



THE MILLIONAIRE.
Sweet maid, if there is aught on earth
That you would fain make mine,
And wealth can buy, yours it is,
If you will but be mine.

THE POET.
O, maiden fair, could I but touch
The string with orphean melody,
I'd sing your praise in many songs,
If you would only favor me.

THE ARTIST.
Maiden, your form of Grecian mold,
Your eyes of heavenly blue,
Are painted on my inmost heart
And I would fain wed you.

THE EDITOR.
Sweet maid, your interesting style
My heart doth potently affect;
So I submit myself with "stamps"
And hope that neither you'll reject.

THE FARMER.
Wa, Liz, I've just been thinkin' how
'T would ave us both a heap of trouble,
If you an' me would just get hitched
An' try henceforth to travel double.

The Friendless Girl.

I don't mean by this the girl who is alone in the world but I mean the girl who thinks she can not make friends, and who has become morbid and unhappy about it. In the first place, friends are not blocked out like caramels; you may have no end of acquaintances—pleasant ones—but friends come with years. The two weeks' acquaintance is not the one with whom it is wise to be confidential, nor should you count upon her eternal fidelity. My dear girl, in this busy world so many people have so much to do that they can not form many close friendships, and they choose the people they prefer. If you are absolutely friendless, in the sense that I mean, the fault must lie a little with you. Probably you are a wee bit selfish, and selfishness and friendship, like oil and water, do not mingle well. You claim that you love everybody. Now love is too precious a thing to give to every one. Suppose I tell you a little story: There were once two beautiful fox-terriers; when a stranger came to the house where they lived one of them rushing to meet the visitor, lavished caresses upon her, and quickly coiled itself in a most comfortable position on her lap. The other dog stood quietly by; if it were asked for a paw, it gave it, but always retreated and sat down beside its master. Somebody said one day speaking of the first: "How different this dog is from the other one; it's so much more affectionate!" "Oh, no," said the master, "you are very much mistaken; the dog who is so affectionate with you gives its affection to every stranger it meets; the other one waits until it knows you well, and then from the time on it is your friend, and is ready to greet you and show signs of its friendship. When I was all the dog that you call the affectionate one preferred to stay with strangers; the other one rested at the foot of my bed and refused to stir. When my sister sat there crying because of some trouble that had come to her, the dog that loved everybody went into another room, but the other dog went up to her, licked the tear-stained hands, looked up into her face with his soft brown eyes as if he were trying to say: 'I'm your friend, don't worry.' This points a little bit of moral, and it means that while you can have plenty of acquaintances you will find that a few friends are best worth having; and that—I must repeat it—if you are friendless there must be a fault in you that is the cause.

The Art of Making a Home.

It seems a pity that the young woman who is about to establish a home and has a sum of money to spend for its garnishing can not be persuaded from laying it all out at once. She robs herself of so much future enjoyment. The spick and span sets of furniture which are carelessly ordered from an upholsterer, and carried home and stood around her parlors by his men, will never afford her half the satisfaction she can get in a room for which to-day she buys a chair, and next week, seeing that there must be a table to accompany the chair, she starts on a fresh shopping excursion, and finds a table which is exactly what she was looking for; and in another month, discovering the need of a bookcase or a screen, she has again the delight of obtaining the prettiest screen and bookcase in the city.

Such a room is a growth, a gathering together of household treasures, little by little. Each article, bought only when the need arises, or when something is happily found to just meet the need, will have a family history which makes it an entertaining as well as a valuable possession. Each couch and footstool is an achievement; each rug and curtain represents a triumph.

Such a home built up gradually, with careful planning in each part, with thought and loving consideration in all its details, acquires a far deeper value than could be purchased by the longest purse from the most fashionable cabinetmaker.

Wearing Shoes Is Her Business.

"Wearing shoes is her business," said a woman the other day. "It began in this way: A schoolmate of mine had the good luck to marry a wealthy man. She had always suffered from tender feet and at school I used to break in her new shoes for

JESUS CHRIST IN HISTORY

DR. TALMAGE REVIEWS THE SAVIOR'S LIFE.

His Thirty-Three Years on Earth and Nineteen Hundred Years in Heaven—Science, Art, etc.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 27.—This is Sacrament Sunday at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. The services as usual on these occasions were very solemn and impressive. The morning service opened with the Long Metre Doxology. The Grand Offertory by Grison was exquisitely rendered by Prof. Henry Eyre Browne, and the service closed with the majestic Coronation Hymn. Dr. Talmage's discourse was on "The March of Christ through the Centuries," and his text Revelation 19:15: "On His head were many Crowns."

May your ears be alert and your thoughts concentrated, and all the powers of your soul aroused, while I speak to you of "the march of Christ through the centuries." You say, "give us then a good start in rooms of vermilion and on a floor of mosaic and amid corridors of porphyry and under canopies died in all the splendors of the setting sun." You can have no such starting place. At the time our Chieftain was born, there were castles on the beach of Galilee, and places at Jerusalem, and Imperial bath-rooms at Jericho, and obelisks at Cairo and the Pantheon at Rome, with its corinthian portico and its sixteen granite columns; and the Partheon at Athens with its glistening coronet of temples; and there were mountains of fine architecture in many parts of the world. But none of them were to be the starting place of the Chieftain I celebrate.

Saved Her Letters.

There is a room in a house on West End avenue, New York, that is the joy of the girl owner. For a year this maiden saved the cover of every letter she received, and packed them away in bundles of 100. When a large number had been collected she went to work with a pot of mullage and covered her walls. Of course, the envelopes had been put up in the order in which they came, and to one who knew they told many a story. In one place there were great numbers in the same hand, a firm, many one. For a time these predominated, and then ceased. After this the girl had been addressed care of Mrs. —, in a country village—that was during the two weeks she spent with her chum for a change of scene and associations. The next set of envelopes were evidently addressed by her chum's brother. A lot of foreign post-marks reminded her of her sister's wedding trip, and the solemn ones appearing regularly all through came from the brother at boarding school. Down near the end are a few in the delicate Italian hand taught fifty years ago. These were from her mother, and had brought word every day of how the little niece was "just the image of Fan," and how frightened Fan had been when she dressed the little one for the first time.

The room has a dado of dull blue blotting-paper, and when the first surprise is over every one admires it except the boarding school brother, who derisively suggests framing the pictures with rulers and sticking them to the wall with postage-stamps. Brothers are usually admirable in their frankness, if not in other qualities.

In an English Bedroom.

Bedrooms are not usually nearly so comfortably furnished in England as are ours, says The Ladies' Home Journal. It is quite unusual to have a fire in one's bedroom, and the rocking chair, that comfortable solace of every American woman's life, is conspicuous by its absence. It is not customary, either, to have gas in the bedrooms. There is an idea that it is unwholesome, and candles are still almost universally used, except on the parlor and dining room floors. I have sometimes thought that the poor lighting of the bed and dressing rooms of the English homes had much to do in contributing to the dowdy and un-stylish dressing of the women, the majority of whom always have their skirts a little bit crooked, or the petticoats showing unevenly on one side or the other. In furnishing a bedroom the dressing-table—used instead of our bureau—is always put against a window so as to catch all the light possible. This looks odd both in the room and from the outside of the house. You see the unpainted backs of looking-glasses at the upper windows of the handsomest houses, and even in Marlborough House—the palace of the Prince of Wales.

Story of a Blind Princess.

The lovely Princess Aloys Liechtenstein has been stricken with incurable blindness. She and her sister—now Countess Julius Szechenyi—once posed as models for the scanty-robed figures which grace Makart's celebrated picture of the entry of Charles V. into Antwerp. Princess Aloys is the daughter of the well-known Viennese jeweler, Klinkosch. Her first husband was the banker Haupt. A few years ago she obtained from the vatican an ecclesiastical annulment of the marriage on the grounds similar to those of which both Lady Mills and the late Duchess de Frias availed themselves to secure the dissolution of their first marriages. A couple of years ago the ex-Mrs. Haupt became the wife of Prince Aloys Liechtenstein, the union creating an immense sensation at the time. Princess Liechtenstein's sister Paula, who likewise figures as one of the beauties unadorned in Makart's triumphal procession of Charles V. into Antwerp, is married to the old Count Julius Szechenyi, one of the highest dignitaries of the Hungarian realm. Notwithstanding the rank and title of the two sisters and the lofty station of their respective husbands, neither of them is received at court.

Miss Sophia Hayden is said to have made the drawings for the woman's building at the world's fair in three weeks, taking only the spare time between the hours she gave to teaching. The acceptance of her plans was a genuine surprise to her.

JESUS CHRIST IN HISTORY

DR. TALMAGE REVIEWS THE SAVIOR'S LIFE.

As in December, 1889, I walked on the way from Bethany; and at the foot of Mount Olivet, a half mile from the wall of Jerusalem, through the Garden of Gethsemane, and under the eight venerable olive trees now standing, their pomological ancestors having been witnesses of the occurrences spoken of, the scene of horror and of crime came back to me, until I shuddered with the historical reminiscence.

Still following our Chieftain, I ascend the hill which Gen. Gordon, the great English explorer and arbiter first made a clay model of. It is hard climbing for our Chieftain, for he has not only two heavy timbers to carry on his back, the upright and horizontal pieces of the cross, but he is suffering from exhaustion caused by lack of food, mountain chills, desert heats, whipping with elm-wood rods, and years of maltreatment.

Now we follow our Chieftain as they carry his limp and lacerated form amid the flowers and trees of a garden, the gladioluses, the oleander, the lilies, the geraniums, the mandrakes, down five or six steps to an aisle of granite where he sleeps. But only a little while he sleeps there, for there is an earthquake in all that region, leaving the rocks to this day in their aslant and ruptured state declarative of the fact that something extraordinary there happened. And we see our Chieftain arouse from his brief slumber and wrestle down the ruffian Death who would keep him imprisoned in that cavern and put both heels on the monster, and coming forth with a cry that will not cease to be echoed until on the great resurrection day the door of the lost sepulchre shall be unhinged and flung clanging into the debris of demolished cemeteries.

Now we follow our Chieftain to the shoulder of Mount Olivet, and without wings he rises, the disciples clutching for his robes too late to reach them, and across the great gulfs of space with one bound he gains that world which for thirty-three years had been denied his companionship, and all heaven lifted a shout of welcome as he entered, and of coronation as up the mediatorial throne he mounted.

But still we follow our Chieftain in his march through the centuries, for invisibly he still walks the earth, and by the eye of faith we still follow him. You can tell where he walks by the churches, and hospitals, and reformatory institutions, and houses of mercy that spring up along the way. I hear his tread in the sick room, and in the abodes of bereavement. He marches on and the nations are gathering around him. The islands of the sea are hearing his voice. The continents are feeling his power. America will be his; Europe will be his; Asia will be his; Africa will be his; Australia will be his; New Zealand will be his! All the earth will be his! Do you realize that until now it was impossible for the world to be converted? Not until very recently has the world been found. The Bible talks about "the ends of the earth" and the "utmost parts of the world" as being saved, but not until now have the "ends of the earth" been discovered and not until now have the "utmost parts of the world" been revealed. The navigator did his work, the explorer did his work, the scientist did his work, and now for the first time since the world has been created has the world been known, measured off, and geographized, the lost, hidden, and unknown tract has been mapped out and now the work of evangelization will be begun with earnestness and velocity as yet unimagined. The steamships are ready; the lightning express trains are ready; the printing presses are ready; the telegraph and telephone are ready; millions of Christians are ready and now see Christ marching on through the centuries. Marching on!

One by one governments will fall into line and constitutions and literatures will adore his name. More honored and worshiped is he in this year of 1891 than at any time since the year one, and the day hastens when all nations will join one procession "following the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." Marching on! Greater and more thrilling will be the spectacle when the world is all conquered for the truth and in front of the palace of heaven the kings and conquerors of all the allied powers of Christian usefulness shall salute each other, and recount the struggles by which they gained the triumph, and then hand over their swords to him who is the Chief of the conquerors, crying: "Thine, oh, Christ is the Kingdom; take the crown of victory; the crown of dominion; the crown of grace; the crown of glory." "On his head were many crowns."

Justice! Oh, Justice!

Once, while Mamoun was conversing with one of the most famous scholars in his realm, a woman claimed an interview. "Justice, O, prince! Justice, I implore! My brother left six hundred pieces of gold and his heirs have given me but a single one." "That was only proper," replied the caliph; "each of your brother's two daughters is entitled to one-third of his property, or four hundred in all. The widow's share is one-sixth, or one hundred pieces. Your brother's mother should receive one-eighth, or seventy-five pieces. You and your twelve brothers are entitled to the remaining twenty-five; but as the law allows a double portion to the male, they have each two pieces of gold and you one."—Argonaut.

Winter Experience.

"Harkins has written a book of etiquette. What does he know about the usages of polite society?" "He knows what has kept him out of it."—Puck.

The September Sower.

The September sower is the golden rod; the September fruit the apple. The September colors are crimson and gold—emblematic of the changes made in the hue of the month's foliage by the first frosts. The September stone is the chrysolite which, if worn during the month, averts sadness from the mind, according to the lore of the Japudaries.

INTERESTING READING.

There is a horse car line in Mexico which is seventy-two miles in length.

There are no known owners for 75,000 acres of land in St. Clair county, Alabama. The house at Appomattox, Va., in which Gen. Lee surrendered to Gen. Grant, has been sold for \$10,000.

The census report of Indiana is surprising, showing an increase of population of less than eleven per cent.

The officials of the Idaho penitentiary secretly arranged and superintended a flight between two convicts.

An Indiana man abstained from speaking for four weeks and he reports that in the last week he saw visions of the celestial city.

Surgeons in Pittsburg are trying to make new eyelids for an unfortunate man whose natural and proper eyelids were burned off.

Several hundred eagles swooped down on Bjelgorod, Russia, and devoured ten horses, several sheep, and a vast number of smaller animals.

A mule went through Jacksonville, Fla., recently, whose front legs were so much shorter than those in the rear that its back formed an inclined plane with an angle of 45 degrees.

The petrified body of what was supposed to have been an Indian has been unearthed near McKeesport, Pa., by men who were digging a trench. A large collection of arrow heads, a flint hatchet, etc., were also found.

A young man rode across the railroad bridge in New Brunswick, N. J., on a bicycle on a single plank. The bridge is 50 feet high and 900 feet long, and had a train come on the bridge the man would almost certainly have been killed.

In falling a big tree at Ivoryton village in the Connecticut valley, recently, the woodsman drove his ax into a big round stone exactly in the heart of it. With difficulty he exhumed the rock, which weighed thirty or forty pounds. How the stone got into the tree trunk is a mystery.

When an aeronaut left Vienna recently with his balloon for Russia, the society for rearing carrier pigeons sent a number of birds with him. The aeronaut, after some days' sojourn in Russia, let them fly, and telegraphed to Vienna that birds of prey had pursued the pigeons as far as he could see them. Two days later one of the pigeons returned to its cot in Vienna.

Dentists have discovered that tartar, a calcareous deposit on the teeth, is more abundant in persons of highly nervous temperament than in any others. The explanation, according to an observant dentist, is that persons of nervous temperament, secrete more saliva than others, and as tartar is carried by saliva in solution, the deposit in the case of such persons is unusually large.

SEASONABLE FRIVOLITIES.

Even one's sweetheart sometimes gets up in arms against him.—Galveston News.

The Lick telescope shows 100,000,000 stars, but a lick without a telescope frequently does as well.—Chicago Times.

The preferred creditor is one who never asks for his money. Preferred stock is that which pays dividends and can not be assessed.—Pleasant.

Nine tallors, it is said, will make a man. Whoever started this sentence ought to have finished: They will make a man a pauper.—Texas Siftings.

Mr. Benedict: "Will you be my wife?" Miss Beatrice: "Yes." Mr. Benedict: "Oh, Miss Beatrice, this is so sudden! Give me time to reconsider."—Harper's Bazar.

Hungry Guest, impatiently: "You have forgotten several things." Waiter: "Very sorry, sah, but you know it's a good while since I took your order, sah."—Street & Smith's Good News.

"The most expensive meal I ever ate cost me \$157,000." "Why—how the—?" "I had just cleared that amount on a wheat deal and was just cashing the check, when the girl woke me for breakfast."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Did Harold call on you this morning, papa?" "Yes; but I couldn't make much out of what he said. I understood him to say that he wanted to marry me, and that you had enough to support him, so I sent him home and told him to write it out."—Harper's Bazar.

"Suppose you come and dine with us to-morrow?" "Wouldn't the day after do just as well?" inquired the poor relation. "Certainly, but where are you going to dine to-morrow?" "Right here. You see, your wife was kind enough to ask me for the occasion."—Fliegende Blätter.

Mr. Boredome—"I was sorry that you were not at home yesterday when I called." Miss Boredome—"Yes, I should have enjoyed it, probably, even more than where I was." Mr. Boredome—"Oh, I am so glad to hear you say so; where were you?" Miss Boredome—"At the dentist's."

"Why did you leave your last place, Nora?" "The was the meanest pay I ever saw. Sometimes when I was too busy to attend the front door the boss he'd go himself, and the skinflint charged me ten cents for every thing he went. It took me five dollars more than me wages."—Harper's Bazar.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

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Jay Cooke says his father built the first railroad in the United States. President Harrison, the first, was present at the opening of the line.

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A Rochester lawyer who advertised for information about a supposed dead man named Moore, heir to a large English estate, has received letters from seventeen writers, each of whom claims to be the man inquired for.

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The Simplon tunnel will need eight years and a half to bore, and will cost \$12,000,000.

France is enthusiastic over the success of a new movable telegraph office carried with an army on the march.

The two new Cunard ships, to be 600 feet long and faster than anything afloat, are guaranteed by the builders to be ready for sea early in the spring of 1893.

The violotta, the new stringed instrument between a viola and a cello is exactly an octave below the viola. Its fingering is like that of the cello and it is commended to women as a substitute for that instrument.

Dwarf trees only two feet high, exact reproductions in miniature of sycamores, oak cedar and apple trees, have for 200 or 300 years been raised by the Japanese. The mode of producing them is a well-guarded secret; but some French gardeners have within the past five years almost equaled the Japanese in the production of these dwarf trees.

Ex-Gov. Beaver, Gen. H. G. Hastings and other Eastern capitalists, have formed a company to manufacture a new fuel gas, the invention of James R. Ross, of Allegheny City. By the new process it is claimed that gas can be made for five cents per 1,000 feet and that iron can be puddled for \$1 per ton. Andrew Carnegie has secured the right for the process and is arranging to have it placed in his various plants.

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R. STANLEY PERRINE,
COMMERCIAL LAWYER.
Suits 17, Imperial Bldg., 200 South Clark St., Chicago.
Do you experience trouble in getting your bills collected? If so, call and see me. Cheap and judicious fees are charged at any price and in any quantity. I will collect for you, no matter what your claim is, upon a lien, mortgage, and advance all money for cost. Call on me made anywhere on earth. Twenty years' successful business in this city. Come in and talk with me you won't regret it.

CATARRH!
HAVE YOU GOT IT?
If so, try my medicine. For Catarrh of the Head, Throat, Lungs, Bladder, Prostate, etc., it is a permanent relief. Price \$1.00. Sent in strict confidence. Address: JOHN P. ROBE, Room 6, 135 & Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

PENSIONS.
The Disability bill is a law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Widows who are dependent are included. All Veterans dependent on day, whose sons died from effects of Army service. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully settled, address:
JAMES TANNER,
Late Commissioner of Pensions,
Washington, D. C.

DR. MILES' Nerveine!
CURES NERVOUS PROSTRATION, SLEEPLESSNESS, BRUISES, STAMMERS, ETC.
FREE SAMPLES at drug stores, or by mail 10 Cts. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

REPAIR YOUR OLD STOVES
AND
SAVE YOUR MONEY.

The Northwestern Stove Repair Co. of Chicago.
233 & 235 WEST 12TH STREET.

BRANCHES: 70 East Lake Street, 847 Milwaukee Avenue.

We manufacture Repairs for all Stoves and Ranges, if you cannot call yourself get your Hardware dealer to order for you.

Cut this out, Answering the following Questions:

1. Name of Stove.....
2. Number of Stove.....
3. Name of Maker.....
4. Latest Date of Patent.....
5. Wood or Coal.....
6. Is Coal put in on top by removing the lids?.....
7. Is the lining Brick or Iron?.....
8. Has the bottom Grate one or more parts?.....
9. Give us the names of parts wanted.....

Don't destroy your old stove, but repair it. A little money will make it as good as new.

BARRINGTON.

CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.
A. of V. meet at Colburn's hall, third Tuesday of each month...

Miss Wenzelbaum can show you the latest styles in millinery. Give her a call.
For a good cigar call at A. L. Waller's.

A gravel train ran into the hind end of the milk express at Mt. Prospect, Tuesday morning about 9 o'clock, and blocked the road for about three hours.

Franklin Soet, who has been working in a drug store in Nebraska for some time past, has returned home. He will attend the Chicago Medical College this winter.

Mrs. S. Dickinson's personal property was advertised to be sold Friday, October 2, 1891.

Hawley Bros. are putting in a large cistern on their farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashby were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Otis, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Beo Castle will reside in Chicago.

M. B. McIntosh will remodel what was formerly his office, for a dwelling.

The material for Mr. Froelich's new house is arriving and work will soon be commenced on the foundation.

A foundation is being put under Mr. G. W. Lageschulte's house this week.

Henry Miller has purchased the property owned by Mr. Arthur Rider, which is opposite Mr. J. Catlow's residence.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Bennett of Chicago visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, Sunday.

Those who have not paid up their subscription on this paper will oblige us by doing so at once.

Robie Brockway is taking her vacation at Heimerdinger's.

Heimerdinger was at home a few weeks on account of the death of his mother.

Miss Clark visited relatives at home last week.

H. Grebe spent Sunday at home.

Mrs. John Jahnke and family have returned home.

There was a sewing box at the residence of L. E. Runyan, Tuesday.

Mrs. Cooper and daughter Miss Belle visited here Saturday.

Wm. Hager's cider mill is now in running order. Bring in your apples.

Auction bills printed on short notice at this office.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Miller are making preparations to move to Carpenterville.

The M. E. Aid Society have elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: Mrs. J. O. Solbeck, President; Mrs. U. Buringham, Vice-President; Mrs. C. Wool, Treasurer; Miss Mamie Clark, Secretary.

There will be no service at the Baptist Church Sunday.

Prof. Strayer of Wauconda, and brother of Iowa, visited here Saturday.

Among those that attended the Liberty fair last week were Messrs and Mesdames E. E. Hawley, C. H. Austin, Mrs. Linc, Mrs. Powers, Miss Mamie Clark, Messrs S. Clark, Chas. Runyan, A. Hawley and Frank Sears.

Mrs. J. K. Bennett and son Fred have returned to Barrington.

A surprise party was given John L. Meiners at his home Tuesday evening, September 29th being the 38th anniversary of his birthday. Refreshments were served, and the evening spent in a social way. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. August Landwer and family, Mr. and Mrs. Aug. Weesel and family, Mr. and Mrs. Aug. Boelmier and family, Mr. and Mrs. E. Rieke and family, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Henry, Messrs Henry Brandt, Edward Brandt, John Kampert, Frank Landwer, Misses Mary Brandt, Jackson, Lydia Trye.

Mrs. L. Colburn went to Chicago, Thursday, where she will make her home permanently with her son, Mr. T. B. Richardson.

Brick and sand furnished at very close prices in car load lots. Also Joliet rubble stone, lime, cement and other building material always on hand at E. Lamey's.

Voluntary statements show the benefit derived from the use of Moxie. Recovers nervousness and overwork, acting as a food without reaction. The aged as well as the young should drink Moxie every day.

Emilie Klunger, our daughter, aged 13 years, for nearly 4 years had St. Vitus' dance, could not feed herself or even speak, having lost her voice. Physicians could not help her. By advice of friends we tried Moxie Nerve Food. She is now well. Moxie cured her.

I have used Moxie in several cases where nervous exhaustion was the cause of the trouble, and in each instance the result was most remarkable.

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Murder of a Beautiful Society Girl. A PROMINENT AND WEALTHY YOUNG MAN ARRESTED FOR THE CRIME. THE POLICE RETICENT. For the past few days a great deal of comment has been occasioned by the mysterious disappearance of a beautiful young girl, the daughter of one of our wealthiest and most exclusive families.

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THE WITCH

A FANTASTIC TALE
By F. Marion Crawford

CHAPTER VI—CONTINUED.

"Sorry! No doubt you are. It remains to be seen whether your sorrow can be utilized as a simple, or macerated in tears to make a tonic, or sublimated to produce a corrosive which will destroy the canker, death. But be sorry by all means. It occupies your mind without disturbing me or injuring the patient. Be sure that if I can find an active application for your sentiment I will give you the rare satisfaction of being useful."

"Nothing that you could say or do would surprise me."

"Indeed? We shall see."

"I will leave you to your studies, then. I have been here too long as it is."

"Unorna," he said, suddenly, in an altered voice. See stopped and looked back.

"Well?"

"Do not be angry, Unorna. Do not go away like this."

Unorna turned, almost fiercely, and came back a step.

"Keyork Arabian, do you think you can play upon me as on an instrument? Do you suppose that I will come and go at your word like a child—or like a dog? Do you think you can taunt me at one moment, flatter me the next, and find my humor always at your command?"

The gnome-like little man looked down, made a sort of inclination of his short body, and laid his hand upon his heart.

"I was never so presumptuous, my dear lady. I never had the least intention of taunting you, as you express it, and as for your humor—can you suppose that I could expect to command where it is only mine to obey?"

"Your repentance is too sudden. It savors of the deathbed."

"Small wonder, when my life is in the balance."

"Your life?" She uttered the question incredulously, but not without curiosity.

"My life—and for your word," he answered earnestly.

"We must understand each other—today or never," she said. "Either we must part and abandon the great experiment—for, if we part, it must be abandoned."

"We cannot part, Unorna."

"Then, if we are to be associates and companions—"

"Friends," said Keyork in a low voice.

"Friends? Have you laid the foundation for a friendship between us? You say that your life is in the balance. That is a figure of speech, I suppose. Or has your comedy another act? I can believe well enough that your greatest interest in life lies there upon that couch, asleep. I know that you can do nothing without me, as you know it yourself. But in your friendship I can never trust—never!"

"My accursed folly," he exclaimed, as though speaking to himself. "My damnable ingenuity in being odious. It is not to be believed, that a man of my age should think of one thing and say another—like a tetchy girl or a spoiled child. The stupidity of the thing! And then to have the idiotic utterances of the tongue registered and judged as a confession of faith—or, rather, of faithlessness! A fool to the last, Keyork, as you always were—and who would make a friend of such a fool?"

Unorna leaned upon the back of the chair watching him, and wondering whether, after all, he were not in earnest this time. Suddenly, he stopped, looked at her and came toward her. His manner became very humble.

"You are right, my dear lady," he said. "I have no claim to your forbearance for my outrageous humor. I cannot even ask you to forgive me, for if I tell you I am sorry you will not believe me."

His voice trembled and his bright eyes seemed to grow dull and misty.

"Let this be our parting," he continued, as though mastering his emotion. "I have no right to ask anything. When I have left you, when you are safe forever from my humors and my tempers and myself—then, do not think unkindly of Keyork Arabian. He would have seemed the friend he is, but for his unruly tongue."

Unorna hesitated a moment, then she put out her hand, convinced of his sincerity, in spite of herself.

"Let bygones be bygones, Keyork," she said. "You must not go, for I believe you."

"You are as kind as you are good, Unorna, and as good as you are beautiful," he said, with a gesture which would have been courtly in a man of noble stature, but which was almost grotesque in such a dwarf, he raised her fingers to his lips.

"I must be going," she said.

"So soon?" exclaimed Keyork, regretfully. "There were many things I had wished to say to you today, but if you have no time—"

"I can spare a few moments," answered Unorna, pausing. "What is it?"

"One thing is this. His face had again become impenetrable as a mask of old ivory, and he spoke in his ordinary way. "This is the question. I was in the Toya Kirche before I

came here. While there, I met an old acquaintance of mine, a strange fellow, who I have not seen for years. He is a great traveller—a wanderer through the world. His name? It is strange, but I cannot recall it. He is very tall, wears a dark beard, has a pale, thoughtful face. But I need not describe him, for he told me he had been with you this morning. That is not the point. He is a little mad, poor man, that is all. It struck me that, if you would, you might save him. I know something of his story, though not much. He once loved a young girl, now doubtless dead, but whom he still believes to be alive, and he spends—or wastes—his life in a useless search for her. You might cure him of the delusion."

"How do you know the girl is dead?"

"She died in Egypt four years ago," answered Keyork. "There is no convincing him, and if he were really convinced he would die himself. I used to take an interest in the man, and I know that you could cure him in a simpler and safer way."

"How am I to convince him that he is mistaken, and that the girl is dead?"

"That is very simple. You will hypnotize him, he will yield very easily, and you will suggest to him very forcibly to forget the girl's existence."

"That is true," said Unorna, in a low voice. "Are you sure that the effect will be permanent?" she asked with sudden anxiety.

"A case of the kind occurred in Hungary last year."

"It will interest me extremely. I am very grateful to you for telling me about him."

Unorna had watched her companion narrowly during the conversation, expecting him to betray his knowledge of a connection between the Wanderer's visit and the strange question she had been asking of the sleeper when Keyork had surprised her. She was agreeably disappointed in this, however. He spoke with a calmness and ease of manner which disarmed suspicion.

"I am glad I did right," said he. He stood upon the foot of the couch upon which the sleeper was lying, and looked thoughtfully and intently at the calm features.

"We shall never succeed in this way," he said, at last. "This condition may continue indefinitely, till you are old, and I—until I am older than I am by many years. He may not grow weaker, but he cannot grow stronger. Theories will not renew tissues."

"That has always been the question," she answered. "At least, you have told me so. Will lengthened rest and perfect nourishment alone give a new impulse to growth or will they not?"

"They will not. Theories will not produce tissues."

"What will?"

"Blood," answered Keyork Arabian, very softly.

"I would make it constant for a day, or for a week if I could—a constant circulation; the young heart and the old should beat together; it could be done in the lethargic sleep—an artery and a vein—a vein and an artery—I have often thought of it; it could not fail. The new young blood would create new tissue, because it would itself constantly be renewed in the young body, which is able to renew it, only expending itself in the old. The old blood would itself become young again as it passed to the younger man—"

"A man!" exclaimed Unorna.

"Of course."

"But it would kill him."

"Not at all, as I would do it, especially if the younger man were very strong and full of life."

"Are you perfectly sure of what you say?" asked Unorna eagerly.

"Absolutely. I have examined the question for years."

"Have you everything you need here?" inquired Unorna.

"Everything."

"You seem interested," said the gnome.

"Would such a man—such a man as Israel Kafka answer the purpose?" she asked.

"Admirably," replied the other, beginning to understand.

"Keyork Arabian," whispered Unorna, coming close to him and bending down to his ear. "Israel Kafka is alone under the palm tree where I always sit. He is asleep and he will not wake."

The gnome looked up and nodded gravely. But she was gone almost before she had finished speaking the words.

"As upon an instrument," said the little man, quoting Unorna's angry speech. "Truly I can play upon you but it is a strange music."

Half an hour later Unorna returned to her place among the flowers, but Israel Kafka was gone.

Like Smith Now a Lifer.

Like Smith, the Ohio murderer, who has been respited from the gallows so many times, at last knows his fate. The death sentence has been commuted to imprisonment for life.



street which led toward the river. He walked slowly, drawing his furs closely about him, for it was very cold.

His heart was filled with forebodings which his wisdom bade him treat with indifference, while his passion gave them new weight and new horror with every minute that passed.

The fear of evil, the presentiment of death defied logic, and put its own construction and interpretation upon the strange event. He neither believed, nor desired to believe, in a supernatural visitation, yet the inexplicable certainty of having seen a ghostly vision overwhelmed reason and all her arguments. Beatrice was dead. Her spirit had passed in that solemn hour when the Wanderer had stood in the dusky church; he had looked upon her shadowy wraith, and had heard the echo of a voice from beyond the stars, whose crystal tones already swelled the diviner harmony of an angelic strain.

The Wanderer was of those who dread nothing save for the one dearly beloved object, but who, when that fear is once roused by a real or an imaginary danger, can suffer in one short moment the agony which should be distributed through a whole lifetime. The magnitude of his passion could lend to the least thought or presentiment connected with it the force of a fact and the overwhelming weight of a real calamity.

Love is the first, the greatest, the gentlest, the most cruel, the most irresistible of passions. In his least form it is mighty. A little love has destroyed many a great friendship. The merest outward semblance of love has made such havoc as no intellect could repair. The reality has made heroes and martyrs, traitors and murderers, whose names will not be forgotten for glory or for shame. Helen is not the only woman whose smile has kindled the beacon of a 10 years' war, nor Antony the only man who has lost the world for a caress. It may be that the Helen who shall work our destruction is even now twisting and braiding her golden hair; it may be that the new Antony, who is to lose this same old world again, already stands upon the steps of Cleopatra's throne. Love's day is not over yet, nor has man outgrown the love of woman.

He who has won woman in the face of daring rivals of enormous odds, of gigantic obstacles, knows what love means; he who has lost her, having loved her, alone has measured with his own soul the bitterness of earthly sorrow, the depth of total loneliness, the breadth of the wilderness of despair. And he who has sorrowed long, who has long been alone; but who has watched the small twinkling ray still burning upon the distant border of his desert—the faint glimmer of a single star that was still above the horizon of despair—he only can tell what utter darkness can be upon the face of the earth when the last star has set forever.

Such a man was that Wanderer, as he paced the deserted street in the cruel, gloomy cold of the late day.

Cold and dim and sad the ancient city had seemed before, but it was a thousandfold more melancholy now, more black, more saturated with the gloom of ages. From time to time the Wanderer closed his heavy lids, scarcely seeing what was before him, conscious of nothing but the horror which had so suddenly embraced his whole existence. Then, all at once, he was face to face with some one. A woman stood still in the way, a woman wrapped in rich furs, her features covered by a dark veil which could not hide the unequal fire of the unlike eyes so keenly fixed on his.

"Have you found her?" asked the soft voice.

"She is dead," answered the Wanderer, growing very white.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

He Meant Well.

Some weeks ago, writes a Wisconsin correspondent of the Youth's Companion, a young temperance lecturer, in his travels from town to town, fell in with an Indian, who made signs for a ride. He was allowed to get into the buggy, and pretty soon it appeared that he was intoxicated.

The lecturer, who believed in being instant in season and out of season, began forthwith to labor with his passenger. He dwelt upon the disgrace and death which follow the use of liquors, and wound up by entreating him to forsake his cups.

The Indian did not understand a word of the exhortation, but judging the lecturer by himself, thought from his pleading eyes and earnest manner that he wanted a drink. Accordingly he drew a large, black bottle from under his blanket and offered it to the white man.

The lecturer was elated. He had made a convert, he thought. He took the bottle and dashed it to the ground, where it flew into a thousand pieces.

The Indian could not have been angrier if his scalp had been threatened. He sprang from his seat with a tremendous war-whoop, seized the white man by the arms, dragged him to the ground, beat him in the face, and was reaching for his knife, when the lecturer managed to break away, and ran at his best speed for the next town, where his wounds were dressed.

According to his own version of the affair, he meant well, but showed a lack of judgment.

ILLINOIS.

The dead bodies of two infants were found in a well at Lancaster.

Mrs. Silas Demande died at Danville last week, aged sixty years.

The Sullivan Herald, after an existence of three months, has suspended publication.

Two children of D. B. Snow of Ottawa died within a few hours of each other of diphtheria.

Frederick Bond was arrested at Port Madison, Iowa, on the charge of stealing watches at Lockport.

Thomas McArde, a saloonkeeper at Shultsburg, was fatally shot by Tony Baldwin, a notorious gambler.

August Papey, a farmer of Washington county, was thrown from a horse at Beaucoup and instantly killed.

Gen. J. C. Black, Capt. J. M. Hyman and T. J. Matthews made addresses at the soldiers' reunion at Rushville.

Mrs. Peter Dunley, wife of a wealthy farmer of Wallace-township, was killed at Ottawa by a Rock Island train.

Louis Jaeger, a saloon-keeper of South Chicago, was fined \$11.60 on a charge of selling liquor without a license.

A well-dressed stranger of about thirty years committed suicide by shooting at Oakwood Park, Elgin, Sunday.

Mrs. Lottie Willard, daughter of Hugh Tinnen, proprietor of the Tinnen house, Mount Sterling, dropped dead at St. Joam Springs.

Ed Meintosh was killed and several other men badly injured by a cave-in at the Trenton coal mine in Clinton county.

Benjamin Allison, aged 72 years, a wealthy farmer of McLean county, was thrown from his wagon at Bloomington and killed.

Louis Bouche was killed at East St. Louis by his brother-in-law, August R. Bedorth. The latter claims that he acted in self defense.

Louis Levi, the employe of W. H. Rich, 237 Wells street, Chicago, charged with embezzlement, was before Justice Hambrugher.

The corner stone of the Eline church at Galesburg, was laid last week. Bishop Nrbald officiating. The building is to cost \$30,000.

Moille Haywood was held to the Criminal court at Chicago in \$500 bonds for stealing a watch and some money from L. B. Bird of Crookston.

"Rathskeller" Meyer was fined \$20 and costs for selling game out of season, in Chicago. L. F. Buck, State fish warden, was the complainant.

Charles Owens of Kaneville, while out hunting, was fatally wounded. In crawling through a hedge his gun was discharged, the load entering his back.

In a fight between the families of Gottlieb Kellam and August Blunt, near Joliet, the latter's 10-year-old girl was killed by Kellam. He is in jail.

Jacob Weiner, a saloonkeeper at 3001 South Halstead street, Chicago, was fined \$25 and costs for selling beer to minors. The citizens' league prosecuted.

The public schools of Ottawa have been closed on account of the presence of diphtheria in the city. Two children of D. A. Snow died from the disease.

At Maquon the bank, a grocery, a furniture store, and several shops were burned. A. C. Moans is the heaviest loser. The total loss is \$75,000.

George Baker of Catlin was arrested for attempting to wreck a Wabash train Saturday night by placing ties on a bridge near Danville. He confessed his guilt.

Articles of incorporation of the Marine Car Coupler company, at Chicago, with a capital stock of \$1,000,000, were filed with the Secretary of State of Illinois last week.

Thirteen boys, ranging in age from twelve to sixteen years, sons of respectable parents, are in jail at Kewanee charged with burglaries recently committed there.

Latimore Bartley, of Shawneetown, committed suicide at Fairfield by shooting himself to the heart. His mind had been affected by the death of his wife a few months since.

The Quincy Herold was sold yesterday to Miller, Eaton & Botsford of Rock Island. The new management took immediate possession. The paper will continue Democratic in politics.

Burglars are again at work in Mount Vernon. The safe in the postoffice was blown open and about \$15 worth of stamps taken. It was a very neat job and is supposed to be the work of experienced cracksmen.

H. C. Maxey, an old man of Mount Vernon, was run over by the cars and sustained injuries from which he died in a short time. He was about eighty years of age. He was slightly deaf and probably did not hear the noise of the approaching train.

Thomas Clinch was placed on trial in Judge Brentano's court, Chicago. He was indicted for the murder of Ambrose Dennin of No. 350 South Union street. The day was occupied in getting a jury and in the opening address of Assistant State's Attorney Neely for the prosecution.

An unpleasantness between the congregation of the Second Baptist church of Monmouth, and their pastor, the Rev. A. Madison, caused the latter to bring suit to-day for unpaid salary. Judge Madden rendered judgment against the church for the full amount, \$135.

A large barn, containing eight horses, 300 bushels of oats, 200 bushels of corn, and a large amount of hay, feed, and farming implements, was totally destroyed by fire. The property belonged to James Kear, a wealthy farmer living four and one-half miles southeast of Joliet. It was the work of an incendiary. Loss, \$12,000; partially insured.

Bert Woodruff, Ed Porter, and John Shaw, all young men, have left Sullivan, leaving letters behind saying that it would not be worth while to look for them, as they had gone for good. Woodruff was the son of a prosperous farmer and had been married only a few months. He had just sold his corn and had about \$400 to \$500. Ed Porter was treasurer of the Knights of Pythias Lodge and drew out all the money, about \$125, before starting. Woodruff was bondsman to the lodge for Porter. It is believed they went to Eastern Nebraska or Denver. A warrant is out for Porter's arrest.

CHICAGO AMUSEMENTS.

A List of Chicago's Most Popular Theaters.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

The first week of the grand opera engagement at the Chicago Opera house has clearly demonstrated the superiority of the Minnie Hauk Opera company over any other organization which has ever been heard in Chicago in the English rendition of grand opera. Madame Hauk on Monday evening in "Carmen" sang with all her old fire and brilliancy and received a veritable ovation. The debuts of Madame Tavery, Mlle. Tremelli and Signor Montariol were the signals for immense attendance and great enthusiasm. The new opera "La Cavalleria Rusticana," by Mascagni, which was presented for the first time Wednesday, met with instantaneous success, and in all probability will have to be repeated a number of times during the second week of the engagement. An interesting repertory is promised for the second and last week, including as it does "Lohengrin," "Orpheus & Eurydice," "The Flying Dutchman," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Carmen." Following the Minnie Hauk company at the Chicago Opera house comes the eminent comedian Mr. W. H. Crane, in his latest and greatest successful comedy, "The Senator." Mr. Crane is supported by a very excellent company this season, and his coming will be a matter of happy anticipation to the lovers of refined comedy.

THE AUDITORIUM.

The subscription sale of seats for the great concert season at the Auditorium by the new Chicago orchestra under the direction of Theodore Thomas will be continued until Saturday, October 10. The first public rehearsal will be given on Friday afternoon, October 16, and the first evening concert on Saturday, October 17. These will be continued at intervals until the end of April, 1892, the full season comprising twenty afternoon rehearsals and twenty evening concerts. Prices of season seat tickets for the rehearsals are \$20, \$15, and \$10, and boxes \$150. For the evening concerts \$30, \$20, and \$10, and boxes \$200.

The orchestra will be the best and most complete ever organized in America, and will not be excelled by any in Europe. It will number eighty-six musicians, all artists of the first rank, selected by Mr. Thomas from various cities in the country. The programs will be of the highest excellence, throughout the season, and special attention will be given to the production of the best and newest works of the great composers, dead and living. Eminent soloists will appear on each occasion, among which may be mentioned: Guassini, the great Italian baritone; Rafael Joseffy, pianist; Adele Aus der Ohe, pianist; Emil Fisher, the famous basso; Miss Clemencia De Vere, soprano, and Paderewski, the Polish pianist, whose recent appearances in European cities created extraordinary enthusiasm.

There has been a constant demand for season seats, and the extension of time for their sale is an important advantage for the public.

HAVLIN'S THEATER.

Manager Havlin takes more than ordinary pleasure in heralding the coming of that jolly and vivacious comedienne, Vernona Jarbeau, in her new "Starlight." There is but one Jarbeau and her name is Vernona. Who is there that don't remember this dark-eyed beauty with her quaint and piquant French manners, her sweet voice, chic and merry ways? For years she has been a favorite in burlesque, comic opera and farce-comedy, and her popularity to-day is undiminished. As Carlotta "Starlight," the shepherdess, who is brought to America to become a prima donna, Miss Jarbeau has a role that fits like a kid glove. This season the musical comedy is presented in a greatly improved form, and the sprightly actress has a number of new and catchy songs. Her support is better than ever before. Miss Jarbeau will begin her engagement at Havlin's Sunday afternoon, October 4, following "The Limited Mail."

PEOPLE'S THEATER.

One week, commencing Sept. 27, a new turn in farce comedy will be presented at this popular theater. "An American Boy," a three-act musical farce comedy with twenty people in the cast and a full chorus of singers, under the management of Geo. W. Heath, will be seen for the first time in this city at the People's theater.

Mr. Mason will positively appear at each performance in his unequalled creation, Peter Blatz, the postmaster and village store-keeper of River Edge, N. J.

The American Boy Trio, The Union Quartette, The four Rubes from Skyville (original), The Sewing Girls Trio (original), The Circus Parade in Town, The Elephant on the Rampage, The American Boy's Song (original), The Street Singer's Ballad (original), Grand Medleys, Refined Specialties, New and Elegant Music, Novel Dances, Elegant Scenery, Novel Stage Settings, Mechanical and Trick Devices.

THE CASINO (EDEN MUSEE).

The Casino bill is unusually diversified, and every act is high class and refined as befits a house that caters to family patronage. Zanzie, the magician, does the most artistic act in his line ever seen in this house, and Lax and George, late of Gilmore's band, contribute a most pleasing medley. A new feature this week will be Professor Jackson's illustrated description of a tour of Florida. Director Benjousky and his Russian orchestra will present a change of program.

M'VICKERS THEATER.

Mlle Sarah Bernhardt season at McVicker's theater, will open Monday, October 5, under the management of Henry B. Abbey and Maurice Grau. Repertoire—First week—Monday and Thursday evening, and matinee Saturday—La Tosca. Tuesday evening—Jeanne D'Arc. Fedora Wednesday evening. Friday evening a new play by Messrs. Darmout and Humbolt—Pauline Blanchard. Camille Saturday evening.

Sarah Bernhardt says: "We hold the mirror in which all things are reflected, but in which no truth abides; we help you to endure what there is wearisome in life. Our task is not unworthy. To teach the truth of truths we have the priests; to console us for death we have God."

SUPERBA.

Superba is probably one of the most novel spectacles ever seen on any stage. The Hansons have invested it with a wealth of scenery and trick scenes which they know so well how to introduce. There will also be a large number of specialties, and the company engaged for the play proper is far superior to what one usually finds in plays of this description. Miss Mildred Holland, who plays the part of the wicked Queen in Superba, won the applause of public and press for her excellent rendering of the character last season. She will again be seen in the same part when Superba is produced at McVicker's theater on October 18, following Sara Bernhardt.

CLARK STREET THEATER.

Beginning with the matinee next Sunday, Oct. 4, the coming week's attraction will be "Lost in New York." Of its performance an exchange, the Dallas Daily Times-Herald, Dallas, Texas, says: Opera House—"Lost in New York"—This sterling melodrama was greeted last night on its return by the largest audience that has attended the opera house this season. Camp stools were utilized to accommodate the spectators, and finally at 8:30 the order was given to sell no more tickets. Standing room was at a premium. "Lost in New York" is a five-act melodrama, well known to the theater-loving public, and its realistic scenery and stirring sensations retain for it the affections of theater-goers. The company is fully as strong as that which played here last season and gave excellent satisfaction. Arthur Wilson, as Arthur Wilson, is a sterling actor, and as a stage villain of the most approved type made a great hit. Miss Louise Galloway, Miss Julia McMillan, Miss Hearista Scott, Little Lillian Spencer and Gus Pixley, the comedian of the company, gave very engaging and artistic presentations of the characters assigned to them, and the others in the cast were passably fair. The matinee this afternoon was well patronized, the little folks being out in force.

THE EXPOSITION—CHICAGO.

Ninth Interstate Industrial Exposition of Chicago is now open and fully complete in all departments. No display in its history has exceeded it in variety and interest. The Exhibition is the most magnificent ever presented to the public. The music furnished by the Second Regiment and Aldine bands, who divide the season will be of the highest order. Lincoln Log Cabin admission, 10c; World Fair in Miniature admission, 20c. All railroads running into the city furnish transportation at the low rates. Admission to Exposition: Adults, 25c; children, 15c. Open from 8 a. m. to 10 p. m. daily, except Sundays.

MADISON STREET OPERA HOUSE.

The Pete Peterson company will be the attraction at the Madison Street theater this week, beginning tomorrow night. Business was very good the past week despite the heat, the Steens, whose engagement closed Sunday night, gave a pleasing entertainment. For week commencing October 5, Martha E. Steen and her own refined specialty company.

NEW WINDSOR.

Carroll Johnson, the handsome and sweet-voiced Irish comedian, will be seen at the New Windsor theater next week in his successful new play, by Edward C. Kidder, entitled "The Gossoon." The engagement begins with the Sunday matinee and is but for one week.

HOOLEY'S.

Rosina Vokes and company will follow the Lyceum Theater company at Hooley's, opening Monday, Oct. 5. The first week will be devoted to Courtney Thorpe's dramatization of Rudyard Kipling's "Light That Failed," "Barbara," and "Pantomime Rehearsal."

LIBBY PRISON.

Don't fail to visit Libby Prison, the only War Museum in America. Washash avenue between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sunday from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Two weeks hence Mr. Crane will reappear at the Chicago opera house with "The Senator."

Sarah Bernhardt will come from St. Paul to Chicago by special train, and will arrive here next Sunday evening.

Manager Ben Leavitt of the New Windsor theater has appointed L. J. Oberwarth advertising agent for that popular place of amusement.

"Sinbad" arrived in San Francisco Thursday of last week, and the members of the company were given a well-earned rest after their long trip. The four weeks' engagement at the Baldwin theater will begin this evening, and it is said the receipts for the advance sale of seats were nearly \$15,000.

