

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 7, NO. 33.

SATURDAY, DEC 17, 1892.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

BARRINGTON.

CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church.—Rev. J. F. O'Connell, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 10:30 a. m.

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Mr. Edward Heimerding spent Sunday with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Vermilya visited at Nunda Sunday.

Miss Nellie Gray is visiting friends at Chicago this week.

There will be a young people's service at the M. E. Church next Sunday evening.

Mr. Dyck, special agent for the Fire Association Insurance company, which is represented here by Miles T. Lamey, was here on business Tuesday.

The Chicago and Northwestern Railroad company are putting in the Block system signals between here and the city.

It is almost impossible to find a house here for rent at present.

Mr. C. S. Cutting and wife of Palatine visited friends here Sunday.

The double track which is just completed between Chicago and Barrington is now being used.

The contractors completed work on Mr. E. W. Shipman's house this week.

A new car inspector is here to fill Mr. Shaw's place, he being about to leave Barrington.

The Northwestern has a man to look after the tracks between Palatine and Barrington.

BORN.—To Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reuter, Sunday, twins.

Mrs. Dulin and son, James, of Springfield, Mo., are guests at the home of Mr. E. R. Clark.

BORN.—To Mr. and Mrs. T. Dolan a daughter, Saturday, Dec. 10.

Mr. Reike's daughter was accidentally scalded about the face Monday.

School was closed in Prof. L. B. Easton's room Tuesday.

We have placed for the convenience of the public a mail box at the corner of Mr. Wm. Howarth's store in which news for this paper can be left and will be taken up Tuesday evening of each week.

With the large increase of business during the past year I have enlarged my stock and find my present place too small and inconvenient. I have made arrangements with A. W. Meyer for the large room in his new building, in which I will move next week and will be able to give the public a good assortment of everything in the line of hardware, stores, milk cans, etc., at prices that cannot be beat. Yours respectfully, L. F. SCHROEDER.

PALATINE.

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property; houses rented; loans negotiated; collections made; taxes paid; conveyancing done; insurance placed, etc. For anything in the above line call on F. J. Filbert, real estate agent, Palatine.

Christmas presents of all kinds and prices at Olin's drug store.

You can make the children happy with some article out of the large assortment at the postoffice.

If you need an umbrella repaired call at Smith's, 70 Fifth Avenue, two blocks south of Northwestern depot.

JEFFERSON PARK.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Rev. A. M. Thome, pastor; Charles Farnsworth, superintendent of Sunday school. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 in the church parlors. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor Sunday evening at 6:30 o'clock, and Junior society at 8:30.

GERMAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Rev. Block, pastor. Sunday services at 8:15 p. m. Sunday school at 3:15 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—The Rev. Whyom, pastor. Services every Sunday at 2 p. m. at the Masonic hall.

BORN.—Dec. 12, 1892, to the wife of James Townsend, a girl. Mother and child are doing well.

DIED.—Dec. 13, 1892, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Belifus of scarlet fever.

The Y. P. S. C. E. was led by Mrs. Nichols at last Sunday meeting and a very large attendance made the singing and meeting very interesting.

Everybody is invited to attend these meetings.

Call and get your letters at the post office. Assistant Postmaster Schoessling has issued a long list of letters remaining in the office which can be seen near the window where you get your mail. Look it over and probably there is one for you.

School closes on the 23d for two weeks' vacation.

The rules and regulations adopted for the "Leap-year ball" are of a very "confining" nature. They must either be "adhered to" (the bench) strictly or the violator will be "heeled" to account for his act.

Mr. Theo. Schultz made a good bargain one day last week with a party from Niles, whose name we failed to get. The transaction was a piece of property corner Milwaukee and Lawrence avenues, about 50 feet, which brought the price of \$5,000, and also the party will construct a three-story building with a large hall, immediately. We hope that property owners of large tracts of land on Milwaukee and Lawrence avenues will follow Mr. Schultz's plan.

The young ladies of this place met at the home of Miss Nellie Wulff on Monday evening last, and completed arrangements for their grand "Leap-year Ball," which they contemplate giving in Park Hotel Hall, on New Year's Eve.

Special arrangements have been made for the safe conduct and exquisite pleasure of every young man who properly affects an entrance to the hall and devout parents, who are usually skeptical of the manner in which their little boys carry themselves, have now occasion to enjoy at least one night's total rest, as the ladies have absolute control of everything.

G. Minor has a fine line of poultry which he will keep in stock till after the holidays.

The boys and girls were treated again with some very fine skating the first of the week.

The life and drum boys will give a private dance on the 23d of this month at the Park Hotel. Invitations are out and are required at the door on the night of the dance. Those holding invitations should not neglect in going as it will not only help the boys out but they will miss a good time.

The young ladies of this community are preparing to give a Leap year party on New Year's eve. Boys buy your girl candy or she will get somebody else.

And still there is another dance billed in the future, which will be held on New Year's eve by the Jefferson Park Mannechor, at Thompson Hall.

A very sad and fatal accident occurred to a young boy of this place, named August Davis, last Saturday while engaged at work in a large factory in the city; his arm was caught by a large belt running at a high speed and torn from the shoulder. The boy was taken to the hospital, but died soon after reaching it.

A. P. Esterquist has again added more stock to his goods this week for the holiday sales. Call on him and examine the fine watches and jewelry and other notions.

An order was issued to Principal O'Keefe by Dr. M. T. Moore on Monday morning last requesting that lady to dismiss the Beifus children and to prevent their further attendance at school until their toleration was considered practicable. Our very worthy Principal very readily complied with the request and only grieved of the fact that she was not sooner informed. Dr. Moore was not called to attend the Beifus child until Monday morning, and of course could not operate sooner. The Doctor claims also that the milk sold by the Beifus family should not now be a desirable article of purchase as the disease is largely pregnant therein.

THE JEFFERSON STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

We notice by an illustrated circular published by the Jefferson Street Railway Company that matters are progressing very favorably toward the success in the near future of this line of rapid transit so much needed in this section of the city.

The mere fact that such well-known and enterprising citizens as L. C.

Tryon, A. Dunning, Lazarus Silverman, Isaac W. Higgins, George C. Thomas, Walter Sawyer, Cassius W. Gould, Charles E. Brown, J. B. Tark, Jr., J. M. Davies, W. H. Wadsworth, George H. Parker, William Bodenweck, A. H. Hill, Fred E. Eldred, Evan J. Morton, E. E. Gordon, W. C. Hazleton, William Peacock, R. J. Bickelike, William Gager, J. C. Lewis, B. A. Long, Dr. D. B. Fonda, Henry Esdohr, William Johnson, A. A. Book, Henry Wulff, W. T. Thackeray, J. K. Bickelike, Anton Praeger and A. B. Lewis is sufficient guarantee that business, and nothing but business, has been meant from the start, and it was only the other day that Mr. Theodore Schultz was willing to let that within six months from the time the Common council grants them the right cars will be successfully running on the rails of the company.

The officers are as follows: George H. Parker, President; William Bodenweck, Vice-President; Henry Wulff, Treasurer; J. Meredith Davies, General Manager; A. B. Lewis, Secretary.

William Bodenweck, Anton Praeger, Henry Wulff, A. H. Hill, George H. Parker, Fred E. Eldred, Joseph R. Bickelike, W. T. Thackeray, A. B. Lewis.

The company was incorporated Sept. 21, 1892, with a capital stock of \$300,000.

In conclusion it is only just to say that great credit is due to Mr. J. Meredith Davies, the general manager, for his untiring and successful efforts in obtaining right of way for the line, and, in fact, for the manner in which he has thus far conducted and promoted its affairs generally.

The company offices are located at rooms 24 and 25 No. 155 Washington street.

PARK RIDGE.

CHURCHES.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Rev. Charles S. Leeper, pastor; C. M. Davis, Superintendent. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 in the church parlors. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor Sunday evening at 6:30 o'clock, and Junior society at 8:30.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The Rev. R. H. Dolliver, pastor; F. C. Jorgensen, Superintendent of Sunday school. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 10:30 a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 in the church parlors. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor Sunday evening at 6:30 o'clock.

VILLAGE OFFICERS.

W. P. Black, President; Elias W. Robinson, Charles A. Lutz, Cord Hulman, F. E. Glides, C. M. Davis and George H. Miller, Trustees; George T. Stebbings, Clerk and Commissioner of Public Works; A. R. Holbrook, Treasurer; C. B. Robinson, Supt. Water Works; C. H. Moore, Police Officer; G. H. Fricks, Health Officer.

SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

Owen Stuart, President; Frank W. McNally, Secretary; Thomas Jones, Charles Kobov, F. C. Jorgensen, J. E. Berry.

Pay up.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Shute will spend Christmas with friends in the city.

Liquidate.

Mrs. J. S. Marsh of Kenwood is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. A. Taylor.

Have you received your bill for the Park Ridge Herald?

Mrs. J. A. Lowman has a combination gasoline heater and baker that is a beauty.

The editor is getting weary waiting.

Mrs. J. A. Shute has a sacred Chinese lily. You should see it.

"Hands up," \$1.50 please.

The "Sunshine Weavers" cleared \$17.40, which will be devoted to the purchase of chairs for the church.

A man gave an editor \$10 to pay one year's subscription of \$1.50. The editor thanked the man and gave him a receipt for ten years. Now we wouldn't do that, but give you \$8.50 in change, provided we had it.

The "Bennett Illustrated Lecture" cleared \$30.

Trustee Glides has returned from an extended business trip through the West. His health is not of the best.

We are not offering any premiums in connection with our paper, but we do offer reliable news to our subscribers and expect an equivalent in good hard cash.

Full particulars of "Your Mother's Apron Strings," in our next issue.

We chanced to meet
Upon the busy street—
A glance,
Perchance
A sudden crowd told the tale complete.
Young love not dead
Tho' all its hopes were fled
And dreams
But gleams
O'er the dark waters of a nameless dread.
The thronged mart
Them swiftly swept apart,
One glance
Perchance
A longer look had made a faithless heart.
—Inter Ocean.

AUNT ANNIE'S TEETH.

Aunt Anniky was an African dame fifty years old, and of an imposing appearance. As a watermaker she possessed a gift beyond the common, but her unapproachable talent lay in the province of nursing. She seemed born for the benefit of sick people. She should have been painted with the apple of healing in her hand. For the rest, she was a funny, illiterate old darkey, vain, affable, and neat as a pink.

On one occasion my mother had a dangerous illness. Aunt Anniky nursed her through it, giving herself no rest night nor day until her patient had come "back to de walks an' ways ob life," as she expressed the dear mother's recovery. My father, overjoyed and grateful, felt that we owed its result quite as much to Aunt Anniky as to our family doctor, so he announced his intention of making her a handsome present, and like King Herod, left her free to choose what it should be.

"Well, Mars' Charles," said she (she had been one of our old servants, and always called my father Mars' Charles), "to tell you de livin' trufe, my soul an' body is a yearnin' fur a han'sum chany set o' teef."

"A set of teef?" cried father, surprised enough, "and have you none left of your own?"

"I has gummed it fur a good many yers," said Aunt Anniky, with a sigh; "but not wishin' ter be ongrateful ter my obligations, I owas ter havin' five natural teef. But dey is po' sengers; dey shirks battle. One of dems got a little somethin' in it as lively as a speared worm an' I tell you when anything teches it hot or cold, it jest makes me dance. An' anudder is in my top jaw, an' ain't got no match fur it in de bottom one; an' one is broke off nearly to de root; an' de las' two is so yaller dat I's ashamed ter show 'em in company, an' so I liff my turkey-tail to my mouf every time I laughs or speaks."

"Well," said my father, "I'm going to the village to-morrow, Anniky, in the spring wagon. I will take you with me and we will see what the dentist can do."

"Bless yo' heart, Mars' Charles," said the delighted Anniky, "you're jest as good as yo' blood an' yo' name, an' mo' I couldn't say."

The morning came, and with it Aunt Anniky, gorgeously arrayed in a flaming red calico, a banana handkerchief, and a string of carved yellow beads that glistened in her bosom like fresh buttercups on a hillside.

Dr. Babb was the dentist and the odd fish of our village. He beams in my memory as a big, round man, with hair and smiles all over his face, who talked incessantly, and said things to make your blood run cold.

He motioned Aunt Anniky to the chair, into which she dropped in a limp sort of way, recovering herself immediately, however, and sitting bolt-upright in a rigid attitude of defiance. Some moments of persuasion were necessary before she could be induced to lean back and allow Dr. Babb's fingers on her nose while she breathed the laughing gas; but once settled, the expression faded from her countenance almost as quickly as a magic lantern picture vanishes, and in an incredibly short space of time her five teeth were out. As she came to herself, I am sorry to say, she was rather silly, and quite mortified me by winking at Dr. Babb in the most confidential manner and repeating over and over again, "Honey, yer ain't half as smart as yer thinks yer is."

After a few weeks of sore gums, Aunt Anniky appeared radiant with her new teeth. The effect was certainly funny. In the first place, blackness itself was not so black as Aunt Anniky. She looked as if she had been dipped in ink and polished off with lampblack. Her very eyes showed but the faintest rim of white, but those teeth were white enough to make up for everything. She had selected them herself, and the little ridiculous milk-white things were more fitted for the mouth of a Titania than for the great cavern in which Aunt Anniky's tongue moved and had a beginning. The gums above them were black, and when she spread her wide mouth in a laugh it always reminded me of a piano lid opening suddenly and showing all the black and white stories at a glance.

Uncle Ned was an old colored man, who lived alone in a cabin not very far from Aunt Anniky's but very different from her's in point of cleanliness and order. In fact, Uncle Ned's wealth, apart from a little corn crop, consisted in a lot of fine young pigs that ran in and out of the house at all times, and were treated by their owner as tenderly as if they had been his children. One fine day the old man fell sick of a fever, and he sent in haste for Aunt Anniky to come and nurse him. He agreed to give her a pig in case she brought him through; should she fail to do so, he was to receive no pay. Uncle Ned got well, and the next thing we heard was that he refused to pay the pig. My father was usually called on to settle all the disputes in the neighborhood; so one morning Anniky and Ned appeared before him, both looking very indignant.

"I'd jes like ter tell yer, Mars' Charles," began Uncle Ned, "or de

trick dis miser'ble ole nigger played on me."

"Go on, Ned," said my father with a resigned air.

"Well, it war de fift' night o' de fever," said Uncle Ned, "an' I wuz a-tossin' an' a-mounin' an' old Anniky jes lay back in her cheer an' snored as ef a dozen frogs wuz in her throat. I wuz a-perishin' an' a-burnin' wid thirst—an' I hollerred to Anniky; but lor! I might as well a hollerred to a tombstone! It wuz ics I wanted; an' I knowed dar wuz a glass somehwere on my table wid cracked ice in it. Lor! lor! how dry I wuz! I neber longed fur whisky in my born days ez I panted fur dat ica. It wuz powerful dark fur de grease wuz low in de lamp, an' de wick spluttered wid a dyin' flame. But I felt arter, feeble like an' slow, till my fingers touched a glass. I pulled it to me, an' I run my han' in an' grabbed de ica, as I s'posed an' flung it in my mouf, an' crunched an' crunched—"

Here there was an awful pause. Uncle Ned pointed his thumb at Anniky, looked wildly at my father, and said in a hollow voice: "It wuz Anniky's teef."

My father threw back his head and laughed, as I had never heard him laugh. Mother from her sofa joined in. I was doubled up like a jackknife in the corner. But as for the principals in the affair, neither of their faces moved a muscle. They saw no joke. Aunt Anniky, in a dreamlike, snaky sort of voice, took up the tale.

"Nexsh ting I knowed, Marsh Charles somebody's sheizin' me by de head, a-jummin' it up 'gin de wall, a-jawin' at me like de angel Gabriel at de fish old sinners in de bad playho—an' dar wash ole Ned a-spittin' like a black cat, an' a-howlin' so dreadful dat I tought he wash de debil; an' when I got de light dar wash my beautiful chany teef a-flung aroun' like scattered seed-corn on de flo', an' Ned a-swearin' he'd have de law on me."

"An' arter all dat," broke in Uncle Ned, "she purtends to lay claim fur my pig. But I says no sir; I don't pay nobody nothin' who played me a trick like dat."

"Trick!" said Aunt Anniky, scornfully; "what's de trick? Tink I wanted yer ter eat my teef? An' furdermo', Marsh Charles dar's jes dis 'bout it. When dat night set in, dar wuz no mo' hope fur ole Ned dan fur a foundered sheep. Laws-a-mussy! dat's why I went ter sleep. I wanted ter hev streng' ter put on his burial clothes in de mornin'. But don' yer see, Marsh Charles, dat when he rot so mad, it brought on a sweat dat broke de fever. It saved him! But fur all dat, arter munchin' an' manglin' my chany teef, he has de impudence of tryin' to 'prive me of de pig dat I honestly 'arned."

"It was a hard case, Uncle Ned, dat there a very image of injured dignity, while Aunt Anniky bound a red handkerchief around her mouth and fanned herself with her turkey tail.

"I am sure I don't know how to settle de matter," said father, helplessly. "Ned, I don't see but that you'll have to pay up."

"Nuber, Mars' Charles—nuber," suggested father, brilliantly; "that will unite your interests you know."

Aunt Anniky tossed her head. Uncle Ned was old, wizened, wrinkled as a raisin, but he eyed Anniky over with a supercilious gaze and said, with dignity: "I I wanted ter marry, I could get a likely young gal."

All the four points of Anniky's turban shook with indignation. "Pay me fur dem chany teef!" she hissed. Some visitors interrupted the dispute at this time, and the two darkies went away.

A week later Uncle Ned appeared, with rather a sheepish look.

"Well, Mars' Charles," he said, "I's 'bout concluded dat I'll marry Anniky."

"Ah! is that so?"

"Pears like de onliest way I kin save my pigs," said Uncle Ned, with a sigh. "When she's married, she's bound ter 'bey me. Women 'bey your husbands; dat's what de good book says."

"Yes, she will bay you I don't doubt," said my father, making a pun that Uncle Ned could not appreciate. "An' ef she opens her aw ter me 'bout dem ar teef," he went on, "I'll mash her."

Uncle Ned tottered on his legs like an un-crowed fruit stand, and I had my opinion as to his "mashing" Aunt Anniky. This opinion was confirmed the next day when my father offered her his congratulations. "You are old enough to know your own mind," he remarked.

"I's ole, maybe," said Anniky, "but so is a oak tree, an' it's vigorous, I reckon. I's a purty vigorous sort o' growth myself, an' I reckon I'll have my own way wid Ned. I'm gwine ter fatten dem pigs o' his'n, an' you see ef I don't sell 'em nex' Christmas fur money nough ter get a new string o' chany teef."

"I, ok here, Anniky," said father, with a burst of generosity. "You and Ned will quarrel about those teeth till the day of doom; so I will make you a wedding present of another set, that you may begin married life in harmony."

Aunt Anniky expressed her gratitude. "An' dis time," she said, with sudden fury, "I sleeps wid 'em in."

The teeth were presented, and the wedding preparations began. The expectant bride went over to Ned's cabin and gave it such a clearing up as it had never had. But Ned did not seem happy. He devoted himself entirely to his pigs, and wandered about, looking more wizened every day. Finally he came to our gate and beckoned to me mysteriously.

"Come over to my house, honey," he whispered, "an' bring a pen an' ink an' a piece o' paper wid yer, I wants yer ter write me a letter."

I ran into the house to get my little

writing desk, and followed Uncle Ned to his cabin.

"Now, honey," he said after barring the door carefully, "don't ax me no questions, but jest put down de words dat come out o' my mouf on dat ar paper."

"Very well, Uncle Ned; go on."

"Anniky Hobbleson," he began, "dat wedin' ain't a-gwine ter come off. You cleans up too much to suit me. I ain't used ter so much water splashin' aroun'. Dirt is warm in. Spec' I'd freeze dis winter if you wuz here. An' you got too much tongue. Besides, I's got anudder wife over in Tipper. An' I ain't agwine ter marry. As fur havin' de law, I's a leavin' dese parts an' I takes de pigs wid me. Yer can't fin' dem, an' yer can't fin' me. Fur I ain't a-gwine ter marry. I was born a bachelor, an' a bachelor will I represent myself befo' de judgment seat. If you gives yer promise ter say no mo' 'bout dis marryin' business, praps I'll come back some day. So no mo' at present from your humble worshiper."

—NED C. DRY.

I wrote it all down and read it aloud to Uncle Ned.

"Now, my chile," he said, "I'm a-gwine ter git my mule soon as de moon rises ter-night an' drive my pigs ter Col' water Gap, whar I'll stay an' fish. Soon as I'm well gone, you take dis letter ter Anniky, but min' yer don't tell whar I's gone. An' if she takes it all right, an' promises ter let me alone, you write me a letter, an' I'll git de dust, Methodis' preacher I run across in de woods, ter read it ter me. Den, ef it's all right, I'll come back an' weed yer flower garden fur yer as purty as preachin'."

I agreed to do all Uncle Ned asked, and we parted like conspirators. Sure enough, the next morning Uncle Ned was missing, and after waiting a reasonable time, I explained the matter to my parents, and went over with his letter to Aunt Anniky.

"Powers above!" was her only comment as I got through the remarkable epistle. Then, after a pause to collect her thoughts, she seized me by the shoulder, saying: "Run to yo' pap, honey, quick, an' ax him if he's gwine ter stick ter his bargain 'bout de teef. Yer know he p'intedly said dey was a weddin' gif."

Of course my father sent word that she must keep the teeth, and my mother added a message of sympathy, with a present of a pocket handkerchief to dry Aunt Anniky's tears.

"Put 'em all right," said that sensible old soul, opening her piano lid with a cheerful laugh. "Bless you, chile, it wuz de teef I wanted, not de man! An' honey, you 'es'en word to dat shifless ole nigger ef you know whar he's gone, to come back home an' git his crap in de ground; an' as fur a I'm concerned, you jest let him know dat I wouldn't pick him up wid a ten-foot pole no if he was to beg me with his knees till de millennial day.—Romance."

A HORNBOK.

How Our Great-Grandfathers and Grandmothers Learned Their Alphabets.

I wonder if any of the young folks who read this history have ever seen a hornbook, asked that popular young writer, Alice Maude Ewell, in a delightful story in Peterson's Magazine. Indeed, I wonder if many of them even know what a hornbook is or rather, was, for, granting that some hornbooks are still to be found as curiosity shops and the like places, they yet belong too much to the past to be lightly written of in the present tense. But however out of use now, we may be sure that our great-grandfathers and grandmothers, or at least all of them who knew how to read, were no strangers to the hornbook.

A hornbook was as its name implies, a book of one page and one leaf, a sheet of light colored horn, with or without a wooden frame with the letters of the alphabet, big and little—from A to Z, as the old people say—engraved upon it, very substantial and, alas! uninviting to the infant mind set to learn from its dingy surface. But in the day of hornbooks children's taste for pretty pictures, bright colors and general variety was not much consulted, and the hornbook, compared with our primers and spelling books, was perhaps as dreary as "The Elements of Morality" or "Improving Selections for Youthful Minds" in contrast to "Little Woman" or "Alice in Wonderland."

NOT IN HIS LINE, EXACTLY.

A man with an awful of handbills went into Mr. Schoppenheim's restaurant and asked permission to tack a hundred or so to the wall, says the Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Vot vos dose?" asked Schoppenheim.

"Circulars advertising a railroad excursion."

"You goes away off mit a week or den days, and you goes cheaper as to stay at home?" asked Schoppenheim.

"That's it."

"And you wants to hang dose circulars mein restaurant in?"

"You've got it."

"Got vot?"

"Tue idea."

"Den mein customers would read dose circulars?"

"That's the idea."

"Und go away off dose days or two weeks?"

"Yes."

"Und don't eat dinners here vile dey vos away?"

"Well, they could hardly do that, you know," said the handbill man hesitatingly.

"Dof's rot I dinks meinself. Nein! I guess I rot have say of dose pills hung mein restaurant in. Good day, mein friend."

The thing said, and was gone.

Cubeb—I see McSnoo-e has gone to his last long sleep.

Scarcely—What—Dead?

Cubeb—Oh, no. He's become a policeman.—Washington.

A LITTLE MAN YELLED.

HIS TRUSTY GUN HAD BROUGHT DOWN A BEAR.

A Winter Idyl of a Bear, a Hound and a Small Man With a Gun—Creation Rocked When the Bear Stumbled and Fell.

In a field of snow some green pines huddled together and sang in quavers as the wind whirled among the gutties and ridges. Icicles dangled from the trees' beards, and fine dusts of snow lay upon their brows. On the ridgetop a dismal choir of hemlocks crowned over one that had fallen. The dying sun created a dim purple and flame-colored tumult on the horizon's edge and then sank until level crimson beams struck the trees. As the red rays retreated, armies of shadows stole forward. A gray, ponderous stillness came heavily in the steps of the sun. A little man stood under the quivering pines. He was muffled to the nose in fur and wool, and a hideous cap was pulled tightly over his ears. His cold and impatient feet had stamped a platform of hard snow beneath him. A black-barreled rifle lay in the hollow of his arm. His eyes watery from incessant glaring swept over the snowfields in front of him. His body felt numb and bloodless, and soft curses came forth and froze on the icy wind. The shadows crept about his feet until he was merely a blurred blackness, with keen eyes.

Off over the ridges, through the tangled sounds of night, came the yell of a hound on the trail. It pierced the ears of the little man and made his blood swim in his veins. His eyes eagerly plunged at the wall of thickets across the stone field, but he moved not a finger or foot. Save his eyes he was frozen to a statue. The cry of the hound grew louder, then passed away to a faint yelp, then still louder. At first it had a strong vindictiveness and bloodthirstiness in it. Then it grew mournful as the wailing of a lost thing, as perhaps the dog gained on a fleeing bear. A hound as he hears large game has the griefs of the world on his shoulders, and his baying tells of the approach of death. He is sorry he came.

The long yells thrilled the little man. His eyes gleamed and grew small and his body stiffened to intense alertness. The trees kept up their crooning and the light in the west faded to a dull red splash, but the little man's fancy was fixed on the panting, foam-spattered hound, cantering with his hot nose to the ground in the rear of the bear, which runs as easily and as swiftly as a rabbit, through brush, timber and swale. Swift pictures of himself in a thousand attitudes, under a thousand combinations of circumstances, killing a thousand bears, passed panoramically through him.

The hound breasted the crest of the ridge a third of a mile away and suddenly his full-toned cry rolled over the tangled thickets to the little man. The bear must be very near. The little man kept so still and listened so tremendously that he could hear his blood surge in his veins. All at once he heard a swish-swish in the bushes. His rifle was at his shoulder and he sighted uncertainly along the front of the thicket. The swish of the bushes grew louder. In the rear the hound was mourning over a warm scent.

The thicket opened and a great bear, indistinct and vague in the shadows, bounded into the little man's view and came terrifically across the open snow field. The little man stood like an image. The bear did not "shamb" nor "wob," he there was no awkwardness in his gait, he ran like a frightened kitten. It would be an endless chase for the little limbed hound in the rear.

On he came, directly toward the little man. The animal heard only the crying behind him. He knew nothing of the thing with death in its hands standing motionless in the shadows before him.

Slowly the little man changed his aim until it rested where the head of the approaching shadowy mass must be. It was a wee motion made with steady nerves and a soundless swaying of the rifle barrel, but the bear heard, o'paw and knew. The animal whirled swiftly and started in a new direction with an amazing burst of speed. Its side was toward the little man now. His rifle barrel was searching swiftly over the dark shape. Under the fore-shoulder was the place. A chance to pierce the heart, sever an artery or pass through the lungs. The little man saw swirling fur over his gun barrel. The earth faded to nothing. Only space and the game, the aim and the hunter. Mad emotions powerful to rock worlds hurried through the little man but did not shake his tinest nerve.

When the rifle cracked it shook his soul to a profound depth. Creation rocked and the bear stumbled. The little man sprang forward with a roar. He scrambled hastily in the bear's track. The splash of red, now dim, threw a faint timid beam on a kindred shade on the snow. The little man bounded in the air.

"Hit!" he yelled, and ran on. Some hundred yards forward he came to a dead bear with his nose in the snow. Blood was oozing slowly from a wound under the shoulder, and the snow about was sprinkled with blood. A mad froth lay in the animal's open mouth and his limbs were twisted from agony.

The little man yelled again and sprang forward, waving his hat as if he were leading the cheering of thousands. He ran up and kicked the ribs of the bear. Upon his face was the smile of the successful lover.

—The Associated Press.

Mrs. Harlow Kiver was busy cutting her husband's hair. Their little

son Johnny picked up some of the hair that was scattered over the floor.

"Please, ma, mayn't I have a lock of papa's hair? I want it so bad."

"Yes, my child. Just see there. George, what an affectionate little fellow he is. That child has more heart than any child of his age I ever saw. He wants to keep a lock of your hair as a keepsake. He is the best boy in Harlem."

"What do you want the hair for, Johnny?" asked Mrs. Harlow Kiver.

"I want it for the tail of my hobby-horse; his tail is too thin," replied the affectionate little creature.—Texas Siftings.

FEAR THE SAVAGE MOST.

Animals Do Not Stand in so Much Aw of the Civilized Being.

Savage man, who has generally been first in contact with animals, is usually a hunter and therefore an object of dislike to the other hunting animals, and of dread to the hunted. But civilized man, with his supply of bread and beef is not necessarily a hunter, and it is just conceivable that he might be content to leave the animals in a newly discovered country unmolested and condescend when not better employed, to watch their attitude toward himself, says the Popular Science Monthly. The impossible island in "The Swiss Family Robinson," in which half the animals of the two hemispheres were collected, would be an ideal place for such an experiment. But, unfortunately, uninhabited islands seldom contain more than a few species and those generally birds or sea beasts and in newly discovered game regions savage man was generally before us with his arrow, spear and pitfall. Some instances of the first contact of animals with man have, however, been preserved in the accounts of the early voyages collected by Hakluyt and others, though the hungry navigators were generally more intent on victimizing than ships with the unsuited beasts and birds or on noting those which would be useful commodities for "traffic" than in cultivating friendly relations with the animal inhabitants of the newly discovered islands.

She Had Him.

Smartallick was showing off his great knowledge to a girl the other evening.

"An' a person strike unless he has something to strike with," he asked.

"Certainly," she said, without thinking.

He gave a conquering snicker.

"What do these laboring men strike with?" and he sneered again.

"With unanimity," she replied promptly, and he pulled in his horns.—Detroit Free Press.

I'm Not a Dynamite.

Col. Yenger—Why, Uncle Mose, you are all broke up. How did it happen?

Uncle Mose—Dynamite, Kurnel.

Col. Yenger—Dynamite?

Uncle Mose—Yes, sah; ole Dinah—dat's my wife—she flung me fru a windy.—Texas Siftings.

His Letters.

"I wrote three letters this morning," he said with the air of a man who had accomplished much.

"Ah, indeed?" replied the young woman. "What were they? I O U?"—Detroit Free Press.

—Detroit Free Press.

TALES THAT ARE TOLD.

One of the most eloquent things said by the late George William Curtis, of a friend about whom he was writing, was: "He was so true that his impressions were like moral judgments—he was an additional conscience to his friends."

Many years ago Edgar Allan Poe said that Tennyson was "the most ethereal poet of this or any other age." The kerry declared him to be the wisest man he knew; George Eliot said that his dramas "ran Shakespeare close" and Dickens, reading his poems by the seashore, exclaimed, "What a great creature he is!"

Boito, the opera-libretto writer, having been requested to contribute to an album, inscribed this sentence on the page: "Ebro e Otel, ma Amleto e orbe" (Drunkard is Othello, but Hamlet is mad). The chief point of interest about it, apparently, is that it spells the same whether you read it forward or backward.

Among the interesting bits of personal property accumulated by the late W. W. Corcoran, says Kate Field's Washington, was a highly polished stick made from the wood of the Mercuria. It was originally made for Gen. Lee, and bears the presentation date, "October, 1866." After Gen. Lee's death the cane was given to Mr. Corcoran by Mary Custis Lee, and the date and fact of the second presentation added to the inscription.

Halifax, N. S., sent to Sable Island, N. S., some time ago, a number of cats to destroy the rats, which were killing the rabbits. The cats, being of destroying the rats, played safe in among the rabbits, and at last, becoming very numerous, a number of foxes were sent to drive the cats out. The foxes not only killed the cats but all the young birds. This fact has been brought to the notice of the government with a view to having the foxes cleared off the island.

At the time when both Leigh Hunt and Thomas Carlyle were very poor, the latter had a visitor one day who discovered two golden sovereigns lying exposed in a little vase on the chimney-piece and asked what they were for. Carlyle looked for him—embarrassed, and gave no definite answer. "Well, now, my dear fellow," said the visitor, "neither you nor I am quite in a position to play ducks and drakes with sovereigns; what are they for?" "Well," said Carlyle, "the fact is, Leigh Hunt likes better to be a beggar than that I should give him a hint."

PEOPLE IN PARVOULAR.

Governor Peck's excuse for writing "Peck's Bad Boy" is that he was only 13 years old at the time.

A project is on foot to erect a memorial statue to Mrs. Felicia Hemans in Liverpool, where she was born in 1759.

A Kentucky cattle dealer shipped 700 fine Durham cattle to England for Christmas beef, part of which, he says, was for Queen Victoria.

The number of visitors to Robert Burns' birthplace continues extraordinarily large. Last year 28,000 people crossed the threshold of that little cottage at Ayr.

The Kaiser has decided that a picture of the German empress shall be put up in every army barracks so that soldiers shall be able to recognize her when they see her.

Mrs. Mary T. Whitney is the new pastor of the Second Unitarian church of Boston. Her husband is also a preacher, and it is said that they will occasionally exchange pulpits.

The Grand Duchess Nicholas Alexandrovitch, widow of the recently deceased uncle of the czar, is about to leave the convent at Kiev, where she has spent several months, and take up her abode permanently in Jerusalem with ten nuns whom she will take with her.

Except himself, but two members of Oliver Wendell Holmes' class at college still survive. The famous class dinners at a public hotel have been discontinued, but those who remain are still annually entertained by Dr. Holmes in his own house. It has been sixty-three years since the graduation exercises of these three octogenarians.

A bronze statue of the late Albert Pike, the eminent Free Mason, has been promised to the supreme council of the Scottish Rite Masons by Mrs. Minnie Ream Hoxie. It will be her own work, and the casting is to be done under her eye and at her own expense. The gift is made as an expression of her personal admiration for Mr. Pike.

SUGAR AND SPICE.

"That remains to be seen," as the boy said when he split the ink on the tablecloth.

Even when a man begins a remark by saying, "I've half a mind," he would quickly resent anybody's saying, "Everybody knows that."

"Are you pressed for money now?" "No," replied Foggy, "that's all gone by long ago. When Mrs. F. wants money now she just demands it."

This is the way she wound up her letter: "P. S.—If this letter never reaches you, you will know that it is not my fault, as I shall give it to my husband to mail."

Joggs—Hello there, Joggs, what are you going to do with that keg of powder? Joggs—I am going to try to blow myself away from a porous plaster that's on my back.

"So you are the leddy who advertised for a servant?" "Yes, I think you would like the place." "I don't know; what afternoons would yee want to use the parlor?"

Mabel, to Frank, who has had to take Miss Weighty for a row—Well, Frank, how did you like her? Frank, wearily—I wasn't particularly pleased, but she made a great impression on the water.

"Fell down the elevator shaft? Poor fellow! What was his name?" "His name? O, Simpkins or Jacobs, or something of the kind. He lived in our ward, but he'd neglected to register. Nasty day, isn't it?"

"Aunt Nancy—Think of studyin' to be a doctor, eh? Don't you do it. Young Man—Why not, aunty? Aunt Nancy—You can't git no practice till ye git married, an' ye can't git married till ye git practice, that's why."

Mrs. Flutter—I hear the dealers are going to raise the price of sealskin saques this winter. Mrs. Slumpus—I hope they'll be more successful than I am. I've been trying to raise the price of one



Kearney.

E. T. STEDMAN.

In that soldierly legend it is still on its journey. The story of Kearney who knew not to yield. 'Twas the day when Jameson, fierce Berry and Birney. Against twenty thousand he rallied the field. Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose highest, No charge like Phil Kearney's along the whole line. When the battle went ill and the bravest were slain, Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still hold our ground. He rode down the length of the withering column And his heart at our war-cry leaped up with a bound. He snuffed like his charger, the wind of the powder, His sword waved on us and we answered the sign, Loud our cheers as we rushed, but his laugh rang the loudest. "There's the devil's own fun, boys, along the whole line!" How he strode his brown steed, how we saw his blade brighten. In the one hand still left, and the rein in his right. He laughed like a boy when the holidays brighten. But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath. Up came the reserves to the valley infernal. Asking where to go in, through the clearing of grape. "O' mother! Forward! 'Tis all the same, I declare!" You'll find forward fighting along the whole line. "Sold the black shroud of night at Chantilly. That hid him from sight of his brave men and tried. Foul, foul sped the bullet that clipped the white My. The flower of our knighthood, the whole army's pride. Yet we dream that he still in that shadowy region. Where the dead form their ranks at the war drummer's sign. Rides on as of old, down the length of the legion. And the word still is "Forward" along the whole line.

Exchanged Horses with Morgan.

During the war, before he was appointed Provost Marshal for this district, Capt. "Dave" Braden was assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of Gen. Dumont. That part of the Army of the Tennessee was looking after the bold rebel raider, John A. Morgan, who was camped near Nashville. One day Capt. Braden, accompanied only by an orderly was out posting pickets. He rode a fine horse, the property of Gen. Dumont, who prized the animal highly. As he was returning, he rode up to a squad of men in Federal uniform, thinking they were Union soldiers. He found too late, however, that he was mistaken, for they were Morgan and sixty of his men disguised as Union soldiers. Braden was taken before Morgan and his first Lieutenant (afterward General) Basil Duke, now an attorney of Louisville, Ky., who questioned him closely as to the Federal strength. These two officers treated him with the greatest courtesy and the men did the same thing when the officers were present, but when they were out of hearing they threatened to put a bullet through his head, and for a time he did not know how soon he would be shot. G. W. Owens, Second Lieutenant of Morgan's cavalry, fell in love with Gen. Dumont's fine horse, and ordered Braden to dismount, and exchanged for the fine thoroughbred a miserable, old worn-out cavalry plug, maneless, tailless and hardly able to walk. The squad started for the inland with the prisoner, but some of the Union pickets saw the capture and gave the alarm. The Fourth Ohio Cavalry started after the raiders and in a few hours overtook them. A sharp fight occurred, and during the battle Capt. Braden made his escape and reached the Union camp. Riding his old horse of bones up to Gen. Dumont's headquarters, he made himself known. As he entered the tent Gen. Dumont looked up from his writing. "Captain," said he, shaking hands with the escaped prisoner. "I am glad to see you back, but," and he glanced sorrowfully at the alleged horse outside, "that was a d—d bad horse trade for me, that you made with John Morgan."

Some months later Capt. Braden's command engaged Morgan's raiders at Lebanon, Tenn. The battle occurred May 5, 1862, Morgan and Duke escaped, but a number of prisoners were taken. The horse that Capt. Braden "traded" to Lieut. Owens was shot and the rider captured. Capt. Braden has the original list of prisoners captured by Gen. Dumont and on the roll are the names of a number of men who still live in this State, who were members of Adams' Mississippi cavalry, First Tennessee cavalry and Morgan's cavalry. —National Tribune.

Milwaukee Soldiers' Home.

Sometimes, said Eli Perkins, at the Milwaukee Soldiers' Home, they say the old soldier is proud and likes to boast a good deal. Well, such fighters as Kilpatrick, Custer, Hooker, and Hancock had a right to boast, but they could never boast as well as they fought. [Applause.]

But with all his fighting and boasting the soldier is always ready for a joke. One day Kilpatrick, who could fight as well as he could boast, was recounting his experience in driv-

ing back rebel reinforcements at Chancellorsville. Listening to him was a crowd of old soldiers, among whom was Mosby.

"Why," said Kilpatrick, "the woods swarmed with rebels. I had two horses shot under me and—"

"What did you do then, Kil?" asked Custer.

"Why, I jumped onto a government mule; a ball knocked me off, but the mule charged right ahead into the rebel ranks. I never knew what became of the mule."

"Why, General," said Mosby, "I saw that mule. He came right into our lines."

"Well, I'm glad to see my words confirmed," said Kilpatrick seriously. "Then you really saw him?"

"Yes, sure."

"Dead?"

"No, died from mortification."

(Laughter.)

One day I asked an old soldier what was the worst battle he was ever in.

"Where did the balls fall thickest?"

"Gettysburg—Pickett's charge—the balls flew like hailstones," exclaimed the veteran.

"Why didn't you get behind a tree?"

"Get behind a tree?" he repeated disdainfully. "Why, there wasn't trees enough for the officers!" (Laughter.)

On the evening before Hooker's last unsuccessful attempt to storm Fredericksburg, one of Fitzhugh Lee's men discovered a squad of Kilpatrick's cavalry and shouted:

"Hello, Yanks! How'd'y?"

"We're all right. We're coming to see you pretty quick."

"Come on!" shouted Lee's man.

"We've got room enough to bury you!"

Thirteen Rebels Taken by One "Yank."

Capt. McKay's splendid record as seen at one haul is bested six by that of then Lieut. Morton Pratt, Third Illinois cavalry, (now a prominent physician at Wichita, Kan.) at Vicksburg, who one rainy day while our lines were being drawn about that doomed stronghold, as he was returning alone from foraging, rode into a Confederate outpost within pistol shot distance and in plain view of a large enemies' camp, mistaking the outpost for one of ours. Wearing his pocho the mistake was mutual. Of course the Yank first took in the situation (when did one ever fail to?) and managed to get between the enemy and their stacked arms. While talking to them he was making ready a mangled battery of two massive horse-pistols, which frightful arms, be it remembered by all cavalymen, did their greatest execution in the rear. When, at "ready," he demanded their surrender and parole, to which demands, in view of the exigencies of the occasion, they yielded reluctantly. Like the outposts' squad, they, too, wanted to stay at home.

The Lieutenant marched them to the rear across a rebel cavalry patrol road to the nearest federal outpost, when they received thirteen individual paroles, which they doubtless violated a few days later, as Pemberton's men saw good to do. ONE OF THE BOYS.

Are All Men Afraid in Battle?

Testimony differs as to the feeling of the soldier on going into a fight, and the many experiences related during the recent encampment by Grand Army men to their always willing listeners showed that in their war histories there was no uniformity of either fear or daring. The Major of a New Hampshire regiment said: "I always felt timid when the shot began to reach us, but as soon as we got into action I was carried away by excitement. I am not usually a profane man, and I have no recollection of talking roughly to my troops, yet a good many of them have assured me that all through a fight I would swear like—well, like a trooper." Another man, a Colonel, said: "It's all nonsense to say that a man doesn't feel afraid at the beginning of a fight and all through it. Of course he does. He has reason. Sherman said of Gen. Sumner that he was the only man who grew bolder as he grew older, but the only man I ever saw who really seemed to want to fight, and enjoy it after he was in it, was Custer." —New York Sun.

At the Battle of Wauhatchie.

One of the most ludicrous happenings, perhaps, during the whole war is described by Gen. Grant in the third volume of Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. He is describing the battle of Wauhatchie, Oct. 28-29, 1863, where, while Howard was going to the relief of Gen. Geary he was attacked: "The night was so dark that the men could not distinguish one another except by the light of the flashes of their muskets. In the darkness and uproar Hooker's teamsters became frightened and deserted their teams. The mules also became frightened, and breaking loose from their fastenings, stampeded directly toward the enemy. The latter no doubt took this for a charge and stampeded in turn." Think of it! A whole division of gallant Rebels stampeding before the charge of a lot of wagon mules!

The Society Slipper.

Modern Cinderellas do not lose their slippers coming down castle staircases, instead they give them into the hands of him who takes the place of the Prince. The slippers thus presented are the same that have graced a shapely foot during many a gay hour of frolic and dancing, and in memory of which they are kept as a souvenir; while in some cases there is a still more romantic episode connected with the trifle of satin and leather. For instance, a half-hour in the conservatory and a question asked and answered. They are really the same, although they look quite different, having passed through the hands of the chemist and silversmith in order to make them suitable for a mantle decoration.

FIELDS OF SCIENCE.

SAVINGS AND DOINGS BY MEN OF GENIUS.

The Largest Freight Carrier on Fresh Water—An Improved Railroad Car—The Magnesium Flash Light and Other Wander-Workers.

A Large Lake Freight Boat.

The fine four-masted schooner shown in the illustration was built in Bay City, Mich. She is one of the largest and finest vessels yet built of her class, and, none of her room being taken up by boilers and engines, or required for the stowage of coal, her freight-carrying capacity is very great. The com-



THE JOHN C. FITZPATRICK.

petition of even the best built and most economically operated steamers with such vessels as the Fitzpatrick must always be a difficult matter; but the handlers of the great freight business offering on our Western lakes are only able to do the work at the present low rates on account of such competition and the very close economies thus necessitated. —Scientific American.

The New Flashlight.

It is claimed for the new magnesium flashlight for light-houses, introduced experimentally in Germany, that its ability to penetrate almost opaque atmosphere exceeds that of any other known light, and is far superior in this respect to the electric. The apparatus is described as 6.56 high and 3 feet diameter, having inside a bellows, through which benzine gas is led, while air is forced through pumice stone, strongly impregnated with benzine; this benzine gas is then passed through finely powdered magnesium, and passes out of an upright pipe through a small flame, by which it is lighted, and where it develops such an intensity that there is exhibited a luminosity of about 400,000 candle power. The apparatus is regulated by clock-work, and the consumption of magnesium is very small; thus, if a power of 200,000 to 400,000 is desired, only 0.6 to 1.5 grains of magnesium are required. The use of condensers or other optical arrangements or reflectors is not a necessity, but if lenses be employed the brilliancy is greatly increased. It is stated that the arrangement requires floor surface of some five feet square, and that for penetrating heavy fogs the light is unrivalled.

For Bookkeepers.

An ingeniously contrived instrument has been brought to the attention of the French Academy of Sciences—a device which is claimed to be of peculiar value for bookkeepers and others who have a large number of additions to make in a short space of time. It is composed of a calculating circle fixed on a tablet, this circle being divided into two concentric portions, one of which is fixed and the other movable, each movement bringing opposite the end of a needle the total of the numbers. The apparatus, known by the name of the totaliseur, is capable of furnishing some 300 results, and, besides this, the graduation can be applied to the complex numbers of the decimal system and to those of the various systems of enumeration, etc. Thus, a circle graduated for coins gives in a single movement the amounts and the differences of the numbers of three figures which do not exceed 5 francs.

Magnetism of Iron.

An important paper has been communicated by Prof. Knott to the Edinburgh Royal society on the magnetization of iron by a current passing through it, the experiments being an attempt to obtain some insight into the nature of circular magnetization as it exists in an iron wire carrying a current. For this purpose resort was had to tubes, in which such magnetization was measured by the induction current produced in a coil wound longitudinally around the wall of the tube. The circular magnetization could be made to result either by an axial current along a copper wire threading the tube, or by a sectional current from end to end along the tube itself. Several tubes of different bores were used in pairs, the induction, axial or sectional, in one, being balanced by adjustment of re-instances in the secondary circuits against the induction, axial or sectional, under the influence of the same current in the other. The average magnetic force acting round the tube was calculated in accordance with the usual assumptions, and this, taken along with the observed induction, gave an average permeability, the general result being that the sectional induction accompanying a given current is greater by about 7 percent than it would be if the usual theory as to the relation between it and the axial current were accurate. No such tests, it is believed, have ever before been made in this interesting field.

A Valuable Process for Dyeing.

A process of peculiar value to textile manufacturers has lately been introduced abroad, namely, the production of dyestuffs dyeing yellow on chrome-mordanted wool, and which are said to be absolutely perfect as regards fastness to light, soap, and fulling; a quality of the utmost value, and hitherto seemingly unattainable, for though there are many coal-tar yellow-

known, which have been extensively employed in dyeing wools, none have been able to quite supersede the fustic and Persian berries, as also others of the natural dyestuffs, although some of the coal-tar yellows possess the distinct advantage of being fast to light. The principal reason, as stated, why the natural yellow dyestuffs continue to be used is that the colors produced by their aid on wool possess, in especial, a great degree of fastness when the dyed fabrics are subject to fulling, milling, or washing, this most valuable property not being possessed by any of the known coal-tar yellows. Another important process lately brought to notice in this line is that for producing black on silk of such a character as to render the material fast to light, acids and soaping. This meets the defect characterizing silk blacks ordinarily, namely, that being produced from logwood they are affected by acids, which redden them, and the fabric, when made into clothes, is more or less affected by perspiration.

A Natural Barometer.

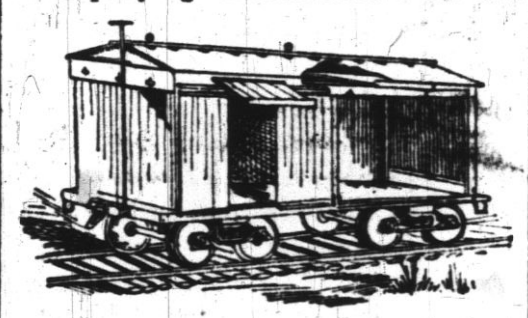
One of the most remarkable geological substances found in any part of the world is a stone believed to be peculiar to Finland, where it occurs in many localities, its peculiar property being that of a natural barometer, curiously foretelling, by change of color, the probable character of the weather in the near future. It is known by the name of the semakur, and is said to turn black shortly before an approaching rain, while in fine weather it is mottled with spots of white. For a long time this interesting phenomenon was a mystery, but an analysis of the stone shows it to be a fossil mixed with clay and containing a portion of rock salt and nitre. This fact being known, the explanation of the changes was easy; that is, the salt, absorbing the moisture, turned black when the conditions were favorable for rain, while the dryness of the atmosphere would as naturally bring out the salt from the interior of the stone in white spots on the surface.

A French Experiment.

In some recent French experiments on the specific heat of various metals at high temperature, it is shown that if the results be represented by means of a curve line having the temperature for abscissas, the numbers obtained are indicated by two sections of straight lines joined to each other in a certain thermic part by a curve line. Now, it is found that these suture curves do not remain identical for the same metal according as the experiments have been made at a rising or a lowering temperature—whence results that the body preserves, from a calorific point of view, traces of the condition through which it has previously passed. It is thought, however, that although this result may be novel with respect to metals, it only confirms those which are supplied by various bodies in organic chemistry—choloral hydrate, for instance, of which the calorific fusion is 4,000 calories, but which leaves only 2,000 calories in solidifying.

An Improved Railroad Car.

A car designed to be readily changed from a box car to an open or platform car, or vice versa, and which may be readily opened at any part to facilitate loading or unloading, is shown in the accompanying illustration. On the



IMPROVED FREIGHT CAR.

four corners of the platform are posts connected at their upper ends by a rectangular band, preferably of metal, on which is supported the roof, the latter being formed with a flange to engage the inner side of the band. On the top of the roof are eyes or hooks to be engaged by the chains of a derrick or other hoisting apparatus, to remove the roof or place it in position on the band. The ends of the car are preferably of solid boarding, but the sides consist of a series of overlapping doors, the upper end of each of which has an L-shaped flange engaging a slot in the band, permitting the door to hang vertically or allowing it to be moved inward in a horizontal position near the top of the car. The door is swung outwardly, as shown, to permit of its being moved into horizontal position, where it is supported upon removable longitudinal rods held in sockets in the ends of the car. The lower end of each door has an outwardly turned flange, and is engaged by a longitudinal locking bar connected at one end by a link with the corner post, while its other end is secured to a middle post by a padlock.

Scientific Notes.

Some of the railroads are now employing electric shovellers for excavating purposes.

Owners of industrial establishments consuming large quantities of coal recognize that a certain percentage of the fuel is carried away unburned in the ashes, but the cost of separating the material is often greater than the value of the coal saved. An English engineer has, however, designed and constructed an ashes-washing machine for which economic results are promised.

A new design of dog muzzle embodies a number of novel points. The wires forming the muzzle are so arranged that when the dog opens his mouth a lever is extended, which enables the animal to eat or drink with ease, and yet the position of the wire is such that it is impossible for him to bite any one.

OLD NEPTUNE'S COURT.

WHEN THE VESSELS CROSS THE EQUATORIAL LINE.

A Great Day on Board an American Man-of-War—Preparing Neptuneus Rex for the Reception—The Sailor's Diplomacy.

A good many people suppose that the old ceremonies incident to "crossing the line" on our men-of-war are falling into innocuous desuetude. Nothing of the sort. I was one of a ship's crew on one of our finest cruisers which entered the equatorial waters in one of the earlier months of the year of grace, 1892. In our case the men began preparation several days before the equator was reached and on the momentous day when our latitude was 0 degrees, all was in readiness for the ship to be boarded by his marine majesty Neptune.

Neptune's crown was readily fashioned from a tin coffee box, with the aid of a pair of shears, as was also his trident, made fast to the end of a boat hook. Old manilla rope yarns combed fine made his long grizzled hair and beard, and his other make-up was fashioned from old clothes, on which were sewed old shells and seaweed, and by the resources of our sailor men that seemed to have no end. Aphrodite, his queen, was taken by a smooth-faced apprentice boy, whose beauty of complexion, furnished by the painter from his stores, and whose gown of wondrous texture must have put to shame all previous efforts to represent this famous goddess, though it was rather startling to see on her bare neck and arms innumerable pieces of sailors' tattoo work.

It was pretty well known among the crew who had not crossed the line before, and these received from Neptune's secretary the following subpoena, furnished by the ship's printer:

"Subpoena, oh! Report of Board of Inspection. On board the United States flag ship Philadelphia, U. S. N., January 2, 1892. Whereas, It having been heretofore by Mother Cary's chickens that the above-named man-of-war is to be in our domain on the 25th inst., and, looking over the high royal roster, have come to the conclusion that it is high time for the said man-of-war to give an account of its life, and render unto the high court and royal sign of Neptune the everlasting respect which is due them. Fail not! Penalty will be most horrible incarceration in Davy Jones' locker."

"Resolved, That we demand the presence of the above in body, mind and soul, on the spar deck of the aforesaid man-of-war, and then and there to give an account of his life, and render unto the high court and royal sign of Neptune the everlasting respect which is due them. Fail not! Penalty will be most horrible incarceration in Davy Jones' locker."

"SOLUB-AND-WASH-CLOTHES."
"HOLY-TONE-THIE-DOCKS."
"Chief Clerk High Tribunal."
"PUT-AWAY-DITTY-BOXES."
"High Tonsorial Artist."

While subpoenas were being served other preparations were going on. The barber was preparing his razor of pine wood, about two feet long, on which a tin edge was tacked; and his scissors, also of wood, and of about the same proportions. An old pork barrel was his cup and held his lather, the recipe of which has never been divulged, though it is popularly supposed to be made of any proportions of flour, vinegar, molasses and salt-water soap. For his brush the barber selects the largest whitewash brush in the ship's stores and with this at the proper time, the lather is applied to the face of the victim.

Exactly at 1 o'clock p. m., the day on which the ship actually passed from North latitude to South, Neptune boarded the ship over the bow, or, in reality, issued forth from the topgallant forecabin. His chariot was made of the carriage of a field piece, and on it he sat in all his awful dignity, with the Queen, Aphrodite, beside him. The chariot was ornamented with sea weeds and covered with sea curiosities, from which the water was still dripping, as it was from the long hair and beards of his attendants. The throne was drawn aft in the starboard gangway, his policemen, his bearers and his barber bringing up the rear.

The train then marched forward on the topgallant forecabin, where a suitable throne more dazzling than his chariot had been erected for their royal highnesses. The secretary stepped forward and in a loud voice called "Chaplain Brown," who immediately placed himself before the royal throne. Here he was questioned, and Neptune, making sure he had not seen him before in his domain, pronounced his punishment. In the case of all officers, Neptune lets them off with a fine, which is usually so many bottles of beer and a number of cigars.

After the officers had been dealt with, the members of the ship's crew were called, and one by one, they appeared, and each, seamen, landsmen, marines, firemen, coal heavers, machinists, servants were put through some form of initiation. As the first is called, he is questioned, then seated in the barber's chair and lathered with the awful mixture before described. Each one was rapidly scraped with the wood and tin razor, which brings tears to the eyes of the victim as easily as it does laughter to the onlookers.

With his eyes, nose and mouth still full of lather he receives a handful of flour to smooth the skin, and before he can realize it a spring in the chair is touched, and he is fired from it like a shell from a gun, and lands head over heels in a tank of salt water. The victim is immediately followed by the bears whose duty it is to give the subject a good ducking.

After the ducking each victim was presented with a diploma. These are very highly prized, as they may be the means some day of preventing a repetition of the shaving and ducking. The following is the text of the diploma:

"Oh, ye of little faith, give ye ear and hearken unto ye High Court and Royal

Sign of Neptune, U. S. F. S., Philadelphia, Neptune Rex Greeting to John Smith.

"Whereas, We have been pleased to take unto Our Royal Consideration and give this as a Royal Patent under Our Sign Manual to certify that the above named person has this day visited Our Royal Domain, in the United States steamer Philadelphia, and has gone through the ancient requisite initiation and form to become one of us.

We, therefore, in case of losing his head and falling overboard, recommend all sharks, dolphins, whales, crabs, eels, porpoises under our command to abstain from eating, playing with, or otherwise mistreating his person. We further direct all sailors, soldiers, marines, politicians and land lubbers who have not crossed Our Royal Domain to treat him with that proper respect due to any one who has visited it. Disobey under penalty of our Royal displeasure."

Given at our Court, on the equator, this 25th day of January, 1892, according to the computation of mundane generations Amen. NEPTUNE REX. SHORTY SHORT. DEB DOMINUS. My Regist r. Chief Clerk.

MADE A FIZZING COMBINE.

A Drummer Out-Yarned by an Old Man Who Had Been West.

The drummer had finished telling the Press man a remarkable story, when an old man who had been listening quietly, squared his chair around and put in:

"That yarn of yours don't surprise me a bit," he said earnestly. "I used to live in the West myself and had some strange experiences in the mountains."

"As to how?" inquired the drummer, with some show of resentment. "Well, in every way. I was a cow boy and miner and a stage driver and merchant, and a little of everything, but the oddest thing that ever happened to me and knocked my chances of becoming a millionaire silly took place in a wild valley about 100 miles from Denver. I had gone there with my partner prospecting, and one day in digging around sort of promiscuously we struck a vein of pure soda, white as snow and beautiful to look at."

"We drove a shaft in it, to a depth of 10 feet and found that there was enough in it to make us rich, so we went back to Denver and brought out some capitalists and they were eager to buy it on the spot. While the dicker was on and just before we had agreed upon a price, a couple of fellows found a sour-tasting spring about a hundred feet up the hill, and they began to drill a hole to see what it was. They found out mighty quick too for they found a vein of vinegar in about twenty feet, and a big three-inch stream came out with a rush that they couldn't check, and before anybody had any time to do anything it had swooped down the narrow gorge and was running head on into our soda well."

"The old man stopped, and the drummer asked what difference that made."

"Never saw an alkali and acid combine, I reckon did you?" exclaimed the old man. "I never saw the genuine thing myself until that day, and we all saw it then when from the mouth of the shaft there heaved up fully fifty feet into the air a six-foot square column of sizz and lather and foam till you couldn't see anything else in the gorge. We couldn't stop the vinegar and for a month she sizzed away and there wasn't enough soda left in the pocket to tone up a biscuit with."

Then the old man, with a solemn look at the drummer, got up and went off to bed.

Their Chatter.

The famous painter Fuseli had a great contempt for "chatter." One afternoon a party of friends paid a visit to his studio, and after a few moments spent in looking at the pictures, they seated themselves and proceeded to indulge in a long and purposeless talk. At last in one of the slight pauses Fuseli said, earnestly: "I had pork for dinner to-day." "Why, my dear Mr. Fuseli," exclaimed one of the startled group, "what an extremely odd remark!" "Is it?" said the painter, ingeniously, "why, isn't it as interesting and important as anything that has been said for the last hour?" —Argonaut.

DIVERTING DIALOGUE.

Dimling—Why did you leave the lecture platform, Larkin? Larkin—Well, I was egged on to take that step.

Buyer—Is this suit all wool? Moznisky—I won't lie to you, my friend, for it is not; de button's made of silk."

Love is blind, according to the proverb, and according to the pictures he dresses as if he thought other people were.

"We were going to the theater last night, but my wife mislaid the tickets." "How so?" "She put them by mistake into her pocket."

"So Jinks has abandoned the study of theology and taken to the stage, ah?" "An old uncle of his died and left him a diamond about the size of a hickorynut."

Invalid Wife—John, dear, I do hope if you should ever marry again you will find a better wife than I have been. John—There, there, my love, don't worry; there will be no trouble about that.

Phyllis—I am going to be real economical this fall. Phyllida—In what way? Phyllis—I'm thinking of having my bathing dress trimmed with lace and made over into a fancy dress ball-room costume.

Strawber—I see that a porter on the Boston express died very suddenly the other day. Singularly—What was the cause of his death? Strawber—Some one succeeded in opening a window and he accidentally inhaled a quantity of fresh air.

"It's my first offense, Judge," pleaded the prisoner. "I never got drunk before. I'd won \$7 at the races, and—"

"What?" "I'd won \$7 at the races, and I—"

"Officer," said the astonished police-magistrate, "discharge the prisoner, and file the next case."

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PANTOMIME....."BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG"
PEOPLES....."ZEB"
RELICS....."JOHN BROWN'S FORT"
SCHILLER....."MR. WILKINSON'S WIDOW"
WAR MUSEUM....."LIBBY PRISON"
WINDSOR....."MCCARTHY'S MISPLAPS"

WHAT has become of the highway-
man of Lake View?

WHERE are our streets now? At
present out of sight.

REGARDLESS of the weather lately
the holiday trade is going to boom
right up for the next week.

We have heard through reliable
source the one-time prominent Alder-
man of the Twenty-seventh ward will
depart from his old.

THE young couple that eloped to
Chicago and arrived at the County
Clerk's office too late to secure a mar-
riage license on last Saturday have
probably found it was all for the best.

THE enormous gift of P. D. Armour
to build a manual training school is
something that has been needed in
Chicago for a long time. Mr. Armour
deserves great credit for his generosity
to the public welfare.

IT will not be many hours before the
decision who will be the fastest
twenty-five mile runner of the world
The match will be contested to-night
at the Second Regiment Armory be-
tween Gus Swenson and Al Kennedy.

PRESIDENT HARRISON will look in
vain for any compliments for his mes-
sage from the English press. It is
hostile as the Democratic press in the
United States. He is not their man,
and is looking after American instead
of English interests. The President
has no occasion to feel bad about it.
Americans will see through it one of
these days.

OBITUARY.

In Memory of Mrs. Emma Kay Meyers.
She was born in Yorkshire, England,
Oct. 27, 1836, and died at her residence
in Jefferson, Ill., Dec. 7, 1892, being in
her 56th year of her age.

Her parents came with their family
to this country when Emma was 6
years old.
They stopped for a while with friends
near Des Moines until they could find
a place to suit them. In looking
around they finally located near this
home in the year 1844, where they lived
and reared their family of sons and
daughters, and where they died. On
Dec. 31, 1855, Emma united in marriage
with Mr. William Meyers. To them
were born ten children, three of whom
have passed over, and seven of them
remain to mourn the absence of their
beloved and devoted mother, and to
cheer and comfort their bereaved and
saddened father. Mrs. Meyers was en-
dowed with a good physical constitu-
tion, and enjoyed a comfortable and
satisfying domestic life. The trials
incident to married life and the
struggles for their livelihood, by
her cheerful, hopeful spirit and her
readiness to accept her conditions
and make the most and best of the
circumstances in which she was placed.
About five years ago she was prostrated
with a stroke of apoplexy, which
partially paralyzed her right side, and
rendered her nearly helpless till the
day of her death. This paralysis af-
fected her whole nervous system, so
that she was never entirely well after-
wards. It was a stroke at her very
life, but for her vigorous health
and power of endurance, it does not
seem to have finished its work long
since. Her last sickness was preceded
with most severe nervous spasms, that
were extremely painful to her
and distressing to her faithful
attendants. It was a wonder to them
that she lived in and through these re-
peated and exhausting convulsions.
But she did rally from them and got
well again, and seemed to be doing so
well that the family and her friends
felt encouraged with the prospect of
her recovery to wanted health. On
Thanksgiving day she had a longing
desire to eat one more dinner with her
husband, Eliza, living in Norwood Park
her daughter, ever ready to respond to
her every wish, took her up in the car-
riage. She enjoyed the occasion with
her children and her youngest grand-
child, but altogether it proved
too much for her strength. On getting
home she seemed to be suffering with

faintness, and became so helpless that
she had to be carried into the house.

This distress increased and held on,
with slight intermissions, when her
natural buoyancy of spirit would assert
itself, until the morning of Wednes-
day, the 7th inst., when she peace-
fully ceased to breathe, and passed
quietly through the valley and shadow
of dying into the immortal life
beyond. Though the end was
somewhat expected, yet, when it
did come, it was a severe shock to
the faithful and devoted hus-
band and the loving children, each and
all of whom were constant and most
affectionately devoted to the care and
happiness of their beloved wife,
mother, and daily and hourly com-
panion.

Yes, after the precious words, wife
and mother, the word companion fitly
represents the character and wife of
the one whose absence we now feel and
mourn. She was in a large and very
pleasant degree the life and the joy
of the family circle. She was, as be-
fore mentioned, endowed with a bright
and cheery spirit. This made her hopeful
and gave animation and good cheer to
her life in the family and among her
many friends.

This disposition in Mrs. Meyers was
not merely superficial, that is, put on
for any occasion, but it was part and
portion of her inner self, her real, re-
liable and happy being. True, it did
not wholly prevent trials, distresses
and sufferings, but it greatly sustained
her in them and helped her through
and out of them into brighter visions
of assured relief of coming peace and
abiding comfort.

Her spiritual life was of the kind
that was between herself and her
blessed Savior, in whom she trusted so
confidently that even in her
sufferings she could and did
say, "I am safe in the
arms of Jesus." It was her desire and
intention to unite with the church in
Jefferson, but each time that she had
planned to attend the services she was
hindered either by sickness or by the
nearly impossible condition of the
roads. She was anxious to have her
children unite with the church and to
attend the meetings as regularly as
they could.

Among her last charges to her dear
Eliza was, "Take good care of the chil-
dren and have them go to church."

Beloved relations, you have resigned
unto the hands of the heavenly Father
your most valued and best loved family
treasure. True, father is left, and dear
children and grand-children are left
to cheer him and each other,
and for these let us be truly
grateful. But "mother" is not here.
The companion is gone. You will miss
her. Her own helplessness, bound you
closer to and kept you constantly with
her. You will often think and feel
that you must be doing something to
please and help dear mother.

May you never wholly lose or be
without the blessed influences of your
once suffering but now healed and ever
rejoicing mother.

May you keep your sorrowing hearts
in close and affectionate touch with her
who loved you each and all so well
and gave up health and even
life itself in her self-sacrificing de-
votions for your comfort and happiness.
You surely cannot wish mother back
in that same so afflicted and distressed
body, much as you will miss her from
you. But she is not really with you in
spirit, beholding you, and ready, as of
old and ever, to cheer and comfort
you in your times of trial, in your
seasons of sorrow? Does she not often
now bid you to give to each other the
same tender love that you bestowed
upon her? The same patience in
afflictions, the same willingness and
readiness to help each other that you
so happily showed to her.

Friends and neighbors, you, too, have
given up one of the choice spirits of
your community. She was not much
out in society. She could not be, but
she had a lively heart interest in all
that concerned the welfare of the
neighborhood. She had a kind word
and a cheering smile for every one who
came to see her. She rarely if ever—
certainly never in the hearing of her
husband—spoke a word against any of
her neighbors. She preferred to think
and speak well rather than ill of every
one. Let us each and all, old, middle-
aged and young, profit by the pleasant,
cheerful life of our departed,
and endeavor to so value
and so employ the remaining
days of our earthly pilgrimage
that we will leave pleasant mem-
ories and helpful and encouraging ex-
amples to those who, as we, are meet-
ing with trials, suffering with and
from diseases, struggling with tempta-
tions and ever tending to the tomb.
Let us especially cherish true and help-
ful views of our gracious Father in
heaven, and cultivate that submission
to His ever wise and merciful dealings
that will reveal in us His love to us,
and from us to others in like afflictions
with our own. Thus will we
become better acquainted with
Him, whom to know and love
and obey in Jesus Christ, our Lord, is
to show forth His immortal eternal,
ever increasingly beautiful, and full of
glory. Amen.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, ss.
I, Clerk of the Court, do hereby certify
that on the 13th day of December, A. D.
1892, the following described estate: A
boy named, date, about three years old,
with two white hind feet and white chest,
scent about the neck and one-half inch high, ap-
peared as a stray of the County of Cook.
Dated at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 13, 1892.
WM. THUMANN, J. P.
Attest: HENRY W. LEE,
Clerk of Court.

Queer Bequests.
Some queer bequests have been
made in favor of pets. About eighty
years ago "Elizabeth Orby Hunter of
Upper Seymour street, widow," gave
to her parrot which she described as
her "faithful companion of twenty-
five years," an annuity of 200 guineas.
To be paid half-yearly as long as it
should live to whoever may have the
care of it and proves its identity. El-
aborate provisions were made for
the welfare of the parrot, a guardian
being appointed to insure its comfort.
In another case of an annuity to pro-
vide for a parrot the question was
eventually raised whether the annuity
was to be continued during the life of
the old woman to whom the money
was left for this special purpose, or
whether it ceased with the existence
of the bird. The question was settled
in favor of the woman.

AMUSEMENTS.

AMUSEMENTS BILLED FOR
NEXT WEEK IN CHI-
CAGO'S MOST PROMI-
NENT THEATERS.

The past week at the Chicago Opera-
House has been a notable one, the re-
turn of Modjeska and her personally
selected company of players to Chicago
having been welcomed by evidences of
the most sincere regard for that artist.
Modjeska was seen in "Mary Stuart,"
"Camille," "As You Like It" and
"Henry VIII," the latter being a pro-
duction that won the heartiest com-
mendation of the critics. As Modjeska
preferred to rest on Sunday, the stage
on that day was occupied by Mr. Ful-
ton Gardner, the lecturer, presenting a
profusely illustrated picture of "Old
Virginia and Its Environs." Mod-
jeska's repertoire for the coming week
has not yet been announced entire.
According to numerous and press-
ing requests, she had consented to
give a Wednesday matinee, at
which she appeared in her poetical
conception of the character of
Rosalind in "As You Like It." On
Wednesday evening the bill was
"Cymbeline." On Monday and Tues-
day evenings, "Henry VIII." was re-
peated. Modjeska never appealed
more strongly to the affections of her
public than she has thus far during this
engagement. Next week beginning
Sunday, Dec. 18, Hermann, the con-
juror, returns to the Chicago Opera-
House for two weeks with the usual
matinees. Hermann has been given
the title of "The Great." His entertain-
ment this season is more than usually
wild and inexplicable. The number
of apparently impossible things that he
does before the eyes of the audience
has been increased by the addition of
several new features, among them the
great Chinese mystery, "Ya-ko-yo." The
advance sale for the Hermann en-
gagement opened last Thursday
morning.

At the McVicker's Theater there has
been a great rush to secure seats to see
the wonderful play "Glen-Da-Lough"
during the past week. Mr. J. K. Mur-
ray pleased the audiences with his fine
songs. The last performance ends to-
morrow night and will be succeeded on
Monday evening by Miss Lantini. Hail
in the operatic novelty, "Puritania." Seats
are now on sale for this engage-
ment.

This week closes the grand play
"Noble" at Hooley's Theater, which
has drawn immense audiences at every
performance. The next engagement
will be Digby Bell and his Comic Opera
Company in "Jupiter" to-morrow night
at 8 p. m. Seats are now on sale for
this notable company.

"The Still Alarm" has met with a
fine success during the past week.
The real fire engine and horses can be
seen in one of the acts responding to
a call, which makes it very exciting
and interesting for the audiences.
Manager Hutton has engaged for the
next week the gorgeous spectacle the
"Devil's Auction."

At the Haymarket, the leading West
Side theater, never fails to produce good

plays. Large audiences have greeted
Thomas E. Murray in "The Voodoo"
during the week, which ends to-night
and will be followed by the well-known
company "Paul Kaurar" on Sunday
night.

Manager Temple and Frank W.
Sanger respectfully offer to the
patrons of the Schiller Theater on Mon-
day evening, Jan. 2, 1893, which will
be the next English attraction at this
theater, Archibald Clavering Gunter's
dramatization of the popular novel,
"My Official Wife," on which occasion
they will introduce in the central char-
acter, Helen Marie, Minnie Seigman
(Cutting) and a company in her sup-
port selected for individual excellence,
each member having in charge a char-
acter widely differentiated from its
fellow, and requiring special and
marked qualifications.

Box office for sale of seats and boxes
will open Monday, Dec. 26.
In the role of an adventurer Minnie
Seigman Cutting has no peer on the
American stage to-day. Her intellect
force has the fierce brilliancy of an
electric light.

The patrons of the Windsor Theater
were well pleased with "Stowaway,"
which has been presented to them dur-
ing the week. The last performance
is to-night, and on Sunday night the
great Irish drama, "McCarthy's Mis-
haps" will be the holiday bill.

Crowded to the door to see Gus
Heege as Yon Yonson at the Grand
Opera house. Yon Yonson is the most
interesting Swedish dialect play that
ever was produced on the stage and
will close their last engagement to-
night, which will be followed by one
of Hoyt's celebrated plays, "A Trip to
Chinatown."

H. R. Jacobs has the following en-
gagements for next week at his places
of amusement: The "Alhambra," the
comical play, "O'Dowd's Neighbors,"
the Clark Street Theater, one of Bar-
tley Campbell's greatest plays, "Our
Irish Visitor," the Academy of Music,
the exciting play, "The Cannon Ball
Express."

CRAINS OF GOLD.

What shadows we are and what
shadows we pursue.

The best preparation for the future
is the present well seen to, the last
duty done.

Gold that is the price of blood was
never yet blessed to him that gave or
him who received.

One of the grandest things in having
rights is that, being your rights, you
may give them up.

Let no man measure by a scale of
perfection the meager product of real-
ity in this poor world of ours.

How soon the millennium would
come if the good thing people intend
to do to-morrow were only done to-
day.

Never purchase love or friendship by
gifts; when thus obtained, they are
lost as soon as you have stopped pay-
ments.

Ah, how happy would many lives be
if individuals troubled themselves as
little about other people's affairs as
about their own.

JAS. H. WALKER & CO.

WABASH AV. AND ADAMS ST.

HOLIDAY OFFERINGS.

OUR GRANDEST SHOWING OF NOVELTIES!
OUR GREATEST GIVING OF VALUES!

In the purchase of our Immense Holiday
stock we made many very advantageous
deals with the makers—whereby we are en-
abled to quote prices impossible to duplicate
—after these special lots are picked up by the
shrewd early buyers. Bargains—genuine bar-
gains—enough to fill several pages of this
paper.

Fancy Goods,
—Handkerchiefs,
—Umbrellas, Fans,
—Toilet Articles,
—Gloves, Jewelry,
—Toys, Dolls,
—Games, Books,
—And 1,001 Other
—Things for
—Christmas Giving.

ROYAL ART POTTERY WARES—

A superb collection in vast and varied as-
sortment of Fine Royal Vases and Ornaments
at fully

50 PER CENT

Lower prices than retailers now ask.
Modern and antique designs in Sevres, Dou-
ton, Hungarian, Crown Derby, and many other
makes from the world's famous kilns.

THREE RARE VALUES IN ART POTTERY VASES.



50c 75c \$1.00

RICH DEEP CUT GLASS

Glass. Many original patterns. Cuttings controlled exclusively
by us. You will find it to your
interest to know our prices be-
fore invest-
ing in Cut
Glass.

Out Glass Salad
Bowl. \$2.50

CUT GLASS
FRUIT BOWL. \$3.00 Each.

CHINA DINNER SET SALE.

Thin Hand-Painted China Dinner Sets—values impossible to du-
plicate—at from \$14.00 to
\$175.00 per set.



English Dinner Set
\$6.50

English China Wash Stand Set
\$3.75

OTTO LARSON, UNDERTAKER,

AND DEALER IN

Metallic, Rosewood and Mahogany

CASKETS AND COFFINS.

HEARSES AND CARRIAGES FURNISHED.

Jefferson Park, Ill.



WANTED--A Man

Every hour to leave his
measure for one of these
fine \$20.00 Suits we are
now making, as they are
the best value ever of-
fered. Fit and workman-
ship guaranteed. Call
soon to avoid the rush, at

Jos. Husak,
1509 Milwaukee Ave.

EXCITEMENT.

Great Consternation

Caused by the Wonderful Low Prices the

Martin Emerich Outfitting Co.,

LEADING HOUSEFURNISHING OUTFITTERS,

261 AND 263 STATE STREET,

Are selling Furniture, Stoves, and Household Goods for and
the extraordinary fair offers of credit given by them to their
customers on their most liberal easy payment plan, making
the furnishing of a house so easy that everybody can live in
their own nicely furnished home without paying any interest
or giving any security.

REFLECT ON THIS:

4-Room Flat Completely Furnished..... \$64.75
6-Room Flat Completely Furnished..... \$98.25
8-Room Flat Completely Furnished..... \$144.50

Estimates given for Hotels or Rooming-Houses.

\$20 Worth of Goods for \$2 Per Month.
\$30 Worth of Goods for \$3 Per Month.
\$50 Worth of Goods for \$4 Per Month.
\$100 Worth of Goods for \$6 Per Month.

We present to every customer
purchasing over \$50 an elegant
solid oak

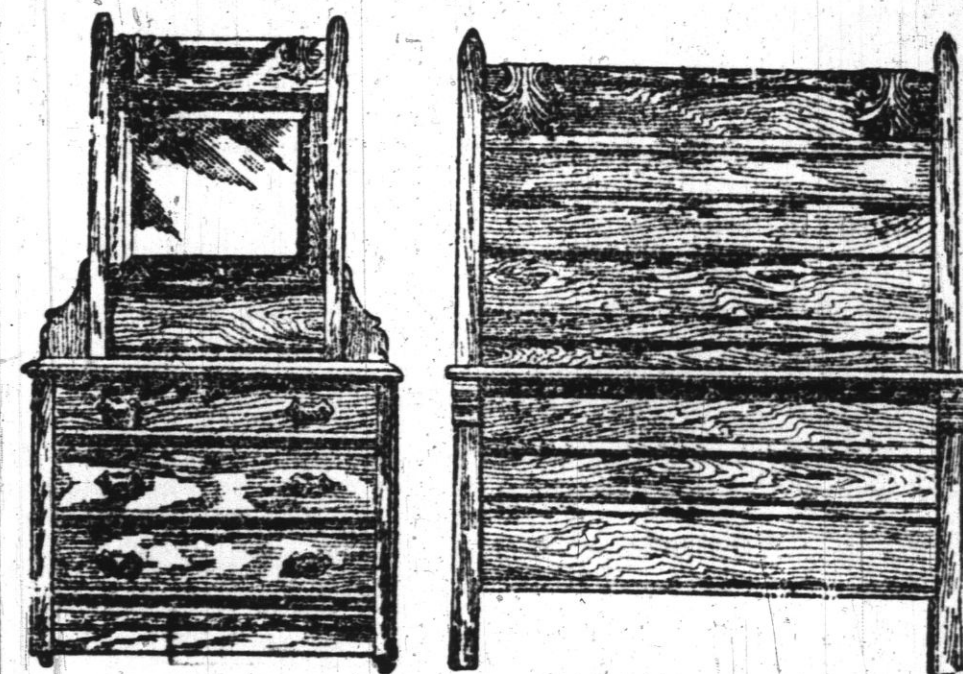
Parlor Table,

Finely finished and with lower
shelf.

OUR TERMS

For bills of over \$100 to \$10,-
000 on proportionately

SMALL PAYMENTS.



3-piece Bedroom Set, all hardwood, full size bed, mir-
rors, dresser and washstand, well finished, complete for \$8.35

Elegant Parlor Suit, Solid Oak
Frame, nicely finished, upholstered
in extra good grade of
Crushed Plush and
Silk, only
MANTLE FOLDING \$14.50
BEDS \$7.10
UPRIGHT FOLDING \$11.50
Big Parlor Extension Table,
beautifully finished and
extra well made, a foot
GOOD MAP \$1.65
STAIRS 90c
BEDSTEAD \$1.10
KITCHEN \$90c

MOQUETTE CARPETS, \$1.00
per yard
BRUSSELS CARPETS, 44c
per yard
INGRAIN CARPETS, 16c
per yard
OIL
CLOTH 20c
FIVE LACE
OUTRIGERS \$1.08
GOOD BRASS
POSTERS \$2.50
MYRNA
BOOKS \$1.31
HANGING
LAMP \$1.85
SEARS
LAMP 25c

Martin Emerich Outfitting Co.,

261 AND 263 STATE ST.

Business Hours and Van Run.

Open Evening Hours 9 to 10.

MILITIA NOT WANTED.

THE WORKINGMEN OPPOSED TO THEIR USE IN STRIKES.

The American Federation of Labor Dis-
cusses This Topic, of so Much Inter-
est Since the Events of Last Summer
—Other Topics Taken Up.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 15.—At the
third day's session of the American
Federation of Labor the committee on
resolutions reported a plan to create
national or international unions
whenever seven local unions of any
craft had been formed. President
Gompers thought that it would not
always be practicable, owing to the
weakness of newly formed unions.

The debate was suspended by the
appearance of ex-Senator Henry W.
Blair of New Hampshire, who ad-
dressed the assembled delegates on
his proposed improvement of the
common school system.

A special committee was appointed
for the consideration of methods for
limiting to their proper functions the
military and judicial powers, which it
was resolved had been used in con-
vention of law and government during
recent labor encounters.

Another resolution on the same topic
was reported favorably, providing that
as the strike and boycott had failed as
weapons of organized labor, a campaign
of education should be inaugurated by
the federation and the power of the
ballot should be arrayed in the struggle
for union supremacy. For this
purpose the executive council was
recommended to use such funds of the
federation as should be found neces-
sary. The resolution was referred to
the special committee with several
others aimed against the military.

A request from the Waiters' alliance
that all central bodies composed of
local unions be abolished and the local
organizations be allowed direct rep-
resentation in the federation was nega-
tively reported and refused. Unani-
mous consent was given for immediate
consideration of a resolution to send
the federation's greeting to the strik-
ing glass-blowers of New Jersey.

Numerous resolutions were intro-
duced. Among them were the follow-
ing: Favoring the assistance of labor
men in the inspection of certificates of
returning Chinese; prohibition of
Japanese immigration; for a congress-
ional investigation of the "Cour
d'Alene" troubles; for establishing
friendly relations with the Knights of
Labor; favoring the opening of
schoolhouses for public meetings; for
the removal of federation headquarters
west of Cincinnati; for the exposition
of the labor problem in public schools.

A number of communications from
affiliated bodies were received during
the afternoon. One asked support for
a federal law to punish corporations
which issue scrip or metal tokens of
value less than \$5 in payment of their
debts; another favored the opening of
the World's Fair on Sunday and a
third was against the employment of
aliens on public works.

A recommendation from the griev-
ance committee was adopted that the
Duguesne and Alvin factories of Pitts-
burg be declared non-union if they re-
fuse to sign the scale amended by the
Machinists' and the Electrical Em-
ployees' unions by Jan. 1.

Another recommendation was also
concurrent in revoking the charter of
the Cleveland (Ohio) Sewing-Machine
Iron-Workers' union and instructing the
members to join the National Sewing-
Machine union.

A breeze over the tariff was pro-
voked by a negative report on a re-
solution asking an extra session of Con-
gress for the passage of free trade
legislation. An attempt was made to
discuss the resolution, but the chair
decided that any discussion on the
tariff was not germane to the issue be-
fore the federation and that the re-
solution was out of order.

Pante in a St. Louis School.

St. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 15.—At 11:15
yesterday morning one of the pupils in
an upper room of the Shepard school,
on the corner of Marine and Winne-
bago streets, put a pail of coffee on the
stove to boil. The steam generated in
the can, blew off the top and spilled
hot coffee all over the room. This
caused a panic among the pupils. The
room is on the second floor and a num-
ber of pupils jumped from the windows
to the ground, while the majority of
them choked up the stairways in a mad
effort to get out of the building. The
police report that none were seriously
injured, but of the forty children in
the room at the time of the explosion
many will suffer with bruises, though
not a bone was broken.

Cut Up by the Sea.

LANSING, Mich., Dec. 15.—A bottle
was picked up on the west side of the
North Manitowish island Nov. 8 by
Christian Olafson containing a letter
written with pencil in a bold, firm
hand, of which the following is a copy:
"Whoever finds this bottle please send
it to 440 Ohio street, Buffalo. She
broke in half. Can't last much longer.
The Glacier is a goner. Good-by,
everybody.—Tom Finley."

Blaine Not a Catholic.

New York, Dec. 15.—A Washing-
ton dispatch says James G. Blaine, Jr.,
is authority for the statement that his
father has not joined the Catholic
church. A prominent Roman Catholic
priest, who would probably be in-
formed on the subject, confirms the
statement of young Blaine.

Chopped Their Bodies Into Pieces.

HOUSTON, Texas, Dec. 15.—The Court
of Appeals has refused to interfere in
the case of Frank Holland, sentenced
to be hanged for murdering three
travelers, then chopping their bodies
in pieces, which he threw in the river.

BLAINE ON HIS DEATH-BED.

Belief that the Ex-Secretary Cannot Re-
cover from His Illness.

New York, Dec. 15.—The following
special dispatch from Washington has
been received: "James G. Blaine is
now on his death-bed. The strength-
sapping malady, from which he has
suffered so long a time, has assumed a
form which warns his family and
friends of a speedy termination. The
disease attacked his lungs a short time
ago and its course has baffled the skill
of his physicians. The visit of Dr. E.
G. Janeway of New York to Mr. Blaine
is indicative of the extreme anxiety of
the family."

When the fact became known that
Mr. Blaine's lungs were succumbing to
the ravages of the disease plans were
laid to convey the distinguished invalid
to Pasadena, Cal., in the hope that a
mild and soothing climate might en-
able him to rally. Mr. Blaine's weak-
ness, however, increased so rapidly
that it was deemed unsafe to move
him, and the trip to California was
abandoned. There is reason to be-
lieve that the ex-Secretary's death may
occur at any day.

Big Outlook for Traffic.

SALT STE. MARIE, Mich., Dec. 15.—
A tabulated statement has been pre-
pared for the traffic of the Saint Ste.
Marie canal for the month of Novem-
ber, 1892. It shows an extraordinary
increase over that month in 1891, which
was the largest in the canal's history.
The freight transported reaches 11,241,
960 tons, showing an increase of 2,325,
000 tons, or a 26 per cent gain. Every
important article of commerce shows
an advance in tons, with but two minor
exceptions—copper and building stone.
While this year's report looks big,
next season's outlook for a still larger
one is the best. There were 13,359
vessels passed through the canal dur-
ing the season, an increase of 13 per
cent over last year. The freight tonnage
amounted to 11,241,960 tons, a gain of 26
per cent. Of flour 5,418,485 barrels passed through the
canal, being 43 per cent greater than a
year ago, while the wheat amounted to
49,994,780 bushels, a gain of 6 per cent.
The coal which passed westward
amounted to 2,914,267 tons, an increase
of 16 per cent. Salt shows an increase
of 18 per cent.

No Fuss and Feathers.

TOPEKA, Kan., Dec. 15.—The popular
state government will indulge in no
frivolities during its term of office.
This was determined upon at a meet-
ing of the officers-elect and the citi-
zens' committee, at which the nature
of the ceremonies inaugurating
the new government, were
discussed. The officers-elect were
unanimously opposed to an in-
augural ball, deeming it of too frivolous
a nature to usher in a serious
business administration. It was de-
cided to hold instead an inaugural re-
ception. A public invitation was
issued uniquely phrased as follows:
"The people of Kansas, irrespective
age, color or previous condition of
political servitude, are hereby cor-
dially invited to be present at the in-
augural ceremonies on Monday, Jan.
7, 1893, at high noon and at the recep-
tion by the Governor and State officers
in the evening of the same day."

In Memory of Prince Albert.

LONDON, Dec. 15.—To-day is the
thirti-first anniversary of the death of
the Prince Consort, and in accordance
with the annual custom the Queen at-
tended services in his memory at Frog-
more, where his remains are interred.
The Prince and Princess of Wales, the
Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and a
number of other members of the royal
family were also present. The services
were solemn and impressive.

Congratulate M. Rouvier.

PARIS, Dec. 15.—The République
Française to-day congratulated M.
Rouvier upon resigning the Finance
portfolio. He will now be at liberty,
the paper says, to attack his accusers,
who it adds, are assassins of the rep-
ublic. The monarchist papers are
in jubilant over the fall of M. Rouvier and
hail his resignation as a triumph for
monarchical cause. The Debacle de-
clares that it will lend a movement
looking to the holding of another
Congress at Versailles.

Reinsured Its Risk.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—The National
Fire Insurance company, established
in 1838 and one of the oldest insurance
corporations in the city, has decided
to liquidate its affairs. Its outstanding
risks were last night reinsured in
the Commercial Union Assurance Com-
pany of London. The National had
agents in the principal cities through-
out the United States, excepting Phila-
delphia and southern points.

Disobeyed the Referee.

AKRON, Ohio, Dec. 15.—One thousand
people paid \$1 each to see a seven-
round fight at Assembly Hall last night
between George Bennett of Akron and
Ed Otter of New York. In the seventh
round Otter knocked Bennett to the
floor in a clinch and stood over him so
that he could not rise. The referee,
John Guerin, ordered Otter back to his
corner and on his refusal gave the
fight to Bennett.

Drought Is Broken.

BURNET, Texas, Dec. 15.—The
drought of six weeks' duration has
been broken by a steady, slow rain
that fell two days. Wheat, of which
an increased acreage was planted last
fall, was needing rain badly. The
season of rain will also be of great
benefit to stock. Some ranches were
entirely dry.

Vesta Road Order Assigns.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 15.—The Order
of the Vesta Road Company has made
an assignment to Clarence Kennedy.
The order has a central office at Phila-
delphia and there are several lodges
located here. It is understood here
that a similar deed of trust has been
filed in Philadelphia.

CARNOT IS IN A HOLE.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT MAY HAVE TO RESIGN.

His Family Is Involved in the Panama
Canal Scandal and He May Be Forced
to Retire from Office—Rouvier on
the Stand.

LONDON, Dec. 15.—A dispatch from
Paris to the Central News says: "The
rumors that President Carnot will re-
sign shortly are confirmed. At Tues-
day's cabinet meeting, during the
heated dispute between M. Ribot and
M. Rouvier, the President interposed
the remark: 'The action of certain
ministers renders my retention of
office a most impossible.' M. Rouvier
thereupon left the meeting, declaring
that he would resign."

President Carnot's difficulty is in-
creased by the reports that his father
and his brothers are involved in the
Panama canal scandal. President
Carnot himself, and not M. Ribot, was
the one who went to M. Tirard the
dispatch: "I call upon you as a friend
of my family not to refuse office. If
you do I will resign."

M. Rouvier Under Examination.

PARIS, Dec. 15.—The principal wit-
nesses examined by the Panama canal
committee were M. Rouvier, who yes-
terday resigned the finance portfolio;
M. Constans, a former minister of the
interior, and M. Georges Clemenceau,
the well-known radical deputy.

M. Rouvier was the first to be ex-
amined. He declared he had nothing
to add to what he had said yesterday.
On being questioned in regard to his
relations with baron de Reinach he re-
plied that when he visited the Reinach
residence the baron appeared to be
greatly agitated; that he asked the
baron if he had committed any criminal
offenses or bribed any Senators or
deputies and that the baron replied:
"No, I have realized some profits
which I have shared with certain
friends."

M. Rouvier contending said that he
could not explain why baron de Reinach
had hoped that M. Herz would
have the newspaper attacks upon him
stopped. He (Rouvier) had not been
aware that baron de Reinach was to be
prosecuted. His impression had been
that the baron was to be summoned
only as a witness. M. Rouvier added
that he had been assured by baron de
Reinach's son-in-law, that the baron
had not committed suicide.

Debate on the Army Bill.

BERLIN, Dec. 15.—The debate on the
first reading of the army bill was con-
tinued in the Reichstag yesterday.
Freiherr von Manteuffel, a prominent
leader of the Conservative party, made
a speech on the measure, in the course
of which he resented the aspersions
cast upon the Conservative party by
Chancellor von Caprivi, who a few
days ago declared in the Reichstag that
the Conservatives were supporters of
Rector Ahlwardt. On behalf of the
Conservative party Freiherr von Man-
teuffel declared a "intention of carry-
ing on a demagogic propaganda. They
had never made their attitude
toward the army bill dependent upon
concessions in other matters."

Chancellor von Caprivi replied to
Freiherr von Manteuffel. He referred
to a report published in the Kreuz
Zeitung of the recent meeting of Con-
servatives and said that he drew from
this report the conclusion that the
party had sympathy for the man who
had been condemned by the judges of
the land as an asperser of the army.
This statement was greeted with
cries of "Oh, oh," by the Conserva-
tives.

In the course of his remarks Dr.
Lieber made extended reference to the
relations existing between Germany
and the Vatican. He laid particular
emphasis upon his statement that the
center party would not dream of de-
manding the restoration of temporal
power to the Pope as the price of the
vatican's sanction of the triple alliance.

Upon motion of Dr. Osann, national
liberal, the bill was referred to a com-
mittee of twenty-eight members of the
reichstag.

Disaster in a Colliery.

LONDON, Dec. 15.—A fearful explo-
sion occurred yesterday in the Ramfur-
long colliery, Wigan, and not less than
fifty lives have been lost.

The men went to their work as usual
this morning, after the colliery had
been inspected in the usual way. They
had not been at work long when a
terrible explosion shook the earth for
a great distance and a cloud of smoke
shot up through the shaft into the air.

A multitude of people rushed toward
the mine and the greatest excitement
prevailed.
It was soon ascertained that a large
number had perished and the wailing
and weeping of women and children
made an indescribable scene.

Steps were immediately taken to as-
certain the full extent of the disaster
and a crowd of volunteers promptly
offered to explore the pit. It is be-
lieved that the explosion was caused
by accumulated coal gas which had
escaped the notice of the official
charged with the inspection of the
mine.

Trying to Effect a Royal Wedding.

ROME, Dec. 15.—The Naples Courier
says that the Jesuits are trying to ar-
range a matrimonial alliance between
Don Jaime, son of Don Carlos, and
Infanta Mercedes, daughter of the late
King Alfonso. This alliance, if effect-
ed, will in all probability put an
end to the hostility that has long ex-
isted between the reigning family in
Spain and the family of the Spanish
pretender, Don Carlos. Don Jaime is
33 years old and Mercedes is the year
younger.

NORWOOD PARK ORDINANCE.

Whereas, The President and Board of Trust-
ees of the Village of Norwood Park did, by
ordinance passed Jan. 4, 1892, and approved
Jan. 4, 1892, order a sidewalk to be con-
structed and laid in the Village of Norwood Park
upon and along the west side of Milwaukee avenue,
from Eastern avenue in a southerly direction
to village limits, and on the south side of River
street, from Evergreen avenue in an easterly
direction to Eastern avenue, and on west side
of Eastern avenue, from River street in a
northerly direction to Milwaukee avenue, and
on the west side of Evergreen avenue, from
River street in a northerly direction to the
village limits.

And, whereas, the said sidewalk was con-
structed and laid, as in said ordinance pro-
vided, and whereas, by reason of irregulari-
ties in the proceedings, the collection of the
cost of the sidewalk, as laid and constructed in
front of the following premises, to-wit: Upon
and along the West Side of Milwaukee Ave-
nue from Eastern Avenue, in a
Southerly direction to the South line
of point formerly known as Carter street was
defeated, and whereas a supplemental special
taxation has become necessary to collect said
cost,

Therefore, be it ordained by the President
and Board of Trustees of the Village of Nor-
wood Park:

SEC. 1. That a sidewalk be constructed and
laid in the Village of Norwood Park, upon and
along the west side of Milwaukee avenue, from
Eastern avenue in a southerly direction to the
south line of what was formerly known as
Carter street, in fractional part of half (frac-
tion) of quarter (one) of Section
five (Sec. 5) Township forty (T. 40) north,
Range thirteen (R. 13), east of the
third principal meridian (E. 3d P. M.)
Said sidewalk to be of five feet in width, and
the boards used in its construction shall not
be less than one inch thick and of the same
thickness in the same piece or strip
of sidewalk. Where two pieces or strips of
sidewalk meet they shall be so joined and
united as to cause no impediment to the feet
in walking thereon, and as near as may be in
the same plane at the point of contact or
union.

SEC. 2. Said sidewalk shall be laid on four
stringers not less in their dimensions than two
by six inches. The two outer stringers shall
be four inches from the respective edges of
said sidewalk, the distance between the two
stringers to be divided equally by the two re-
maining stringers, and they all shall be in the
same plane and be permanently and firmly
blocked or supported in position. The said
stringers shall be so laid as to break joints, and
no two joints shall be nearer to the same board
than four feet, except at the end of a side-
walk, and said joints shall be held together by
fastening a piece of board securely to the
sides of said stringers.

SEC. 3. Said sidewalk, unless otherwise
ordered by the Board of Trustees, shall be laid
with the inner line or edge four feet distant
from the front of the lot or lots along which it
is built or constructed, and parallel therewith.
SEC. 4. The boards, stringers or timbers
used in the construction of the said sidewalk
shall be good, sound, merchantable lumber of
the grade known as first common, and said
boards shall not be more than ten inches in
width and shall be laid transversely on said
stringers. Eight twelve-penny wire nails
shall be used to fasten said boards to the said
stringers, two in each stringer.

SEC. 5. The said materials and construction
of the foregoing described sidewalk to be under
the supervision of and subject to the approval
of the Sidewalk Inspector of the Village of
Norwood Park.

SEC. 6. The owners of the lot, lots, or parcels
of land touching the line of said sidewalk as
proposed, shall construct a sidewalk in ac-
cordance with the specifications herebefore
set forth, within thirty days after this ordi-
nance shall have been posted in three public
places in said Village of Norwood Park, and in
default thereof the materials thereof shall
be furnished and said sidewalk be constructed
by the Village of Norwood Park. The cost of
the construction and laying of said sidewalk,
as aforesaid, shall be paid for by special
taxation of the lot, lots, or parcels of land touching
upon the line of the proposed sidewalk, by
levying the whole of the cost thereof upon
such lot, lots, or parcels of land in proportion
to their frontage on said proposed sidewalk.

SEC. 7. A bill of cost of said sidewalk,
showing in separate items the cost of grading,
materials, laying down and supervision, shall
be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Village
of Norwood Park, certified to by the Sidewalk
Inspector of said village, together with a list
of the lot, lots, or parcels of land touching upon
the line of said sidewalk, the names of the owners
thereof, and the frontage thereof as well.
Whereupon the said Village Clerk shall pre-
pare a special tax list against said lots or par-
cels of land and the owners thereof ascer-
taining by computation the amounts of special
tax to be charged against each of
the lot, lots, or parcels and the owners
thereof, and a account of the construc-
tion of said sidewalk, in proportion to the
frontage of each of said lots on said sidewalk,
which special tax list the Clerk of the Village
of Norwood Park shall place on file in his office;
and the said Village Clerk shall thereupon issue
warrants directed to O. W. Flanders or his suc-
cessor for the collection of the amount of said
special tax to be assessed and appearing from said
special tax list to be due from the respective
owners of the lot, lots, or parcels of land touch-
ing upon the line of said sidewalk, and said
O. W. Flanders or his successor shall pro-
ceed to collect said warrants in the manner
provided for by Section Three (3) of the Act of
the General Assembly of the State of Illinois,
entitled "An act to provide additional means
for the construction of sidewalks in cities,
towns and villages," in force July 1, 1892.

SEC. 8. In case of the failure to collect said
special tax, as provided in said act, the Village
Clerk shall, within twenty days thereafter,
make a report of all such special tax, in writ-
ing, to the County Collector of Cook County of
all the lots or parcels of land upon which such
special tax shall be so unpaid, with the names
of the respective owners thereof, so far as the
same are known to him, and the amount due
and unpaid upon such tract, together with a
copy of this ordinance, in the manner pre-
scribed by Section four (4) of the Act of the
General Assembly of the State of Illinois,
entitled "An act to provide additional means
for the construction of sidewalks in cities,
towns and villages," in force July 1, 1892.

Witness my hand and the seal of the Board of Trustees,
this 15th day of December, 1892.

FRANK L. CLEVELAND,
Village Clerk.

Passed Dec. 15, 1892.

Approved Dec. 15, 1892.

Published Dec. 17, 1892.

FROM THE RAM'S HORN.

In getting riches we get a thousand
other things that we didn't want to
get.

One trouble with the world is that
so many people have more reputation
than character.

The time when it makes a man the
maddest to call him a liar is when he
knows you tell the truth.

It men would enthrone as easily in
religion as they do in politics, now
quickly the devil would begin to
rule.

The man who beats the big drum in
a band always has an idea that the
music would be better if he had more
to do.

The grave digger would have more
time to rest if some other people would
learn to live without always being in
a hurry.

The farmer who undertakes to earn
his bread by the sweat of a hired man's
brow, had better make up his mind
that he once a month will do

SIMPLY TAKE A RECESS.

The International Monetary Conference
Will Not Adjourn Since Dec.

BRUSSELS, Dec. 15.—It is considered
probable that the International Mon-
etary conference will not adjourn with-
out date, but will adjourn until some
time next spring, or perhaps only for
a few weeks. The bimetallics from
India and elsewhere are decidedly
aroused over what they regard as the
duplicité of the other side. It is
claimed that Great Britain is using
Germany and Austria to accomplish
purposes that England does not dare
to openly urge for fear of offending
India as well as British bimetallic
sentiment.

TWENTY-FIVE INJURED.

Union Pacific Train Wrecked by a Broken
Rail Near Green River.

SALT LAKE, Utah, Dec. 15.—A
West-bound passenger train on the
Union Pacific was wrecked near Green
River, Wyo., Monday. The accident
was caused by a broken rail. Six cars
were derailed and about twenty-five
persons injured. Two of them may
die. Most of the injured are immi-
grants. Messages filed by the passen-
gers were not forwarded by the tele-
graph company promptly and nothing
was known in this city about the ac-
cident until the arrival of the train here.

NOTICE.

Lately this paper has been repre-

sented by parties who claimed to be

collectors for this paper and as the

Suburban Times company has not

authorized anybody to collect money

except the local editors and all persons

paying money to the supposed col-

lectors for their advertisements and

subscriptions are hereby warned that

the Suburban Times company are not

responsible to the sums paid except to

the following persons: E. T. Goven of

SUBURBAN TIMES, O. W. Flanders of

Norwood Park Sentinel, W. E. Blake

of Park Ridge Herald, C. E. Bennett of

Desplaines News, F. J. Filbert of Pal-

entine Independent, M. T. Lamey of

Barrington Review.

Winter Resorts of the South.

Jacksonville and Tampa, Fla., and
other South Atlantic and Gulf Coast
resorts can be reached with but one
change of cars from Chicago and that
at Louisville or Cincinnati, where the
Monon makes close connection with
the L. & N. and Q. & C. Vestibule
trains, running through to Florida.

The Monon's day trains are now all
equipped with beautiful new parlor
and dining cars, while its night trains
are made up of smoking cars, day
coaches, and Pullman and compart-
ment sleepers, lighted by electricity
from headlight to hindmost sleeper.

The Monon has gradually fought its
way to the front, making extensive
improvements in its road-bed and
service, until to-day it is the best equip-
ped line from Chicago to the South,
offering its patrons facilities and ac-
commodations second to none in the
world and at rates lower than ever be-
fore.

A
USEFUL
PRESENT.

R. W. Smith can

furnish you with a

Fine Umbrella or Cane

and save you

20 per cent on same.

2 blocks South of N. W. Depot.

R. W. Smith and Company, Neatly Done
and a Short Notice.

512 N. W. AVENUE.

MOXIE

THE BEST SPRING REMEDY

BLOOD AND LIVER PURIFIER

TAKES THE PLACE OF MEDICINES

F. A. Cheney writes: Four years ago was as

invalid from enlargement of the liver. Tried

medicine to no purpose. Commenced to drink

Moxie and it cured me, as I am able to do hard

work with ease. Respectfully, F. A. CHENEY.

44 W. 12th St., Chicago.

MOXIE CURES PILES

"August Flower"

"One of my neighbors, Mr. John Gilbert, has been sick for a long time. All thought him past recovery. He was horribly emaciated from the inaction of his liver and kidneys. It is difficult to describe his appearance and the miserable state of his health at that time. Help from any source seemed impossible. He tried your August Flower and the effect upon him was magical. It restored him to perfect health to the great astonishment of his family and friends." John Quibell, Holt, Ont.®

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT
THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.
Dissolves Gravel,
Gallstones, brick dust in urine, pains in urethra, straining after urination, pain in back and hips, sudden stoppage of water in pressure.

Bright's Disease,
Tubercles in urine, scanty urine, Swamp-Root cures urinary troubles and kidney difficulties.
Liver Complaint,
Torpid or enlarged liver, foul breath, biliousness, indigestion, headache, poor digestion, gout.
Catarrh of the Bladder,
Inflammation, irritation, ulceration, dribbling, frequent calls, pass blood mucus or pus.
Guarantee: Use contents of one bottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund you the cost of the medicine.
At Druggists, 60c. Size, \$1.00. Size, \$2.00. "Ladies' Guide to Health" free—consult on free.
DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

OWN THE EARTH

What! No. Most of it is little account; only a few spots are worth having. Let others own Sahara and Siberia; you buy in GRIFFITH, CHICAGO'S FACTORY SUBURB.



JAY DWIGGINS & CO.,
FOUNDERS OF GRIFFITH, CHICAGO.
Take Care of the Children.

Mothers, be careful of the children. When they complain, attend to the matter. Do not be satisfied with telling them that their trouble is "growing pains." This may be the case and it may be serious. See that they breathe properly and are able to take long, deep, full breaths. If they cannot do this, they are in danger. Above all, avoid pulmonary trouble. Do not let them catch cold and then let it run until it ends in catarrh, the most disgusting of all diseases. Get a bottle of Reid's German Cough & Kidney Cure, and when they take cold give it to them. It contains nothing deleterious, and it is the only cough remedy on the market of which it can be truthfully said, it is impossible to take an overdose. Ask your druggist for it, and don't let him give you anything else in the place of it. Small bottles cost twenty-five cents, large size fifty cents.
SYLVAN REMEDY CO., Peoria, Ills.

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies
—or—
Other Chemicals
are used in the preparation of
W. BAKER & CO'S Breakfast Cocoa
which is absolutely pure and soluble.
It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

\$1000.00 Paid in prizes for Poems on "Estherbrook's Pen." Send postal for circulars to Estherbrook & Co., 23 John St., New York.
OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.
MARRIAGE PAPER FREE. Nearly 600 ladies and gentlemen want correspondents. GUNNELL'S MONTHLY, Toledo, Ohio.
Plan's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Quickest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Haehtel, Warren, Pa.

Mrs. Fannie Dignam, 141 Mott St., New York City, makes a miraculous cure of her rheumatism. She writes: "I owe unspeakable and never to be forgotten gratitude to Salvation Oil. It made a miraculous cure of my rheumatism."

The State of Washington lays claim to 300 Indian voters, while Oregon boasts of fifty.

He finds it "a wonderful cure for a bad cough." Mr. Wm. F. Anderson, 241 Water St., New York City, N. Y., gives this endorsement: "I have found Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup the wonderful cure it is represented to be. It is just the thing for a bad cough."

Mexican flint knives were made so sharp that they could be used for trimming hair.

A CHILD ENJOYS
The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

The hawthorn is an American plant and was first mentioned in 1893.

Baker's Norwegian Cod Liver Oil
Quickly relieves throat and lung diseases and imparts vigor and new life. Sold by druggists.

Corsets have been found on the waists of the Egyptian mummies.

FITS—All fits stopped free by DR. KILMER'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fit after first day's use. Mysterious cures. Treatise sent free. Address: Dr. Kilmer, 101 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Newfoundland company has been organized to gather ice from icebergs.

Berach, Chicago's Scientific Outfitting Specialists and Eye Glasses a specialty. Consult us about your eyes. Improve your sight. 101 Adams St., 922 P. O.

A mountain of carbonate zinc is the latest discovery near Hillsboro, N. M.

NEBRASKA FARMS.
Five thousand acres selected lands in bodies of 160 to 1,500 acres. Magnificent crops. Richest soil in the state. Near Union Pacific and B. & M. railroads. \$5.00 to \$10.00 per acre. Value of Nebraska farm products in 1891, \$100,000,000.00. 1892 crops still larger. Address: W. G. ALBRIGHT, 521, 522, 523, N. Y. Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

The great Cedros hacienda in Zacatecas, Mexico, comprising 1,200,000 acres, has been sold for \$5,000,000.

SUNSHINE
comes, no matter how dark the clouds are, when the woman who is borne down by woman's troubles turns to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If her life is made gloomy by the chronic weaknesses, delicate derangements, and painful disorders that afflict her sex, they are completely cured. If she is overworked, nervous, or "run-down," she has new life and strength. "Favorite Prescription" is a powerful, invigorating tonic and a soothing and strengthening nerve tonic, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, cleanses the system, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and vigor. For every "female complaint" and disturbance, it is the only remedy so sure and unfailing that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Scott's Emulsion
of cod-liver oil presents a perfect food—palatable, easy of assimilation, and an appetizer; these are everything to those who are losing flesh and strength. The combination of pure cod-liver oil, the greatest of all fat producing foods, with Hypophosphites, provides a remarkable agent for **Quick Flesh Building** in all ailments that are associated with loss of flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Borne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all druggists.

SHILOH'S CURE.
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Large Size, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

National College of MUSIC
27 Teachers. | All-around, 26 Van Buren St., Chicago. Elementary, Academic, Collegiate, Noifal. Every department of Vocal and Instrumental Music. Harmony, Painting, Delsarte, Sight Singing, etc. Pupils prepared for Choir, Concert and the Operatic Stage. Summer Session begins July 18, 1892. Illinois: 27c. Catalogue mailed. H. S. PINKINS, Director.

DROPSY
TREATED FREE.
Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured thousands of cases. Care cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first three symptoms disappear: in ten days at least two-thirds all symptoms removed. Send for free book testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial send in stamps to postmaster, Dr. H. H. HARRIS & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

Asthma
The African Kola Plant, discovered in Congo, West Africa, is Nature's Sure Cure for Asthma, Cough, Sore Throat, Hay Fever, etc. Export Office, 1101 Broadway, New York. For Large Trial Case, FREE, by Mail, address: SOLA IMPORTERS CO., 125 Vesey St., New York, N. Y.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED
10 to 20 lbs. lost by the use of our new diet and no bad effects. Strictly confidential. Send for circular. Address: Dr. J. C. HARRIS, 1101 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
EARLY RISERS
Do Witt's Little Early Risers, the Famous Little Pills for Constipation, Set Head-aches, Dyspepsia, No Nausea, No Pain. 7c. 5 Small



Quite Another Thing.
"If I were married, and the one I chose for love loved me, I'd try to keep my way of life. Much as it is," said she. "If I could to take a walk With some nice, pleasant man, Or have a confidential talk All on platonic plan— I'd quite expect my husband to Make way as husbands should— In short, allow me what I wished— Of proper latitude. To visit theaters and balls With either gentlemen— Receive nice notes and friendly gifts. And all such thing, and then—" "Then," said her listener, eagerly, "You'd let him do the same, And go about with charming girls, And have his little game. You'd like to see him just as gay As if he were not wed, With other women?" "Would I, though? I'd have his life," she said.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde.
As in nearly all his acts, Oscar Wilde showed his eccentricity in the circumstances of his marriage to the graceful and accomplished Miss Lloyd, daughter of Horatio Lloyd. He met her one day while out calling with his mother. The young couple conversed for some time, and when the apostle of the beautiful went away he said to his mother that he thought seriously of marrying her. Some few years later, after his lecturing tour in America, the marriage took place. In their early married days, when Mr. Wilde was still practicing his gospel of the beautiful, and was himself the head and front of the aesthetic movement in England, his young wife was a willing and loving disciple, and wore the aesthetic gowns and artistic colors approved of and designed by her husband.

The first appearance of Mrs. Wilde in society was a marked success; her youth, her beauty, her freedom from affectation, her lovely aesthetic gowns were the talk of the town. Few persons knew how bashful this lovely young girl really was, what an effort she had to make before she entered a drawing-room. Mrs. Wilde often says now that her first season, after her marriage, was torture to her; the constant meeting of new people, the knowledge that she must do her best to make a pleasing impression, hung like a pall over her whenever she left her home on her reception days, it was even worse; and yet she always appeared perfect mistress of herself and of the occasion, and the very bashfulness from which she suffered lent her a new and, as it were, a far-off charm.

Girls and Low-Cut Gowns.
The question of when to wear low-cut gowns can have but one answer: "Never in daylight," writes Mrs. Burton Harrison in the third of her delightful and helpful articles on the "Well-Bred Girl in Society," in the December Ladies' Home Journal. The rule that obtains for the assumption of men's evening dress—"from dusk to dawn"—is adjustable to both. For every function of society held from midday to a late dinner hour, a girl's dress should be worn high, with long sleeves. If on any gala occasion it be desirable to relax the stringency of this ordinance, it should be only to cut the dress open a little below the throat, and to wear elbow sleeves, a pretty girlish fashion, in which her youthful beauty loses naught. There is now-a-days to be had such a variety of soft-lined, crapy, clinging stuffs, than which nothing can better enhance round contours and fine lines of nature, that a young woman need not sigh for the additional attraction of neck and shoulders revealed to an artificial light in the afternoon. A few years ago the experiment was made of hostesses receiving at large afternoon teas in low-cut dresses, but the contrast between them and their guests in every variety of outdoor garb, including tailor-made gowns, soon brought the fashion to an end. At dinners, evening parties and balls it is so universal a modern custom to equip young girls in décolleté gowns, that there can only be the question of individual judgment in the matter to combat it. The cut of such dresses is, however, always modest.

A Chrysanthemum Luncheon.
As a luncheon takes place in the middle of the day, and none but ladies attend, the decorations should be simple and dainty, writes H. H. Battles in an illustrated article on "The Fashionable Chrysanthemum" in the November Ladies' Home Journal. It was always, before selecting flowers, to determine whether natural or artificial light is to be used, as the color of many flowers undergoes a decided change under artificial light. For instance, yellow chrysanthemums that seem too strong by daylight are very much softened by gaslight, and many of the pinks and reds are also very much more attractive in artificial light. If clusters are to be placed at each guest's plate, they should be rather small, so that if the guest should care to wear them she may do so. A beautiful cluster can be made by using three or four of the white feathery chrysanthemum, "Mrs. Alpheus Hardy," with a delicately colored orchid, tied with ribbon to match.

chrysanthemums are grouped in the center, or at the ends of the table; these should be tied with ribbons of appropriate color. A pretty effect can be produced by leaving one end of the ribbon long enough to extend to each guest's plate, on which her name can be painted. When the hostess wishes to rise, she draws her bouquet toward her, and suggests that her friends do likewise.

An Evening Musicales.
In giving a successful evening musicale there are almost as many things to be avoided as there are to be accomplished, and it would seem almost that it might be wise to voice the suggestions which it is purposed to give here in the negative form. There are, in any case, a few important, if general, "don'ts" that may well preface the more detailed suggestions which will be found below, and these are addressed to those contemplating the holding of a musical evening, either large or small. Don't invite people if you cannot make them comfortable; remember that their homes are places of rest and ease, and that unless you can give to them entertainment and comfort they will grudge the hours spent away from their own vines and fig trees. Don't include mediocre talent among your performers on such an occasion, avoid your best friend, if he or she thinks, without proper foundation for the belief, that musical ability is his or hers.

The Wife of Jules Verne.
She was married at the age of 24; her maiden name was Dufresne. Her marriage has proved an exceptionally happy one. She is the mother of two daughters and of a son, Michel Verne, who is the youngest of her children and is just 30 years of age. Her eldest daughter is 38, and her younger one is 36. All are married, and Madame Verne is the happy ancestress of six little grandchildren. It has been reported that Jules Verne has been largely aided in the preparation of some of his novels by his intelligent and devoted wife. She herself has hastened to deny the rumor, declaring that she has never taken part, in any fashion, in the literary labors of her husband. "While fully appreciating" (I quote her own words on the subject) "the happiness I enjoy in being the life companion of an intellectual man, to whose career success has not been lacking, I have shared, therefore, the joys, and not the fatigues, of his existence as an author."

The Daintiest Petticoat of All.
A dainty petticoat is of blue and white striped silk, finished with a frill of black lace, that has for its heading five rows of black beading, through which is run pale blue Tom Thumb ribbon. This lace flounce is upon the silk and not below it, and the skirt itself is lined throughout with very thin black silk, and finished underneath with a pinked ruffle of the same. By this arrangement the skirt is rendered a little warmer, and the silk and lace do not have so much hard wear given them.

Mrs. Blaine's Clever Pen.
To be one of Mrs. Blaine's correspondents is the desire of all who know her. Her letters are remarkable for their beauty of expression, cleverness and originality. Not the least of her accomplishments with the pen is her rare facility of expression through the medium of telegraph blanks. Her despatches of condolences or congratulations are unusual examples of brevity and meaning.

Notes by the Way.
In Glasgow, Scotland, 13,740 women have municipal suffrage.
Woman's Century is the name of a new weekly paper to be published in Welmur, Germany. It will be devoted to the advancement of women in the fatherland.

Miss Elia L. Knowles of Helena, Mont., whose portrait recently appeared in the Evening Post, as a candidate for attorney general of her State, has been elected.

An absolutely unique position in German Jewish journalism is that occupied by Israelitische Hausfrauen Zeitung of Leipzig, a journal which has just started upon its career. It will confine its efforts to the interests of Jewish women.

Miss Patterson of Ireland is one of the few women to win the degree of doctor of music, and the only one in Great Britain except the Princess of Wales, whose title is complimentary. Miss Wilson has received, also, the degrees of bachelor of music and bachelor of arts from the Irish universities.

The Ladies' club in Sydney is the only club in the city which is not in debt. The rooms are in a central and convenient locality, where tea, coffee and cocoa are served at any hour, where dainty lunches are enjoyed by the members and their friends, and where private reception rooms are furnished to ladies who wish to entertain their friends. The club numbers nearly 100 members.

Startling.
The biographers of Mrs. James K. Polk record what they call a "pleasant speech" made to her while she was mistress in the White House. In the course of an evening reception, when the rooms were filled with guests, there fell one of those sudden silences that now and then occur in the midst of the buzz of talk. Then a deep, distinct voice said: "Madam, I have long wished to see the lady upon whom the Bible pronounces woe!" The remark was startling, and no one ventured to make a reply. Mrs. Polk looked at the speaker with a puzzled air, and he added: "Does not the Bible say: 'Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you?'" The company was relieved, and the lady bowed her thanks for the compliment.

FAIR WOMAN'S WORLD

INTERESTING CHAT FOR WOMAN AND HOME.

Current Notes of the Modes—Some Pretty Costumes for Dames and Daughters—A Grecian Dinner Gown—For Street Wear—Notes.

Grecian Dinner Gown.
Though not adhering strictly to the classic styles till this pretty costume in Nile green surah is very simple and



effective. The bib, edging of plaits, sleeves and panel are of white velvet with bands of silver passementerie.

Modes, Styles and Colors.
For the winter season fashion has created a number of distinctive styles, borrowing details of the directoire, the empire and the restoration. The majority of the new gowns are triumphs of refined, cultivated taste and of deft manipulation; and the importing houses and best dry goods houses are filled with the most tempting and beautiful materials and trimmings that mortal eyes have ever beheld. Velvet leads as the fabric for elegant gowns, wraps, and for combining with rich silks, satins, brocades and stylish fine woollens, and also for various elegant millinery uses. Superb passementeries and fur bands are the decorations for entire tailor-made costumes of velvet. Preference is this year given to the very dark shades of mahogany, moss and olive green, petunia, magenta, florentine red and rich tints in brown. "Old cherry" is a new very dark red brought out among novel French directoire costumes in cloth and velvet combined with Persian brocade and edged with sealskin fur.

Jackets That Are the Mode.
The nondescript and fanciful little jackets so much the rage this season offer a solution to the problem which vexes the minds of most women, i. e., the wearing out of pretty dress-skirts whose waists have become useless. A large portion of these jackets are of velvet—in black, bright or deep colors. Few have either side seams or darts, but are adjusted to the figure by a deeply curved under-arm seam. Some have open Hungarian sleeves that are full on the shoulder, falling in a straight line to elbow. A number of pretty silk blouse-fronts are added, which are sewed to glove-fitting waists of silesia. These fasten at the back. There are also coat-shaped undersleeves to match, or this sleeve may be a rather full one if preferred. Any amount of charming variations can be made by means of a choice of rich and dainty blouse and vest fronts. One yard and a half of velvet will make a short Russian jacket with Hungarian capes, as one width of velvet will cut both fronts.

The New Fur Cape-Collar.
The new fur neck-scarf, cape, collar, fichu—it is difficult to decide which best conveys the idea of the model—is cut something like a wide Charles IX. collar, with shaped plastron of fur to cover the chest. In some cases the ends terminate in level points, in others square Russian tabs; again one of the ends is shorter than the other. The long end is graduated in size, curving finally to a long point, following the line of the figure, and crossing it obliquely, fastens under the left arm at the waist. These fichu-collars are admirable for wear on the milder days of winter, imparting a good degree of warmth and, being so easily added or removed, they are a valuable acquisition, and when worn over a snug cloth jacket whose close sleeves cover the arms, they are really more protective than a fur pelerine and do not give to a stout figure that bulky appearance which an ordinary shoulder-cape of fur invariably imparts.

A Tailor-Made Gown.



One of the most stylish models in a heavy velvet. The buttons are of black velvet. The princess effect depends largely for its beauty on the perfect cut of the garment. The large hat is trimmed with dark green feathers and yellow velvet.
Gowns for Slender Women.
Very handsome dresses for slender youthful women are made of Napoleon blue, violet or golden-brown ladies' cloth, all in one piece, hooked in the

back and trimmed with narrow bands of plucked beaver fur and silk crocheted buttons of the same dark shade. The velvet sleeves are in very full leg-of-mutton shape, and the skirt has a medium length train. Similar dresses hooked in the back are made of Jacquard camel's hair and bengaline silk. Black bengaline dresses have large sleeves of rich green or violet velvet. Gray gowns are finished with dahlia velvet sleeves, and each gown has a collar or girdle matching the sleeve fabric in kind.

Notes of the Modes.
The novelties in passementeries and galloons are of heavy cords with the interstices filled in to give an open lace or lattice effect.

The long white Mongolian fur is now dyed many rich, dark colors to match street costumes, and is used for collar-ettes, boas, fancy muffs and edgings.

The new peau de soie has its surface so finely twilled that it is as smooth as satin. It has, however, a demi-luster instead of the brilliant satin finish.

The newest empire brocades are figured in rose wreaths and branches, with yellow, white and pink roses together on a ground of emerald purple satin or of gold, green, Russian blue or white.

Dresden china brocades and striped repped silk of quaint colors are used for dancing dresses this season. The trimming of these gowns is very fine-meshed gold lace in little ruffles set over white satin ribbon.

Camel's hair cheviots, shaggy of surface; new English serges, far softer and more flexible than those of previous seasons; French chuddahs and Biarritz cloths are among the popular dress goods for ordinary wear.

Old-fashioned fringes, with rich passementerie headings, are revived. Some of them are intermixed with cut-jet and iridescent beads; others are tufted with velvet, while others are enriched with gold and copper threads and cabochons.

Some handsome directoire long coats are of dark, Roman-red cloth elaborately trimmed with pipings of black fur and heavy black cord arabesques in pyramid designs reaching half way up the length of the coat in the back and down the fronts from neck to hem.

Among the pretty and popular capes of the season are those of two-thirds length formed of three graduated collars reaching barely to the shoulders. Whichever way the cape is made all the edges are bordered with fur.

A recently received full dress Parisian toilet shows the extreme of the daring color combinations this season. It is of silk, plain velvet and brocade; is made à l'empire and represented nearly all the colors of the rainbow. Indeed, it is doubtful if a bit of solidified rainbow would have been so gay.



French Evening Gown.
Very chic and novel is this combination of ivory satin and black fur. A ruffle of lace falls from the low cut bodice and a wide corselet of satin ends in long loops in front.

A Use for Seaweed.
Among the various industrial and chemical uses of seaweed none is more interesting, perhaps, than its utilization in the production of the well-known litmus paper. For this purpose there is used the common rockweed, which is found in all tropical seas, but particularly and abundantly in the Mediterranean, being, in fact, a lichen which grows on the rocks in the water and near the shore. The litmus is prepared by macerating the plant in water with lime, potash, and other substances, and leaving it in this condition until fermentation follows. On this taking place it first turns red and then blue, and on the whole mass becoming of the desired blue color, it is pressed into a mould and made into small rectangular cakes, which have the appearance of indigo and the smell of violets. In producing the litmus an infusion of the latter is made with boiling water, and unsized paper is soaked in this, being afterward dried. The natural color of the paper is blue; the red litmus is made by treating the preparation with acids so as to give it a reddish tinge.

A Round of Pleasure in the Courts.
It is claimed that most people go to law for the mental satisfaction of winning. To them our Canadian judiciary system must be most gratifying. They can go from the County court to a Superior Court Judge, thence to the full court, and on to the Court of Appeal; then on to the Supreme court, and if they have any money remaining they may go to the Privy Council of England. The litigant who does not secure one or two favorable decisions along the road must have a hopeless case.

Coats with princess backs and Russian fronts and with very large sleeves are growing in favor. They are in the three-quarters length to be worn with slight trains, or, when they are to be worn with directoire skirts that are even with the ground, they are made to reach quite to the bottom of the skirt.

He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.

A CAT WORTH HAVING.

THIS TABBY WAS A MOST REMARKABLE FELINE.

Reggie Loved Poetry, But Had a Penchant for High Jumping—He Started Out to See the World and Never Returned.

This cat had the glossiest and silkiest fur, remarkable intelligence, fascinating beauty, a most aristocratic pedigree, and a mistress who loved it dearly but it ran away. This cat was more devoted to its mistress than any dog could be; it rubbed against her gown with the plainest evidence of deep-seated affection, and looked up into her eyes with all the fire of its oriental nature. It was a native of Persia and had all the passion of that romantic land. After this statement of facts it will be readily understood that the disappearance of this cat has brought well nigh inconsolable grief to its mistress.

For some time the residents of the lower section of Brooklyn have been made aware of the disappearance of this cat through this advertisement that appeared in the hotels, many of the stores and on the outer walls of some of the buildings:

Lost—A large, orange-brown, brown tabby cat, with large bushy tail, white breast and feet and white stripes on neck. Five dollars reward for information as to its whereabouts, or for its return. No reward will be paid to anyone who has been to its mistress, Miss Littlejohn, 89 Pineapple street, Brooklyn.

The cat's name was Reginald, but it will be noticed that Reginald is described in the advertisement as a tabby cat. This apparent incongruity must be the New York Sun's only apology for referring to Reginald in an impersonal and impartial fashion as "it."

Reginald became conscious of the worries of this world in the heart of England. Early in life it came into the possession of the Littlejohn family, which consists at present of Mrs. Littlejohn, her son Stewart, who is an artist, and her daughter, who is a blue-eyed divinity.

Reginald grew to be a wonderful animal. It would turn marvelous somersaults and seemed to understand all that was said. It was particularly fond of the poetry which Miss Littlejohn often read aloud. When Reggie sailed for America a year and a half ago it captivated all the other passengers on the ship. It paraded up and down the deck with the haughtiness of an aristocrat and the steadiness of a born sailor.

The apartment house at No. 81 Pineapple street, in which Reginald was domiciled, had already become famous through being the residence of the young Californian author of "Through the Chaperon; or, the Wingless Insects of Shasta County." The Littlejohn family took the top flat, so that Reginald might have the roof for its exercise. Here it grew to the very large and handsome animal. Every morning Reggie rode around the room on Mrs. Littlejohn's shoulder, and whenever the family returned from a visit Reginald awaited them at the door.

One day Reginald tripped lightly out of a fifth-story window. Its terrified mistress rushed to the basement, expecting to find his mangled body on the flagstones. Instead she saw Reginald calmly stroking his whiskers. With paragonic pride she had it photographed, and her brother painted its portrait.

One Saturday Reginald was on the roof with Miss Littlejohn. Suddenly it leaped down to the window sill of the parlor window. Miss Littlejohn rushed down stairs, but Reggie had disappeared. From that time, although anxious inquiries have been made far and wide, nothing has been seen of Reginald by the Littlejohn family. Once somebody said it had been seen in the navy yard, but the search there was fruitless.

The Littlejohns, although mourning for Reginald as one who is dead, still believe that it is alive. That it was not killed by the fall is sure, for its body would have been found. The Littlejohns thought at first that it might have gone to the neighbors. But the neighbors had not seen it, and the Californian declared that he had never heard of Reggie.

At the time of the disappearance Reginald was nearly twice as big as an ordinary cat, with a marked ruff of white fur around its neck and a wonderfully bushy tail. If anybody should see such a cat he can discover whether it is really Reginald, by talking to it in soulful verse. If it is Reginald, it will show marked appreciation of the attention.

Sky Top Lake.
The true old name of Lake Mohonk is Moggonck, and its meaning is "On the great Sky Top." Sky Top as persons familiar with the region about Lake Mohonk are aware, is the mountain on which the lake is situated. Sky Top by the way is an apt and picturesque name for the mountain for it is outlined with peculiar distinctness when seen from certain points of view.

Mud Baths.
Mud baths were common among the ancients, the mud on the seashore and the slime of rivers being especially prized for this purpose. The Tartars and Egyptians still use them in certain diseases. They are taken by many people at places on the continent of Europe, among which may be named Driburg, Eilenburg, Neundorf, Pymont Spa, Marienbad, Franzensbrunn, Iger, Kissingen and Toplitz.

Do you pretend to have as good a judgment as I have? exclaimed an enraged wife to her husband. "Well, no," he replied slowly. "Our choice of partners for life shows that my judgment is not to be compared with yours."—Tid Bits.

DREAM FACES.

Shadowy Countenances That Pass People When Wide Awake.

It may be serviceable to remark that visions of this kind sometimes present themselves to us in the dark when we are awake, perfectly sane, unaware of any sort of physical disturbance and without any effort of the imagination. They are dream-stunts, so to speak, and the precursors of the dreams that fill our minds when quite asleep. In this way a lady used to see showers of red roses, which turned into a flight of speckles or spangles; and not only were the roses presented to her vision as distinctly as real flowers in broad daylight might be, but she could smell their perfume.

There is nothing like that in my experience, says a writer in the Contemporary Review, except that at infrequent times of fatigue I share the sensations of those who are said to have discovered a rose scent flowing from and about them. An effluence of very distinct violet scent flushes from my hands, or so I fancy. But Mr. Maury and Mr. Galton relate stories of faces seen in the dark in like manner—faces seemingly standing off upon the air and coming and going with a will and purpose of their own. Mr. Maury's experience seems to have been that of mine in this particular. In his case these phantoms nearly always represented persons known to him.

In mine it has never been so on a single occasion and the difference is noticable. As I look at these faces, asking myself who was like that or that, I find no answer except in a fancied resemblance to some historical or mythological personage. They strike the view as entirely strange and surprisingly original. Fossils Blake's visions were some such faces as these presented to his eyes in broad daylight. I am inclined to think so because his wonderful, dreadful "The Ghost of a Flea," is precisely such a transcript as I could have made by the score had I possessed his pictorial skill. Under my own eyelids I have seen many a face of the same awful family; some even more dreadful still, being all astray with animation. But the greater number of them are not of the terrible kind.

After the fact that nothing foreknown or familiar ever appears among them, the next most remarkable thing about these visions is that they often look like the fleeting embodiment of some passion or mood of the mind; usually not the bettermost. Some faces expressive of a great nobility and serenity appear but I have never seen among them the mask of pity, of love or any soft emotion. Grief, the most despairing, scorn, cunning pride, hate, inquiry, envious or triumphant mockery—no human face that ever was seen I felt sure, displayed these emotions with a comparable subtlety and intensity. It is not the character of all, but it is of some to an almost appalling extent; and if Blake did see these faces either in daylight or in darkness, he had more than his imagination to draw upon when he depicted the passions.

At the Railroad Ticket Office.
Lady—A ticket for me and two halves for my sons.
Ticket Seller—Excuse me, madame, but one of your sons is older than twelve years.

"What of that the other is as much under twelve years as the oldest is over twelve, so they only aggregate twelve years."—Texas Slings.

Two Sisters of One Race.
At Lenox:
Genevieve—Why are you going back to the city so early? Do you find it lone-ome here?
Maud—No dear I'm going so that the young men here can get some rest.

Could Stand It.
"How do you like that?" asked a maddened torturer as he tightened the thumb-screw.
"Oh, it will do—at a pinch," answered the prisoner, philosophically.—Puck.

BUSINESS BRIEVITIES.

Chicago is to have electrically propelled vehicles.

In the manufacture of broadcloth there are thirty-five separate processes through which each piece must go.

A moss factory is a new enterprise proposed in Brunswick, Ga. It will be an extensive establishment, and will give employment to a large number of men.

Numerous processes have figured of late in the patent list whereby it is claimed that petroleum could be rendered incombustible and also unflammable. One of these consists in adding to about 40 gallons of petroleum two pounds of copper sulphate and stirring the whole well. After twenty-four hours' standing the oil is ready for use.

Investigations and tests of an encouraging nature have been made in London with petroleum in a solid state for fuel purposes, the crude oil being mixed with a chemical compound equal to about fifteen per cent of its weight and being the subjected to a moist heat of about 212 degrees, after which it is dried at a high temperature and compressed into the form of bricks by a powerful press.

The substitute for glass brought to notice some time ago by a manufacturer in Vienna, Austria, is pronounced a practicable thing, likely to be introduced as valuable for certain purposes. The sheet or plate has substantially the same properties as glass, resisting the action of acids and alkalis and of dilute acids, and like glass is transparent and has no smell. Again, it is said to be pliable or flexible and is said to be as strong as glass, while its inflammability is much less than that of the ordinary substitutes.

OUR ST. LOUIS LETTER.

A Loyal Wife—Blind Asylum to be Moved—General Activity in Business Circles.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 6.—The faithful little wife of Ed. T. Noland, the former State Treasurer of Missouri, who fell into bad company, got to playing poker and embezzled money from the State, is in a fair way to get him pardoned, although he has been in the penitentiary only a few months. She lived in luxury while he was the treasurer of the State. Now she keeps a boarding house here and does the housework herself. She has been pardoned before Gov. Francis goes out of office, and it is generally understood that he will do this, possibly as one of the Christmas pardons which are his prerogative.

The business men of St. Louis are in high spirits. It has never been so easy to make money as now. The bank clearances during the past week exceeded by over \$4,000,000 those of any previous week in the city's history, and the receipts of the custom house for last month were more by 17 per cent than those of the same month last year. This prosperity has added effect on the man of small means, who wants to build a home for his family and is hunting for cheap money, as well as on the projector of big street, railway and suburban building enterprises, who gets his money by the hundreds of thousands of dollars. Eight per cent is regarded as a remarkably high rate of interest here.

The St. Louis Asylum for the Blind, whence, by the way, some of the most useful inventions for the use of the blind ever perfected have come, is to be moved. The asylum was established where it now stands years ago, when the property in the neighborhood could be had for little, the city not building that way very fast. Now, rapid cars run past and factories have grown up all around it, until the land and the buildings are worth several times more than they cost the State. The institution will be taken to a quiet place in the suburbs, and the ground and improvements will be sold for more than enough to pay for the new site and buildings.

"Well, how do you like St. Louis?" was asked, as usual, of a clever woman from Boston, who had just joined a fashionable West End church, following her husband's business fortunes.

"I think I shall like it very much," she answered with a smile, "when it is finished."

She then explained that the day before she had been out driving over the city and she had never got out of sight of new buildings. This is the thing about St. Louis that strikes most visitors. The report of the Building Commissioner for this year will astonish the people of cities that have stopped growing. To say nothing of the thousands of dwelling houses that are going up, there are now twenty-six large office buildings being erected at an aggregate cost of \$14,000,000. Each one of these buildings is a small town in itself, story on story, hundreds of offices, and scores of employees to look after the property.

A complete suit of horse armor completed the champion head piece; maul, pike, neck piece, potroll for the shoulders, and a couple over the hips.

The medieval lance was 18 feet long.

For Bronchial, Asthmatic and Pulmonary Complaints, "Brown's Bronchial Trochies" have remarkable curative properties. Sold only in boxes.

Shelby, Texas, has a \$90,000 jail from which ten prisoners recently escaped by sawing through iron bars with a 35-cent file.

Before the year 1800 twelve papers were published in the United States.

The oldest Egyptian monuments show that the saw was in use at least 1,000 years B. C.

Cleanliness, exercise, and diet are the cardinal virtues of good health. Take good care of the first two, and if you know what and how to eat, you need never be ill. It is claimed that Garfield, too, a simple herb remedy, overcomes the results of a wrong living.

When playing Falstaff, Quin had a velvet chair with gold claws and blue fringe placed on the battlefield so that he might soliloquize in comfort.

It has been proved that the recent epidemic of small-pox in British Columbia came from China.

"How I Wrote Ben Hur," told by Gen. Lew Wallace, is one scrap from the voluminous and superb programme of eminent writers and interesting articles which THE YOUTH'S COMPANION announces. It retains its place in 550,000 families by the veracity and the instructiveness of its general articles, the high character of all its stories, the brightness of its illustrations. Then it comes every week, and one gets a great deal for \$1.75 a year. The price sent at once will entitle you to the paper to Jan. 1894. Address THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

A number of the finest coaching teams in and about Paris belong to American amateurs.

Electricity was first transported from place to place in portable form in 1881.

An Englishwoman's Remarkable Ride.

A remarkable ride has just been accomplished in the Tyrol by Miss Tomasson, an English lady, who covered a distance of 320 miles in 67½ hours on a horse which had undergone no special training. On the first day she rode from Innsbruck to Bitten, a distance of 77 miles; on the second from Bitten to St. Valentin, 56 miles. On the third day she rode as far as Landeck and on the fourth she accomplished the return journey to Innsbruck, which is distant 87½ miles from Landeck. During her ride Miss Tomasson crossed the Brenner pass and the Malserschlucht, which have altitudes of 2,125 feet and 2,774 feet respectively.

WHEN HOUSES REELED.

In Experience in the Awful Charleston Earthquake.

After a few hours of pleasant conversation, one of my guests said it was time to leave. Writes Ewing Gib on In St. Nicholas. Taking out his watch, he continued, "Six minutes after 10, and—what is that?" A low, deep rumbling noise, as of thunder, only beneath instead of above us, coming from afar and approaching us nearer and nearer, mattering and growling, and ever increasing in volume—it was upon us in an instant.

The massive brick house we were in, began to sway from side to side—gently at first, with a rhythmic motion, then gradually increasing in force, until springing to our feet, we seized one another by the hand and gazed with blanched and awe-struck faces at the tottering walls around us. We felt the floor beneath our feet heaving like the deck of a storm-tossed vessel, and heard the crashing of fallen masonry and ruins on every side. With almost stifled hearts we realized that we were in the power of an earthquake. The motion of the house, never ceasing, became now vertical, up and down it went, as though some monstrous giant had taken it in his hands as a plaything, and were tossing it like a ball for his amusement. Recalling our dazed senses and staggering to our feet as best we could, with one accord we rushed down the steps leading to the front door and grasping the handle turned it. In vain—the door was jammed, and we were compelled to wait like rats in a trap until the shock had passed!

Concentrating its energies into one final, convulsive effort, the huge earth wave passed, and left the earth palpitating and heaving like a tired animal. There came crashing down into our garden-plot the chimneys from the house in front of ours. Fortunately the falling bricks injured none of us. Making another trial, we succeeded in opening the door and rushed into the street.

Now there came upon us an overpowering, suffocating odor of sulphur and brimstone, which filled the whole atmosphere. We were surrounded by a crowd of neighbors—men, women and children—who had rushed out of their houses as we had done, and who stood with us in the middle of the street, awaiting they knew not what.

Suddenly there came again to our ears the now dreaded rumbling sound. Like some fierce animal, growling and seeking its victim, it approached and we all prepared ourselves for the worst. The shock came, and for a moment the crowd was awed into silence. Fortunately this shock was not nearly so severe as the first. The earth became still once more, and the roar of died away in the distance.

Now the people shunned their houses and spent that and succeeding nights in the streets, private gardens and on public squares, as well known from the many accounts given in the daily and illustrated papers at the time.

So perfectly still and calm was the air during the night that a lamp which was taken out into the open air burnt as steadily as though protected in a room, and no flickering revealed the presence of a breath of wind.

Again, some strong and powerful buildings in certain portions of the city were wrecked completely, while others older and undoubtedly weaker passed through the shock unharmed. A house on the corner was perfectly shattered, while just a few hundred feet away the house on the opposite corner was not damaged in the slightest except that a little plastering was shaken down.

THE CHARITY OF DEATH.

She Wanted too Much for This Work-a-Day World.

"The man I marry," she said fondly, "must possess all the graces and none of the failings of his sex."

"You are worthy of it," he rejoined, edging closer.

"He must be upright, generous, witty, bright, vivacious, kind, charming, splendid."

"Yes."

"He must be loving, forgiving, willing, able, lively, dashing, vainglorious."

"Yes."

"He must be succinct, precise, determined, candid, rich, handsome, tender."

"He must."

"And blue-eyed and white-wine and musical and lyrical and poetic and rhapsodical."

"I have a plan," said the man on the sofa. "I think I can find the man for you."

"My darling," she fluttered looking worlds and worlds and preparing to pucker her lips.

"You will find your man in the graveyard. Only men of extraordinary virtues die you know," he said, edging away and reaching for his hat. "It is tolerably certain that few of the other kind survive."

Now she must wait till next leap year.—Once a Week.

Trapped at Last.

"I have—I always contended there was a favored ring about these magazine offices and now I've proved it. Prove—How? Rhime—Why, for two years I've been hawking my matter around among the different magazines and have never been able to sell a verse of it. Yesterday I took one of the best things I ever wrote and I couldn't sell that. Talk about having a pull in politics! Why, literature can give it points and beat it out of sight"—Puck.

Nearing the End.

Daughter—Mr. Sillerly asked me last night to marry him, mamma. Would you advise me to accept him? Mamma—Certainly, my child; the season is so near over to be aqueous.

Old shoe throwing is done for many purposes. In Ireland the election of a person to almost any office is concluded by throwing an old shoe over his head.

The condor soars higher than any other bird, spending nine-tenths of its time floating in the rarified atmosphere at a distance of three miles above sea level.

The nearest approach yet to perpetual motion is the discovery of a European clock-maker who has invented a clock that will run for ten years without winding.

The wealth of the Russian state church is almost incalculable. It could pay the national debt, some three billion and more dollars, and still be enormously wealthy.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; W. A. Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

A Portland, Maine, woman, who has a mania for canceled postage stamps, has over a million of them.

Brummell's Cough Drops. Use Brummell's Celebrated Cough Drops. The cure for a cold. Price, 25c. per bottle. Sold everywhere.

Hamburg has lost thousands of her wealth-producing people and fully 10,000,000 marks by the cholera.

Do You Wish, the Finest Bread and Cake?

It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest and strongest of all the baking powders.

The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweetest, most delicious food. The strongest baking powder makes the lightest food.

That baking powder which is both purest and strongest makes the most digestible and wholesome food.

Why should not every housekeeper avail herself of the baking powder which will give her the best food with the least trouble?

Avoid all baking powders sold with a gift or prize, or at a lower price than the Royal, as they invariably contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid, and render the food unwholesome.

Certain protection from alum baking powders can be had by declining to accept any substitute for the Royal, which is absolutely pure.

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY

or commission, to handle the New Patent Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. Agents making \$50 per week. Monroe Eraser Manufacturing Co., 130 La. Street, N. Y.

It is directed with 100% pure eyes, age 10.



NO CURE, NO PAY. DR. KEANE

The Leading Specialist of the U. S. ESTABLISHED 1864. 169 South Clark St., Chicago.

W. N. U. CHICAGO, Vol. VII, No. 51.

—ELY'S CREAM BALM—Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Alleviates Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores Taste and Smell, and Cures the CURE FOR COLD IN THE HEAD.

CATARRH

Gives Relief at once for Cold in Head. Apply into the Nostrils. — It is Quickly Absorbed. 50c. Druggists or by mail, ELY BROS., 36 Warren St., N. Y.

HAVE YOU CATARRH?

SORE NOSE OR COLD IN THE HEAD?

IF SO TRY ELY'S CATARRH REMEDY.

IMMEDIATE RELIEF—POSITIVE CURE or money refunded. Always specify "ELY'S." Take no other. PLEASANT, HARMLESS, CONVENIENT. 50c. by mail or at Druggists. Sample for 5c. in Stamps.

E. P. HALL, ELY, PA.

For 1893

The Ladies' Home Journal

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"The Brownies 'Round the World"

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CLAMBAKE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Ho, for the sea, the moss green grove,
Where the reeds in a glowing pile,
With rockwood make a fragrant bed,
For clams to rest awhile.

With bluefish from the briny deep,
With sweet corn from the field;
And great potatoes from the South,
Their fragrant breath will yield.

The ambrosial feasts of the fabled gods
Are as naught compared with these,
Thou dainties, fragrant, delightful things,
Thou clambake of the sea!

— Providence Journal.

BARITONE'S WIDOW.

The cool June light was sifting through the screen of grape-leaves that veiled the milk-room window from the inquisitive glare of the sun: the bunch of scarlet field-lilies in the handless blue pitcher was scarcely faded yet; and Columbus Carter, skimming the leathery folds of wrinkling cream from the broad pans, wore a heightened color on her cheeks as she listened to Miss Decima Johnson's words.

"Will Hamerslie going to marry the widow Baritone?" said she. "I don't believe a word of it!"

"You can believe it or not, just as you choose, Biny Carter," said Miss Decima, bridling, "but it's as true as the text of Parson Dillingham's next Sunday sermon. Why shouldn't he marry her. I'd like to know?"

Biny Carter—pronounced "Beeny"—was fair and plump and smooth-skinned, with tender blue eyes and lips redder than any wild plum. Miss Decima was sallow and spectacled, with angles enough for a new edition of "Euclid."

"The reason is," Biny answered slowly, "that he is engaged to me."

"That don't make no difference," said Miss Decima, with a malicious chuckle, "now that breach-of-promise cases are out of fashion men think they can do as they please. And Mrs. Baritone is a very nice-looking woman yet, if she is gone—sixty, and you know there's the legacy she's just received from old Uncle Baritone's bachelor brother, up in Utica. And Will Hamerslie always did set store by money! His father, as everyone knows, was a miser before him."

Biny Carter went on skimming her milk with compressed lips and a new sparkle in her eyes. She was too proud, before Decima Johnson, to let the tears fall, which were already obscuring her vision.

"Of course he can do as he pleases," said she.

"Oh, of course. Nobody doubts that," retorted Decima Johnson. "But the main thing I came for was to ask if you were going to the donation party to-morrow afternoon?"

"No," said Biny, shortly, "father does not approve of donation parties."

"Miss Baritone and Will Hamerslie are to be there," slyly suggested Miss Decima.

"Are they?" said Biny. "That makes no difference to me."

"Oh!" said Decima; and then seeing old Squire Ball jogging past in his road wagon, she suddenly remembered that she had promised a crochet pattern to Mrs. Ball, and taking a hurried leave of Biny Carter, she bounced out into the fervid summer glow of the outside world and disappeared.

Then, and not until then, Biny sat down by a bubbling little spring walled up in the corner of the milk room and cried.

"Are all men like that. I wonder?" said Biny, addressing her own reflection in the limpid pool. "If they are I think I'll go and be a nun. Mrs. Baritone, indeed! A woman old enough to be his mother! And the widow of that drunken old fiddler who fell over the Lime Cliffs, three years ago, and perished as miserably as he lived. And all because of a legacy! Oh, I've no patience with people!"

And then Biny cried harder than ever and tried to convince herself that the whole story was not true, but only an offshoot of Decima Johnson's imagination.

But it was true. In some things Miss Decima Johnson's tongue had only borne a correct witness. Willard Hamerslie had inherited somewhat of his miserly father's grudging, grinding temperament. He was emphatically a money worshipper, and had allowed himself to be dazzled by the widow Baritone's legacy.

Mrs. Baritone herself was a trim neat-waisted little woman, who looked many years younger than her actual age. People were uncharitable enough to say that she had become young since the sudden death of her husband, whose numerous faults and backslidings had kept her perpetually on the ragged edge of apprehension.

"He was a trial, Baritone was," confessed the widow, candidly. "There ain't no denyin' that. But I never knew how much store I set by him until they brought home his poor, battered hat out of the Lime kiln, and told me that was all that was left of him! Poor dear Baritone! He always said that women hadn't no business to marry again; but he never could have foreseen this legacy. How is a poor female to invest it without a little advice? And, really, Mr. Hamerslie is so pressing; and I've lived a solitary life for three years, come next October, and—"

The last conjunction was swallowed up in a deep sigh. Plainly the citadel which represented the widow Baritone's heart, was about to surrender at discretion.

She sat there in the neatly kept kitchen knitting away, in her black calico gown and black-ribboned cap, when Mr. Hamerslie came in that afternoon. How was she to know that he had just been closing up that little account in love's ledger with Columbine Carter? How was she to dream of Biny's scornful tears, her indignant rejection of the man's miserable subtleties?

"You have never loved me," said Biny. "If you had you never could have left me in this way. Go to your rich widow; I, for one, will never stand in your path. Nor shall I stoop to enlighten her as to the true character of the man she is about to marry."

So Biny had dismissed her lover. Will Hamerslie had winced a little. It was not the sort of parting which he had pictured to himself. It robbed him of all dignity and aplomb. But it couldn't be helped. Columbine was such an impetuous little thing that she never allowed him the opportunity to utter the smooth speech which he had so carefully committed to memory. It was awkward, but it was unavoidable.

Mrs. Baritone smiled broadly upon her young wooer as he entered her presence.

"So you've come back again," said she.

He sat down and took her hand.

"Do you think I could long remain away from you?"

"That's all nonsense," said Mrs. Baritone. But nevertheless, she did not withdraw her hand.

"You promised me your answer to-day," said he. "You can imagine how eagerly I am waiting for it!"

"Well, really, I don't know what to say," stammered Mrs. Baritone. "If I believed you really loved me—"

"Can you doubt it, Melissa?" softly whispered Hamerslie, thinking of the ten-thousand-dollar legacy from old Uncle Baritone's bachelor brother.

"But I'm so much older than you are."

"Love does not go by the calendar," reasoned Mr. Hamerslie, tenderly.

"And Baritone always objected to second marriages," persisted the widow.

"But Baritone is dead and gone!" impatiently retorted the lover. "What can he possibly have to do with it?"

Just then occurred one of those marvelous happenings which have given rise to the saying that "Truth is stranger than fiction." The front door—which according to the rustic custom of the place, was never locked—swung slowly open, and in the doorway stood the well known figure of—old Uncle Baritone himself!

"Hello, Melissa!" was his greeting. "You seem to be enjoyin' yourself pretty well! And who the dickens is this young man?"

Mrs. Baritone jumped up with a scream. Mr. Willard Hamerslie caught up the poker and, straightway retreated behind the cooking-stove.

"If you are a ghost!" screamed the widow, "don't come any nearer."

"If you are a tramp, get out of this house!" roared Hamerslie, brandishing the poker after the most threatening fashion.

I ain't neither one nor the other," said the apparition, leisurely seating himself. "It's me! Benjamin Baritone, as ever body supposed was killed in the lime pits! But I wasn't. I had the luck to tumble out of the kilns, as I'd tumbled in, and I was that ashamed, as I took myself off for good and all, says I to myself: 'Old fellow, you wife is ashamed of you, so is everybody else! And you ain't of no use in the world, except to go fiddling around to barn frolics and husking bees.' So I smashed my fiddle, and ran away. But times is hard, and it ain't easy to pick up a livin' when a man gets to my time of life, so here I am back again! And I've signed the temperance pledge, and I mean to stick to it this time. Give me a kiss, old girl!"

And so the widow Baritone was a widow no longer.

"Won't you stay to supper, young man?" said Uncle Baritone, hospitably, as he saw Will Hamerslie feeling about for his hat under the table. But Mr. Hamerslie declined the invitation.

Mr. Baritone enjoyed the legacy, himself—nor was his wife altogether dissatisfied at the unexpected turn which things had taken.

"He always was a good husband," said she, "except in the matter of ardent spirits. And in that there particular he's a reformed man. And really no one couldn't imagine how cheerful his fiddle sounds about the house, when I'm a-doin' of the chores."

But Will Hamerslie was less reconciled to fate. He had lost the widow—and Columbine Carter would have nothing more to say to him.

"I want no second-hand lover," said Biny, laughing. And when Hamerslie saw her laugh, he knew that love had fled.

He was right. Within six months, Columbine was married to a young lawyer who had come down from Albany to search some title-deeds in the court house records. And our luckless hero was left with neither wife nor legacy.

So, run the fortunes of love!—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

Imprisoned Inventors.

While Eugene Turpin, the inventor of melinite, has been confined for treason at Etampes, in France, he has invented a balloon that can be guided by the aeronaut. He has also devised a new fusar for shells used at sea, and an apparatus for making inexpensive hydrogen gas for inflating balloons. Meanwhile Tobias F. Hudson, a prisoner in the Maryland penitentiary, has invented an improved socket for incandescent lamps and constructed a number of unique clocks, one of which the warden says keeps better time than the expensive French clocks in the prison.

Of Scottish Origin.

The word "Blatherskite" given by Bartlett as an Americanism is of Scottish origin. Blather, blither or blither is found in all three forms in innumerable places in the writings of Scotch authors, meaning to talk nonsense, while skate, corrupted into skite, is an untranslatable term of contempt. The original meaning, but little changed in the present usage, is "one who talks blustering nonsense."

CRISP WILL NOT TALK.

REFUSES TO DISCUSS ANDERSON'S LETTER.

The Reform Club President Declares No Snub Was Intended and Expresses Sorrow for the Incident—General News from the National Capital.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—Speaker Crisp has received the letter from E. Ellery Anderson, president of the New York Reform Club, in regard to the late "snub." He positively declines to make it public, although Mr. Anderson grants him permission to do so. He has been besieged all day by members and correspondents, but thus far he has declined to say a word about it, except to his most intimate friends.

Mr. Anderson expresses regret that the Speaker should feel offended and then mentioned the fact that the Speaker one year ago was invited to attend the club banquet, and make a speech and that he declined. It was concluded, therefore, that if he attended this banquet he would prefer not to speak. The fact that the Speaker's views were at variance with those of the club strengthened this conclusion. Mr. Anderson added that he had heard Mr. Crisp had prepared a speech, but he heard the same thing about a New York Congressman, who was not invited to the dinner, so he regarded the report as of no significance. The letter assures the Speaker that had the writer known the Speaker had prepared a speech and wanted to deliver it, he would have granted him the opportunity, and closes with professions of high esteem. The Speaker will, it is understood, reply to Mr. Anderson, who will doubtless give both letters to the public.

The Durborow committee met this morning, but for want of a quorum adjourned to meet Friday. Following the adjournment was an informal talk on the subject of granting hearings to the people of both sides on the Sunday-closing question. Representative Dingley of Maine advocated the hearings, and so did Gen. Wheeler of Alabama. Mr. Durborow thought them useless, as both sides had been heard last session. Mr. Dingley said the committee would stultify itself if it recommended the resolution without showing a demand for the measure. Mr. Durborow thought that the petitions in favor of the resolution brought by Mr. Thompson of the Sunday Opening Association, and Allen Moore of the National Religious Liberty association, containing over seven hundred thousand names, made a pretty good argument. Representative Cogswell of Massachusetts, when asked what he thought of granting hearings, bluntly replied that he thought it "all nonsense." Mr. Durborow is inclined to think the majority of the committee will decide in favor of hearings, but he expresses confidence in the belief that the committee will endorse the resolution.

ANTI-OPTION IN THE SENATE.

Mr. George Continues His Speech in Favor of His Substitute.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—The McGarran bill was discussed in the senate until 2 o'clock, when the anti-option bill was taken up. Senator George resumed his remarks. He called attention to the fact of 4 or 5 points in the price of cotton at the New York Cotton Exchange yesterday and said that fall was in the nature of a menace because the United States Senate had undertaken to perform a great constitutional duty. He assumed that Senators would treat such threats with that degree of contempt to which they were entitled. It is rumored here that, despite Senator George's advocacy of his substitute, he will abandon the bill finally. When he got the floor to-day there was a movement on the part of many members toward the door. Senators Hill and Hisecock remained, and both will doubtless reply before the debate concludes.

BIG CLAIM FROM VIRGINIA.

Bill in the House to Pay Mary Ann Randolph Curtis Lee \$217,000.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—In the House Mr. Cobb (Missouri) reported a bill for the relief of Mary Ann Randolph Curtis Lee of Virginia. The amount involved is \$217,000. The Senate bill relative to public printing was sent to conference. The publication of 10,000 copies of the President's message was ordered.

When the army bill was reached, Mr. Antony of Texas stirred up excitement by offering an amendment to the effect that no person pensioned by the government should be permitted to receive pay under the pending act.

IN FAVOR OF POOLING.

Chauncey Depew and President Roberts Before the Committee.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—Chauncey Depew and President Roberts of the Pennsylvania system, were before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce yesterday to advise the passage of the amendment introduced by Senator Cullom modifying the existing law so as to authorize railroads to form pools under the supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Mr. Depew and Mr. Roberts made speeches in favor of the amendment, saying the great majority of the railroads of the country were in favor of it.

Will Surrender Beatty.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 15.—Robt. Beatty, the alleged Homestead conspirator, will be given in charge to Deputy Sheriff Farrell of Alleghany county, Pa., to-day, who will leave with the prisoner under Gov. Brown's requisition to-night for Pittsburgh.

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