

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 9. NO. 37.

BARRINGTON, ILL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1895.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

BARRINGTON.

CHURCH NOTICES.

ST. ANNE'S CATHOLIC—Rev. J. F. Casey, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m.
GERMAN EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S—Rev. E. Rahn, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.
BAPTIST—Rev. Robert Bailey, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 9 a. m.
GERMAN EVANGELICAL—Rev. J. B. Elfrink, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9 a. 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 7:00 p. m.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

E. O. T. M. TEST No. 19—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Tuesday of each month. W. H. Snyder, P. C.; T. H. Crest, 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.; E. M. Jayne, S. M. G.; E. W. Mosher, 2d M. G.; G. H. Kendall, P. H. Roloff, S.; Dan Callow, P.
LOUNSBURY LODGE No. 754—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.; G. E. Ochs, Treas.; A. T. Ulitich, 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.; W. C. W. Campbell, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, Q. M.; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; L. H. Bute, 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. T. Lamey, Clerk; Wm. Anholts, W.; J. M. Thrasher, E. S.; H. F. Askew, S.
W. R. C. No. 55—Meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Mrs. Lucy Townsend, Pres.; Miss Allie Meyer, Sec.

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ON ALLISON'S PLAN.

ATTEMPT TO AVOID AN EXTRA SESSION.

Belief That Some Measure Will Be Taken for Meeting the Deficiency and Providing for Bonds—Proceedings of the Senate and House.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—"An extra session is almost a certainty if we do not do something to relieve the treasury at least temporarily before the adjournment of the fifty-third congress. Under the circumstances, therefore, I am inclined to believe in the closing days of the session some such plan as that suggested by Senator Allison will be agreed upon by both houses. Neither the republicans, nor the democrats want an extra session and the Allison plan is practically the only one of the scores thus far submitted which is distinctly a temporary expedient and yet at the same time is a plan which does not disturb existing conditions nor precipitate any fight on silver, gold, greenbacks, national banks, state banks, or any other of the disputed issues."

This statement was made yesterday by a member of the senate finance committee and later in the evening was repeated substantially word for word by one of the leading members of the ways and means committee of the house. What is known as the Allison plan has not yet gone even to the extent of being put into bill form and is so far based on statements made to newspaper correspondents by the Iowa senator. Continuing the subject Senator Allison said:

"The plan, as I originally outlined it, was in two sections, embracing the issue of treasury notes and of bonds. It is the treasury note feature alone which I consider necessary to relieve the treasury from its present embarrassment. I propose, in brief, that the treasury shall issue \$30,000,000 of notes, running one, two, and three years, or possibly two and three years, in about equal proportions. The interest could be fixed at 2 per cent, or 2 1/2 per cent, or whatever rate would be sufficient to float the notes without difficulty. They would not disturb existing conditions, and would not open any currency question. I think a limit of \$50,000,000 would be ample to cover the deficiency for the coming year. These currency notes differ from the certificates of indebtedness for which there was such a rush in 1879, for those were exchangeable for bonds."

"These interest bearing treasury notes which I propose to permit the secretary of the treasury to issue are simply to forestall future revenue. If the revenue of the government is not sufficient within a year or two to provide for the payment of these notes it would be a simple matter to adjust the tariffs or internal revenue laws so as to provide the necessary money. The question of issuing bonds to maintain the parity between gold and silver is a distinct thing. The secretary of the treasury under the existing law can issue those bonds at 5 per cent, or a net interest rate of about 3 per cent, and the bond feature which concerns the question of keeping up the parity between the precious metals only is entirely distinct from the proposed treasury notes, as they concern only the deficiency caused by lack of revenue to supply the ordinary expenditures of the government. I have not put my plan into the form of a bill, as it is a suggestion merely."

COMPLETE SUNDRY CIVIL BILL.

Several Controversial Passages Alone Remain.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—The house yesterday devoted all its time to the consideration of the sundry civil appropriation with such success that at the hour of adjournment it had completed the reading of the bill, except for several controversial paragraphs, which were temporarily passed over. The case of Judge Ricks had an echo in the adoption of an amendment offered by Mr. Ray (rep., N. Y.), making it unlawful for clerks of United States courts to include in their emoluments fees not earned and due at the time their acts were rendered and forbidding the allowance of fees not actually earned. Mr. Ray said privately this was to meet such cases as the Ricks one. Some minor amendments to the bill were made. By amendment Arizona and Wyoming were included in the list of states where increased rates should be allowed for surveys and resurveys of heavily timbered lands. The amount to be expended for examination of public surveys was increased from \$35,000 to \$40,000.

ONE TERM IN OFFICE.

Committee Recommends that Presidents Be Ineligible for Re-Election.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Jan. 24.—The committee on the election of President and Vice-President and members of congress reported favorably to-day, through Chairman Donovan of Ohio, on Mr. Bryan's joint resolution making the President ineligible to succeed

himself. The committee thinks that the welfare of the country does not depend upon the continuance in office of any particular person, however worthy, and believes that the dangers attendant upon a re-election of a President to succeed himself are greater than the advantages to be expected from it, and therefore recommends that the resolution be passed.

Morgan's Pail on Nicaragua Bill.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—Senator Morgan, who has charge of the bill, believes there will be no opposition to taking a vote on the Nicaragua canal scheme to-day, the debate having closed yesterday, so far as the set speeches are concerned. Senator Morgan believes he has a majority of twelve votes for the bill as it stands. There is, unfortunately, but little chance of the canal bill getting through the house at this session, owing to the short time remaining as well as the openly expressed hostility to the subsidy provisions. At the opening of the session yesterday the consideration of the Nicaragua canal bill was resumed, and Mr. White (dem., Cal.) spoke in advocacy of the project. At the conclusion of Mr. White's speech Mr. Mil's (dem., Texas) gave notice he would address the senate to-day on the Hawaiian question.

Republican Senators Will Caucus.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—The republican senators hold a caucus in Senator Sherman's committee room at 10:30 o'clock to-day. The question of most importance to be considered is that relating to the finance, and it is understood the republican members of the finance committee will ask they be instructed as to what course they pursue in dealing with the questions in committee. There will also be some republican policy in connection with the bills for the admission of New Mexico and Arizona. The announcement of a caucus had the effect of reviving the talk of the prospect of a compromise between the bond advocates and the silver republicans.

Committee Postpones Action.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—The house committee on territories has decided to indefinitely postpone the further consideration of the Wheeler bill to admit as a state the territory of Oklahoma with a portion of the Chickasaw country attached.

THE BROOKLYN STRIKE.

Less Violence Done, and Troops May Be Sent Home.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—There were yesterday, as Wednesday, eighteen lines running out of the forty-eight on strike, but they were able to operate more cars. Tuesday 179 cars were run, Wednesday 352, and yesterday the companies claim they had nearly 300 cars moving. Justice Gaynor will hear argument to-day as to whether his mandamus shall be alternative or peremptory. The judge holds that if the directors of the company can not get labor at what they offer they must pay more and get it. They may not stop their cars for an hour even, and thereby beat the price of labor down to the conditions they offer. It would be a defiance of law and government for them to do so and would tend to social disorder.

The chief occupation of the mobs yesterday was wire cutting. Many of the linemen went out, but not the entire force. The electrical workers are banded together in a benevolent union simply and are not a factor of the Knights of Labor, hence their going out is purely sympathy.

Serious demonstrations by the rioters seem to have been in a large measure given up. The crowds that gather are easily dispersed, and it is evident the strikers and their sympathizers are taking care that they do not call forth the shots from the soldiers or the club charges from the police. Carney, who was shot by the troops Tuesday, died at the Long Island college hospital yesterday morning. They now confine themselves to the cutting of the trolley wires and the feeder wires.

Justice Gaynor of the Supreme court landed down his decision on the application of Joseph Loader for a mandamus to compel the Brooklyn Heights railroad to operate its cars in sufficient numbers to accommodate the traveling public in the Fulton street, Putnam avenue, Greene and Gates, and the Tompkins avenue lines. He grants the mandamus. Loader is a merchant, who alleges his business suffers by reason of the failure of the company to operate its lines.

The report is current that the First brigade, composed of the New York city regiments, is to be relieved from duty either to-day or to-morrow.

Ten experienced trolley men, who had been brought here from Pittsburg Tuesday by the Brooklyn Heights Railroad company, deserted the Flat-bush avenue cars of which they were in charge yesterday afternoon and were brought to the strikers' headquarters at Mugg's hall at 10 o'clock in the evening. Altogether twenty-one men arrived from Pittsburg and five stole away from the stables last night undetected and ten of the remainder, as soon as they got a chance, did likewise. The company is getting new men, but slowly, and not in sufficient numbers.

DON'T LIKE NEWELL.

JUROR IN THE HAYWARD CASE UNDER SUSPICION.

Belief That He Sympathizes with the Accused Man—Only Eight Jurors Secured—News of Interest Gathered From the Northwest.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Jan. 25.—Evidence taken yesterday goes to show that Ira Newell, the first juror selected in the Hayward case, has frequently expressed himself as opposed to capital punishment and that he has no sympathy with a woman who has been at all wayward, indicating that he was an admirable juror for the defense. A letter has been sent to the county attorney apprising him of these facts and this led to the investigation. Whether Newell will be impeached or not is a question. Three jurors were accepted in the case yesterday, making eight altogether.

Adry Hayward, who has resided in the Ramsey county jail for a number of weeks past, was brought over to Minneapolis yesterday and taken to the Hotel Waverly, where he will probably be quartered until he is brought into court to testify against his brother.

In an interview E. R. Odell, the attorney for Claus Blix, made some rather damaging assertions. He said he did not expect to get his man off altogether, but he did believe he could keep him from hanging, and that he would get him convicted on the charge of manslaughter. He practically admitted that Blix committed the murder, but said he was at the time under the influence of Hayward, and that the latter should be hanged. Hayward keeps up his spirits wonderfully. He takes the papers regularly and reads the accounts of the trial closely. He complains bitterly of the unfairness of the newspapers.

VICTIMS OF WINNER CHOLERA.

Epidemic in Lorain, Ohio, Affects 250 of the Residents.

ELYRIA, Ohio, Jan. 25.—Alarm is felt in Lorain over the spreading of a malady resembling winter cholera. It has made its appearance in the last three days and 250 residents of the town are afflicted. Physicians say it can be aggravated into a fatal form. The cause of the epidemic has been found to be the impure hydrant water drawn from a crib in Lake Erie, only about a quarter of a mile from shore and near the mouth of Black river, into which a great amount of sewage is poured daily.

All Saloonkeepers Are Barred.

ELWOOD, Ind., Jan. 25.—A sensation among Knights of Pythias has been caused by the lodge here taking steps to expel all saloonkeepers from membership at once. The movement is in obedience to a decree passed by the supreme lodge at its recent session, and Elwood starts the ball rolling.

Troll Acquitted at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 25.—Yesterday afternoon the jury impaneled to try Sheriff Henry Troll on a charge of bribery at the November election returned a verdict of not guilty.

MOTHER DROWNS CHILDREN.

Holds Their Heads in a Dishpan of Water Until They Are Dead.

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 25.—Mrs. Maggie McBoarnie, wife of James McBoarnie, ended a protracted spree yesterday morning by drowning her two children Clara, aged 2 1/2 years, and Clifford, aged 5. She then laid the little ones out on a bed in their night dresses, crossed their hands over their breasts, placed coppers on their eyes, and went to police station No. 12 and told the sergeant what she had done. The woman was sober when she related her story. She wouldn't tell how she had drowned the children, though it appears she held their heads in a dishpan and filled it with water.

Says He Knows Where Taylor Is.

CRAWFORDVILLE, Ind., Jan. 25.—John G. Overton, justice of the peace and ex-county superintendent of Montgomery county, claims he has W. W. Taylor, the defaulting treasurer of South Dakota, located near Crawfordville. He says he is ready to deliver him up and get the reward.

PIERRE, S. D., Jan. 25.—Attorney-General Crawford left for Chicago last night.

Riot of Unemployed in Buda Pesth.

BUDA PESTH, Jan. 25.—A mob of unemployed persons marched in a riotous manner through the principal streets yesterday and were dispersed by the police. Many people were hurt and several arrests were made. During the time of the disturbance the police plucked the streets leading to the Hungarian diet.

Bank President Kills Himself.

SANDUSKY, Ohio, Jan. 25.—George E. St. John, president of the German-American bank at Port Clinton, committed suicide by shooting yesterday in jail at Port Clinton. He had been convicted of forgery. He leaves a widow and two children.

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.

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Fresh and Salt Meats,

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Armour's Celebrated Hams, Sausages, Etc.

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A Good Investment.

A better investment for so little money can not be found than \$1 placed for a year's subscription for the REVIEW. If you are not a subscriber you should be, for there is nothing in this line so welcome or more interesting to the home than a good home paper. We are receiving many new subscribers every week which goes to show the interest the public are taking in the REVIEW. If you are not a subscriber don't wait, but subscribe now and get all the news promptly every week.

Pay Your Taxes.

After Jan. 20 the undersigned, tax collector for the Town of Cuba, will be at the office of J. D. Lamey & Co. on Tuesday and Saturday of each week to receive taxes.

JOHN WELCH

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.

Fast Records at Skating.

REDRANK, N. J., Jan. 25.—Johnson, Mesher, and Davidson broke some world records yesterday morning skating with the wind. They were as follows: Davidson, 220 yds. standing start, :16 1-5; Johnson, standing start, one quarter of a mile, :29 3-5; Mosher, flying start, 220 yards, :15 2-5. These are not official records.

New Meat Market Now Open.

The undersigned has opened a meat market in William Howarth's store building and will keep constantly on hand a choice line of fresh and smoked meats, fish, oysters, Armour's celebrated sausages, hams, etc. Market open Sundays until 9 a. m. R. BURTON.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE STRANGE STORY OF KING ARTHUR'S REIGN.

The Baby That Was Laid on Britain's Shores by the Waves, and When His Life Was Done Carried Out Again into the Night by Old Ocean.

King Arthur.

It has been so long since King Arthur lived that history is inclined to look doubtfully upon him and his exploits, but the beautiful legends surrounding his name have a life quite independent of their historical accuracy.

King Uther of Britain lay dying in his seagirt castle of Tintagil. Amid the roar of the winds and the waves, for the night was stormy, were heard his cries that he might be given an heir to succeed to his kingdom. Merlin and Bleya attended to their dying master, the last service their wisdom and magic were to render him. In all the land these two were reputed the wisest and they were revered as magicians and prophets.

In the middle of the night they left the dead king and went out on the stormy seacoast. There they saw wave after wave rear itself and dash with fury against the shore. On the crest of the ninth they saw a shining bark, which vanished in the blackness, while to their feet rolled the waters like flame, and queer sounds came faintly to them through the crash of the tempest. When the waters receded, there beneath the walls of the high rocky castle lay a child, brought by the sea, and Merlin lifted it, crying:

"Our king! Here is an heir for Uther!"

The child thus laid at the door of the king's castle by the arms of the sea, was Arthur. The wise Merlin gave him to a knight, Sir Anton, who raised him to manhood as his own son. This was done because Merlin knew the nobles would not acknowledge Arthur as Uther's heir and their rightful king until by his prowess in battle he had proved himself worthy. Now during all the years of Arthur's childhood the land of Britain had been a scene of continual war between the nobles, who each claimed the kingship for himself, and so when Merlin brought Arthur forth as Uther's heir and king of Britain the country was torn by internal strife, while the barbarians attacked it from without.

Arthur came as a deliverer, who made the land one under him, who drove the barbarians from the boundaries of the kingdom and freed Britain from Rome.

In Camelot, the wonderful city of spires, was Arthur crowned. Merlin had proclaimed him to the people as heir to Uther; some believed, but many mocked and came to the coronation only to jeer at the new-made king. But as he sat throned beneath the stained chancel window in the castle hall, at his side stood three tall queens, robed in shining white. Mysterious and more than earthly seemed they, so that whispered awe instead of mockery pervaded the vast throng in attendance.

Then Arthur spoke, and when the nobles heard his simple, stirring words of true knightly valor, filled with sudden fervor, they approached and swore to be true to him and the vows that he had proposed. Thus came the Round Table of Arthur and his knights, a goodly fellowship, the fame of which still endures.

Through the land spread the tidings of all these things, of the mighty king, who, some said, was sent by heaven and who, Merlin had foretold, would pass from them when his mission was complete, but would never die. The three queens were spoken of with bated breath and strange legends were in the air. It was a marvelous time.

Now, Arthur, one day, standing with his knights on the margin of a lake, saw, far out in the water, an arm, clothed in mystic white, holding aloft a sword. He took a boat and rowing to the spot, grasped the sword. This was Excalibur, the sword of victory, by which he quelled rebellions, drove out the heathen and conquered the land. The lady of the lake, far down in the glassy depths of her home, had made it for their king, said the people.

The fair Guinevere became King Arthur's queen and to their court at Camelot thronged all the beauty and valor of the land, where tournaments and jousts were held and minstrels sang their lays. Sir Lancelot, Sir Percivale, Sir Gawaine, Sir Tristram, Sir Bedivere and many other gallant knights here held feast with their king, rode with him to the chase and went forth to win fame by daring deeds in behalf of the oppressed.

But Arthur was to pass away, so Merlin had said, and the day drew nigh. Modred, once a loyal knight of the Round Table, took up arms against the king. Many were the dark and bloody battles fought, in which all his much-beloved knights, save Bedivere, had fallen nobly fighting in his cause.

In the mist of a dreary seacoast, the last blows were struck and Arthur slew Modred. Then, as night closed in, the king was borne by Bedivere to a ruined chapel, for he had been wounded and he knew his end was nigh. Taking his good sword Excalibur, he gave it to Bedivere, charging him to cast it into the lake near by and bring him word of what he saw.

Twice Bedivere hid the wondrous sword among the rushes on the margin of the lake, thinking its beauty too great to cast away. But when Arthur rebuked him he returned the third time and threw it far out over the water.

Then, in the middle of the lake

rose the same white arm, which grasped the sword, and brandishing it aloft three times, sunk from view.

When Bedivere related to Arthur what he had seen, Arthur knew that his time had come. He commanded Bedivere to bear him down to the seaside. There lay anchored a black bark and on its deck moved three stately forms who tenderly bore the wounded king on board.

Then out from the land moved the strange ship, and Bedivere stood on the highest rock watching it slowly bear away its precious burden till it vanished in the glow of the newly-risen sun.—Philadelphia Times.

For Amateur Actors.

What to act is a question that to be answered satisfactorily requires much thought and the exercise of no little judgment: As a bit of advice, the amateur manager is cautioned to be modest. It is extremely likely that the acting material he has to draw upon is not of the stuff of which stars are made.

The work of plotting a play requires great patience and not a little work. The stage-manager should first read the play over several times, familiarizing himself thoroughly with its spirit, purport, and object. Then he should endeavor to work out a plan of action that will bring out all these particulars. He should study each character carefully, so that he can determine its exact proportionate value to the story, he should think out characteristic bits of business that will heighten the effect of each part, and he must devise stage groupings of the characters that will make pictures; for a play is really a story illustrated by living pictures. The groupings must be so arranged that the component parts balance each other. Care must be taken that no actor stands in a line and so hides another; neither should there be a majority of players on any one side of the stage. They should be so grouped that an artistic equilibrium is always established. Then each page of text must be considered so that the entrances and exits are all consistently arranged. Thus, if a character goes off through a door on the left-hand side of the stage, say to enter that part of the house set apart for the family, it must be seen that on his reappearance he does not come in through a door which is supposed to communicate with the street. All these little points have to be most carefully considered. Then when an act or scene has been thought out in this way, the exact method of procedure should be set down on the blank page opposite the printed page, so that when the stage-manager comes to drill his forces, he may know just where each character should be at almost every line of the play's text.—Harper's Young People.

Lolleness.

A delightful little incident is told in the Irish Times about a monkey and a dog: A brave, active, intelligent terrier, belonging to a lady friend, one day discovered a monkey belonging to an itinerant organ grinder seated upon a bank within the grounds and at once made a dash for him. The monkey, who was attired in jacket and hat, awaited the onset in such undisturbed tranquility that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoiter. Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other, but the dog evidently was recovering from his surprise and about to make a spring for the intruder. At this critical juncture the monkey, who had remained perfectly quiet hitherto, raised his paw and gracefully saluted by lifting his hat. The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped and he sneaked off to the house, refusing to leave it until his polite but mysterious guest had departed.

Bessie's Faith.

Little Bessie's papa Is an advertiser, Who takes his business everywhere— Everywhere he goes. Little Bessie heard him, Heard him talk; and And became a loyal convert To that theory of his: And like her good papa, He showed that advertiser's desire Could be had by advertising. When properly inspired. One day there came a babe To all the house with joy, A great big bounding baby, A ten-pound baby boy. And when Bessie saw her brother, As she tip-toed on the mat, And saw the babe, she said: "Mamma, Did you advertise for that?" —Chicago Inter-Ocean

Little Jack's Prayer.

Little Jack prays every night for all the different members of his family. His father had been away at one time for a short journey, and that night Jack was praying for him as usual. "Bless papa and take care of him," he was beginning as usual, when suddenly he raised his head and listened. "Never mind about it now, Lord," ended the little fellow; "I hee him down in the hall!"

Mounting the Camel in Cairo.

A game for the little people is called mounting the camel in Cairo street. A large camel is cut from dark cloth and fastened to the white background of a sheet. The figure of a man is cut from white or scarlet, and the point of the game is, when blindfolded, to fasten the figure with a pin in a proper position to ride the camel.

What For?

"What for is this?" asked a teacher in one of the Monroe county, New York, schools of a class of juveniles, as she held up a muff. "That is for to keep the hands warm," replied a boy.

Spending and Keeping.

"Isn't it curious," commented Harry, "that we may keep a holiday, and yet at the same time we've got to spend it somewhere?"

"LOOKING FORWARD."

A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD

When All Mankind Will Be United and Anarchy and Socialism Will Be no More—Will Transportation Solve the Living Questions?



LOCOMOTION IN the nineteenth century has been a great and wonderful, perhaps in many instances, an amusing thing. To look over the numberless types of locomotives and steam cars invented from 1814 to 1895, is to form some slight conception of the true philosophy of progress and to realize that, after all, it is only relative. Yet the nineteenth century can be considered only as a mere initiator, an experimenter, a feverish seeker, a sower of ideas and of projects which the twentieth century, more positive, more scientific, better balanced and less sentimental and idealistic, must realize.

Three methods of traction dominate the present. Each is comfortable, speedy and economic. They are steam, electricity and cyclism, the latter representing automatic motion in a still undeveloped stage. All indicate the greatest triumph of man over mere brute force, as represented by the horse, and offer advantages so real and so appreciable as to give indubitable evidence that in the immediate future our courses will be reduced from the rank of necessities to that of luxuries. Then, the horse relegated to the same leisure enjoyed by the bovine species, there would no longer be heard along the highways the rhythm of trots and gallops, no joyous neighings, no stertorous breathings of nags oppressed with burdens. In their place would resound the heavy roll of wheels, the



HOW THE COUNTRY DOCTOR WILL TRAVEL. Whirl of machinery, the scream of warning whistles. Everywhere steam or electric carriages, everywhere coal- or petroleum stations, everywhere water tanks for the boilers, restaurants for travelers, blacksmith shops for repairs in the machinery, villages transformed into miniature towns and "hayscuds" into sophisticated town-folk, the entire landscape invaded by automatic cars and aerial voyagers, flying like birds through the air. Such vehicles will not be without character, and will lend individuality to the scene. Specially remarkable will be the large "family car," or ex-



AERIAL LINE.

Hejena, Mont. were a long, serious journey. Take a peep into any museum of antiquities and see what hideous, uncomfortable cars were used for those journeys. "Now, gentlemen, look at our modern New York, emerged from the limbo in which it was plunged by the barbarity and unscientific stupidity of our predecessors! Let us admire the efforts which have permitted us to cover our great city with innumerable means of communication, with aerial, terrestrial and subterranean routes. Let us admire our elevated railroads, raised upon magnificent iron edifices, which add to rather than subtract from the general elegance. One hour of to-day is worth a year of the past.

"Don't you think, my dear fellow progressionists, that in the way of material needs, we have gained the summit of human ambition? What of all

bales, according to the particular line they represent.

The streets of all the great cities—New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Paris or London—will be far, indeed, from the comparative calm and quiet of the present. Merely human voices of discredited coachmen and car drivers will be drowned in the prodigious and never ceasing tumult of the whistles, the bells, the gongs and other alarms from all sorts of vehicles; the shrieks of escaping steam at each accident or collision, the thunderous roll of wheels, the interminable clicking of machinery. The spectacle will be picturesque, though dangerous to the pedestrian.

No horse will appear, save in certain little riding roads in the suburban parts. Magnificent bicycles, run by the aid of electricity and developing a high rate of speed by the merest touch of the most emasculated foot, will be the fashionable thing in places like the big parks. The horse track will give place to the bicycle track. Jerome park and Monmouth park will no more attract people to see contests of Salvators and Tenneys. Instead, more exciting trials of speed will take place between famous bicyclists. Enormous prizes will be offered by rival builders of the wheels. A curious sight in all the large cities will be the electrical funeral trains, accommodating a number of burial parties and running by schedule every day, each train consisting of half a dozen hearses and perhaps a hundred coaches for the friends of the defunct. These expresses will run at the rate of 100 miles an hour, and will deposit the bodies in the large crematory established somewhere on the shores of the Atlantic.

A century from now progress in transit will have almost reached its apogee. Before the new born generation has become octogenarian, the earth will be covered with a network of railways comparable to the interlaced ropes which envelop a balloon. The oceans will be dotted with powerful boats which will dominate wind and tide. We may be almost certain that the problem of aerial navigation will have been partly or entirely solved.

In order to abandon the odious repetition of the future tense, let us suppose that the writer of this humble little sketch has suddenly transported himself into the year 1995; that he is a spectator looking back upon accomplished facts.

"Yes, indeed, gentlemen," he says proudly and pompously, "a century ago our fathers, absurd alike in their skepticism and in their naivete, would never have dared to predict the realization of so many projects. What meets our eyes as we look back upon New York? A miserable provincial town, badly lighted, with a few fine streets and an innumerable number of dirty, narrow alleys, badly paved, lined with unsightly and unwholesome tenements, where the seeds of vice and disease were propagated and nursed to an evil maturity. Nineteenth of its citizens were either immoral or ignorant, knowing little or nothing of neighbor, cities, ridiculously narrow and jealous in all their judgments. It took six hours to go to Boston, and twenty-four to Chicago, while San Francisco and the now magnificent metropolis of

the problems left to us by our ancestors remains to be realized? We have tamed and domesticated the electrical forces to perfection. Aerial navigation, which for so long tortured the brains of inventors and had at last almost been abandoned as an absolutely Utopian idea, is with us a matter of the most elementary nature. To employ an old saying of the past, it has entered definitely into our manners. The aerial electro-cable, which in less than two hours puts us in communication with any point from Maine to Florida,

A SMILE FOR A CLUB.

The Would Be Woman Policeman Thinks She Can Make Arrests.

There is nothing that some woman will not attempt. We have women lawyers, women doctors, women editors, women bartenders, women barbers and the Lord only knows what. Here is a woman who wants to be a policeman. She is Mrs. Lily A. Thompson of Washington, D. C., young, beautiful, accomplished and refined. In urging her special fitness for the work, she has explained to the district



ELECTRICAL RELAY STATION.

the San Francisco, Chicago and New York limited aerophagus, which makes a journey across the continent a pleasant day's outing, can not surely be surpassed in swiftness, in security and in comfort. Our electric steamers put London and Paris among our next door neighbors. I say nothing of our aero-cycles, whose use is so widespread among our modern population that the skies of to-day have more men skimming through them than there were birds in the prehistoric times.

"These scientific conquests, gentlemen, have, in addition, increased the moral and physical health of the inhabitants of our planet; the diseases, the wars, the revolutions which for so many centuries afflicted our poor humanity are at last erased from the register of our misfortunes. It may be said that all these calamities and disasters had only one cause, the stagnation of being, the egotism of nations, their provincialism, their ignorance of each other—in a word, the inability under which human beings then suffered to get outside of the four walls of their own being, to judge themselves impartially. We have realized the words of a now forgotten poet of whom these barbarously worded lines have survived.

Oh, had some power the gift of us To see ourself as others see us.

It is more than sixty years ago, gentlemen, that the governments of the world, desirous of escaping from the follies of socialism and anarchy, realized this truth. A celebrated philosopher in an equally celebrated congress showed in 1935 that travel was the bulwark of safety of our social institutions. But it is unnecessary for me to recall to your attention the benefits which spread all over the civilized world from the congress at Washington, which gave America, Europe, Asia and Africa their first true independence and assured the tranquility of the future. By common international accord, you will remember, it was determined to develop to the utmost all methods of transit; all possibilities of communication, to multiply railways, electric cables and aerial motors, and give free passage in these rolling hotels to citizens of all countries on the unanswerable plea that as all roads were in common the means of transport should, like the road belong to the individual. An admirable system of internal taxes permitted the realization of this program, and we must admit that it is this system of free locomotion which has made nations and cities lose the petty jealousies, unbecalled patriotism, which arrayed one against the other, and the resultant mental stagnation that



MRS. LILY A. THOMPSON.

profits of the peanut and banana stands. Mrs. Thompson is a widow, blonde and blue-eyed.

Honors for Lord Lansdowne.

Lord Lansdowne, late viceroy of India and formerly governor general of Canada, who has been made a knight of the garter, is the third successive marquis of his line to receive this honor. Seven dukes of Devonshire in succession have been K. G.'s, six dukes of Richmond and of Rutland, five dukes of Beaufort and of Northumberland, three marquises of Salisbury, and three earls Spencer. Of the ordinary knights Earl Fitzwilliam, who was appointed in 1862, is the senior since the recent death of Earl Grey; of the royal extra knights the Duke of Cambridge, who was made K. G. by King William IV, in 1835, is the most ancient; he is the only knight now living who has not received the honor from Queen Victoria.

To Return to the Primitive.

In the department of Canal, France, among the mountains of Auvergne, an attempt is to be made to return to the manners of primitive man. M. Gravelle, a painter, has acquired a large tract of land, on which five married couples will live in the caverns and raise a few animals and simple crops for their food and clothing. He claims that one hectare (two acres and a half) should supply all the needs of a single individual.

Discoverer of Anti-Toxins.

Doctor Behring of Vienna, who discovered the new remedy for diphtheria, was asked what Prof. Koch thought of the serum. He replied: "Dr. Koch is one of its warmest advocates. I have learned much from Koch, negatively as well as positively inasmuch as his experience taught me not to make a premature announcement of my discovery."



CARRYING FREIGHT.

ABOUT THE CAMPFIRE

PRaised FOR BRAVERY BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

The Adventure of a Union Spy—G. A. R. Acrostic—Had to Acknowledge the Breed—How Napoleon Rewarded an Act of Bravery.

A Spy's Adventure.
During the Antietam campaign a cadet engineer, Henry E. Rhoades, was employed in medical service in the field hospitals at Frederick City, Md. One day a surgeon asked him if he would undertake a dangerous work for which he was well qualified. He consented readily, being influenced by a love of adventure characteristic of youth in war time.

The work was secret service in the Confederate lines. Antietam had been fought, but General Lee's army was still massed along the Potomac, and there was a column of unknown strength between Frederick City and Washington. What the cadet engineer was asked to do was to ride across country and ascertain how large was this force, and, if possible, what it was.

He took the train for Washington by way of Relay Junction, dressed himself as a Maryland planter, and mounted a fine gray horse at the stables of the National hotel. The horse was so frisky from lack of exercise that the rider was thrown from the saddle and dragged some distance along Pennsylvania avenue. Bruised but undaunted, the young engineer remounted and rode toward Georgetown. Following the turnpike he went on hour after hour until he was within the Confederate lines, between Rockville and Clarksburg. He chatted easily with the pickets, passing himself off as a Maryland sympathizer with the Confederate cause, who was on his way home to Cumberland.

He did not excite suspicion, was in no haste to ride on, and did not ask too many questions. He learned that the force was small, consisting only of General Early's brigade, and that reinforcements were not expected. It was practically the rear guard preparing to retreat.

While he was still within the enemy's lines, he halted at a house near Hyattstown and asked to be entertained over night. He was kindly received by an old planter whose daughters smiled upon him at dinner, and talked suspiciously about him when he had retired to his bedroom.

Their voices made him uneasy, and looking about his room, he noticed a stovepipe closed with a cap, but communicating with the parlor below. He removed the cap, and, putting his ear to the hole, heard distinctly the conversation in the family room.

The girls were talking very unpleasantly about him. One of them was positive that he did not live in Cumberland, and the other intimated that he might be a spy. The father had less to say, and the family council finally broke up.

The engineer determined to leave the house where he was suspected. He waited until everything was quiet, and then softly raised the window. With a sailor's deft fingers he tied the blankets of the bed together, and fastened one end to a chair. With the aid of this blanket-ropo he lowered himself from the window and reached the ground.

Then stealing into the barn he saddled his horse and cautiously led the animal to the road, expecting momentarily an outcry from the windows. Happily the inmates were not aroused.

The spy mounted his horse and rode steadily until daybreak. He passed through Urbana and crossed the Monocacy and was safe within the union lines. Reaching Frederick City, he reported at headquarters, giving the secret information which was urgently needed.

A few days afterwards he was at General Grant's headquarters, when an important visitor was announced. It was President Lincoln who had come by train from Washington. The general introduced the cadet engineer and related his dangerous exploit.

The president had already heard of it but insisted upon having the story in detail from the young officer's lips, laughing heartily over his escape from the Hyattstown house.

"Well, boy," said the president, "that was brave. You have earned a commission."

A tribute from Lincoln was worth living for, even if the commission never came.—Youth's Companion.

A Timely Arrival.
I will contribute a little incident that occurred in front of Petersburg in the early part of the siege of 1864. Our troops had been charging the enemy and closing up on their lines in the vicinity of the Crater, the Fifth corps being amongst the troops engaged. Three days after the engagement we relieved them, ours being the Ninth corps. Their dead and wounded had been left between the lines. As to approach them meant certain death, the lines were about a hundred yards apart and a level field between us. About this time, through all the long marches and constant fighting, our clothes and shoes were worn out, and I came to the conclusion there would be no harm in relieving one of the dead men of his shoes, as he had no use for them and I had. So I bided my time until dark. I crawled over the pits and kept down low in my hands and knees to avoid being shot. I worked my way over the dead and decaying bodies until I found a pair to fit me. As I was about to return I heard a moaning at a distance away. I crawled in the direction of the sound and came

upon one of our boys who had been shot through both legs three days previous. He was lying in a gully that had been washed out by the recent rains. As I approached him he remarked, "Are you a Union or a Confederate soldier?" I told him I was the former. He thanked God for that, and stated he had been three days and nights without food or drink. So I placed him upon my back and crept toward the pits. I had him placed behind the works and supplied him with food and made him comfortable for the night. The next morning we conveyed him to the hospital and he was properly cared for. Thus, by looking for a pair of shoes, I was enabled to save the life of a comrade.—George Hubner, in the National Tribune.

The Drummer Boy.
The memory of Napoleon was not the least marvelous thing about him. As first consul he had all the regiments pass in review before him in successive quintities—that is, every fifth day—at the Tuilleries. At these reviews he encouraged the soldiers to speak plainly, to make any complaint about their treatment. He was never so happy as when seeing these regiments deploy. Every soldier in France was thus in turn brought under the consul's eye, as well as in view of the foreign ministers and other dignitaries who came to look on. Always Napoleon would dismount from his horse and speak personally with some one in the ranks—a question, a remark, a commendation.

On one occasion, as related by Mme. Junot, Napoleon stopped a drummer boy under the Tuilleries window and said: "So it was you, my brave boy, who beat the charge before Zurich?" Blushing and half speechless with pride, the boy made answer: "Oui, mon general."

"It was you, too, who at Wesser gave proof of the most gallant presence of mind by saving your commander?" The youth, blushing still deeper, made the same response.

"I must discharge the debt of the country," said the first consul. "It will be paid you not in a ring of honor, but in a saber of honor. I appoint you a subaltern in the consular guard. Continue to behave well, and I will take care of you."

As Napoleon passed on the young drummer was leaning on the shoulder of a comrade, unable to stand alone. His eye followed Napoleon, his face was pale as death.

He was an adorer of Napoleon for life, and the nucleus and germ of enthusiasm in others about him; he must have been.

As Mme. Junot said, he would either be dead or a general in no long time. Thus Napoleon made heroes.

The 15th Mich.
The regiment was organized at Detroit, Monroe, and Grand Rapids from October, 1861, to March 13, 1862, to serve three years. On the expiration of its term of service the original members, except veterans, were mustered out, and the organization, composed of veterans and recruits, remained in the service until August 13, 1865, when it was mustered out in accordance with orders from the war department. Colonel John M. Oliver, the first commander of the regiment, was promoted to brigadier-general January 13, 1865. When mustered out Frederick S. Hutchinson was in command. The regiment received its baptism of fire at the battle of Shiloh, where two commissioned officers and thirty-one men were killed. In June, 1861, the regiment was ordered to Vicksburg, and was attached to the First division, Sixteenth corps. In July, 1864, it became part of the Second brigade, Fourth division, Fifteenth corps. Among the battles in which the regiment was engaged were: Corinth, Vicksburg, Jackson, Kennesaw, Decatur, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Lovejoy's Station, Columbia, Bentonville. During its entire service it lost three officers and sixty men killed in action or from wounds received therein, and 268 from other causes.

G. A. R. Acrostic.
Traitor hand our land would save
Heroes answered, "No, sir, never."
Erase no stripe or star!

Gettysburg a protest thundered
Richmond fell the nation wondered
Atlanta gazed mid fire and smoke
Nashville, Vicksburg, Knoxville spoke
Donelson was ours!

Alvancine hosts with burle, drummer
Raleigh ride with mule and drummer,
Manny Davis then would run,
Yanic says: "Halt, ye son-o'-a-jun!"

Onward upward, stripes and stars!
Falls in dust the stars and bars!

Thousands fell aton; the way
Honored wounds are seen to-day—
Empty sleeves, and scars!

Rebel prisons, woe, privation!
Earnest longings, death, starvation!
Pallid faces, groans and pain!
Unholy land! 'twas not in vain!
Broken fetters, freedom given;
Lincoln spoke, and chains were rene!
In silence bow, uncovered head!
Comrades fallen; heroes dead!

Had to Acknowledge the Breed.

An old farmer from the West, who knew President Lincoln in by-gone times, called one day to pay his respects at the presidential mansion. Slapping the chief magistrate upon the back, he exclaimed, "well, old hoss, how are you?" Old Abe, being thoroughly democratic in his ideas, and without relishing a joke, responded: "So I'm an old hoss, am I? What kind of a hoss, pray?" "Why an old draft-hoss, to be sure," was the rejoinder. Old Abe had to acknowledge the breed.

Important.
"Mamma," said little 8-year-old, "just think how many important things happened this week! On the 17th St. Patrick drove all the snakes out of Ireland; the 18th (Palm Sunday) Jesus rode into Jerusalem; the 19th I was born; the 23rd our cat had kittens!"

MAKERS OF HISTORY.

PROMINENT FIGURES IN THE WORLD'S AFFAIRS.

Men and Women Who Have Attracted Notice in the Newspapers During the Past Twelve Months—Their Doings Told in Verse.

THESE POR-
traits are of persons who have made the history of the world during the past twelve months. What they have done is tersely told in the following lines from the New York World: "Let memory call their praise or blame ere they forgotten pass, like Waite of bloody bridges fame and Coxe on the grass. The czar who died, the heir late born to England's mighty throne; the Astor tramp in rags forlorn, whose bed was not his own. Lieut. Peary pushing forth, with all his might and main, three thousand miles toward the north, and not yet back again; Rosebery, Derby winning lord, who hates to be a peer; George Gould who lost his center board; Jim Root, brave engineer; the man from darkest England come, Salvation's General Booth, to teach with tambourine and drum to all the living truth; De Lesseps, dying in disgrace, bowed down by weight of years; McClure, forced to resign his place, by many guilty fears; Carlisle, endeavoring to deport the English coachman, Howard; Grandpapa Wales, the royal sport, and General Ju, the coward;

the late Prof. Swing; the Brooklyn travelers that took a pleasant northern trip in care of Dr. Frederick Cook, and lost their leaky ship; Gorilla Chiko, who died; Queen Lil, who abdicated; Creeden, who truthfully testified, and Andrews "Vindicated;" Field Marshal Oyams, elate, with all the Chinese whipped, and Li Hung Chang, Oh, sad to state! of all his clothing stripped. McKane in Sing Sing's walls confined (injunctions sometimes go); Judge Gaynor, who to Hill declined, advised to by Seth Low. Sly Thomas Platt, who finds his bluff has nothing for him gained, Smart Nathan Straus, with sense enough to come in when it rained. The count of Paris, bourbon heir, Policeman Hatter Spellman, Miss Emma Juch, the singer fair, that married Mr. Wellman; Talmage, the fire fiend's special prey, who'll lighter labor search, point blank refusing at this day, to build another church; General N. P. Banks, among the honored dead we mourn; Prendergast, assassin, hung, crazed, friendless and forlorn; George Appo, always getting thumped because he made his squeal; Depey, who on the Bowersy stumped along with Ollie Teall; Slim Peffer, populist man with heavy beard—and brains; Bill Cook, the outlaw of the west, who holds up railroad trains. Archbishop Ireland, giving aid to turn the tiger down; and Mrs. Grannis, on crusade through slums of Chinatown; defeat of "Buzard Dollar" Bland, through his free silver sins; success of Mme. Sarah Grand, who wrote the Heavenly Twins; Pantata Strauss, who stoutly claims that he at least was not if; Dick Croker, using ugly names when he's asked how he got it; Old Lobengula, savage chief, whom only death could tame; Great

he would be "immortal;" Judge Maynard learning to his woe the fatal die he cast; Santos, assassin of Carnot, who died game at the last; McKinley thinking that he sees protection vindicated; and Reppenhagen and Voorhes by Creeden implicated; Bill Cody finding that it pays to show his great Wild West; Rich Russell Sage, who, rumor says, still wears his paper vest; Church Warden Cruger and the rents that come, as has been shown, from rotten rat trap tenements as bad as Astor's own; Ben Harrison, with weather eye upon his rivals peeled, nor letting any chance go by to show he's in the field; Carnegie selling armor plate; that would not stand the test; Old Sir John Astley, called "The Mate," whom sporting men knew best; Cartoonist Keppler, who made Puck world famous by his sketches; Fat Fellows, still in office stuck to punish guilty wretches; Caprivi, in the "War Lord's" grace for three years, meets his frown, then Hohenlohe takes the place and Caprivi steps down; Leo, the thirteenth, who has proved a wise and liberal pope; and Edison, who onward moves with his "kinetoscope;" Elihu Root, who simply dotes on Lemuel Ely Quigg; and Gov. Morton, with more votes than hairs upon his wig; the emperor of China, who now humbly sues for peace; Great Gladstone, with his life work through; the "Pop's" pride, Mrs. Lease; Hogg, gov'nor of the Lone Star state, and proud, too, of his name, now after Flagler, oil magnate, and other trust law game; Priest Ducey giving little care what his archbishop said; Hugh Grant, once New York city's mayor, who ran in Straus's stead.

Ages of Workers.
The average ages to which men of different occupations live are as fol-

low, says the Boston Commonwealth: Agate polishers, 45 to 48 years; blacksmiths, 55.1 years; brass founders, 60.4 years; brass workers, 52.2 years; brewers, 50.6 years; britannia workers, 42.2 years; butchers, 56.5 years; cabinet makers, 49.8 years; carpenters, 55.7 years; cloth weavers, 57.5 to 59 years; workers in coal, 55.1 years; confectioners, 57.1 years; coppermiths, 48.6 years; cotton operatives, 47 to 50 years; dyers, 63.7 years; engravers, 54.6 years; fertilizer makers, 51 years; gas men, 62 to 65 years; gliders, 53.8 years; glasscutters, 42.8 years; glass-makers, 57.5 years; goldsmiths, 44 years; hatters, 51.6 years; laborers in bleaching works, 52 to 53 years; copper forgers, 60.5 years; day laborers, 52.4 years; lead miners, 41 years; laborers in distilleries, 62.5 years; locksmiths, 49.1 years; machinists and stokers on railroads, 35 years; machinists and stokers on steamships, 57 years; masons, 55.6 years; millers, 45.1 years; workers in oil, 64 years; painters, 57 years; papermakers, 37.6 years; potters, 53.1 years; printers, 54.3 years; railroad employes, 39.7 years; saddlers, 53.5 years; salt boilers, 67 years; scavengers, 58 to 60 years; stonecutters, 36.3 years; tanners, 61.2 years; workers in tobacco, 58.3 years; varnishers, 45 years; watchmakers, 55.9 years.

RELIGION AND REFORM.
Only eight of seventy-five counties in Mississippi license saloons.
In Sweden a man seen drunk four times is deprived of his electoral vote.
Gen. Booth declares that of over 10,000 women rescued by the Salvation army 8,000 have not relapsed into sin.
The London Missionary society is making large preparations for the celebration of its centenary during this year of 1895.

MICHIGAN'S BENEFACTOR.

AN OFT REPEATED STORY OF TRUE PHILANTHROPY.

What Charles H. Hackley Has Done for Western Michigan.

(From Grand Rapids (Mich.) Evening Press.)

The most beautiful spot in all this city is inseparably associated with the name of Hackley. Chas. H. Hackley has been in the lumber business here continuously since 1856 and in that time has amassed a fortune which gives him a rating among the wealthy men of the nation. But with wealth there did not come that tightening of the purse strings which is generally a marked characteristic of wealthy men.

It is no wonder then that the name of Charles H. Hackley is known at home and abroad. His munificence to Muskegon alone represents an outlay of nearly half a million. For the past twenty years he has been a constant sufferer from neuralgia and rheumatism; also numbness of the lower limbs, so much so that it has seriously interfered with his pleasure in life. For some time past his friends have noticed that he has seemed to grow young again and to have recovered the health which he had in youth.

To a reporter for the News Mr. Hackley explained the secret of this transformation. "I have suffered for over 20 years," he said "with pains in my lower limbs so severely that the only relief I could get at night was by putting cold water compresses on my limbs. I was bothered more at night than in the day time. The neuralgia and rheumatic pains in my limbs, which had been growing in intensity for years, finally became chronic. I made three trips to the Hot Springs with only partial relief and then fell back to my original state. I couldn't sit still and my sufferings began to make life look very blue. Two years ago last September I noticed an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and what they had done for others, and some cases so nearly resembled mine that I was interested, so I wrote to one who had given a testimonial, an eminent professor of music in Canada. The reply I received was even stronger than the printed testimonial and it gave me faith in the medicine.

"I began taking the pills and found them to be all that the professor had told me they would be. It was two or three months before I experienced any perceptible betterment of my condition. My disease was of such long standing that I did not expect speedy recovery and was thankful even to be relieved. I progressed, rapidly, however, toward recovery and for the last six months have felt myself a perfectly well man. I have recommended the pills to many people and am only too glad to assist others to health through the medium of this wonderful medicine. I can not say too much for what it has done for me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Lillian's Infant Terrible.

The only child of Lillian Russell—the ample and dazzling and much married—is a slim young person of 9 years, with snapping black eyes and dark hair. She has, it is said, as strong a will and as entertaining a character as her mother. On one occasion, it is said, she made a cat walk up and down the piano while she practiced, because the "wrong notes would bring mamma into the room," and the small nuisance would have company.

\$300 FOR A NAME.

This is the sum we hear the Salzer Seed Co. offer for a suitable name for their wonderful new oats. The United States department of agriculture says Salzer's oats is the best of 300 varieties tested. A great many farmers report a test yield of 200 bushels per acre last year, and are sure this can be grown and even more during 1895. One thing we know and that is that Salzer is the largest Farm Seed grower in the world and sells potatoes at \$2.50 per barrel. Just the kind that do well in Texas and the great South. Thirty-five packages, earliest vegetables, \$1 post paid.

With 10c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., LaCrosse, Wis., you get free his mammoth catalogue and a package of above \$300 Prize Oats. W.N.U.

Not Married.

Foreign papers say that the report that Mlle. Helene Vaccarescu, whose broken engagement with the crown prince of Roumania attracted world-wide attention, had been married is erroneous. It seems that it was her cousin, the daughter of the court marshal, T. Vaccarescu, who became the wife of Paul Catargi.—New York Tribune.

The Nicaragua-Canal.

The project of the Nicaragua canal has been debated in the United States senate very vigorously. One thing should be remembered about that climate, it is death to almost every foreigner who goes there, and laborers especially succumb. It is said that the Panama railroad cost a life for every tie. What an idea of pains and aches is in this sentence. It is mostly due to carelessness. Every laborer provided with St. Jacobs Oil would be armed against these troubles. Men's muscles here are cramped with rheumatic pain and they ache all over. That's just the condition where this sovereign remedy can do its best work. The fearful malady is very much like the break bone fever in certain parts of America.

The count of Montefiore was recently died in Turin. He was the illegitimate son of Victor Emmanuel, and his mother was the fair but frail beauty, La Belle Rosina.

A collection of original letters written by Rev. Gilbert White, the naturalist, most of them at Selborne, will soon be offered for sale in London.

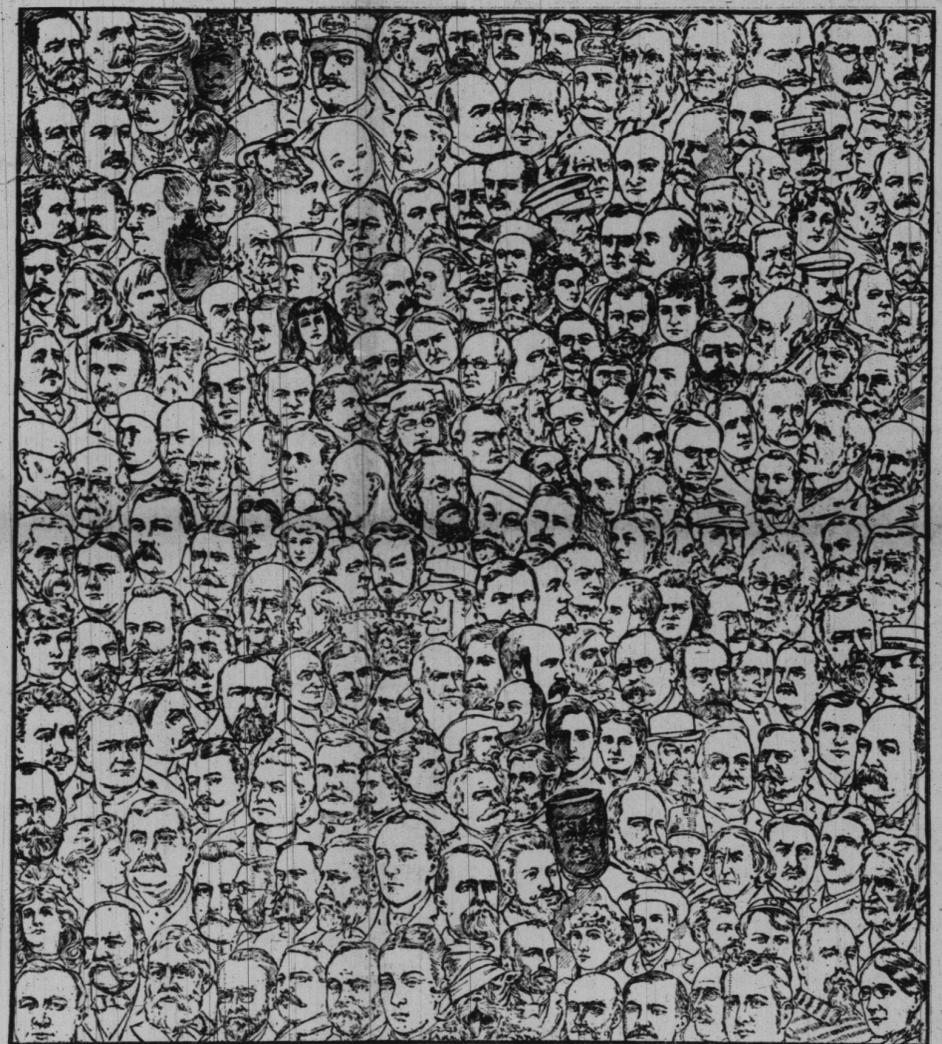
Goldmark has written a new opera, using "The Cricket on the Hearth" for his libretto. It will be performed at Dresden before long.

Rubinstein's skull was found to be abnormally thick and his brain more than ordinarily large.

The members of the Lizzie Borden jury had a reunion the other day in Fall River, Mass.

The first gas company in London was incorporated in 1810.

The finest family tree does not grow in auriferous soil.



THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE MADE THE RECENT HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

John Sheehan, down on Lexov's list as character suspicious; the late George Childs, philanthropist, kind hearted and judicious; Professor Garner most expert on Simian conversation; Ben Tillman, with one eye alert for excoise violation; Du Maurier, with his latest book, sweet "Trilby," tall and slim; and Senator McPherson's cook, who played Wall street for him; King Debs, who laughed to scorn the law that now has made him mute; our faded Flower, the man of straw; his friend Brockway, the brute; Erastus Wiman in the Tombs and out again on bail; and Farmer Dunn, who still presumes to foretell rain or hail; bold Capt. Mahan, whom we saw the hero of the hour, in England, laying down the law on modern naval power; Prince Bismarck, in his honored age, yet envious at heart that he can only watch the stage where he played leading part; Kossuth, Hungarian patriot, dead; the living Hetty Green; old Cassius Clay but lately wed to schoolgirl of fifteen; Parkhurst, the bravest of the brave, who took the tiger's hide; Carnot laim in a martyr's grave; Pingree, Detroit's pride; Sam Seely, who a fortune thieved to Baker to deliver; Tekulsky, with great fame achieved through thumping Paddy Diver; his eminence of Baltimore, learned Gibbons, whom we hope, has years of usefulness in store, and some day may be pope; Ed Murphy, senator from Troy, foe of the Wilson bill, who helped Hornbrowler to annoy and Peckham's hopes to kill; Bourke Cochran, orator superb, turned down when Croker frowned; Mayor Gilroy, hating to disturb the rogues in office found; the end of Sherlock Holmes who dies (?), for all he was clever; and little Billie's soulful eyes that wistful haunt us ever; Straus, on whose brow the laurels twine, of waltzes crowned the king; Chicago's well beloved divine,

Hinkey, bringing woe and grief in ever football game; Beatrice Harraden, gone by with ships passed in the night; and Stevenson, who was to die just at his zenith bright; Bob Ingersoll, who asked out plain, "Is Suicide a Sin?" Aspirant Thomas Reed of Maine still going in to win; Miss Pollard, she who led astray her Willie, Ashland's pride, while Breckinridge still rules the day he took that carriage ride. Satolli, papal delegate, who comes to heal each schism, impartial to adjudicate on all Catholicism; John Burns, the English workman who sits in parliament; Duke Pullman's philanthropic plan and gilt edged rates of rent; Smooth Gorman of the sugar trust, the friend of Havemeyer; Inspector Williams, with his dust, and Goff, who went up higher; Mayor Strong, a new broom, sweeping clean; to Tammany's distress; and Madagascar's sable queen, who's gone, insane on dress; Schmittberger telling all the guilt that permeates "the force;" and Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt still thinking of divorce; Dunraven, who came 'cross the sea to do the Yankees up, to find his yacht, the Valkyrie, had no chance for the cup; McAllister, that splendid snob who rules all over the map, and Capt. Evans, "Fighting Bob" who jaunting goes wish Grover; Da Gama and his merry war, later led in Brazil, fought through with one drop of gore, and only time to die; Admiral Benham, brave, who had one little wife ball into the ship and stopped that war for all; that one we'll miss, the doll, whose smile could laugh the world; like sweet Rosina Vokes? Aubrey Beardsley's yellow book art and oddness blended; Erratic Whistler, he who took an insult unintended; Zola, who still, and vainly tries to pass a famous portal, and finds he must wait till he dies if

low, says the Boston Commonwealth: Agate polishers, 45 to 48 years; blacksmiths, 55.1 years; brass founders, 60.4 years; brass workers, 52.2 years; brewers, 50.6 years; britannia workers, 42.2 years; butchers, 56.5 years; cabinet makers, 49.8 years; carpenters, 55.7 years; cloth weavers, 57.5 to 59 years; workers in coal, 55.1 years; confectioners, 57.1 years; coppermiths, 48.6 years; cotton operatives, 47 to 50 years; dyers, 63.7 years; engravers, 54.6 years; fertilizer makers, 51 years; gas men, 62 to 65 years; gliders, 53.8 years; glasscutters, 42.8 years; glass-makers, 57.5 years; goldsmiths, 44 years; hatters, 51.6 years; laborers in bleaching works, 52 to 53 years; copper forgers, 60.5 years; day laborers, 52.4 years; lead miners, 41 years; laborers in distilleries, 62.5 years; locksmiths, 49.1 years; machinists and stokers on railroads, 35 years; machinists and stokers on steamships, 57 years; masons, 55.6 years; millers, 45.1 years; workers in oil, 64 years; painters, 57 years; papermakers, 37.6 years; potters, 53.1 years; printers, 54.3 years; railroad employes, 39.7 years; saddlers, 53.5 years; salt boilers, 67 years; scavengers, 58 to 60 years; stonecutters, 36.3 years; tanners, 61.2 years; workers in tobacco, 58.3 years; varnishers, 45 years; watchmakers, 55.9 years.

ALASKAN GRIZZLIES.

FAR FIERCER THAN THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN VARIETY.

Where the Hunter Can Find Moose, Caribou, and Polar Bears by the Hundred—Tales Told of the Ferocity of the Dreaded Grizzly.

"The sportsman who wants to hunt big game can get his fill in Alaska," said John G. McGrath, of the United States coast and geodetic survey. "Mr. McGrath has charge of the work of determining the boundary line between Alaska and the British possessions.

"If the hunter seeks bear, moose and caribou, he will find plenty there," continued Mr. McGrath. "People who believe that the polar bear is almost extinct or that he is to be found only in the extreme North are very much mistaken, for droves of these fierce animals come as far south as St. Matthew's island in the Behring sea. "The island lies several hundred miles from the mainland, and here the polar bears spend the winter. Nobody lives on the island. Years ago it was inhabited by a colony of Russians, but the settlement was practically wiped out by the attacks of the white brum. A few years ago a sealing vessel left three sailors on the island to hunt the bears for their skins. The following spring the sealer returned and found one survivor. He was not able to tell what had become of his companions. They had left camp one day and had not returned, and it is, supposed that they were devoured by bears.

"In midwinter St. Matthew's has a colony of several hundred polar bears, while in summer there are none. When the ice begins to break up in the warm season they leave the island and follow the seal and walrus into the Arctic ocean. These animals do not mind a swim of from 150 to 200 miles if they can find an occasional iceberg to rest on.

"Perhaps the most ferocious animal to be found in the Alaska country is the Mt. St. Elias grizzly. He is even fiercer than the Rocky mountain variety, and the natives have many stories of his terrible doings. Lieutenant Evans of the revenue marine service told me an instance almost beyond belief. A hunter had encountered a grizzly and had put a bullet in his heart. The bear rushed forward 100 feet, and, seizing the man, literally tore him to pieces and then dropped dead. The hunter's bullet was found embedded in the heart of the beast. No Indian will attack a Mt. St. Elias grizzly or the brown bear of the region. The brown bear is also very fierce, and the sight of one or the other of these animals will cause the bravest native to take to his heels. When my party was making preparations to start for Mt. St. Elias last year, old Chief George advised me not to go on account of the ferocity of the grizzlies. He said they would drag us from our beds, and that no amount of bullets could drive them away. The chief of the Port Simpson Indians also told me that the grizzlies were much to be feared.

"He referred to an instance where one of these bears seized a man, and, although the bear actually got the man's head in his mouth, the man escaped. It seems that this man was fortunate in having a very hard, bullet-shaped skull, and the teeth of the bear slipped on it. Before he could attempt another bite the man fired the contents of a Hudson bay blunderbuss into the bear and brum toppled over. When the man's companions reached the scene they found bear and hunter lying side by side, both apparently dead. This proved to be correct with respect to the bear, but the hunter showed signs of life and was eventually resuscitated. He was crazy for a long time after that.

"Despite these warnings my party went to Mt. St. Elias and camped on the summit—and ticklish work it was, too, not on account of the bears, but because of the precipitous sides of the mountain. It was really so steep there that if one tossed in his sleep he was in danger of rolling down a dangerous incline. This proved to be more of a menace to our lives than the grizzlies, for while we were there we saw only one of the animals. Two of the party spied a big fellow on the beach one day eating fish. They returned to camp and with four others started out, armed with rifles to kill him. The bear was struck by bullets several times and made repeated rushes at his tormentors, but he was finally bowled over. When his skin was stretched out to dry it looked larger to me than the biggest bullock hide I had ever seen.

"The wolverine is another animal to be found in that country. It is very valuable on account of its skin. While the Indians do not hold it in the fear that they have for the grizzly and the brown bear, they attribute to it supernatural powers as great and as many as those the Japanese ascribe to the badger and the fox. When an Alaskan Indian catches a wolverine—or 'mountain devil,' as they call him—in a trap, they attempt to sidetrack his displeasure by blaming his misfortune on the white man, whose shoulders are believed to be broad enough to bear all the ills of life. "White man set trap," the Indian will say, walking cautiously around the imprisoned wolverine. "White man no good. Dama white man."

"But it is with the caribou and the moose that the hunter will find his most fruitful sport. During the summer immense herds of these animals feed in the valleys of the Tanana and on the high land between the Tanana and the Yukon. As cold weather comes on they travel south toward the coast. Then is the time

when the Indians have to secure the bulk of the season's food: The Alaska miners also hunt them with great success. In the winter of 1889-90, when our provisions gave out, we lived almost entirely on moose and caribou meat purchased from the miners at Forty-mile creek. That was the greatest hunting season ever known in Alaska. The caribou and moose region is about 200 miles from the mouth of the Porcupine river and seventy-five miles from Fort Yukon. Accessible? Oh, yes, if the sportsman has time and money. At the Rampart House station of the Hudson Bay company they have sometimes a supply of 25,000 or 30,000 pounds of venison on hand.

TRY ON SHOES AT HOME.

A New Idea in Buying Shoes That Will Be Found Convenient.

There's a new thing in the shoe business. A man who has been at it in Chicago for a number of years and knows all about the whims of customers and the ins and outs of the trade has hit upon the novel scheme. His plan is simple but most practical. It is no more than to measure, fit and complete the sale at the customer's residence. An order is received, an idea given of the goods desired, and a wagon carrying a miniature shoe stock is dispatched to the home, accompanied by an experienced salesman. All the details are attended to in the privacy of the boudoir or reception room. And thus the feet are shod without trouble, annoyance or embarrassment.

Embarrassment? Yes, there is much of it that is connected with the purchase of a pair of shoes, slippers or boots in a public store. With many fashionable and other young women it is an hour to be dreaded when the shoe store must be visited. And visited it must be, as no directions can be given by which husband, father or brother can bring home a satisfactory shoe. The styles are constantly changing, and carefully as the standard sizes may be observed by the manufacturer, either the foot or the size of the shoe seems to change at each new purchase.

The new scheme will also be approved by many others. How many portly matrons will hail with delight the opportunity of selecting their shoes at home? Then there are housewives, young mothers, semi-invalids, gouty old men, timid young women, who will appreciate the new idea, and the mother of half a dozen youngsters, each of whom has kicked through all the stout shoe leather of a few weeks before, can already feel a relief. The husband on his way to the office simply leaves directions and the job is done.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

An iron furnace was built in Virginia in 1714.

There are 5,835 building associations in this country.

Cape Cod was named from the abundance of fish. The Indian name was Tamwock, codfish.

Before the war the merchant marine of the United States was of even greater magnitude than that of England.

According to the internal revenue returns, the number of cigarettes in this country in 1890-91 was 2,877,799,440.

The coroners' inquests for London show eighty deaths yearly from hunger without counting persons who commit suicide in extreme want.

Mrs. Deborah Brown and daughter of Toronto have arrived at years of discretion. The mother is 118 years old and the daughter 84 years old.

Congress appropriates \$10,000 a year for books for the congressional library. The British museum library gets \$80,000, besides occasional special grants.

A gospel ship to do mission work along 1,500 miles of shore line in the Paget sound region is soon to be put in commission by the Episcopalians of Tacoma.

In a vote for state flower taken in Vermont more than 9,500 votes were cast for the red clover out of a total of 17,611 and the legislature has passed a bill making red clover the state flower.

A veterinary surgeon who was sued for \$1,000 damages in a New York court for maltreating a horse, successfully defended the suit by showing that the animal had the "big head," which, several veterinarians testified, is always fatal in horses.

Every man above 45 years of age must recall the many smooth and defaced United States silver coins afloat before metallic money of all sorts, save small token coins, was driven out of circulation by paper currency. A noticeably worn coin is seldom seen nowadays.

Mrs. Lea Merritt, who has decorated the Blackheath church, England, is said by Roberts Austen, the chemist, to have discovered a ground for fresco work which will make it durable. If this is true, a noble art may be revived in England and possibly in America.

Seven hundred and forty-one tons of gold, or their equivalent, were required to pay the expenses of the United States government for the year 1894. The necessary teams to haul it, allowing a ton, and twenty-five feet, to a team, would make a procession over three and a half miles long.

A Cedar tree 407 feet in height and measuring seventy feet in circumference at the base has been felled near Ocosta, Wash. It was sixty feet to the first limb of the tree, and the limb itself was seven feet in diameter. It is estimated that the tree will furnish enough to make over 100 car loads of shingles.

A STRANGE CAREER.

JIMINEZ'S LIFE THE APACHES AND COMANCHES.

Mucho Torro Was More Feared By the Mexicans Than Even the Great Chief—Saved From Death by a Gray-Haired American Sergeant.

When Manuel G. Jiminez died at the hut of a Mexican shepherd, a few miles below this place on the Tulerosa creek, says a letter from Fort Tulerosa, N. M., the fact created some little comment because of the extreme age of Jiminez, and also because there was something of a mystery about the old man. Jiminez always asserted during his lifetime that he was born in Durango City, Mexico, on the first day of the year, 1800, but that was about the only fact concerning his earlier days he was ever willing to relate so far as the general population of his region was aware. To add to the interest that this air of mystery gave to the old man was the apparent fact that he'd either been a fighting man or run through a thrashing machine, as the cowboys put it. He had plenty of scars on various parts of his body, while on top of his head showed where he had been tomahawked and his scalp well nigh, though not quite wrested from his head.

Since he died, however, the woman of the house says that she was the old man's niece, and that he was in his day, say forty or forty-five years ago, first assistant war chief of the Comanches, who were then led by the famous old warrior, who was known to all Mexicans of the Rio Grande country as Bajo Sol, meaning under the sun, a title given to him because he was really the ruler of everything under the sun so far as they could see. In proof of what she says the woman exhibits a solid silver cross eleven and a half inches high, with arms three inches long on each side and a base like an inverted saucer two inches and a half in diameter for it to stand on.

The woman says that her uncle captured the cross in a foray by Bajo Sol in 1850 in the state of Durango, in which, on a feast day, the Comanche horde of, say 500 warriors, rode through the city of Durango unmolested, although there were 10,000 Mexican men there and the streets had been thronged only an hour before the dust on the horizon gave warning of the approach of the Indians.

Jiminez said that he had been baptized in the church where the cross was found, and so took the cross, leaving the rest of the plunder to the warriors. He believed that so long as he possessed the cross he would be protected from all mortal hurts, and frequently in his later years spoke to his niece of the many dangers from which it had saved him, and declared that his long life was due solely to its influence. The fact that he had stolen it seemed not to have made any impression on his mind, or at all detracted from its beneficent influence.

In the account Jiminez gave his niece of his early life he either omitted many details or else she has forgotten them, but it appears that as a Comanche chief he was known to the Mexicans as Mucho Torro, a title that was given him by the Mexican women, who were more afraid of him than of cruel old Bajo Sol himself.

While serving as a Comanche Chief Jiminez claimed that he was a half-breed Comanche, but his appearance was entirely against such a claim.

It was because of his treachery that he came so near losing his life at the time he was tomahawked and partly scalped. The Chihuahua government had treated with the Comanches because the general government of the country had not provided enough troops to defend it from Indian forays. Nevertheless, a better understanding between the state and national government was patched up, and in order to again assert its independence of the Indians, the state government, so Jiminez said, determined to entrap a lot of the Comanches by guile.

To this end they sent for Jiminez privately and offered him a large sum of money for his aid in the matter. Jiminez, it appears, had in the meantime fallen in love with a Mexican girl and had been considering plans for leaving his nomadic life, so he at once entered into the negotiation, though stipulating for a larger sum. Then, in some way, the Indians got wind of the transaction, and a foray was made, with the special object of ending the career of Mucho Torro. There was a fight in which the traitor was cut down, but the Indians were driven off before their work was complete, and Jiminez recovered.

It is believed by some of the pioneers of this region, that under the name of Gutierrez he went over to the Apaches looking for a more exciting life, and was with them during many of their earlier fights with the whites in this region. It is said that his last wound was received when the first surveying party over the line of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad went over the New Mexico part of the route. The soldiers learned in some way that a Mexican renegade was with the Apaches hovering around, and they all agreed that the greaser should have no quarter if opportunity came to kill him. And yet when he was wounded and fell into their hands, an old gray-haired sergeant named Callaghan got down over his body and swore they would have to kill him before they did the renegade: and that settled the matter.

Then the sergeant explained that he had seen the chap twenty years before under peculiar circumstances. The sergeant had been one of a troop of fifteen men, he said, who, under Lieutenant Washington, were escorting

across the continent one of the scientific men from Washington known on the plains as bughunters. It was early in the fifties, and the Comanches were then the terrors of the Southwest. The party was approaching Comanche Springs after a long, dry day, and everybody was well-nigh perishing with thirst, when they saw that the springs were already occupied by a band of Indians, with at least 1,000 cattle and horses. As the whites approached the Indians got in line on a ridge behind the spring, and the lieutenant prepared for a fight for life. The Indians outnumbered the whites three to one, and were all armed, well mounted and fresh, while the whites and their horses were terribly jaded with the work of the thirsty day.

The Indians might have won easily, but instead of fighting they made friends, and their leader, Mucho Torro came over to the white men for a talk. He said he was in charge of an advance guard belonging to Bajo Sol's band, and that they had all been on a raid down in Durango. He said that they were at war with Mexico, just as the Americans had been, and so he was the brother of the Americans. Lieutenant Washington prepared for treachery as best he could, but had none to meet, and the kindness of the Indians on that occasion made so deep an impression on the troopers that they never forgot the Comanche chief. It was the memory of his thirsty day and the delights of Comanche springs that made Sergeant Callaghan plead for the life of the renegade known as Gutierrez, for Callaghan recognized Gutierrez as Mucho Torro. Gutierrez, or whatever his real name was, denied this identity as soon as it was safe to do so, and when his wound healed he disappeared. But now that the niece admits that Jiminez was the old Comanche Chief Mucho Torro, people here believe that he was also the renegade Gutierrez of the Apaches.

POOR MARKSMANSHIP.

Firing in Both Army and Navy Less Accurate Than Formerly.

The training of navy artillerymen has, in recent years, been given a good deal of attention, and no end of powder and shot has been expended in target practice designed to serve a more telling purpose in actual warfare should the occasion present itself. It would seem, therefore, that the floating equipments of naval powers of to-day ought to give good accounts of themselves in point of marksmanship if called into action, though, according to Cassier's Magazine, it would be presumptuous to undertake to foreshadow possible results. If, on the other hand, past experience counts for anything, there would seem to have been a notable decline in accuracy in naval gunnery, growing with successive improvements in naval architecture and naval armament. It was estimated some years ago from data furnished by target practice at sea, that a heavy gun must be discharged fifty times to make one effective hit. The old smoothbores were credited with killing a man by the discharge of the gun's weight in shot; in other words, three tons of 32-pounder shot are required for the purpose. Actual service tests with modern high-power guns, however—guns weighing twelve tons—has, within the past ten or twelve years, shown that it took about sixteen tons of projectiles to accomplish the same thing. It is interesting to note from what statistics are available that the introduction of rifled muskets into the armies has had a somewhat similar result. The old-time muskets, it is said, killed a man by firing at him his own weight in lead bullets, but the modern rifle in the hands of the average soldier, so it has been figured out, does not effect a fatality until it has discharged twice the man's weight in lead. Both here, as well as in naval shooting, therefore, there has been shown to be an important demand for greater skill and care. Whether this has been met in any measure, future hostilities only will tell.

Chances of Death in Battle.

At the battle of Solferino, according to M. Cassendi's carefully deducted calculations, a comparison of the number of shots fired on the Austrian side with the number killed and wounded on the part of the enemy shows that 700 bullets were expended for every man wounded and 4,200 for each man killed! The average weight of the ball used was thirty grains, therefore it must have taken at least 126 kilograms, or 277 pounds of lead for every man put out of the way. Yet Solferino has gone into history as a most important and bloody engagement.

Regret, in the light of the above, was not far from right when he quaintly said: "War is awful, but the sound of it is awful."

Modern Theologians.

"I see," said Mrs. Wickwire, "that a Chicago preacher has been preaching a sermon on boarding houses." "Well, why shouldn't he?" asked Mr. Wickwire. "The old style of preaching the miseries of the future life is out of date, and I suppose he wanted to come as near it as he could."

Two of the Unemployed.

The Tramp—Won't you gimme a little assistance, sir? I've been out of employment for eight weeks. The Gilded Youth—That's nothing. I've been out of employment for eight years.—Chicago Record.

The Original Way.

Lawyer—I tell you, you can't hang this man by law! Rural Justice—Is that so? Lawyer—It is sir! Rural Justice—Well, we'll jest hang him by rope!

HE GOT HIS COMMISSION.

How a Theoretical Financier Reaped His Reward Among the Brokers.

"I had a queer conversation in my office the other day," said the head of a well-known banking concern, over the wainuts at his table. "It happened in this manner. At noon most of my clerks go out for luncheon, and the porter, Jim, an aged but very knowing colored man, is often called upon to leave his position by the door for a few minutes.

"Well, last week I sat in my office, tilted back in the desk chair, struggling with a knotty problem on 'change.

Wrapped in my thoughts, as I was, still there seemed to be something exerting an influence to make me turn around.

"This subtle thought transference I resisted until it became overwhelming, and I sharply twisted the chair about.

"There stood before me the least semblance of a man I've yet seen, clad in raiment that once had been fashionable, but which now was not alone out of date by a year, but had lost all of its shape and a goodly portion of its integral structure.

"Now, in extreme youth I'd been fooled by the apparent inability of one man to clothe himself properly, and before I got through with the costs of having treated him as his clothing would seem to warrant I had to sign a good many checks, so, like a flash, it went through my brain here is a capitalist in disguise or he'd never have got past Jim. In the most suave manner possible I glanced at him, bowed and said: 'Good day, sir, what can I do for you?' He began to fumble with his hip pocket. Norcross, Jr., thought I, but it was nothing so exciting. He simply pulled a small book out of his pocket and handed it to me. I read the title, 'How to Get Rich Without Working—a Sure and Speedy Method of Obtaining a fortune,' by Prof. D. Poor."

"I'm the author of that work," the intruder broke in, "and I don't want to sell you a copy. I just want my commission, and as you were a little slow in remitting I called for it."

"Commission?" I gasped.

"Yes, commission," he repeated, "I sold more than 8,000 of those books in New York alone, and know that I am entitled to a commission from every banker and broker in the city. Your debt to me we'll put at \$10 for to-day; in the future I may demand more."

"Crank, thought I, but before I had time to think he continued:

"You see there are 8,000 young men who tried my way of getting rich suddenly; their avaricious minds craved riches, and they tried my method: they stimulated trading on the exchanges; every broker reaped a harvest of commissions, and all I want is my share."

"But you should be rich yourself then if you have a sure and speedy method of making a fortune," I put in.

"No, I followed my own advice," was the answer, and he rose to go.

"What did you do?" came in a spontaneous chorus from the guests.

"Well," concluded the banker broker, "I gave him \$10; his argument was too suggestive to need further demonstration."

A Woman's Library.

The oddest library any woman possesses is made up of newspaper clippings, perfectly catalogued and arranged by a professional librarian. There are thousands upon thousands of these slips taken from newspapers the world over, and the owner of this bureau of ready reference is a journalist, who has been making her collections for her own convenience. Given almost any topic to write on, she is apt to find a mass of important facts and the key to many others among the envelopes in which her unbound library is gathered and docketed. The whole of it only occupies a corner cupboard in her writing-room, and as an adjunct to newspaper work she advocates these clipping collections for women, who can, with the aid of scissors, gluepot, and a little discretion, make for themselves similar invaluable registers for common reference.—New York Sun.

Money Thrown Away at Panama.

The great De Lesseps Panama ditch is a melancholy wreck. The wharves are falling into the water and acres of machinery are rusting to dissolution. On the isthmus are nearly 1,000 miles of steel track, with locomotives and thousands of dump-carts, now half hidden in the tropical growth. Seventy-six great steam shovels stand side by side in the excavation buried in luxuriant vegetation, so that only the giant arms stand up above the green. While 200 locomotives have been housed, it is estimated that nine-tenths of the millions squandered on this prodigious enterprise is going to waste. Much of the excavated land has been washed back into its original place and the great scar on the face of the Panama isthmus is rapidly fading from view.—Springfield Republican.

Tale of a New York Cat.

A New York cat had quite an experience the other day. It was sitting on a fourth story window sill, when the window was closed behind it, leaving it in its perilous position. Its cries brought to the neighborhood all the cats in the vicinity, and they sat on the pavement looking up at their quondam companion, mingling their cries with hers. When she was finally rescued her claws were found deeply buried in the old and half-rotten wood.

Pleasures of the Imagination.

"Tell me a story, grandma." "What kind of a story do you want, Tommy?" "Tell me a story with plenty of raisins and candy in it, and a dog."—Texas Siftings.

HISTORY OF ROLLER SKATES.

Invented by a Yankee and First Used in a Naval Fantomime.

The late ex-Mayor Winslow made a good deal of money in skates, ice and roller, although he was a man of many affairs, says the Worcester, Mass., Gazette. His death naturally recalls the days when the rink was in its prime, and when the gallant and graceful Kynock, professor in the art of rolling about, used to promenade first with one pretty girl and then with another, occasionally darting off with vast outer-edge sweeps backward and forward.

Forty years ago the Ravels, French pantomimists of extraordinary cleverness, made great profit in the United States. One of their shorter pantomimes was Godinski, or the Skater of Wien. The last scene showed a Polish pond covered with gay skaters, who careened around merrily and threw property snowballs at each other. Godinski appeared with a chair learning to skate. This was the original act, and before the days of the Ravels nobody had ever seen a roller skate. The scene ended by the ice breaking, Godinski fell through, but was rescued in the end.

These skates ran on little wheels set squarely, in the place of the blades of an ice skate—the simplest possible form. They did not pivot and could not be used for figure-skating. Except they were low, they were like the high road skates lately put in use in Scotland and now on trial in Europe, they set Yankee inventors to thinking, why not a real skating party on boards as well as actors.

One day there opened in what was then upper Washington street, Boston, in the top story of Plympton's furniture warehouse, a school and practice ground for roller skaters. This was about the year 1867. Plympton's brother had invented a skate on which you could do the outer edge by leaning over, as on ice. The rollers were in pairs and on pivots. The boys and girls came out and found it easy to learn, but it was not advertised and few heard of it. The result was the closing of the place and the apparent failure of the invention as a popular toy.

The inventor went to Europe. Pursuing more liberal methods, he made a huge success. He planted rinks in every principal city, and gathered duets in piles. Unfortunately they lasted nowhere more than a few years. New plants had to be constantly established.

When the Lalimes took up roller skating at the Worcester rink, which, by the way, was admirably adapted for the sport, and the skating craze broke out in this country, it was all over in Europe, but Plympton had made a fortune out of it. Here, too, rinks were short-lived.

The Winslow skate, made later, brought out lawsuits with Plympton, who claimed an infringement. But Plympton's patent had not long run, and the dispute was in some way adjusted.

It was an admirable exercise, and there was no end to the possible skill. It was a pity it could not last, but Americans overdo all amusements.

Harder Than Ebony.

Several species of ironwood have long been known and widely used on account of their extraordinary weight and hardness, in the manufacture of such articles as axes and plows. It is claimed, however, that these are entirely surpassed by a certain tree found in Northern Transvaal, regarding which M. Baisaux, at present traveling in South Africa, has transmitted a note to the Geographical society of France. The wood is a sort of ebony, and so excessively hard that it cannot be cut in the ordinary manner except when green. When mature and dry it resists every known tool and blunts or breaks the finest tempered steel. It is apparently almost impregnable against fire, as it required a fortnight's constant burning to reduce the trunk of one of the trees to ashes, and, although heavy, it is said to be considerably lighter than steel or iron.—Invention.

And the Poor Took Him In.

Dr. Dobbin, an old-fashioned clergyman of Dublin, was noted for his kindness to the poor, and for his simplicity in trusting them. Once a man was begging at the clergyman's carriage window. Having no change about him, he handed the beggar a guinea, saying: "Go, my poor man, get me change for that and I will give you a shilling." He never saw the beggar's face again. One day his wife, on coming home, found him in the hall with his hands behind his back, as if hiding something. She insisted on knowing what it was, and he timidly brought out from behind his back a roasted leg of mutton. He had quietly taken it from the spit in the kitchen, to give to a poor woman at the door.

Proper Sequence.

"It still the custom in this country to reach for your gun to back it up after you have called a man a liar?" asked the tourist. "It air not, stranger," replied the early settler, "and it never wuz. It has allers been the custom in the best society of Yaller Dog to reach for the gun fust."

She Wanted to Economize.

Mrs. Neuwedde—Archie, I wish you would get me a brougham. Archie—My dear Cornelia, didn't I tell you we must economize? Mrs. Neuwedde—Yes; that's why I want a brougham. Think of the car fares I would save.—Truth.

In a Box.

Old Friend—Seems to me you are paying your cook pretty stiff wages. Jimsen—Have to. If I don't she'll leave, and then my wife will do the cooking herself.—New York Weekly.

THE DREAM OF AN AGREEMENT.



He had been lying in a hammock, under a sky that hung over the garden like a blue dome. His eyes had looked into the farthest recesses of that sky until into the azure there had come myriads of diamonds that flashed and fled like will-o-

the wisps. As a matter of fact it was the blue that was hurting his eyes; to his dream-laced fancy it seemed that the flashing diamonds were curious, letters—types that spelled out curious runes.

Presently he arose with a smile on his face and went indoors. It was a small, delightfully simple cottage that had been chosen for the summer and there were so few rooms in it that only three of them, his wife, Contentment and himself were harbored there. So when he passed on to the vine-clad veranda, his wife heard him and came and sat beside him. Looking up through the first that glistened silver on their under shadows and glowed with the green that is the green of an angry sea, she saw the sky of blue.

"How deep, how silent that sky is!" she said softly, laying her hand gently on her husband's arm.

"No," he said slowly, and so sweetly that the contradiction took on a greater charm than an approval, "no, it is not silent—always. Just now—I was adream in the hammock—it told me a story that was—very astonishing."

"Very astonishing! That a sky so old as that one should be so very modern in its ideas—is very astonishing. For this was a most modern recital that I heard. And yet—why do I call that sky old?—is it not born anew every day? How delightful to have that happen to one! How completely one could enjoy to-day if there was the perfect consciousness that there would be no to-morrow! And how the obliteration of yesterday would sweeten to-day! If I were a scientist I would invent an elixir that—that? the story that the sky told me? Oh, very well."

He came down stairs humming an air from "The Mountebanks."

His wife was waiting for him. He gave her a kiss; they passed into the breakfast room together.

"This morning," he said to the maid as he sat down, "you need not wait. We shall help ourselves." He watched her pass out, shrugging her shoulders a little; he saw that she



"I MUST HAVE A CHANGE," closed the doors quite tightly; he smiled a little and turned to his wife. "A whim," he explained, "a mere whim. This coffee—these eggs—they are delicious!"

She smiled. "I am glad you are comfortable. I have tried so for that."

Presently he spoke again. "Yes; comfortable. But not happy. The fact is—" he reached out his right hand and took her left up tenderly and pressed the dawn-hued fingers to his lips. "I fear that I am—tiring."

He watched her, not very apprehensively. He knew her very well; he was as sure of her as any man ever can be of a creature of the other sex.

Her eyes smiled a trifle and her lips seemed to resist, with an effort, the desire to curl laughwise. "Ah," she said, "tiring? Of me, I suppose?" "Exactly. I am quite sorry. We have been marvelously comfortable. We have rarely quarreled. Our ideas and ways have gone together beautifully. We have been almost ideally suited. Unfortunately, I have a very volatile temperament; I must have change. In you I have sounded all the changes there are; I don't think there are any left, at least. That is the pity; there is nothing left! I have found out all about you; my curiosity is dead. And curiosity is such a large part of love! It was a very pleasant task the stilling of my curiosity about you; but the silence is, h'm., slightly depressing. My ideals—you have realized them all! That is another pity. If you will take a piece of advice; always leave a man with some unrealized ideas! He is happier so, with that yearning in him. To feel that one still has something to yearn for is one of the pleasantest of pangs. Dear me, how delightful it has been! You see, I put it in the past. For I am very much in need of a change. But I am inordinately sorry. Quite—singularly—sorry. I do not remember ever having been so sorry before."

She reached for another lump of sugar and poised it for a moment above her teacup.

"It is a pity," she said. Then she let the lump of sugar fall, and waited for her husband to speak.

"You are right," he went on, "it is a great pity. The greatest pity of it is that I realize perfectly what an idiot I am not to know that it is hopeless to think I shall find anyone more satisfactory than you. You are beautiful; merely as an inanimate object you would be grateful to the eye and as flesh and blood you are a delight. You are clever, quite clever. Unfortunately, I have discovered just how clever you are. Also that your beauty is an exact quotation. There is nothing elusive about you; you are so beautiful, your wit is up to the standard and your disposition is of just that sunniness. If there was something in which you did not satisfy me so perfectly, I might—have kept silent. But as it is—" He stopped and looked at the painting that hung over the sideboard. It was a water color by Hassam, and it had the curious virtue of disclosing a new nature every day; that was why it hung in this man's house.

"It is altogether my fault," he began, apologetically, "altogether. It is my unfortunate, change-loving temperament. You understand, do you not?"

She sipped her tea meditatively. "It is really very strange," she began, "that you should have spoken of this to-day. I was going to refer to the subject myself. You don't know how it pains me to tell you of this, but I myself have been guilty of getting tired. Of you! Think of it! If anyone had told me two years ago that I should tire of you! But, heigho, time is a rude destroyer of idols. For you were my idol, you know. 'You were—what a pity that I cannot say 'You are!'"

He had lit a cigar. She had always allowed him that; it was one of the things upon which they agreed so delightfully. He sipped off the ashtray before he said, expectantly: "It is a curious coincidence. Coincidence—h'm., coincidence must be sexless; it is too curious for a man and it has too much humor to be a woman."

"Yes; if ever there was a coincidence that deserved the name, this is it. As I was saying, and incredible as it may seem, I have decided that you are, h'm., too good for me. I think that must be it. At any rate, I can only be unhappy with you—hereafter. You have given me all that I asked for; nay, you have given me all that I wished for. Unfortunately, there are some things—I do not know what they are—that I long for that you have not given me. I think it is your own fault; you have spoiled me. You have taught me the game, and now I want a partner who can interest me more than my teacher. I, also—it is really uncanny, this coincidence—an chameleon in my desire for change. You have been so persistently delightful! Why did you not beat me? Women love men who mistreat them."

He watched the fragrant cigar smoke curl into a ring and float toward the frescoes. "I had never thought of that," he murmured.

"Fatal omission! If you had beaten me until I writhed—what a novel sensation! I should have hated you terribly, and then loved you more than ever. But you have been so placidly perfect. Yes, I admit that it is my misfortune; I appreciate your many delightful qualities, but they are grown stale. I want—something different. I am vacillating, as a weathercock. Until lately I fancied that you were versatile enough to satisfy me; I realize my mistake, unwillingly. You have shown me every side of yourself; every nook of your nature has been disclosed to me; I am still unsatiated."

She stopped, sighing sadly. This time it was she who looked at the fading rose tints of the Hassam.

"Ah," she sighed, almost as if she were speaking to the picture, "if we had, each of us, not been quite so frank! If we had kept always something of ourselves in reserve!"

"Yes," he said, "if we had only done that! But it will be a lesson to us!" He smiled at her. "Because, I suppose, under the circumstances, we might as well agree to—"

"Disagree?" She completed the sentence for him. He smiled acquiescence, and she continued: "Yes, we might as well. It is very fortunate that this has always been so easy of accomplishment here."

"Very! Oh, there will be no difficulty. It is also fortunate that we are so agreed in the matter. It would have been awkward if we had been forced, either of us, to accuse the other of—anything unpleasant."

She gave a mock shudder and let her pretty brows cloud to a momentary frown. "It would have been dreadful."

"Then, I suppose," he said, pushing his chair back from the table slightly, "that we may consider the matter settled. The actual arrangements are easily effected." He cleared his throat a little, and looked at her in some little embarrassment. "I shall not conceal from you—now that we know each other's mind so perfectly—that I—that there is someone about whom I am—curious; some one who has not yet realized my ideals."

"I am glad," she said, as sweetly as if she had been a mother advising an only son, "very glad. I hope she will not make the mistakes I have made." She put out her hand for the bell. "I myself may—it is just possible—presently probe the versatility of another man."

He laughed as he stood up, pushing the chair away altogether. "Do you think he will beat you?"

"Ah," she smiled, "how should I know? Is he not still a mystery?"

husband holding the door open for her.

And so, presently, they were married, and lived happily ever after. "Oh, out I don't like that story, at all," said his wife, when he had finished; "it is all so like a sneer. It is cruel—as cruel as the nineteenth century. Why have your stories all been so sad of late? What has happened? If you do not tell me a happy story soon, or at least one that is not bitter—I shall not listen."

He sighed and was silent.

THE LYING CURE.

A Man Who Has Spent a For use For Remedies.

Did you ever hear of a man paying thousands of dollars to have himself cured of the habit of lying and exaggeration? You will probably reply that you know a great many men who ought to be cured, but it is scarcely probable that you could cite a case where the liar or exaggerator realized his own weakness, and was making sincere efforts at a great pecuniary sacrifice to be rid of his peculiarity.

Drs. Dolger and McMurray, of Chicago arrived in New York recently for the purpose of consulting several eminent physicians on the strange mental condition of the patient whose cure they undertook about three months ago. Thus far they have made very little progress.

"The gentleman in whom we are deeply interested," said Dr. McMurray, "is a wealthy business man of St. Louis. He is a man of temperate habits, does not use tobacco in any form and is not addicted to opium or any other drug. That he is mentally sound is evidenced by the fact that he has by his own exertions built up a big business, and is now worth perhaps \$500,000. He is 45 years of age and acknowledges that he has had a passion for lying ever since he can remember. Without any apparent motive he has frequently grieved and shocked his family by telling of the death of some dear friend or relative when no such death took place. Time and time again he has magnified a street fight between two brawlers into a riot of serious proportions. Threatened collisions between vehicles he has related as having taken place with fatal results, and in any and every way where a lie or an exaggeration can be substituted for the truth he will do it."

"Singularly enough this habit does not enter into his business relations. His word is as good as his bond, and he never deceives an associate or a customer in the most trifling detail. In the ordinary affairs of life outside of business he finds it impossible to speak the exact truth, and no one knows his weakness better than himself. He says he is impelled by some terrible power to distort the facts whenever he attempts to tell of any incident or experience, and he cannot resist. The man has no delusions or hallucinations, such as you would find in an insane man. On the contrary, he is severely practical, and regards his own case as an unfortunate and unexplainable affliction. We consider it an extremely interesting one from an anthropological standpoint, and we shall take great pleasure in—"

"Well, by Jove," interrupted Dr. Dolger, who had been looking at some papers in his wallet. "Here is a check for \$5, and he told me before we left Chicago that it was for \$500."

What He Wanted.

Postmaster Dayton of New York, received a letter from a man in Iowa recently, asking for the address of some "firm" dealing in "Dools for Vanquillies." Postmaster Dayton was unable to solve the enigma and the letter was forwarded to First Assistant Postmaster Gaylor. The letter was as much a puzzle to him as it was to the postmaster, and after each clerk in the office had been called upon in vain to solve it the request was sent to the inquiry department. After much puzzling it was concluded that the Iowan wanted some "dolls for ventriquoists" and the letter was forwarded to a "firm" dealing in those goods.

Sponges That Destroy Oysters.

Certain sponges (Cliona) bore into shells, especially those of the oyster, finally causing them to crumble to pieces. On the American coast Cliona sulphurea not only destroys the shells of oysters, mussels and scallops, but has even been known to penetrate one or two inches into hard marble. It has been uncertain whether this effect is mechanical or due to the solvent effect of some acid, but M. Latellier has lately shown the French academy that a purely mechanical action suffices.

Mush and Milk Surprise Parties.

Mush and milk surprise parties are popular in some eastern localities. Those who make the party swoop down upon the subject of the surprise with a box of corn meal and a jug of molasses. The mush is set to boil, the molasses is turned into taffy and abundantly pulled, cakes are baked, apples pared, and the mush is eaten along with fresh milk and rich cream. The mush and milk surprise furnishes a maximum of fun for a minimum of expenditure.

An Awful Fix.

Mrs. Newed—I am in an awful fix mamma. Mrs. Eaglebeak—What is the matter, dear? Mrs. Newed—Went through George's pockets last night to hunt for change, as you advised me to, and I found some letter. I gave him to post last week; and now I daren't scold about going through his pockets!—Puck.

Properly Corrected.

New Maid—Did you ring for me? Miss Footlites—That's what.

New Maid—Beg pardon, but do you not mean "that's whom?"

HIGH-PRICED MISSAL.

IT CROSSED THE ATLANTIC WITH COLUMBUS.

Six Centuries Have Passed Since Fra Ambrosius Worked on the Rare Volume—A Year of Labor Devoted to Copying the Latin Prayers.

Under lock and key in the state librarian's office at Sacramento, Cal., is a volume worth more than twice its weight in gold.

Six centuries have rolled by since the pious Fra Ambrosius sat in his monastic studio and mixed the watery blue, the pale green, and startling crimson hues with which he illuminated this ancient missal. He devoted one year to the labor of copying, with microscopic exactness; the Latin prayers, the calendar of the saints, and hymns of praise on selected parchment leaves. In the introduction he wrote in Latin: "I have entered upon this work with a consciousness of my shortcomings and sinful impulses, which render me unworthy of so honorable a task, but after much fasting and prayer I have been guided by an inner voice which bids me to write."

The history of this missal is full of romantic interest. The monastery in which Fra Ambrosius worked was broken up, and the book over which he had spent so many weary days passed into the possession of a sailor named Rodrigo de Triana, who shipped on the Santa Maria when Christopher Columbus started on his voyage of discovery to the new world. Returning with the great admiral on his second voyage De Triana married a native woman and endeavored to carry the message of the cross to the people whom he had adopted as his kindred. His success as a missionary is problematical. The missal, however, was kept by his children, and when the Spanish padres began to flock to the heathen shores that Columbus had given to Castile, a priest bought the volume and made in it a note of the fact and of the date. The discovery of such a work in the hands of the natives made a strong impression on the missionary, and he investigated its history, making a report to the head of his order in Barcelona, at the same time forwarding the missal.

The little volume, with its checkered history, reposed among the archives of the Barcelona convent until Cortez fitted out his expedition to the land of the Montezumas, taking as his chaplain the pious Father Olmedo. Before Olmedo set out on the dangerous voyage the bishop of Barcelona gave him his blessing, some good advice, and this missal. So armed, the chaplain sailed away to the overturning of the dread deity Quetzalcoatl, whom the dwellers of Anahuac worshipped.

The bloody wars of the conquest placed the banner of the cross over the ruins of the teocallis, and made Cortez the governor of New Spain. Father Olmedo soon after presented to Cortez the now historic missal, as a foundation for a library by the conqueror, and in his diary made mention of the travels and adventures through which he had passed.

Cortez afterward took up his residence in Cayoacan, one of the suburbs of the present City of Mexico, and carefully preserved the book for a number of years. When this Cayoacan establishment was broken up, the conqueror gave the missal to the Franciscan brothers, who were then waxing rich and strong in the new world.

One of their number took it to San Francisco in the early days of the gold excitement, and it passed into the possession of the late Governor Pio Pico.

When the state library became an established fact Governor Pico gave the book to the institution, where it now remains.

The missal is a fine specimen of illustration. It contains 170 pages of carefully painted contents. The gold letters are made of gold leaf firmly glued to the parchment. The frontispiece is a gem of medieval art. It represents the crucifixion, with Mary and Martha (who are given a slightly Japanese cast of features) standing at the foot of the cross. In the background a river flows, on the other side of which are seen several edifices that are architectural curiosities.

This interesting volume is valued at \$2,000.

A Case of Step-Love.

The girl with the level brows was talking to the man with the Roman nose.

"I don't understand you," she said coldly.

"I asked you if you thought my love would induce—"

"No, it is impossible. You are not my ideal."

"I don't want to be. Please don't interrupt me again. I merely wanted to know if my earnest, devoted love would—"

"It would not. You are too old. Besides, as I said before, you are not my ideal."

"Hang ideals. I want to marry your mother and be your stepfather. Now do you understand?"

Jumping Beans

Jumping beans threaten to become as great a fad with those who admire odd pets as chameleons were about a year ago. As most people know by this time, the movements of the beans are caused by a little worm inside. They come from Mexico, where a Chicago man has collected large numbers of them, and has cornered the market. The worms are said to be a species of chrysalis, and in time develop into butterflies. If the craw doesn't die out before the Indians and the jumping-bean agents have collected all the worms, Mexico may be minus a species of butterfly at a certain season.

ALL BY HAND.

A Fine Piano so Complex That Machinery Is Useless.

Those persons who grumble at the enormous expense of pianofortes should be initiated into the complications and mysteries of their completion.

An instrument, say a parlor grand, weighing a thousand pounds, looks to be a solid mass, but what would you say when you learned that the whole frame and all the wonderful curves and semi-circles of wood and the interior linings are made of tiny strips of woods, laid together—sometimes twenty layers thick—like jelly cake, glued tightly and veneered? Then, too, these layers are put together in a certain way; namely, the grain of the wood in each layer must lie at right angles to the one just below and above it, says the Washington Post. This prevents the ribs and bones and sinews of the instrument from cracking and warping.

Indeed, the entire anatomy is a model and a wonder of nice calculation, delicate workmanship, and fineness of finish. In the first place the wood has to be carefully selected, cut into sheets as thin as paper, and seasoned for many months, both in the sunshine and in the heated rooms, and after this is done six months is occupied in making the pianoforte. Every part is finished separately, numbered and put together. The enormous metal plate is also costly, and so are the hammers of felt which for all choice pianofortes come from Paris.

No machinery is employed in a piano manufactory, for everything must be trusted to the skilled eye and trained fingers, and when at last the case is fastened over the network of wires and bank of softly padded hammers and the ivory keys are pushed into their places, the instrument is equipped for its worldly experiences, to be the medium of an artist's expression, a toy in fashionable houses, or a creature to be cruelly treated and tortured by the ignorant—always, wherever it goes, a living presence, ready to respond in exquisite tones to the musician's fond touch, or to disguise its delicate voice in discordant accents when abused.

A TERRIBLE CANNON BALL.

Armor Belts and Steel Plates No Stay to the Force of Modern Ordnance.

A shot weighing 250 pounds from an eight-inch gun of Fort Valdivia in Valparaiso harbor struck the cruiser Blanco Encalada above the armor belt, passed through the thin steel plate on the side, went through the captain's cabin, took the pillow from under his head, dropped his head on the mattress with a bump, but without injuring a hair, passed through the open door into the messroom, where it struck the floor and then glanced to the ceiling.

Then it went through a wooden bulkhead one inch thick into a room 25x42 feet, where forty men were sleeping in hammocks. It killed six of them outright, and wounded six others, three of whom died, after which it passed through a steel bulkhead five inches thick, and ended its course by striking a battery outside, in which it made a dent two inches deep. It was filled with sand. Had it released deadly gases no one knows what damage it might have done.

A 450-pound missile from a ten-inch gun in the same fort struck the same vessel on its eight-inch armor. It hit square on a bolt. The shell did not pierce the armor but burst outside the vessel. It drove the bolt clear through and in its flight the bolt struck an eight-inch gun, completely destroying it. Such is the power of the smaller-sized guns.—Century.

STATISTICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.

The Brooklyn bridge cost \$15,000,000.

No one has been within 400 miles of the North pole.

The United States capitol covers an area of three and one-half acres.

In the public schools of France 24.2 per cent of the pupils are short-sighted.

During the last days of the confederacy a pair of boots cost \$500 in Confederate currency.

The value of silk ribbon and silk velvet produced in the United States in 1892 was \$90,000,000.

Reports from institutions for the insane in Ireland give tea-tipping as one of the prominent causes of insanity.

The first screw steamer to cross the Atlantic was the Great Britain, completed in 1845. It crossed in fifteen days.

The public high schools of Illinois have an attendance this year of 23,673, of which 8,508 are boys and 15,165 girls.

Paris has only one apothecary shop controlled by a woman, while Brussels has five. London had 1,340 female chemists in 1891.

Not 1,000 persons out of a million die of old age, while 27,000 succumb to apoplexy, 48,000 to scarlet fever, 30,000 to typhoid fever and 7,500 to consumption.

Peruvian cotton grows in twelve different colors, running from white to a rich dark red. Each color produces, when the seed is planted, the same color.

St. Paul's cathedral, London, was built 1675 to 1710, and is the successor of two other immense churches on the same site, the first having been built in A. D. 610.

Five and one-half tons of diamonds, valued at from \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000 have been taken from the famous Kimberley (South Africa) diamond mines since their discovery in 1871.

THE VENOM OF SERPENTS.

An Antidote Found for the Bite of All Poisonous Snakes.

St. Patrick's sabled to have driven all the snakes out of Ireland, but while Dr. A. Calmette of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, cannot be said to have banished all the venomous reptiles from the globe, he may be credited with having pulled out their fangs, says the Philadelphia Record. For a year past Dr. Calmette has been experimenting upon poisonous snakes, and through his researches an antidote has seemingly been found for the venom of the deadliest serpents—the terrible rattlesnake, cobra, adder and viper—which have slain their tens of thousands upon the four continents. Curator George Beyer of the Tulane university museum at New Orleans, La., permitted himself to be bitten by a young rattlesnake in order to determine if a person can be by degrees rendered poison proof. Dr. Calmette has not resorted to any such heroic experiments, and has not tested his antidote upon any human being, but his trials upon guinea pigs, rabbits and the minor animals have invariably been crowned with success.

By analyses of the bottled-up venom of a multitude of different kinds of snakes the French toxicologist has revealed some astonishing secrets concerning this mysterious safeguard and weapon of the creeping foe of mankind. Proceeding upon the observation that every venomous snake is proof against the poisons of other serpents in direct proportion to its own deadliness, he has found that in conquering the poison he has practically neutralized the venoms of all. A rabbit inoculated against the India cobra has proved proof against the poison of the Egyptian asp, the horned viper of North Africa, and the Australian snakes. The old idea that the fatal principle of snake poison was an animal alkaloid has been thoroughly disproved by his analysis. The poison contains two distinct albuminoids, one coagulable and harmless, and the other persistently liquid in form and death-producing. The immediate cause of the fatal result is a peculiar coagulation of the blood of the victims and paralysis of the lungs. No bacteriological remedy is therefore possible; but a purely chemical antidote has been found. This neutralizing agency has been detected by Dr. Calmette in one of the most common substances of daily use—chloride of lime. The doctor's prescription is thus given in McClure's Magazine:

"The chloride should be free from absorbed water, and when used should in all cases be freshly taken from a hermetically sealed bottle. One part of it by weight should be dissolved in eleven parts of boiling water, and the solution should never be made until it is about to be used, as the therapeutic power diminishes by keeping. This should be injected subcutaneously with a trephine all about the wound, and also under the skin of the abdomen, that it may enter the circulation as quickly as possible. No ligature about the part bitten is necessary."

The popularly credited power of alcohol in the form of whisky or brandy to save snake-bitten victims is denied by the Parisian scientist. "The action of alcohol," he explains, "is purely stimulative. Its effect is to augment the vital power of the body to a point where it can resist the coagulation process and carry the sufferer past the crisis. Upon the poison itself alcohol has no chemical or neutralizing effect, and ranks in this regard as an aid to nature rather than as a direct combatant of the deadly principle of the snake."

A Singular Experience.

A Penobscot county doctor, some time ago, had a strange experience or something of the kind. He had been visiting a patient in Piscataquis county and was returning in the darkness, when his horse stumbled and fell. Fortunately, the doctor was not thrown out, and the only thing broken was one thill. This he was able to mend so as to continue his journey. As he drove up to his door he was surprised to see his wife, who met him with the question: "You did meet with an accident, didn't you?" The doctor looked at his wife in astonishment, which was not wholly dispelled as she explained that she had gone to bed and to sleep, but had suddenly found herself in a sitting posture with a nameless dread that something terrible had happened to her husband. Being unable to shake it off, she had arisen and waited for his return. On comparison, it was found that the time of the accident and that of her strange awakening were identical.—Lewiston Journal.

Giant Earthworms.

The giant of the earthworms is a creature of Australia known to the scientists as Megastolides Australis. Although it is a monster from four to six feet in length, and from an inch to an inch and three-quarters in diameter, it is as harmless as our common angleworm, which it much resembles both in color and bodily structure. Like our common angleworm, it can only be removed from its burrows with great difficulty. If a portion of the creature's body be uncovered, and grasped with the intention of pulling it from its sinuous burrow, the experimenter is likely to be disappointed, because the worm can hold to the sides of his den until his body is pulled in two.

Playing the Limit.

Bob—Now, in the first place I'm going to put \$5 on Mudsticker; in the second race I'll play Notin for \$5 more; I'll place \$5 on Balker in the third, at I put \$5 more on Dustaker in the fourth.

Tom—But there are six races.

Aren't you going to play the other two?

Bob—Heaven's mah! How can I? I've only got \$20.—Puck.

THE CALF PATH.

One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home as good as should.
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail as all calves do.
Since then two hundred years have fled
And, I infer, the calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail
And thereby hangs my moral tale.
The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way;
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.
And from that day o'er hill and glade
Through those old woods a path was made.
And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about.
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path;
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf:
And through this winding wood-way
stalked,
Because he wobbled when he walked.
This forest path became a lane
That bent and turned and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road
Where many a poor horse with his load
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one.
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.
The years passed on in swift fleet,
The road became a village street,
And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis.

And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.
Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed this zigzag calf about;
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.
They followed still his crooked way
And lost one hundred years a day.
For thus such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.
A moral lesson this might teach
Were I ordained and called to preach.
For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf paths of the mind;
And work away from sun to sun
To do what other men have done.
They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in, and forth and back,
And still their devious course pursue
To keep the path that others do.
But how the wise old wood-goats laugh,
Who saw the first primeval calf.
Ah, many things this tale might teach—
But I am not ordained to preach.
—Sam Walter Foss, in Buffalo Express.

MYRTLE'S MARRIAGE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"DREARY place," said Hugh Keppel to himself, with a shrug of the shoulders, "but still—home."
The damp, brown leaves were matted by rain and tempest, where they had drifted up around the steps; the vine which garlanded the old tower had lost its scarlet glow in the cold touch of snow and frost; the cedars shuddered in the blast. For Keppel Tower was on a commanding hill, which, although delightful enough in summer, was not without its disadvantages in the month of December.
Mr. Keppel had been absent for three months, and this was his first home-coming since he had returned from Paris.
His mother's eyes brightened as she stood—a commanding figure in black satin and rich old Mechlin lace—beside the fire in the round drawing-room, with one hand on the gold-headed cane which was her constant support, the other extended toward him.
"You are back again," she said. "Oh, Hugh, I thought you never would return to me!"
The room was very pretty, with the cheerful firelight flickering on the blue-and-white tiles of the chimney-piece, the curtains of wine-colored plush, the decorations of old-gold ribbons, ancient brass and art embroidery.
In all these things he recognized Alice Amadine's taste—the taste of the distant cousin who had always lived with Mrs. Keppel since Hugh was a boy.
They had grown up together, in fact, and Mrs. Keppel had made no secret of her earnest wish that Hugh might eventually marry Alice.
But Hugh Keppel, with all a man's perversity, had rather chosen to fall in love with Myrtle Vennor, the blue-eyed daughter of the old judge who lived in the pretty country house two miles down the river.
To be sure—which was some comfort to Mrs. Keppel—there was no regular engagement; but every one knew that the young people liked one another.
"Don't mind, aunty, dear," said Alice Amadine, with her gracious smile and slow, musical accents. "Love can neither be bound in fetters nor driven in harness. Myrtle Vennor is a very sweet girl, and no doubt everything is for the best."
"My love," said Mrs. Keppel, kissing Alice's rich brunette cheek, "you are an angel, and how Hugh

can be so blind is far beyond my comprehension."
"I can endure anything so long as you love me," said Alice Amadine, effusively returning the caress.
Alice was as beautiful as ever in her garnet-rod gown, with cardinal roses in her hair, as she smiled her greeting and presently they were seated at the little round table at ten, by the softened light of a student-lamp.
"And how are the Vennors?" said Hugh, after he had inquired after every one else, vaguely hoping that Alice or his mother would mention the subject without his suggestive question.
"Oh," smiled Alice, carefully measuring out the exact number of drops of thick cream which Mrs. Keppel liked in her tea, "the Vennors are very gay this season! They are to remain at the Grange until Twelfth Night, and there are all sorts of balls and parties and festivities going on. And the last time I was at Mrs. Torrence's, the dressmaker, I saw Myrtle's wedding dress being made."
"Her wedding dress?" echoed Hugh.
"And, oh," said Alice, still intent on the duties of the table, "it was such a beauty! Old white brocade, trimmed with lace that must have been perfectly priceless, and a white velvet tablier front breadth. Auntie, will you have some preserved cherries? And there were flowers embroidered in seed-pearl on the sashes, too utterly lovely to describe. Are the Vennors so very rich, Hugh?"
"Then she is going to be married?" he exclaimed, gnawing fiercely at his lower lip. "Myrtle Vennor—I could not have believed it. And never to tell me!"
Alice Amadine laughed softly.
"Dear me, Hugh," said she. "As if a girl confided that sort of her secrets to her miscellaneous gentlemen friends! And Myrtle Vennor always belonged to the secretive kind, you know."
"Who is he?" he asked, hoarsely. "The man, I mean?"
"How am I to know?" said Alice, artlessly. "Colonel Fitz Urse has been staying at the Grange all the autumn, and Doctor Fenimore, from New York, comes there often; and there's Mr. Atwater, and those two young Yale collegians, and—oh, dear, Myrtle is very gay this year!"
Hugh sat silently looking into the fire. The poisoned arrow had sped to its destination, as Alice Amadine well knew. All the life and animation had gone out of him that night; and when he had departed to his room in the central round-tower, where the windows looked out on the surging tops of the cedar grove, Alice laughed exultantly.
"Dear auntie," said she, "do not look so grave! It isn't pleasant to take a dose of quinine, but one feels so much better after it. Well, this news is a dose of quinine to poor, dear Hugh!"
"Alice," said the old lady, "do you think we have done right? Is—is not this like deceit?"
"Where is the deceit?" lightly questioned Miss Amadine. "I did see the wedding dress, didn't I? The very one that Myrtle's mother wore when she was married, and that Myrtle herself is to wear next New Year's week. Auntie, you know as well as I do that Hugh never would have been happy with that silly, frivolous little Myrtle Vennor."
"No," said Mrs. Keppel, slowly, "I do not believe that he would. Oh, Alice, it is in my hope and my prayer that he may marry you!"
"Wait!" said Alice, composedly smoothing the plush table cover. "Don't you remember the old Spanish proverb—that all things come to those who know how to wait? Only have a little patience, auntie. There is nothing in all the world so easy to catch as a heart in the rebound."
And in the meantime, sweet Myrtle Vennor secretly devoured her own heart, and wondered why Hugh Keppel never came to the Grange.
"Can it be that he has forgotten me?" she asked herself, "after all that he has looked and spoken—after the flowers he gave me, and the little, old-fashioned ring with the black pearl, that he placed on my finger? Do men's hearts change in such a fickle fashion as that?"
Myrtle Vennor was as unlike Alice Amadine as a sweet English rose is unlike a vivid cactus bloom.
She was fair and delicate, with a complexion like pink and pearl; bright hair shot with golden threads, and blue, deep eyes, full of wistful, appealing light; and her nature, too, was dissimilar to that of the wily brannette.
It was, therefore, her first impulse to go to Hugh Keppel, and ask him what dark shadow had come between them.
But Myrtle had all a woman's pride, and so she kept within her own heart the secret of her grief.
And Alice Amadine was well pleased as the success of her subtle scheme, feeling, as she did, that Hugh was drifting slowly and simlessly into her toils.
"Why should I not?" he asked himself. "One woman will be very much the same to me as another, now that I have lost confidence in Myrtle. My mother is fond of Alice, and I think Alice will not be unwilling to be the mistress of Keppel Towers."
And he made up his mind one chill, bright day, when the hard frozen snow gleamed white in the valleys and the hemlocks were weighted down with feathery fringes of pearl to settle the matter definitely that self-same evening.
"It will make my mother happy," he thought. "And as for myself, what avails it?"
Yet, nevertheless, a pang came through his breast as he stood there, under the shadow of the giant forest

oak trees, where, last year, he and Myrtle had gathered mistletoe to adorn the great saloon at Vennor Grange.
"Never again!" he muttered between his teeth. "My lost Myrtle, never again!"
A slight step on the crackling snow, the gleam of a scarlet cloak, disturbed the melancholy thread of his meditations, and, turning, he saw that Myrtle Vennor herself had merged from the evergreen thicket on her way across the glen, and stood there, with cheeks glowing with exercise, and large, startled eyes.
"Mr. Keppel!" she exclaimed.
"Myrtle!" he responded, taken by surprise.
"—I did not know that you were here," said she, in hurried accents. "I hope you are quite well. We are having lovely winter weather. Good-morning!"
And she would have gone had he not put forth his hand to check her flying footsteps.
"Do not go, Myrtle," he said. "There is no reason why we should avoid each other."
"You have avoided me!" she flashed out.
"But I will not hereafter," said he, trying to speak composedly. "Besides, I have not yet congratulated you, Myrtle."
"Upon what?" she said. "Upon the loss of my faith in mankind?"
"No, upon your marriage."
"Mr. Keppel," she cried, flushing to the roots of her hair, "you are willfully insulting me—"
"I, Myrtle?"
"Then why do you use such language as that?" cried Myrtle, wringing her fur-glove hands. "Who should know better than you—that I have no idea of being married?"
"You cannot deceive me, Myrtle," he said, sadly. "Alice Amadine herself saw your wedding dress being made. She told me."
"My wedding dress!" For a second Myrtle's brow contracted with perplexity, and then it cleared instantly. "Oh, I know now!" she cried. "She must have meant mamma's wedding gown that Miss Torrence is remaking for the tablean vivants next week, when I am to be Ginevra, in 'The Old Oak Chest.' But as for my being married, Alice Amadine knew that was not true."
Her cheek kindled with crimson bloom; her lip quivered; the blue lightning of her indignant eyes was quenched in coming tears.
"Speak those words again, Myrtle!" cried Hugh, in a voice that shook with repressed emotion. "Let there be no mistake in a matter that is so vitally essential to my happiness. You are not to be married this next week?"
"I am not," she answered, earnestly.
He took the little, trembling hand in his.
"Sweet Myrtle, forgive me?" he said. "But my heart was torn with hot jealousy and burning anguish. I believed that you were lost to me, and life was scarcely worth having without your love. Now let us begin the world over again. Promise me, dearest, to become my wife. Let no more cruel doubts rise up between us forevermore. Will you promise, Myrtle?"
And Myrtle answered, in scarcely audible tones:
"I promise!"
Hugh Keppel's face was radiant when he came back to the rofand drawing room at the Towers that afternoon. His mother looked earnestly at him.
"Dear Hugh," she said, "you have had good news."
"The best of news," he answered, brightly. "News that Myrtle Vennor will become my wife soon; news that the false report of her marriage to any one else is utterly unfounded."
And as he spoke, he looked full into Alice Amadine's face. She colored deeply under the scorching light of his eyes; but she knew that it would be fatal to quail at this juncture, or to show any consciousness of her own guilt.
"Dear me!" said she, smiling as graciously as ever, "what ridiculous stories do get trumped up among the neighboring gossips! And so you are to be married, Hugh? I am sure I wish you every happiness."
And no one who saw Alice Amadine at that moment would have dreamed that her life hopes had been cruelly snitten down—for women are heroes at heart.—Saturday Night.

TWO MODEST WRITERS

WOMEN WHO HAVE KEPT THEIR NAMES DARK.

Personal Recollections of Mrs. Mary Bradley and Her Sister, Mrs. Katharine Festetis—The Two Girls Grew Up in Virginia.

(Washington Correspondence.)

IN AN AGE WHICH deals so largely in personalities it is difficult to understand how two writers whose works have been so widely read as those of Mrs. Mary Bradley and her sister, Mrs. Katharine Festetis, could so long have succeeded in screening themselves from public view. For many years their books have covered a large space on the shelves of Sunday-school libraries, while their miscellaneous prose and poetical productions have given pleasure to readers of prominent magazines all over the country, and yet outside of their own immediate circle of acquaintances few have identified them with their work.
The two sisters are of Scotch and English ancestry, descended on the one side from Scotch Rutherfords and on the other from English Scarboroughs. Their immediate progenitors, John Neely and Amelia Bayly, were, the one of Pennsylvania, the other of Virginian birth, and the two girls, with their five brothers and sisters, grew up partly in Washington and partly in their



MRS. MARY BRADLEY.

country home on the eastern shore of Virginia. In their early youth they were orphaned, their parents dying within a year of each other, but the family was kept together by an older brother, under whose guardianship the sisters remained until the marriage of Mary, in 1853, to George Bradley of New York city, and the sending of Katharine to school in Pennsylvania a short time afterwards.
A pleasant visitor to their secluded home in those early days was a Philadelphia weekly, formerly published by Joseph C. Neal, the author of "Charcoal Sketches," but then conducted by his young widow, who, under the nom de plume of "Cousin Alice," was winning a reputation for herself as a writer of juvenile books. The two children watched eagerly for its coming, and it was while reading a story which appeared in its columns that the possibility of becoming herself an authoress suggested itself to Mary, the older of the two girls. The youthful aspirant for literary honors was only 14 years old when her maiden effort was made, but its merit met with prompt recognition, and it was accorded a place in the Gazette. Other contributions followed, which led to a

ards took a kindly interest in the young girl, even making the trip to Virginia for the purpose of becoming personally acquainted with her. His visit was followed by one from Mrs. Neal, with the sister of Mrs. Richards, and thus a friendship was formed between the authors and editors which was strengthened with advancing years.
The first literary venture of Mrs. Festetis (Katharine Neely) grew out of a little banter on the part of her elder brother, who declared if she also would write something and have it published he would present her with the handsomest book to be procured in Baltimore. New books were treasures in those days, and his challenge was accepted, the result being the production of a bright little story, which was not only printed in the School-fellow, but was made the subject of flattering editorial comment. The youthful writer was only 13 years old at the time of its appearance, but the book which rewarded her efforts, "The Gem of the Season," beautifully bound and illustrated, is still preserved as a souvenir of her early initiation into authorship.
For several years after this event Katharine Neely remained at school in Washington, Pa., where she graduated, after which she made her home with her sister in Brooklyn and occupied herself with various literary undertakings. She edited the Children's Guest, a paper published by the Church Book society in New York; wrote a number of books for the same society; contributed to Harper's Magazine and other prominent periodicals, and still found time to be the most helpful caretaker and favorite "auntie" of Mrs. Bradley's family of little ones. She finally married Carl Albert Festetis, the son of an old Hungarian fam-

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IN OLD TIENSIN CITY.

SOME ASPECTS OF LI HUNG CHANG'S STRONGHOLD.

The River Front Is the Only Agreeable Part of This Typically Chinese Town—Diseases Are Constantly Being Bred by Dirt.

THESE PICTURES show some of the better aspects of the big city of Tientsin, seventy miles up the Pei ho, and about eighty miles from Peking. One picture shows the town hall in which the business of the municipality is transacted which was erected by European architects. Another view gives a glimpse of Victoria road, on which the town hall is situated. This part of the city is lighted by gas and is near the river front, where the entire foreign population live. This is the only attractive part of the big town, for the Chinese quarter is uncleanly and is decidedly unwholesome.

The traveler who gets his first idea of China as he enters the mouth of the Pei ho is struck with the extraordinary fatness and monotony of the country. There is nothing pretty or interesting about the flat region between the mouth of the river and the big town where the Grand canal joins



the river. Here and there is a little village with its adjacent grave yard and little patches of rice irrigated by ditches and troughs. The traveler has plenty of opportunity to see all that is to be seen, for the steamers are compelled to travel very slowly, and even then they seldom reach Tientsin without grounding on mud banks.

A recent writer in the Fortnightly Review says that Tientsin is a revelation. The big cities of the south have much that is picturesque about them, but in Tientsin there is nothing bright or attractive outside the foreign quarter except the clothes of its inhabitants. The city is the home of Li Hung Chang, and the splendid hospitality with which he has time again treated his guests from other lands, perhaps accounts in part for the very glittering estimate of his character, patriotism, and ability which has been spread over western lands. This is the headquarters of his European trained soldiers, over 30,000 in number, who, it was supposed, would prove almost invincible in time of war. They met the Japanese, however, at Ping Yang, and were put to flight as easily as the untrained soldiers of the Chinese emperor.

Li Hung Chang has been credited with advanced ideas and a great liking for all things western, and it is surprising that he has not done something to improve the sanitary condition of his city. There is no large Chinese town more filthy than Tientsin. Every foreigner who visits it carries away a vivid impression of dirt, heat, and bad smells. The city, though it has nearly a million inhabitants, does not spread over so much territory as many a smaller Chinese city. It is the commercial port of Peking, and here are stored vast quantities of wheat, rice, millet, textiles, and prepared meats, which come up from the south by way of the Grand canal to supply the millions of northern China with the means of subsistence. Commercially, Tientsin is far more important than any other city in the northern part of the empire.

Like Peking, the city, outside of the foreign quarter, consists chiefly of mud, brick, and bamboo houses, only one story high, and huddled together with little semblance of arrangement. Nobody ever heard of the streets in a north China town being fit for traffic, and those of Tientsin, unpaved, uneven, and full of ruts, are bad enough



VICTORIA ROAD, TIENSIN.

to bring almost any spring cart to speedy grief. The streets are the receptacles for the refuse of all the houses built along them, and there are no contractors to haul away the noisome garbage, whose smell ascends to heaven. In dry weather the roads are many inches deep with dust. The result of Tientsin's sanitary condition is that it is a very unwholesome place, where some epidemic or another is nearly always breeding. Smallpox is found there nearly all the year round. After a few hours' inspection of the Chinese quarter, the stranger invariably turns with relief to the more pleasant foreign city along the river and to the wharves, where all is bustle, and where are crowds of vessels of every sort from houseboat to gunboat.

Visitors to Peking sometimes take the

river route and sometimes the road. The distance by the road is eighty miles, but as the Pei ho is a remarkably crooked stream, the distance by river is nearly doubled. It costs about \$16 to buy transportation for one from Tientsin to Peking, and the passenger has to supply his own provisions. The quicker route is by way of the road, and a pair of mules sometimes traverses the rough highway in forty-eight hours, though this speed makes hard work for the animals.

BLUE ROSES.

By Continuous Selections They Can Be Produced.

A well-known naturalist recently wrote: "We may have a yellow rose, but it is pretty well agreed that if we ever see a blue one it will be by a process of continuous variation and selection." By this it is meant that if a blue rose is ever produced from a red variety, for instance, the change will not be a sudden one, a leap from one color to the other, but the result of a gradual progression through a series of steps leading regularly from red to blue. In fact, it has been found that both plants and animals exhibit a tendency toward a definite succession of colors, and certain colors have been regarded as representing higher stages of evolution than others. The change toward these "higher" colors are usually continuous, and require a series of variations, while on the other hand, instances of sudden reversion to "lower" colors are not common. Red is regarded as a higher color, in this sense, than yellow. The yellow primrose sometimes varies to red, but the change is never sudden or discontinuous because it is a change in the direction of progression. But from red to yellow the change sometimes occurs by a jump, so to speak, because it is going backward. The same thing seems to apply in the case of birds. Red and green species of birds may vary to yellow, but the utmost efforts of breeders to produce red canaries from yellow ones have only resulted in an orange hue.

Although there is no relation apparent between the two phenomena, yet it is interesting, in connection with this subject, to recall the fact that among the stars certain colors appear to characterize different stages of change or evolution. Red stars, according to the testimony of the spectroscope, differ widely in their constitution from white or yellow ones, and it has been thought that varying color may give a clue to progressive changes in the heavenly bodies. Sirius, for instance, is said to have changed from red to white, and some have suspected that Arcturus is fading from red toward yellow. Thus science, as it clears up one mystery, reveals another awaiting its turn to be solved. But if all knowledge could ever be attained would it continue to be sought as eagerly as before?

SATOLLI'S NEW SECRETARY.

Something About the Life and Character of the Young Monsignor.

Rev. Dr. Rooker, vice rector of the American college at Rome, has recently



REV. DR. ROOKER.

ly been appointed secretary to Mgr. Satolli, the papal delegate, in place of Rev. Dr. Hector Papi, who at present fills that office, but is about to surrender it in order to enter the "Society of Jesus." Rev. Dr. Rooker was born in Albany 33 years ago, where his father, Myron H. Rooker, still lives and is editor of the Press and Knickerbocker. His uncle is Thomas N. Rooker of the New York Tribune. Father Rooker was graduated from Union college, and went afterward to the American college in Rome, where he distinguished himself. Mgr. Satolli, who is also archbishop of Lepanto, was then teaching in the college, and the bright young American priest became one of the favorites of the future papal delegate. Soon afterward he was appointed to the chair of dogma in the propaganda, and still later was made vice rector of the college by Mgr. O'Connell. It is believed that Dr. Rooker may be the bearer of some interesting instructions from Rome regarding the government of the Catholic church in America.

Miss Virginia Fair.

Miss Virginia Fair, the only unmarried daughter of the late ex-Senator Fair, who died the other day in California, and whose millions are being contested, is one of the most attractive girls in the swell set. She is little, plump, with a harmoniously proportioned figure, lovely neck and arms, and a piquant round face, with a tiny mouth, perfect teeth, a fascinating tilted nose and big brown eyes, dancing with merriment. Her hair, which is rippling and jet black, she wears brushed a la Japonaise. She dances very well, leading cotillions not infrequently; has a wonderfully rich contralto voice, and is an extremely bright conversationalist. She wears very handsome gowns—in fact, she and her handsome sister, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, are two of the best dressed women in society. She speaks French and Spanish fluently, and is very charitable.

ONE'S ODD MOMENTS.

Things May Be Accomplished in Them for Which One Has No Other Time.

Amid the whirl and bustle of this busy age one of the problems which often presents itself for solution is how to keep abreast with the times without incurring the danger of cutting short one's existence with nervous prostration, which is sometimes very fitly termed "Americantitis." There are so many things which demand time and attention, the days are so short and fly by so rapidly, that there is little cause for wonder when one becomes discouraged. There is, however, a secret of importance to us all in the economical use of the odd moments—the little between times when we are most of us very apt to feel that there is not time enough to do really anything.

I have an acquaintance whose systematic planning for these odd times has taught me a lesson from which I have derived great profit, says a writer in Good Housekeeping. She accomplishes more than any other woman of my acquaintance, and at the same time she gives one an impression of comfortable, leisurely living. She never seems to be unduly hurried, is never apparently disturbed by a morning call, has time to devote to her family and friends, and her home is carefully and nicely kept. What, then, is the secret of it all?

She uses her odd moments. One would not believe how many odd times come into the very busiest lives, nor how much may be accomplished by planning to make use of them, until one has tried for one's self.

The Wonders of Irrigation.

The eleventh census makes some startling revelations regarding the increase in value of irrigated lands in the west. Tracts which a few years ago were not worth the government price of \$1.25 an acre, are now worth all the way from \$100 to \$500 an acre, and some command even higher figures. Immense crops and no failures justify these seemingly extravagant prices. Though irrigation in the United States is still in its infancy, the value in 1890 of the irrigated areas, with their water rights, was about three quarters that of all the gold and silver mines in the United States, with their railroads and other improvements.

The New York Sun recently contained a very interesting article on the great work of reclamation now going on in the Pecos valley of New Mexico. This is the largest irrigation enterprise in America and will eventually reclaim over 400,000 acres. The Pecos valley is a wonderful fruit country, such high authority as Parker Earle, president of the American Horticultural society, stating that its apples, in particular, surpass those grown anywhere else in the world. It is said that lands can now be bought in the Pecos valley at first prices, sure to double and quadruple within the next few years. In the Stock Exchange building in Chicago is a display of fruits from the valley which is well worth going a long distance to see by any one interested in irrigation and its possibilities.

Really Pure.

Mrs. D'Arnoo—I wish you would spend your time reading those emotional novels.

Miss D'Arnoo—Oh, this is not emotional a bit. It's purely financial. The heroine marries the man her mother picks out.

One of Many.

Frog Hollow Citizen—How is your son doin' in the city?

Bungtown Man—First rate. He sits \$15 a week as car driver on the Steenth street line and makes \$5 more a week as New York society correspondent of the Bungtown Bagle.

Fastest Time Ever Made.

The Monon Route (L., N. A. & C. R.) placed in effect on Jan. 15 the fastest schedule ever made between Chicago and Jacksonville, Fla., leaving Chicago at 8:32 p. m., arriving at Jacksonville, Fla., at 9:55 a. m. the second morning, making direct connection with the morning departures from that point with all diverging lines, and arrive at interior and southern Florida points by daylight; St. Augustine and Palatka before noon; Ocala, Orlando, Sanford, Winter Park, Bartow and Tampa early in the afternoon; Titusville and Rockledge before supper, and Lake Worth before bed time. The trains are vestibuled, Pintsch lighted and steam heated, with the finest dining and sleeping car service in the world. For full information regarding rates, pamphlets and through sleeping car tickets, call at the Monon Route ticket office, 333 Clark street, Chicago, or address W. H. McDoel, vice-president and general manager, Frank J. Reed, general passenger agent.

It has come to be the custom to wear only strictly high neck dresses at any other hour than evening. A dress may be extremely handsome, indeed as elegant as one chooses, but should be close at the throat. Even at the most formal receptions and weddings, before 6 o'clock, this rule is observed by the best society.

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.

E. A. Abbey's paintings of the frieze of the delivery room of the new Boston public library are now on exhibition in London. They represent scenes in the story of the "Quest of the Holy Grail."

Lord Burton has recently given a \$20,000 town hall to Burton-on-Trent. He and his father, the late Michael Bass, have already spent over \$850,000 on buildings for the town.

The Queen & Crescent Route is the best equipped and shortest line to Florida. Solid Vestibuled Trains and Through sleepers. Parlor cafe and observation cars to Chattanooga.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Stub Ends of Thought.

Hope sometimes bags at the knees. A man's resolution to be decent was never strengthened by a drink.

Very few men can make dollars and friends at the same time.

Modern love is largely a commercial commodity.

Cynicism is the salt of disappointment.

Time comes as fast as it goes.

Pluck is the search warrant with which to find opportunity.

A man would be surprised if he were what a woman thinks he is.—Detroit Free Press.

'Twould Do as Well.

They tell this story of an absent-minded professor in the University of Pennsylvania. He was writing at his desk one evening when one of his children entered.

"What do you want?" he asked. "I can not be disturbed now."

"I only want to say good night, papa," replied the child.

"Never mind now," as he instantly resumed his writing, "to-morrow morning will do as well."—Philadelphia Call.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure! F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, Ohio. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNA & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

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

Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Test of Style.

Mother—That note paper is certainly very quaint, but are you sure it is fashionable?

Daughter—Oh, it must be. It's almost impossible to write on it.—New York Weekly.

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.

Dairying in Nebraska

Is a profitable industry. The grasses found there are excellent and abundant. Suitable land can be bought at the lowest prices and on easy terms. Write to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill. for detailed information.

The headquarters of the Russian church in America are at San Francisco. Thirty years ago, according to Roman statistics, fully 16,000 inhabitants of North America acknowledged the czar of Russia as the head of their church.

To New Orleans the Queen & Crescent Route is the direct line. 90 miles shortest from Cincinnati. Vestibuled Trains. Cafe and parlor cars to Chattanooga.

Miss Cora Benson, a graduate of the law school of Michigan university, has been admitted to the bar in Massachusetts.

Other remedies may ST. JACOBS OIL

Will cure Sprains, Bruises, and a Backache

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE

IS THE BEST FIT FOR A KING.

- \$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH CAMELLED CALF.
- \$4.35 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
- \$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
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- \$3.25 2.17 2.17.
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LINE NE REVERSIBLE

Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso

The "LINE NE" 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, 17 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kirby St., Boston.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Water gas was first successfully employed in metallurgy in 1890.

If the Baby is Crying Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WINDLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething.

The Wax Candle company of London was incorporated in 1493.

Coe's Cough Balsam is the oldest and best. It will break when you take it more than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Silver candlesticks were known in Britain as early as A. D. 950.

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. CADY, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

Amelie Rives Chanler has been in Europe gathering material for a new novel.

Take the Queen & Crescent Route to Knoxville and Asheville. Only Through Car line Cincinnati to Asheville.

Thoughtless. "That's about the most hopelessly foolish achievement of my existence," he moaned.

"What have you done?" asked his wife.

"Lent an umbrella."

"I thought you knew better."

"It's worse than that. I lent it to its original owner."—Washington Star.

A Gentle Corrective

is what you need when your liver becomes inactive. It's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets; they're free from the violence and the griping that come with the ordinary pill. The best medical authorities agree that in regulating the bowels mild methods are preferable. For every derangement of the liver, stomach and bowels, these tiny, sugar coated pills are most effective. They go about their work in an easy and natural way, and their good results are permanent. They are always in favor. Being composed of the choicest, concentrated vegetable extracts, they cost much more than other pills found in the market, yet from forty to forty-four are put up in each sealed glass vial, as sold through druggists, at the price of the cheaper made pills.

"Pleasant Pellets" cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heart-burn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Put up in sealed glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. Whether as a laxative, or in larger doses, as a gently acting but searching cathartic, these little "Pellets" are unequalled.

As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, take one each day after dinner. To relieve the distress arising from over-eating, nothing equals one of these little "Pellets." They are tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules. Any child readily takes them. Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be better for the dealer, because of paying him a better profit, but he is not the one who needs help.

A free sample (4 to 7 doses) on trial, is mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of name and address on postal card. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Bottles Double Size AT OLD PRICE. PERRY PAIN-KILLER DAVIS' TRY IT FOR DYSPESIA.

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

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"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.

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

The outer or top sole extends the whole length down to the heel, protecting the boot in digging and in other hard work.

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

COLCHESTER RUBBER CO.

35 Cent Patterns for 10 Cents.

These patterns retail in fashion bazaars and stores for twenty-five to forty cents each, but in order to increase the demand among strangers we offer them to the lady readers of this paper for the remarkably low price of only 10 Cents Each. Postage one cent extra.

The patterns are all of the very latest New York styles, and are unequalled for style accuracy of fit, simplicity and economy. For twenty-four years these patterns have been used the country over. Full descriptions and directions—as the number of yards of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a separate pattern for every single piece of the dress. Your order will be filled the same day it is received.

Order patterns by number and give size in inches.

Every pattern guaranteed to be perfect. THEY ARE GLOVE FITTING.

To get cut BUST and BREST measure, put the tape measure ALL of the way around the body, over the dress close under the arms.

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GIRL'S DRESS. Pattern No. 620 is cut in three sizes, viz.: 8, 10 and 12 years.

Marine blue velvet and fancy French plaid serge is here stylishly combined. A simulated yoke of velvet covers the upper portions of the fitted body, back and front. The full front and back is shirred and placed on in pointed outline. Stylish bretelles are graduated to points, and fall gracefully from the shoulders to the waist line, front and back. A standing collar of velvet finishes the neck and the closing is in center back. Double pulls are stylishly arranged over fitted sleeves faced to the elbow with velvet. The full round skirt is gathered at the top and sewed to the lower edge of waist. The mode is desirable for dresses either of silk or woolen fabric and can be suitably developed in various combinations of colors or material. One material alone can be used, variety being given by decoration of braid, gimp, ribbon, velvet, insertion or lace.

The retail price of pattern is 25 cents.



LADIES' NORFOLK BASQUE. Pattern No. 628 is cut in five sizes, viz.: 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

The Norfolk jacket is as popular today as it was in its first season. It has the merits of being very generally becoming, easily adjusted, comfortable and stylish looking, besides being available for nearly all sorts of fabric. As here represented made of vicuña in a sort of heather mixture. It forms part of a dressy toilet for general wear, shopping or visiting, etc. The box plaits are formed in the fronts and back, the under sides being stitched together to a few inches below the waist line. Under arm gores fit the sides smoothly and the basque can be made over the body lining fitted with double darts, or that portion can be omitted if so preferred. The closing is invisible in center front under the middle plait, but buttons and button holes can be used if desired. The fashionable turn-over collar is in latest mode and the belt of cloth fastens with a dull gilt buckle. Any of the seasonable woolen materials will make up stylishly by the mode. Serge, chevot, in plain or mixed varieties, homespun ladiescloth, or the flannel. A plain finish is all that is necessary.

The retail price of this pattern is 25 cents.

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In ordering give No. of patterns wanted Bust, and Waist, measure. Either of these patterns will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps when this coupon is enclosed with order and one cent for postage, with your address.

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