



Wind Gardens.

Midway between earth and sky. There the wild Wind-Garden lies. Tossing gardens, secret bowers. Full of song and full of flowers. Waiting down to us below Such a fragrance as we know Never yet had lily or rose That in earthly garden grows.

O those gardens, dear and far. Where the wild Wind-Garden lies. Singing clearly, singing purely. Strains of far-off Elf-Land surely! Though we see them not we hearken To them when the Spring skies darken. We divine their wayward playing. Through those far strange Gardens stray-ing;

Plucking there the wild Wind posies. Lilies, violets and roses. Whose sweet breath like angel's pity Find us, even in the City. Where we, toiling, seek as treasures Dull Earth's disenchanted pleasures. O those gales with Wind-flowers laden. Flowers that no mortal maiden

In her breast shall ever wear! Flowers to wreath Titania's hair And to strew her happy way. When she marries some wind fay! O Wind-Gardens, where such songs are. And of flowers such happy throngs are. Though your paths I may not see. Well I know how best they be! —Phillip Bourke Marston.

Mrs. Stowe at 82.

Mrs. Stowe, according to the correspondent of a Boston paper who visited her recently, has reached her 82d year in apparently as good physical condition as she was ten years ago. The change more directly affects her mental than her physical constitution. In pleasant weather she takes a daily walk out of doors, accompanied by Hannah, a faithful attendant who has been with her for years. These walks are confined to the pleasant streets in the vicinity of her residence on Asylum Hill, in Hartford, Conn. Whatever the weather, winter or summer, she rarely fails to visit Mrs. John Hooker, Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner and other ladies in the adjoining residences. Usually she is entertained with singing, of which she is very fond. Mrs. Hooker generally sings the old songs, familiar to Mrs. Stowe in her early days, and preferably familiar hymns. These she seems to enjoy more than anything else. In the selection of the hymns, however, Mrs. Stowe always chooses those of a stirring, lively movement. Anything of a slow, melancholy or sentimental order fails to interest her. She reads but little in these fading days. Current events have little interest if she cannot, without effort, keep up a connection of ideas. Of the many magazines and papers which come to the house her choice is a New York illustrated paper published by a relative. This is placed in her hands regularly. The familiar heading gives her pleasure and she tries to read the paper, but rarely gets beyond an examination of the pictures. Then her mind wanders off to something else. She is wonderfully jappy and cheerful. Of the troubles of life she has no thought and of physical pain no experience. Relatives and friends endeavor to make as pleasant as possible the pathway which is leading to the end.

A Bavarian Princess.

Princess Theresa of Bavaria, the only daughter of the present Regent of that country, who was recently elected an honorary member of the Bavarian Academy of Sciences, ranks by right among the learned women of Europe. No similar honor to that conferred by the savants of Munich was ever given to a woman in Germany. The majority of the leaders of thought in the fatherland still have medieval ideas regarding the intellectual powers of women. The two most important works of the Princess—now officially recognized by the Academy of Sciences—owe their existence to the long journeys which she has taken from time to time. They have not been journeys only, but really "studienreise," as the Princess never travels without a purpose. She always goes incognito, however, as her high rank otherwise would interfere with her investigations. The two works referred to are "Impressions of a Traveler and Sketches in Russia, by Therese von Bayer," and "Beyond the Polar Circle," by Therese von Bayer. "Therese von Bayer" is the Princess' nom de plume. The first book appeared in 1885 and was dedicated to the Queen mother, Maria. The second—filled with sketches by the Princess, as she has great talent with the brush and pencil—was published in 1889. Both books are replete with scientific observations, interesting facts about the botanical, geographical and animal conditions of the countries visited and philosophical criticisms on the people and their institutions. Even German professors are obliged to admit that the books would do honor to any "man." The writer's pen is facile and her style is rich, clear and eloquent.

The Russian Woman.

The Russian woman now has more rights after marriage than she ever had before. Two hundred years ago she was little more than a slave, and the husband's horsewhip always hung over the bed of the married pair and was used freely. Women were then

seldom seen upon the streets, and Peter the Great had a way of kicking them when he met them in Moscow or St. Petersburg, and telling them that their place was at home and they ought to be in it. The wife-beating of to-day is almost together confined to the peasants, and the Countess Tolstoi tells us that even the peasants are improving in the treatment of their women. The peasant women have, in fact, many rights of which the women of the other parts of the world know nothing. In the communal systems by which the villages of Russia are governed the women stand on the equal footing with the men as regards the distribution of property, and they have their share of the property of the village according to their share in the work.

Light Breaking in Germany.

In April the first gymnasium for women is to be opened in Weimar, the "Athens-on-the-Ilm," where Goethe, Schiller, Herder and Wieland lived and wrote. Graduation from a German gymnasium, or college, is necessary for admission to the universities, the four upper classes ranking with the four classes of American colleges. In the seminaries for girls in Germany the curricula are primitive, compared with the higher schools for the sex in England, Sweden and the United States. Greek, Latin and mathematics especially are never taught there. But the Weimar gymnasium will be on a par with the best colleges in the land. Its professors will be famous, and it is hoped that by the time the first women leaves its halls with diplomas the portals of the universities will be open to receive them.

She Rejected the Ball.

The Mme. Darmesteter, whom the French Academy has honored with a prize for literary ability, is better known to English readers as Mary Robinson, the girl who entered London University before she was 17, and when offered a choice between a ball and the publication of her poems in celebration of her twenty-first birthday, chose the latter. Mme. Darmesteter is now the wife of the eminent Persian scholar and member of the faculty of the College of France. She writes books in graceful French as well as pure English, with a happy style in both languages.

To Guard Colonial Relics.

Mrs. Elizabeth D. Gillispie, who so efficiently managed the Centennial Exposition in 1876 at Philadelphia, has been appointed by the Governor of Pennsylvania as representative of that State for the purpose of receiving funds collected for the duplicate liberty bell destined for Chicago and for all future international exhibitions where there is a board of women managers. Mrs. Gillispie has accepted the appointment, believing, as she does, with many others, that our precious colonial relics should not be subjected to the risks of transportation or accident.

Some Queer Notions of Women.

There is no accounting for tastes in this topsy-turvy world. A New York woman wears a ring in which is set in a circle of diamonds her first baby's first tooth. A London lady of high degree wears set in the jewels of her bracelet a tooth extracted from the mouth of her pet poodle. Another affectionate creature uses the skin of a once favorite horse as a hearth rug for her boudoir, and has a defunct pet pig mounted in a life-like attitude by the taxidermist for an ornament on her writing table.

Miss Bryant's Gift to the Tilden Library.

Miss Julia S. Bryant of Roslyn, R. I., the youngest daughter of William Cullen Bryant, has given to the trustees of the Tilden trust almost a thousand volumes selected from her father's library at Roslyn. To the books were added some interesting old pamphlets and a large number of medallions taken from the same collection.

Notes.

Miss Helena Goessman, daughter of Prof. Goessman, of Amherst College, is coming to the front as a lecturer.

Florence Nightingale has started a health crusade among the villages of Buckinghamshire, assisted by the County Council Technical Instruction Committee.

Mrs. Eva D. Kellogg, for the last year with the New York School Journal, is to edit a new magazine, Primary Education, to be issued by the Educational Publishing Company.

Mrs. Rachel Lloyd, professor of analytical chemistry in the University of Nebraska, has been elected one of the directors of the Lincoln (Neb.) Savings Bank and Safe Deposit Company.

A society has been formed in Helmsingfors, Finland, under the name of Unionen, for the improvement of the training and education of women, an extension of the field of labor and in elevation of women's position in the home and society.

Queen Victoria once aspired unsuccessfully as a poet. She wrote a book of verse long ago, and was sensible enough to send it to a publisher under a feigned name, wishing to know its real merits. It was immediately declined with thanks.

The Crown Prince of Germany is going to enter the gymnasium (grammar school) at Kiel, according to the Hohenzollern practice of sending all the Princes to the public schools. The young Prince will have an establishment of his own, a magnificent villa just outside Kiel.

The Princess of Wales is a very graceful figure on skates and exceedingly fond of the healthful exercise. She wears a peculiar kind of skating boot laced nearly to the knee, the upper portion lined with fur. The heels are wide and low and the skates cover the soles of the boots and have springs under the insteps, the whole underpart being steel.



The World.

The world is well lost when the world is wrong. No matter how men divide you: For if you are patient and firm and strong You will find in time (though the time be long) That the world wheels round beside you.

If you dare to sail first o'er a new thought track. For a while it will scourge and score you: Then, coming abreast with a skillful tack, It will elasp your hand and slap your back. And vow it was there before you.

Aye, many an error the old world makes. And many a sleepy blunder: But ever and always at last it wakes. With pitiless scorn for another's mistakes And the fools who have followed go under.

The world means well, though it wander and stray. From the straight, short cut to duty: So go ahead in that path, I say. For after awhile it will come your way, Bringing its pleasure and beauty. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Once a Week.

A Niagara Adventure.

Not long since a very exciting adventure took place at Niagara. As several tourists were walking along the shore of Luna Island, above the cataract, they saw a large Newfoundland dog leaning from a rock, and engaged in lapping water from the rushing current. The rock was slippery, and the dog not very nimble; and presently his feet slipped, and he fell headlong into the water.

In a moment the dog was drawn out into the current, and well on his way toward the cataract. Even so good a swimmer as the average Newfoundland could make no headway against such a stream.

The bystanders, horrified, pressed toward the falls to see what should become of the unfortunate dog. To their great surprise, they saw him landed by the current, and with great force, upon a rock near the Cave of the Winds.

From this position he was rescued, with much courage, by four tourists. He was found to be bleeding heavily, as the result of his collisions with the rocks, and probably he would have died soon if he had not been carried to a veterinary surgeon, who stopped the bleeding and bound up his wounds.

Several hours later he returned to the shore, limping, but wagging his tail very cheerfully. His tail was about the only part of his body which had entirely escaped injury, and he appeared to be determined to use it to the best advantage.

Since this adventure the Newfoundland has been quite a hero at Niagara. He still haunts the neighborhood of the precipice, but he is no longer seen trying to drink out of the river.

Useful Skunks.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune says that the hop-growers of Otsego County have discovered—that what naturalists have long been trying to make farmers understand—that skunks instead of being their enemies as they formerly supposed, are among their most useful friends. As one hop-grower expressed it, "Nowadays we protect skunks as carefully as we do song-birds."

Hop-yards, it appears, are infested by a certain kind of grub which gnaws of the tender vines at the root, and this grub is the favorite food of the skunk. As a general thing the skunks sally forth at nightfall, but now and then they are to be seen at work in broad daylight. The proceeding is an interesting one to watch.

The skunk begins his quest on the edge of the yard, where he cocks his head over a hill of hops and listens. If a grub is at work upon one of the four trailing vines, his quick ear is sure to hear it. At once he begins to paw the earth, and presently he is seen to uncover the grub and swallow it with unmistakable relish.

Then he listens again and if he hears nothing proceeds to the next hill. And so he goes on until he has had his fill.

Now that the skunks are no longer molested, they have become comparatively fearless. Sometimes, we are told, they keep up their operations even while the cultivator is driven between the rows.

One man rejoiced in the presence of a skunk family—two old ones and their five kittens. The young ones followed their father and mother around the yard in broad daylight, while people stood looking on. They were both ornamental and useful; but one day two strange dogs came along and killed them. The farmer actually shed tears when he saw his seven pets lying dead on the ground.

Sweet Ireland.

A lady in need of a servant engaged a "new arrival" named Mary Hoolihan. As her name indicated, she was from Ireland, and a more homesick girl never left that dear old country.

There was no returning, however, until she had earned the money for her passage, and her friends were sure that by that time she would like America well enough to remain here.

She came early in the spring, and one day a neighbor sent her mistress a great bunch of lilacs.

The flowers were taken into the kitchen to be arranged in vases, and

the moment Mary saw them she threw her apron over her head and wept loudly and bitterly.

"Why, Mary," said her surprised mistress, "what is the matter?"

"Oh dear, ma'am! Oh dear, oh dear!" "What is the matter?"

"The matter, ma'am? Ye may well ask, for it's heart-broken Oiam wid the smell av thin flowers, for oh ma'am, all av ould Oriland smells like that! Oh dear, oh dear!"

Her Hat.

J. J. Aubertin, the author of "Wanderings and Wonderings," met during his travels in Kashmir a lady who proved to be a most entertaining acquaintance. She had evidently traveled widely and knew several languages, and these facts led to an interchange of experiences and impressions, in the course of which Mr. Aubertin said:

"When I was in the Hawaiian Islands I found Miss Emily Bird's book very valuable."

"I was Miss Bird," was the quiet reply.

This disclosure led to a still greater intimacy, and when the two separated they were apparently old friends, but it was not until the end of their sojourn together that the humorous side of their relations came out. As they were about saying good-by, Mrs. Bishop said, smiling:

"Do you know, I have been quietly laughing all the while, for you are wearing my hat."

"Bless my heart!" cried the other. "This hat was given me by my own servant, to whom, as he told me, it had been given by somebody else's servant."

"Well, I am delighted to hear that," she continued, "for I charged my man with having sold it. I gave it away because it made my head ache, and I am delighted to find it so well disposed of at last."

So they parted, smiling, the gentleman wearing away the lady's hat.

The Light of the Planets.

The remarkable brilliancy of Venus, Jupiter and Mars during the summer and autumn of 1892 was widely noticed and admired. Interesting observations were made in regard to their relative brightness, the visibility of two of them in full sunshine, and the shadows cast by all.

Venus, as she richly deserves, takes the lead. A correspondent of L'Astronomie, M. Guiot of the Observatory of Juvisy, writes that on August 29, at 3 o'clock in the morning, he was astonished at the brilliancy of the light that entered his window, and found that it came from Venus.

He saw his own shadow moving on the wall, observed his watch hanging perpendicularly, and drew its shadow projected by the rays of the planet on the tapestry of the room. Objects were visible as in moonlight; he could even see to read the newspaper.

An astronomer in Quebec narrates a more wonderful experience. On the morning of Aug. 30, at 3 o'clock, he saw with the aid of his telescope the whole disk of Venus, the contour of the obscure part appearing more luminous than the rest, and seeming to form a light ring. He could hardly believe the evidence of his senses, and called his wife to add her observations to his own. Both of these observers saw Venus in crescent form many times during June and August. She was also visible in full daylight.

Pleasant Surprise.

An amusing instance of the simplicity of a little negro boy is told a lady in whose family he had lived for several years. When he was about 7 years old he was set to learn words in an old spelling-book.

He at once became interested in watching a race between a small boy and old Father Time, as represented by an engraving, and every spare moment he had during the day he devoted to the contemplation of this chase, which was to him real and exciting.

When bedtime came he reluctantly laid aside the book, and his study of "dat of feller wid 'de movin' scyve" had to be given up for that day. The next morning the first thing he did was to get the old speller and turn its pages eagerly until he came to the exciting picture.

He gazed intently at the figure for an instant, and then exclaimed, with a scream of delight as he capered joyfully about the kitchen, book in hand: "He ain' koted 'im yit, no, sah! Cracky, he ain' koted 'im yit!"

She Gave Him a Hint.

A lady had been ill and under medical treatment for a long time. As she grew no better all the while, she became distrustful of her physician's skill and did not wish to see him, and yet was not bold enough to tell him so. She communicated her state of mind to her maid.

"Lave 'im to me, mum, lave 'im to me," said the girl.

By and by the doctor came to the door, and Bridget opened it about an inch.

"Sorry, sir," said she, "but ye can't come in the day, docthor!"

"Can't come in? How's that?"

"The misthress do be too ill for to see ye the day, sir!"

Notice a Change.

When a man alters the cut of his whiskers all his friends notice a difference in him, but many of them are at a loss how to account for it. "What have you been doing?" they say. "You look like another person."

Something like this happened, according to an exchange, when a woman returned home after a few days' absence, and heard her daughter playing on a piano.

"Where did you learn that new piece, Maria?" the mother asked.

"It isn't a new piece, mother. The piano has been tuned."

DANGER OF TRICHINÆ.

A MAN MAY ENTERTAIN THIRTY MILLION PARASITES.

Symptoms of the Disease Described—The Worm That Lurks in the Tooth—Some Ham and the Tempting Sparerib.

Those who fear trichinosis fear pork most, and their terror is not wholly groundless, writes Dr. J. A. Gottlieb in an Eastern paper.

The history of these parasites goes back almost as far as history itself goes. It is asserted that Moses was aware of their existence in pork of that day. But not until 1831 was any proper investigation made.

The trichinæ is the most interesting of entozoa (animals living within one another). This mischievous little worm varies in size from 1-140 to 1-20 of an inch in length, by the 1-1,000 to 1-500 of an inch in thickness.

Trichinæ have been found in dogs, cats, chickens, rats, mice, etc., but the pig is the animal most liable to it. The pig is brought from the farm and sold to the butcher, where it is prepared to be sold as food. The butcher shop is the resort of rats, which feed upon the refuse scraps of meat, and in due course become infected with trichinæ. But do not think that every piece of pork is infected. The proportion of diseased hogs does not rise above one in a thousand. But the danger is nevertheless great.

The trichinæ enter the human being through the intestinal track after partaking of trichinous meat. They are set free in the stomach by the digestive process, whence in forty-eight hours they pass into the small intestine. The female is larger than the male, and in six days the young are born at the rate of 1,000 to each female, and in about fourteen days these migrating little parasites reach the muscles.

Thus an individual having eaten one-half pound of trichinous meat may become the unwilling host of thirty million (30,000,000) trichinæ in a few days. The worm passes from the intestine to the remotest regions of the body by boring its way through the intestinal walls, and then entering and invading the muscular system. Once in the muscle the worm is enveloped in an ovoid or egg-shaped cyst or capsule. Once in this house or capsule it may remain passive for any length of time. This is well illustrated by an incident of many years ago: In 1863 Professor Langenbeck of Berlin was operating upon a patient for a tumor on the neck when he noticed that the muscle was studded with white specks which attracted his attention so much that he at once submitted it to a microscopical examination, when the small white specks were found to be encysted trichinæ. After the patient's recovery minute inquiry was made to ascertain at what time he had become infected. The result was that no such attack could be traced to a period less remote than eighteen years before. At that time, viz., in 1845, the patient, with several associates, was serving upon a committee of inspection of public schools. After the inspection of a certain district the committee partook at the village inn of a lunch, consisting in part of ham. Very soon after all the members of the committee were taken sick with symptoms similar to those we now know to be attributable to trichinosis. Two of them died, and the signs of poisoning were so marked that the innkeeper was arrested and held under this charge for a considerable time; although finally the circumstances were not found sufficient for his conviction of the crime, yet they were considered as so much against him, and the prejudices of the community were so greatly excited in consequence, that he was obliged to leave the place.

Trichinosis in the human being is almost exclusively the result of eating trichinous pork. All ill-smoked ham, partly boiled pork, sausage or any other form of pork that has not been subjected to a moist heat of 200 degrees Fahrenheit is dangerous. Salting does not necessarily insure the death of the parasites. A certain case of trichinosis was caused many years ago by eating pork chops which were slightly underdone. These chops were probably well enough cooked on the outside, but on the inside they were red and juicy, and the danger was precisely the same as if the patient had eaten the meat entirely raw.

In order to destroy the vitality of the trichinæ the meat should be subjected to a temperature of 200 degrees Fahrenheit. If you boil a ham for half an hour or even an hour you do not necessarily subject all parts of it to this temperature. In the central part of the ham the temperature may not arise to that point unless the boiling has been long continued. To avoid all danger it should be boiled for a much longer time than is ordinarily necessary.

The symptoms of trichinosis, after a greater or lesser time following the ingestion of trichinous meat, are pain in the abdomen, nausea, vomiting, diarrhea, wandering pains in the muscles and at times stiffness and swelling of the limbs. Death is caused from exhaustion.

To the trained eye it is a comparatively easy matter to examine meat for the presence of trichinæ. The flesh containing the trichinæ is studded with minute whitish specks, which with the aid of any magnifying glass can be easily distinguished as the cysts of trichinæ.

A good Egyptian mummy, warranted 6,000 years old, can be bought any day for \$100.

JUMBO, THE FIGHTER.

A Tomcat That Is Worth Money as a Front Rank Clawcat.

"Tomcats?" Did you ever see 'em fight?" asked Jim Burns of a Globe-Democrat man. "Why, in my house we have a tomcat, I wouldn't take \$50 for. We call him Jumbo, 'Jum' for short, a slate-colored sort of an old fellow with never a white hair on him. Maltese blood, my youngest boy says, and he has investigated the whole cat business from 'a' to 'zard.' In my town, over in Illinois, there are generally about two tomcats to a square. 'Jum' has his whole square to himself. He tolerates no visiting. He is very quiet and sleepy during the day, likes to be nursed and petted by the children and purrs like a tea-kettle when you smooth him down. He takes no notice of his several wives, morning or afternoon; in fact, submits meekly when they spit at him and strike with their claws as he passes by. At nightfall, though, he is transformed. He goes on duty with alacrity. 'Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,' he patrols the whole premises, lies in wait with green eyes under the currant bushes, skims along the fences, creeps over the woodshed and other outbuildings, crouches in the eave-troughs, and from time to time emits a yee-ow of defiance which makes the old cook shiver in her bed. Some nights it's very hard not to shy a bootjack or a soda bottle at him, but we know that he tends strictly to his own business and means no harm to the household.

But he has a rival in the neighborhood square who from time to time comes over for a shindy. He is younger than 'Jum,' black as night, with a tail about a yard long, which has the motion of a serpent. He has a voice, too, with a human stop to it—a vox humana they call it in organ building, don't they? Well, in the rise and fall of that prolonged note, about the hour of midnight, there is more suggestion of ghosts, hobgoblins and horrors of that sort than any one can well imagine who has not heard it. I know some day that black cat, with this voice and tail, will whip 'Jum.'

I saw them come together one moonlight night not long ago. The 'yee-owing' began the moment they caught sight of each other. As they slowly crept up they stretched their necks out of all proportion, elongated their whole bodies until their bellies scraped the ground; their heads actually passed each other, but their eyes glared sideways like coals of fire. Suddenly 'Jum' feigned retreat. His adversary immediately bounced him, but when he got there 'Jum' was on his back and ready for business.

I saw his tactics at once. He held with his teeth and got in his work with his hind legs. The fur flew, I tell you. They disappeared in the bushes with a yell of fury. I don't know how it came out, but next morning I found 'Jum' in the sun on the top rail of a picket fence. He blinked kindly at me out of one eye, the other being closed. His right ear hung down over his jaw. There were gouts of blood and spots of bare skin along his sides, and I knew from the way he hugged the rail that it had a warm and soothing effect upon his torn belly. The other cat must have suffered, too, but he set up his old song the next night, and if he forces the fighting, I know 'Jum' sooner or later will have to go under."

Why He Remained.

The members of the Independent Order of Enthusiastic Good Fellows were operating on Mr. Timberwheel, a few weeks ago, putting him through the operations supposed to be necessary to convert an ordinary citizen into an Enthusiastic Good Fellow. They were almost through with the initiation when some kind of an explosion in the store over which the hall was situated blew the building into the middle of the street, and interfered with the ceremonies.

Ready hands set to work and extricated the people from the debris. Fortunately no one was hurt very much, but after a census had been taken Mr. Timberwheel was found to be missing. A search was instituted, and before long he was found in an adjoining yard, where the force of the explosion had landed him. He sat in a lodge-room chair, and his eyes were still blinded.

"Why on earth didn't you take that thing off your eyes and get out of the chair when the explosion occurred?" asked one of the Enthusiastic Good Fellows.

"Explosion?" echoed Timberwheel. "Why, I thought that was part of the initiation."—Harper's Bazar.

A Mismomer.

Puffer—Say, what kind of a train do you call this?

Conductor—This, my friend, is an accommodation train.

Puffer—"Tis eh? Well, I want you to understand that this train runs off and leaves me about three days in the week, and I think if it can't accommodate a commuter by waiting a few minutes for him it ought to change its name.

Only That and Nothing More.

Mr. Kaustick, reading paper—Ah, ha! I see the Manningtons have a son.

Mrs. Kaustick, excitedly—Indeed! Boy or girl?

Mr. K.—Doesn't state; merely says a son.—Elmira Gazette.

Suggestion to Poets.

Friend—What is the title of the poem you have written?

Poet—It is Why do I live?

Friend—If you take it to the editor yourself, instead of sending it through the mail, perhaps you won't Texas Sittings.

ver the world and intermingled,
forming, in course of time, seventy-
two distinct races of human beings.

WILL FIGHT AGAIN.

LIKELY TO BE ANOTHER BATTLE AT ANTLERS.

The War in the Chicago Nation by No Means Over—Probably This Time Will Be a Clash Between the Rival Factions in a Short Time.

PARKS, Texas, March 30.—The relations between the rival (law) factions are still strained to the utmost. It is believed another battle will be fought at Antlers in a few hours. The men then militiamen arrested there last night had a hearing before United States Commissioner Easton. As soon as they were released each bought a new Winchester and then filled up on whiskey and loaded the northbound Frisco train.

It was believed that they would get off at Good Land, fifteen miles this side of Antlers, but only three or four got off there. Judge Burke, who led the assault on Locke's house, insisted on going to Antlers and swore he was going to stop there in spite of all that could be done. He was told the militiamen were gone and Locke had a strong force, but no argument could dissuade him from his purpose.

Passengers on the southbound train, when met by the northbound at Antlers, says Locke had fifty men, and declared that if the militia stopped and made any attempt to interfere with the train, they would be shot. The militia were in the upper part of the train, and the speaker, Locke's son, who was attending school at Antlers, arrived here yesterday, and learning of the situation telegraphed his father warning him that the militia were coming.

All efforts to reach Antlers by wire have failed, which is considered a bad omen. The deputies that went to Antlers returned yesterday, reporting all quiet up to the time they left. The people at Antlers fear the town will be burned. The women left yesterday are doing well, except Solomon Battiste, who will probably die.

SAYS LESLIE IS A LORD.

Story About a St. Louis Man Whose Last Mysteriously Disappeared.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 30.—W. F. Leslie mysteriously disappeared from his boarding place in this city yesterday morning, leaving his room about 4 o'clock, since which time no trace of him has been found. He has been very despondent of late and has frequently threatened to take his own life.

It was learned today that Leslie was an English lord, says an evening paper. He was the last descendant of the English house of Leslie, which dates back to 1645, when Lord David Leslie defeated Montrose at Philiphaugh. The family took up their residence on inherited estates near Kensington, England, where they held possession until early in the present century. It is stated that at the death of the father of W. F. Leslie the son succeeded to the title and simultaneously became involved in troubles. The son left England and entered upon his roving life.

It is stated that he died in the title of Captain of the British army, where he enlisted after being disowned by David Leslie III. on account of an unequal love match. He remained in the army until, it is said, he was stripped of his rank on account of escapades unbecoming an officer. He sought relief from his sorrows and disappointments in travel, finally drifting to this country, and recently adopting St. Louis for his home.

CLARK AND THE UNION PACIFIC.

The President Withdraws His Resignation at the Request of the Directors.

New York, March 30.—At the unanimous request of the Board of Directors of the Union Pacific, Mr. S. B. Clark has withdrawn his resignation and will continue as President. He will resign the Presidency of the Missouri Pacific but will continue as a director.

After the meeting of the Directors had a hurried Vice-President Altkins of the Union Pacific issued the following official statement:

"Mr. Clark, at the unanimous request of the Board of Directors, has withdrawn his resignation and will continue as President. He will at once resign from the Missouri Pacific and terminate his relations with that company as President, to give undivided attention to the Union Pacific."

Presidential Appointments.

The President sent to the Senate the following nominations:

Herman Stump of Maryland, to be superintendent of immigration, vice William D. Owen, resigned.

William P. Thompson of Maine, to be collector of customs for the district of Belfast, Maine.

Herman Stump is a well-known member of the Maryland bar. He served two terms in Congress and was chairman of the House Committee of the last Congress. He has always been prominent in the politics of his State.

Millionaire Wood's Heirs.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., March 30.—John Woods Merrill of the wholesale tea and coffee house of Merrill Rittenhouse & Co., 108 and 110 Independence street, in this city, is the nephew and claims to be the first heir of the many-times millionaire, John L. Woods of Cleveland, Ohio, who died at his winter home in Augusta, Ga., on the 25th. There are but few heirs-apparent to the splendid fortune which the dead man leaves, aggregating something like \$15,000,000, and the bulk of the estate will be divided between five or six people.

Oberlin Students Expelled.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, March 30.—The faculty of Oberlin College has again discovered a number of student transgressors and has requested some of them never to come back and others to remain away until next year. Drinking, playing cards and smoking are the offenses for which they have been tried and some of them have been found guilty. There are some girls among the offenders.

Little Johnson Goes Free.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., March 30.—Miss Little Johnson, who was indicted as accessory to the murder of Freda Ward, by Alice Mitchell, was yesterday discharged, there being no evidence against her. Miss Mitchell is still in the insane asylum at Bolivar, Tenn.

FOOTPADS OF CHICAGO.

They Are Making Things Lively in the Business Districts.

CHICAGO, March 30.—The footpads and the burglars in the Harrison Street District have by no means gone out of the business.

About 2 o'clock yesterday Frank Hamble of 6419 Greenwood Avenue was walking along State Street, between Polk and Harrison Streets, when he was seized by two negro women, who dragged him into a hallway and while one of them held him by the throat the other went through his pockets and took \$20 and a watch valued at \$50. They also took his overcoat and then they took him out into the street. Mr. Hamble reported the matter to the police but no arrests have been made.

O. H. Seerist, who lives at the corner of Kimball and Washington Avenues, was held up on State Street near Van Buren Street last night by two men, who took his diamond stud, valued at \$100, and made good their escape.

L. H. Obendorf of 3521 Vernon Avenue was on a Cottage Grove Avenue car on his way home last evening, when two men boarded the car at Hubbard Street. Mr. Obendorf was standing on the platform and the two men jostled and crowded him, after which they jumped off and Mr. Obendorf discovered that his diamond stud, valued at \$125, was missing.

A burglar last night entered the room of Jacob Weiss at 381 State Street and secured \$20 in money, a gold watch and a diamond stud, valued at \$200.

Chicago Board of Trade.

CHICAGO, March 30.—The third day of a big bull market in May wheat opened with the most remarkable operations since the bulge began. The first thing was a rush in the price from 81c to 82c. There was a break to 81c at the end of the first hour and after a little steady the price dropped quick as a flash to 80c, a break of 2c from the high point. The pit was in a turmoil and the trade puzzled. The most sensational break in wheat in the Chicago market since the Harperfield collapsed in 1887 occurred just after midday. From a state of dullness at that hour following the break from 82c to 80c there was first a little ripple of selling, then a roar followed from those who were long to sell and the market once more sinking. The price dropped under 80c in a moment and this started the panic. The pit was full of topless orders. Brokers made desperate efforts to execute them. The price passed a moment at 79c only to stay lower at a rapid pace once under 79c the market was marked by a howling frightened crowd in which perhaps fifty men out of the thousand had coolness enough to do business. On the top orders the May price went to 78c, then to 77c, and all in a minute it struck 76c. Cool-headed brokers picked up round lots at the panic prices and around 76c there was a halt. There were sales at 76c—7c under the top price of the morning. Wheat was offered at 75c, but the frightened sellers were fortunate in not getting buyers at the second. The rebound was like a ball from the bottom, in ten seconds May was 76c and in two minutes at 77c. Then the price dropped to 78c, and there was a fall in the wild transactions.

The market showed some staying qualities the last half hour with May between 78c and 79c and the close was at 78c bid, low sold up to 79c early and back to 78c, closing 78c.

The corn market was almost lost sight of during the hectic deal in wheat. The market showed strength early, going to 42c May, 41c July, partly in sympathy with wheat and because of the very light receipts of cars. The estimate for the month was for 135 cars, and when other markets weakened the corn sold back to 41c May, 42c July, closing with these prices bid.

The provision market caught the spirit of the grain markets and was weak after the first few minutes. Pork started low, and made a steady decline to the close. Lard A-1 started all day and made a break of 4c, ribs sold lower than for months. Pork sold \$17.65 and off to \$17.22 for May and as low as \$17.17 for later months. Lard dropped to \$10.90 May, \$10.34 July, \$10.00 September. Ribs sold off to \$9.35 May, \$9.31 July, closing the better than before.

Closing quotations were:

Articles	High	Low	Mar. 30	Mar. 28
Wheat, 2				
March...	78	76	78	78
May...	79	77	79	79
July...	80	78	80	80
Corn, 2				
March...	40	39	40	40
May...	41	40	41	41
July...	42	41	42	42
Oats, 2				
March...	31	30	31	31
May...	32	31	32	32
July...	33	32	33	33
Sept...	34	33	34	34
Pork				
March...	17.45	17.00	17.00	17.50
May...	17.65	17.22	17.22	17.70
July...	17.85	17.42	17.42	17.90
Sept...	18.05	17.62	17.62	18.10
Lard				
March...	10.25	10.15	10.15	11.30
May...	10.40	10.30	10.30	11.47
July...	10.55	10.45	10.45	11.62
Sept...	11.02	10.90	10.90	11.75
Short Ribs				
March...	9.40	9.06	9.06	9.92
May...	10.05	9.71	9.71	10.67
July...	10.55	9.87	9.87	11.12

NEWS IN BRIEF.

At Newport, Ky., Samuel Crosby, an awning manufacturer, went home and shot his wife dead, then escaped.

The Plug Manufacturers' Trade Mark Association in session at Louisville, Ky., re-elected the old officers and executive committee for the ensuing year.

F. Ewing Dent, a salesman for J. H. North & Co., furniture dealers in Kansas City, has disappeared. He has a brother in Chicago connected with the firm of Dent & Doggett.

Henry Clay Swain, for years assistant cashier of the Second National Bank of Washington, was burned to death at Sea Isle, N. J. He was a prominent figure in Washington society and one of the few surviving members of one of Cape May County's most aristocratic families.

Forged drafts for \$10,000 in the First National Bank and another for \$500 in the City National Bank of Gloucester, Mass., have been received by those institutions. The drafts came from the First National Bank of San Francisco and are signed "A. L. McDonald."

The person signing them is under arrest in San Francisco awaiting information from Gloucester.

The floor of the second story of Interger's new building at Burlington, Iowa, gave way and a section six feet wide and eight feet long, laden with bricks and mortar, dropped down, killing with it six laborers and seven brick masons. One brick mason named Hamilton was severely injured. Another named Wrentham was badly bruised about the head and body.

NO FEAR OF CHOLERA.

OFFICIALS SAY THE DANGERS ARE ALL UP.

Assistant Secretary Spaulding Says There Is No Danger of the Plague Getting Into This Country This Year—All Precautions Taken.

WASHINGTON, March 30.—A correspondent called Assistant Secretary Spaulding's attention to Buffalo and Halifax dispatches announcing that 470 passengers from Hamburg, all bound for Chicago, Toledo, Indianapolis and Cleveland, with cholera developed in two of them, had arrived in Halifax, and asked what arrangements had been made to prevent the spread of the disease in this country farther than his telegrams to the collector's of customs to quarantine the immigrants and see that none of them enter this country by land.

"No other precautions have been taken," replied Gen. Spaulding, "and none other are needed."

"Do you think the disease can be kept out of this country by such methods?"

"Unquestionably," was the ready answer, "and it can be out of every port in the country at all times by just such precautions. I will verify the prediction that if any of these 470 Hamburg immigrants attempt to land in Chicago, or any other point inland, they will be apprehended and quarantined."

"Can you apprehend them after they have landed?"

"Yes, sir. They will be kept under surveillance all of them, and until it is known that they are from cholera or other infectious disease they will not be permitted to come in contact with our citizens. I predict that they will land in Buffalo, or attempt to land there, and our officers will take care of them."

"Suppose a cholera-infected immigrant should escape the vigil of the officers and get into an inland city, what would you do with him or her?"

"Seize the immigrant and have him or her quarantined in some remote place where there would be no danger of a spread of the disease."

"Do you find sufficient authority in the old law to cope with an outbreak of cholera, and can you handle it till the law passed a few weeks ago goes into effect?"

"Yes," said Gen. Spaulding, "we are handling the incoming of the 470 immigrants from Hamburg under the old law, and we will make it sufficient to meet every wish. The law passed by the last Congress, approved March 3, does not go into effect till May 3, but we are fully prepared to meet any emergency which may arise during the intervening time."

"Are you apprehensive of an outbreak of cholera in this country or Europe during the coming summer?"

"Not the least," apprehensive," said the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, under whose direction all provisions for preventing a spread of the disease in this country are placed. He then added: "You may say that we are advised by cable that there is but one case of cholera in Hamburg, and that that is located in a remote part of the city. The cholera in Hamburg last year was due to defective water works and impure water. New water works are just completed at Hamburg, the water pure now, and cholera in my judgment is at an end in all of Europe except Russia. I would not hesitate to recommend any one anticipating a European trip this year to proceed with his arrangements with perfect safety. There is no danger from cholera at home or abroad."

FROM HAMBURG TO CHICAGO.

Four Hundred Immigrants from the Hotbed of Cholera Have Arrived.

DETROIT, Mich., March 30.—Yesterday morning the number of Hamburg immigrants held across the board at Windsor, Ont., for disinfection was swelled to a total of 306, more having arrived. As no sickness was to be found among the travelers they were allowed to enter the United States and proceeded on their way to Chicago, where they will arrive this morning.

OBJECTS TO THE TREATY.

George Kennan Opposes the Proposed Agreement with Russia.

New York, March 30.—In a personal letter made public here yesterday, Mr. George Kennan, the Siberian traveler, writes from Washington March 24: "I looked up yesterday the subject of extradition treaties and made a careful examination of all the treaties of that kind made by the United States since the first one in 1842. They numbered thirty-four, and the clause relating to an attempt against the life of the head of a foreign government is contained in only two of them—viz: in the treaty with Belgium (where it originated) in 1832, and in the treaty with Luxembourg in 1833."

"After the negotiation of the treaty with Belgium, in which this clause first appeared, the United States concluded extradition treaties with Japan, Italy, Spain and Great Britain, but the attempt to assassinate clause is absent from all of them, either because they were not willing to agree to it or because it was objectionable to the government of the United States. In either case its omission from all those treaties seems to me to be a strong point against it. Now it is suddenly put into the treaty with Russia, the place where it is most objectionable on every account."

Murderers Refused Pardons.

HARRISBURG, Pa., March 30.—The Board of Pardons has refused the application of Joseph D. Drinker for a pardon. Drinker was convicted of murder in Susquehanna county. The application of Dennis Cloonen, the Allegheny county wife-murderer, for the commutation of the death sentence was also refused. He will be hanged on April 6.

Whitney to Retire from Business.

New York, March 30.—The Herald says William C. Whitney, when he returns from his cruise trip, will retire from business. Mrs. Whitney's death is likely to change his plans for the future.

Nathan Strawn of Crawford County, Ind., has celebrated his 101st birthday.

HIS SKULL CRUSHED.

Peter Person of South Omaha Fatally Crushed.

OMAHA, Neb., March 30.—Peter Person of South Omaha was found this morning lying in a pool of blood in his bed in his livery stable. His skull was fractured and his face was fearfully bruised and cut. Near him lay a heavy club with which the deed had evidently been done. An employee of the stable, Frank Lender, alias Rodeman, is suspected. He had a quarrel with Person yesterday, and has disappeared to-day. Person cannot live.

Gompers Charges Collusion.

NEW YORK, March 30.—Samuel Gompers, who reached this city yesterday from Detroit, was asked what he had to say about the decision of Judge Riels of Toledo and Judge Billings of New Orleans regarding the illegality of strikes and boycotts. "They show," he said, "that there is an agreement among judges, or at least a tacit understanding, to attack the labor organizations of the country. In my opinion, the decision of Judge Riels was called forth by the reports set about last year that a general strike during the World's Fair was contemplated by railroad men. There is no truth in the report, which, I think, was started by the railway managers. The plain purpose of the judges is to prevent workmen from quitting employment; in other words, to prevent strikes."

Murdered Wife and Child.

SCRANTON, Pa., March 30.—Barney McMahon is under arrest charged with maltreating his wife in such a brutal manner that her death resulted while giving premature birth to a child. The child is also dead. The investigation of the police shows that McMahon came home drunk. When his wife began to upbraid him he assaulted her and she ran screaming from the house. While in the street in full pursuit he struck her to the ground and then beat her with a pole. She was taken ill, her husband did not give her proper treatment as advised by the physician and yesterday she gave birth to a child which was dead. The mother breathed her last a few minutes later. The coroner is investigating. McMahon is a disreputable fellow and apparently feels no regret for his crime.

Grandsons of Blaine Under Treatment.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 30.—It is a coincidence that the only grandsons of the late James G. Blaine bearing his name should be under medical treatment at the same time. The Telegraph has chronicled the illness of the lad James G. Blaine, Jr., at the New York hotel, but it is not known that the young son of Mrs. Emma Blaine, bearing that name, has been under the care of a Philadelphia physician. Dr. Pepper, for some time. There does not appear to be anything seriously the matter with the boy, but he is phenomenally big and stout for his age, which may be owing to inheritance, as both the McCormicks and Blaines run to very big men. Mrs. Blaine is disposed to regard the lad's development as unnatural.

Fire in a State Prison.

AUBURN, N. Y., March 30.—A fierce fire broke out in the shops of the prison at noon to-day. The old furniture shop, the pearl button cabinet shop and the moulding shop were destroyed. As usual the Fire Department was not admitted until after an unworkable delay at the gates and the fire had obtained great headway. The convicts were all locked in their cells and no trouble occurred. The fire is now under control.

BROCK.

An elegant SOUVENIR and VISITOR'S GUIDE, showing the World's Fair buildings, size and cost, and silk POKER NOTE BOOK with calendar and map, showing location of Brock, the new manufacturing town on the Chicago & North Western Railway and the Wisconsin Central Railroad, fourteen miles from the Court House. Copies will be mailed on receipt of TEN CENTS IN POSTAGE, by Wm. S. Young, Secretary Brock Land Association, Home Insurance building, corner Adams and LaSalle, Chicago.

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THE EASTER LILIES.

UNLIGHT WAS IN the sky, upon the streets, over all things. The sound of church bells rose above the noise of voices and of the footfalls on the sidewalk. What light charming costume the women wore, and the men, how carefully dressed and how expressive of admiration and a desire to be especially amiable.

One tall man, who looked prematurely grave for thirty years, walked alone. Few passers by noticed his face. Of these few some wondered that such melancholy was abroad upon this morning of Easter days.

A little, fair girl came down the steps of a brown stone house and walked off briskly. She wore a close gown of gray and a hat adorned with small, artificial spring flowers. Eighteen years of life, a fresh, handsome face, great gray eyes, a prayer book and a parasol in one of her small gloved hands, what a fitting picture for the day! And, to complete it, in the other hand a white lily, perhaps thoughtlessly plucked from its stem.

The solitary man was walking several feet behind her. He happened to look up from his cane at each step met the pavement. He saw the lily over the girl's shoulder.

The man sighed. "That flower and that girl bring them back to me still vividly," he mused; "that other Easter day, that other Easter lily—and her!" The girl in front turned to cross the street. The man recognized her and raised his hat in response to her bow. She hesitated, dropped her eyes, stopped and waited for an approaching cab to pass. When the man came up she faced him with a smile. He was vaguely conscious of a heightened color in her cheeks and of a delicate fragrance enveloping her.

"Good morning, Monsieur Melancholy," she said, in greeting. "You see, I haven't forgotten my Shakespeare."

"Like the sweet girl graduate that you are," he replied, carelessly, as he started forward by her side. "But why do you bring your Shakespearean knowledge to bear on me in that way? Am I melancholy?"

"Doleful! And on such a morning! It's wicked to be sad in sunshine like this."

"And in such company it's impossible. That is to say, it would be, if you didn't remind me, you and that flower in your hand—but pardon me, what am I saying?"

The girl glanced up at her companion in some surprise. Then she became thoughtful. Mechanically she looked at the lily in her hand. Presently she spoke, in a low tone:

"As you were saying, what are you saying? Or, rather, what were you going to say? I remind you, I and my flower—of what?"

He spoke without seeing her shy, side look, as they passed on among the crowds of church-goers:

"Of another woman and another flower like that, on another day like this. You bring back a story that began on such a day when such a woman lightly gave such a flower to—the hero of the story."

"Yourself, of course." This was spoken with a sharpness that might have aroused his curiosity had he not been in a reflective mood.

"Yes," he answered.

"And the story was a—love story?"

"Naturally."

"How interesting! And it ended in—what?"

"In a grave in Greenwood, eight months afterward," he replied, softly.

you know why I was not all smiles when you met me, notwithstanding the morning."

They had come to the church. He stopped on the outskirts of the converging crowd at the front of the wide stone steps before the great entrance. "Are you not going in?" she asked with some astonishment, as she also stopped.

He smiled. "No; I didn't intend to. I'm not a churchgoer. I'm out of practice."

"Then experience a novelty. I can't invite you into our pew, for Aunt Agnes and my cousins have already left only room enough for me. But you might enjoy standing in the gallery. Don't you like Easter music?"

"Yes. Perhaps I may drop in by and by."

He stood still, waiting for her to leave him and enter the church. But she did not move. He must have been strangely unobservant not to have noted the look of tenderness that suddenly burst all repressive bonds, instinctive and conscious, and glowed eloquently in her eyes, not to have penetrated to the deliberate design hidden under the surface of her next speech.

"And that story being finished, has it had many—any—sequels, with the same hero?"

"None," he answered. "None in six years."

"It began with a lily?"

"A lily that still stands in a Grecian vase beside my mirror."

"Somewhat faded?"

"Yes, poor flower."

"But the old story being finished," speaking with increasing haste and very low, "and the hero still young, what's to prevent beginning another story—with another lily?"

She held out the flower in her hand. The man, surprised at her manner and her action, and not immediately awake to their significance, did not move to speak.

The girl, appalled by his hesitation, hastily drew back the proffered lily. Her face became crimson, and she turned and hurried confusedly up the steps and into the church.

In the vast arched interior her senses met subdued light after the sunshine, the hum of discreet conversation, the soft footfalls of worshipers going to their seats, the rustle of women's gowns, the odor of flowers, the colored rays that fell obliquely from the stained glass windows.

The man remained standing outside bewildered. After a few seconds the girl's meaning dawned upon him. Thereupon he began to twirl his mustache rapidly, in accordance with his custom when in deep thought. Some one touched him on the shoulder.

"Hello, old man! Going in?"

"Yes, yes, certainly," he said quickly, and ran up the steps without turning to look at the speaker. He pushed his way up the stairs and forward to a place on the front row of seats in the gallery, a feat difficult because of the Easter crowd, but to him easy by reason of his abstraction, which made him indifferent to the elbows, shoulders, attire and toes of others.

Already the deep notes of the organ were quivering on the air. A summary scan of the congregation failed to discriminate the girl of the lily from the hundreds of women whose bright headgear gave the congregation the aspect of an indoor flower garden. His eyes rested upon the channel, held by the general effect of the grouped white Resurrection lilies, callas, acacias, palms and yellow azalias. A cross of lilies surmounted the floral pyramid. To him this morning, all the world was Easter lilies.

The clear voices of the choristers rose from beneath him, in harmony with the organ, as the white robed boys moved up the aisle. But the splendid anthem, "He Is Risen," seemed to him as coming from afar. He was meditating.

She was in love with him—his lily like girl! Her offer of the flower might have passed for a jest, but her almost angry withdrawal of it had told the truth, as in a flash. Why had he not already seen? Clinging to the old love had kept him blind. He reviewed their acquaintance, from the first meet-

ing at the house of her aunt four months before. Her shy look, her alternate moods of cordiality and coolness, her studied avoidance of him, her sudden appearance before him during his calls at the house, all, with much else, should have warned him. He remembered that night at the theater when chance had placed him beside her.

"Christ our passover is sacrificed for us; therefore let us keep the feast."

The anthem, with him, fell upon heedless ears. Yes, this girl, at the sight of whom he had taken some pleasure, whom he had always viewed as a child just from school, was sufficiently a woman to have fallen in love with him.

There was but one thing to do. He must go away, that she might forget him; for his love was with the dead.

More glad Easter music rose to his ears. The church seemed to thrill with the Te Deum festival. He remained insensible to the notes of the organ and the great composite voice of the choir. Since he must betake himself from the possibility of meeting her again, where should he go? Meditating upon this, he sat indifferent alike to collect, the epistle, the gospel, the sermon. But all the while, half involuntarily, he was searching the congregation below with his eyes for a glimpse of a certain maid bearing a lily.

It would be a sacrifice for him to leave town now. It occurred to him that life had been pleasant to him of late amid his present surroundings in the city. For the first time in five years, existence had recently begun to have some piquancy for him. He had not sought the cause. Assuredly, he was showing rare consideration for this girl in deciding to leave the city in order that she might be spared the pain of a hopeless love. There were few others, if any, for whom he would so readily disturb the routine of his life.

He would like, however, to see her face once more before putting it forever into his past. It was such a charming face. Now that he came to think of it, was there ever a more charming face—but one? Why could he not single her out in the gentle swaying surface of flower trimmed bonnets stretched out before his gaze? Why had he not ascertained the location of her aunt's pew?

He found her at last, far to the front and the left. He knew her by the lily in her hand. She sat perfectly still, in a ray of light from a high window. She seemed wrapt in contemplation.

How pleasant it would be to sit beside her!

And when at last the "Gloria in Excelsis" was swelling up to the vaulted roof he had begun to ask himself whether it were necessary to leave town, after all.

He found himself unwontedly eager to reach the front of the crowd as it made its way to the doors after the service. He pushed his way down the stairs, out from the place of subdued light and flowers and fragrance, into the sunlight.

How long the time seemed as he waited while the multitude poured out and separated into hundreds of groups upon the sidewalk. He watched the line of faces as they appeared at the head of the steps, coming from the comparative shade within. At last! She still held her lily. She cast a quick glance around as she stood on the topmost step. Then she descended, followed by her aunt and two cousins. His heart beat rapidly as he elbowed his way through the throng that he might appear at her side as if brought there by chance.

He raised his hat to her aunt and cousins. She herself dropped her eyes and bowed rather stiffly when she saw him.

He adroitly managed to keep by her side as the group moved up the sidewalk. The aunt and the cousins fell behind.

Yet he could find little to say upon the homeward walk. She was inclined to be flippant and inattentive in her share of the conversation.

When they arrived at her house she allowed her aunt and cousins to precede her up the steps. Then she tarried for a second.

"Good by," she said, standing upon the second step.

"Good by," he answered, "but first I should like—"

"Well?"

"May I have the lily and begin the new story?"

She looked into his eyes a moment, then hastily thrust the lily into his outstretched hand and tripped up the steps. Within the doorway, she turned and kissed her hand to him.

In the evening, when church bells again were ringing and the hum of people walking came up from the street below, he stood before the mirror and contemplated a long dead lily, a mere mummy of a lily in the Grecian vase beside it. Presently he took the shriveled flower from the vase and placed it in the furthest corner of a dressing case drawer. And thus an old love was changed into a memory, and he uttered a sigh.

But a moment later he hummed a tune as he put in the vase, in place of the old dead flower, an Easter lily that was still white and fresh.

IT'S A BIG JOKE.

Easter Kissing in Russia Leads to Very Awkward Occurrences.

An Englishman who has resided in Russia as the director of some iron works tells a woeful story of his sufferings at Easter, when the people welcome the feast with the old Christian custom of kissing each other. "For a week beforehand," he says, "they are busy boiling and painting eggs, which they are to present to one another with a kiss. The moment the clock strikes twelve, the privilege or penance, as the case may be, commences. Nobody then considers himself insulted by the combined offer of a kiss and an egg."

"In a few cases, it may be confessed, the trouble is a pleasure; but when it comes, as it did with me, to a long line of several hundred workmen—mostly engaged in charcoal burning, in the stock and poking of fires and chimneys, and other deeds of darkness—the poetical and sentimental view of the religious custom is completely shut out, and supplanted by the intolerable annoyance."

"One may talk of the Balaklava charge, the storming of the Redan, and such exploits; think of the nerve that was required to stand my ground before a bearded and vodka-loving Mujik, with cinders in his beard, and charcoal dust in the pores of his skin, a man who had been breaking calcined ore, perhaps, all night, and looked like the doubtful progeny of an African negro or a red Indian in his war paint."

"Think of my horror of suspense while one after another a whole regiment of such smutty objects shuffled up to my place, each drawing a dusty sleeve across his sooty mouth, each diving to the bottom of his pocket for the painted egg, each taking off his hat and calling me down to the punishment with the politest of bows, the most respectful of grins; and when the first hundred had kissed me three hundred times in the aggregate, to know that another hundred had to come after them!"

"Here were courage and endurance worthy of a better cause. But I should have done wrong to avoid the courtesy; and very likely should have deeply offended the people, to whom it was often the expression of a long cherished feeling of gratitude for favors which I perhaps knew nothing of, or had long ago forgotten."

EASTER KISSES IN RUSSIA.

On That Day Even a Peasant May Salute a Princess with His Lips.

There are records of very many curious Easter customs. In Russia, every female, even a Princess, must submit to be kissed by the lowest boor who presents her with an egg; but in some parts of England a still more curious, and, if possible, more senseless custom prevailed.

A chair, gayly decked with ribbons and artificial flowers, is placed in front of some inn or house of public resort, upon the seat of which is a raw egg. The chair is attended by a number of gayly-dressed damsels, who seize upon any man passing, and, despite his kicking and struggles, seat him with a good hard bounce upon the egg. He is then grasped by a dozen strong hands and lifted bodily, chair and all, in the air, above the heads of the assembled bystanders, lowered, and raised again. This is repeated three times. Instead of being allowed to depart, however, he is embraced, perforce, and kissed by every one of the attendant graces.

The Origin of Easter Eggs.

Germany is the home of the Easter egg. Other lands, of course, have them, but nowhere are they so beautiful or so freely bestowed, or used in so many lively games. On Easter morning in Germany there is always great excitement over the colored eggs and sugar eggs, and printed eggs and eggs with presents inside found in the nests the children had prepared, and every little one you meet will be saying:

"Oh, just see what the dear little Easter Hare has brought me!"

One seems to be quite sure where this idea started. Some say it came from the old days of heathen-worship.

Easter in Old England.

A curious custom in England was that of taking the shoe buckles of women on Easter Monday by the men, and the taking of those of the men by the women on Easter Sunday. These were retained till the following Wednesday, and then redeemed with forfeits, leading to various festivities called Tansy, after a peculiar cake then eaten. There was among other English customs the rolling of young couples down Greenwich Hill, and the clipping of churches by children of the charity schools. Each child stood with its back to the church, joining hands till the circle was complete, when all would rush away to gird about another church.

Bran.

Good bran is, in my judgment, says J. C. Mayos of Kansas, indispensable to the dairyman. He must feed a certain amount of it to get the best results in winter. Whenever I have tried to substitute other feed wholly the cows began to fall away in their milk. Also, when bran is fed I have never known a cow injured by being turned into the stalk field. In an experience of twenty-two years in Kansas I never lost a single head from this cause. At present we are mixing bran and shorts, equal parts by weight, and feeding cows in full milk nine pounds each twice a day. This will nearly fill a common bucket, and makes a good feed. As winter comes on, and we wish to add more carbon to the ration, we substitute corn chop for the shorts. In addition to this we feed the cows all they will eat of good, early cut corn fodder with the nubbins left on. In my locality millet hay makes excellent feed when cut early and well cured. Our cows increase in milk as soon as we begin to use it. Oats and corn ground together make a very substantial food for cold weather, but my cows shrink in quantity unless bran is added. The same is true of wheat screenings. Nevertheless wheat screenings ground makes a cheap feed this year. I know of nothing better by way of variety. Four quarts of this to a feed is about right for good milkers. I notice in a late paper that Hon. Levi Morton's cows are fed from fifteen to twenty pounds of oil meal each per day. It would not pay us to feed in this way. I question if it will pay us to feed oil meal at present prices of other feed. This question of feed is a very important one, and what can be done in New York cuts no figure at all in Kansas. We have to make the most of existing circumstances, or, in other words, be in harmony with our surroundings. The rule is that the liberal feeder is the successful dairyman. At the same time judgment must be used.

Excusable Ignorance.

It is often said that one of the best ways of learning a thing is to teach it to others; but the rule does not always hold good. Says a correspondent of the Boston Transcript:

One day my brother went to buy a bushel of buckwheat for sowing. The man of whom he was to get it was away, but his wife was at home, and undertook to make the sale. She got a peck measure, and they went to the granary.

There the woman filled the measure twice, poured the contents into the bag, and was proceeding to tie it.

"But Mrs. F—," said my brother, "it takes four pecks to make a bushel."

"Oh, does it?" said she. "Well, you see, I never had any experience in measuring grain before I was married. I always taught school."

Texas and Mexico.

Are now attracting the tourist and traveler, as well as the capitalist. Texas, in particular, offers unrivaled inducements for investment in the way of Fruit Lands, particularly those located along the Gulf Coast, a section reached directly by the International Route (I. & G. N. R. R.).

These lands are more fertile and better adapted to Fruit Culture than in any other locality in the United States, and on account of the peculiarity of the soil, location and humidity, are from two to three weeks earlier in fruiting. Ten Thousand Dollars was cleared last year from One Hundred acres. These lands are rapidly selling up, and if you propose to be "in it" you must move at once. Be particular to see that your ticket reads via the International Route (I. & G. N. R. R.) which is the shortest, quickest and best line from the North and East to principal points in Texas. Through sleepers daily via Iron Mountain Route from St. Louis to Galveston, Houston, Austin, San Antonio and Laredo, connecting at Laredo for City of Mexico and other points on Mexican National Ry. For further information apply to D. J. Price, A. G. P. A. I. & G. N. R. R., Palestine, Texas, or call on nearest Coupon Ticket Agent.

Obedient Regulation.

A west-bound train on the Fitchburg Railroad had just drawn out of Athol not long ago, says an exchange, and as the conductor entered one of the cars he found among the new passengers a young man respectfully dressed, and apparently of ordinary intelligence.

The conductor halted to take up the young man's fare, and the latter handed him a ticket to Miller's Falls, and with it a cent. For a moment the conductor suspected a joke, but a look at the passenger's face convinced him to the contrary.

"What is this cent for?" the conductor asked.

"Why, I see," answered the young fellow, "that the ticket isn't good unless it is stamped, and as I don't happen to have a stamp with me, I give you the cent instead. You can put it on, can't you?"

The good-natured conductor handed back the coin with a smile, remarking that it was a small matter and he would see that it was all right.

Western Farm Lands.

Send the names and addresses of your friends to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, Burlington Route, Chicago, for a pamphlet descriptive of farm lands in Nebraska, Colorado and Northwestern Kansas. Sent free on application.

Much research and investigation warrant the assertion that man is not the only animal subject to dreams. Horses neigh and rear upon their hind feet while fast asleep; dogs bark and growl, and in many other ways exhibit all their characteristic passions.

If the Baby's Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

Last year Arizona produced \$3,000,000 in gold, and \$2,000,000 in silver.

Baker's Norwegian Cod Liver Oil. Quickly restores thin and long ill and imparts vigor and new life. Sold by druggists.

The initials of an express messenger in Athol, Kan., are C. O. D.

"Hawkeye's Magic Corn Salve." Wanted to cure corns or itching feet. Ask your druggist for it. Price 50c.

The notation system of writing music was invented in 1070.

FIVE—All the stopped feet by DR. KLEIN'S GREAT KIDNEY CURE. No 50¢ bottle first day's use. Numerous cures. Treatise and 25¢ bottle free to 10¢ cases. Sent to Dr. Klein, 211 North St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Rooster That Could Swim.

Who has ever heard, says "Harper's Young People," of a chicken that could swim, that preferred swimming to walking? There are some seeming contradictions in the world of nature; for example, the cat that shrinks from wetting even her velvet soles driven to distraction by the smell of fish, for very love of it. And a great scrawny rooster, that never should be so much as seen taking a bath except in a nice, dry, dusty place in the road or ash-heap, deliberately walking into a pond of water and swimming across it is a queer sight indeed. Yet that is what anybody may have seen last summer at the mill pond on a little stream called Baker Brook, which flows into the River St. John just beyond the border of Maine, in Canada. He was a big fellow, dignified and important from the top of his flaming comb to the tips of the stiff feathers that grew at right angles to his feet, like wings, or "pantalons." He had always taken his bath in the dust heap until he grew old enough to lead his charge of hens far away from home, about the more distant fields, even beyond the brook, where all day long they nibbled blades of tender grass and chased the grasshoppers. But once around the pond and across the brook, the most direct course back to the roost lay in a line across the mill-pond, and how often he and his family were caught by the darkness upon that side of the stream, and just how the thing was managed at first no one will ever know. But one evening the men who were working near the mill saw a flock of hens and a rooster on the wrong side of the brook, looking wistfully toward the other side and home. One by one the hens, taking a good start off the high bank, flew across, leaving the rooster alone. But only for a moment, for instantly he walked to the water's edge, waded in without the least hesitation, and struck out for the other shore. He sat up high, well out of the water, like a duck, and as it was only about sixty feet wide there, he was across in a jiffy. Then shaking his feathers clear of moisture, he ran away after the hens as fast as his long legs could carry him. This remarkable occurrence was witnessed several times; as often as the chickens, tempted by the more remote, richer hunting grounds, wandered in that direction.

Johannisburg, in the Transvaal, is a wonderful little town. It is but five years of age and the inhabitants number 40,000. It stands upon a gold reef, and upon this reef fifty companies are at work giving employment to 3,750 white men and over 32,000 natives. The town has gas, water, tramways and handsome buildings, while for twenty miles east and west the tunnels of mining works can be seen.

The Rev. E. Marshall, in his work on football, says: "Football in Ireland may be said to consist of three parts—Rugby, Association and Gaelic. The rule of play in these organizations has been defined as follows: In Rugby you kick the ball; in Association you kick the man if you cannot kick the ball; and in Gaelic you kick the ball if you cannot kick the man."

THREE TROUBLES.

3 Three things which all workingmen know give the most trouble in their hard-strain work are: Sprains, Bruises, and Soreness.

THREE AFFLICTIONS.

3 Three supreme afflictions, which all the world knows afflict mankind the most with Aches and Pains are: Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Lumbago.

THREE THINGS.

3 to do are simply these: Buy it, try it, and be promptly and permanently cured by the use of



MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS.

WITH THOMSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS.

No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them easily and quickly, leaving the clinch absolutely smooth. Requiring no hole to be made in the leather nor burr for the Rivets. They are STRONG, TOUGH and DURABLE. Millions now in use. All lengths, uniform or assorted, put up in boxes.

Ask your dealer for them, or send 40c. in stamps for a color illustration and sizes.

MANUFACTURED BY JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO.,

Land is Cheap in Nebraska. And it's just as fertile as it is cheap. If you're wise, you'll invest in a quarter-section before it's everlastingly too late. Write to J. Francis G. P. A. Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb., for free pamphlet, "Great Opportunities in Nebraska."

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY. If any one doubts that we can cure the most obstinate case in 20 to 40 days, let him write for our reliable, fully guaranteed, and never fails our reliable, free. (LOOK REMEDY CO., Chicago, Ill.)

CHICKEN-HATCHING BY STEAM. IMPROVED VICTOR INCUBATOR. Simple, easy operation, self-regulating, reliable, and never fails. Send for full particulars, Catalogue, Geo. Briel & Co., Mrs. Quincy, Ill. U.S.A.

Patents! Pensions! Send for Inventor's Guide or How to Obtain a Patent. Send for Digest of PATENT and HOW TO OBTAIN A PATENT. PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS. Successful Prospective Claims. Late Principal Pension Commissioner. 15 years' last war, 1000 discharges, 1000 claims, 1000 since.

At a Price. Watches, Guns, Razors, Barbers, Sewing Machines, Gramophones, Radios, etc. etc. etc. CHAS. AG. STALEY CO., Chicago, Ill.

CHICAGO AMUSEMENTS

A List of Chicago's Most Popular Theaters.

AUDITORIUM.

The last two sets of the Chicago Orchestra concerts at the Auditorium will be given Friday and Saturday of this week and Friday and Saturday, April 14 and 15. The program for this week's concert embraces a rare collection of musical gems of the popular cast, more attractive in quality than any that has been given in former programs of this character. The soloist will be Edward Schaefer, the eminent harpist of the orchestra, and Whitney Mockridge, a tenor whose accomplishments are well known to Chicago concert goers.

Manager Milward Adams makes the following announcement for next season:

Box holders and associate members who may wish to change the location of their boxes or seats for the next season (1893-1894) are respectfully requested to make immediate application to the undersigned to that effect. Unless notice is given to the contrary, their present boxes or seats will be allotted to them for next year.

The subscription lists for boxes and associate membership for the season of 1893-1894 is now open to the public generally, at the box office of the Auditorium.

TROCADERO.

A New Diva.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Herald writes entertainingly of Louise Nikita, the new prima donna, who bids fair to prove a formidable rival to Patti herself, and who is engaged for the Trocadero, the mammoth musical entertainment which opens in Chicago April 29, on Michigan Avenue and Sixteenth Street, and is to run all summer. I had a chat with Mlle. Nikita, the prima donna, whom the Russians have christened "the American Nightingale." She is staying at the Hotel Normandy. She was in the throes of packing what seemed to me to be enough luggage for at least twenty people. "I am engaged," she said, "by Dr. Ziegler, the President of the 'Producers' in Chicago. He has engaged me on behalf of a powerful syndicate. I am to sing 100 times, two songs each night, for which I am to receive \$50,000." "And," added Nikita, "I shall sing during my engagement in Italian, French, German, Russian, Swedish, Polish and Dutch. 'Too gracious,' I exclaimed in astonishment. "Yes," she added, "I have already sung 'Mignon' and 'Faust' in Russian and I attribute much of my success to having sung in the language of each country where I have had engagements." "Will you stop in America?" "No, I should like to, but cannot. I shall be there about six months and then I have engagements in Russia which will last till February next. I may then go to South America or Italy. Nikita will not sing in New York. She would like to, but her contract forbids it."

CHICAGO OPERA-HOUSE.

A four weeks' engagement of unprecedented success will be concluded next Saturday night at the Chicago Opera-house by Francis Wilson and his talented company in "The Lion Tamer," the best comic opera of the year. On Monday evening next Russell's Comedians, who have achieved such a large measure of fame with "The City Directory," open a three weeks' stay at the Chicago Opera-house in a new farce comedy, "A Society Fad." The company is remarkable for a wonderful array of the cleverest entertainers in the profession. Every member is a host of fun and the new comedy, used as the vehicle for the display of versatile talent, is a very clever social satire. America's bright dancer, Amelia Glover, is still found in Russell's forces, together with those potent entertainers, Dan Daly, Willis Sweetnam, William Cameron, John Jennings, Tyrone Power, J. C. Miron, Julius Winkler, Kate Cart, Margaret Fitzpatrick, Ethel Ormond and Nellie Parker. There is every prospect that "A Society Fad" will meet with as great success as its funny predecessor, "The City Directory." The advance sale of seats for the entire three weeks is now on.

The American Extravaganza Company, with Manager David Henderson's magnificent spectacle, "Ali Baba," concluded the greatest two weeks' business in the dramatic history of Pittsburgh last Saturday night, and passed through Chicago Sunday night on its way to Minneapolis, where the company opened its Northwestern tour on Monday night. The company will return to the Chicago Opera House about the middle of May for the world's fair season, opening with "Ali Baba," which will be put on with greater magnificence than ever. Nothing so elaborate, so beautiful and so entertaining as "Ali Baba" has ever been seen in this country.

MADISON STREET OPERA-HOUSE.

The Lilly (Lily) Colossal Burlesque Company, headed by Mike Kelly, the famous ball player, begins a two weeks' engagement at Sam E. Jack's Madison Street opera-house Sunday. This organization presents a splendid variety program, with a large number of local favorites upon the list. Alice Gilmore, a lively and handsome woman, is leading lady, and, in the burlesque of "Cristoforo Colombo," is supported by such beauties as Carrie Rogers, Rose Hamilton, and Nellie Fox. Bob Van Osten is chief comedian, assisted by Sid Enson and George Belan. Prof. Charles Belmont and his performing dogs, the Hewletts in a Chinese sketch, and the French dancers, Rice and Harvey, are among the clever people in the cast, while Mike Kelly and his partner, Billy Jerome, are said to be marvelously clever. An oriental burlesque is the curtain, and the Columbus burlesque concludes the performance.

EPSTEIN'S MUSEUM.

The principal attraction this week at Epstein's New Dime Museum on Randolph, near Clark Street, is the very clever act of the Regolettis, the Danish knife duelist and swordsmen, who are experts in their line. There is also to be seen the funny Peck known as "Turtle George," the Thornton family of tattooed people, and other wonders. A good specialty company, headed by J. W. McDonald, the original "watermelon man," is seen in theater. Nougat and the Australian mannikins in theater No. 2.

MINDS R. THEATER.

Next attraction, our Easter offering commencing Sunday matinee, April 2.

One week, usual matinees. Return of last season's great success, Harry P. Mawson's picturesque military comedy drama, "A Fair Rebel" with its wealth of beautiful scenery and mechanical effects. Behold the excellent company, the superb scenery, the striking military effects, the thrilling telegraph scene and the great Libby Prison scene and the renowned escape, artillery, cavalry, infantry on the stage forming complete historical pictures. Edward R. Mawson as Col. Ezra Mason, Fanny Gillette as Clairette Montith, (A Fair Rebel).

M'VICKER'S.

Seen and admired by many thousands. Greater than ever. Eugene Tompkins grand production of the ballet spectacle, "The Black Crook." Every night, matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Second and last week of the remarkably successful engagement of the Thomas Q. Seabrooke Comic Opera Company, in the brilliant spectacular comic opera, "The Isle of Champagne," by Charles A. Byrne and Louis Harrison. Every night this week. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Next week—Richard Mansfield.

HAVEN'S.

At the home theater of the South Side, Carroll Johnson in a new play, "The Irish Statesman." Next Sunday, Boston Howard Ath. Specialty Company.

Haverly's Casino—Eden Muske. Two performances today, 2:30 and 8:15 p. m. Haverly's United Minstrels. Everything new. All new and bright. Revised editions of the great acts, "Knights of the Golden Key," "The Grindstone Wedding." General admission, 25c. Seats, 25c and 50c. Extra. Music department open from 10 a. m. to 11 p. m.

BOOLEY'S THEATER.

Eleanora Duse, under management of Carl and Theodor Rosenfeld, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "La Gioconda." Thursday, March 30, "Camille," Saturday matinee, April 1, "Fedora." The performance announced for Friday, March 31, will be given on Thursday, March 30, instead. Friday's tickets good for Thursday evening.

LIBBY PRISON.

The great national war museum, the most interesting and wonderful exhibit in America. Open from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. daily and Sunday. Wabash Avenue between Fourteenth and Sixteenth Streets.

Danger in Folding Beds.

The folding bed has been the subject of many bad jokes and perhaps a few good ones, but it has not been seriously looked upon as a danger to the lives of young children. Yet a case occurred in New York the other day which might easily be repeated, of a child, 9 months old, being smothered in a folding bed without the faintest appreciation on the part of the person who closed the bed up that any child was there. (The case is so ordinary and so commonplace that it is surprising to the "Evening Sun" that similar accidents do not occur every day. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald live at 462 West Fifty-second Street. Mr. McDonald is a contractor's foreman. The couple have three children now, and until yesterday had four. Mrs. McDonald has a cousin, named Alice McAloon, living with her for some time past. Yesterday about noon the 9-months-old baby was fretful. Mrs. McDonald rocked it to sleep and then placed it in the open folding bed in another room, returning at once to her work in the kitchen. As soon as Mrs. McDonald returned to the kitchen Alice went to make up the beds, as she had been in the habit of doing. She saw nothing in Mrs. McDonald's folding bed and closed it up without a thought. Half an hour afterward she asked for the baby and Mrs. McDonald told her where she had put it. There was a scream and an explanation, and the baby was found suffocated to death. Has all the experience of past ages gone for naught in such matters? Cradles were invented to keep infants out of the danger of being smothered in bed. Yet in this way 1891 fifty-six children perished in this city in New York city. Has the habit of using cradles gone out of fashion, and is there any good medical reason for it? A child's cot or cradle, devoted always to a certain use, accustoms something of the child's atmosphere, and the most callous woman will examine it with care in order to make sure that the baby is out of it. Cradles have two very obvious advantages, they do not take up much room and they are not self-folding, or self-winding or self-rolling, or any of the other automatic monstrosities that the ingenious peddlers from Connecticut keep persuading the other inhabitants of the United States are the only things required to turn life from misery to happiness. An objectionable feature of these folding beds comes out in this case in the readiness with which they can be slammed together without proper airing and making-over. The old-fashioned style of bed is perfectly ventilated by virtue of its construction. It will not look neat unless properly made over. It is much to be feared that many of these labor and space saving devices are as bad from a sanitary as they are from an aesthetic point of view. The plain virtues of cleanliness and order are apt to prefer the plain comforts of beds that cannot be made in an instant by shutting them up.

Chinese Gardeners.

The Chinese gardeners are the most expert fruit growers in the world. Marco Polo even asserted that they produce pears of the most delicious fragrance and weighing ten pounds each.

A peasant living near the village of Porcuna, in Spain, a fortnight ago turned up an amphora filled with gold and silver coins, all in a good state of preservation. The gold coins are some what larger than a 25-cent piece and on one side is the inscription: "Sabina Augusta Hadriana, G. R. A." The figure of a Roman soldier is on the other side.

Sixty-four governments issue patents. St. Louis, Mo., is not a part of any county; neither is Baltimore, Md.

A pair of musicians emerged from a drain in the house of Mrs. Sarah Howard of Houston, Mo., and made a nest in the kitchen. They took milk from the cat's saucer by dipping their claws in the fluid and then licking the milk from the fur. The cat pays no attention to the musicians, but the kittens occasionally call them.

THE GHOST OF THE LAKE

A QUEER STORY FROM THE SIERRA NEVADA.

He Was Willing to Eat Bacon and Cakes of Bread and Even Flour, and Disappeared into the Water When Shot.

The waters of the Owens lake are known to be so strongly impregnated with mineral salts as to preclude the possibility of supporting animal life. A fish cannot exist, nor even a tadpole disport in its murky waters. As the water of the Dead sea is about one-third as strong as that of Owens lake an approximate idea of the effect of the latter upon vegetable or animal life can readily be formed. The lake is located at the base of the Sierra Nevada mountains, in Inyo county, California, and is about twenty-five miles long by twelve miles wide. Around it is a sandy, rocky, dreary road, over which freight was hauled to and fro from the rich mining districts of that county. At places along its shores mountain streams pour their torrents into the lake, which has no visible outlet. These streams afforded camping grounds for the hardy men who drove the four-wheel teams to and from the mines. These men were the first to tell the story of the ghost of Owens lake. They reported that something bearing the semblance of a man would emerge from the lake in the night time, visit the camp, appropriate any bits of food lying about, and if spoken to would run with immense strides, jump into and disappear beneath the waters of the lake. Close by where the ghost was most often seen was a large area of rough black lava rocks, locally known as "The Black Rocks." At one time in the long ago a living river of fire, flowing from a now extinct volcano, into what was then an immense inland sea, but now Owens lake, coming in contact with water, transformed the lava flow into the roughest and most fantastic shapes conceivable.

In 1871 the writer in the Cleveland Leader had several tons of hay, and lacking a market he hauled it to Cottonwood Creek near the Black Rocks, and established a station in order to sell the hay to the traveling teams that passed that way. On the banks of the creek he built a cabin and was ready for business. He had heard the story of the ghost in all its variations and considered it a myth, but he did not have to wait long for a sight of his ghostship. One moonlight night, while lying awake, he saw the figure emerge from the lake and come directly toward the cabin. For a few minutes he prowled around the camp, picking up odd bits of food thrown from the campfire. Approaching the entrance—for there was no door—to the cabin he paused an instant and stealthily entered with a cat-like tread. The moon shone full upon him and clearly showed him to be a white man of large proportions, whose only covering was a thin growth of coarse hair, through which his semi-white skin glistened. He moved from place to place in search of food, much the same as a stealthy rodent would. Any bacon rind or crust of bread lying about was eagerly seized. When he saw the sack of flour he quickly grasped it and with both hands conveyed portions of it to his mouth as he retreated from the cabin. While he was moving away, going toward the lake, the writer called out "good-bye," at the sound of which the ghost bounded away with immense strides and disappeared in the lake. Rejecting the supernatural reports of his nocturnal visitor, a pistol ball followed the fleeing form, but without effect. The cold beads of perspiration arose from the brow of the hay-seller, for he had perfect confidence in his six-shooter and his ability to knock over any mortal at that distance, hence he reasoned the ghost must be a ghost in fact, or at least an invulnerable to his bullets. The rest of the night was passed in idle speculation as to the character of the visitor, for it was well known he could not live in the water of the lake.

Next day, upon examination, no tracks could be found, but the splash of the water where he plunged into the lake had been plainly heard on the still night air. The search was continued for miles along the lake shore without favorable result, and on subsequent visits the ghost was not disturbed. When the hay was nearly sold and preparations were being made to abandon the camp to the coyotes and the ghost, the writer was one day rambling among the Black Rocks. In one place close to the shore he found quite a large crevasse, from which he could hear the sound of water. Determined to investigate further he let himself down by a rope and found a large cavity or cave, probably 10x12 feet, and five or six feet high. On looking about in the semi-darkness, he saw the dead body of a man, probably deceased two or three days. The floor of the cave was covered with rags, straw and bones, and in one corner was a subterranean outlet into the lake, probably twenty feet distant. The corner of the county was notified and a post-mortem inquest was held, but no facts were revealed as to how the deceased came to his death or who he was other than the one time Ghost of the Lake.

His Perquisites.

A new story of Chauncey M. Depew tells how a splinter with impressive cork-screw curls visited him in his office to consult him as to some real-estate investments she wanted to make. "Ah," he said, in his most soothing tones, "there are two things I know nothing about, and they are women and real estate." Then she suddenly kissed the after-dinner orator and marched out. Several men who were waiting in a corner of the room to talk to Mr. Depew advanced, laughing at the osculation scene they were compelled to witness. Wheeling his chair about, he merrily said: "Gentlemen, the president of the road is entitled to all such perquisites."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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HOSPITALITY IN THE SOUTH.

Picture of a Stranger's Welcome and Preparations for His Dinner.

Whether you happen to be a stranger or a neighbor matters nothing. You are received with a simple dignity and a genuine warmth that fill you with gratitude and kindness. Your host may be poor or he may be well-to-do, but, according to the Washington Post, that makes no difference in the manner of his greeting or in his evident delight in being able to entertain you. There is always a ragged, grinning little mope to take your horse, and this person is quite openly told to rub the good beast down, and to feed and water him, under penalty of sundry awful consequences to his eyes, his back and his immortal soul. If it be summer you are invited to take a split-bottom rocking-chair in the "gallery," and to wet your whistle and light your pipe. If the weather be cold you are ushered into a parlor embellished by a large bible on a center-table, possibly by one or two family portraits on the wall and a piano of ancient vintage leaning in the corner, and certainly by various wreaths of ghostly artificial flowers and mummies of extinct birds and under glass.

There are books too—the "Kew-sake," "Gullings from Poetry," Mrs. Hemans's works, etc.—and sometimes and elderly guitar, richer in ribbons than in strings, a relic of the time when your hostess wore her hair in a net, and with dimpled fingers twanged a rickety accompaniment to "Belle Brandon" and "Beautiful Isle of the Sea." Here will soon come to you a half dozen of chattering pickaninies bringing shavings, pine splinters, corn cobs, and the like, and soon a log or two of green ash or hickory will be sizzling on the smoky pile. The little darkeys scamper out, and straightway you hear a regiment, or what seems a regiment, of them, yelling and scuffling under the house. There are yelps from yellow dogs, screams from the biggers, a great rushing about and cries of "Hit 'im, Ephrum!" "Dar he goes, Sinthy," then an unutterable pell-mell, confusion, squeals, barks, noises as if of many bodies falling, and at last a loud and agonized clucking, suddenly choked into death-like silence, and you know that you are to have a chicken for dinner and that the banquet is about to materialize.

Worth It.

Briggs—Fine suit of yours. Griggs—Yes; business suit. "How much?" "Nothing." "Don't mean to say you got it for nothing?" "Yes; I did; my employer gave it to me." "What for?" "For minding my own business."—Texas Sittings.

Why She Liked It.

Petted Wife This old-fashioned chair is delightfully antique, but very uncomfortable. I don't see how your mother could like it. Husband, mildly—I presume she was usually tired when she sat down.—New York Weekly.

AMONG THE SONS OF TOIL.

Romania is the highest taxed country in the world.

A recent estimate places the amount of standing timber in the state of Washington at 300,000,000,000 feet.

Of the 70,000 people in Arizona a large majority are whites, and the gold, silver and copper mines are steadily attracting immigration. They produced \$4,000,000 last year.

Pittsburg now claims the largest glass flattening oven in the world. This new oven will take a sheet 75 inches by 141 inches, or in narrow glass one of 30 inches by 131 inches.

Cooks in Boston average not more than \$1.75 per week. This fact was ascertained from the statements of 574 men questioned by officers of the state bureau of labor for Massachusetts.

At Minorca the fisherman simply dives to a depth of seventy feet with a weight in one hand to carry him down. With the other hand he brings up as many oysters as he can carry and brings them up to the boat.

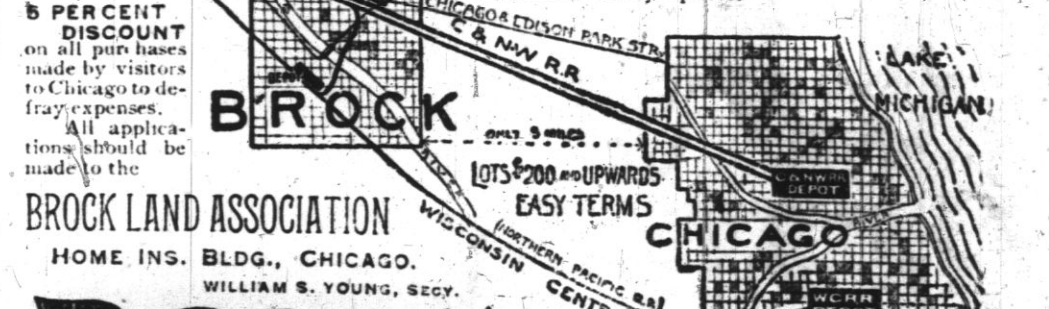
A great shingle district, Whatcom county, Washington, has forty-one shingle mills, which turned out last year, 1,123,200,000 shingles. It required 140,850,000 feet of logs. The shingles in price averaged \$1.75 per 1,000.

Joseph Barstow, who went to learn the craft of a printer, on the Norwich, Conn., Weekly, in 1824, still works at the case in that city. He is now 84 years old. Mr. Barstow is especially proud of having set type beside Horace Greeley, of whom he was for some years a comrade.

Joseph Martin, who lives near Stanwood, Wash., discovered a peculiar head of grain in a field of barley about four years ago, and has since been propagating, until now he has considerable land sown to this strange grain, which yields about 100 bushels to the acre. The grain is of a deep brown color, resembling scorched wheat grain, and is similar to wheat in form. The bran or shell is thin and tough. The grain is not fit for milling purposes, and a brewer who examined it said that it was useless for brewing purposes. It makes, however, excellent feed for chickens and hogs.

Now is the time to invest in the new factory suburb of Chicago (Special Inducements for Factory Sites)

Now is the time—before prices advance—to invest in a lot in Brock, the new factory suburb of Chicago. Brock is solid as a rock. Only 4 miles from Chicago limits, only 14 miles from Court House, yet 12 miles from Lake Michigan's breezes. Good for manufacturing. Good for residence. Good for investment—especially good. Look at the Map. It was Chicago's position which made Chicago. It is Brock's position which is making Brock. Brock is close to the most growing city in the world. Chicago is growing faster than New York. Brock is between two of the greatest railroads of the country—the Chicago and North-Western and the Wisconsin Central (Northern Pacific). Brock is the terminus of the Chicago and Edison Park Electric Railway. Brock has one and a half miles of river frontage. Brock has two square miles of land all platted and owned by the Brock Land Association. Over 400 acres are specially reserved for manufacturing purposes. The residence section is high, dry and healthy—30 feet above the lake. Now is the time to invest, as this property will rapidly become five times more valuable than at today's prices.



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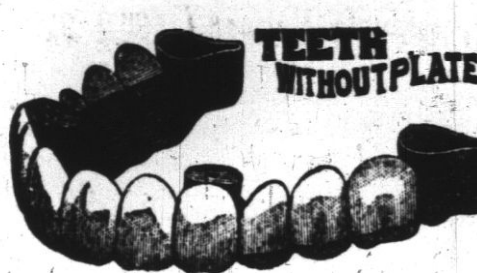
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