

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 9, NO. 35.

BARRINGTON, ILL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1895.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

BARRINGTON.

CHURCH NOTICES.

ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC—Rev. J. F. Clancy, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m.
GERMAN EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S—Rev. E. Kuhn, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 2:30 a. m.
BAPTIST—Rev. Robert Bailey, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12.
GERMAN EVANGELICAL—Rev. J. B. Elfrink, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m.
THE EVANGELICAL SALEM—Rev. T. Suhr, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:15 a. m.
METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. T. E. Ream, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m. Children's services at 3 p. m. Bible study Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

E. O. T. M. TENT No. 79—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Tuesday of each month. W. H. Snyder, P. C.; T. H. Cross, Com.; C. H. Kendall, L. C.; L. A. Powers, Sec.; Rev. R. Bailey, Chap.; J. M. Thrasher, R. K.; Frank Plagge, P. K.; Arthur Jayne, M. A.; G. M. Jayne, 1st M. G.; E. W. Maebler, 2d M. G.; C. H. Kendall, P. H. Roloff, S.; Dan Campbell, P.
LOANSBURY LODGE No. 751—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. L. A. Powers, W. M.; H. A. Sandman, S. W.; C. H. Kendall, J. W.; C. B. Otis, Treas.; A. T. Ullrich, Sec.; F. B. Bennett, S. D.; J. P. Brown, J. D.; A. Gleason, Tyler.
BARRINGTON POST No. 275, G. A. R.—Department of Ill.—Meets every second Friday of the month at Abbott's Hall. L. E. Runyan, Com.; G. W. Johnson, S. V. C.; Wm. Campbell, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, Q. M.; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; L. H. Bitt, O. G.; Henry Reuter, Sergt.; Chas. Senn, Chap.
M. W. A. CAMP 809—Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month at Meyer's Hall. F. E. Hawley, V. C.; P. A. Hawley, W. A.; John Robertson, B. M.; H. Lamey, Clerk; Wm. Anholts, W.; J. M. Thrasher, E.; H. P. Askew, S.
W. R. C. No. 85—Meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Mrs. Lucy Townsend, Pres.; Miss Allie Meyer, Sec.

VILLAGE OFFICERS.

F. E. Hawley..... President
H. C. P. Sandman, John Robertson, H. T. Abbott, John Colten, Wm. Grunau, John Hatje..... Trustees
Miles T. Lamey..... Village Clerk
A. L. Robertson..... Treasurer
G. D. Cutting..... Village Attorney
A. A. Sandman..... Street Commissioner

SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

F. E. Hawley..... President
A. W. Meyer..... Clerk

THE BARRINGTON BANK OF SANDMAN & CO., Barrington, Illinois.

A general banking business transacted. Interest allowed on time deposits. First-class commercial paper for sale.
JOHN ROBERTSON, Prest.
A. L. ROBERTSON, Cashier.
JOHN C. PLAGGE, Vice-Prest.
H. C. P. SANDMAN.

MILES T. LAMEY, Notary Public and Fire Insurance Agent.

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BARRINGTON, ILL.

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Residence, BARRINGTON, ILL.
OFFICE, Room 32,
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HENRY BUTZOW, BAKERY -AND- CONFECTIONERY.

Fruits, Gligars, Tobacco, Etc
Ice Cream and Oyster Parlors in Connection.
H. BUTZOW,
Barrington, Ill.

THEODOR H. SCHUTT, Manufacturer and Dealer in BOOTS AND SHOES.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.
I also carry a large stock of Rubbers, Felt and Rubber Boots.
Call and see my stock and get prices before buying elsewhere.
THEODOR H. SCHUTT,
Barrington, Ill.

EXPERIENCED Advertising Solicitor, a No. 1 printer, and good local reporter. Write position on paper in city of \$5,000 or less. Salary sober and reliable. Address "HUSTLER," care Western News-Press Union, Chicago.

BARRINGTON.

A SHORT SKETCH OF ITS PROMINENT BUSINESS MEN.

In the succeeding columns the aim is to present in brief, concise form a description of the business facilities of our village and sketches of some of our business establishments.
Barrington is one of the most flourishing and prosperous villages of this section of the state. The writing up and representation of such a large number of our business places can not fail to be of substantial benefit to the place. Pleasantly situated on the border line between Cook and Lake counties at the intersection of the Chicago & Northwestern with the Elgin, Joliet & Eastern railways, thirty-two miles from Chicago. The village has many natural and acquired advantages which destines it to become a place of considerable importance. It is situated in the midst of a rich agricultural country, whose dairying interests are extensively developed, in connection with which we would mention the flourishing creamery located in the village owned by William McCreddie & Co., and operated by Mr. J. E. Heise.
As an evidence of the thrift and prosperity of the village we would point to the large number of buildings erected during the past two years, both resident and business blocks, many of which would do credit to larger places. All lines of mercantile business are represented by enterprising business men. In the manufacturing line we would mention our first class rolling mill, machine shop and wood turning establishment, marble works, cheese box factory, creamery and others.
The number and character of our church edifices indicate the religious zeal of the people, the following denominations having church edifices of their own: Baptist, Methodist, German Evangelical, Salem Evangelical and Catholic. The educational facilities of the village excel, having one of the best graded schools of this section under the efficient charge of Prof. E. E. Smith. We ask of our readers a careful perusal of the following sketches:

THE BARRINGTON BANK OF SANDMAN & CO.

The first class banking facilities of which Barrington possesses the advantages should be the subject of prominent mention in our review. The financial establishment named above was established and commenced doing business a number of years ago. It has a phenomenal successful record, and has built up a flourishing business and we may say has done all for the business interests of the people which a well conducted bank could do. It ranks as one of the substantial banking establishments of this section of the state and is a spacious and handsome fitted up banking house, where is transacted a general banking business, discounting approved commercial paper, making collections through their numerous connections all over the United States. The bank is provided with every means of precaution for safety against fire, etc., being furnished with a modern fire and burglar proof safe and vault.

The officers and directors of the bank are John Robertson, president; John C. Plagge, vice-president; H. L. Robertson, cashier, and H. C. P. Sandman. Mr. John Robertson, the president of this institution, is a member of the village board, which position he has held for several years. In public and social circles Mr. Robertson has long been highly honored and esteemed. He has ever given a public spirited support to all measures best calculated to advance the material welfare of Barrington, and to the honest and economical administration of her municipal affairs. As regards business ability and true enterprise, coupled with conservative and reliable financial methods, he has achieved the highest of reputations and is in every respect a thorough exponent of the true principles governing banking and finance.
Mr. H. L. Robertson, the cashier, has had several years experience in the banking business, having been connected with this bank for a number of years, and for two years with the Commercial Loan and Trust company of Chicago. Mr. Robertson is thoroughly identified with the best interests of Barrington, and is prominent in social and business circles. Conducting his business according to the most approved principles, he enjoys the confidence and esteem of our citizens, and is a public spirited citizen and an estimable gentleman.
Messrs. J. C. Plagge and H. C. P. Sandman, members of this institution, are widely known and highly respected, and are clear headed business men, honorable and fair in their transactions and are highly esteemed for their strict integrity and personal worth.

J. M. THRASHER, Jeweler.

In reviewing the business places of Barrington, we are pleased to note success attending the popular jewelry business carried on by Mr. J. M. Thrasher. Since establishing, Mr. Thrasher has built up a splendid trade, as he deserves. His business has steadily grown in the popularity of the people, and he is supplying the village with one of the best jewelry stores the town has ever had. Mr. Thrasher is amply qualified by experience and ability to conduct a first class jewelry store. The people find every advantage in dealing here. Mr. Thrasher buys from the best

wholesale houses, and his handsome wall and counter cases are filled with fine gold and silver watches, clocks, jewelry, spectacles, silverware, etc.

L. F. SCHROEDER, Stoves, Ranges, Etc.

Among the enterprising and best known dealers in tinware, stoves and house furnishing goods of every description, is Mr. L. F. Schroeder, who has been engaged in this necessary business since 1874, and has built up a very handsome and remunerative trade. Although everything in the house furnishing goods line may be here had in great variety, the specialty of the house is stoves, ranges and furnaces, and Mr. Schroeder has been singularly successful in handling stoves, which through his enterprise and activity have had a long and continuous run. Mr. Schroeder in addition to keeping a well stocked store, gives special attention to all kinds of tin work about buildings, making and repairing roof gutters, pipes and the manufacture of milk cans, etc. He also manufactures much of the tinware that he sells, and his house has become very popular both on account of durability and general excellence of his goods and because his prices are reasonable and proper.
Mr. Schroeder is a practical tinsmith of wide experience and enjoys just reputation as a conscientious, painstaking and capable man.

J. C. PLAGGE, General Merchandise.

In describing the various industries which have made Barrington famous as a mercantile center, the enterprise of the general merchandise merchant is entitled to the position of the first importance, and the description would be incomplete in the extreme if the mention of the large and growing house of J. C. Plagge was omitted. Being located on the corner of Main and Cook streets, in his new brick building, as handsomely furnished and fitted up as any house in the city. The enterprise and tact, combined with a long experience on the part of Mr. Plagge, has justly carried this house to the front. Mr. Plagge has been in business here for several years and does a large and fine trade. Mr. Plagge carries at all times a general line of staple and fancy groceries, including fine teas, fragrant coffees, spices, sugars and syrups of the standard grades, canned goods and table luxuries, which go to make up the assortment of his store.

He also carries a select stock of dry goods, gentlemen's, ladies' and children's foot wear, and has built up a large and permanent patronage among the very best classes. Mr. Plagge also represents a number of good fire insurance companies, and controls the insurance of many choice lines of business and residence properties, writing risks of this class upon the most favorable terms.

SCHWENM BROS., Agricultural Implements, Etc.

The firm under review enjoys an extensive business, and although only established since last year, are building up a good trade. They carry a large line of cutters, bob sleighs, carriages, buggies and farm machinery of all kinds. They are also dealers in farms suitable for the road, family or horse purposes. They pay careful attention to the selection of their animals, selling them at the lowest market figures, and in short, they conduct their house according to the most approved principles, extending every legitimate accommodation to customers. Personally, they are held in high regard, and in trade and commercial circles are estimated as honorable and representative dealers.

R. C. COMSTOCK, General Merchandise.

In this article we wish to take for the subject of our sketch one of the most popular and successful of our mercantile establishments by the flourishing general store of the enterprising gentleman named above.
Mr. Comstock has been a prominent and influential merchant here some five years. He has met with phenomenal success and has built up a very satisfactory trade. Mr. Comstock is a competent merchant. He buys from the leading markets and his store is noted for carrying a superior stock of all kinds of general merchandise, as dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hats and caps, furnishing goods, etc. Through a uniform course of fair and upright dealings, Mr. Comstock has won the confidence of the people.

F. L. WATERMAN, Fancy Groceries, Etc.

This gentleman established in business here last spring. His store is one of the neatest and most attractive in the town. Mr. Waterman is a courteous and obliging business man and has made his business popular with the people. The store is headquarters for fancy groceries, bakery goods, confectionery, nuts, etc. A choice stock being always on hand. Excellent meals and lunches are also served. Mr. Waterman justly deserves the success which he is meeting with in this line of business.

PLAGGE & CO., Lumber, Sash, Doors, Feed, Etc.

Among our leading business men, prominent mention should be made of the lumber firm of Plagge & Co. This firm has been established in the lumber and feed business for the past several years. In the lumber line they deal in all kinds and grades, and

their facilities are such that the largest orders can be filled in the promptest and most satisfactory manner. They also carry a large line of sashes, lath, sash doors, blinds, moldings, tile, salt, coal, etc. The specialty of this responsible firm is the feed business. Here can be found a large stock of bran, middlings, corn meal, flour, etc. The members of the firm are: Messrs. J. C. Plagge, Frank Plagge and N. Stenger. They are held in the highest estimation in commercial life for their inflexible integrity and executive ability, and justly merit the extensive patronage obtained by their energy and enterprise.

THEODOR SCHUTT, Boots and Shoes.

A leading and popular house in the boots and shoe trade of this city is that of Mr. Theodor Schutt, manufacturer and dealer in fine boots and shoes, situated one door south of the post-office.
The large finely appointed establishment is equipped with every facility for prosecuting the business to advantage, and through his promptness and the general excellence of the productions in the manufacture of boots and shoes has gained for him a wide celebrity in the trade. A large and complete stock of goods is carried and the business is both large and prosperous. Mr. Schutt, the popular proprietor, came to this city two years ago and opened up his store, which under his skillful and popular management has developed into a fine industry.
Mr. Schutt is highly esteemed in commercial circles for his eminent business principles, and his signal success is considered but a just reward to sterling worth.
Mr. Schutt brings large practical experience to bear and a thorough knowledge of what each and every customer requires, and his courtesy and liberal dealing especially commend him to the purchasing public. He pursues thoroughly honorable business methods, and is eminently worthy of the record and trade he has so permanently established.

HANSEN & PETERS, Livery.

Our town possesses the advantages of one of the best livery in this section. The enterprising proprietors, Messrs. Hansen and Peters, have built up a good trade. They are in the best position to meet the wants of the public, their horses being fully groomed, well fed and comfortably quartered, and their carriages, single and double rigs and other vehicles are both stylish and handsome in appearance, as well as comfortable and light running.
The firm is able to supply funerals with any number of carriages at the shortest notice, and the entire management is conducted with that system, order and regularity which is as praiseworthy as it is rare. The individual members of this enterprising firm are Edward Peters and George Hansen. They are both thoroughly familiar with the requirements of their business, and during the two years that they have been associated together have built up a business which is as profitable to them as it is convenient to the public.

M. T. LAMEY, Insurance.

In the historical review of the rise and progress of Barrington, special mention will prominently be made of those enterprises which, emanating from capital, are alike protective of the business man and the manufacturer, and unquestionably fire insurance stands first, alike a representative safeguard to capital and industry. Barrington has had her baptism by fire, and it might be well to state that a number of the losses of those fires were insured through M. T. Lamey, and in every case their claims were promptly met by the companies involved as he places risks only in sound corporations. M. T. Lamey represents the following old reliable companies: The London and Lancashire of Liverpool, Phoenix of Hartford, German American of New York, Fire Association of Philadelphia, Norwich Union of Norwich.

HATJE & STIEFENHOEFER, Horse Shoeing and General Repairing.

Among the leading and deservedly prosperous business enterprises of this busy town will be found the well-known establishment of Hatje & Stiefenhoefer. The business of this house was established a number of years ago, and in the succeeding years it has developed at a rate commensurate with the skill and enterprise of its conductors. The large, well equipped shop is provided with every facility for the prosecution of the business to advantage. Horse shoeing is made a specialty and the first class work turned out in this branch has acquired for them a wide celebrity. Repairing of all kinds of machinery, vehicle, etc., is done with neatness and dispatch.
Messrs. Hatje & Stiefenhoefer are practical men at the business and their extensive knowledge of its details is based on a long and varied experience.
During their long and successful career they have won the highest esteem of the trade, and to their skill and equitable business principles may be ascribed their signally successful achievements.

H. T. ABBOTT, Druggist.

There is no more important branch of commercial activity than that represented by the retail drug trade of

A. W. MEYER & CO.'S

GREAT

January Clearing Sale

-OF-

DRESS GOODS.

Prices the Lowest in the History of Dress Fabrics.

We desire to close out as nearly as possible during the remainder of this month, ALL DRESS GOODS now on the shelves of our dress goods department.

We therefore offer nearly the entire great assortment in dress pattern lengths at 15 per cent discount from regular prices, which must necessarily quickly clear out the entire lot.

We will give the same discount on

Boys' Clothing, Men's Overcoats, Ladies and Misses' Cloaks and Jackets.

It is a matter of fact that you can save 20 to 30 per cent on anything you want.

Come where you can select from the greatest variety, and where you are sure of finding what you want.

Respectfully yours,

A. W. MEYER & CO.

this city. A prominent house engaged in this line is that of Mr. H. T. Abbott, who occupies one of the handsomest and most completely equipped drug stores in the city, and carries a large, well selected stock of drugs, chemicals, proprietary medicines, toilet articles, etc. Every article on his counters and shelves being selected with the utmost care. The prescription department is made a special feature, being regarded by the public as one of the best managed and most reliable. Mr. Abbott established his present enterprise in 1875, and is considered one of our most capable and experienced pharmacists. His store is the resort of the best classes of the purchasing public, and to those appreciating first class goods, courteous treatment and honorable dealing, it is to be heartily commended.

ARNOLD SCHAUBLE, Machinist, Wood Turning, Etc.

Barrington can boast of no more essentially enterprising and representative business man than Mr. Arnold Schauble, who, as a machinist and model maker, stands in the front rank of the trade. His shop is a model of its kind in the way of complete equipment, competent workmen and careful management. A specialty is made of Schauble's patent curd mill, the invention of Mr. Schauble, which is having a large sale among dairymen. Mr. Schauble also manufactures moldings and does wood turning, which are likewise first class in point of quality and effectiveness. Machinery of all kinds is repaired, and the close, personal supervision of the proprietor insures the perfectness of all work turned out.
Mr. Schauble is well and favorably known to the trade, and by honorable dealing has secured for himself the confidence of a large and influential patronage.

WM. GRUNAU, Fonsorial Artist.

Mr. Grunau has been doing business here for several years, and during that time has succeeded in securing for himself a reputation which but few can lay claim to. He started in business here in 1880, and by strict business methods after a few years accumulated a sufficient sum to build himself an elegant home on the south side. Later on he purchased the shop

which he has occupied since starting in business and had just been to a considerable expense in fitting up the building, when the fire of 1893 swept it away. The stock being all that was saved. With that energy and pluck which characterize the man, he commenced work on the erection of the handsome new quarters immediately, and within two months it was completed.

Mr. Grunau keeps on hand a very choice and selected stock of confectionery, fruits and tobaccos. At this place you will also find a complete assortment of the latest and most popular papers and magazines. The list embraces all the eminent periodical publications of the day, and the stock is always kept fresh and complete.
He makes it a rule to sell his goods and do his work reasonably, so far as price is concerned, and he is cordially indorsed by us as a reliable, honorable and courteous gentleman.

LEROY POWERS, Grocer and General Merchandise.

Among the leading and successful houses in this line is that of Mr. Leroy Powers, who has built up a large and permanent patronage. The store is commodious and very conveniently fitted up for the requirements of the trade. It contains an extensive and excellently assorted stock of choice groceries, both fine and staple, including the finest quality and flavor, butter from the dairy, fine teas, coffees, and spices, sugar, molasses, etc., in short everything that can be found in a thoroughly equipped grocery establishment. He also handles a full line of dry goods, such as silk, velvet fabrics, linens, woollens, cotton and mixed articles of every texture and description, and everything that can be properly classed under the heading of dry goods.
Mr. Powers has been established here a number of years and has built up a successful business, and has a highly honorable reputation.

H. WALTER, Tailor.

During the comparatively short time this gentleman has been established in business in Barrington, he has built up splendid patronage. Mr. Walter has the advantage of city experience and is amply qualified to conduct a first class merchant tailoring business of his abilities as a cutter it is

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

MATRONS AND MAIDS.

MATTERS OF MOMENT TO MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

Pretty Picture Frames to Be Made at Home—What is a Woman's Woman?—The Dead Babe—Savory Samples.

Home-Made Picture Frames.
The cost of framing pictures makes frames almost prohibited in some households. Yet the making of them, yes, even the plain foundation, is not impossible, for any woman who can hit a nail squarely, and who possesses the mitering box from a set of child's tools, a small saw, a hammer, some brads and a glue pot, can make her own frames.

Plain, flat pine moulding coats from two to four cents a foot, according to the width. Miter the joints neatly at the corners and glue firmly, giving additional strength by a brad or two in each corner. With a penknife you can cut a groove to lay the glass against, or you can get a very narrow beading and fasten it on the back of the moulding with glue or brads.

For the covering of this frame, call upon your ingenuity and your scraps of odds and ends. Ribbon, silk, grass linen, mousquetaire glove tops, manilla rope, tea matting, shells, liehen and mosses, velvet, Japanese crepe, crepe paper, enamel paints, lace—there's a long list to choose from. Lay a thickness of wadding over the frame to give it a raised look, and then put on the goods slightly shirred, or plain if the material is figured.

Over a gilded or enamelled frame lace may be fastened, then pasted on, and when dry gilded or enamelled, or if black upon gilt, upon white or pale tints it may be left as it is.

When the mats of pictures get old and discolored, put a layer of wadding over them, and cover with folds of soft-tinted crepe, crepe paper or cheese cloth. This is particularly artistic for lithographs, photographs or etchings.

For one inexpensive marine water-color sketch the mat was cut from heavy Bristol board and tinted a faint blue, putting on what is called a "wash." The four-inch frame of pine was covered with Japanese crepe, cream splashed with gilt, put on smoothly over a layer of wadding. Outside of this is a manilla rope as thick as a lady's thumb, which is tacked on with brads and then gilded.

A simple outline of manilla rope is pretty, with shells seeming to confine the sailor's knots at the corners, and the picture may be suspended by a smaller manilla cord or a strand of the large one.

What is a Woman's Woman?

This is an age of definitions. What is a woman's woman? is a question often asked, and varied have been the answers to that question. It is safe to say that she who is a favorite with her own sex is never a coquette, nor does her popularity depend upon her personal beauty. She is broad-minded, sympathetic, frank and friendly with men and with women. She is unselfish and takes an interest in what interests others. She does not imagine that every man who shows her a polite attention is in love with her. She is not always trying to enlarge her circle of acquaintances among men. She will not cultivate other girls just for the sake of their brothers or their friends. She will not try to take away another girl's admirer "just for the fun of the thing." She will not be jealous when a man she knows is polite to another lady. She will not imagine that she can gain the friendship of any man by telling him all the mean little things she knows about other girls. She will not gossip about men to her girl friends. She will not claim every man who ever danced with her, or served her with an ice, or called upon her, as "an old beau of mine." Neither will she remark "that man once wanted to marry me," nor will she enumerate the conquests she has made and the eligible offers she has refused.

The woman's woman will be willing to entertain women, and not want to monopolize a notable guest, but that guest man or woman. She will be able to entertain more than one person at a time. She will not be afraid to introduce her friends to each other, and she will not be envious of those who are more liberally endowed with this world's goods than she is herself. She will be amiable, although not without spirit. Her friends will feel that they can trust her; that she will not throw them over for the sake of gaining some man's attentions.

How Men Choose Wives.

One is really sometimes led to wonder what men really do desire and expect of the other sex. Men admire her helplessness and declares it rains him, desires frivolity and shuns intellectuality, is forever lauding his mother, who made such unapproachable pies, and yet continues to marry a pair of white hands that cannot do anything of the kind. He moans over weakness and ridiculous strength—though a good deal less than he did a generation ago. He condemns fashion in unsparing terms theoretically and the lack of it practically, longs for a sensible woman and passes her by when he meets her, despises pink and white dolls, and marries them if he is permitted. Talk of the inconsistency of women, forsooth!

Incompetent Guardians.

How fond some people are of shouting "Reform School" regarding children who have run a little wild. I read the other day of a sister who was anxious to send her little brother there because he had offended her ideas of right and wrong. It seems to me that these people, except in rare instances, are incompetent, self-

ish, and cruel. To say that a child is so bad that it must be sent away to prison—for that is virtually what the reform school is—is to confess that one's influence with it is nil, or one's methods of discipline faulty or false. There is hardly a boy living who can be kept in the right rut if proper care is taken. The reform school, or any place of that ilk, is the very last resort. To place such a brand upon the life of any youth, unless he be really criminal, seems to me to be absolutely wicked.

Beautiful Girls of Provence.

Of course they have always been famous for loveliness all over the world, yet nothing in other parts of the world will have helped you to imagine them. The type is peculiar to Provence—much more delicate than Italian types, the very dark eyes and hair contrasting with the whitest of skins; a spirited and yet an extremely poetic type, and so refined, so aristocratic, that its charm is not lost in old age. Nevertheless, not the type itself, but the frequency of its perfect presentation, is the most surprising, the most delightful fact. Here an ugly woman, a commonplace looking girl, is the exception; where five or six are gathered together, three at least will be beauties and the others will be comely.

"Surely, if these people are as Greek as they like to think, the sculptors of ancient Greece needed their imagination less than we are accustomed to think. Scores of times I cried to myself, 'This one is the most beautiful of all.' But best of all I now remember a girl who, with the true Arlesian face, had unbelievable riches of red hair. She was more beautiful than, in our unequal world, any woman has any right to be. It was bearable to look at her only because one felt that, very likely, every man and woman in Arles, including her splendid self, thought the redness of her hair distressingly unfortunate.—Century.

Roast Goose With Apple Sauce.

The flavor of the tender roasting goose is intensified by the tart apple stuffing. After the bird has been carefully cleaned, fill its entire body and crop with apples quartered and cored; they may be peeled or not, as one desires. Salt, pepper, sage and butter should be used for dressing, and a little fried onion, at discretion. Sew the cuts in the skin of the bird to secure the stuffing, and roast it brown, with occasional basting and dredging with flour; no water in the pan, the drippings will be sufficient. The goose needs thorough cooking—about fifteen minutes to the pound—until a fork thrust into the thigh joints draws only a little clear gravy, and the flesh is cracking beneath the drumsticks with a rich brown color. Boiling water stirred into the dripping pan after the goose is taken up, and a pleasant seasoning of salt and pepper, will make a good gravy. All the brown upon the pan should be scraped into the gravy for its savory flavor. The giblets can either be chopped and fried to mix with the dressing or with the gravy, as preferred, and a dish of apple-sauce may go to the table with it.

The Dead Babe.

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead in a one's breast and said:
"O God! what have I done,
Or in what way I did it,
That thou shouldst take away from me
My little son?"
"Upon the thousand needful things—
Upon the fault that wanted things,
Thy wrath were better spent;
Why shouldst thou take my little son?
Why shouldst thou vent thy wrath upon
This innocent?"
Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
Before me ere the vision passed,
Of things that might have been,
Ere I should see a wasted life
Dark red with sin!
Then, with soft music in the air,
I saw another vision there:
A shepherd in whose keep
A little lamb—my little child—
Of worldly wisdom undeluded,
Lay fast asleep.
Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
In those two measures I read
A wisdom manifest
And thought my dear childless now,
I am content—to him I bow
Who knoweth best.—Chicago Record.

A Roasted Loaf of Pork.

First trimming and cutting out all the bones, the skin was scored in little squares and the bones replaced with the tart apples, pared and quartered, well seasoned with salt, pepper and sage, and tied around to secure the apples. The loaves was then roasted brown, with no water, basted only with its own drippings; as it browned it was dusted with flour, and that basted in turn; quite well done, it was kept warm while a gravy was made by stirring elder into the pan, where enough flour had fallen to make a thick sauce, which was well boiled and properly seasoned; and which, giving forth its smoking hot apple stuffing, was a feast for the hungry folk of field and wood. Serving it with baked sweet potatoes, or even with plain boiled Murphys, will warrant you will find an appetite to fit the dish.

Beef Cakes.

Since the meat very fine. Boil and mash potatoes equal to one-third the quantity of the meat, mix them together thoroughly, season with pepper and a few sprigs of parsley minced. Add the beaten yolk of one egg to bind it. Wash and flour your hands. Make the mince into cakes about the size round of the top of a teacup, and fry them a nice brown in hot butter or beef drippings. Serve on a napkin with a garnish of fried celery.

Soft Spread Toast.

Toast the bread and spread it while it is hot. Have ready half a pint of hot milk or water, dip the toast in it very quickly that it may not soak too much, but merely to moisten it. Dry toast should never be laid on slices upon another, but set on the edge in a toast rack to keep it dry.

ARBITERS OF PEACE.

RUSSIA'S NAVY BEING HEAVILY STRENGTHENED.

Big Marine Monsters Which May Preserve the Tranquillity of Europe—The New Czar and the Emperor of Germany Watching Each Other.

THERE HAVE been no wars or rumors of wars in Europe of late, but the expenditures of vast sums for armament and defense continue. The Press is enabled to publish to-day the first authentic pictures of Russia's three new and greatest war ships. That great armies, great guns and great ships mean peace as much as war is shown by the fact that with the description of these great ships comes news that Russia is on more friendly terms with Germany than she has been for many years, observes a writer in the New York press.

Besides her offensive and defensive alliance with France, Russia has recently inaugurated and solidified very favorable commercial relations with Germany. This commercial entente cordiale, particularly when taken in connection with the German affiliations of the present czar, would indicate a certain possible weakening of German's hostility to Russia or to a Russo-French alliance in case of war.

The interrelations of France, Russia and England in the past century have been remarkable, to say the least. In 1798 the English, under Nelson, defeated the French fleet in the bay of Aboukir. In 1812 Napoleon bivouacked in the deserted palaces of Moscow. In

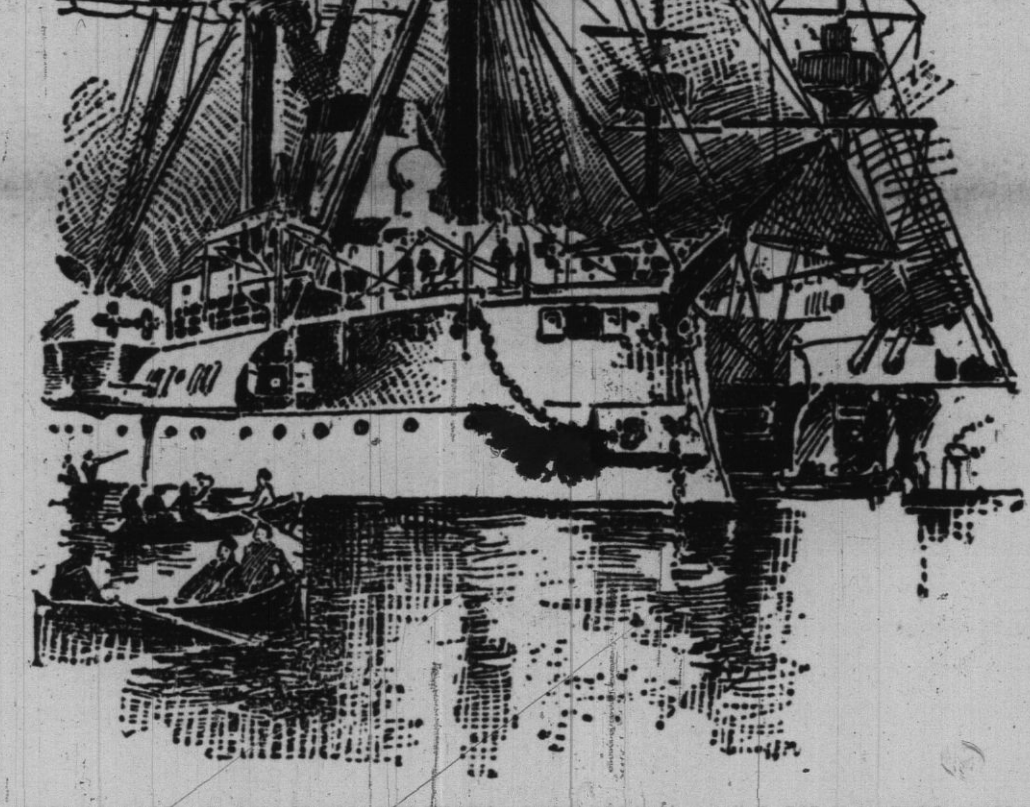
Britain, Austria, Prussia, Russia, France and Turkey, this rule of the closure of the straits to war ships was solemnly sanctioned and became part of the written law of Europe.

The treaty of Paris, in 1856, went a step further—neutralized the Black sea, closing it to ships of war and opening it to merchant ships.

On the fall of the French empire in 1870 the neutralization of the Black sea was at an end. The czar declared himself no longer bound by the provisions of the treaty of Paris.

Russia's contention on this point received the sanction of the states of Europe at the treaty of London in 1871. But the warships were still prevented from passing through the Dardanelles by the following substitution for articles 11, 13 and 14 of the treaty of Paris: "The principle of the closure of the straits of the Dardanelles and of the Bosphorus is maintained, with the right on the part of his imperial majesty the sultan, of opening the straits in time of peace to ships of friendly and allied powers in case the sublime porte should find it necessary."

Russia's Black sea fleet is very strong and contains some of the most formidable of the new ships. At the beginning of 1894 she had forty ships there, including eight first-class battleships and fifteen torpedo vessels. The first ships she built on the Black sea (and these were launched in defiance of the stipulations of the treaty of Paris) were the Catherine II, the Tchesme and the Sinope. This was in 1880-87. They are of 10,150 pounds burden, 16 inch armor and carry four 12 inch guns. Later came the Dvenadzat Apostoloff (Twelve Apostles), 8,100 tons 14 inch armor, 16.6 knots, with four 12 inch guns; the Georgie Pobedonozetz (George the Victorious), 10,280 tons, 16 inch armor, 11.6 knots and six 12 inch guns; the Tri Sviatelia (Three Saints). This was the first of the 12,000 ton battleships to carry 16 inch armor, four 12 inch guns, a heavy secondary



THE ADMIRAL OUSHAKOFF WITH THE NICHOLAS I. IN BACKGROUND.

1827 the combined English, French and Russian fleets annihilated the Turkish squadron at Naqarino. In 1833 Turkey made the treaty of Unkar-Skelessi as a protection against French ascendancy in her vassalage of Egypt.

In 1854 France and England united their armies against Russia in the Crimea. Since 1829, when Nicholas I. and his 150,000 Russians were stopped almost within sight of Constantinople, England's hereditary policy has been the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman empire. The avowed object

battery, steaming 16 knots. The Tri Sviatelia is to be followed by the Petropadlosk, the Sebastopol and the Sissoi Veliky, the last named being well under way. These will be in time succeeded by the Paris of 12,000 tons, to steam 17.5 knots and to carry 13 inch guns, and a sister ship. The rams Admiral Oushakoff and Admiral Sviadin, built as coast defense vessels, are, in fact, armored cruisers having a speed of 16 knots.

John Boyle O'Reilly's Kindness.
Stories of John Boyle O'Reilly's good-fellowship and generosity are still current in Boston. A stranger, mistaking him for a friend, approached him from behind, slapped him on the shoulder and greeted him as Jack with all the warmth of a lifelong friendship. O'Reilly turned to face a very embarrassed man and said, holding out his hand: "I'm not Jack, but I'm glad to know and be the friend of any man that is as glad to see his friend as you seem to be." While O'Reilly was reading one of his poems after a semi-public dinner, and, as usual, was deeply absorbed in the task, a negro waiter walked across the floor with creaking shoes, O'Reilly much annoyed, stopped and addressed half a dozen bitter words to the chairman. The waiter was thoroughly unhappy at the incident, and a guest who left the table after the poem was finished found O'Reilly in the hall humbly apologizing to the negro and thrusting a \$5 bill into his hand.



THE APOSTOLOFF.

of this has been that open—the balance of power in Europe. Sir Henry Elliott, in a letter from Stamboul to Lord Derby, in 1876, says: "We have been upholding what we know to be a semi-civilized nation, liable under certain circumstances to be carried into fearful excesses; but the fact of this having just now been strikingly brought home to all of us by the Bulgarian horrors, cannot be a sufficient reason for abandoning a policy which is the only one that can be followed with due regard to our own interests."

The opening of the Dardanelles will bring the Russian fleets of the Black sea and of the Mediterranean into close communion.

The rule closing these straits to hostile men-of-war had its origin in a manifesto of the sultan when the Black sea was a Turkish lake. By the treaty of London, in 1841, signed by representatives of Great

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A HOME FOR ALL KINDS OF CATS IN TENNESSEE.

Some of the Talented Tabbys That Live There—A Bit From General Miles' Boyhood—Old Friends; the Best—A Heartless Horse.

A Home for Cats.

In Knoxville, Tenn., there lives Mrs. Dangerfield, who has a most amusing and interesting family. It consists of twenty-seven cats. The number was much larger, but recently "the stemper," the cook informed us, had taken off "lots of 'em."

Mrs. Dangerfield was not at home but the obliging colored woman did the honors quite creditably. She showed us into the yard where cats reign supreme. It was very shady and had a high plank fence all around. In the center was a cute little drinking fountain, graceful plants surrounding its border.

In one corner of the yard was "the inn," a house eight feet high and six feet wide with a passage way through the middle. The berths were arranged above each other, as in a sleeping car, each cat having his or her own appointed resting place, and never intruding upon others. A year ago "the inn" became too small, and the "annex" was built, not quite so large as "the inn," but a really nice, cosy hotel, with comfortable quarters.

The colored woman rang the bell, and here came cats of all sizes, shapes and colors over the fence, out of "the inn" and "annex," from under the house, out of the trees and everywhere. She gave them some bread and then proceeded to introduce them to us.

Grover Cleveland was presented; he is an immense Maltese, and does honor to the name, in size and demeanor. He rubbed his nose with his paw in acknowledgement of the introduction, then sat heavily down in perplexed thought.

Yankee Doodle was next called. He is a young, gray-striped, slim fellow, with a wide, white shirt-front, and when "Yankee Doodle" was whistled capered and grinned.

Uncle Remus is jet black. He, Miss Meaders and the gals are trained to go in company, and march in a comical way to Ta-ra-boom-de-ay."

Buffalo Bill is tremendous and wears a collar bearing his name on it. He plays circus round and round in a ring with a troop of clever followers. Tippytail (a white tip on his gray tail giving him his name) is an adept in the leaping act and Ugly is the clown.

John L. Sullivan is entirely John L., as we had occasion to see from his overbearing manner during the lunch. We were informed, however, that when he becomes unmanageable Corbett, a splendid black and yellow fellow, who keeps close to himself, is called, and John slinks away in a resigned fashion.

Old Sleuth is trained to watch the others, and, if the proper "goings-on" are not observed, will pull a rope attached to a bell in the mistress' room and announce the fact.

One watches for the milkman, and notifies the servant. When the butcher comes in the morning with the fresh meat four guards escort him in, and not a "mew" is allowed. The servant feeds each in turn in the most systematic way. The nursery contained ten kittens found in a basket on the front gallery a few days ago, and are fed with oatmeal and milk in tender kindness.

Last, but not least, is Samaritan. She brings sick and wounded cats to the home and spends her time in affectionate attentions to those at home. When she returns from a day's outing the cats will run to meet her and hear the news and to welcome her. There are many other nice, fine cats, but these will serve to show what the home is like.

The cemetery is in a far corner of the large yard and many a grave marks a tabby's resting place. It is singular, indeed, the intelligence and affection animals possess; and the possibility to reach them through our language. When we discover their language we will doubtless be amazed at how much animals know.—New Orleans Picayune.

Hang or Marry.

In the feudal days of Scotland, when noblemen thought it no disgrace to steal their neighbors' cattle, a baron protected his vassals from the aristocratic cattle lifter by hanging outright those taken red handed, without waiting for the slow process of the law.

When Sir William Scott was a young border laird he made one night a foray on Sir Gideon Murray's lands. While driving off a herd of cattle he was caught and, being brought before Sir Gideon, ordered to be hanged. Hanging a cattle thief was such an everyday affair that Sir Gideon went about his ordinary business. But his wife, hearing that a handsome youth of a good family was to be executed, sought her husband and indignantly exclaimed:

"Hoot, Gideon, what do I hear? You tax' the life of the wise young laird of Harden, wi' three ill-faired lassies in the house o' yer ain to marry?"
"Ye're recht, Maggie, my dear," replied the baron, grasping the situation. "Wullie shall tak' our muckle-mould' Neg, or else he'll stretch for it."

The helpless prisoner consented, and much to his father's surprise returned home with a bride from the neighbor's house he had hidden out to marry.—Youth's Companion.

A Heartless Horse.

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A Heartless Horse.

Two-year-old Heien (a little Wyoming girl) was much pleased when

her brother brought home an Indian pony. The following day a neighbor boy, becoming too familiar with the pony received a kick which sent him rolling in the grass, while the pony ran away and neighed loudly.

"Poor boy," said Helen from her place on the porch, "pony kicked him and den laughed at him."

General Miles' Boyhood.

He had few companions near his home, for it was a farming region and sparsely settled. His only brother, twelve years older than himself, left home early, and his two sisters being much older, Nelson was left much to himself. He continued to ramble through the adjacent country, carrying his explorations farther than before, often taking along a well-trained dog and a shot-gun, for he was a natural sportsman, and was fairly skilled in setting snares, trapping, running and fishing.

On Saturdays and other holidays the school-boys frequently met by appointment at the home of one of their number. They formed themselves into bands and clans, and drilled or carried on a miniature warfare. They re-enacted scenes of the Indian and revolutionary wars. The leaders drew lots to settle who should be the "British," the "Injuns," or the "Mer'cans."

Nelson Miles frequently led one band. They made expeditions through the open and wooded country. Sometimes imagining themselves roving Indians, they built wigwams, and sometimes as pioneer settlers they built log huts. They laid ambushes, attacked strongholds, captured parties, and did many other adventurous things. Their costumes were gathered from the farm-house garrets, and consisted of colonial, continental, 1812, and train-band uniforms formerly common in old New England families—and imitations of the dress of the Narragansett and Iroquois Indians. The weapons were old flint-lock muskets, shot-guns, rusty swords, tomahawks and bows and arrows.

It is easy to infer that the Miles boy had military aspirations, and that the promise of an appointment to West Point when he should be of the required age would have been hailed by him with delight. But a farmer's boy without relatives or friends with political influence had no hope of such an appointment in those days, when cadetships went by favor and not by competitive examination. Had some seer predicted that he would become a major-general of the army without ever seeing the military academy, he would have smiled at the prophecy as idle and visionary. At the age of 16 he went to Boston to learn to be a merchant.—Harper's Young People.

Are They Ever Struck?

The question has lately been asked in England whether birds are ever killed on the wing by lightning. Several observers have answered it in the affirmative by recalling instances in which they have actually seen birds thus killed. Doubt seems to have been entertained as to whether a bird on the wing is not protected from lightning by virtue of its being separated from contact with the earth.

But even the mere shock caused by the passage of a lightning stroke through the air near it might be sufficient to kill a bird without any actual electrical contact. How great such a shock is, in many cases, every one knows who can recall the crashing sound of a near-by thunderbolt.

Some observers assert that birds are peculiarly sensitive to the approach of a thunder-storm, and almost invariably seek early shelter from it, as if fully aware of the peril of remaining upon the wing when there is lightning in the air. But for this exhibition of caution the number of birds killed by lightning would probably be far greater than it is.

It would be interesting to know whether birds possess any instinctive knowledge of the danger of perching in tall, exposed trees in the open fields during a thunder-storm. A correspondent of the Courpanian has the impression that they are in the habit of congregating in the forest undergrowth and in shrubbery on such occasions. This might be mainly due, however, to a desire to find shelter from the rain.—Youth's Companion.

Old Friends the Best.

Grandpa looked at his fine new chair, On the twenty-sixth of December, Saying: "Santa Claus is so good to me! He never fails to remember."

But my own armchair is the one for me, (And he settled himself in it nicely.) 'Till he thought I'd mind if I clung to it, For it fits my back precisely."

Papa came home that very night, He had snowed his way through the snow, And the Christmas twinkle had lit his eye, And his step was light and slow. Warm in for him his slippers lay, The lovely embroidered tree in gold ones, That hung on the Christmas tree in white, But he slipped his feet in the old ones.

And when dear little Marjory's bedtime came On the parlor rug they found her, The lion's tail lashes a droop on her cheeks, And her Christmas toys around her No longer attract her wakened nose, The fire had melted completely, But her precious rag doll Hannah Jane, On her breast was resting so sweetly.

Four Little Boys!

He was cleaning his skates and whistling merrily when his mother remarked: "The paper this morning has an account of a little boy who was drowned while skating on thin ice." "The boy ceased whistling, but kept on rubbing the skate iron."

"Too bad!" said he. "I wonder if he was any relation to the poor little boy who was killed the other day by an electric car while on his way to school?" Teacher—Now, Willie, if your mamma promised you ten cents and your papa fifteen cents, how many would you have altogether? Willie—The ten cents mamma promised me.

ABOUT THE CAMPFIRE

GIVE US SOME MORE OF THE "OLD SOLDIER RACKET."

It is Pure Patriotism Boiled Down—Lincoln and the Soldiers—"Old Glory" at Opequan—The Confiscated Geese—The 25th Michigan.

"The Old Soldier Racket."

In these piping times of peace there is a class of people, too numerous by far, who greet the mention of the veteran soldier with a sneer. The great war of the rebellion is to them but a shadowy recollection, and their remembrance of the sufferings and sacrifices of those bloody years has been well-nigh blotted out. The young men who left their homes and loved ones, relinquished golden opportunities for the future and imperiled their lives upon many a hard-fought field of battle, were welcomed home with peans of praise when victory crowned their arms and a nation's life was saved. The realization of all they had sacrificed, all they had endured and all they had accomplished was fresh in the hearts of a grateful people, and they vowed that as long as life should last they would weave wreaths of honor for the heroes of the republic. But time is a wonderful magician. The men who gave the golden years of youth and surrendered the opportunities of budding manhood upon the altar of patriotism are now gray with age and bent. Scattered throughout the various hospitals and homes of the country are thousands of veterans, once highly honored, but now too often looked upon by the thoughtless as incumbrances upon the face of the earth; and there are far too many men to-day made rich and prosperous through the sacrifices and sufferings of these veterans, who are so lost to any sense of shame as to openly begrudge the pension, pittance the veteran soldiers receive. Such as these will find little to admire in the following eloquent tribute pronounced by B. F. Simpson, in a memorial address at Paola, May 30, 1896, but it will find an echo in every true patriot's heart:

"I have heard some very young men complain of the preference given in public employment to the old soldiers. I have heard some men not so young speak sneeringly, 'that they were tired of this old-soldier racket.' The old soldier racket? What is it? I will tell you. It is the song of the nation. It is the hymn of the republic. It is an anthem of national gratitude. It is an ode to liberty. It is the sacred music of brave hearts, beating in unison with national life. It is the funeral dirge sung at the grave of a comrade. It is the rustle of sweet flowers on Memorial day. It is the rattle of small arms. It is the 'deep-mouthed baying of great guns.' It is the bugle calls and drum beats of duty. It is the music of patriotism, rambling all over the scale, and not caring a continental whether it is below the base clef or above the tenor. It is the crow of the thoroughbred fighting cocks who have survived the conflict, and are now perched on the top rail of the barnyard fence, flapping their wings and bidding defiance to the whole world.

"Who are the men that made the racket? They are the survivors of more than 100 bloody battlefields. They are the men in whose eyes and ears, during every hour of the day, the thunder and lightning of battle is still flashing and sounding. They are the surplus of patriotic duty accumulated during the heroic days of the republic. They are the most precious assets of the nation. They are a guard of honor, always on duty, to protect the national existence. They are the men to whom bleeding sirens transmitted glorious institutions, and who fought so gallantly to preserve, as their ancestors did to establish, a government of the people, by the people, for the people. They are the men who took the star-spangled banner in their hands and carried it from the lakes of the North to the gulf of the South, and held it aloft until every human being within our national boundaries acknowledged its supremacy. They are men who will transmit to their posterity such a rich inheritance of patriotic duty that the fair fame of their fatherland will never again be stained by rebellion."

—Reveille.

For His Adopted Country. F. D. McGillicuddy, Mansfield, Pa., sends the following to the National Tribune: "Here is the record of a young Englishman, who served his adopted country, that is worthy of being perpetuated in history. Sergeant Philip Petty, of Jackson Summit, Pa., enlisted Aug. 1, 1861, at Harrisburg, when but 20 years old, in Company C, 12th Pa. Reserve Corps, or Troy Guard, and served until March, 1862, when he was discharged for physical disability, the result of a siege of typhoid fever. He re-enlisted, Aug. 8, 1862, in Company A, 136th Pa. at the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862, several color-bearers of the 136th were shot, and the flag of the regiment was in danger of capture. Comrade Petty seized the falling flag, carried it to the front, and, planting it there, fired thirty-two rounds. In recognition of this brave act, the congress of the United States awarded him a medal-of-honor."

The Confiscated Geese. As a regiment was on the march to Gettysburg, some of the soldiers stepped out of the ranks and "confiscated" a couple of geese and one of the drummers unheeded his instrument and put the captured birds in the drum. Shortly afterward the colonel came along, and noticing the boy shirked his usual drum-whacks, rode up to him and said, "Why don't

you beat that drum?" "Colonel," said the startled musician, "I want to speak to you." The colonel drew still closer to him, and, bending down his head, said, "Well, what have you to say?" The drummer whispered: "Colonel, I've got a couple of geese in here." The colonel straightened up and gravely said: "Well, if you're sick and can't play you needn't," and then rode on. The colonel had roast goose that night.—Argonaut.

"Old Glory" at Opequan. In Dixie's land our Hawkeye band then dared The hosts of "Southern chivalry"; Good men and true, and brave ones too, then bared Their arms for death or victory; And sternly fought, and nobly wrought On the storm-swept field of Opequan, Where Early's hosts rushed madly on To where we rallied in this wood Around "Old Glory" there. A valiant crew, our comrades who went down Before the surging battle's tide, With patriot's zeal, for country's weal, they stood. Gém's death as if a bony bride Striking like men those comrades then, "Fought where they fell and fell where they fought." Just as loyal soldiers ought Around "Old Glory" there. Like sturdy oak, mid cannon's smoke and flame, They stood and struggled long; Heroic lot, they bravely fought, that shame Might never mar or still our song; But every note from comrade's throat Might tell of gallant deeds done then. Where gathered our brave Hawkeye men Around "Old Glory" there. The battle's storm still thundered on, till prone Upon the crimson sod there lay With cap and breath or cold in death, a hundred Gallant boys who led the way. Or followed near that banner dear, Whose stars through all that lurid day Shone to guide us on our way Beside "Old Glory" there. We speak not fame but meekly claim a place Amid the royal patriot's who, In that wild fray on that wild day, on field Where there the foe his good blade drew With savage yell, and shot and shell, Like lightning bolts in wanton glee, Smote comrades as if spire or tree, Around "Old Glory" there. This too we claim, that never shame our Bold and fair and clean shall mar; Ever we'll strive to keep alive the spirit That prevailed in the days of yore, When comrades fell mid shout and yell On sod red-stained with crimson gore, And our fellows faced the fiery fray On that eventful autumn day. When thick as leaves our comrades lay Around "Old Glory" there. —M. W. Cook.

[Note: The Twenty-eighth Iowa fought in the "Bloody Angle" at Opequan and lost nearly 400 in killed and wounded. Company G, to which the writer belonged, lost thirteen—five being killed on the field one mortally wounded, five severely and two slightly—and this out of a total of thirty-three that were in the engagement.]—American Tribune

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[Note: The Twenty-eighth Iowa fought in the "Bloody Angle" at Opequan and lost nearly 400 in killed and wounded. Company G, to which the writer belonged, lost thirteen—five being killed on the field one mortally wounded, five severely and two slightly—and this out of a total of thirty-three that were in the engagement.]—American Tribune

Lincoln and the Soldiers. Among the stories of Lincoln's simplicity of manner and speech there are none, perhaps, more characteristic of the real nature of the man than two which were recently related by a man who was one of sixteen soldiers who composed the body-guard of General Halleck at Washington in 1861. This was at the time when General Grant was placed in command of the army of the Potomac.

"I was on duty at General Halleck's office one day," says the former soldier, "when President Lincoln came up the steps, looking very thoughtful. We saluted, and stood at present arms till he had passed; but the president did not seem to notice us at all.

"He was closeted with General Halleck for an hour. Then he came out, and when opposite us he stopped, raised his hat and said: 'Excuse me, boys, for not saluting you when I came in. I was thinking of a story.'

"It was then late in the afternoon, but he said 'Good morning, boys,' and went away.

"A few days later General Grant came with his staff, and a council of war was held in General Halleck's office. The president, Stanton, Seward and Grant were there. When it was over they stepped into the hall, shaking hands and saying good-by. A railroad official came in and said: 'General Grant, we have a special car for you.'

"President Lincoln said, 'Take him on a platform car or anything, only get him to the front as soon as possible.'—Youth's Companion.

The 25th Mich. The regiment was organized in Kalamazoo, Mich., during the month of September, 1862, to serve three years, and was mustered out June 24, 1865. Orlando H. Moore, a captain in the regular army, was commissioned colonel September 23, 1862. Before leaving the state the regiment was presented with a beautiful silk flag bearing the inscription: "This flag is given in faith that it will be carried where honor and duty lead." The regiment was stationed at Louisville, Ky., until December, and from there went to Mumfordsville. On July 4, 1863, it was engaged with a force of about 3,000 men, under General Morgan, and gained an enviable reputation. The loss was six killed and twenty-six wounded. On April 25 it was assigned to the First brigade, Second division, Twenty-third corps, army of the Ohio, and served in that organization until mustered out. Among the other engagements in which it participated were Cassville, Kingston, Altoona, Pine Mountain, Culp's Farm, Kenesaw Mountain, Tunnel Hill, Resaca, Atlanta, Jonesboro and Nashville. It was in many other battles. Thirty-five officers and men were killed in battle or died of wounds received in action, and 147 died in prison or of disease.

SHREDS AND REMNANTS. Famine killed 600,000 Europeans in 1840. Wisconsin is to have a druggists' insurance company.

While turning a double somersault a Boston athlete fell and broke his neck.

The heaviest rain ever recorded in Great Britain was in Argyle, December 7, 1863—seven inches in twenty-four hours.

FOSTER PATRIOTISM.

DAUGHTERS OF THE REVOLUTION GROWING RAPIDLY.

Some of the Purposes of This Grand Society Explained—The Parent Organization in New York and Its Chicago Protégé.

[Chicago Correspondence.]

THE MOST NOTABLE, or one of the most notable, illustrations of the deepest patriotic impulses of our time is afforded in the organization of the society known as the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. This society was formed Oct. 11, 1890, and from the first has commanded the interest and sympathy of female descendants of revolutionary ancestors. The New York city chapter was the first local organization formed under the national charter. This organization was effected April 19, 1891, a preliminary meeting having been held on Washington's birthday just preceding. The membership at the time of organization consisted of thirty-seven persons, Mrs. Roger A. Pryor being regent. There are now some three hundred names on the roll, and the list is continually increasing. Following close to the New York chapter in point of members comes the Chicago chapter, founded in 1891, with Mrs. F. S. Osborne regent.

In accordance with the spirit and the principles of the parent society the chapter's objects are broadly patriotic, its endeavor being "to perpetuate the spirit of the men and women who achieved American independence, by the acquisition and protection of historical spots and the erection of monuments, by the encouragement of historical research in relation to the revolution, preservation of colonial and revolutionary documents, relics and records, the promotion of institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge," and, finally, "to cherish, main-

tain and extend the institutions of American freedom, to foster true patriotism and love of country, and to aid in securing for mankind all the blessings of liberty."

Already in its short career the chapter has done a great deal in the direction named, having contributed largely to the National Journal, the paper of the society. Its social reunions are delightful in every detail, and there has been from its inception an absence of anything resembling exclusiveness, the doors being thrown open to descendants of the high official and the humble soldier alike, wealth counting as nothing in the balance. However the paths may diverge without the chapter's pale, within there is no distinction. The scope of the chapter is continually enlarging, and a project now under consideration is the fund for a portrait of the late Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, who was devotedly attached to the cause, and was the first regent of the national society. This is only one of the first steps in the broad pathway open to this body of women in this great metropolis, and with increasing means and experience and concert-



MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR.

ed action, there can not be a doubt that they will achieve important results in the promotion of patriotic objects.

The Chicago chapter's choice of officers has always been a most happy one, including such women as its honorary regents, Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. John A. Logan, and Regents Mrs. F. S. Osborne, Mrs. Henry M. Shepard and Mrs. S. H. Kerfoot, all women of strong individuality. In New York

patrists. Mrs. P. L. Sherman is vice regent, Mrs. Frederick A. Smith is registrar, Mrs. Frank Dickinson is corresponding secretary, Mrs. F. W. Becker, is recording secretary, and Mrs. John C. Bundy is treasurer. These women have been identified with the work since its inception.

The directors—Mrs. J. Young Seaman, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. A. W. Hopkins, Mrs. E. A. Otis, and Mrs. James H. Walker—form an efficient board.

Under the able direction of Mrs. J. H. Walker, Mrs. F. W. Becker, and

where the figures are carefully kept, of 1,200 marriages in a year the even average per month would be 100. Instead of this, June, the favorite month for marriages, stands at the head with 174, January comes next with 160, December with 139, July with 124, November with 114, and so on down to February with 79, May bringing up the rear with 49. In Germany April is the favorite month, and October comes second. In Hungary February is the favorite month and November comes second. In Greece October comes first, January second; in Italy, February first, November second; in France, April first and January second; in Sweden, November first, December second. In Russia the curious fact is noted that two months—March and November, corresponding to our Easter time and Christmas time—are practically barred from marriages, these being the average figures on the basis of 1,200 in a year; February, 270; January, 230; October, 185; November, 174; March, 12; December, 9. The average duration of marriages is highest in Russia, thirty years, and least in Holland, twenty-three years. The average marriage age of women in Russia is 21 years, and in Holland 23 years, which accounts for this difference.

An Electrical Boy. George Hager, 8 years old, of Guthrie, Okla., is said by the local papers to be an electrical wonder. His parents say that there has always been something uncanny about him, and that whenever as a child he was lifted suddenly from the floor or a bed a creaking noise would be heard and a slight shock or pricking sensation was felt by the person lifting him, somewhat similar to the shock received from a small storage battery. The boy is now old enough to take cognizance of his peculiar power and he takes great delight in shocking those who come near him. He can greatly increase the force of the shock by rubbing his feet on the carpet, and after dark the electrical discharge is so strong that sparks are emitted when he slides across the floor and touches a piece of metal. The force of the current seems to be greatly augmented for several days before a storm of any kind, and the father claims he can forecast any change in the weather by watching the boy. The little fellow often amuses himself by touching cats and dogs on the back, and immediately every hair on the animal will begin to rise and it will turn and run, afterward keeping well out of his way.

Decline of Cavalry. The Hamburg Fremdenblatt thinks that the new magazine rifles will do away with cavalry in general engagements, because every saddle could be emptied in two minutes in a charge of less than a mile. It says that 75 per cent of the cavalry will be converted into infantry, and the majority of the rest will become bicyclists.

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Mr. Pryor's name leads the list. She was the chapter's first regent, as well as one of the foremost organizers of the national society, her name standing second on the roll of charter members. A southerner by birth, Mrs. Pryor is a New Yorker by direct inheritance from old Knickerbocker progenitors, who came to the island of Manhattan in early colonial days. She is a descendant of Nathaniel Bacon, "the rebel" who struck the first blow for American freedom. Mrs. Pryor is the wife of Judge Roger A. Pryor, and has long been known as a philanthropist and leader of society. Her daughter, Miss Frances, was the first young lady to enter the national society as well as its city chapter.

The present Illinois state regent is Mrs. S. H. Kerfoot, who takes just pride in a long ancestral line. The Chicago chapter regent is Mrs. John N. Jewett, who comes from a race of



MRS. S. H. KERFOOT.

Curious Facts About the Favorite Season in Various Countries. Prosaic statistics would seem to have no proper place in the consideration of one question relating to the always romantic subject of marriage. But arithmeticians do not seem to be able to withhold their heavy hands and burdensome tables from even this subject, and they have given a concise statement of a truth vaguely, but generally known.

It is usually supposed that May is an unpropitious month for marriages and this view is generally sustained by the official figures. In Great Britain,

where the figures are carefully kept, of 1,200 marriages in a year the even average per month would be 100. Instead of this, June, the favorite month for marriages, stands at the head with 174, January comes next with 160, December with 139, July with 124, November with 114, and so on down to February with 79, May bringing up the rear with 49. In Germany April is the favorite month, and October comes second. In Hungary February is the favorite month and November comes second. In Greece October comes first, January second; in Italy, February first, November second; in France, April first and January second; in Sweden, November first, December second. In Russia the curious fact is noted that two months—March and November, corresponding to our Easter time and Christmas time—are practically barred from marriages, these being the average figures on the basis of 1,200 in a year; February, 270; January, 230; October, 185; November, 174; March, 12; December, 9. The average duration of marriages is highest in Russia, thirty years, and least in Holland, twenty-three years. The average marriage age of women in Russia is 21 years, and in Holland 23 years, which accounts for this difference.

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HAS A CORNER IN ELK TEETH.

A Montana Man Has Nearly 90,000 of Them Deposited in Safe Vaults.

John D. Losekamp of Billings, Mont., practically holds the elk tooth stock of the entire country, and to his already enormous supply he is constantly adding, the Indians and hunters bringing teeth to him from all over the country. Not every one knows, says Forest and Stream, that elk teeth or rather the tusks, of which two only are found in the mouth of the adult elk, have a practical commercial value. The teeth are used as jewelry, most as pendants on watch guards or as insignia of the secret society known as the Elks. The value of a tooth ranges from 50 cents to \$2.50, according to its size, color and making. Mr. Losekamp has now over 86,000 elk teeth deposited in safe vaults. Many of the old Indian dresses were highly ornamented with elk teeth, some of them being fully covered with the teeth. Mr. Losekamp has lived on the frontier all of his mature life, and understands Indian trading perfectly, yet he has sometimes paid over \$100 for a single garment richly ornamented, caring of course, for nothing but the teeth. The Indians drill the teeth to fasten them on their dresses and this does not injure the value of the teeth, but they have a much worse habit of sometimes staining the teeth a bright red. This dye can not be extracted and appreciates the value of the elk tooth for a white customer. The Indians do not dye the teeth so much now since they have learned they can sell them for more in their natural state.

MONTHS FOR MARRIAGES.

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HOOD'S ON TOP.

A Mammoth Edition of Beautiful Calendars for 1895.

[From the Lowell, Mass., Morning Mail.] Hood's calendar for 1895 may now be obtained at the drug stores and every one who gets one secures "a thing of beauty." Indeed, in the novelty of the design and the exquisiteness of the coloring, the calendar surpasses all previous issues, just as Hood's calendars have for many years surpassed all others. The calendar is formed in the shape of a heart and is ornamented with two beautiful child faces which have always been charming features of Hood's calendars. On the right is a representation of "Winter," the sweet little face with light brown eyes peeping out from a dainty cap, while the snow flakes are falling all about. The face on the left is a picture of "Summer," and is lighted with blue eyes and the head covered with bright flowers. The shades are perfectly blended, and the whole picture is surrounded by a fancy border. The design was made by Miss Maud Humphrey, one of the most gifted and celebrated water color artists in the country. The calendar gives the usual information concerning the lunar changes, and upon the back is printed a table of astronomical events especially calculated for C. I. Hood & Co.

The calendar is issued to advertise Hood's Sarsaparilla, Hood's Pills and the other preparations of the firm, and is regarded as most difficult to manufacture, its novel shape being such as no other concern has ever undertaken to produce in large quantities. It was necessary to purchase several additional machines especially for this job, so that there was a very large amount of machinery and a whole regiment of people employed in this branch of the extensive business at the big laboratory in Lowell. During the five months when the calendars were being made there were actually employed every day in this part of the work at the laboratory six printing presses, one bronzing machine, four eye letting machines, seven wire stretchers, eight large paper cutters and 103 persons.

At the beginning of the work this large force was able to produce about 100,000 calendars a day and for several weeks toward the close of the daily production amounted to 140,000 calendars. The edition of Hood's calendars for 1895 was 10,500,000, or about 2,500,000 more than last year.

This, of course, is an immense number, but the general reader has only a faint conception of its magnitude until he is reminded that the little 500,000 added to the ten millions is considered an enormous edition by many of the largest advertisers in the world. If the calendars were laid down in a single line, they would reach almost one thousand miles, and if the different pieces in the calendar pads were laid in this way they would extend almost three thousand miles, or from New York to Liverpool. For the past eight years, Hood's calendars have exceeded in number every similar publication, but it was hardly dreamed that they would ever come up to the mammoth edition which was demanded this year. Lowell has long been proud of this great industry which has given her almost a world wide reputation, and it is a matter of no small importance that so many of her people find pleasant and profitable employment in the work of making and advertising the great blood purifying medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla, whose actual cures in every part of the country have been the wonder of the medical profession and have caused many hearts to overflow with gratitude.

Those who are unable to obtain Hood's Sarsaparilla Calendars at the drug stores should send six cents in stamps for one, or 10 cents for two to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

LOOK OUT FOR BORERS.—Now is the time to make a search for the borers and eject them from the trees. There are other pests that may be looked after at the same time, as the tent caterpillar, whose eggs may be found on the twigs ready for hatching in the spring. These are to be looked for on those trees where nests were made in the last spring, and when found should be cut off with the pruning shears and burned. The borers, newly hatched, will not have penetrated far into the stem and may be found near the bottom, where the dust made by the sharp teeth of the larva will be found. A little digging with a small, sharp gouge will bring the grubs to light and thus prevent a whole winter's damage by the insects in boring further into the trees.—American Farmer.

In a recent article on coffee and cocoa, the eminent German chemist, Prof. Stutzer, speaking of the Dutch process of preparing cocoa by the addition of potash, and of the process common in Germany in which ammonia is added, says: "The only result of these processes is to make the liquid appear turbid to the eye of the consumer, without effecting a real solution of the cocoa substances. This artificial manipulation for the purpose of so called solubility is, therefore, more or less inspired by deception, and always takes place at the cost of purity, pleasant taste, useful action, and aromatic flavor. The treatment of cocoa by such chemical means is entirely objectionable. Cocoa treated with potash or ammonia would be entirely unsalable but for the supplementary addition of artificial flavors by which a poor substitute for the aroma driven out into the air is offered to the consumer." The delicious breakfast cocoa made by Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., is absolutely pure and soluble. No chemicals, or dyes, or artificial flavors are used in it.

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(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

unnecessary for us to speak, as his work shows for itself.

On hand is a nicely selected stock to choose from. Mr. Walter makes a specialty of repairing, cleaning and dyeing.

F. H. FRYE.

Farm Machinery, Wagons, Etc.

Mr. Frye has been singularly favored by a large and increasing patronage from among the best classes of citizens from the surrounding country. His stock corresponds with their requirements in every respect. It is first class, and comprises all the indispensable articles in the line of machinery for the farm, such as self binders, mowers, cultivators, plows, wagons, bob-sleighs, etc.

Mr. Frye has been a resident of Barrington for the past thirty-five years, during which time he has been honored with the office of justice of the peace for several years. He also carries on a general real estate business, buying, selling, renting, and has the handling of a large amount of choice property, and by honorable methods, energy and enterprise has secured the confidence and support of the community.

LANDWER & HOBEIN.

Groceries and General Merchandise.

This business was established in 1891, by the present proprietors, who have since then obtained a liberal and influential patronage. The store is one of the best and is complete in all its appointments. The firm carries at all times a general line of staple and fancy groceries, including fine teas, fragrant coffees, sugars, syrups of standard grades and other table luxuries, which go to make up the assortment of a good family grocery store. They also carry a full line of dry goods, boots, shoes, hats, caps, etc.

The goods are highly esteemed for their freshness, good quality and low prices.

The individual members of the partnership are Messrs. Garret H. Landwer and William Hobein. Both partners are greatly respected in commercial circles for their business ability and sterling integrity, and are thoroughly conversant with every detail of the trade and the requirements of the market, and justly merit the success achieved by their enterprise and energy.

J. D. LAMEY & CO.

Building Material.

Among the well-known and old established business houses in Barrington that have always enjoyed a prosperous existence and been popular with the community that conducted by J. D. Lamey & Co., is one of the most important and reliable. The business was established as far back as 1873 by E. Lamey, the business being practically done under the charge and management of his sons, who succeeded him in the business a few years ago, assuming the present firm name. The class of material they handle embraces nearly everything in the building material line. The trade is invited to examine the most complete stock of Portland and domestic cements, brick, drain tile, pressed brick, sand, lime, mixed paints, lead, oils, varnishes, etc. They make the shipment of materials in car load lots, a feature of their business, and are always pleased to figure on any thing in their line. The characteristics which regulate the business policy of this reliable house are such as to entitle it to universal consideration, while the extent of its business has made it a prominent one in Barrington, and the inducements offered to buyers are of the most favorable character. Reliability and honorable methods have always characterized the transactions of this house in which they will be found prompt and liberal. While business relations once entered into with this firm are certain to become pleasant as they will be profitable and satisfactory to all concerned.

BARRINGTON ROLLER MILLS.

Our town possesses the advantage of one of the best equipped and best conducted roller flouring mills of this section of the state. This mill is owned and successfully operated by Messrs. Froelich & Sandman, who are experienced and practical millers, and who rank among our most substantial business men.

They have been established a number of years and have built up an extensive business. The mill is a fine commodious building equipped from top to bottom with a complete set of machinery of the improved full roller process, and it is noted for the superior quality of flour manufactured.

The highest cash price is paid for wheat and a large commercial business is done, flour being shipped to different parts of the surrounding counties. Special attention is given to custom work, farmers coming here for many miles around to have their milling done. Their energy, diligence, and thoroughly honorable career have given them an eminent reputation in commercial circles.

THE VERMYLIA HOUSE.

Mr. Charles Vermylia, the proprietor of the well known house, has had large experience in that class of business and knows the requirements for making a good hotel. The Vermylia house has been furnished throughout in an elegant and comfortable manner, making it one of the best family hotels to be found in places of this size. Mr. Vermylia thoroughly understands how to cater to the public taste and is well known to the traveling public. It is a strictly first class house and enjoys a large and permanent patronage.

Mr. Vermylia has built up an excellent reputation for honorable, straightforward dealing and well deserves the gratifying success which is attending this enterprise.

"You didn't enjoy being an advance agent?" "No," replied the young man, "it was too monotonous. I had to divide my attention between billboards the first of the week and billboards the last and it grew wearisome."

WORSE FOR WEAR.

CAPTURING A TWO-YEAR-OLD BEAR ALIVE.

Nimrod Jones, Bruin and the Dogs Were Somewhat Clawed Up in the Process—When Forests Were Full of Game—The Wounded Buck.

Few men living have spent more remarkable lives, if all that is said of him be true, than Charles Jones of Pennsylvania. Seventy-seven years old, six feet tall, straight as a ramrod and as supple as a man of half his age, he is an ideal specimen of the mighty hunter. Sinewy limbs, long arms, powerful hands, a keen, gray eye and a nature destitute of fear, made up his equipment for the Pennsylvania woods of sixty years ago, when they were the habitation of nearly every wild animal known to exist in this latitude of North America.

Hunter Jones was born in Warren county Pa., of Welsh and Irish parents and was an adept in shooting and fishing long before he knew the letters of the alphabet. From his childhood up for sixty years he followed the occupations of guide, hunter and trapper in the proper seasons, and conducted a hotel and dancing school when pelts were not worth gathering.

The old Nimrod said: "It has been declared that I have killed more deer, bear and wolves than any other man living in Pennsylvania. I am scarred from head to foot, the results of encounters with wounded bears, bucks and panthers. One of my most serious battles with wild beasts was with an enormous buck that I had slightly wounded. He stood on the side of a very steep hill, the declivity of which was unbroken except by the root of a tree that had been blown down hill. We had no Winchester in those days, and afraid that I would lose him, I drew my hunting knife and crept toward him as he staggered about intending to hamstring the beggar. My first slash was unsuccessful, and he turned upon me in a flash with lowered head and his sharp and many-pointed antlers gleaming like bayonets. I was fortunate to get a good grip of his horns, and then the struggle began. His fury and strength soon exhausted me, and in a few minutes we both fell, rolled down hill and lodged in the hollow of an upturned tree. I let go my hold with my right hand and drove my hunting knife into him as often as I could, while he stood over me returning the compliment by ripping my side and shoulder with his sharp horns. I was lacerated from hip to shoulder and was growing very weak when the buck ceased his attack and staggered away a few steps. I was nearly done for, and the timely arrival of my brother, who was in camp with me, probably saved my life! The buck dressed 217 pounds.

"Kane people will remember my dog Rover, the cleverest hunter that ever wagged a tail in Pennsylvania wilds. He was a mixture of beagle and bloodhound, and was as intelligent as a human being. I never spoke to him, directing him entirely by signs, and he never misunderstood me.

"The strangest experience that I ever had was when I captured a two-year-old bear alive and led him fifteen miles home through the forest. I started out with the idea of catching a wolf alive, and with several pieces of strong twine tucked inside of the breast of my hunting jacket, my usual arms and two good dogs, I was equipped for any emergency. The dogs flushed a partridge on the way and a nestful of eggs was exposed which I hid with the intention of returning on the same route and carrying them home to my little girl. Fully fifteen miles were covered without a trace of wolves, when the dogs suddenly struck a trail and away they went. I remained right there all night, and in the morning the dogs returned to me. Concluding to travel homeward, I had not gone more than half a mile when we came upon a thrifty two-year-old bear making a meal off a patch of nettles. I told the dogs to "go!" and they tackled him, one on each side. I had been disappointed in my wolf hunt and the thought struck me that here would be an excellent substitute. I would capture bruin and take him home alive. I watched my opportunity and springing on his back got a hold of his neck that he couldn't break—I was a powerful man in my young days—and before he could get free I had put several turns of twine around his snout, sufficient to keep him from biting me, and had his arms tied together. As soon as I recovered my wind I loosened his arms and set out homeward. He was a husky animal and every fifteen rods or so he would rush at me, throw his powerful fore paws around me and treat me to a hug which strong bones only could withstand. The dogs were of great help to me, and his hugs were cut short by their sharp teeth. When we reached the spot where I had hidden the eggs, I stopped and put them very carefully in the crown of my old soft hat and put it on my head. While I was so engaged the dogs wandered a little way into the woods and were soon yelping as if they were getting hurt. I was attacked at the same time by the bear, which had now grown more vicious, and I was thrown to the ground, and wouldn't have told you this story if his mouth had not been securely bound. As it was, he ripped my hunting coat into shreds, tore my flesh with his powerful claws, and it required all my strength to avoid the ferocious blows aimed at my head. The infuriated beast desisted finally, but I could see nothing, and I feared that I was badly injured about the head, as I fancied it was blood that was running a stream into my eyes. What do you suppose it

was? The bear had hit me a sharp pat on the head and broke all those partridge eggs! Well, the dogs finally came back to me, having had a lively tilt with a wild cat, and we proceeded home to Kane, the whole party a little the worse for wear."

Mr. Jones says that he averaged 100 deer a year from 1850 to 1860, and his average for the ten years previous was very much higher. He has killed over ten bears, as told, and an innumerable number of panthers, wolves, wild cats and fur-bearing animals.

TWO YARNS.

A Couple of Drummers Who Had Struck Extremes.

A Chicago drummer and a New York drummer met in the St. James hotel and talked ten minutes of trade, ten minutes of choruses, ten minutes of politics, and concluded with a couple of Munchausen yarns that if properly paid for would be entitled to the biggest share of the cake, says the New York Mail and Express.

"I am just back from a three months' trip to Norway," said the New York man, "and had a great time. I can tell you, but we struck some cold weather a few days after I got to North Trondhjem. We ran across an old Dane named Lild, who had settled at the very spot where King Canute used to drink his eight flagons of ale for breakfast. Very cold there. The steam from the teakettle would fall like snow in front of the fireplace. Out in the open air, whenever a man spoke, his breath congealed so rapidly that his words actually fell on the ground. It was impossible to play a wind instrument. I tried to toot a French horn and couldn't sound a B flat to save my life. The notes seemed to get stuck. A little dog we had went to sleep in front of the fire one night and the side furthest away from the blaze was frozen stiff."

"Pears that I must have struck the other extreme," said the Chicago drummer as he lighted a fresh cigar. I was out in Southern California, near the edge of the desert, stopping with a farmer who had four acres in potatoes and four in popcorn. A hot wind swept from the desert, and it was so hot that every potato in the patch was roasted in its jacket. 'I am a ruined man,' said the farmer. 'I hope not,' said I. 'It's a long lane that hasn't a rut in it, and it must be an ill wind, indeed, that doesn't blow somebody's barn over.' 'You are right,' said the farmer. 'I guess I'll set the Dominique hen on turkey eggs.' He started for the chicken-house, but in a minute came running back all excited. Come out here,' he yelled, and look at my field of corn. Just come and look at it.' I went out, and if you'll believe me every ear of corn in that field had popped. It looked like a cotton field for all the world. The farmer got to work and shoveled the corn off and carted in sixteen double wagon loads to town and sold it. That's what I call a powerful spell of hot weather."

A Fortune From Advertising.

The great fortune amassed by the late Dr. Hembold was a powerful testimonial to the benefits of advertising. It is said that he spent a million dollars in advertising his buchu, and the money came back to him ten fold. But he could not stand prosperity and so his money went almost as fast as it came. There are many startling stories about his reckless expenditures. He gave \$100,000 as a campaign fund and spent \$20,000 upon a team of white horses and a barouche, in which he took General Grant to the Monmouth race course the day it was opened. He gave \$100 to a poor shoemaker for tapping the heels of his shoes and to a poor flower girl he paid \$20 apiece for all the bouquets she had on her tray.—Boston Herald.

His Last Regret.

He was an old Thomaston pauper. All through his life he was fond of dogs and at the time of his death he owned a dozen. In the last extremity a clergyman came to his bedside and in the course of conversation asked the dying man if he had anything in his life to regret. "Yes," I wish I'd kept more dogs!"—Lewiston Journal.

CHOICE NONSENSE.

Querious—How did such a place ever get the reputation of being a great health resort? Cynicus—Two or three prominent men died there.

"Did Blickeys give you a tip on the race?" "Yes." "Did you come out ahead?" "I did." "How much?" "What I would have bet if I had paid any attention to it."

First Man—That woman used to be my wife. Second Man—She's mine now, sir. First Man—Well, you needn't get huffy about it. You'll have a chance to get back at some other fellow.

"Good morning, Uncle Charles. Did you sleep well? I'm afraid your bed was rather hard and uneven, but—" "Oh, it was all right, thank you. I got up now and then during the night and rested a bit, you know."

Patron, pushing his cup away—You've made a mistake, waiter. I didn't order tea; I ordered coffee. Waiter, examining the beverage—That's coffee, sir. Patron—Well, if that's coffee, bring me a cup of tea.

Wife—The price of the clock was \$10, but I got a discount, so it only cost me \$8. Husband—Yes, but you could have got the same thing at Beezle's for \$5. Wife—That may be, but then Beezle wouldn't have taken off anything.

A mean man invited the village preacher to dine with him, but placed before the preacher only a dish of greens and corn bread. "Will you say grace, parson?" asked the host. "I will," replied the parson. "Lord, make us thankful for greens and corn bread and put it into the heart of our brother to raise hogs next year!"

GREAT GRAIN AREA.

HOW WHEAT IS RAISED IN THE ARGENTINE.

Thirty-six Cents Per Bushel the Cost of Production in the South American Republic—Trade Now Controlled by England and Germany.

With a view to giving American farmers and others who are desirous of knowing the actual agricultural state of Argentina some data of a reliable nature upon the capabilities of this rival in wheat growing, United States Minister Buchanan recently took a trip of 2,600 miles through the South American republic.

"What is the country like in comparison with the United States?" the Buenos Ayres correspondent of the New York Herald asked him.

"With the exception of Tucuman and Cordoba," he replied, "it appears to me, in a great measure, like Nebraska of some fifteen years ago, with this difference: You do not find here, as there, thick timber along the streams. The woods here are open, but in the north frontier of the republic, I am told, timber grows very dense. There is practically no timber on the hills that I have seen, other than in the province of Tucuman. In Santa Fe the soil is generally very good. It is loose and easily worked. In several places there are tracts covered with immense ant hills, so close that it would be tough work to cultivate these lands. In Tucuman the soil in the valleys and on the mountain slopes is a rich, black loam. It is well watered and its products are of a semi-tropical nature. Sugar, rice, tobacco and a variety of other articles are grown. Between Rio IV and Buenos Ayres, a distance of 500 miles, the country is as level as Southern Illinois, with a soil like that of Northwestern Nebraska. Very few people live outside the cities and towns. One can travel for miles and not see a single hut or house or sign of human habitation. There are no barns or ranch buildings, such as we are accustomed to see in the United States. The dwelling houses are of very rude construction, built of coarse brick or adobe, and sometimes a few sheets of corrugated iron loosely put on end; in fact, the looks of the houses are depressing, and their interiors anything but comfortable. But in speaking of these houses it must be understood that I do not refer to the homes of the land owners, many of which are imposing in their structure and fitted up with comforts of every description."

"Are there many small farms in the province you visited?"

"No, there are very few indeed. The estancias (ranches) are too large by far to be properly cultivated. I visited one of these estancias that has forty square leagues, or 360 square miles. I do not think there were 1,000 acres under any sort of cultivation. The balance was pasture, with a scarcity not only of water but also of windmills and wells. In the province of Santa Fe, thirty miles from the capital, and even to a distance of fifty miles from the same point, land suitable for wheat and flax sells for about \$600, paper, for fourteen squares on fifty-eight acres. In Southern Cordoba land is worth \$50, paper, a hectare, or about two and one-half acres. On this land, with irrigation, the farmer can cut four crops of alfalfa in one season; six tons to a cutting is the average yield per hectare. In Tucuman land suitable for sugar cane, situated near the river, sells for \$400, paper, per hectare. In Buenos Ayres there are sales by auction of large tracts of land situated in the different provinces at prices ranging from \$25 to \$45 per hectare.

"Practically nothing but wheat, flaxseed and alfalfa is grown, with a little corn and a few small crops of a cereal type. Wheat can be produced at a lower cost here than in the United States, because the people who grow it can and do live on food that would seem to our farmers and field hands next to nothing. I think it can be safely asserted that under existing circumstances and conditions wheat can be grown for about thirty-six cents per bushel, figuring the gold premium at 300 and the yield per acre at thirteen bushels.

"I think this country has only begun to export—that is to say that the ability of the country to constantly increase its varied products, to my mind, clear, but, while it will yearly increase its output and become a prominent competitor with other countries, I believe it will require very big changes in the methods of farming, as well as in the introduction of a population of skilled and practical farmers of which type there are but few in the republic. There are certainly excellent opportunities for the establishment of colonies of this class of agriculturists, but none should think of coming from the United States without thoroughly investigating and looking over the ground themselves. The Argentina people are hospitable and kind.

"A branch of one of our strong banks, or of some large mercantile house having a knowledge of the wants of South American trade, located in Buenos Ayres, would, if affording financial facilities, be a big success from the moment it opened its doors. It would afford the means of more direct intercourse and become a link in a commercial sense between the two countries. More especially would such an institution become a medium for American manufacturers to ascertain the standing of firms in Argentina, and expand the volume of trade that is now in the hands of a few English houses. When it is known that a firm in Buenos Ayres is told by a New York house that the goods asked for

must be paid for before shipment, and goods of a similar type, but inferior, can be procured from a German or English house in Europe on a credit of from three to four months, how can Americans hope to do any business?"

WHERE IS HIS HOME?

An Interesting Question to the Dweller on a Boundary Line.

A surveyor's line cut the dwelling house of George F. Perry of Maplewood square in two, says the Boston Journal. But the house still stands for all that, and the nightly rest of its occupants is in no wise disturbed because of the division. The line is the boundary between the town of Melrose and the city of Malden and all of a sudden the two municipalities have set up vigorous and conflicting claims for the possession of Mr. Perry's freehold and incidentally the taxes levied thereon.

For some years past the owner of the house has been paying his taxes to Malden. Now the Melrose assessors have looked over the ground and determined that the property comes within their jurisdiction. In future they will send a bill to Mr. Perry; and furthermore they have presented a bill to the city of Malden for the refunding of all the money, to the amount of about \$60, that he has paid into the Malden treasury. It is nip and tuck between the two places and Mr. Perry looks serenely on. To be sure he has a tax bill from both Melrose and Malden in either pocket, but it is tolerably certain that he will not be required to pay them both.

There is one comforting assurance to Mr. Perry, whose sympathies all go out to Malden, and to whom Melrose is an alien land—his Malden citizenship is unimpaired, for the boundary line almost exactly bisects the bed in which he sleeps o' nights, and that it is which determines the place where he lives. The fortunate thing about it is that his head—his thinking piece—and the pillow lie peacefully on the Malden side.

Melrose surveyors, with fell intent, have planted their theodolites at the boundary stone in front of the Perry mansion on Swain's Pond avenue, and squinted with all their might across the fence, and have figured and figured in the attempts to gerrymander Mr. Perry's bed into Melrose territory. They have, metaphorically, cut through his knees, his waist and his neck, but his head remains triumphantly in Malden, and the assailants, crestfallen, have limbered up their machines and hied them back to Melrose to concoct fresh schemes.

Afternoon Tea.

They were at an afternoon tea, and each held in her delicately gloved hand a cup of amber fluid, which she sipped daintily with a souvenir spoon. But their technical knowledge of tea would have made a tea expert's hair stand on end. "I like Fedora best," one of them was saying sweetly. "Do you?" said the other, "now I prefer Solong, because there is no nicotine in it." "Talking of tea brands?" asked a society bride flutteringly. "I just adore Bohoo; it's made in China, you know." "Well, afternoon tea is good enough for me," warbled a society bud who didn't know anything but real knowledge, and wouldn't bother her wavy head with tea kinks. But the hostess, who had served Formosa, and Souchong, and Bohea sighed to think of the ignorance that sometimes existed in social circles.—Detroit Free Press.

Precaution.

After a row with his wife, who violently expressed a wish that he was dead, an Irishman said: "Oh, it's a widow you're wantin' to be, is it? Bedad, I'll take good care you're no widow as long as I live."—London Tit-Bits.

PASSING LEVITIES.

"So mamma's little man was at the head of his class to-day?" Little Man—Yes'm. "It was because you studied the lesson well, wasn't it?" Little Man—Nope. Johnny Jones was home, sick.

"Thackins has retired from politics." "Yes. He told me he was weary of the uncertainties of a public career." "That wasn't it, though. What he got tired of was a sure thing on defeat."

Mistress—Want more wages? I thought you were being well paid, considering that I do about half the work. Domestic—You forget, mum, how much it costs me fer advertisin' fer new situations.

Sergeant—Meier, just imagine yourself to be standing sentry at the outposts one evening. Suddenly a figure approaches you from behind and you feel yourself clasped by a pair of powerful arms. What call will you give? Soldier—Come, Marie, let loose!

First Actor, pulling the trigger of a revolver six times—Die, you miserable villain! Second Actor—Your pistol has missed fire, Sir Rudolph, but I am smitten with remorse for my many crimes, and will die, according to your wish. Then he rolled on the stage in agony, while the curtain slowly descended amid the cheers of the audience.

The spectacled lassie from Boston had taken a country school in the Southwest, and about two or three weeks after she had begun teaching, one of the trustees visited the school. "Well, how are you getting along?" he asked. "Very nicely, now, thank you," she replied, "but it was very hard at first." "Is that so?" "Oh, yes, you see in the beginning I tried moral suasion as a coercive measure, but failing in that I resorted to a tangible instrumentality." "A what?" gasped the simple-minded trustee. "A tangible instrumentality," she repeated sweetly, "a good, stout, hickory switch, don't you know?"

SCRAMBLED.

Was the Religion When They Finally Settled the Dispute.

In one of the valleys of the Smoky mountains I came across a squatter who sat smoking his pipe on a stump at the door. The log cabin was a wretched affair, and the only crop in sight on the land around was half an acre of corn which had grown knee-high and then turned a sickly yellow. The man was ragged and had a starved look, says the Detroit Free Press, and his wife on the doorstep behind him, seemed still worse off. After the usual salutations and a little general talk I said:

"You don't seem to be getting along here very well."

"Only jest tolerably—jest tolerably," he replied.

"Your cabin needs fixing up."

"Yes, sah, powerful bad."

"The weeds have killed out your corn."

"I low they have, sah—killed that corn right out."

"You don't appear to be much of a farmer."

"No, sah, not much of one."

"And your health is not very good."

"Very pore health, sah—very pore."

"Daniel, tell me the reason why you look so shackley," called the woman from the doorstep.

"Yo dun talk, for my shake is coming on," he answered.

She came forward, having a small family bible under her arm, and sitting down on the stump beside her husband, she said:

"Reckon things do look powerful shiftless to yo', stranger, but we's gwine to pick up now right smart. We had trouble—heaps o' trouble."

"Sickness, I suppose?"

"No, not that. Yo' see, we was both Presbyterians over in South Carolina. Then we moved to Georgia and got to be Baptists. From thar' we toted to North Carolina and joined the Methodists. Then we got down yere, and Daniel leaned to the Universalists, while I was strong on the Adventists. We've been three yars seekin' to figger it out. Sometimes I've been ahead of Daniel, and, agin, he's had me up a tree. We've jest felt that we'd got to settle on the religion befo' we could go to work, and that's what makes look us so shackley and shiftless."

"And you have finally settled the question, have you?"

"We hev."

"Yes, she's dun settled," answered the husband.

"And what kind of religion have you concluded to adopt?"

"A sorter, sah. It's sorter Presbyterian and Baptist and Adventist scrambled in one, but it leaves out all the brimstone and 'lows Dan'l to work in a moonshine distillery at a dollar a day. Praise the Lord! But if you come back this way two weeks from now Dan'l will be chawin real tobacco and I'll hev reg'lar shoes and stockings on."

A Remarkable Move.

A curious case of house moving was recently witnessed in Oregon. A man who owned a residence at Seattle, which cost him \$5,000 to erect, removed to Olympia, and did not have funds enough to build another house. He bought a lot and concluded to remove the building he owned at Seattle. Everyone laughed at him but he persisted. Rolling the house down to the river he loaded it upon a scow and it was soon at Olympia, a distance of about sixty miles. Then he had it rolled upon his lot, and, strange to say, not a timber was strained, nor even a piece of furniture broken, although he had not removed the contents before starting the house upon its unusual journey.

Parisian Humor.

Here is a specimen of the sort of pleasantries of which the Parisians appear never to tire. It is from the Gaulois. At a subscription ball a man happens to step on the train of a lady's dress. The lady turns in a wrathful manner, but suddenly changing her expression says with a smile: "Ah, pardon, monsieur. I was nearly angry. I thought it was my husband."

Cookery for Girls.

There are 122 places in various parts of London where public instruction in cookery is given to girls over 11 years of age. There are also forty-two places where instruction in laundry work is given for girls of suitable age. Instruction is free. The teachers are paid liberal salaries. The food cooked at the cooking schools is sold, to in part defray the expense.

An Earthly Eden.

Off the northeast coast of New Guinea the island of Kitaba, surrounded by a wall of coral 300 feet high on the outside and from fifty to 100 on the inside, maintains twelve villages of natives, to whom war, crime and poverty have been unknown since the beginning of their traditions.

Agreed.

"Might I ask you to favor me with a waltz, mademoiselle?" "Certainly, monsieur. See here, the last one on my program."

"But unfortunately I shall not be here by that time."

"No more shall I."—Grelot Havrais.

He Wasn't Particular.

"Sir," remarked the rich father to the suitor, "after the investigations I have made into your character I cannot give you my daughter Emma."

"All right," answered the persistent suitor, "than how about one of the others?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

He Goes Alone.

"Have you seen any change in Waters since he signed the pledge?"

"Oh, yes; he has quit inviting me to go fishing with him.—Life.



THE WORM TURNED

WESLEY STERRITT was a thrifty soul and enterprising. In early youth he was a crossroads genius.

No casual observer would ever suspect him of shrewdness—a fact which he turned to his own advantage in many a bargain—but Wesley had, as though nature provided special compensation for the shortcomings of personal attractions, a peculiar indifference as to externalities, whether his own or those of other people.

There were rumors that he had sold whisky—very profitable that, because very risky, the town and county being dry—but the grand jury never did anything with it; and Wesley continued to prosper. He attended church and Sunday-school regularly, ingratiating himself to a degree with the denomination that had most adherents in the neighborhood.

Fairburn held its breath a while—the expression is semi-figurative of course—in expectation of a catastrophe, the sudden annihilation of Wesley Sterritt. The negroes who heard the white folks whispering about it, looked for the earth to open up and literally swallow him up.

One evening, after a good day's business, he went home in a thoughtful, silent mood. He had little appetite for supper. His wife—yes, indeed, he had a wife. It is strange how naturally one who knew Wesley Sterritt at this time might, in telling the story of his life, forget to mention the existence of a Mrs. Sterritt.

There was little about Mrs. Sterritt, except her existence to be mentioned in that connection. Even in the account given by her old neighbors of the marriage—the one time in her life when she said "I will"—she was made subordinate and incidental to the consideration of a grist mill, which Wesley was commonly said to have married, the wife passing as a sort of incumbrance upon the property.

It was ten or twelve years ago, Mrs. Sterritt still keeps the boarding-house. She has paid off what Wesley stole, every cent of it, with interest. At long intervals there reappears in Atlanta a homeless sot, the meekest of men, who goes there and asks for Mrs. Sterritt. She gives him a meal in the kitchen, and says when he has finished it: "You must go now, Wesley."

The Hair vs. Insanity. It was formerly supposed that people of pale complexion, especially if the hair was a pronounced blonde, fine and thin, were specially liable to mental excitement and brain disorder. Statistics which have recently been compiled prove this to be another of the grave errors of the old-time "specialist."

She Had Reason To. "Do you believe in the force of habit?" said one girl. "Emphatically," replied the other. "Herbert said I was so stunning in my riding habit that he couldn't help proposing."

Young Lady—Doctor, can you recommend something that will make me pretty? Doctor—Yes. Money. Two dollars, please.

confidant's affairs, and now talked as though it especially concerned her. He even looked as if he expected her to make a reply.

"He's obliged to sell—the fellow I was talkin' to in the sto' when you was thar yistiddy," he continued, presently. "I kin git it fer \$22,000 cash. It's wuth easy a time and half thar; easy."

Wesley looked closely at her face. She fumbled a bit at her knitting. "I can't be burned out again. I must try something else. I must fail. I must put that lot in yo' name."

He explained the scheme in detail. She listened without comment until he had finished. Then she folded up the knitting and said quietly: "That's stealin'. I won't."

Wesley's face crimsoned. He was equally amazed and angry. She astonished him further before he could find words for his wrath by asking sternly: "Is what they say about them fires o' yo' n' a fact, Wesley?"

He answered with an oath. His face was pale now and his fists were clenched. He controlled himself with an effort, and then said slowly: "If you won't, she will; I'll put the lot in Dory Turner's name, an' you—Glad enough she'd be. Now, Miss Righteous, will the lot be in yo' name or her'n?"

She obeyed implicitly after that, signing papers as he directed. The fraud was consummated. Outraged creditors attacked the title, but unsuccessfully. The deed was good. Wesley Sterritt owned property in his wife's name, worth more than \$30,000. He calculated that, all things considered, he had done well in business.

"All over," she repeated thoughtfully. "May I ask?" he grinned, as the new idea occurred to him, "what you propose to do with yo' property?"

"You must get out, Wesley." "When?" "To-day. Yes, I'll keep the place. I'll pay back what you stole an' keep the place."

Then the suspicion, and instantly the certainty, got into Wesley Sterritt's head that the woman was in earnest—that she was crazy and would do exactly what she said. Cold perspiration came out in beads upon his face. He pleaded as he never pleaded before. Mrs. Sterritt was inexorable, and answered simply: "You must go, Wesley."

"Ain't my credit good for board, Martha?" "Mebbe—with Dory Turner." There was no answer for that. He looked to see that the window curtains shut off the view from the outside, and then got upon his knees.

"Martha," he whined, "Martha—" "Wesley," she said decisively, "you must go now—go right away."

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Young Lady—Doctor, can you recommend something that will make me pretty? Doctor—Yes. Money. Two dollars, please.

COSSACK HORSEMEN.

The principal exercises in which the Cossacks excel reminded me very much of what I was familiar with at West Point when the boys were free to indulge their taste for gymnastics on horseback. Our cadets, at least a large proportion of every class, are quite as clever with their horses as the average Cossack. I have seen them stand on the horse's back and gallop in that position, vault in and out of the saddle while the horse is galloping, reach down and pick objects from the ground, leap hurdles with the horse, alighting from the animal just before the hurdle is touched, and vaulting into the saddle as the horse clears the obstacle.

These are the exercises in which the Cossack chiefly excels, writes Poutney Bigelow in the Century, and it may be added in parenthesis that the horse of the average Cossack resembles in many respects the degenerate beast which the government places at the disposition of the United States military academy. The Cossack learns these tricks as a boy when he is allowed with his mates to ride the horses bareback to water, and incidentally is encouraged to indulge in every manner of sport on the way. He is encouraged also to persevere in exercises of this kind, and to be prepared to make an exhibition of himself when as a soldier he is garrisoned in towns, where such exercises smack of the circus rather than of the barracks-yard. The Cossack is so often pictured in the act of doing daring things with his horse that it has become common to think that all Cossacks are up to this work.

When this gentleman got aboard of a Broadway car at Forty-second street he must have been one of the cheerfulest creatures in New York. He was excellently well-dressed, was about 35 years of age. He waved a hand blithely to some male friends standing at the curb, and then, with a smile that lit up his face like a heliographic signal, put the same hand in his pocket and drew out a letter. It was large and square, and as he opened it the odor oforris root filled the car as though some one had taken out the stopper of a big jar of sachet powder.

The elephant hit the bars of the dger's cage a whack with his trunk. "What do you want?" growled the tiger. "I wanted to know," replied the elephant mildly, "if you knew we are in winter quarters?"

No orthodox, respectable Briton would ever dream of going to church on Sunday in a straw hat or a derby. Tall silk tiles are de rigueur, and ever since that inconvenient head-dress came into fashion, at the beginning of the century. It has always been a problem as to how to dispose of it in the most convenient manner during divine service. If one puts it on the floor beneath the seat it gets covered with dust, while if it is placed on the seat it is likely to be sat upon, to the invariable delight and satisfaction of one's fellow worshippers.

The South contains over 200,000,000 acres of forest land—over one-half of the woodland area of the United States. She has almost an endless variety, so far as quality is concerned. There are nearly 6,000 saw mills in operation, employing over 78,000 hands. The output of the planing mills in 1890 was \$22,000,000.

"I am afraid Bunkins hasn't much patriotism in his composition." "So?" "Yes, I happened to say to him that this was the greatest country on the earth, and the idiot wanted me to explain why I thought so."

Young Lady—Doctor, can you recommend something that will make me pretty? Doctor—Yes. Money. Two dollars, please.

A CO-OPERATIVE TOWN.

Oldham, Lancashire, although comparatively speaking a modern town, and peopled almost exclusively by the working classes, holds and leads in many respects, but especially in its co-operative movements. No town in the kingdom owns as many joint stock or limited companies, which in their turn, have created other co-operative combinations, says the Philadelphia Record.

Its co-operative stores consist of two societies, each with a membership of nearly 11,000. These societies were the pioneers of the "limited" movement in Oldham, and the cotton industry was the first business they began with. Such rapid strides has it made that Oldham is known far and wide as the "divi." The co-operative societies spread still further, and now in conjunction with the societies in adjacent towns own a large corn-mill, thus sharing the profits to be made in grinding the grain.

There are in Oldham district, in the cotton trade alone, about 150 limited companies, the majority of which have been formed since 1872, with capitals varying from £10,000 to £15,000, chiefly divided into £5 shares. These companies, seeing the profits accruing from buying the raw material, at once formed the Oldham cotton buying company, limited, almost every company having shares; consequently it is to their own interest to do business with the company, and thus share in the profits. But they do not stop here. Seeing the large profit made by the insurance companies, they decided to form one of their own, and the Federative insurance company, limited sprang into existence, each company holding a number of shares and encouraging it by transferring their insurance business to it.

The company movement does not stop with the staple trade (cotton). The butchers were not long behind, and then was formed the Oldham hide, skin and fat company, limited, which effectually demoralized private companies in that direction. Even the bill posting and advertising business was invaded, the printers forming the Oldham bill-posting company, limited, through it posting their own bills and advertisements. The publicans were not left in the cold and very soon two aerated water companies were in full swing, each publican, so long as he dealt with the company holding so many shares. These he must relinquish when he ceases to deal with them. In fact there is no business, not even poultry farming, which has escaped the company craze, and it is a by-word that at one time you could have floated a dog kennel in Oldham.

An officer of the Japanese navy has written a letter to a friend in this country, in which he speaks highly of the efficiency of several American electric searchlights used in the fleet to which he is attached. These lights stood the test of actual service better than the English and German apparatus, which will be doubtless condemned by a board of survey. He also states that the best maps of the Yellow sea and Corea are from the United States hydrographic office in Washington; these maps and charts are compiled with the latest data, and the principal roads in Corea are clearly indicated.

Seashore gunners hold that the wild geese can count two, but not three. Accordingly, it is customary in preparing to shoot wild geese from a blind or some detached ribbon of marsh for three men to row over to the station together and for two of them to return to the mainland. The geese, being unable to count above two, believe when they see the two men returning that no enemy has been left upon the marsh, and approach the spot without fear. It is asserted that if only two men go out and only one returns the geese will carefully avoid the region of the blind.

A company has been formed to attempt to reconstruct the manufacture of charcoal iron in the province of Connaught, Ireland, where some of the richest ores are located. Hitherto the prohibitive price of peat charcoal has precluded the profitable manufacture of charcoal iron. This impediment has been removed by the "Rose retorts," which produce an excellent charcoal at a low cost, while the by-products (sulphate of ammonia, etc.), can be saved and also lessen the price of the charcoal.

"Woman," observed the first philosopher, as he took his second frankfurter, "regards men as mere fish in the sea." "That," rejoined the second philosopher, as he tossed a coin on the bar, "is the reason she tells such whopping stories about the ones she catches."

Dividing the last onion on the free lunch counter they went forth into the darkness.—Detroit Tribune.

"What book has helped you most?" inquired Miss Bobblygh. And after long thought Cholly replied: "My book of thigawette papa's."—Truth.

"They say old Smith never subscribed for a newspaper?" "Never." "Where is he now?" "Blowin' out the gas in some hotel!"

TEACHING CANARIES TO SING.

The piping bullfinch is much valued and frequently sells for a high figure—from \$25 to \$50 being no unusual price to pay for one of these pretty songsters; but it is not generally known, says Pearson's Weekly, that the canary may be taught a variety of notes very quickly and that its vocal powers are by no means confined to its own more natural song. There are three distinct ways in which this bird may receive a musical education. It may be taught to sing tunes and opera airs, as is generally done with the bullfinch; or secondly, he may be instructed in the notes of another bird, as a lark or a robin; or, thirdly, his capacity may be developed, his powers of voice cultivated, and his song remain the canary song through all.

The learning time in a canary's life is from five to six months old to one year, and the owner of one of these little birds must make choice of methods and begin in time. In the first place he must see that his pupil is in robust health and good spirits. A seed diet gives the muscles compactness, therefore seeds should not be the principal diet until he "graduates," but a soft food of hard-boiled egg, grated with cracker or bread, and boiled in milk to the consistency of stiff paste.

If he is to sing "Annie Laurie" or "The Last Rose of Summer" he must be placed in a quiet room with the cage covered. Then a few notes of the chosen air should be whistled or played on some instrument—flute, bird organ or piano. They must be played slowly and distinctly, in correct time, and over and over till the bird begins to try it himself. He must not see the teacher nor hear the least tones to distract his attention from the notes so constantly repeated. The instructor may have to spend hours, it may be days, before the bird learns his lesson, but he must persist in reiterating those few notes and no others till the pupil repeats them. When he sings his notes he should be rewarded with something he likes; for one a bit of food, for another a little praise. No matter how well the bird has learned his artificial song he will forget it the first time he moults, unless it is carefully repeated to him every day while moulting. If the bird's owner wishes the canary to sing like a lark or robin, he must put him under native instruction. Place the cage, covered closely, in a room alone with another bird of the kind desired, whose cage is in a light, sunny window. The lark or other bird sings for his own pleasure, and the canary in his darkened cage learns to imitate it. The third method, and the most natural, is to have the young bird trained by a fine singer of his own family—a canary—and all that is needful to do is to keep the young one during the learning period in the room with the fine singer alone, when he will imitate the songster so far as his powers allow.

The bottom has almost, if it has not quite, dropped out of street-car fares, and one cent will carry a person now to any part of the city. The last reduction was decided on at a meeting of the directors of the Electric railway company. Bull and Bay streets and Bull and Best streets are named as junction points, and from either of these points to the other, which is just half the length of the Big belt, and going either direction the fair is one cent, says the Savannah, Ga., News.

A passenger can board the street car anywhere on the line of the belt and ride to one of these junction points for one cent, but if he goes beyond it he must pay another cent. So it costs two cents to ride all the way round the big belt, but by making it one cent on each half of the line the belt meets the competition of the lines of the City and Suburban, which run practically parallel to it.

The fare on the Indian street line is also reduced to one cent, although there is practically no competition in that direction. President Collins said he did not claim that the one-cent fares would pay, but whether they pay or not is not the question. "Our competitors seem to want the one-cent fares," he said, "and we are going to throw the throttle wide open. It is a question of who will be first frozen out, and we will give them their fill of the low fares."

President Collins was asked how many people his lines were carrying. "You mean," he replied, "how many we are unable to carry that want to ride. That is the most serious question with which we have to deal now. We carry all we can possibly handle in the afternoons, and on Sundays it is simply impossible to accommodate the people who want to ride. We could easily use 100 cars. As it is, we have been running double on some of the lines, and at times when the travel required it."

Superintendent—The poor-house is over-crowded. Deacon Grim—I wondered why taxes was so high. I s'pose it wouldn't do to kill any of 'em, would it? "Of course not." "No; come to think, guess it wouldn't, but I'll tell you what to do. Get 'em to discussing 'Is Suicide a Sin?' Then leave the doors unlocked, so them what goes crazy can get to the river."

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BEACONSFIELD'S PEACOCKS.

Some years ago I paid a visit to a friend who rented a cottage on Hughtenden manor, where the late earl of Beaconsfield reared the celebrated white peacocks, which he ultimately bequeathed to Queen Victoria.

Soon after my arrival my friend, who was confined to a couch by a spinal affection, said: "I expect a gentleman to tea at 6 o'clock; would you, please, set the door ajar, for he cannot open it himself."

I thought this strange, but made no remark. The sitting room was approached by a long, narrow passage, and presently—the tea service being laid—we heard the tap, tap of a regular tread approaching the room. Then followed a decided jab at the door, and in swept a magnificent peacock. No wonder, thought I, that in the early ages of chivalry the most solemn oath was taken on the peacock.

Our visitor walked straight to my friend, looking around as if in search of something. She produced some fruit and cake which he ate out of her hand, and then pecked up some crumbs soaked in milk from a saucer on the floor. I put forth my hand to caress him, upon which he raised himself on his toes and uttered a shrill cry, repudiating all my blandishments vigorously.

In the same manner he came, every evening, remaining about half an hour. His affection for his hostess was evident, but I never got beyond his toleration. Two months afterward my friend left Hughtenden. Subsequently she wrote me: "Poor Ralph is dead. The stupid gamekeeper never let him into the cottage nor fed him in the evening, as he promised me to do. I hear from the little maid you remember that the poor bird refused to eat and would lie for hours beneath the window, uttering occasionally a plaintive cry. At night he persisted in roosting in the cedar tree in the cottage lawn. Becoming too weak to fly upward he lay among the shrubs in the dew, and was one morning found dead."

Of what did he die? Most probably of the passive cruelty of the gamekeeper.—Our Animal Friends.

HOW TO MEND PORCELAIN.

Silicate of Potash and a Little Plaster of Paris Will Do It. To clean porcelain the best plan is to use soft soap with an old toothbrush. Should they be very dirty a little vitriol and water may be used, but not on those decorated over the glaze. The edges of a piece that has been broken and badly mended require the greater care in cleaning, for if not thoroughly cleaned they cannot be made to properly adhere to one another. In this sort of work it is well to proceed in order with a first washing in soap and water and then one in vitriol and water, lastly a washing with alcohol. Whatever dirt, glue, grease, etc., may still remain must be removed by careful scratching with a penknife, says the Art Amateur.

To repair a piece of pottery or porcelain after it has been well cleaned is often a delicate task. When all the fragments have been saved and when the piece is of small size it is possible to succeed by simply sticking them together with a little silicate of potash alone or mixed with powdered plaster of paris. The silicate can be had at any drugist's. But sometimes a piece is missing, and its place has to be filled with plaster of paris. Again, the silicate takes at least twelve hours to get hard, and meanwhile it is often necessary that the piece be supported in order that it may not become detached. It is sometimes, in the case of a very valuable specimen, better to replace a fragment that has been lost or that has been broken in pieces too small to be reset, with an artistic mounting in metal.

The Major Part of Him. A Napoleon of finance picked out a promising town in Iowa and decided to "build it up." He moved to the town, organized a number of stock companies, started a bank, deposited all the money of the companies in his own bank, and then went into bankruptcy. Some of the principal sufferers went to learn whether anything could be saved from the wreck. They found him in a magnificent apartment. "I regret very much, gentlemen," said he, "but I have practically nothing left. My wife owns this house and some business property, but I have nothing. Believe me, if I could do such a thing, I would give you my body and let it be divided up among you, for there is nothing else I can do." "What's that proposition?" asked a rather deaf old gentleman, who was standing at the back of the mournful company. "He says," explained one of the sufferers, "that we can take his body and divide it up among us." "Well, in that case," said the deaf old gentleman, "I speak for his gall."—Argonaut.

Volcanic Ashes. The scientists of a European expedition now in Ecuador have been making analyses of ashes which fell 150 miles away from Cotopaxi at the time of its last eruption. They have found them to consist mainly of feldspar, quartz, magnetite and spectacular iron ore. One sample yielded silver at the rate of 200 grains to the ton.

A Brave Defender. Mrs. Watts—It seems to me that you paid a good deal more attention to that hateful Mrs. Finns last night than was necessary. Every one is the room noticed it. Mr. Watts—My dear, I saw that there were at least a dozen unmarried men in the assemblage, and I wanted to protect them.

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A MONOPOLIST'S WANTS.

My wants are few, I sit serene
Upon contentment's highlands,
I can have earth's continents
I care not for its islands.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

BY OLIVE MAY EAGER.



YOUTHFUL physician and his still more youthful bride were driving slowly along a lonely mountain road.

There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

quoted the young man, adding, musingly: "I wonder if any tide in you group of shanties will sweep us on to fortune.

The girl-wife made no reply, but, taking advantage of their standstill, she made what she felt to be an all-important change in her toilet.

To tell the truth, after graduating with high honors from the good old State University, Dr. Thomas Nelson, aged twenty-three, had done two hasty, imprudent things.

Hosts of friends and relatives took the deepest possible interest in "Tommy's" cases and "dear Kittie's" house-keeping, but somehow under the fell sway of aches and pains, their affection waned to such an extent that it could be revived only after a sight of the regular practitioner, a man of age and experience.

In the chill, autumn twilight, the newcomers drove up to the long, low tavern, a relic of stagecoach times, standing out prominently among the newer, box-like houses which looked so like peas in a pod that the observant, quick-eyed doctor found himself vainly searching for some distinguishing mark.

A warm supper and a roaring fire succeeded in cheering the travelers to a faint interest in the chatty landlord's confidences as to the community at large, and the bibulous old doctor in particular.

"Oh, go along with you, Mike," said the tavern keeper, unwilling to lose his appreciative audience.

"It's me old woman," insisted the man. "She's that bad that I be thinkin' it's a stroke. Arra a wurrud have I had the day, and see that glib o'Keely since I first saw her, Biddy O'Keely, in the old country."

felt small inclination to trust so unpromising a guide along unknown mountain paths after night; for the fellow was rather the worse for liquor.

"I wouldn't go," said his self-constituted Mentor. "These fellows swear by the old doctor, who is glad to take his pay in 'Mountain Dew.' You may whistle for money of any color, 'tis this last being a thrust at the already declared temperance proclivities of his guest.

"But," urged the man in self-defense, "the old doctor's that drunk he'll not be after stirring the night; and it's good silver I'll pay ye, and bring ye back meself in the morning."

Dr. Nelson looked doubtfully at his wife. Could he possibly leave her alone all night in a country tavern, of which he knew nothing? She would not meet his gaze with her eyes full of fast gathering tears.

The night was dark and threatening, and the rough bridge paths over the mountain seemed nearly overgrown in places, judging from the boughs that at times almost swept the doctor off his horse.

It needed but a glance at the fixed, strained muscles of the sawlog face to convince the doctor that lockjaw was the cause of the silent tongue, which had impressed the husband as something dreadful and altogether uncanny.

But a few days before, the doctor had chanced to read in a torn scrap of newspaper that chloroform was an invaluable remedy for lockjaw.

A moment sufficed for him to unstop the vial and saturate his own handkerchief, the appearance of the cabin hardly warranting the fortifying of such a luxury.

After settling his patient in the one bed of which the cabin boasted, the doctor slept off his fatigue, as best he could, by dozing and dreaming in a straight backed, hard bottomed chair.

The young man pocketed the first fee and grimly vowing to keep it for luck, returned to the tavern thoroughly disheartened at the prospect of similar night journeys and their ill-proportioned recompense.

Somebody, either the taciturn husband or the shrewish wife, told wondrous tales of the "spalpeen" doctor, who without a drop of medicine and with but a whiff at a queer-smelling handkerchief had brought back the old woman's speech.

In isolated or illiterate communities fame feeds on imagination, and grows apace, so that ere long the new doctor's skill was the talk of the whole

mountain side. A few mourned over the fading laurels of the convivial old fellow, always ready for a "drap" with his patients, sick or dying though they might be; but among the miners, whose daily life was profligate accidents, the cool head and ever firm hand of the "temperance man" could not fail to inspire confidence.

Slowly, but surely, the tide turned in his favor. During the very severe winter which followed, the doctor braved many a hard ride through rain and sleet, snowdrifts and swollen streams, while the anxious wife spent many a lonely night wishing for the dawn and his safe return.

In a new country like ours, towns often spring into cities and men into riches; but our doctor and our town climbed upward, step by step to fame and fortune. For a man ready to seize every honest opportunity to rise, there are always more ups than downs, and such a one is certain to have, sooner or later, what many style "luck"; but the doctor and his wife called it, "Taken at the flood."

Ere middle age succeeded in catching our young couple, the doctor could and did afford a beated wedding journey, during which the little wife bought and wore her Paris bonnets, with sublime indifference to what people might think of the still youthful face.

Alpine Torrents in Harness.

"All over the Tyrol, Switzerland, and the Alpine country generally, you find to-day a curious conjunction of the modern and the medieval in the village streets, the stores and the inns," said a traveler.

"This year I arrived there in the evening, and was amazed to find the streets as brilliantly lighted as Broadway, where formerly the only light was from a swinging horn lantern here and there.

"It is very natural that it should be so, too, for in all that region there is power in superabundance running waste on every hand. From every rock leaps a cascade, and over every cliff roars a waterfall; there are streams that flow evenly with a steady, small power, and torrents that thunder down with tons of force.

"This is, so far as I could learn, the very first use to which the vast water power in the Alps has been put. Hitherto it has all run idle.

Modernizing the Holy Land.

The completion of the Jaffa-Jerusalem Railway, with the early prospect of a completed road between Haifa and Damascus, is but the most prominent of growing indications that the lands of Bible history are falling under modernizing influences.

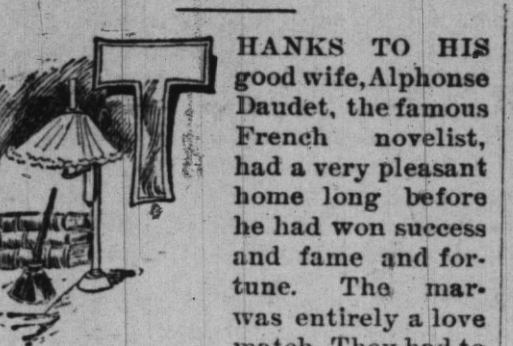
Already the effect of these new endeavors is to be seen in the efforts of British and other capital to secure a field for investment on the historic ground. The same company which has placed a modern steel bridge across the Jordan has laid plans for a grain elevator in the heart of the land.

In short, the influences which are everywhere else knitting the world together are at last at work upon the holy land. It will be a curious evolution which this region of ancient tradition will have undergone when the traveler of fifty years hence sets foot in Jerusalem or Damascus and finds in them the bustling commerce and trade of latter-day civilization.

THE WIFE OF DAUDET

SHE HAS MADE THE NOVELIST VERY HAPPY.

Pretty and Charming, She Is the Admired of the Large Literary Circle of Paris—Husband and Wife Fought Life's Battle Together.



HANKS TO HIS good wife, Alphonse Daudet, the famous French novelist, had a very pleasant home long before he had won success and fame and fortune.



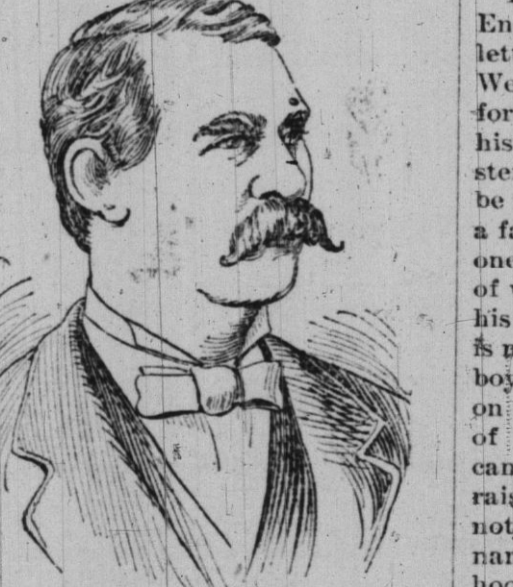
MME. DAUDET of a modern interior, with her little Edmee on her knee, she seems like a young mother, but this young mother is a still more youthful grandmother.

of a modern interior, with her little Edmee on her knee, she seems like a young mother, but this young mother is a still more youthful grandmother. It seems incredible, but her eldest son, the writer of some very remarkable and original scientific romances, has been married for two or three years to a granddaughter of Victor Hugo.

JOHN M'BRIDE.

The New President of the Federation of Labor.

John McBride, president of the National Iron and Metal Workers' union, who was recently chosen president of the American Federation of Labor at Denver, is 42 years old and a native of Ohio.



He learned his trade when quite young and passed his spare time in the company of books, and now is a tolerably well read man, with fixed opinions on the subject of economics.

New Medical Treatment.

A doctor, whose home is near Frankfurt, presents a new medical treatment, which consists in exchanging liquid for aerial draughts. Live in a perpetual draught, so he preaches, and you will never catch cold.

Queer Ground for Divorce.

Raymond A. Knight, a farmer of Colvonia county, Ohio, sued for a divorce on the ground that his wife refused to cook his meals.

MARVELOUS MEMORIES.

Men Who Knew the Bible From Beginning to End.

There have been several instances of men with such marvelous memories that they knew not only by heart the New but also the Old Testament, and in one case at least, the whole Apocrypha as well. An old beggar at Sterling, Scotland, known over sixty years ago as "Blind Alick," knew the whole of the Bible by heart.

MRS. JAMES CREELMAN.

The Beautiful Wife of the Famous War Correspondent.

Mrs. James Creelman, wife of the only American war correspondent who has been with the Japanese or Chinese troops during the eastern difficulties, is a very interesting character. She was the famous beauty, Miss Buell of Ohio, and when she was about 18 was said to strongly resemble in looks the celebrated Lady Hamilton.



MRS. JAMES CREELMAN.

lost her first child and nearly her own life two years before. She was expecting another baby, and they knew they might never see each other again.

Dispersion of Families.

The extraordinary dispersion of New England families is illustrated by a letter written by William Chapin Webster of Hudson, Ohio, to the Hartford Courant. Mr. Webster says that his great grandfather, Thomas Webster, of Hebron, Conn., who lived to be 99 years and nine months old, had a family of thirteen children, all but one or two of whom married and some of whom settled near by—among them his grandfather, William C. Webster's son in his 89 year.

Composition of the Next Senate.

When the formalities incident to the admission of Utah as a state are complete the United States senate will consist of ninety members. From present appearances there will be, exclusive of the representatives from Utah forty-four republicans in the next senate, thirty-nine democrats and five populists or silverites.

Somonauk and Sandwich at War.

Somonauk and Sandwich, rival Illinois towns, are at war. For a number of days citizens of Somonauk have been distributing on the trains passing through the town circulars on which were the words: "Smallpox at Sandwich. Beware." Now Sandwich proposes to retaliate by bringing suit against Somonauk for libel.

A Good Law.

According to the Medical Press, in Germany, a man who loses both his hands in an accident can claim the whole of his life insurance money, if he is insured, on the ground that he has lost the means of maintaining himself. A loss of the right hand reduces the claim from 70 to 80 per cent of the total.

Going to California?

The Burlington route is the only railway running "personally conducted" excursions via Denver to Colorado Springs, Salt Lake, Ogden, Sacramento, San Francisco, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield and Los Angeles at the lowest rates. Pullman tourist sleeping car through without change.

Leave Chicago every Wednesday. Write or call on T. A. Grady, excursion manager, 211 Clark street, Chicago.

PREVENTING CHICKEN CHOLERA.—This is the great scourge that annually devastates the flocks and renders poultry raising almost an impossibility in some parts of the country. It is contagious, but is fostered and encouraged by filth. The symptoms are greenish droppings, great and intense thirst, a nervous, anxious expression and general depression. Burn all the bodies, thoroughly clean up and disinfect the premises. As a preventive of cholera, feed twice a week corn meal dough, the water for mixing the dough being prepared by adding a teaspoonful of carbolic acid to each quart of water. Keep the drinking water clean and change it frequently.—Ex.

The great hearth fire in the hall of Roby castle, England is said never to have been permitted to go out for centuries. That in Warwick castle will burn a quarter of a cord of wood at once.

Intense Headaches

"For four years I have been a constant sufferer. My head ached from morning till night. After trying everything I could think of, the only thing that gave me any relief was to keep my head bound with a cloth to keep the air from striking it. The nasal passages of my head and my throat were very sore and gave me intense pain, expectorating a much corrupt matter. I was told that the weight of my hair was the cause of my trouble, and I had it cut off, but this gave me no relief. Reading about a lady similarly afflicted who was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, I began to take it. Before I had taken one bottle I felt greatly im-

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

proved, and at the end of three bottles was entirely well. I now weigh 240 pounds, which is a gain of 10 pounds in three months."

MRS. MARY A. WHITE, Franklin, Indiana.

Hood's Pills do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them, 35c.

DIRECTIONS for using CREAM BALM.—Apply a particle of the Balm well up into the nostrils. After a moment draw a strong breath through the nose. Use three times a day, after meals preferred, and before retiring.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM opens and cleanses the nasal passages, always pain and inflammation, heals the sores, protects the membrane from colds, restores the sense of taste and smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York.

WE WILL TAKE YOU TO CALIFORNIA

Cheaply, Quickly and Comfortably on the Phillips-Rock Island Tourist Excursions. CHEAP, because the rate in Sleeping Car is but \$2.00. QUICK, because you travel on the fastest train that run. COMFORT, because you have a through Sleeper. Fourteen years' record. Over 100,000 already carried, and all like the service. Car leaves Chicago every Tuesday via the beautiful Indian Territory and the Sunny South Line, and every Thursday through Colorado over the famous Estes Park route. A special manager goes each trip to care for the many wants of patrons en route. We can't tell you half the benefits in this ad, but for your California trip you should trust yourself to us. Address, JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., C. R. I. & P. Ry., Chicago.

\$500 SPAN OF HORSES Given Away!

I will give to the person sending me the BEST BUSHEL OF CORN IN THE EAR. From now until March 1, 1895, A \$500 Span of Matched Roadsters. Send corn in bushel box neatly packed and prepay freight. Mark your address on box. CHAS. LOVE, Albia, Iowa.

REVERSIBLE

The "LINE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents. A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY, 77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.

TREES OF GOLD plumb, SPLENDOR prune, VAN DEMAN quince—choice of Burbank's 20 Million "new creations." STARK Trees FREEPAID everywhere. SAFE ARRIVAL guaranteed. The "great nurseries" save you over HALF. Millions of the best trees to years' experience can grow them "faster, longer and bear better."—Sto. Morton, STARK, B. 32, Louisiana, Mo., Rockport, Ill.

NOXALL INCUBATOR

If you wish an incubator that has passed the tests of 1710 successful eggs, address NOXALL'S INCUBATOR CO., 112 N. W. 11th St., Grand Rapids, Mich. Send for literature. CIRCULARS FREE.

PISO'S CURE FOR COUGHS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

SPAIN A "DEAD BEAT."

WILL NOT SETTLE A JUST AMERICAN CLAIM.

History of the Celebrated "Mora Case" Referred to in President Cleveland's Message—A Record of Broken Promises with Uncle Sam.

IN HIS LAST MESSAGE to congress President Cleveland made mention of one private name and referred to the grievous injustice done to one private individual in these words:

"The Mora case, referred to in my last annual message, remains unsettled. From the diplomatic correspondence on this subject, which has been laid before the senate, it will be seen that this government has offered to conclude a convention with Spain for disposal by arbitration of outstanding claims between the two countries, except the Mora claim, which, having been long adjusted, now only awaits payment as stipulated, and of course it could not be included in the proposed convention. It was hoped that this offer would remove parliamentary obstacles encountered by the Spanish government in providing payment of the Mora indemnity. I regret to say that no definite reply to this offer has yet been made and all efforts to secure payment of this settled claim have been unavailing."

This Mora case has become famous in the annals of modern diplomacy. Beginning with Grant's last presidency, every succeeding administration, every secretary of state, every foreign relations committee, has had a hand in it. Nor has it been a bete noire in any sense to the state department, for, irrespective of party, each administration in turn has taken up the case with vigor and done its best to effect a settlement.

The history of the case in brief is as follows:—Antonio Maximo Mora, referred to in the President's message, is a native of Cuba, where he owned large and valuable sugar plantations. In 1853 he came to New York and established a residence. In May, 1860, he took out his final papers of naturalization and became a citizen of the United States. Cubawas at that time in a state of constant fidget and unrest bordering on absolute rebellion. It is an open secret that President Grant was in sympathy with the revolutionary propaganda, and his secretary of war, Gen. Rawlings, was an avowed sympathizer with the Cuban patriots. It was under such encouragement that leading Cubans like Mora, Aldama and Castillo might have been inclined to offer assistance to the revolutionary cause. Before anything was done or even thought of a court martial convened in Havana, passed sentence of death and confiscation of property against the gentlemen named and many others for alleged complicity in the Cuban rebellion. Antonio Mora and his brother escaped to New York, disguised as sailors. Young Jose Manuel Mora, now a well-known resident of New York, remained to assist in his father's escape, was captured and transported to a penal colony in Africa, whence, after suffering unnumbered miseries, he finally escaped to Europe. Maximo Mora no sooner arrived in New York than he laid his case before Hamilton Fish, the then secretary of state, asserting that he had in no wise engaged in the rebellion or given it aid or comfort. On Nov. 25 of the same year—1870—Mr. Fish instructed the United States minister at Madrid to protest against the sentence of the court martial and its enforcement against the lives and property of American citizens, on the ground that it was a gross violation of the provisions of the treaty between the United States and Spain, relating to the manner in which citizens of one country could be tried or deprived of their property in the other. This, then, was the beginning of the famous Mora case, which is still unsettled: In May, 1872, the secretary of state, who had had several interviews with the Spanish minister in Washington on the

decrees of restoration was issued in Madrid, but secret instructions were forwarded to Cuba to disregard the decree. In September and November, 1873, in consequence of further protests from our government sent orders to the governor general of Cuba, directing him to release the property of Antonio before Nov. 30. Before this was done came the downfall of the republic at Madrid, and all further consideration of the case had to be postponed for two years. In November, 1875, our secretary of state reopened the case in a letter sent to our minister at Madrid, in which, among other things, he said: "The President feels that the time is at hand when it may be his duty to submit the subject, accompanied by an expression of his views, to the consideration of congress. This conclusion is reached after every other expedient has been tried and proved a failure." To these strong representations the Spanish government replied that the king of Spain had decided to grant a pardon to Mora and restore his property, saying at the same time that a cable to that effect had that day been sent to Cuba. Nothing was ever heard of this cable, nor was the least sign of restitution made by the Cuban government. On the contrary, the Cuban government set up the plea that certain creditors of Mora had stepped in and absorbed the profits of the estate, none of which had ever been paid over to the Spanish government. That this was utterly false was proved at the time by the ten custodians of the estates, who reported that they had paid over to the Cuban treasury from the estates the large sum of \$2,317,000. From 1876 to 1886 succeeding administrations tried persistently to induce the Spanish government to redeem its oft made and often broken promises of restitution. Finally, in July, 1885, Mr. Foster, the American minister at Madrid, addressed a very plain and unvarnished statement of the case to the Spanish secretary of state, but received no reply for six months. In the meantime the estates had gone to rack and ruin. The Cuban government had taken everything they could out of the plantations and put nothing in. The machinery was out of repair and useless, the buildings tumble down and the 1,000 negroes employed on the estate had disappeared. Knowing this to be the case, in January, 1886, in response to repeated applications made by Minister Curry, who had succeeded Mr. Foster, the Spanish government proposed "the payment of a sum of money, which will represent an equitable indemnity for the value of the Mora property, said sum to be fixed by mutual agreement, after which the minister of the colonies can include in his budget the sum upon which we have agreed."

At last this really looked like business, and Mr. Curry immediately accepted the proposition. Mr. Mora, on a very conservative basis, figured up his actual loss, including that of his brother, at \$3,000,000. This included \$600,000 worth of sugar in bond, which was seized, and the estates, buildings, etc.

Poor Mora, who was ruined and growing old in the prosecution of his claim, gladly received even this compromise, and our secretary of state notified Mr. Curry that the government would accept the sum named, \$1,500,000, "as a full discharge of all demands against the government of Spain growing out of the claim of this citizen of the United States."

But, alas! The Spanish government dissolved the Cortes before any action was taken on the Cuban budget. Nor was the Mora claim included in the Cuban budget of the following Cortes. In the meantime, President Cleveland had come into office, and it was now Secretary Bayard's duty to take up the cudgels in behalf of justice but no settlement has yet been reached.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD CANADA.

Two Derivations Are Given from Which You May Choose.

There are many derivations given to the word Canada, but the one given by Sir John Brown is the most curious and plausible. "When the Portuguese, under Gaspar Corteal, in 1500, first ascended the great river St. Lawrence, they believed it was the strait of which they were in search, and through which a passage might be discovered into the Indian sea. But on arriving at the point whence they could clearly ascertain it was not a strait, but a river, they with all emphasis of disappointed hopes, exclaimed repeatedly, 'Canada' ('Here nothing'), words which were remembered and repeated by the natives on seeing the Europeans arrive in 1543, who naturally conjectured that the word they heard employed so often must denote the name of the country." The now generally accepted derivation, however, which is supported by the analogy of other names, is either that given by Charlevoix, from the Iroquois Kanata, a collection of huts, or from two Indian words, Kan or Can, a mouth, and Ada, a country, signifying the mouth of the country, and presumably originally applied to the River St. Lawrence.

Pleasing a Hostess.

First Tramp—How did yer manage to get such a lot o' vittles from that sour old maid?
Second Tramp—I tole her I used ter work in a lookin' glass factory, and I'd clean her lookin' glasses if she'd give me a bite afterward.
"Huh! You worked!"
"No, I didn't. Wen she showed me the glasses, I tole her they was so crooked they wasn't worth cleanin'. She was mighty tickled to find that her lookin' glasses lied."

Small Humming Birds.

A humming bird a little larger than a house fly is common in the East Indies



ANTONIO M. MORA.

subject, wrote to him inviting his especial and immediate attention to the case of Antonio Mora, with a view to its speed and satisfactory adjustment. The Spanish minister then suggested that the claim for the restitution of the Mora property should be submitted to the Spanish-American claims commission, then in session at Washington. Mr. Fish objected that the claims before the commission were for compensation for past injuries, but that the release of the Mora property a subject for diplomatic intervention. Eight months past in that diplomatic correspondence of which the Castilian is a past master, until in December, 1872, Mr. Fish cabled to the United States in Madrid—"Urge the immediate release and restoration of the embargoed property." Again the fine art of Spanish diplomacy was made manifest. A

WILLYUM WAS CLEVER.

He Fixed Up Uncle Jack's Account With the Newspapers.

In almost every seaside town there is some thrifless ne'er-do-well, who, although he never has any regular occupation, is generally a good skipper and is always at the service of the summer resident for any job which does not bear the aspect of regular labor and includes an occasional drink. "Uncle Jack," of Ryemouth, was one of these characters, and he was engaged one day for a fishing trip with a Boston gentleman who was a native of the seaside town.

"Willyum," said Uncle Jack, who, with a pipe between his teeth, was keeping a lazy watch over the tiller, "my gals subscribed for the Home Garland while ago and them Boston fellers sent me a bill the other day for \$10, four years' subscription. Naow, I hain't got no \$10, Willyum. Don't you think you could fix this for me when you go up to town?"

The Bostonian promised to do what he could, and Uncle Jack handed him the bill from a greasy piece of leather which he called a pocketbook.

Shortly after, being out of another trip, the old man asked:

"Willyum, did ye fix them ere newspaper fellers?" and Mr. R. answered, "Yes, I did, Uncle Jack."

With a pleased grin the other inquired:

"An' how did ye manage it?"

Looking at his inquirer with a sober face, Mr. R. responded:

"Well, I went in there and told them that you were a miserable, drunken old loafer, without a cent to your name, and they settled for \$3."

The old man's jaw dropped a little, and after a pause of full fifteen minutes, he said:

"That was clever of you, Willyum, but don't you think you kinder raised h— with my reputation in Bawston?"

—Boston Bulletin.

THE ANCIENT KNIGHTS.

They Have Left Behind Interesting Records of Their Prowess.

The good knights are dust, and their swords are rust; but they have left behind them some interesting records of their prowess at the feast, as well as in the field or the tourney. Among the many excellent consequences of the development of chivalry may be included this—that it introduced into the medieval methods of dining a certain air of courtly and gracious hospitality and a dignified ceremonial which had hitherto been absolutely unknown. Indeed, there is something quite impressive about the order which appertained to a great medieval banquet. As soon as the lord entered his dining hall, a horn sounded, and the guests whom their rank entitled to sit at his table hastened to take their places. As soon as all was seated, the servitors brought to each a basin filled with perfumed water, in which to dip his hands, and a napkin of fine linen with which to dry them. Then the master cook's assistants entered, bearing in their arms huge dishes of smoking viands, and set to work at the side-table to cut up joints of roast beef, pork, wild boar the inevitable venison paties, pheasants, capons, and birds of the farmyard generally; while others placed before the guests thick slices of bread to serve as plates. The meal at an end, the servitors handed round cups of hippocras a compound of Lisbon and Canary wines, well spiced; the tables were removed; the floor was swept, and minstrels and storytellers presented themselves to while away the long winter hours. In the bright summer days, feats of arms and knightly exercises were performed.—All the Year Round.

Aluminum Good for Speed.

The recent trials on the Thames of a small torpedo boat, with steel frame work and aluminum plates for the hull, "have shown an unusual speed, which the makers state is partly owing to the use of the light metal and partly to the better balancing of the machinery, as well as the use of water tube boilers in the place of the usual locomotive type."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that can not be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

New Use for Telephones.

The use of the telephone on Australian sheep ranches is becoming common. Its employment is mentioned on the Clark ranch in Montana, where all the sheep and shepherds are watched, and handled telephonically by means of six stations, all communicating with a central point, from which come weather signals, orders, etc.

A Cheap Trip South.

Tickets will be sold at one fare round trip to points in Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida, on the line of the Louisville & Nashville, and Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis railroads, on Jan. 8, Feb. 1, March 5, April 2 and 30, 1885. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he can not sell you excursion tickets write to: C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville Ky., or Geo. B. Borner, D. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

Soldiers Get Free Teeth.

After careful consideration of the question, the emperor of Germany and the Berlin war office have now decided that artificial teeth are to be provided free of charge to the soldiers, on the ground that the troops are better able to render good service with sound grinders than with teeth which either ache or are inadequate to the performance of their work of mastication.

Cheaper Buildings Coming.

According to invention, a building has recently been erected by Herr Wagner, an architect of Limburg, solely of materials formed of ashes, without any admixture of sand. It is claimed that hard natural stones of almost every variety have been successfully imitated with this very cheap material.

FOR ALL THE ILLS THAT PAIN CAN BRING . . .

ST. JACOBS OIL

As CURE IS KING; Alike with ACHES in Everything.

THE U. S. Government Chemists have reported, after an examination of the different brands, that the ROYAL Baking Powder is absolutely pure, greatest in strength, and superior to all others.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY, 105 WALL ST. NEW-YORK.

China's Falling Dynasty.

An era is opening in which the Chinese emperor must see that his throne at least is seriously endangered. He dare not consent to abandon Moukden, the former capital of the dynasty, of which he may be the last ruler, and the cession of which city is believed to be one of the Japanese conditions of peace at this stage, and he can not have much hope of checking the victorious march of the Japanese on Pekin, where the appearance of an invading army would sound the death knell of the Manchu reign. Tsai-Tein is between the "devil and the deep sea."—New York Herald.

Andrew Johnson's Scissors.

Dr. W. F. Edmonds of Gate City, Va., has in his possession two pairs of scissors, with which Andrew Johnson worked as a tailor at Greenville, Tenn. Mayor A. R. Edmonds, the doctor's father, who died about eight years ago, was in partnership with Johnson at Greenville, and the little shop in which they worked still stands with the sign, "A. Johnson, Tailor," over the door. When they dissolved the partnership Johnson made Edmonds a present of the large scissors, and they have been carefully preserved.

The Noxall Incubator.

We show herewith the Noxall Incubator, invented and manufactured by G. W. Murphy & Co., a well-known business firm of Quincy, Ill. The following testimonials show the merits of the Noxall Incubator better and more forcibly than anything we could say. They are certainly very strong ones, and G. W. Murphy & Co. should be highly gratified that their incubator wins such golden opinions:

St. Louis, Mo.
Dear Sirs: The Noxall Incubator is a great success. I hatched 98 out of 105 untested eggs.
JOHN HEILL.

Du CHEN, Wis.
Geo. W. Murphy & Co.
My first hatch was 150 chicks. The Noxall Incubator and Brooder are good machines, and very easily managed.

HENRY FRIESEN.
Geo. W. Murphy & Co., Quincy, Ill.

Box 31.

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FOR ALL THE ILLS THAT PAIN CAN BRING . . .

ST. JACOBS OIL

As CURE IS KING; Alike with ACHES in Everything.

A revival was started in the Greensboro, N. C., jail two or three weeks ago and almost the entire jail population has been converted.

Coe's Cough Balsam is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Of the 250 successful candidates for the degree of B. A. from the London university recently eighty-one were women. Last year there were only thirty-two women graduates.

If the Baby is Outing Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Wesslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

Fans came from the east during the crusades, being brought back by returning knights as presents for their friends. A French nobleman brought the first ostrich fan to Paris about 1100.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. F. HARDY, Hopkins' Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, '94.

Military shoes in the thirteenth century were tipped with steel pike, which the knights used as an offensive weapon. More than one man was killed by a kick from these iron clad boots.

In Olden Times People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action; but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

Room in Texas. Delaware is not a densely populated state, but were Texas as thickly peopled her population would be about 25,000,000. Were Texas as numerously peopled as Massachusetts her population would exceed by 10,000,000 the total population of the United States according to the census of 1880. More impressive still, if Texas were as densely peopled as Rhode Island her population would be more than 83,000,000.

Farming and Stock Raising in Nebraska. A pamphlet containing valuable information about Nebraska, northwestern Kansas and eastern Colorado, with a sectional map of that country, will be sent free on application to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

The German statistician Bernard Ornstein has computed that Greece stands in the first rank among European countries in the number of centenarians. He attributes this to its climate.

The truest eloquence is that which holds us too mute for applause.—Bulwer.

Dr. PIERCE'S Golden Medical DISCOVERY Cures Ninety-eight per cent. of all cases of Consumption, in all its Earlier Stages.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, and we believe, fully 98 per cent. are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whey and various preparations of the hydropneumatics had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps.

Address for Book, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Pain-Kiler CURES BRUISES and SPRAINS. BOTTLES NOW DOUBLE SIZE. Price, 25 and 50 Cents.

W. N. U. CHICAGO, VOL. X, NO. 2.

When Answering Advertisements, Kindly Mention this Paper.

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As CURE IS KING; Alike with ACHES in Everything.

PUBLICATIONS

OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

The General Passenger Office of the Great Northern Railway will be pleased to forward to applicants any or all of the publications named below, on receipt of the amount of postage named after each. It should be understood that these books, maps and pamphlets were prepared at considerable cost and are worth in each case many times the postage. They will prove of much interest to persons who contemplate a trip to any part of the Northwest, or who desire the information all intelligent people should possess concerning a vast, resourceful, important and growing part of the United States. Several of these publications have been supplied in quantities to public schools at the request of superintendents and teachers, on account of the instructive and useful information they contain.

BOOK FOLDER.—Send 2 cents for postage.

MAP FOLDER.—Sent free.

ATLAS OF THE NORTHWEST.—Send 15 cents in postage.

Contains complete maps of the United States, Minnesota, the two Dakotas, Montana, Idaho and Washington, showing post-offices to June 1, 1894, with every important geographical and topographical feature brought down to date, and printed in the highest style of the map maker's art. Interesting descriptive, historical and statistical information appears with each map.

LARGE WALL MAP.—Send 25 cents in postage. When writing give nearest express office.

VALLEY, FLAIN AND PEAK. From Midland Lakes to Western Ocean.—Send 10 cents in postage.

This attractive publication contains nearly 100 North-western views, singly and in groups, etched from photographs of the highest quality, and accompanied by descriptive matter and characteristic initials beautifully printed in colors, all in the most elegant style of the kind ever issued. It is equal to art books which sell for a dollar or more and contain very much less general information and beauty.

DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLETS OR BULLETINS.—Send 2 cents postage for each.

HUNTING AND FISHING BULLETINS.—Send 4 cents postage for the two.

VIEWS OF MOUNT INDEX AND HOOTENAW CANYON.—Send 50 cents each. Framed, with glass, \$2.00 each.

THE EVERGREEN STATE.—Send 9 cents for postage.

FACTS ABOUT A GREAT COUNTRY.—Send free.

A TOUR OF "OUR COUNTRY."—Send \$1.60.

The Great Northern has especially arranged with a large publishing house for an edition of Stoddard's Portfolio of American Views, appearing in 16 parts, each part containing 10 views and retailing at 10 cents, or \$1.60 for the 16 parts. Single photographs of the views can not be had for much less than \$1.00 each, but in this portfolio 200 magnificent reproductions of striking photographs of natural and created scenes in all parts of America are to be had for a mere nominal sum. Each part will contain matter and illustrations specially added to give increased value to northwestern subscribers or those interested in the Northwest. The parts will be furnished singly or in whole number by agents of the company at any point.

For any of the above publications or information about rates or routes to the North-west or Pacific coast, address

F. L. WHITNEY, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

(Mention this paper.)

W. L. DOUGLAS

IS THE BEST. \$3 SHOE FIT FOR \$12. \$5, COLEMAN, FRENCH, CHAMBERLAIN, \$4.95 FINE CALF & KANGAROO, \$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES, \$2.50 \$2. WORKINGMEN'S, EXTRA FINE, \$2.17.50 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES, LADIES' \$3.25 \$2.17.50 BEST DONOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. BROOKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas \$3 & \$4 Shoes

All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform.—stamped on sole. From \$1 to \$5 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES. On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS in Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BIRD'S EYE is a absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.

BEST IN MARKET. BEST IN FIT. BEST IN WEARING QUALITY.

The exterior of the boot extends the whole length down to the heel, protecting the boot in every part of its use.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM and don't be put off with inferior goods.

COLCHESTER RUBBER CO.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, 1000 CONSTITUTIONAL AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau, 2 yrs. in last war 15 adjudicating claims army, navy.

Great Road and Route Play-ards.

If you send 15 cents in stamps or coin to JNO. SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. R. E. & P. R. Y. Chicago, you will receive postpaid the slickest pack of playing cards you ever handled. Beautiful steel engraved Whist Rules accompanies them free.

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Published Every Saturday at
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BY
T. LAMEY, Editor and Publisher.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$1.00
per Year in Advance.
Entered at the postoffice at Barrington,
Ill., as second-class matter.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

E. J. & E. RY. TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH. STATIONS. GOING SOUTH.
8:30 pm ar. Waukegan. dep. 7:00 am
4:00 pm. Rondout. 8:30 am
2:55 pm. Leighton. 8:50 am
2:45 pm. Diamond Lake. 8:57 am
2:35 pm. Gilmer. 9:12 am
2:25 pm. Lake Zurich. 10:05 am
1:40 pm. Barrington. 10:30 am
1:10 pm. Clark. 10:55 am
12:45 pm. Spaulding. 12:15 pm
11:27 am. Wayne. 12:35 pm
11:15 am. Ingaton. 12:45 pm
11:00 am. Turner. 1:25 pm
10:00 am. Warrenhurst. 2:00 pm
9:15 am. Frontenac. 2:20 pm
8:50 am. Mornantown. 2:45 pm
8:15 am. Walker. 3:10 pm
7:50 am. Plainfield. 3:35 pm
7:25 am. Coyne. 3:55 pm
7:00 am. Bridge Junction. 4:05 pm
5:50 am dep. East Joliet. ar. 4:15 pm

C. & N. W. R. F. TIME TABLE.

GOING SOUTH.
6:10 a. m., except Sunday.
6:45 a. m., except Sunday.
7:30 a. m., Sunday only.
7:55 a. m., except Sunday.
8:50 a. m., daily.
9:00 a. m., except Sunday.
10:03 a. m., except Sunday.
12:25 p. m., daily.
3:08 p. m., except Sunday.
4:25 p. m., Sunday only.
5:05 p. m., daily.
5:30 p. m., Sunday only.
6:35 p. m., Sunday only.
GOING NORTH.
8:20 a. m., except Sunday.*
9:13 a. m., except Sunday.
10:30 a. m., daily.
12:10 p. m., except Sunday.*
3:00 p. m., Saturday and Sunday only.*
5:03 p. m., except Sunday.
6:09 p. m., except Sunday.
6:13 p. m., Sunday only.
7:25 p. m., except Sunday.*
7:55 p. m., daily.*
8:00 p. m., except Saturday.
12:50 a. m., daily.*
*To Barrington only.

A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's new discovery in the house, and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman, druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's new discovery is undoubtedly the best cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested? Trial bottles free at A. L. Waller's drug store. Regular size, 50 cents and \$1.00.

HOW TO GET RICH—My success is owing to my liberality in advertising. Bonner. Frequent and constant advertising brought me all I own. A. T. Stewart. Success depends upon a liberal patronage of printing offices. Astor. How can the world know a man has a good thing unless he advertises the possession of it? Vanderbilt. My son, deal only with men who advertise. You will never lose by it.—Franklin. *

"Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away."

The truthful, startling title of a book about No-to-bac, the only harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure. If you want to quit and can't, use "No-to-bac." Braces up nicotine nerves, eliminates nicotine poisons, makes weak men gain strength, weight and vigor. Positive cure or money refunded. Book at druggists, or mailed free. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, 45 Randolph street; New York, 10 Spruce street.

Cord Wood for Sale.

For Sale—Fifty cords No. 1 dry, second growth cord wood. Will deliver to any place in the village of Barrington for \$7.50 per cord, or \$3.50 per cord in the woods. Address U. Fricke, Barrington, Ill., or leave orders with J. D. Lamey & Co.

Did You Ever

Try Electric Bitters as a remedy for your troubles? If not, get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all female complaints, exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have loss of appetite, constipation, headache, fainting spells, or are nervous, sleepless, excitable, melancholy or troubled with dizzy spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and strength are guaranteed by its use. Large bottles only 50 cents at A. L. Waller's drug store.

Where to Buy Glass.

We have just received another large consignment of No. 1 window glass and are prepared to supply the trade with glass in any size. We are also agents for American and French plate glass, embossed ground, cut and colored leaded glass in designs. As we buy direct from the manufacturers, we are prepared to fill orders on short notice and make prices that can not be beat. We cut glass to any size.

J. D. LAMEY & CO.

We Want the News. Don't forget to tell us when your friends come to see you. If it is too much trouble to come to our office, drop us a line on a postal card, or, better still, just put your items in our news box attached to William Howarth's store.

Do You Want to Rent? We have the renting of dwellings in different localities of Barrington. If you wish to rent call at the REVIEW office and see what we have for you.

Mr. John Welch, collector for the town of Cuba, has received his books and will soon be ready to receive your money for taxes.

A. L. Mullen, editor of the Wauconda Leader, was a caller at this office Tuesday on his way to Chicago. Try a pound of 23-cent Peaberry coffee at 25 cents per pound at A. W. Meyer & Co.

Mr. Ben Castle spent Sunday with his parents here. John Barnett of Chicago spent Sunday at this place.

The taxes in the town of Cuba for 1894 amounted to \$7,597.55. The year previous they were \$5,348.70, so that you can figure your taxes will be two fifths more than last year. The county and road and bridge tax is twice as much as a year ago, which accounts for the increase in taxes.

Pur maple syrup at A. W. Meyer & Co's.

The Barrington Social club will give a select masquerade ball at Stott's hall, Friday evening, Jan. 18. Tickets 75 cents; supper extra. Yerall brothers (three pieces of Chicago will furnish music. Twenty-five cents admission will be charged to spectators.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Garbisch of Palatine visited Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gieske, Sunday.

Use A. W. Meyer & Co's. fancy patent-hour. The best is the cheapest.

Mr. J. P. Rowley, assistant editor of the Emigrant, published in New York and Chicago, visited with his sister, Mrs. C. A. Wheeler, recently.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary local society met at the home of Mrs. T. E. Ream, Tuesday evening. Mr. Fred Bennett went to Woodstock, Monday, on business.

Silver knives and forks at marked down prices at A. W. Meyer & Co's.

Rev. Ream's address next Sunday evening will be to the mothers. All are welcome.

Bishop Esher preached at the German Evangelical church Sunday to a large audience.

Miss Cora Higley returned home last week, after a visit with Mrs. S. H. Gillette at her home in Wisconsin.

Mrs. Loomis is here caring for her sister, who is dangerously ill.

Bargains in silver spoons at A. W. Meyer & Co's.

Miss Zoa Nimgear of Fairfield visited here last week.

Miss Laura Wilmer spent Sunday in Chicago.

Will Gilbert of Wauconda was in Barrington, Sunday.

Miss Pachaly who has been visiting with her sister, Mrs. John C. Meier, leaves here this week for Chicago, where she will visit with her brother.

Throw that old razor away and buy a good one at A. W. Meyer & Co's.

Attorney Ossian M. Congdon of Dundee was a pleasant caller at this office Wednesday. Mr. Congdon reports business flourishing at Dundee. Mr. Ed Heimerdinger of Chicago spent Sunday at home.

Mr. Church and daughter, Miss Alice, are going to Englewood to spend a couple of months with Mrs. Harrower.

For fine sets of steel knives and forks go to A. W. Meyer & Co. Prices away down.

The Knights of the Maccabees installed officers Tuesday evening.

Mr. Burt Peck spent Sunday at the home of Mr. Sanford Peck.

Mrs. Thomas Catlow of Evanston, Misses Tillie and Alma Schierding of Palatine, spent Monday with Mrs. William Young, the occasion being the anniversary of her birthday.

Miss Bertha Seebert is on the sick list this week.

Mr. R. Burton of Wauconda is coming to Barrington next week to open a meat market.

Election of officers and teachers for M. E. Sunday school for 1895 was held at the home of Rev. T. E. Ream, Friday evening, Jan. 1, 1895, as follows:

Geo. W. Nightingale, superintendent. Carrie E. Kingsley, assistant superintendent.

H. A. Harnden, secretary. Sadie Krohn, assistant secretary. Allie Myers, treasurer. Wilbur Harnden, librarian. Carrie E. Kingsley, chorister. Allie Myers, organist. Nellie Lines, assistant organist. Esther Elridge, class No. 1. Allie Myers, class No. 2. Laura Wilmer, class No. 3. Mrs. T. E. Ream, class No. 4. Carrie E. Kingsley, class No. 5. Rev. T. E. Ream, class No. 6. Mrs. L. E. Ream, class No. 7. Rev. L. E. Ream, chairman. Geo. W. Nightingale, secretary of meeting.

Twenty-five cents buys three cans of tomatoes at B. H. Sotd & Sons.

Mrs. M. C. McIntosh gave a tea to the Thursday Reading club, Thursday afternoon.

One dollar and fifty cents. B. H. Sotd & Son have just received a lot of men's shoes in the latest shapes which they offer at \$1.50.

Mr. and Mrs. Wn. Granau are visiting with relatives in Elgin this week.

The following is a list of unclaimed letters remaining in the Barrington postoffice, Jan. 1, 1895:

George Benton. Fred Javow. Lenzie Bros. Wm. McDonald.

M. B. McINTOSH, P. M.

Twenty-five pounds raisins for \$1 at B. H. Sotd & Son.

Mrs. Powers is entertaining her cousin of Carpentersville.

Ladies' felt shoes and slippers from 50 cents up, at A. W. Meyer & Co's.

Mr. H. Wiedenhofer made a short visit at the home of Mr. H. Dickman last week.

Don't forget the grand masquerade at Stott's hall next Friday evening, Jan. 18.

Bucklen's Arnica Salva.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. L. Waller.

GERHARDT LAGESCHULTE.

One of Barrington's Oldest Settlers.

Passes Away.

Gerhardt Lageschulte died at the home of his son, Mr. G. W. Lageschulte, Sunday, Jan. 6, 1895, rather suddenly, although he has not been feeling well for some time. Mr. Lageschulte was born Aug. 25, 1816, at Shaale, Germany. In April, 1843, he married Miss Ellen Kleinsmith of the same place. In 1854 he came to this country and first lived at Dunkle's Grove, Ill. In the following year he moved to Barrington township and purchased a farm of eighty acres southwest of the village of Barrington, where he lived for twenty-six years. During the past nine years he has resided in this village with his son, Mr. G. W. Lageschulte. The funeral took place Tuesday at the German Salem church. Rev. Wm. Schuster of Elgin and Rev. Schalle of Chicago officiating. His remains were interred in Evergreen cemetery. He leaves two sons and one daughter to mourn his loss.

BARRINGTON PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Report Giving the Names of Five Pupils in Each Study Standing the Highest.

In Rhetoric—Clara Generaux, 95; Roy Myers, 95; Max Lines, 94; Clara Sotd, 93; Nellie Lines, 93.

In Zoology—Theodore Suhr, 95; R. Max Lines, 94; Roy Myers, 93; Nellie Dawson, 93; Albert Gieske, 92.

In Algebra—Della Gleason, 94; Cora Palmer, 91; Ben Landwer, 90; Lizzie Catlow, 85.

In Geometry—Myrtle Robertson, 95; Nellie Dawson, 95; Clara Generaux, 95; Nellie Lines, 93; Albert Gieske, 93; R. Max Lines, 92.

In Latin—Roy Myers, 95; Clara Generaux, 93; Clara Sotd, 92; Nellie Dawson, 92; Della Gleason, 91.

In Phys. Geography—Theodore Suhr, 96; Albert Gieske, 90; Ben Landwer, 87; Edna Hawley, 86; Ethyl Robertson, 85.

In General History—Theodore Suhr, 97; Ben Landwer, 90; Della Gleason, 88; Cora Palmer, 85; Lizzie Catlow, 84; Ethyl Robertson, 81.

In Penmanship—Edna Hawley, 98; Edith Cannon, 95; Nellie Dawson, 95; Clara Sotd, 93; Clara Generaux, 93.

Perfect in Department—Edna Hawley, Myrtle Robertson, Clara Generaux, Ben Landwer, Clara Silker.

Present Every Day—Nellie Lines, Myrtle Robertson, Cora Palmer, Clara Generaux, Albert Gieske, Della Gleason, Ben Landwer, Esther Lageschulte, Edward Landwer, Myrtle Dixon, Ethyl Robertson.

Not Tardy—Nellie Dawson, Myrtle Robertson, Clara Generaux, Myrtle Dixon, Roy Myers, George Otis, Della Gleason, Ethyl Robertson, Edward Landwer, Esther Lageschulte, Fred Stott.

Best in General Average.

Tenth Grade—Clara Generaux, 95; Nellie Dawson, 95; Albert Gieske, 92; 67; Roy Myers, 92; Max Lines, 92; Myrtle Robertson, 91; Clara Sotd, 90.

Ninth Grade—Della Gleason, 87; Cora Palmer, 86; Ben Landwer, 86; Lizzie Catlow, 84; Ethel Robertson, 83.

F. E. SMITH, Principal.

Eighth Grade.

Literature—Ralph Vermilia, 98; Myrtle Runyan, 96; Leila Lines, 96; Gussie Blum, 93; Laura Landwer, 92.

Spelling—Myrtle Runyan, 98; Grace Otis, 95; John Sizer, 93; Ezra Meir, 94; Lydia Pomeroy, 92; Ralph Vermilia, 92.

Arithmetic—Ezra Meir, 90; John Sizer, 85; Gussie Blum, 83; Clarence Sizer, 81; Floid Harnden, 81.

Physical Geography—Grace Otis, 87; Ralph Vermilia, 86; John Sizer, 84; Gussie Blum, 80; Clarence Sizer, 78.

Grammar—Grace Otis, 87; Ezra Meir, 83; Leila Lines, 76; Myrtle Runyan, 75; Clarence Sizer, 75; Gussie Blum, 75.

General Average—Grace Otis, 89 1-3; Gussie Blum, 85 4-5; Ralph Vermilia, 85; Myrtle Runyan, 83; Ezra Meir, 84 4-5.

Seventh Grade.

Literature—Grace Generaux, 97; Mina Robertson, 97; Carrie Meyer, 97; Sadie Krahn, 95; Tom Bailey, 95.

Spelling—Laura Kampert, 94; Tom Bailey, 95; Karl Volker, 94; Grace Generaux, 93; Carrie Meyer, 92.

Arithmetic—Karl Volker, 91; Grace Generaux, 89; Carrie Meyer, 89; Sadie Krahn, 87; Henry Sotd, 86.

Geography—Grace Generaux, 98; Karl Volker, 97; Mina Robertson, 97; Henry Sotd, 96; Tom Bailey, 96.

Grammar—Grace Generaux, 94; Karl Volker, 94; Emma Meyer, 93; Sadie Krahn, 93; Mina Robertson, 90.

History—Grace Generaux, 97; Henry Sotd, 93; Carrie Meyer, 91; Karl Volker, 90; Tom Bailey, 87.

General Average—Grace Generaux, 94 1-3; Karl Volker, 92 1-6; Carrie Meyer, 91; Mina Robertson, 91 1-3; Sadie Krahn, 90 5-8.

Sixth Grade.

Pupils that were neither absent or tardy—August Mundhenke, George Beinhoff, Willie Kreuger, Roy Baugher, Ida Hutchinson.

Reading—Ezra Subr, 99; Arthur Gleason, 98; Fred Loco, 95; Alvin Meier, 95; Maggie Stott, 96.

Spelling—Luella Plagge, 100; Arthur Gleason, 99 3-16; Luella Peters, 97 3-4; Lottie Palmer, 99 3-8; Maggie Stott, 96 1-4.

Arithmetic—Alvin Meier, 100; Fred Loco, 93; Arthur Gleason, 92 1-2; Lottie Palmer, 89.

Grammar—Alvin Meier, 100; Arthur Gleason, 96; Luella Plagge, 93; Eddie Martin, 92; Fred Loco, 92; Lottie Palmer, 92; Luella Peters, 92.

Geography—Ezra Suhr, 99; Arthur Gleason, 98; Fred Loco, 93; Alvin Meier, 95; Maggie Stott, 96.

Penmanship—Maggie Stott, 99; Iva Runyan, 98; Arthur Gleason, 98; Eddie Martin, 96.

General Average—Arthur Gleason, 96 1-6; Maggie Stott, 93 2-3; Alvin Meier, 93 1-3; Luella Plagge, 93; Fred Loco, 92 5-6.

Fifth Grade.

Reading—Ida Hutchinson, 98; Walter Lageschulte, 98; Lewis Comstock, 98; Grace Freeman, 95; Bertha Rochow, 95.

Spelling—Lewis Comstock, 99 13-23; Fred Rochow, 99 18-23; Bertha Rochow, 99 24; Ida Hutchinson, 99 11-24; Willie Kreuger, 99 9-24.

Arithmetic—Lewis Comstock, 99; Willie Kreuger, 98; Ida Hutchinson, 98; August Meyer, 97.

Grammar—August Mundhenke, 99; Lewis Comstock, 99; Willie Kreuger, 99; Walter Lageschulte, 99.

Geography—August Mundhenke, 100; Lewis Comstock, 100; Walter Lageschulte, 100; Willie Kreuger, 99; Grace Freeman, 95; Ida Hutchinson, 95; Penmanship—Grace Freeman, 99; Ida Hutchinson, 99; Clara Kampert, 99; Willie Kreuger, 98; Bertha Rochow, 95.

General Average—Ida Hutchinson, 98; Lewis Comstock, 97 3-4; Willie Kreuger, 97 3-4; Walter Lageschulte, 96 3-4; Grace Freeman, 96 3-4.

MRS. DELLA L. MORSE, Teacher.

Report of Room 3.

1. Highest in A class for two months: Willie Sotd, 97 6-7; Bennie Schroeder, 95 5-7; Samuel Nacher, 95 11-50; Herbert Plagge, 92 1-2; Emil Myers, 91 22-25.

2. Highest in B class for two months: Ethel Austin, 97 7-20; Amanda Kampert, 96 13-20; Ethel Kitson, 96 31-50; Frank Bailey, 95 17-100; Bennie Frey, 93 27-100.

ALVINA MYERS, Teacher.

Second Primary.

The following are the names of the pupils in the second primary department who were perfect in attendance and tardiness during the months of November and December, 1894: Herman Diekmann, Minnie Rochow, Rosa Volker Cora Jahneke.

The following were perfect in attendance but not in tardiness: Samuel Peters, Jennie Lines, George Landwer, Lena Thies.

LYDIA M. FAIRCHILD, Teacher.

Primary Department.

Present every day during the two months, November and December: Roy Waterman, George Kirby, Earl Barnes, Frank Forman, Leon Clute, Nellie Thrasher, Fydella Elvidge, Emma Hager, Vivian Comstock, Fern Hutchinson, Hattie Palmer, Laura Catlow, Hulda Diekmann.

MARY FRYE, Teacher.

Sugar trust? No, we don't trust, but sell 25 pounds for \$1.00 cash.

B. H. SOTD & SON.

Get Your Auction Bills, Etc., Printed at the Review Office.

We have recently added a large amount of new type to our job assortment, making it one of the best equipped offices generally found in towns of this size. When in want of auction bills, statements, bill heads, envelopes, cards, etc., bring your work to the REVIEW office and get it done neatly and at reasonable prices.

M. T. LAMEY.

CRO-K.

As I walked down around the town One pleasant summer day, I heard the old familiar sound Cro-k balls make, when knocked around In active, vigorous play.

And soon I came upon the scene, The day was warm, the sky serene. Nature was in her gala dress, The air was like a soft caress.

I sat me down in genial frame Of mind, to watch the little game. With varying fortunes it progressed, One side elated, one depressed. Till finally, as one by one They reached the stake, the game was done.

I was solicited to play To pass an idle hour away; I weakly yielded, though well I know That at cro-k I eat the crow.

I proved unskillful in the play; The balls perversely went astray. Humiliation and defeat Were sure to come, I soon was beat. Disgusted quite, I walked away. Went home and wrote this roundelay.

And as I mused in mood subdued, These thoughts upon my mind obtrude— How much like life this game cro-k. As we are living it to-day.

In both the skillful and the strong Just drive their business right along. Nor stop to think or much less seek The interests of the poor and weak. Nay, more; they go out of their way To knock the laggards out of play.

I can not tell, I do not know. It seems all wrong this should be so. Still I'm not wise enough to scan The breadth of the Almighty plan. What seems to my imperfect sight To be all wrong may be all right.

God help us as we bear in mind We are blindly following leaders blind. As through this world we darkly grope With knowledge small but boundless hope.

Dried peaches at 10c per lb at B. H. Sotd & Son's.

Dried apricots at B. H. Sotd & Son's, 10 cents a pound.

Samuel Landwer will take up a business course of the Metropolitan Business college, Chicago.

New figs, 8 cents a pound at B. H. Sotd & Son's.

The Ladies' Missionary society of the Salem Evangelical church met at the home of Mrs. L. F. Schroeder, Thursday afternoon of last week.

The item appearing in last week's issue, speaking of the collection to be taken up for the sufferers of the drouth stricken sections of Nebraska, should have been spoken of as taken up at the German Evangelical church.

All wool pants from \$1.90 up at B. H. Sotd & Sons.

A "fascinating flower sociable" will be given in the basement of the Baptist church, Tuesday evening, Jan. 13, under the auspices of "Jolly Wonder Workers." Refreshments will be served and a good time is guaranteed to all. Admission, 15 cents. All are invited to attend.

A large line of felt boots and rubbers at A. W. Meyer & Co.

To a man who can pleasantly commune with his own thoughts, solitude is the best company.

F. L. WATERMAN,

Dealer in

Fancy Groceries,

Fruits, Vegetables and Bery Goods, Tobacco, Cigars, Nuts and Confectionery.

ICE CREAM AND OYSTERS IN SEASON.

Barrington, Ill.

"Hard Times" Bargains!

As we are now selling on a cash basis, we have decided to offer (among others) the following bargains:

Children's School Shoes, Child's Pebble Goat Shoes (8 to 11 ft-2) 50c

Besides the above we have a full line of "SELZ" Boots and Shoes. Also Felt Boots and Shoes and Rubber Boots and Shoes in all sizes.

Clothing

Marked down 10 to 30 per cent. Men's Suits, \$4 to \$18. Overcoats, \$4 to \$10. Also large line of Canvas and Rubber Coats, Overalls, Jackets, etc., at greatly reduced prices.

Men's Furnishing Goods,

Underwear, Dress and Neglige Shirts, Hats, Caps, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Hose, Gloves, etc. A full line of Ladies' and Children's.

Underwear and Hosiery.

A Complete Stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries Always on Hand.

Trunks! Valises! Trunks!