then and are still to be found in great shoals on every sand beach. In her younger days she must doubtless have been a model for the sculptor in physical development, for, though aged and wrinkled, she is still nearly six feet in height and straight as the typical Indian, with strong and deeply penciled features.

I was told a little story concerning her by a physician who lives near by. He said that a few days before he was out in the swamp back of his house hunting pheasants, when he heard the sharp crack of a rifle near at hand. Thinking that it was one of his neighbors who had secured a deer in the swamp, he hastened to the spot, and found Nancy McKenzie with a smoking gun in hand peering toward the roots of an upturned fir tree. On asking her what she had shot, she replied in French—for she only speaks Indian and French—that she had shot a bear standing against the root of the tree, and was not certain whether or not she had killed him. The doctor admitted that his knees smote together a little when he looked in the direction indicated and saw a great shaggy object rolling about on the ground. Nancy said she was out of ammunition and asked him to give bruin a parting shot. The doctor was a frank man, and he again admitted that he shot and that the bear died, but on examination it was found that he had not touched a hair.—Cor. Birmingham (Ala.) Herald.

**HIDING THEIR MONEY.**

How Representatives of Various European Nationalities Do It.

The peculiarities of the people of different nationalities in their way of carrying money formed a topic of conversation at Castle Garden the other day.

"Most of the English immigrants," said one of the money changers, "carry their coin in a small case in which their sovereigns or shillings fit snugly, and have the case attached to a chain, which they keep in a pocket as they would a watch. An Irishman always has his little canvas bag in which he keeps gold, silver and notes all together. But a great many of the Irish girls have their sovereigns rolled up and sewed on the inside of their dress, very frequently, too, inside of their corsets, and often have to borrow my pen-knife to cut them out when they come to get them changed.

"I have seen some old Germans who would pull off from around their body a belt that I am sure must have cost forty or fifty marks, and fish from it three or four marks in silver to have changed. The French mostly carry a small brass tube in which they can place forty or fifty twenty-franc pieces, and remove them very handily one at a time. There are very few Italians who don't own a large tin tube, sometimes a foot long, which they have hung around their neck by a small chain or cord, and in which they keep their paper money or silver coins. Swedes and Norwegians are sure to have an immense pocketbook that has generally been used by their fathers and grandfathers before them and which will have enough leather in it to make a pair of boots. The Slavonians or Hungarians generally do not carry pocketbooks, but they find more ways of concealing what money they may have than any class of people I know of. Their long boots seem to be the favorite place, and in the legs of them they also carry the knife and fork and spoon with which they have eaten on the way across. But I have seen them take money from between the lining and outside of their coats, which they would get at by cutting into a button hole. Some of them use their caps and very many use their prayer books, placing the paper money on the inside of the cover and pasting the flyleaf of the book over it. But I think more of that nationality stow away their change inside their stockings than any other place, and don't take their stockings off from the time it is put there until they want to change it."—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

—Some people are discontented even when you give them more than they ask for. The man who asked for a quarter on the street complained loudly when the police officers gave him quarters in the police station.—Somerville Journal.

**OPEN LETTER.**

TO THE PEOPLE:

FRANZ BERNHARDT'S stock of holiday goods is unsurpassed, and his prices are the lowest to be found in the city. If you intend making presents see if you won't save money by buying there.

**SANTA CLAUS.**

**SELECTING TURKEYS.**

How to Pick Out Prime and Tender Birds for Roasting.

Experienced marketers know that prime food of all kinds looks well while uncooked; this is especially the case with poultry; it is carefully plucked without defacing the skin, which looks soft and clean, and shows layers of yellowish fat and light-colored or whitish flesh beneath. When poultry is dressed with the head and feet on, it is easy to select the best; the eyes will be full and bright, and the skin and joints of the feet soft and pliable; in stale and poor poultry the feet are dry and stiff, the skin hard and discolored in spots, the eyes dull and sunken, and the flesh dark under the skin, almost purple in very poor birds. When there is any greenish discoloration of either flesh or skin, especially about the rump and vent, the poultry is upon the point of spoiling. The odor of good birds is perfectly sweet and clean. If birds have not been properly fasted previous to killing, the undigested food in the crop and intestines is apt to impart a disagreeable smell to the entire bird, especially in warm, damp weather; they should be shut up without food for at least a half a day before killing, but should have water to drink. When they have not been fasted they may be drawn as soon as they are killed and plucked, but there is an objection to this method, especially in summer; the action of the atmosphere upon the cut surfaces, which are exposed by the withdrawal of the entrails, favors rapid decomposition, and consequently the poultry will not keep in good condition as long as it would if no air could penetrate to the interior; therefore, if poultry has been drawn, and gives forth the least unpleasant odor, it should not be used. Reject that which has a thick skin and long hairs, because it will be too tough for roasting; a male bird which is plump and full-breasted, with yellowish fat and white flesh showing under the thin skin, and smooth feet and legs, will be excellent, either roasted or baked. Hen turkeys are smaller and shorter, of less fine flavor, and better suited for boiling or broiling. Young turkeys are tender and delicate, but of less intense flavor than full-grown birds.—Housewife.

—The ancients believed that the world was square. Evidently the ancients never were called upon to trust each other a great deal.

—An applicant for naturalization was asked: "Were you ever intoxicated?" He answered very truthfully: "Nein, but I was vaccinated last week." He is now a citizen.—Buffalo Express.

**Eight Short Fashion Notes.**

Large velvet collars are a conspicuous feature of the winter wraps.

But few of the corsages of the present time show a visible fastening.

Handsome cloth costumes are made with a Directorate redingote of one color opening over a skirt of another. Quaint Gretchen cloaks for little girls are in fashion.

Favorite designs in the new brocades are leaves of every possible shape conveniently arranged.

Persian cashmere silk with an imitation astrachan border is converted into novelties.

Dainty little caps of embroidered silk are taking the place of the lawn caps worn by the babies during the summer. Wide strings of hemmed and embroidered surah replace those of lawn.

Some of the most elegant of the winter cloaks are very long, and are made of the new cloths—matelasse, velvet or plush.—N. Y. World.

—There is a story now circulating to the effect that a good man living not a hundred miles from Belfast attempted some missionary work Sunday on a few wicketed horsemen who were speeding their trotters on the track. He drove out to the race course and found these Sabbath breakers engaged in trotting one of the liveliest heats he had ever seen. He was interested in the race, but his zeal in saving these lost sheep was unshaken, and he drove on to the track to expostulate and plead with them. As they didn't evince any desire to stop and talk when they came round he started in pursuit, and, having a good nag, came into the finish a close second. We have been unable to get a summary of the subsequent races, but, according to a Belfast horseman, the good man proved himself a cool driver and an opponent to be dreaded in a horse race.—Bangor Commercial.

—Magistrate (to prisoner)—"It's some time since I saw you here, Uncle Rastus." Uncle Rastus (virtuously)—"Yes, sah, I've been quiet an' law-abidin' since de last time I was up befo' yo', an' dat were more'n six months ago, yo' honnah." Magistrate—"Ah, yes, I remember; I gave you six months for stealing a ham. It's a year this time, uncle."

—There is a remarkable case of heredity in San Francisco. The daughter of a policeman there frequently sleeps twelve days at a stretch.—Minneapolis Tribune.

—The prisoner being asked whether he struck the man in the heat of passion, replied: "No, I hit him in the pit of the stomach."—Colonel.

**SECURE FOOD FIRST.**

Some of the Bad Results of Obtaining Too Much Live-Stock.

The majority of persons who open up new farms invest most of their money in stock. They think that the animals will grow and multiply while they are improving their places and raising food for them. Many find at the end of their first year's operation that they have nothing to feed their animals except wild hay and a little sod corn. They have several litters of pigs, but next to nothing to feed to them. They can manage to keep their cows and steers on poor hay, but they will come through the winter in bad condition. Their horses will lose flesh if they do not have some grain, and they will need oats or corn to enable them to work in the spring. It seldom pays to purchase corn to feed to hogs, and a new farm is the poorest of all places to try the experiment with hope of success. If a man has good buildings and lives where corn is plenty he may make money by buying it and feeding it to hogs. With poor buildings and a scarcity of corn the prospect is good for losing money.

All kinds of farm animals will depreciate in value if they have nothing but wild hay to eat. If they have been accustomed to better living they will not be likely to breed. Cows will fail to give much milk, and young cattle will gain very little. Horses must be well fed, especially when at work, or they will fall off in condition. Improved stock of any kind run down very quickly when taken from the comfortable quarters of a breeder to the place of a farmer who has poor buildings and no stock food but wild hay and a little sod corn. They are accustomed to warm barns, good care, and the best of food. If deprived of them they at once begin to lose flesh and vigor and in a year they begin to look like scrubs. No farmer should take fine animals to a place that is not prepared for them. Their superior condition when he buys them is partly owing to good blood and careful breeding, but more is due to good quarters, careful attention and excellent food. Like their former owners, they have been accustomed to good food.

The farmer who has warm shelter for animals, a small field of timothy and clover, a thousand bushels of corn in crib, and an equal amount in oats, is prepared to keep stock to advantage and with a good prospect for making money. He is prepared to bridge over an unfavorable season. He can stand one bad year for crops. He will not be obliged to buy food, to stint his animals, or to sell them at a sacrifice. He can buy young animals of his neighbors who have not food to keep them and can purchase improved males to cross with them. A farmer who collects a considerable number of animals and has not a sufficient amount of suitable food for them runs a great risk. He is likely to lose financially. He is also likely to inflict cruelty on his animals. No humane man will be guilty of attempting to keep stock over a winter on insufficient or unsuitable food. A farmer who wishes to raise stock should first provide food and shelter.—Chicago Times.

**THE PENN STATUE.**

The Figure That is to Surmount Philadelphia's City Hall Tower.

Mr. Calder's model of the gigantic statue of William Penn which is to surmount the tower of the new City Hall is at length completed. Mr. Calder's original sketch model of the figure was made as long back as 1876, and was thus described in the report of a committee of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania: "It represents Penn in the full vigor of manhood and in physical proportions which would render possible the traditions of his outdoing the Indians themselves in some of their feats of activity. His face is taken from the original painting presented to the society by his grandson, Granville Penn, and his figure corresponds with Dixon's description: 'Erect in stature, every motion indicating honest pride; in every limb and feature the expression of a serene and manly beauty. His age is about thirty-eight and his costume that in vogue during the last years of the reign of Charles II., the date of his first visit to this country. The figure is in speaking attitude, and the left hand is represented as holding the original charter of the city of Philadelphia. The statue being intended to represent him in his relation to our city rather than to our State, this was deemed the more appropriate emblem.'"

Some modifications have been made in the figure in working out the full-sized model, but the general design has not been changed. The figure is 36 feet high, and when cast in bronze will weigh about 20 tons. It is to stand upon the summit of the dome-like apex of the great tower at an elevation of 500 feet, making the total height to the top of the figure 537 feet 4 inches, thus overtopping the famous spires of Cologne Cathedral. The tower has now risen to a height something like 300 feet, the point where the masonry stops, the superstructure being designed of iron. Further work on the tower has been suspended for the present until the interior of the building shall be completed, and there is thus no immediate prospect that the great Penn will emerge from the dark precincts of the modeling rooms where he is now to be seen.—Philadelphia Times.

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