

# BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 9. NO. 45.

BARRINGTON, ILL., SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1895.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

## BARRINGTON.

### CHURCH NOTICES.

**ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC**—Rev. J. F. Cancy, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m.

**GERMAN EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S**—Rev. E. Zahn, 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 12.

**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 Friday at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

### SOCIETY NOTICES.

**LANSBURY LODGE NO. 751, A. F. and A. M.**—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. L. A. Powers, W. M.; C. H. Keenall, S. W.; A. L. Robertson, J. W.; A. T. Uitsch, Sec.; C. B. Otis, Treas.; J. M. Thrasher, S. D.; J. P. Brown, J. D.; A. Gleason, Tyler; J. W. Dacy, S. S.; Wm. Young, J. S.; Robert Bailey, Chaplain; E. W. Shipman, Mar-hal.

**BARRINGTON CAMP NO. 830, Modern Workmen of America**, meets at their hall the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month. F. E. Smith, V. C.; J. M. Thrasher, E. B. John Robertson, B. M. T. Lamey, Clerk; E. H. Solt, Escort; Wm. Anholts, Watchman; H. P. Askew, Sentry; L. A. Powers, John Hatje and Fred Beinhoff, Managers; C. H. Kendall, Physician.

**BARRINGTON TRUST, No. 7, K. O. T. M.**—Meets in their hall the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. T. H. Cret, P. C.; E. H. Solt, C.; Silas Robertson, L. C.; F. E. Smith, S.; J. M. Thrasher, R. E.; Rev. Robert Bailey, Chap.; C. P. Hawley, P. K.; Arthur Jayne, M. A.; M. A. Bennett, 1st M. G.; Fred Koelling, 2d M. G.; H. R. Lioff, S.; John Sbroochil, P.

**BARRINGTON POST NO. 275, G. A. R.** Department of Ill.—Meets every second Friday of the month at their hall. Charles Senn, Com.; G. W. Johnson, S. V. C.; Wm. Humphrey, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, Q. M.; C. Bogart, Chaplain; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; L. Krabb, O. G.; H. Reuter, Sergt.

**W. R. C. No. 85, Meets at G. A. R. Hall** the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Mrs. Emily Hawley, Pres.; Mrs. Lucy Townsend, 2d V. P.; Mrs. Arietta Steer, J. V. C.; Miss Robie Brookway, Treas.; Mrs. Kate Runyan, Chaplain; Mrs. Emma Wool, Conductor; Mrs. Julia Robertson, Guard.

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## TRADE IS IMPROVING.

### INDICATION OF BETTER TIMES MORE DISTINCT.

Volume of Domestic Trade Increasing and the Labor Outlook Is Much Improved—Reaction in Wheat, Oats and Lard.

New York, March 23.—R. G. Dunn & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: "Indications of improvement in business grow more distinct. Cotton does not rise because there is more demand for goods, but that there is more demand for raw material is shown by the fact that the volume of domestic trade gains a little, money is in much better legitimate demand, and the force of hands at work gradually increases in some industries and is others is restricted only by strikes, which are presumably temporarily."

"The rise in cotton to 6.31 cents still seems to have scarcely any contact with the facts of demand and supply, but had a very substantial basis, nevertheless, if, as some maintain, more cotton had been sold in this country for future delivery than could be produced here until another crop comes. The rise in wheat, which started with the report of wheat in farmers' hands, has been followed by reaction, so that prices are lower than they were prior to that report, having fallen 2 1/2 cents for the week. The western receipts were 1,988,214 bushels, against 1,533,331 last year, and for three weeks were practically equal to last year's, while Atlantic exports are small. Corn has not followed, but after a rise to 51 1/2 cents holds the price of a week ago, the receipts being about a third of last year's and export insignificant. Pork has declined 25 cents per barrel and lard 10 cents per 100 pounds.

"The advance in wages of cokeworkers raises the cost of fuel for a large proportion of the iron manufacturers, but as yet does not affect prices of iron or its products, as no increase in demand appears. Copper continues weaker at 9 1/2 cents for lake. American products in February being 12,720 tons and foreign 6,735, while tin has risen sharply to 13.9 cents. Lead is weaker with heavy sales, 2,500 tons to domestic and 1,500 to foreign takers at 3.05 to 3.1 cents, but large sales of tinplate are reported with prices a shade stinger.

"The rise in cotton has stimulated buying of goods and given confidence to agents. Heavy transactions and some advance in price appear in southern coarse goods, but not as yet in the finer. Many orders are delayed by labor difficulties, there is also much complaint of cancellations, which appear to be justified in some cases by inferior quality, but in others not justified at all. Orders for fall are at present small and new business has been quiet. Sales of wool gradually decrease, and for the week are smaller than last year, 4,174,900 pounds against 4,275,000. For three weeks of March sales indicate about 70 per cent of a full consumption.

"Failures during the last week have been 278 in the United States against 244 last year, and 35 in Canada against 50 last year."

### NO MONEY FOR MILITIA.

New Orleans Exchange: Informs the Governor Funds Are Exhausted.

New Orleans, La., March 24.—The result of the meeting of the conference committee of exchanges on the labor troubles is embodied in the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted and which has been sent to the governor: "Resolved, That it is the sense of the conference committee, in response to the governor's inquiry, that having already more than exhausted the supply they have been unable to secure more funds." This resolution was the outcome of a request by Gov. Foster to know whether any more funds could be raised by private subscription in order to maintain the expense of the military on the river front. It cannot be told at this time what will now be done. One thing is sure, the military will not be able to maintain their vigil on the river front unless they are supplied with necessary money. The resolution will doubtless bring the levee trouble to some kind of a settlement.

### Can Not Reach Agreement.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 23.—A meeting between the representatives of the bituminous coal carrying roads was held yesterday to take up the question of rates on bituminous coal for the ensuing season. The meeting was a long one, but outside of discussing the situation and the prospect for a more favorable showing did nothing, adjourning to meet again at the call of President Meyer.

### Utah May Have Woman Suffrage.

Salt Lake, Utah, March 23.—The Majority report of the committee on election and suffrage was presented to the constitutional convention yesterday. The report recommends woman suffrage in the exact language as carried in the constitution of Wyoming. One section of the report provides that no person shall have a right to vote who shall not be able to read the constitution of the United States.

### Think C. P. Huntington Indicted.

San Francisco, Cal., March 23.—The United States grand jury returned an indictment against some party whose name is withheld, and the amount of bail was fixed at \$5,000. The papers assert the indictment is against C. P. Huntington, president of the Southern Pacific railroad company, for violation of the interstate commerce act, in issuing passes to politicians.

## BIG STRIKE IMMINENT.

Men in the Springfield, Ill., District Go Out and Others May Follow.

Springfield, Ill., March 23.—A strike of miners in this district seems imminent. Operators of two shafts have reduced the net price of mining to 33 cents, a reduction of seven cents, to take effect April 1, and others may follow suit. Fifty men in one of the shafts where the reduction had been made, have quit work, and the miners of the district held a mass meeting and appointed committees to visit the men still working to induce them to strike. A delegate meeting of all miners in the district will be held here Monday. At Dawson the operators endeavored to reduce the price seven cents, but the men refused to work, and the old scale was promised. Last night the Federated Trades and Labor assembly of Springfield held a special meeting to confer with their representatives in the general assembly to urge the passage of particular measures pending in the legislature. Those considered and pressed for passage were: For the arbitration bill; insertion of clause in state fair building appropriation; limiting hours of labor on construction of buildings to eight a day; union label and trade mark bill; prohibition of convict labor being placed on the market in competition with free labor.

## HAVE A NEW THEORY.

Police Believe a Woman Was the Assassin at Tontogany.

Toledo, Ohio, March 23.—Dr. Eddmon of Tontogany recently took a trip up into Michigan, and when he returned a stranger accompanied him. The latter soon began a systematic series of inquiries regarding the murder of Mrs. Peany, and has been working diligently on the case ever since. It has developed he is a detective employed by Dr. Eddmon. The county commissioners have decided to offer a reward of \$500 for the arrest and conviction of the murderer. The theory now is that neither Dr. Eddmon nor Miss Hartsing knew anything of the murder that night, but that a decoy note was sent to Mrs. Peany, which she believed to have come from Dr. Eddmon, and that the note came from a woman, who is now believed to have committed the crime without the knowledge of either of the parties who have been arrested.

## Methodist Missionary Celebration.

Boston, Mass., March 23.—The twenty-sixth anniversary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary association of the Methodist Episcopal church was celebrated yesterday at the Fremont Street Methodist Episcopal church. Mrs. Vincent Ballard, president of the local association, presided. A feature of the evening was the presentation of a memorial tablet given by the husband of one of the principal members of the association, to be placed in the room in which the first meeting was held.

## McAuliffe and Young Griffo Matched.

New York, March 23.—Jack McAuliffe, lightweight champion of the world, and Hugh Behan, representing young Griffo of Australia, yesterday signed articles of agreement for a finish fight for a private stake of \$10,000 a side, the largest purse. The fight is to be for the lightweight championship of the world, each to weigh, stripped, at the ringside 135 pounds or less, the gloves not to exceed three ounces in weight. The fight will take place on or about Oct. 13, 1895.

## Fire at Muncie, Ind.

Muncie, Ind., March 23.—Fire in the business portion of Farmland, ten miles east of Muncie, yesterday caused \$15,000 loss. The opera house block, Farmers' and Citizens' National bank blocks were badly damaged and Baker & Mills' farmers' store and Dr. Davis' residence burned. George Gadbury, Mrs. Edward Clayton, Charles Cleveland, and George Retter were burned, but not dangerously.

## Graze's Death Confirmed.

Washington, March 23.—Under date of San Jose, Costa Rica, March 10, United States Minister Baker confirms the report of the death of Catarino E. Garza, the notorious Mexican revolutionist and outlaw, who, for a long time, operated on the northern border of Mexico along the Rio Grande.

## Senator Mantle Getting Better.

Washington, March 23.—Senator Lee Mantle of Montana, who has been seriously ill at the Cochran in this city, suffering from an attack of grip, is now on the road to recovery. Senator Carter of the same state is ill at Helena.

## Irregularities at Toledo.

Toledo, Ohio, March 23.—Regarding the republican primary election the investigators found that in the Eleventh ward five delegates were improperly certified as elected on the ticket pledged to the renomination of Mayor Major Minor. Irregularities were also found in other wards.

## Philadelphia, March 23.—Richard Vaux, ex-congressman and ex-Mayor of Philadelphia, died at his home here yesterday of la grippe. He was taken ill over a week ago. Richard Vaux was born in this city away back in 1816, and his father, also Richard Vaux, was the founder of Philadelphia's present school system. The son served as city recorder of Philadelphia for seven years, without pay, and he was defeated three times in the mayoralty race—in 1842, 1845 and 1854—but he was elected mayor in 1856. In 1858 he was defeated again, and he subsequently succeeded to the seat of the late Congressman Samuel J. Randall after the latter's death.

## SPAIN IS IN A PICKLE.

WILL BE TREATED FAIRLY, BUT MUST ANSWER.

No Days to Be Allowed, and as Soon as the New Cabinet Is Formed the Members Must Do What Is Demanded in the Alliance Outrage.

Washington, March 23.—Yesterday was the regular cabinet day, and the President and his advisers gave up most of the time of the meeting to a general discussion of foreign affairs. Two things were practically decided upon. Spain is to be treated fairly, but delay will be frowned on. The cabinet crisis is assumed to be a reasonable excuse for failure to consider the Alliance matter promptly, but once the new ministry is in working order Uncle Sam will insist on an answer to his demands. When the new Spanish cabinet assumes the reins the first thing to be considered will be something much in the shape of an ultimatum from the United States. Admiral Meade's fleet is handy to Cuba, and it is said that at the first intimation there will be a display of Yankee ships in Cuban waters, and they will not be at all particular about keeping outside the three mile limit.

In certain diplomatic circles there are rumors afloat that the administration is losing some of its enthusiasm in the Nicaragua matter. The right of Great Britain to demand indemnity is conceded. The way in which it is to be collected is the question at issue. In fact, intimations have been given to Nicaragua that Great Britain's claims must at least be adjudicated, and that if it is repudiated in advance the United States will withdraw the right hand of fellowship. At the same time it is said there will be no trifling if Great Britain shows a disposition to enforce the claims in any high handed manner. If Nicaragua can not pay a claim found due England will have to content itself with being in the position of an unsecured creditor of an insolvent concern. It is believed the administration will concede that Great Britain has a prima facie claim on Nicaragua, which should be paid, and that the little republic concedes the same thing but pleads poverty. Uncle Sam will see that its poor but honest condition is properly recognized.

What is troubling some people in the state department is the fact that Europe seems to be combined against America. First came the significant combination of Germany, Austria, France, Belgium, and Denmark against the great trade of the United States. Spain at the same time, though a gainer by the discriminating duty on sugar, put the United States in the second or higher table of customs duties. It backed down from this position on a little bluff from this country about retaliation, but then wound up by firing on the Alliance. Now, while the United States is busy with the Cuban and Nicaraguan incidents, Great Britain, Germany, France, and Belgium are combining to make trouble in Venezuela. It begins to look as if it were getting to be a case of all Europe against all America.

## Mission Funds Fall Off.

Boston, March 23.—Financial troubles of the gravest character confront the American Baptist Missionary Union. Its last fiscal year closed with a deficit of \$200,000. The expenditures have increased and indications are that unless substantial aid is forthcoming the next financial statement will show a deficit of at least \$400,000. In this emergency urgent appeals have been made to the churches of the denomination for immediate help.

## Japanese Guns at Work.

Hong Kong, March 23.—The Japanese fleet which has been off the Pescadore Islands, between Formosa and the Chinese mainland, has attacked those islands. Fighting, according to the latest advices, is still proceeding. As previously announced, it is the intention of the Japanese to make the Pescadore islands their base of operations against the island of Formosa.

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## WOMEN OF THE PRESS.

### CHICAGO LADIES WHO ARE FAMOUS AS WRITERS.

They Have Organized a League of Active Newspaper Workers—The Only Organization of the Kind in the United States—Their Specialties.

(Chicago Correspondence.)

THE CHICAGO Press League is said to be the only organization in the country that is composed entirely of active newspaper women. To be eligible the applicant for membership must be, or have been within the year, a regular engaged and paid member of the editorial staff of a reputable newspaper. The league originated in the press committee of the Isabella association, of which Miss Mary H. Krout was appointed chairman. When it was ascertained that the Isabella association was not altogether favorable to the Board of Lady Managers, to which Miss Krout belonged, she promptly resigned, and the remainder of the committee followed her example. It was then decided that an organization of active newspaper women be formed for mutual aid during the World's Fair, and that it should be



MISS EVA BRODLIUE.

Independent of both the Isabella association, the Board of Lady Managers, and all other organizations, and which should be a means of entertainment and a benefit to visiting newspaper women, both American and—during the World's Fair—foreign. This was accomplished during the spring of 1891. Miss Krout was made president; Miss Martha Howe Davidson, vice-president; Miss Eva Brodliue, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Virginia Lull, recording secretary; and Mrs. Wakeman, treasurer. When the organization was perfected a plan of work was immediately outlined, which was carried out successfully.

Prior to the opening of the World's Fair a movement was begun to make the league an official organization auxiliary to the Board of Lady Managers. While entertaining perfectly friendly and loyal sentiments toward the board, which she also represented, Miss Krout strenuously opposed this plan, arguing that a newspaper organization should have no affiliation with any other body; that its attitude, as well as the reports and writings of its individual members, must be given to the public perfectly unbiased. She has held the same attitude as regards the federation of women's clubs, in all of which the majority of the league have fully concurred. Miss Krout with the league was, however, willing to make certain concessions: First, that in case the league worked with the Board of Lady Managers the officers, constitution, and by-laws should not be changed, and that no new member should be proposed for membership who was not eligible under the existing rules—the rule particularly of being a paid writer on the staff of a reputable paper. This agreement was naturally declined, and the Press League and the Board of Lady Managers maintained its independence which it has done ever since. Miss Krout was also made chairman of the Woman's Branch of the Press Congress, the committee being almost exclusively made up of members of the Press League.

During the World's Fair the league gave several brilliant receptions to visiting journalists, and another at the opening of the Press Congress, which was followed by one to the American women correspondents, and another, still more notable, to the foreign women in Chicago during that memorable sum-



MISS LUCIE VON NEVAR.

mer. From a membership of six the league to-day registers fifty-five names—names of women writers living in Chicago and suburbs and engaged on the staffs of the daily and weekly papers and as Chicago correspondents on outside publications.

Miss Mary H. Krout, of the Inter Ocean, is widely known as a political and special writer. Perhaps her most important work of late has been her articles—editorial and special—on affairs in the Sandwich Islands. Through private correspondence she was kept well posted in regard to the troubles brewing, and was about the first correspondent to reach the scenes after the rebellion became open warfare. Twice she has been to the islands, the second

time making an extended tour, and from there to Australia, traveling 27,000 miles in all, and gathering important information from every point.

Mrs. Laura Dayton Fessenden is better known, possibly, in the east as a correspondent than in the west, having been on the staff of one New York paper for several years. She is editing also the woman's page of the North Shore News, and is at present the corresponding secretary of the league. Mrs. Fessenden's paper, which was read before the White City club recently in defense of Florence Maybrick, the American woman in an English prison, has been received very favorably, and is being reproduced in many different publications.

Teresa Dean is one of the best known writers in Chicago, she having had from the first the privilege of signing her name to all articles coming from her pen, a privilege seldom accorded to regularly engaged writers. She laughingly says that it must have come about through the poor editor not daring to take the responsibility of her "stuff." However that may be, her chatty "Snap Shots" and "White City Chips" have made thousands of readers claim her as their particular friend. In private life she is Mrs. W. Lewis Tallman, the wife of a prominent Chicago physician. She is chairman of the entertainment committee in the Press league and is called the "Ward McAllister" of the club.

Eva Brodliue is one of the most versatile writers in the league. She can jump from politics to fashions, from prose to poetry, from humor to pathos, and write a dramatic criticism as well as an article on art. She is Peg Worthington of "The Matinee Girl" in a popular afternoon paper, and once a week "Evelyn" on fashions, and nearly every day has about two columns on a little of everything without a signature.

Grace Duffie-Roe edits the woman's page in another old established paper, and is another writer of unbounded resources. Her pen pictures are from grave to gay, practical and mythological, profound enough to reach the most earnest and deepest thinker, and again light enough to interest a child. But through all the treasures that come from her pen is the never falling thread that always tells you of her own gentle self. In private life she is Mrs. Robert Boylan, the wife of a well-known journalist.

Mrs. Lucie Van Nevar, another valued member of the league, came from the south just before the World's Fair, where she had been the successful publisher of a paper of her own. The World's Fair, and almost before she knew it she was so busily engaged in the daily routine of metropolitan press work that she has never been able to tear herself away. She is one of the few workers who write rapidly with pen and ink and never change a word after it is down.

Mrs. Isabelle O'Keefe was society reporter on a morning paper for some time, and is now busily engaged in writing for several different Catholic publications. She is also president of the Catholic Woman's League. Mrs. Kate Reed is one of the editors, with her husband, Col. Reed, of the Banner of Gold, and is considered a great acquisition to the club. Miss Vesta Severinghaus is Chicago correspondent for an Atlanta paper. Mrs. J. Harrison White, another beautiful woman, edits the woman's department of the National



MRS. TERESA DEAN TALLMAN.

Review. Miss Meta Wellers is special correspondent for several educational journals, and receives a stated salary from three. Miss Katherine Prindville has charge of the social columns of a morning paper, and is one of the most popular women in the league, being a woman incapable of narrow prejudice. Miss Isabella McDougall is artist as well as writer, and has charge of the art columns of an afternoon paper. Mrs. H. Effa Webster is another versatile writer whose name appears daily in an afternoon paper. Mrs. Jean Waldron is a special writer with rare beauty of thought as well as face. Victoria Adams composes music as well as verse, and at the coming reception of the league her "Spirit of '96," dedicated to "The Continental Guards," will be played.

J. H. MEAD.

### The Advantage of the Wheel.

The value of the wheel as a means of exercise is highly spoken of by all persons who have used it judiciously. In an exhaustive examination of men who had been riding for varying periods of years, it was found that the man who did not race or overtax himself unduly was, in every case, benefited, and in no instance had he suffered any injury. It has been claimed that the bicycle develops the leg muscles only, but this is a great error, as good riders—those who depend to an extent on the motions of the body for their equilibrium—are found to have increased in chest measure, and the entire muscular system was harmoniously developed. In cases where spinal curvatures and some other of the diseases attributed to this cause were present, it was learned that these persons had been in the habit of leaning very much forward in order to get up speed, as they termed it, it being a popular idea that this is necessary in order to acquire the power needed for rapid motion. Whatever comes up that is new is certain to meet with opposition and criticism, but it is a hopeful sign of the times that the prejudice against the wheel is fast disappearing, and it is now looked upon by the best medical men and health students as one of the most desirable means for symmetrical and healthful development of the entire muscular system.

## ABOUT THE CAMPFIRE

### GENERAL GRANT'S WONDERFUL SELF-CONTROL.

An Impassive Man of Iron—How the "Battle Cry of Freedom" Was Written—Made Him Salute—At Andersonville—Queer Weakness.

#### General Grant's Self-Control.

The wife of a gallant soldier who was famous for his intrepidity and coolness in battle undertook to rally him in a company of friends upon his nervousness and excitability at home. She declared that she had seen him jump out of his chair when a mouse ran across the floor, and that his face had turned white and his hands had trembled when one of his dogs upset the fire irons in the parlor.

"A man may be courageous," said the general, "without having tough and hardened nerves. When I was heading a charge upon the enemy's works or standing in the open field a mark for sharpshooters, I did not know the meaning of fear, but the sudden cry of a night bird in the woods would set me trembling from head to foot. A battle, with its continuous cannonading and carnage never affected me, but I lost color and turned cold whenever anything unexpected happened."

This was a form of nervous excitability from which General Grant was singularly free. One of the war-time photographers recently related an incident which illustrated his extraordinary coolness.

It occurred soon after the general's arrival in Washington from the West to take command of the army of the Potomac. Secretary Stanton accompanied him to a well-known gallery where his photograph was to be taken. The general dropped into a seat beneath the skylight before the camera which the photographer was adjusting.

Suddenly there was a tremendous crash, and a shower of broken glass fell around the general. A boy who had been sent to the roof to pull off the tarpaulin cover in order to let in a stronger light had fallen through the skylight to his waist, and had smashed the heavy plate glass.

General Grant neither flinched nor moved a muscle. He glanced up at the skylight where the struggling boy's legs were dangling above him, but he neither spoke nor left his seat. "There was a slight drawing up of the nostrils, and that was all," the veteran photographer takes pains to explain.

Secretary Stanton, who was a nervous man and easily disturbed, turned pale and drew the operator into the dark room.

"Don't let this get out in the newspapers!" he exclaimed. "It would look like a design to kill the general."

The great, silent soldier smiled grimly at the secretary's excitement and waited patiently for the operator to go on with his work.

It was a trivial, insignificant incident in comparison with the stirring battle scenes from which he had come in the West or with the exhausting campaigns which he was to direct in Virginia, but it disclosed his characteristic quality of invincible self-control.

It was the great war secretary's first real introduction to the impassive man of iron, who seemed to be without nerves.—Chicago Times.

#### "The Battle Cry of Freedom."

At an entertainment given in Chicago recently, which consisted of illustrated war songs, Dr. George F. Root sang his celebrated song, "The Battle Cry of Freedom." The Chicago Herald says: When the applause died away the doctor's son, Fred, announced that his father would sing his greatest song, "The Battle Cry of Freedom," and said he wished the audience to join in the chorus. In a voice of wonderful resonance and clearness for one 75 years old, the silvery-haired veteran began:

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys,  
We'll rally once again,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,  
We will rally from the hillside,  
We'll gather from the plain,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,  
And fill 5,000 voices answered back:  
The union forever,  
Hurrah, boys, hurrah!  
Down with the traitor,  
Up with the star.

While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,  
Men sprang to their feet and hurrahed as they used to do at the news from the front, thirty-odd years ago; women alternately waved their handkerchiefs and wiped their eyes. Away up in the balcony a stalwart militiaman thundered out above the din, "Three cheers for George F. Root," and the "tiger" must have sounded like an explosion to the people out in Congress street, who couldn't find their way into the hall. Again and again Dr. Root bowed his thanks, and then he picked his way back to his box and told how he wrote the song in Chicago thirty-four years ago, words and music, in his little music-store opposite the court-house. How the ink was scarcely dry when the Lumbar brothers—the great singers of the war—came in for something to sing at a war song meeting to be held immediately in the court-house square.

They went through the new song once and hastened to the steps of the courthouse, followed by a crowd that had gathered while the practice was going on. Then Jule Lumbar's wonderful voice gave out the song and Frank Lumbar's trumpet tones led the refrain, and at the fourth verse 1,000 voices were joining in the chorus.

"From there the song went into the army," said Dr. Root, "and the testimony in regard to its use in camp and on the march, and even on the

field of battle, from soldiers and officers up to generals, and even from the president himself, made me thankful that if I could not shoulder a musket in defense of my country I could serve it in this way."

#### "Fooling General Sherman."

About six miles out of Savannah, I came across a farmer who accepted a plug of tobacco, and was ready to sit down on a log and answer all questions, says a correspondent of the Detroit Free-Press. When I asked him about Sherman's approach, he burst into a loud laugh and slapped his leg, and was so tickled that he did not calm down for two minutes.

"Excuse me, stranger," he finally said, "but whenever I think of how I fooled General Sherman it tickles me all over."

"Did you fool him?"

"Well, I rather reckon."

"How?"

"Well, you see, that's my place up there on the rise. When the war broke out I was the most cantankerous rebel you ever saw. I swore I'd fight and fust and fit till we lick the Yanks if it took a hundred years. I reckon General Sherman heard of it."

"Probably he did."

"And after he took Atlanta he made up his mind to gobble me. He knew I'd swear to die before I'd surrender, and he come along down from Atlanta with over seventy thousand men, to surround me. Mighty cute old man, that General Sherman!"

"Yes."

"Well, they got here one night about 10 o'clock. I reckon that night on to thirty thousand of them surrounded my house up there and called for me to come out and surrender and end the war."

"And of course you did?"

"And of course I didn't! That's what the fun comes in. I wasn't home at all but was down in Virginia with Lee. They entered the house and sarched and sarched, and went to the barn and called and called, and when the old woman finally told 'em I wasn't home they was the maddest crowd you ever set eyes on. They had hooped it all the way from Atlanta to get their paws on me, and had had their long march for nothing! I expect Sherman was ready to bust with madness, and I reckon he won't never quite forgive me. It tickles the old woman wuss than it tickles me, and you'd better come up to the house and hear her tell what them Yankies said when they got here and found me gone."

"No, dear," replied the baby-faced one, with a bright smile. "We are hours, minutes and seconds, and we belong to the year that is almost gone. I do not suppose you can remember the minutes and seconds, your acquaintance with them was so very slight. They stay such a short time that no one can become well acquainted with them, sixty minutes and 3600 seconds coming and going during the visit of one hour, but I am sure you can remember me and my sisters and cousins—that is, some of us. It would be impossible for you to remember us all, of course."

"Why, how many sisters and cousins have you, you cunning tot?" asked Nellie.

"Twenty-three sisters and 8733 cousins," answered the tot.

"Good gracious!" and "My stars!" exclaimed Nellie. "What an awful—very awful large family! I never heard of such a thing. It stands to reason"—Nellie borrowed this expression from her papa—"that I couldn't remember—such a young memory as I have—only six going on seven—the half or quarter of so many hundreds and thousands, even if I'd met them all, which I do not believe I have."

"That's just what I was about to say," said the hour, shaking its light curls sofly. "We do not expect you to remember very many of us, and you're right in thinking you have not known us all. In fact, but half of our number have been introduced to you. The other half glided silently by while you were sleeping, and some of us were so much alike that you couldn't tell us apart; and a few of our relations have yet to visit you—that is if you stay up long enough to receive them. The last will fly away as the clock strikes twelve and the midnight bells ring merrily to welcome the birth of the New Year."

"Oh, dear no," said Nellie; "I shan't see that one. I go to bed zackly at 8, less on par-tic-u-lar casions, and then 9; but I do not think this is a par-tic-u-lar casion for me. But you haven't told me who you are yet."

"I am the hour that was with you the morning, nearly a year ago, when your baby brother broke the beautiful wax doll Santa Claus had brought you, and you forced back the tears when you saw his rosebud mouth begin to tremble, and taking him in your arms, told him, 'Baa, baa, black sheep' until he fell asleep."

"I remember," said Nellie, her face all aglow; "and mamma kissed me as she took baby Willie from me, and called me her 'own brave little daughter.'"

"And I am the hour," said a small, grave body in a gray dress that hadn't even a bow of ribbon on it—with marks of tears on its cheeks, and a red tip to its dot of a nose—"that stayed with you when you were being punished for telling—"

"Do not mention it, please," interrupted a bright-faced, pleasant-looking hour, in a sky-blue robe, with a wreath of the tiniest chrysanthemums around its head. "What's the use of talking about it? It isn't a cheerful subject, and I've no doubt Nellie always told the truth after that. I heard her sobb of repentance and her vows 'never—never—never' to do so again, and saw the smiles come back and chase away the clouds, when all was joy and peace once more."

"I danced with her in the meadow,"

"At Andersonville."

A Vinalhaven, Maine, veteran, well-clothed and comfortable, vividly recalls the death of a fellow-prisoner at Andersonville, during the war, for whose blanket he was waiting and watching. At that time his wearing apparel consisted of an old army coat with the tail cut off, with cheese-cloth sewed on the shirt for pants. He says he got the blanket.

The Japanese trace descent only from the father. Thus when an aristocrat marries a plebeian wife their children are his equals and quite her superiors, and are apt to look down upon her.

Queer Weakness.

"Some men seem to be able to stand horrible sights in one way and not in another," said a veteran soldier. "I knew a man once, a soldier, who was never disturbed in the slightest degree by the sight of men killed or wounded in action, but who could not bear to see an amputation. I've known him to faint at the mere story of one. That's curious, isn't it?"—New York Sun.

Organized at Detroit, October 2, 1861, to serve three years; veteranized; mustered out August 17, 1865. These important promotions were made: Colonel Gordon Granger to brigadier-general; Colonel Philip H. Sheridan to brigadier-general; Major R. H. G. Minty to lieutenant-colonel, of the Third Michigan cavalry; Major Russell A. Alger to lieutenant-colonel of the Sixth Michigan cavalry. Thomas W. Johnson was in command at muster-out. The regiment served in McCook's division, Cavalry corps, army of the Potomac. Loss, four officers and seventy men killed and two officers and 266 men died.

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## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

### ONE HOUR AND ITS THOUSANDS OF COUSINS.

They Came Pouring in the Window to Visit Nellie—Were I the Sun—Engraving on Eggs—Johnny's Composition—Chocolate Candy.

"Sixty Minutes Make an Hour."

"Sixty seconds make a minute—sixty minutes make an hour," sung brown-haired Nellie, on the afternoon of the very last day of the year, as she rocked to and fro in her small rocking chair—a gift from Santa Claus, beating her breast with her little fist, as though to beat the lesson so firmly in that it never could get out again by any chance (I think it would have been far more sensible to have pounded on her head for that purpose)—"sixty seconds make a minute, sixty minutes make an hour," over and over again, until the childish voice grew fainter and fainter, and the last "hour" never got farther than "ou."

Then Nellie ceased rocking, and her head sunk back against the pretty scarlet and green "tidy" which she had found on her Christmas tree, and the dark-brown curls fell over the dark-brown eyes, and she began to think of nothing at all. And while she was quietly thinking of nothing at all she suddenly heard, to her great amazement, a tiny voice—as clear and sweet as the tinkling of the silver bell that hung from the necklace of "Snow-and-Cream," her favorite cat—repeat the words: "Sixty minutes make an hour; and peeping through the cloud of hair that veiled her eyes, she saw a wee figure standing before her, dressed in white, with a daisy in its bosom and a snow-drop clinging to its pale, golden curls.

It had a round, cheery, baby face, with a dimple in one rosy cheek and another in the rosy chin, and its eyes were as blue as the eyes of a kitten when it is only a few weeks old.

Dancing in at a hole in one of the window panes, and thence to the floor, on a long, slanting sunbeam, came other diminutive figures, followed by still smaller ones, and the smaller ones followed again by comical mites no higher than Nellie's new silver thimble.

"Oh, you darlings!" cried Nellie, clapping her hands; "How glad I am to see you! Are you fairies?"

"No, dear," replied the baby-faced one, with a bright smile. "We are hours, minutes and seconds, and we belong to the year that is almost gone. I do not suppose you can remember the minutes and seconds, your acquaintance with them was so very slight. They stay such a short time that no one can become well acquainted with them, sixty minutes and 3600 seconds coming and going during the visit of one hour, but I am sure you can remember me and my sisters and cousins—that is, some of us. It would be impossible for you to remember us all, of course."

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"I danced with her in the meadow,"

"Were I the Sun."

I'd always shine on holidays,  
Were I the sun,  
On sleepy heads, I'd never raze,  
But focus all my morning rays  
On busy folks of bustling ways,  
Were I the sun.

I would not melt a sliding snow,  
Were I the sun,  
Nor spoil the ice where skaters go,  
Nor help those useless weeds to grow,  
But hurry melons on, you know,  
Were I the sun.

I'd warm the swimmin'-pool just right,  
Were I the sun,  
On school-dar's I would hide my light,  
The Fourth I'd always give you bright,  
Nor set so soon on Christmas night,  
Were I the sun.

I would not heed such paltry toys,  
Were I the sun—  
Such work as grown-up men employ,  
But I would favor solid joys—  
In short, I'd run the world for boys,  
Were I the sun!

—St Nicholas

Chocolate Candy.

Three cups of granulated sugar, one cup of grated chocolate, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a cup of hot water, a teaspoonful of vanilla and a pinch of salt. After it begins to boil allow it to be on the fire for ten minutes only. Stir constantly. The candy should become of the consistency of thickened molasses. Butter some tins and pour the candy in, and stir back and forth with a silver knife until it begins to sugar. Then make off into squares and put away to cool.

Stewart and the Ham.

Stewart's mother was making sandwiches of deviled ham. The little fellow came along and, seeing the can with the picture of the imp on it, regarded it earnestly for a while and then said: "Mamma, what is that stuff?" "This? O, this is deviled ham." He looked seriously at the mixture and in an awed voice inquired: "Why, mother, have they killed him?"—Boston Congregationalist.

Madge's Fib.

"I never told a fib but once," said little Madge. "and that was yesterday." "What? You told a fib?" "Yes, my teacher asked me what eat spelled, and I said 'dorg.'"—Harper's Young People.

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## WITH GIRL STUDENTS.

### PRETTY MISSES WHO IMPROVE THEIR MINDS.

Routine of the Daily Life at Northwestern University—The Misses at the Cottage and How They Pass Away the Hours.

(Evanston (Ill.) Correspondence.)  
**HE GIRLS AT Northwestern University** lead a very pleasant life. Sociability without over-indulgence in society is the motto. The women students form one large sisterhood, and that odious tendency of organizing into cliques is not prevalent. Expenses are much lower than is generally believed. Ordinarily they run from \$175 to \$300 a year. Some girls spend far greater sums than that, but, on the other hand, cases are known where girls under 20 have paid their way through the school without any financial aid.

A woman student may live either at the woman's hall or at the woman's cottage, or by special permission may room with a private family. No matter where the girls live, all of them are supposed to be under the direct supervision of

the principal of the woman's hall, Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller. When living with private families they must sign a paper stating that they will conform to the regulations in force at the hall.

The hall is a large, three-story building, accommodating 110 boarders. Every girl has her own bedroom, which is tastefully furnished and supplied with everything conducive to comfort. There are four parlors—two for the girls in general, one for the members of the senior class and one for the faculty. A pipe organ, fifteen pianos and eleven music-rooms testify to the musical nature of the students.

The girls are kept under very strict discipline. At 7 o'clock in the morning every girl in the house must be at the breakfast table. After breakfast they pass to their 8 o'clock recitation at the university, where they generally remain during the morning hours. At 12:30 o'clock comes lunch, and 6 o'clock is the supper hour. The literary side of the girls' natures is not neglected even at this happy hour of the day, for two special tables in separate rooms have been provided for the advanced pupils in the German and French departments. The French table is presided over by Prof. Wheeler, while Prof. Freeman is chairman of the German girls. At these tables nothing but German and French is spoken, and any one caught talking English is fined. When the fines have accumulated to an appreciable sum a feast is spread.

On certain evenings of the week callers are allowed. The calling hour is from 7 to 8. When a young gentleman presents himself for admission he must first show his card to the chaperon in charge, and he may then remain until 8 o'clock, but no longer. Friday night callers are allowed to stay later, and of that privilege free use is always made. All the lights in the house must be out at 10:30 p. m., and except on nights before examination this rule is also strictly enforced. Dancing parties are not looked upon with favor and trips to Chicago theaters are not allowed except on special occasions, and then only proper chaperons have been appointed. Speaking on this subject, Mrs. Miller said:

"I do not see that we have any right to keep girls from attending dances or theaters so long as we have written statements from their parents countenancing these forms of amusements. However, we shall not allow any dancing here in the hall or elsewhere in the name of the institution, when we know that a large majority of the people who send their children to the university are opposed to it. We have in our own private circles weekly literary meetings, musicals and similar entertainments, where the girls meet and have a pleasant time."

On the subject of expenses Mrs. Miller said: "The cost of living is not great.

equal advantages to a limited number of girls at the woman's cottage where the girls reduce their expenses to a minimum by doing their own housework."

The woman's cottage is supported by the Woman's Educational Aid society. It is just across the street from the hall, and belongs in Mrs. Miller's domain, but is under the direct guidance of a matron—Mrs. E. J. Hudson. Fifty-two girls live at the cottage. All the rough work, such as scrubbing and washing, is done by two hired girls, but the sweeping, daily care of rooms and waiting on the table is all attended to by the girls themselves. This takes only about an hour's work a day and is more of a recreation than a task. Mrs. Hudson has a perfect system in her little household. She said: "The girls here conform to the same rules as they do at the hall. Their hours are just as strict here as over there. Each girl has some particular work to do. Thus seven girls wash the dishes in the morning, two wait on the tables, one attends to the lamps and so on until each girl has something assigned to her. We have a very pleasant time here. We are just like one large family. It is conceded that the best and most earnest workers stay with us. They are the less wealthy classes, who take life in earnest. Socially no distinction is shown. The same callers come here as go to the hall, and my girls are invited out in the same circles of society as are their friends across the street."

When questioned as to the domestic life of her charges, Mrs. Hudson said: "I allow the girls their own way as much as possible. Certain rules must be obeyed, but the fewer rules are needed the better. At table, for instance, I do not allow any boisterousness, but always interfere as little as possible. Sundays and several days during the week we hold prayer meetings. This is generally after supper. Sometimes I repeat a verse from the scriptures, which is repeated by the girls. We have private sociable and literary meetings continually, and once in a while we give a reception to which friends are invited."

Through the kindness of Prof. C. B. Atwell, the registrar, who has collected statements from a number of young women, the writer gained some interesting information. "Many of the girls," said Prof. Atwell, "earn good wages by typewriting. They get from 20 to 35 cents an hour for that. Many of the girls procure good homes by taking care of children. Waiting on table pays for board. I know one girl who earns her room rent by taking care of a student. There are two girls in school now

who are teaching night school at a salary of \$40 a month. A great many of the girls are or have been teachers. Some of them find their way into pleasant homes by teaching the children of the family."

**"BENEVOLENCE" IN NEBRASKA.**  
Money Lenders Robbing the Suffering of the Last Pittance.  
While the good people of the states East and South are sending train loads of supplies to the sufferers in Nebraska, and our hearts throb with sympathy for our fellow men in distress, the benevolent money lenders of Nebraska are dancing the devil's breakdown upon the wreck.

The bankers and money lenders are foreclosing their mortgages upon stock, farms, homes and household furniture, turning men, women and children out into the bitter cold of winter, and even seizing the supplies furnished the starving upon debts which they cannot pay.

Shylock is closing out the stores, robbing the farmers of all they have to make another crop, and feasting like a ghoul upon the murdered bodies of his victims.

A sight for God and men to contemplate.  
The greedy cormorants insist upon the last cent, and grant no mercy.  
It is discouraging to those who would help the sufferers.  
A band of robbers stands ready to grab even the pittance that charity sends to the helpless.  
The railroads will not haul supplies, the agents appointed by the State to distribute relief are many of them thieves, and a tangle of "red tape" causes worthy men and their families to starve while elevators and coal bins are gorged with food and fuel.  
It is a sickening spectacle.

**Funny How Dollars Remain at Par.**  
In 1879 the farmers raised 448,000,000 bushels of wheat and got \$497,000,000 for it. In 1883 they raised 486,000,000 bushels and got only \$213,000,000 for it. In other words, for twice as much wheat in 1883 they got less than half the money of 1879. Funny how dollars remain at par all the time!—Coming Nation.

**Strictly Business.**  
Traction Official—No use talking. We can't afford to buy fenders for our trolley cars.  
Inventor—But, stop. Just figure on it a little.  
"Figure on it? You have already said that the fenders would cost \$10,000."  
"Just so. But they will last for fifty years. Now take your pencil and paper and see how much wages you will spend in fifty years just for men to wash the blood off the wheels, not counting the soap."—New York Weekly.

## MICHIGAN'S CAPITAL.

### BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE AS SEEN AT LANSING.

The Home of Bright Women and Chivalrous Men—Music and Painting the Fads Which Win Most Favor Among the Society Buds.

(Lansing (Mich.) Correspondence.)  
**LANSING SUR-**renders the palm to no city in the land as the home of bright, intelligent and womanly women. Other cities may be distinguished as the homes of women who have attained greater celebrity than those of the capital of Michigan, yet none are blessed with more refined, intellectual and handsome ladies. It is a city rich with beautiful women, possessing the most varied accomplishments, and its society has a charm which but few cities of its size possess. Not so large as to contain an aristocratic circle of 400, not so small as to be the abiding place of exclusive cliques and "sets," the city possesses that free and easy society which one may enter without restraint or tedious formality. Lansing has several exclusive women's clubs organized for the promotion of the study of literature, science and the womanly arts. The Lansing Woman's club is doubtless the leading literary club of the city. It was organized

twenty-one years ago, was incorporated under the laws of the state, and is now a member of the Michigan Federation of Women's Clubs. Many bright and brainy women are among its membership. The club has acquired a handsome property on one of the principal streets of the city and erected a handsome building, a portion of which it occupies and a portion being rented for offices. The membership of the club is limited to sixty, and the popularity of the organization is demonstrated by the fact that there are constantly numerous applications for membership which cannot be accepted on account of the limitation.

The E. M. B. club is another prosperous

and several others.

Music has its devotees by the score. To enumerate all who have attained proficiency in the sublime art were indeed a tedious task. Included in the list, however, are Mrs. Kate Marvin Kedzie, Miss Eliza Hinman, Miss Juna Todd, Miss R. J. Shank, Mrs. A. S. Hyatt, Miss Mame Luger, Miss Nellie Hasler, Mrs. S. L. Kilbourne, Miss Irma Haight, Mrs. J. E. Daniels, Mrs. J. J. Bush, Mrs. Walter Edwards, Miss Anna McNeil, Mrs. George E. Ford, Miss McGahn, Mrs. J. D. Vivian, Miss Marie Stephenson, Mrs. James P. Edwards, Mrs. J. H. Moores and Miss F. Adelaide Beveridge. Miss Juna Todd is now in Germany completing her musical education under Barth.

To many ladies of Lansing the brush and palette are indispensable articles. The leading artists of the city whose labors are those of love are Mrs. A. G. Voorhees, Miss Helen Gower, Miss Lou Champion, Mrs. J. H. Woods, Miss Ida Longyear, Miss Bessie Bartholomew, Mrs. Samuel Keys, Mrs. E. S. Butts, Miss Nellie-Bordick, and many others whose works have commanded the admiration not only of the people of Lansing, but of the entire state.

Balls are few among the upper ten of Lansing, not more than four or five really brilliant affairs characterizing a single season. Clubs and card parties are the fad. In popularity whist is several points ahead, though many love the more sociable game of pedro, and progressive euchre has been somewhat revived. There is the Monday club, at which forty ladies rack their brains over the fascinating duplicate whist; the Entre Nous club, the Hippodrome and others, nameless but popular, and promoting to a large extent the sociability of a pleasant people.

There is a multitude of bright, vivacious young ladies who shine in society, at the soiree and afternoon gatherings, receptions and other events. Most of them possess the graces and charms of perfect womanhood, and their luster is undimmed by the belles of no other city in the state. Some of their names are as follows: Miss Bertha Wells, Miss Helen Dyer, Miss Martha Buck, Miss Juna Todd, Miss Helen Gower, Miss Misses Edwards, the Misses Simons, Miss Charlotte Stoops, Miss Mame Dyer, Miss Mary Buck, Miss Ida Longyear, Miss Margaret Miller, Miss Daisy Lyon, Miss Jessie Bowen, Miss Bessie George, Miss Nettie Witham, Miss Gertrude Wordwell, Miss Mabel Cottrell, Miss Antoinette Robson, Miss Jeane McKibbin, Miss Zayde Spencer, Miss Cora Page, Miss Clella Humphrey, Miss Flora Rice, Miss Maud Hill. The last year or two in Lansing have been characterized by a very large number of pretty weddings, in consequence of which the number of young ladies who have quitted the single state are not few.

Germany has captured the "world" championship races this year. The meeting will be held in Cologne.

**THE GUARDIANSHIP OF CHILDREN.**  
A hard-working dressmaker had laid by a little money. She fell in love with a boy of 19, consumptive and entirely penniless, and married him largely to take care of him. Soon his health failed completely and finding himself about to die he expressed a wish to make a will. This seemed but the curious fancy of a dying man, as he had absolutely nothing to leave and no money even to pay for making a will. To humor him, however, the hard-working wife sent for a lawyer and paid him to draw up her husband's will. The husband died and some months later a baby was born. When the baby was but a few months old strangers came to the mother armed with the husband's will. They proved that he had bequeathed the child to his parents in Michigan and took the baby away with them. The mother had to redress.

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White arms gleaming through folds of lace,  
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No thread of white in the auburn hair,  
No line of age in the forehead fair,  
A life unmarred by touch of care,  
In spite of her forty summers.

A husband-lover and children sweet,  
Pleasures to charm and friends to greet,  
Roses scattered before her feet,  
Through each of her forty summers.

Summers all for no winters bold  
Have snatched her sun-bine and made her cold  
Have killed her roses and left her old;  
Nothin' she knows but summers.

Nothin' she knows of hidden cloud,  
Of freezing air and tempest loud,  
Of snows that waifs for hope a shroud;  
Her life has been only summers.

So calm she sits in the balmy air,  
No sorrows to fret, no cross to bear,  
A summer idyl, a vision fair,  
This woman of forty summers.

Yet cold and blast, but make us strong,  
After the snow the robin's song,  
To the fullest life by right belong;  
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And they whom fame shall carve in stone  
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## MICHIGAN'S CAPITAL.

### BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE AS SEEN AT LANSING.

The Home of Bright Women and Chivalrous Men—Music and Painting the Fads Which Win Most Favor Among the Society Buds.

(Lansing (Mich.) Correspondence.)  
**LANSING SUR-**renders the palm to no city in the land as the home of bright, intelligent and womanly women. Other cities may be distinguished as the homes of women who have attained greater celebrity than those of the capital of Michigan, yet none are blessed with more refined, intellectual and handsome ladies. It is a city rich with beautiful women, possessing the most varied accomplishments, and its society has a charm which but few cities of its size possess. Not so large as to contain an aristocratic circle of 400, not so small as to be the abiding place of exclusive cliques and "sets," the city possesses that free and easy society which one may enter without restraint or tedious formality. Lansing has several exclusive women's clubs organized for the promotion of the study of literature, science and the womanly arts. The Lansing Woman's club is doubtless the leading literary club of the city. It was organized

twenty-one years ago, was incorporated under the laws of the state, and is now a member of the Michigan Federation of Women's Clubs. Many bright and brainy women are among its membership. The club has acquired a handsome property on one of the principal streets of the city and erected a handsome building, a portion of which it occupies and a portion being rented for offices. The membership of the club is limited to sixty, and the popularity of the organization is demonstrated by the fact that there are constantly numerous applications for membership which cannot be accepted on account of the limitation.

The E. M. B. club is another prosperous

and several others.

Music has its devotees by the score. To enumerate all who have attained proficiency in the sublime art were indeed a tedious task. Included in the list, however, are Mrs. Kate Marvin Kedzie, Miss Eliza Hinman, Miss Juna Todd, Miss R. J. Shank, Mrs. A. S. Hyatt, Miss Mame Luger, Miss Nellie Hasler, Mrs. S. L. Kilbourne, Miss Irma Haight, Mrs. J. E. Daniels, Mrs. J. J. Bush, Mrs. Walter Edwards, Miss Anna McNeil, Mrs. George E. Ford, Miss McGahn, Mrs. J. D. Vivian, Miss Marie Stephenson, Mrs. James P. Edwards, Mrs. J. H. Moores and Miss F. Adelaide Beveridge. Miss Juna Todd is now in Germany completing her musical education under Barth.

To many ladies of Lansing the brush and palette are indispensable articles. The leading artists of the city whose labors are those of love are Mrs. A. G. Voorhees, Miss Helen Gower, Miss Lou Champion, Mrs. J. H. Woods, Miss Ida Longyear, Miss Bessie Bartholomew, Mrs. Samuel Keys, Mrs. E. S. Butts, Miss Nellie-Bordick, and many others whose works have commanded the admiration not only of the people of Lansing, but of the entire state.

Balls are few among the upper ten of Lansing, not more than four or five really brilliant affairs characterizing a single season. Clubs and card parties are the fad. In popularity whist is several points ahead, though many love the more sociable game of pedro, and progressive euchre has been somewhat revived. There is the Monday club, at which forty ladies rack their brains over the fascinating duplicate whist; the Entre Nous club, the Hippodrome and others, nameless but popular, and promoting to a large extent the sociability of a pleasant people.

There is a multitude of bright, vivacious young ladies who shine in society, at the soiree and afternoon gatherings, receptions and other events. Most of them possess the graces and charms of perfect womanhood, and their luster is undimmed by the belles of no other city in the state. Some of their names are as follows: Miss Bertha Wells, Miss Helen Dyer, Miss Martha Buck, Miss Juna Todd, Miss Helen Gower, Miss Misses Edwards, the Misses Simons, Miss Charlotte Stoops, Miss Mame Dyer, Miss Mary Buck, Miss Ida Longyear, Miss Margaret Miller, Miss Daisy Lyon, Miss Jessie Bowen, Miss Bessie George, Miss Nettie Witham, Miss Gertrude Wordwell, Miss Mabel Cottrell, Miss Antoinette Robson, Miss Jeane McKibbin, Miss Zayde Spencer, Miss Cora Page, Miss Clella Humphrey, Miss Flora Rice, Miss Maud Hill. The last year or two in Lansing have been characterized by a very large number of pretty weddings, in consequence of which the number of young ladies who have quitted the single state are not few.

Germany has captured the "world" championship races this year. The meeting will be held in Cologne.

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## MATRONS AND MAIDS.

### IF YOU DO NOT KNOW BEANS READ AND LEARN.

Several Methods of Preparing the Boston Vegetable—How to Arrange a Colonial Tea—A Woman of Forty Summers—Selecting a Veil.

Do You Know Beans?  
There are a great many people who would feel inclined to resent any imputation of want of knowledge concerning beans, yet there are a great many varieties of this plebeian vegetable that are still unknown to the every-day cook. The stranger in a large New York grocery will be likely to notice a basket of brilliant green beans. These are the flageolets of the French cook. They are not raised in this country, but are imported in a dry state from France. Their bright, even color makes them an attractive object, and anyone who has eaten beans "panachees" at Delmonico's would hardly recognize the flageolets as the main ingredients in the mixture. The French cooks do not soak their beans as long as we do, and they do not always succeed in completely conquering the natural toughness of this dried vegetable.

A flageolet is properly cooked in the same way as the white bean, or as dried peas. Wash them thoroughly, and put a pint of them to soak in three pints of cold water overnight. In the morning drain them, put them over the fire in three fresh pints of cold water, and let them simmer very slowly, covered until they are very tender but entire. They must not be boiled to a porridge. It will take usually from an hour and a half to two hours' cooking. At the end of this time drain the beans again. Mix two tablespoons of butter with a quarter of a cup of the water in which they have been cooked. Add two teaspoons of salt, a tablespoon of chopped parsley, and a pinch of white pepper. Toss the beans in this mixture over the fire for a minute or two and serve them.

The dried flageolet is not often used for soup like the white Breton bean and the red bean. The red haricote or kidney bean is also a French bean that may be found in most of our grocery stores. We believe, however, that it is usually raised in this country.

To cook these red beans, soak them overnight as you do the flageolets. Drain them and cover them with fresh water in the morning. Add to them a tablespoon of butter, and a small white onion in which a clove is stuck, and let the beans simmer slowly for half an hour. Add half a wineglass of good red wine, if you would cook the beans in pure French fashion. Let them cook an hour longer after adding the wine; drain them again, though the liquor should be nearly all absorbed. Add a tablespoon of butter and toss the beans over the fire for about five minutes. They should be served as hot as possible.

Our American method of baking the white beans seems to be the very best method of cooking them—far better than any fricassee or stew of beans, though they may be cooked in exactly the same way as the green-hued flageolet. It requires an intelligent New England housekeeper, however, to know the best kind of white beans. Throughout the middle states the large white kidney bean is the only white bean sold. In Boston and "down East," where the cooking of the white bean is an art, nothing but the small pea bean is used, and the coarse white bean is rejected by all wise housekeepers. It is possibly needless to say here that it is not necessary to add pork to a dish of baked beans, and those who entertain a prejudice against the meat of the pig may well substitute a lump of butter.

Measure out a quart of white pea beans. Put them to soak overnight in three quarts of cold water. The orthodox dish to bake them in is an unglazed pipkin of earthenware, with a handle and cover. In the morning drain them and rinse them thoroughly in clear cold water. Then put them back in the pipkin in which they have been soaking, add a tablespoon of salt, and an even tablespoon of molasses, and a teaspoonful of mustard. Stir all thoroughly around in the pot. Put a heaping tablespoon of butter down in the center of the beans. Cover them with cold water, so that it rises two inches above them. Put them in a hot oven at 8 o'clock in the morning, and let them cook steadily till 5 in the afternoon, renewing the water as often as it boils off them. Let them brown down in the pot the last hour, and they will be done at 8 o'clock.

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## RAILROADS.

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

GOING NORTH. STATIONS GOING SOUTH.  
4:30 pm ar. Waukegan. dep. 7:00 am  
4:00 pm. . . . . Rondout. . . . . 8:30 am  
2:55 pm. . . . . Leithton. . . . . 8:50 am  
2:45 pm. . . . . Diamond Lake. . . . . 8:57 am  
2:35 pm. . . . . Gilmer. . . . . 9:12 am  
2:25 pm. . . . . Lake Zurich. . . . . 10:05 am  
1:40 pm. . . . . Barrington. . . . . 10:30 am  
1:10 pm. . . . . Clark. . . . . 10:55 am  
12:45 pm. . . . . Spaulding. . . . . 12:15 pm  
11:57 am. . . . . Wayne. . . . . 12:35 pm  
11:15 am. . . . . Ingaltan. . . . . 12:45 pm  
11:00 am. . . . . Turner. . . . . 1:25 pm  
10:00 am. . . . . Warrenhurst. . . . . 2:00 pm  
9:15 am. . . . . Frontenac. . . . . 2:20 pm  
8:50 am. . . . . Mornantown. . . . . 2:45 pm  
8:15 am. . . . . Walker. . . . . 3:10 pm  
7:50 am. . . . . Plainfield. . . . . 3:35 pm  
7:28 am. . . . . Coyne. . . . . 3:55 pm  
7:00 am. . . . . Bridge Junction. . . . . 4:05 pm  
5:50 am dep. East Joliet. ar. 4:15 pm

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

GOING SOUTH.  
6:10 a. m., except Sunday.  
6:45 a. m., except Sunday.  
6:55 a. m., Sunday only.  
7:00 a. m., except Sunday.  
7:56 a. m., daily.  
9:00 a. m., except Sunday.  
10:03 a. m., except Sunday.  
12:25 p. m., daily.  
3:08 p. m., except Sunday.  
4:25 p. m., Sunday only.  
6:00 p. m., daily.  
8:14 p. m., Sunday only.  
8:50 p. m., Sunday only.  
GOING NORTH.  
8:20 a. m., except Sunday.\*  
9:13 a. m., except Sunday.  
10:30 a. m., daily.  
12:10 p. m., except Sunday.\*  
3:00 p. m., Saturday and Sunday only.\*  
5:02 p. m., except Sunday.  
6:09 p. m., except Sunday.  
6:12 p. m., Sunday only.  
7:25 p. m., except Sunday.\*  
7:55 p. m., daily.\*  
8:00 p. m., except Saturday.  
12:50 a. m., daily.\*  
\*To Barrington only.

**Delicate of Flavor.**  
Refined and perfect in its effects is Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, the sure cure for constipation, indigestion and sick headache. Try a sample bottle (10 doses 10 cents) at A. L. Waller's.

**"Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away."**  
The truthful, startling title of a book about No-to-bac, the only harmless, guaranteed tobacco-habit cure. If you want to quit and can't use "No-to-bac," braces up nicotineized nerves, eliminates nicotine poisons, makes weak men gain strength, weight and vigor. Positive cure or money refunded. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, 15 Randolph street, New York, 10 Spruce street.

**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.

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

**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.

**Very Troublesome.**  
Laxative "teas" are a bother. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is more convenient, pleasant to take and more effective. Try a 10 cent bottle (10 doses 10 cents) large sizes 50c and \$1.00 at A. L. Waller's.

**Spring is Nearly Here.**  
Spring is nearly here and with it the house cleaning season is sure to come. Nearly everyone will find some painting to be done to brighten up the appearance of the home, and one thing that is certain is, that nothing adds more to the appearance of a residence than a good job of painting. We carry a first-class stock of mixed paints in the most popular colors for house painting and as we carry only the best to be had on the market, they are bound to give satisfaction. Our mixed paints are put up in quarts, half gallons and gallons, so we can sell you paints in quantities to suit the requirements of the largest or smallest job. We have also in stock an excellent line of floor paints, wagon and buggy paints, lead, oils, varnishes, colors, whitening for calcimining, glue, brushes, etc. Call and see our stock.

J. D. LAMEY & CO.

**For Family Use.**  
There is truly no medicine compounded that so generally meets the everyday wants and needs of the family. Especially on the farm where doctors come high. For constipation, indigestion and biliousness try Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. 10 doses 10 cents at A. L. Waller's.

Wedding invitations or announcements printed at the REVIEW office are sure to please.

## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Miss Gertrude Meyer spent Sunday at home.

Miss Lowe of Cary was the guest of Mrs. S. G. Seebert Sunday.

Mr. John E. Catlew has an auction Wednesday. He will move to Chicago, where he has bought a milk route.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Harrower are visiting with Mr. Harrower's parents at Waukegan during his vacation.

At the people's caucus held in the Town of Cuba Saturday afternoon the following candidates were placed in nomination:

For Town Clerk—M. T. Lamey.  
For Assessor—H. H. Helminger.  
For Collector—William Padolski.  
For Road Commissioner—John Welch.

At a republican caucus held at the same time the following were placed in nomination:

For Town Clerk—Fred Kaupfert.  
For Assessor—Fred Kirschner.  
For Collector—William Leonard.  
For Road Commissioner—John Jahitke.

For Sale—House and lot, three blocks from depot. For particulars call on Mrs. Mary Grady or at this office.

The following candidates were placed in nomination at a people's caucus held in the town of Barrington Friday evening: For supervisor, John C. Plagge; for town clerk, Leroy Powers; for assessor, J. W. Kingsley; for collector, L. F. Elvinge; for road commissioner, F. A. Lageschulte; for school trustee, J. Waterman.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Harrower visited here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Heimendinger and soft Walter, of Vulcan, Mich., were guests at the home of Mr. E. Lamey during the past week.

Mrs. F. L. Waterman is able to be around again.

James Regan of Chicago was in town Thursday.

If you intend buying a dinner set or anything in dishes, get prices of A. W. Meyer & Co. and you will save money.

The ladies of Barrington and vicinity are invited to attend an art exhibit in Miss Hutchinson's studio on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon of next week.

Mr. R. Burton returned home from Dwight, Ill., Wednesday evening.

The Woman's Thursday club and their invited guests met at the home of Mr. L. A. Powers last week to celebrate their first anniversary. A short but interesting programme was rendered, after which cards were the order of the evening. Mr. F. E. Hawley secured the prize, which was a handsome bookmark designed by Miss Eugene Hutchinson.

Refreshments were served. Mrs. Thomas Fitz Simmons, president of the club, gave a very appropriate address at the opening of the evening's entertainment, as follows:

Just one year ago the society known as the Woman's Thursday club was organized with five charter members, soon reaching the limit of membership, which was fixed at twenty. And we might say this evening that the first leaf in the volume has been turned for this society. Had we but one object we might have accomplished more from a literary point of view. But our aim was to so shape our work that recreation as well as profit might come to all. We have worked in unity and harmony, and we hope that the work and association has left its imprint. In the social line the members have ever acted wisely. There has been no attempt at display, no rivalry or striving to outdo each other. Each has shown a genuine hospitality, and there has been a touch of kindly hearts in friendship and social intercourse. That in this line we have been a success no one who has been with us will doubt. Gossip of a personal nature is never indulged in. As one of our members remarked at our last meeting, "we commenced without courage and now we are as brave as lions"—yet we have lived long enough as a society to know that we are not perfect. The way to attain any degree of perfection is not to think we are perfect but to aim at perfection and work for it. We cannot all be women of genius, of talent or of great usefulness, but what we can do is to diligently use our own minds and opportunities and diligently seek to extend our influence and opportunities to each other.

As president of the Thursday club my duties have ever been more of a pleasure than a task. I cannot express to you in fitting words my appreciation of the uniform courtesy and consideration shown me by the members of this society; and I can truly say that whatever my failures in fulfilling my duties have been that my intentions have ever been to promote the best interests of this society—my desire to have each put forth her best efforts. We are now entering upon our second year. To improve ourselves, to help each other—in short, to live out the great principles of Christian charity. Along this line the future work of the club must lie to accomplish what we all have in our hearts and heads.

Last Monday in a small and select company at Mr. Heise's Mr. T. Crete was called on for a contribution to the evening's amusement. He responded with alacrity, coupled with all his native modesty. The result was one of his inimitable Irish personations called "Misther Dooley with La Grippe."

Mrs. Frank Severn of Chicago is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Henry Kirmse, this week.

Don't you know that the paperhangers want a job? This is just the time to paper your house. You will find a new spring stock of wall paper at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

Mrs. J. W. Harrower is visiting with friends at Evanston.

Miss Raddles of Nunda was canvassing here Monday.

Miss Effie Runyan commenced teaching school again Monday in the White school, north of Barrington.

The ladies that failed to attend the corps meeting last week missed a treat in not hearing an original poem.

It is a fact—that carpets were never sold before at the present low prices. Call and see our new spring patterns and get prices. A. W. Meyer & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Redmond are happy over the arrival of a little girl at their home.

The attendance of the M. E. S. S. last Sunday was: Officers, 7; teachers, 6; Pupils, 65. Total 78. Offering \$1.32.

The subject for Rev. T. E. Ream's sermon Sunday evening will be "The Need of the Horn," taken from the text "Come Over in Macedonia and Help Us."

Mr. J. W. Kingsley is able to be around again.

Mrs. Clute met with an accident one evening last week. While going down to the cellar the stairs gave away and she fell nearly five feet. As a result of the fall there were three ribs broken, her collar bone and shoulder-blade fractured. Dr. Clausius is in attendance.

OUR BEST fancy patent flour is made from the highest grade wheat. Try it and you will be convinced of its superior quality. Every sack guaranteed. A. W. MEYER & CO.

Mr. John Welch, collector for the town of Cuba, went to Waukegan Wednesday to return the tax books. The total amount of tax levied in the town was \$7,397.55, of which there was \$1,048.99 returned unpaid. This is the largest amount of delinquent taxes ever returned in the town of Cuba, and was caused by the failure of the syndicate to pay their taxes, which amount to \$764.16. They own nearly 1,800 acres of land in the town.

Mr. G. H. Comstock was at Waukegan last week attending to his duties as supervisor of the town of Cuba.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Flint of Neenah, Wis., are here this week visiting with Mr. and Mrs. James Sizer.

Mr. G. W. Johnson was a visitor here during the present week.

Mr. George Sharman of Idaho and Miss Jennie Sharman of Chicago visited with their father this week.

The Woman's Relief corps next regular meeting will be March 27.

Mr. John Dacy has been quite sick with la grippe during the past week, but we are glad to say is much better now and will be around again in a few days.

Miss Clara Generaux spent Saturday in the country—Barrington.

Mrs. R. E. Lambert who met with an accident sometime ago is improving.

Mr. A. J. Redmond has rented Mrs. Austin's house. Mrs. Austin will occupy her father's old homestead.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Reynoldson of Chicago, visited with Mr. J. E. Catlow. Mr. Reynoldson has charge of Mr. Catlow's sale.

Mr. Fred Hager is quite sick at present writing.

Mrs. Eva Hattle visited with her sister at Palatine this week.

Mr. S. Dohmeier returned from Chicago Sunday.

It will pay you to see those pretty patterns in new spring dress goods and silks at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

**Fred Krueger Killed.**

As a result of a runaway Fred Krueger met his death last Wednesday morning a few miles south of Barrington. He was driving a span of young horses which became frightened and he was unable to handle them. They ran into a tree alongside the road, throwing him out of the wagon and under the horses' feet. His head was badly crushed.

### BARRINGTON'S POETS.

Can it be that I'm mistaken,  
Do my ears hear aright,  
That old Barrington is going  
To a poet's upward flight?

Or, perchance, I may be dreaming,  
And may suddenly awake,  
Start! perceive with eyes distended  
That I've made a grave mistake.

Think you not from observation?  
We've a Stueley in our midst,  
Or a Scott; perchance a Dickens,  
Drubbing up old Oliver Twist.

Stay with me little moment,  
I will give my reasons why:  
If you think my brain is addled  
Then forget it—pass me by.

First of all, I call attention  
To our "Castle," towering high,  
Not afraid to boldly mention  
Things of "note" 'twixt here and sky.

Boldly thrush his quill at "Blue Jay,"  
Swallows, sparrows, things like that.  
Then comes down to earthy matter;  
Hits old ball heads quite a pat.

Just because they swing the mallet,  
Roll the ball, go through the arch;  
Play on one, dead on the other,  
While the sun their noses parch.

Then again we have another—  
E nuna J., the name she signs,  
Grasps our theologian firmly,  
Saps him fiercely with her "lines."

Thumps our reverend gents unkindly,  
Claps a "Belle" it would seem;  
Puffs and hauls their aspirations,  
Makes a very lengthy "Ream."

Just a word more, then I've finished,  
'Tis a secret. Don't you tell!  
There's another in our village  
That writes poems—writes them well.

Ever published? No, he's modest,  
Yet his verse is all complete,  
Never met him? That sounds vaguely,  
For his name is quite dis-Creet.

Now I've finished, answer kindly;  
Write it plain, in verse or prose,  
If you gifted, don't go blindly,  
Show the world you can compose.

ANXIOUS.

**Just in Time.**  
To meet hard times. If you haven't got 50 cents or \$1.00, you can still get great and pleasant relief by investing 10 cents in a small bottle of Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin (10 doses 10 cents) at A. L. Waller's.

**Farm for Sale.**  
For sale—A farm consisting of 117 acres three and one half miles north-west of Barrington. Good improved land and first-class buildings. For particulars call on Wm. Antholtz, Barrington, Ill.

**Flat for Rent.**  
For Rent—A flat consisting of five rooms over A. W. Meyer & Co.'s store. For particulars call on A. W. Meyer.

**CLOTHING! CLOTHING! CLOTHING!**  
At greatly reduced cash prices for thirty days commencing Saturday, March 16, we will give 20 per cent dis-

count on all men's suits, pants and vests; 20 per cent discount on all boys' suits; 15 per cent discount on all children's knee pants.

Take advantage of this sale; remember we do just as we advertise.  
REESE, LEMKEE & CO.,  
Dundee Department Store,  
2 wks. Dundee, Ill.

**Did You Ever**

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

**Cure for Headache.**

As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only 50 cents at A. L. Waller's Drug Store.

**Don't Neglect It To-Day.**

But take home a small bottle (10 doses 10 cents) of Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin for constipation and resulting troubles. None so pleasant to the taste and effective in results. For sale by A. L. Waller.

**ODDS AND ENDS.**

California has 20,000,000 fruit trees, according to recent estimates.

Jacksonville, Fla., has more negroes than whites.

A fund of \$100,000 is to be raised for a new gymnasium at Wellesley college.

A Cornish, Me., man has perfected creepers by the use of which it is said that bicycles can be operated on the ice in winter.

The directors of the Austrian railroads had a locomotive constructed which makes a run of seventy-four miles an hour.

Hair from the heads of criminals, paupers and dead people in China constitutes an article of export in that empire amounting to \$500,000 yearly.

Since 1875 \$208,000,000 in silver has been shipped from San Francisco for use in Asiatic trade. Over \$111,000,000 of it was in Mexican coin and the rest in bars.

## H. BRINKER.

—DEALER IN—  
**PURE MILK.**

MILK DELIVERED MORNING AND EVENING.

Fresh Milk can be had at my residence in the Village at any time of the day. ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

H. BRINKER, - BARRINGTON.

## F. L. WATERMAN,

Dealer in  
**Fancy Groceries,**

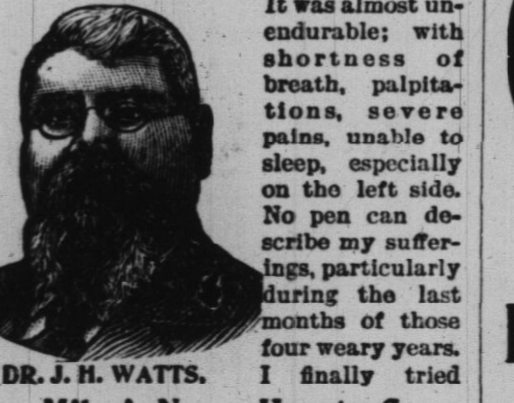
Fruits, Vegetables and Every Goods,  
Tobacco, Cigars, Nuts and Confectionery.

**ICE CREAM AND OYSTERS IN SEASON.**

Barrington. - TIL

**YEARS OF INTENSE PAIN.**

**Dr. J. H. Watts**, druggist and physician, Humboldt, Neb., who suffered with heart disease for four years, trying every remedy and all treatments known to himself and fellow-practitioners; believes that heart disease is curable. He writes: "I wish to tell what your valuable medicine has done for me. For four years I had heart disease of the very worst kind. Several physicians I consulted, said it was **Rheumatism of the Heart.** It was almost unendurable; with shortness of breath, palpitations, severe pains, unable to sleep, especially on the left side. No pen can describe my sufferings, particularly during the last months of those four weary years. I finally tried **Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure**, and was surprised at the result. It put new life into and made a new man of me. I have not had a symptom of trouble since and I am satisfied your medicine has cured me for I have now enjoyed, since taking it **Three Years of Splendid Health.** I might add that I am a druggist and have sold and recommended your Heart Cure, for I know what it has done for me and only wish I could state more clearly my suffering then and the good health I now enjoy. Your Nervine and other remedies also give excellent satisfaction." J. H. WATTS, Humboldt, Neb., May 9, '94.



**Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure**, and was surprised at the result. It put new life into and made a new man of me. I have not had a symptom of trouble since and I am satisfied your medicine has cured me for I have now enjoyed, since taking it **Three Years of Splendid Health.** I might add that I am a druggist and have sold and recommended your Heart Cure, for I know what it has done for me and only wish I could state more clearly my suffering then and the good health I now enjoy. Your Nervine and other remedies also give excellent satisfaction." J. H. WATTS, Humboldt, Neb., May 9, '94.

**Dr. Miles' Heart Cure** Restores Health

# J. D. LAMEY & CO.,

Manufacturers' Agents and Dealers in...

**LIME SAND**  
Foreign & Domestic Cements  
Dundee and Chicago Brick  
Pressed Brick  
Fire Brick and Clay  
Plastering Hair  
Marble Dust, Stucco

Joliet Stone, Drain Tile, Salt, Etc.  
AMERICAN AND FRENCH WINDOW GLASS.



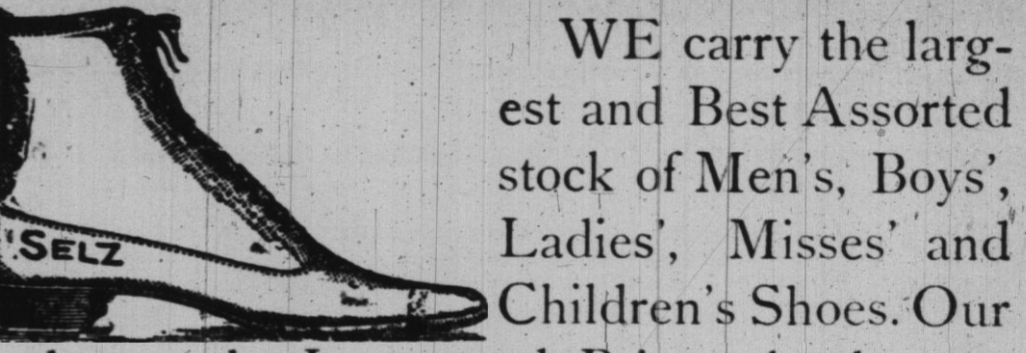
White Lead  
Zinc Oils  
Colors  
Varnishes  
Brushes  
Etc.

Floor Paints  
House Paints  
Buggy Paints  
Barn and Roof Paints  
Etc.

## J. D. LAMEY & CO.,

BARRINGTON, ILL.

WE carry the largest and Best Assorted stock of Men's, Boys', Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes. Our Styles are the Latest and Prices the lowest. We also have a large line of Rubber Boots, Mens', Ladies' and Children's Rubbers, and a large stock of Men's plow shoes in buckle, lace or congress.



Give us a call when in need of anything in the line of footwear. We guarantee to please you.

## B. A. SODT & SON,

BARRINGTON, ILL.

**Clothing! Clothing!**  
OUR LARGE STOCK OF SPRING AND SUMMER  
**Ready Made Clothing**

CAN NOT BE SURPASSED in Price or Quality. We are selling MEN'S READY MADE SUITS at \$6.50 and upwards. Suits made to order in the latest styles. A new line Spring and Summer Samples to select from.

## Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing

Given prompt attention. Give us a call and we will save you money.

## H. WALTER, the Tailor,

OPPOSITE THE DEPOT. BARRINGTON, ILL.

# HIS LAST BEAR HUNT.

## GENERAL MILES' ADVENTURES ON THE PLAINS.

He Was on the Right Trail, But a Couple of Cowboys Got in Ahead of Him—A Black Bear as Savage as a Cinnamon or Silvertip.

In an even, low-pitched voice, that veteran major-general of our army and famous Indian fighter, Nelson A. Miles, related to me, a few days since, some of his latest experiences in the far West. Of all the great huntsmen who have gone out into the wilds for big game and made names for themselves among the Nimrods of the world, General Miles is the most renowned, writes John Paul Bocock in Leslie's Weekly.

"I had the pleasure of being out on two hunts last year, for prairie chickens in Nebraska and for bear in New Mexico. There are wild turkeys and quail in New Mexico in abundance, but I was after bear. Hunting the silver tip and the cinnamon bear in the Rocky mountain country corresponds as nearly as possible to tiger-hunting in India. There is peril as well as pleasure in the sport.

"An English gentleman named Stephens, a personal friend of mine, has a ranch down in New Mexico, 150 miles from any railroad. There was a party with me, one or two of them New Yorkers. That whole country is a jumble of mountains, peaks heaped on peaks, with deep valleys and precipitous canons in between. We left the railroad at Fort Wingate, and traveled south through the San Francisco and Tularosa mountains. When we reached the Stephens ranch we were about 10,000 feet above the sea-level, and in the thick of the wilds. As I have always been a devotee of nature for her own sake unmarred by man, uncut by machinery, and undimmed by coal-smoke—in short, as nearly as possible in primeval conditions, I was delighted with my friend's surroundings.

"We had a merry welcome at the ranch and were soon prepared for our first bear drive. I had only a few days in which to enjoy myself, and I did not wish to lose any time. Mr. Stephens has a pack of bear-fighters, as they are called, down there, which are admirably adapted for the pursuit of bruin over the rocks, along the cliffsides, and through canyons so dismal that even a bear might be supposed to want to avoid them. Many of these bear-fighters are half hound and half shepherd dog. Some are long-eared bloodhounds and some English staghounds. Others have a decided strain of the fox terrier in them, and these little beasts would surprise anybody who had never seen them at a bear's heels by their bravery and sagacity. They all hunt well together, and when on a bear's trail will not notice even a deer bounding by, while at wild turkeys and hares they would not even look up. They track the bear until they get to close quarters and then fight him to a standstill. Of course it is as much as a dog's life is worth to run in on a bear at such a time, and the bulldog frequently pays the penalty of stupid savagery in just that way. He charges and takes a hold he will not let go, while the fierce old cinnamon or silvertip will fiercely hug him to death and throw his lifeless carcass to one side. Not so the fox terrier. These little fellows are game to the backbone, but fight with intelligence. They exasperate the bear until he once more takes to flight, when the dogs nip him at the gambrel joint of the hind leg and try their best to hamstring him. If they once succeed, in biting through the tendons which interlace and cross there the bear's leg is useless to him.

"At first we got after two or three bears, but the tracks were old and they got away. The dogs could not find them. Finally the pack chased a tremendous silvertip up the mountainside and finally wore him almost out. Up the steep declivities they pursued him, and across the ridge four or five miles right into a cowboy's camp. And what do you think happened then? The cowboys roped that bear, lassoed him fairly and squarely, and made him a prisoner in the center of the camp without firing a shot. They knew we had started him and proposed to show us what they knew about bear-hunting with a rope. When they had him well secured they cut the bear's throat with a small knife. I couldn't help laughing when they called out to me, pointing to their quarry: 'General, there's your bear!'

"Two days later the same pack drove a black bear up a tree and I got a shot at him. The cinnamon bear and silvertip bear are no more savage than a black bear at certain times especially if she has cubs. She will kill anything living that doesn't get out of her way, if she can. I had a 11-months old fox terrier with me that didn't weigh more than thirty pounds and yet had whipped a badger in a fair fight. When the bear had been tamed I got a crack at him with my express rifle and put a fifty-caliber ball in his right eye. He tumbled straight to the ground with a crash that raised the dust, and scarcely struggled after he fell. It was in an open forest of scattered pine where riding was possible. I had to leave shortly afterward, coming out of the country by the way of Socorro. The party got four or five bears, I heard, after I had to leave them."

General Miles has killed about all the big game that the once magnificently supplied continent of North America afforded. Buffalo, bear, elk, deer and antelope have fallen in numbers to his rifle. Turkeys, ducks, geese, quail and prairie chickens galore he has knocked over. Nor

have the big brook trout of the glorious West failed to feed his fry. He has taken them in the upper waters of the Yellowstone, Columbia and Willamette rivers, and far up in the Kalamath, where there is said to be the best trout fishing in the world. There the brook trout grows to a weight of ten pounds.

## ICE CREAM SODA IN LONDON.

Has Only Been Recently Introduced, But Has Become a Craze.

"The ice cream soda craze, which American women have had so badly for the last few years, has broken out in London," said a traveler recently returned from abroad. "It hasn't got a firm clutch on the English women yet, but it is growing rapidly, and I expect that in the course of a few years it will materially aid in the disappearance of the beautiful English complexion for which women of the old country are famous. An American confectioner is responsible for the production of the ice-cream soda in London. Before he settled in a place in upper Regent street the deadly mixture was practically unknown in that city. The few English women who had been to this country and tasted it here of course knew what it was, and they lost no time in patronizing the confectioner.

"The great mass of women, however, looked aghast at the combination of strawberry syrup, live soda water, and ice-cream. Those who got up enough courage to tackle it were not sorry that they had done so, and the result was that it soon became necessary for other confectioners in the neighborhood to get soda fountains and learn how to mix the drink in order to hold their trade. There are now half a dozen or more places in London where ice-cream soda is sold, and all day the fountains are surrounded by women. The scene reminds one very much of any one of our uptown confectionery shops on a hot afternoon. I expect it will not be very long before the English women will become as devout worshippers at the ice-cream soda shrine as are our American women at the present day. Heretofore the chief diversion of the English woman out shopping has been to eat ices and cake and drink chocolate, but I predict the entire disappearance of the fashion in a very short time. Ice-cream soda has never failed to get a deadly clutch on the women of any country where it has settled, and it will be funny if it does not make a complete conquest of the Londoners."

## Webster's Boy Daniel.

"Fame!" echoed Mr. Waterson. "I never hear the word that I do not think of Daniel Webster's story of the time he met an old gentleman in a railway car, and learning that he was from New Hampshire, thought he would draw him out a little about the old home state. A little more conversation showed that the stranger came from Mr. Webster's native town. Here was an opportunity not to be lost.

"Did you ever hear of the Webster family?" asked the statesman. "Oh, yes; I knew them very well. The old man and I were great friends." "Ah! then you can probably tell me what became of the boys?" "Well, Ezekiel became a big lawyer—the biggest lawyer, I guess, in all New Hampshire. The girls, too, turned out well." "You don't say so; and wasn't there a boy named Daniel?" "The old man pondered a minute before he answered. "Now I come to think, there was a boy named Dan'l, but he went down to Boston years ago, and no one an't heard of him since."—Kate Field's Washington.

## ANIMAL LIFE.

The ostrich farming business in California is neither a rosy success nor a dreary failure.

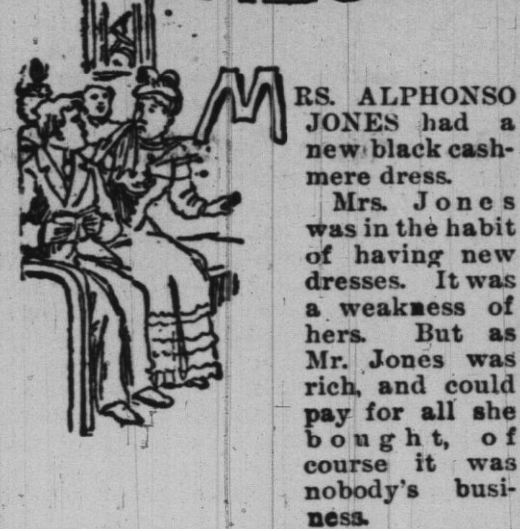
There are 2,000 lobster traps around and about Monhegan island, Maine, and they are all making money. A herd of wild cattle has been roaming the mountains between Rogue river and the south fork of the Umpqua in Oregon for twenty years, and it now numbers in the neighborhood of 500 cattle. They are wild as deer and difficult to approach. The practical harm they work is that gentle cattle belonging to farmers are enticed off and join this wild band. It is proposed to round them up and kill them.

Some years ago a tame long-haired goat formed part of the regular crew of a passenger steamer on service between an English port and a continental one. After a time the customs authorities discovered that it wore a false coat, many sizes too large for it. The goat's own hair was clipped very close; round its body were packed cigars, lace, &c., and then the false coat was skillfully put on and fastened by hooks and eyes.

The Hawaiian islands, as the result of recent exploration, have been found to be richer in animal life than was formerly supposed. As the result of a year's investigation by the British association, through its committee, has been found that of birds there are seventy-eight species, of which fifty-seven are peculiar to this group. All the land and fresh-water shells are peculiar and of a thousand species of insects, 700 are not found elsewhere.

Deer forests are expensive luxuries. On the Genquoich and Glengarry forest, so long rented by Lord Burton, the yearly outlay for all purposes is £10,523, and during the last twenty-one years and no less a sum than £221,992 has been spent upon it. On Guisachan forest, the property of Lord Tweedmouth, there has been an annual outlay of £10,000, on that rented by Mr. Winans £13,077, and on the duke of Portland's forest of Langwell and Braemore £1,000 a year.

# MRS BROWNS NEW DRESS.



MRS. ALPHONSO JONES had a new black cashmere dress. Mrs. Jones was in the habit of having new dresses. It was a weakness of hers. But as Mr. Jones was rich, and could pay for all she bought, of course it was nobody's business.

Just across the street from Mrs. Jones lived Mrs. Rufus Brown. The ladies had been schoolgirls together, and had been married about the same time, both of them to poor men. Mr. Jones had shot far ahead of Mr. Brown in the money-making race, and a government contract had made a rich man of him. Poor Mr. Brown, unfortunately, had a conscience continually pulling him up short, and in his business he was honest, and in consequence his wife could not have so many new dresses as Mrs. Jones.

This fact was a source of great affliction to Mrs. Brown. For Mrs. Jones, with the refinement of ill-nature, always displayed all her new purchases to her "dear friend" the instant they came home, and advised her to have something "exactly similar," it would be "so sweet and becoming."

Mrs. Brown had borne her trials all winter like a martyr; but when Mrs. Jones came out with that black cashmere, it was a little too much. For a woman who already had had several dresses in three months, to buy the eighth one was scandalous. And Mrs. Brown told her husband, with tears in her eyes, that she must have a black cashmere dress herself, if she had to live on two meals a day, for she never would submit to have that horrid Sophronie Jones flaunting her ruffles and furbelows in her face any more—so there!

"Why, my dear Almira!" said Mr. Brown. "I thought you and Mrs. Jones were bosom friends—female Damon and Pythias."

"We are nothing of the kind, Rufus. She's all the time trying to hurt my feelings with her new clothes. As if she thought I couldn't see what her object is. And she looks like a fright in all those puffs she loads on, too. And she is so short and dumpy, and no more neck than there is to a glue bottle."

"Why, Almira, you are positively ill-natured."

"Very likely I am. I've had enough to make me so. Now, Rufus, dear, I've been lying awake half the night, planning about my new dress, and—"

"How much money do you want?" asked Mr. Brown, going to the point at once, for he had been a husband long enough to know what that very coaxing "Rufus, dear," meant.

"It will take twenty-four yards for a suit, and Mrs. Jones' was a dollar and a quarter a yard. But I can get

some which will answer for eighty-seven cents. Nobody'll ever know the difference; and I can get Miss Gamp to make it. She sews so much cheaper than Mrs. Hill's people."

"Shop work, eh?" "Dear me, Brown, machines do the work, and if it only looks well, who stops to enquire if it's shop work?"

"But the cost?" "I have reckoned it all up over and over again, and I calculate I can get along with \$30."

Mr. Brown counted out six fives, and gave them to his wife.

"Don't buy too cheap," he said; "I am prejudiced against bargains."

Then he went to that place which swallows up husbands—the maelstrom of "down town"—and his wife went up stairs to equip herself for an expedition to the shops for her dress.

She spent the forenoon in making her purchases, and after dinner she visited Miss Gamp, and was fitted for the dress. In three days it was sent home with the bill attached.

These are the items:  
Cutting one dress ..... \$2.00  
Making one dress ..... 8.00  
Freming's dress ..... 3.00  
Cutting sack and overskirt ..... 2.00  
Buttons ..... 1.00  
\$16.00  
Mrs. Brown held her breath in amazement. Why, it was as much as Mrs. Hill would have charged; and she had been told that Miss Gamp was so cheap. But then she had been so awfully as to say to Miss Gamp that Mrs. Hill had always done her work, and probably the shrewd seamstress had taken advantage of her communi-

cation to charge her Mrs. Hill's price. Never mind! she could make up the loss somehow, and the dress was lovely! One more ruffle on the skirt than Mrs. Jones' had, and considerable more puff and expansion in the sleeves.

She displayed it to Brown as soon as she came home. Men never go into ecstasy over such things—it isn't in them—and Brown looked stupidly at the puffings and flutings, and remarked that the whole thing seemed to be a caricature costume, with those balloon sleeves. Then he went off into the financial column of his newspaper, and Mrs. Brown basted some lace around the sleeves of her new dress, so as to have it ready for church the next day, which was Sunday.

She was so afraid it would storm—it generally did when anybody had anything new. But, for once, the weather was propitious, and the sun never shone brighter, and the sky was never any bluer than on that particular Sabbath morning on which Mrs. Brown was to make her debut at church in her new dress, and nearly kill Mrs. Jones with envy.

But when she got ready to put the dress on, she found that Miss Gamp had made the waist a little too genteel. She had given special orders that it should be made of genteel tightness, but it was about three inches smaller than her waist. Miss Gamp was not acquainted with her figure.

Poor Mrs. Brown tugged and pulled, and grew purple in the face, and the perspiration stood in big drops on her forehead, and she split her thumbnail, and scratched her hand with a hook, and stretched all the seams in that refractory waist to a fearful extent; but still it would not button.

The church-bells were ringing defiantly. She should be late, and Brown was always irritated if they were late. Brown's boots always squeaked, and he had a very strong antipathy to going up the aisle after the congregation had assembled, in those squeaking boots.

Mrs. Brown went to the head of the stairs and screamed to her husband. Mr. Brown came up. He had just achieved the feat of getting his hands incased in a new pair of brown kids, and was flattering himself that his hands looked very genteel in them.

He was aghast when Mrs. Brown suggested to him that he must help button her dress. He tried it first in his gloves, and burst the right hand one entirely across, as he might have known he would. He tore the glove off with rather a big word, moral man when things did not go crosswise.

"Jupiter, Almira! why, this dress isn't half big enough for you!" cried he, after pulling on it for the space of five minutes.

"It is plenty large, only the day is so hot; everybody seems to swell up, somehow hot days. Try again, Rufus, and I'll draw in all I can."

Rufus did try, and being a tolerably strong man, he succeeded in fastening a button. No sooner done than off burst the button! A second button shared the same fate. After that it was easier. The dress was fastened, and Mrs. Brown pinned over the buttonless parts, and hid them with a bow of ribbon. It was such a providence that so many bows were worn nowadays.

Brown surveyed her in amazement. "My dear," said he, "you look like a wasp in the consumption. And, come, that is the last bell," and he hurried away lest they should be late.

The dress was pinching her fearfully, and she could with difficulty breathe; but she knew it looked "genteel," and Mrs. Jones was just behind her, so she was happy.

At the church door somebody stepped on her trail—for the dress trailed a little—and there was an ominous sound of something ripping. What woman does not know and shudder at that sound? But Brown would not stop for investigation, and poor Mrs. Brown went into the church in a cold tremor of apprehension.

She could not find her place in the prayer book, and she made the wrong responses, and Brown kept nudging her and making matters worse.

And then, when they rose in prayer time, old Mrs. Kenny, just before her, shook out her handkerchief, which was scented with musk, and musk invariably made Mrs. Brown sneeze. She felt the catastrophe impending and tried her best to avoid it, but her efforts were vain. She sneezed, and the strain upon that wretched dress waist was too much.

The fine thread with which the seams were sewed gave way with a loud, splitting report, and poor Mrs. Brown fell down in her seat on the point of swooning, and drew the flimsy sack she wore closer around her. And then the miserable woman sat through that interminable sermon, expecting every moment that the dress would give entirely away, and melt off from her—afraid to breathe, afraid to stir, and devoutly wishing she could creep into a knot-hole somewhere. But knot-holes are never lying around loose on such occasions.

At last the services were over, and poor Mrs. Brown took her husband's arm for support. And Mrs. Jones came up behind her, and whispered in her ear:

"My dear Almira, your dress is all burst out behind. And somebody has stepped on the skirt and torn it. Those cheap cashmeres do tear so easily. Draw your sack back a little, dear, and if you walk carefully nobody will see it unless the wind blows. I am so sorry."

Mrs. Brown had to bear this, and had to realize, too, that it would not be just the thing to knock Mrs. Jones down, as she would like to have done. Half-way home Mr. Brown stopped

on a piece of orange peel and slipped. In recovering himself, he caught Mrs. Jones's dress. The act was fatal. The whole thing gave way, and about twenty yards of ruffling and fluttering lay fluttering along on the sidewalk.

Somebody's puppy, following after in a playful mood seized on the ruffling, and in spite of Mr. Brown's vigorous assault with the cane, he made off with it.

And that odious Mrs. Jones was only a little way behind, and saw it all.

Mr. Brown did not say a word to his wife by way of preaching to her on her lack of judgment—which proves that he was that rare thing, a masculine angel—but Mrs. Brown took the lesson she had received to heart, and bought no more cheap dresses, and hired no more cheap dress-makers.

As Mr. Jones failed in about a month after her unfortunate dress collapsed, Mrs. Brown managed to live through her troubles, and now she has the privilege of informing Mrs. Jones that cheap things don't pay. She wonders how anybody can buy them. And Mrs. Jones grates her teeth in silent rage, and wishes she had never been born.

P. S.—Women will understand this sketch. It is not expected that men will see into it at all.

## HE WILL MAKE RUBBER.

A Frenchman's Important Discovery and How It Will Help Mankind.

M. Berthelot, a noted French savant and one of the most distinguished of synthetic chemists, has just announced that he is on the trail of a most important discovery—the production by artificial means of chemically pure crude rubber. The synthetic chemist first reduces natural products, such as minerals, oils, waters, etc., to their elements, and then endeavors to recombine them in their original form, improving on nature by omitting all impurities. In this line of investigation, says the New York World, the French chemists have produced artificial diamonds, sapphires and rubies that deceived the expert, a feat long regarded as beyond the bounds of science. Now they are turning their attention to some of the more important raw materials entering into manufacturing articles. The rubber industry offered a field for their enterprise. The increase in the uses and adaptations of rubber has been something enormous, and with that increase has come a growing scarcity of the crude material. Most of the crude rubber comes from South America, and the immense quantity of sap taken from the trees has affected their vitality. Many of the large and more productive trees are dying and it will be many years before the young trees will be sufficiently grown to yield sap. The rubber industry is confronted with a possible sap famine. In this emergency M. Berthelot comes to the rescue. He predicts that he will produce a purer and better gum than can be found in Para, and will produce it more cheaply. This assurance opens up a pleasing vista. The very possibility of plenty of rubber is soothing to the tired nerves of the denizen of the city in this hustling, bustling, noisy age. As a deadener of noise rubber is a genuine blessing. The next century will not only see pneumatic-tired vehicles in common use, but pavements and sidewalks of rubber, and rubber-covered floors, soft, elastic, noiseless to the tread.

## OREGON'S ODDITIES.

One Is a Locomotive Equipped With Life Preservers.

Out in Oregon there is to be found the only place in the country where a locomotive has life preservers hung upon its sides. This singular sight is to be seen at Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia river. An extensive system of jetties is being constructed there, and a breakwater that runs for five miles into the Pacific ocean is being built. All this is to deepen the harbor at Astoria, so that the largest ocean steamers may find easy access to the wharves of Oregon's chief seaport city, and also to secure a harbor for shipping and ward off the storms of the ocean.

This work of building an enormous breakwater has cost an immense sum of money, says the New York Sun, but its beneficial results are already beginning to be seen, and there is no doubt of its ultimate success. A railroad track is built on the top of the breakwater as fast as it is finished sufficiently to lay tracks. Inasmuch as the workmen are far out to sea, and as there is constant danger that some of the train's crew may fall overboard, it was thought well to hang along the sides of the tender to the locomotive half a dozen large life preservers for instant use in case of accident. Several times in the last few months they have been brought into play, and thus have demonstrated the wisdom of equipping the locomotive in this strange fashion.

This is not the only unusual sight to be seen in the equipment of locomotives on the Pacific coast. As the traveler approaches San Francisco he will notice on the tenders of locomotives a reel of fire hose. A dozen or more locomotives in one yard will be seen with their tenders fitted up in this manner. It is a precaution adopted in case of fire. The locomotive is turned into a fire engine, and thus the safety of roundhouses and stations and other property is the more enhanced. The Eastern man is surprised at the sight, but soon forgets it as locomotive after locomotive is seen equipped thus.

## Unfailing Signs.

Mary Ann—Sure, Miss Ethel, Mr. Shallowgate has just come; an it's my opinion that if he don't propose to-night he never will.

Ethel—Your opinion is entirely uncalled for, Mary Ann.

Mary Ann—Yis' missis; but Oi t'ought Oi'd tell yes, for he looks loike a sick pickpocket an' wid a shmoile ahn 'im loike a Fenian ahn the schaffoll.—Judge.

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 New Definition.

Inquisitive Tommy—Say, pa, what is sic transit?  
Intelligent Parent—Sic transit? Why, an ambulance wagon, of course.—Texas Siftings.

## A PAIR OF SLIPPERS.

Bit of Hitherto Unpublished History of the War of 1812.

This is a chapter of semi-official, semi-domestic history, and it is vouched for by a granddaughter of the hero's family line.

Prominent in Mr. Madison's cabinet sat, four-score years ago, Secretary of the Navy Jones, the son of a famous ship-builder, a man gallant not only in spirit, but in dress and manner. His fitness for his office is attested by the naval victories of the war of 1812. But the successful secretary had more wit than hair, and a wig was a sine qua non of his political and social life. All went well with this adornment until the luckless August day in 1814 when the British marched from Bladensburg upon Washington.

It will be remembered that President Madison and his cabinet stood not upon the order of their going on that occasion, but went out to a very retired summer resort. Every one knows how Lady "Dolly" remained behind long enough to save some valuable White house portraits from having their eyes put out by English bayonets, but few have heard how collected Mrs. Secretary Jones was in this national crisis.

Presence of mind is said to be promoted by absence of body; this lady displayed in the face of danger presence of both mind and body. As the secretary emerged from his doorway, his hands full of such family valuables as his agitated condition had allowed him to collect, Mrs. Jones confronted him with the appalling words: "My dear, you have forgotten my slippers. You must go back and get them."

General Ross was almost at his door bringing imprisonment or death, but the unhappy man turned back to hunt the slippers, which, it is only fair to Mrs. Jones to add, were adorned with diamond buckles. In his headlong haste for these treasures—which he secured—his wig dropped off in a dark corner, and he did not dare to take time to hunt for it now to attempt the purchase of another. The shorn appearance of the secretary, hitherto faultless in appointments of dress, is said to have much lessened the melancholy of the cabinet journey. It is further asserted that during the time of retirement, no matter how much depressed any member of the presidential party felt over public and private woes, if he but glanced at Secretary Jones peal upon peal of irresistible laughter was sure to follow and that the despoiled Adams cordially joined in these bursts of merriment.

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### POISON OR PANACEA?

Whichever Men Think Port Wine They Still Drink It.

There are but few people who speak well of port wine as a wholesome drink, though of late years there has been that paradoxical change of views about it which the medical world is subject to—what was poison yesterday with them is panacea to-morrow—but a curious story is told of the recuperative effects of this wine by one who lived in the days of its popularity. A baronet, a friend of his, of a convivial turn, on his return home from a drinking party, was suddenly seized with paralysis, deprived of speech, and so far as one side of his body was concerned, of movement. Either from feelings of desperation or an impulse of mental aberration he had a bottle of port wine brought to his bedside, and having finished it he turned with great composure on his side and went to sleep. That gentleman lived long after, his intellect wholly unimpaired, his speech restored, and his general health as good as it ever was, and he long discussed his bottle or two of port wine with apparent impunity.

### Japs Feast on Live Fish.

A favorite dish among the epicures of Japan is raw fish eaten alive. The dish is prepared as follows: Upon a bed of green alga, a very common sea weed in Japan, is laid the fish, which is then carefully carved into slices. This carving is a delicate operation, for the carver must not injure the heart, liver, stomach or gills of the fish. The vital parts being intact and the fish laid upon the cool-damp sea weed, it will live until the termination of the meal. As the guests require them, slices are transferred from the body of the unfortunate fish. A guest of a Japanese said he could not cut his slice of fish while the former owner of the morsel was regarding him with seemingly reproachful eyes, and he commented upon the cruelty of the custom. His host replied it was no worse than eating an oyster, and did not approach in barbarity the boiling of live lobsters.

### Two Noticeable Conductors.

"A street car conductor's life appears to be all business," said a shopper, "but the other day I saw a conductor with a violet fastened by a rubber band to his number badge. The incongruity immediately suggested was softened by the thought that here was just a touch of romance on that terrible utilitarian line. My idea that the little flower had a significance was confirmed, I think, by the marked gentleness with which the conductor collected the fares and his attentiveness to duty." says a writer in the New York Sun. "The same day I saw another conductor with eye-glasses, which gave him a look different from most of his fellows. He was tall and straight and broad-shouldered and good-looking. I began to wonder if the company was making an effort to offset its ferocious gripmen by suave conductors."

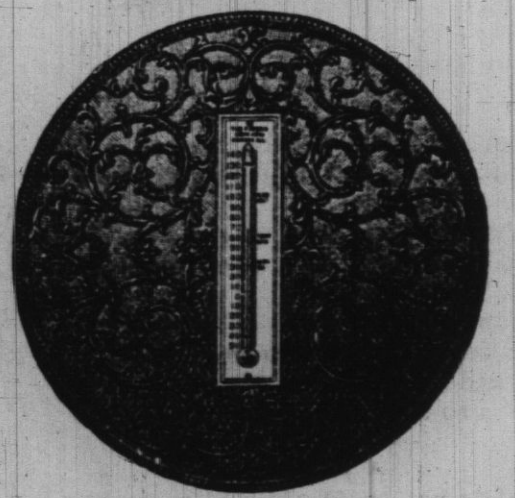
### Torpedo Boats and Ironclads.

I am not a naval expert, but the action of the Japanese at Wei-Hai-Wei seems to show that if a torpedo strikes an ironclad down goes the ironclad. Torpedo boats, being smaller, can maneuver quicker than ironclads. During a naval battle, when all is smoke, it looks, therefore, as though the ironclads on both sides would be sunk by the torpedo boats. If submarine torpedo boats are rendered possible this probability would be greatly increased. All this points to the possibility of a fresh revolution in naval warfare, which would make huge armored ships no better than baskets in which too many eggs have been put.—London Truth.

### A Church in the Sea.

On the foreshore near Stalham, in Norfolk, England, is a lonely church tower. It is the only relic of the once-flourishing village of Eccles-on-the-Sea. The sea has gradually encroached on this part of the coast until now the village is literally beneath the waves. Houses and land have been swallowed up by the hungry sea, and nothing is left to tell the tale except the solitary tower of the parish church. This is now so far from shore that it is invariably surrounded by water; yet, strange to say, a service is held in it once a year. This is simply done to retain a legal claim on the tithes of the few remaining acres that have not disappeared under the water.

## The Powers Automatic Temperature Regulator.



Automatically Controls Any Heating Apparatus. Maintains a Uniform Temperature Without Any Attention to the Dampers.

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**IS EASILY PLACED.**  
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More than one thousand have been placed in the best homes in Chicago during the present season.  
Send for catalogue or call upon  
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24 Dearborn St.,  
CHICAGO

## SERVED IN TWO WARS.

### THE GRIP ALMOST WON WHERE THE BULLET FAILED.

#### Our Sympathies Always Enlisted in the Infirmitates of the Veteran.

From Woodstock, Va., Herald.  
There is an old soldier in Woodstock, Va., who served in the war with Mexico and in the war of the rebellion. Mr. Levi McInturf. He passed through both these wars without a serious wound. The hardships, however, told seriously on him, for when the grip attacked him four years ago it nearly killed him. Who can look on the infirmities of a veteran without a feeling of the deepest sympathy? His townspeople saw him confined to his house so prostrated with great nervousness that he could not hold a knife and fork at the table, scarcely able to walk to, and as he attempted it, he often stumbled and fell. They saw him treated by the best talent to be had—but still he suffered on for four years, and was finally in despair. One day, however, he was struck by the account of a cure which had been effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He immediately ordered a box and commenced taking them. He says he was greatly relieved within three days, and the blood found its way to his fingers and his hands which had been palsied assumed a natural color, and he was soon enabled to use his knife and fork at the table. He has recovered his strength to such an extent that he is able to chop wood, shock corn and do his regular work about his home. He now says he can not only walk to Woodstock, but can walk across the mountains. He is able to lift a fifty-two pound weight with one hand and says he does not know what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for others, but knows that they have done a great work for him.  
He was in town last Monday, court day, and was loud in his praises of the medicine that had given him so great relief. Mr. McInturf is willing to make affidavit to these facts.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were used for many years by an eminent practitioner who produced the most wonderful results with them, curing all forms of weakness arising from watery blood or shattered nerves, two causes of almost every ill to which flesh is heir. The pills are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, all forms of weakness, chronic constipation, bearing down pains, etc., and in the case of men will give relief and effect a permanent cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. They are entirely harmless and can be given to weak and sickly children with the greatest good. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

### Strange Beliefs in India.

Miss Jennie Sherman, who has recently returned from five years of missionary work in southern India, has been giving some interesting talks in several of the Presbyterian churches during the past few days.

"The 323,000 gods in India," she said, "are supposed to listen enviously to what the people say, and you must never tell a person that he looks well, for, if you do, some god will hear you, and visit him with a fever or some other ailment. I have come down from the mountains sometimes, feeling well, only to be met with such remarks as: 'How scrawny and pale you look.' And this little scheme of deceiving the gods is carried so far that parents often name their children 'Craff' or 'Stone,' in the hope that the gods will pass them by as not amounting to anything. They have among their deities a goddess of murder who takes delight only in death, and even to this day the natives sometimes feed children poisoned sweetmeats in order to propitiate her. Nor is the cruel suttee worship altogether gone out of their lives, even though it was prohibited by law in 1829. I have met many educated Hindoos who still consider it right and proper. They believe much that it is too cruel for us to realize. Often and often I meet women whose noses have been cut off by their husbands. The child marriage, as you read of it, seems hardly credible, but I myself have seen brides of 3 and 4 years old, and once a mother told me that her little girl, a year and four months old, was already married."  
"There is great need there of missionary work. In Bombay with its 700,000 native churches, and many stations of 16,000 or 17,000 are without a single Christian representative in the whole village."—New York Advertiser.

### 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., Toledo, O.  
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.  
West & Tuttle, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
Walling, Kriss & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.  
Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

### Balloon Sleeves Going Out.

It is said that sleeve-ballooning shows some signs of abatement, and that some of the possessors of shapely and polished shoulders are likely to have a lull interval. This is indeed good news, and for some time I have noticed less exultation against infringing all the rules of nature and art than accompanied the feminine shoulder some months ago. Indeed, there has been a carelessness, a want of arrangement and low-spirited flabbiness about sleeves of recent days that lead one to imagine that one of the silliest of all silly fashions is tottering to its fall. This absence of plumpness, this deficiency of wadding, this dismal aspect of the modern gigot sleeve, betoken that it is gradually but surely going out of fashion.

### Home-Seekers' Extension.

The Chicago Great Western Railway will sell excursion tickets to western and southwestern points February 12, March 5 and April 2, 1895, at one regular first-class fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip. Tickets good returning twenty (20) days from date of sale.

Further information regarding stopovers, etc., will be given on application to any ticket agent of this company.

F. H. LORD, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Fred Baxter of Erie, Pa., is the heir to \$40,000. This is evidently the reason why several attempts to abduct her have been made.

## WAS A BRAVE SOLDIER.

### RICHARD J. OGLESBY, EX-GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS.

#### The News of His Recent Illness Was Inspired the Fear That Another National Character Is Soon to Pass Away.



**BRAVE SOLDIER**  
an efficient officer and a man of wonderful personal popularity—such a man is Richard J. Oglesby, "Uncle Dick," as he was affectionately called, his political adherents. The unwelcome news of his serious illness, near Decatur, Ill., lately inspired the fear that Illinois is soon to lose another of her great sons. For he is a son of Illinois, though born in Kentucky. Early in life he was left an orphan, thrown upon his own resources, and he has won his way through his indomitable will and remarkable energy that is now standing him in good stead in his fight with death. In 1860 he was a high lawyer in Decatur, Ill. When the republican party was organized he became one of its most enthusiastic members and was soon foremost in its councils in his state. He was elected to the state senate, through his personal popularity, from a democratic district, and his vote decided the election to the United States senate of Lyman Trumbull, then a republican, whom he succeeded at Washington in 1837, resigning the governorship to Lieutenant Governor Beveridge to accept the office. For twelve



RICHARD J. OGLESBY.

years he served the people of Illinois in the gubernatorial chair and was a friend and great admirer of the lamented Lincoln. At the outbreak of the war of the rebellion Oglesby resigned from the state senate to lead a regiment of volunteers into the field, and his war record is one of which any man might well be proud, for he was rapidly promoted for gallantry in battle to the position of major general of volunteers, commanding an army corps and serving under his other great friend, Grant. Severely wounded at the battle of Corinth, but he went home to advocate the war measures of Lincoln. His name will be coupled in Illinois history with the names of Lincoln, Grant and Logan, and his passing away will leave another great gap in the ranks of the men who have made Illinois great. A kindly, cordial man, an affectionate husband and a loving father is Richard J. Oglesby, whom Illinois has loved to honor. Soldiers and civilians alike love "Uncle Dick," as he will always be known among his own people.

### INDIAN ASTRONOMY.

#### Aboriginal Beliefs in the Constellations and Movements of Planets.

The Osages, in common with many other tribes, believe that the constellations are gods and goddesses. They have a tradition to the effect that once upon a time the Osages possessed neither bodies nor souls. They appealed to a divinity known as the Male Red Bird, who furnished them with souls in the bodies of birds. Thus they pursued existence for a while in the likeness of feathered creatures. In this guise they first visited the earth. There they met another divinity called the Black Bear. He offered to serve them, and they asked him to visit the various constellations with a petition in their behalf. They wanted human bodies for themselves. The Black Bear went successively to the sun, to the moon, to the morning star, to the constellation of the deer head—meaning the Pleiades—to the constellation of the goose foot, and finally to the Female Red Bird, who was found brooding on her nest. She it was who granted the request which the others had refused, giving to the Osages the bodies in which they have since dwelt. The sun is a god devoutly worshipped by most Indians. The ceremony of the sun dance, as performed by the Sioux and Pawnee, has often been described. Everybody has heard how the warriors torture themselves, one part of the performance gone through by the young brave consisting in attaching himself to the dance pole by lariats passed through loops of his own skin, then creeping himself by dashing away on horseback or otherwise. For three days and nights they dance, gazing continually at the sun by day and the moon by night, while it is supposed that they

swallow neither food nor water. As a matter of fact, however, the dance pole is planted usually in a spot near which certain succulent roots grow. These they pluck up silly, eating them and sucking the juices. Among the Sioux Indians the buffalo bull is importantly associated with the sun dance. Oddly enough, in ancient Egypt the sun god Ra was associated with the deified bull called Apis.

W. MORRISON'S COOLNESS.

#### Somehow Did Not Make Such an Impression on His Wife as He Expected.

A gossip in the Washington Post tells a story on Col. William R. Morrison. The colonel believes thoroughly in the efficacy of discipline. He has spent a great part of his eventful career in hotels, and one of his theories has always been that the mind can be so trained that the biggest sort of a hotel fire is powerless to sidetrack the reasoning faculties on occasions when presence of mind is needed. He impressed this theory very strongly upon Mrs. Morrison by conjuring up a variety of critical exigencies and instructing her how to act in given cases. Fate would have it that the colonel should be put to the test. He and his wife were aroused from their slumbers one night by an alarm of fire. The hotel in which they had their rooms was afire and great confusion and tumult ensued among the guests. "Now is the time to put into practice what I have always preached to you my dear," said the colonel. "Don't get excited. Put on your indispensable apparel and take your time. Don't lose your head. Just watch me." He calmed Mrs. Morrison's anxiety, handed her the various articles necessary to her toilet, put on his collar and cuffs, took his watch from under his pillow and placed it in his vest pocket, put on his hat, packed a valise of valuables, and, taking his cane, walked with Mrs. Morrison out of the

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

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

### THE FIRST MRS. ADAM.

#### She Was Lillith and Was Expelled After Being 130 Years Married.

Whether Lillith was one of the female creation of Chap. I, or a demon, or something between the two, she was, considered matrimonially, a complete failure, says All the Year Round. She was expelled after living with Adam 130 years, and subsequently became the wife of Satan, by whom she was the mother of the Jinns, so familiar in Persian fairy lore. The emphatic remark of Adam when he first saw Eve, "This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh," makes it, it is suggested, a parallel between Eve and the beautiful and fendlike Lillith not complimentary to the latter, while the reference on the birth of Seth to him as Adam's son, "in his own likeness, after his image," conveys a painful hint of the uncanny offspring born to Adam and Lillith. Perhaps in revenge for this Lillith—the name occurs translated "night monster" in Isaiah xxxiv—became the sworn foe of little children, whom she was wont to strangle with one of her glorious golden hairs, unless the watchfulness of their mothers drove her away. It has, indeed, been gravely suggested by an etymologist of great daring that our word lullaby is simply a corruption of "Lilla abi," Lillith, avanti! which mothers and nurses would croon over the cradles or write on the doorpost.

### Cats Remembered in Her Will.

London Weekly Times and Echo: The will of Miss Charlotte Rosa Raine is a very eccentric one. She died worth \$115,000, and after disposing of this she refers in terms of endearment to her cats. She gives her dear old white puss, Titiens, and her pussies, Tabby Kolla, Tabby Jennefee, and black and white Ursula, to Ann Elizabeth Matthews, and she directs her executors to pay her \$60 a year for the maintenance for each cat so long as it shall live. Her long haired white puss, Dr. Clausman, to her handmaid, Elizabeth Willoughby, and her black Ebony and white Oscar to Miss Lavinia Sophia Beck, and her executors are directed to pay them also \$60 a year for each of these pussies so long as it shall live. All the remainder of her pusses she gives to the said Ann Elizabeth Matthews, and she directs her executors to pay her out of the balance of the dividends of her father's Lambeth water works shares \$750 a year for their maintenance so long as any of them shall live, "but this is not to extend to kittens afterward born."

### To Teachers and Others.

For the meeting of the National Educational Association at Denver, Colo., in July, next, the Western trunk lines have named a rate of one standard fare, plus two dollars for the round trip. Variable routes will be permitted. Special side trips at reduced rates will be arranged for from Denver to all principal points of interest throughout Colorado, and those desiring to extend the trip to California, Oregon and Washington, will be accommodated at satisfactory rates. Teachers and others that desire, or intend attending this meeting or of making a western trip this summer, will find this their opportunity. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway (first-class in every respect) will run through cars Chicago to Denver. For full particulars write to or call on Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

### Tobacco in South Carolina.

Ten years ago not one pound of tobacco was grown in South Carolina for market. There were stray patches here and there, and foraged people in some of the upper counties of the state possibly produced enough of a not superior quality to supply a strictly home demand, but tobacco-growing as a money-making industry was unknown in the state. Last year, 1,000,000 pounds of tobacco of the best varieties, and some of the finest quality, were grown and sold in the county of Darlington alone. The acreage devoted to the cultivation of the plant was not 5 per cent of the acreage devoted to the cultivation of cotton, yet the value of the tobacco product was 16 per cent of the value of all the cotton raised in the country. The money value of the tobacco crop of the county was \$120,000.—Charleston News and Courier.

### His First Official Dinner.

Even the most rigid republic likes to play at having court. Accordingly much pomp and ceremony prevailed at the Elysee for President Felix Faure's first official dinner, where 100 guests of the diplomatic body and high officials sat down to an elaborately decorated table with an orchestra to enliven the repast. Mme Faure, being laid up with influenza, Mlle. Lucie Faure—in pale blue satin—did the honors. The succeeding reception was all the more brilliant because uniform was obligatory. Another presidential duty was the reception of the new Italian Ambassador, Count Tornelli, when many sweet things were said on both sides. Indeed, the Italians are distinctly making a bid to improve the cool relations between the two countries.

### The Modern Way

Comments itself the well-informed, to do pleasantly and effectually what was formerly done in the crudest manner and disagreeably as well. To cleanse the system and break up colds, headaches and fevers without unpleasant after effects, use the delightful liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs.

The czar of Russia has an income of \$25,000 a day, and yet he is far from happy.

## Know all women

that there is one rheumatic, neuralgic, sciatic, and all-pain remedy, as harmless as water, and sure as taxes—It is St. Jacobs Oil—used by everybody,—sold everywhere.

A white possum, with pink eyes, was recently captured in Howard county, Missouri.

#### If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MacWesson's **SOOTHING SYRUP** for Children Teething.

The Steamship City of Paris keeps up steam with the aid of fifty-four furnace fires.

#### Coe's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

A mixture composed of two-thirds water and one-third alcohol is excellent for cleaning the keys of a piano.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

A hundred tons of cats' tails were recently sold in London. They are to be used in the ornamentation of ladies' attire.

#### "Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

A white panther has just arrived at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. A panther of that color has never before been seen in a menagerie.

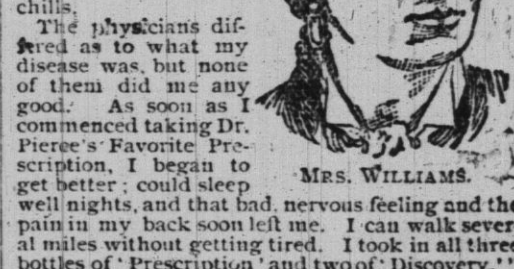
The Japanese begin building their houses at the top. The roof is first built and elevated on a skeleton frame. Then it affords shelter to the workmen from storms.



## WOMEN'S FACES

—like flowers, fade and wither with time; the bloom of the rose is only known to the healthy woman's cheeks. The nervous strain caused by the ailments and pains peculiar to the sex, and the labor and worry of rearing a family, can often be traced by the lines in the woman's face. Dull eyes, the sallow or wrinkled face and those "feelings of weakness" have their rise in the derangements and irregularities peculiar to women. The functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses of women, can be cured with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For the young girl just entering womanhood, for the mother and those about to become mothers, and later in "the change of life," the "Prescription" is just what they need. It aids nature in preparing the system for the change. It is a medicine prescribed for 25 years, in the diseases of women, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure the chronic inflammation of the lining membranes which cause such exhausting drainings upon the system. It cures nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faintness, nervous debility and all disorders arising from derangement of the female organs and functions.

Mrs. JENNIE WILLIAMS, of Mohawk, Land Co., Oregon, writes: "I was laid up over three years with dizzy spells, palpitation of the heart, pain in the back and head, and at times would have such a weak tired feeling when I first got up in the morning, and at times nervous chills. The physicians differed to what my disease was, but none of them did me any good. As soon as I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I began to get better, could sleep well nights, and that bad nervous feeling and the pain in my back soon left me. I can walk several miles without getting tired. I took in all three bottles of 'Prescription' and 'twofold' 'Discovery.'"



Catarrh caused hoarseness and difficulty in speaking. I also to a great extent lost hearing. By the use of Ely's Cream Balm dropping of mucus has ceased, voice and hearing have greatly improved.—J. W. Davidson, Att'y at Law, Monmouth, Ill.

## CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Alleviates Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, protects the Membrane from Colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell, and is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. **ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.**

## LINE NE REVERSIBLE

Raphael, Angelo, Kubens, 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.**

## DR. KILMER'S SWAMP KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

At Druggists, 50c & \$1. Advice & Pamphlet Free.  
**Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.**

## NOXAL INCUBATOR

If you wish an incubator that will hatch 100 chicks out of 100 squared eggs, address **DR. W. W. KILMER & CO., Quincy, Ill.** The Noxal Incubator is guaranteed to hatch 100% of the eggs. Send for Catalogue. **CHICAGO, ILL.**

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# WENT TO HIS DEATH.

## STRANGE FATE OF HENRY HALLADAY WICKER.

He Passed the Summer at His Father's Cottage on Massachusetts Bay—Floated Off Oceanward in His Dory and Has Not Been Heard of Since.

The details of a more than ordinarily sad accident were brought out by the publication of the following in a paper recently:

"Lost at sea, off Marblehead, Tuesday, September 11, 1894, Henry Halladay Wicker, aged 18 years, 7 months and 2 days, eldest son of Cassius M. Wicker and of Augusta French Wicker, deceased. All vessels navigating Massachusetts bay the day of the probable accident and the following day have been traced, their officers have been interviewed at their ports of destination, and they all report no rescue; nor has the body been recovered."

Henry Halladay Wicker was the elder son and eldest child of Cassius M. Wicker, the president of the Zanesville & Ohio railroad, who lives at 499 West End avenue, says the New York Sun.

Henry was a tall, manly fellow, handsome and muscular. Last spring he completed his college preparation at the Berkeley school, on the football team of which he played at tackle, and passed his entrance examination to Yale. When the summer came Mr. Wicker took a cottage at Swamscott on the Massachusetts coast, about midway between Nahant and Marblehead. The beach at Swamscott stretches out to meet Massachusetts bay, and every cottager there possesses one or more boats.

When the family took possession of the cottage the first thing that Henry wanted was a boat. He had long known how to swim, he pulled a strong oar, and was a fairly good sailor, so his father bought for him a large dory, rigged with a leg-o-mutton sail. Once in possession of the boat, Henry spent most of his time on the water. There was no part of the bay within a radius of five miles with which he did not become familiar, nor an inlet he had not explored. All through the summer the dory and its young skipper were constant companions, and the fishermen of the coast said there was not a better sailor from Salem to Boston. Only once did he cause the family the slightest anxiety for his safety. That was the day before he sailed away never to return. It was Monday, September 10, and as the morning was fine, Henry asked his cousin, Miss Halladay, to sail with him to Marblehead.

When they had not returned at dinner time the members of the family became much worried. Just as they were about to institute a search for them the young couple came in. The water was so rough, Henry told his father, that when they reached a little settlement of fishermen two miles below Swamscott he put in there, left the dory, and he and his cousin had walked home. The following day the older members of the family were to be away from home, and it was arranged that the young people should spend the day at "The Willows," a sort of Coney island on a small scale.

When morning came Henry told Miss Halladay and his sister that while they were gone to the station to see his father and grandmother off he would hurry over to the place where the dory had been left the night before and bring the boat around to their own pier. He said he would be back before they returned, and, with a hurried good-bye, left them. None of his family have ever seen him since. When his sister and cousin got back from the station Henry had not returned, so they went on, leaving instructions with the servant that when he did come he was to follow them.

The two girls spent a rather forlorn day at "The Willows," and returned home about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. In a short time a cousin of Mrs. Wicker came in and the girls told her about Henry. The cousin was alarmed at once, and going into the house for a strong pair of field glasses she hastened to the shore to scan the bay. Nothing was to be seen of the dory. The appearance of the bay, however, was reassuring, for it was smooth as a mill pond. But as the boy had not returned at 5 o'clock, the ladies hastily drove to the fishing hamlet and inquired if any of the fishermen had seen him. Many of the men were on the beach when Henry came for his dory, and they had seen him sail away in a southeasterly direction toward Egg Rock, about five miles distant. They said that the bay was safe enough if his boat had not been struck by the flaw of wind which swept the bay between 11 and 12 o'clock in the forenoon. If the flaw had struck the dory—well the old fishers gravely shook their heads.

All that night and all the next day search was kept up, but without avail. The father, half-distracted, telegraphed to all the points along the coast, but no tidings of the boy came back. Finally, on the forenoon of Wednesday, word came from Boston that a fishing smack had picked up a boat, lying bottom-up on the water, off Egg Rock, with all the sail lying on the water beside it. It was only a short time after that message came over the wires that the father had made certain that the boat belonged to his son. More than that no one has ever learned.

Whether the little craft was struck by the flaw in the morning or by a second one that came over the bay about 3 o'clock in the afternoon cannot be determined, but it seems probable that it was the first flaw that capsized the boat. The accident must have taken place very near Egg Rock. If so, it seems strange that the

keeper of the lighthouse there did not see it or hear the cries for help which the boy must have raised.

The captains of all vessels leaving Boston harbor Sept. 11, or the day after, were communicated with at their destinations, and all the great ports of the world were informed of the accident. But no tidings come, and the family has been compelled to give up the boy for dead.

### BOTH SWIFT AND SURE.

The Alpine Ibx Can Outrun and Out-Jump the Sure-Footed Chamois.

As the present king of Italy does not inherit his father's enthusiasm for ibex shooting, the herd continues to increase, and the male ibexes, no longer victims to Victor Emmanuel's rifle, are leading their families in increased numbers into further and distant mountains, where they have not been seen for generations. Should the Swiss, who now protect all wild birds by strictly enforced legislation, decide to extend to the ibexes the protection which they enjoy in Piedmont, the climbers in the Alps would enjoy the sight of a creature which is not only beautiful in itself, but surpasses even the chamois in its astonishing powers of mountain climbing. It gallops up over and down the cracks and precipices of ice or rock like a greyhound on the flats of Altcar, and the ancient legend that it jumped down precipices and alighted on its curved horns to break the fall is a very natural invention to account for feats which were seen, but seemed inexplicable by any credible use of legs and feet.

When the bouquins became so rare that they were preserved in Swiss chateaux as the bison is kept in zoological gardens, their jumping feats were seen and observed more closely. One kept at Aigle used to live on the roof of the chateau, choosing for its post the slope of the tiles which covered the highest tower, says the London Spectator. Another was seen to jump on the top of a door standing ajar and to balance itself on the edge with all four feet close together. A baby ibex tamed by a peasant who caught it on the Monte Rosa would spring on to his head, and in the drives held on the king's preserves in Piedmont it was noticed that in descending a particularly steep couloir at full speed they showed far more precision of movement than even the chamois. "The former (chamois) descended by taking flying leaps from side to side, like a bird fluttering down; the ibex, on the other hand, seemed to select the most slender temporary landing places far below and to reach them by gigantic leaps straight down, landing and retaining its balance with an agility truly wonderful to behold."

### A Trifling Touch.

The cannibal king sat upon his bamboo throne, clothed in the awful dignity of his position, and a faded silk scarf. His eye was fastened upon the entrance to the throne room as if in expectancy. Presently it opened and the secretary of state entered and bowed to the earth.

"A deputation awaits without, your majesty," said the secretary.

"What kind, slave?" inquired his nibs.

"Of white persons, your majesty."

"Would they minister to my spiritual or physical wants, dog?"

"Your physical wants, your majesty."

"Ah, then they must be missionaries?"

"No, your majesty."

"What, hound; not missionaries?"

"No, your majesty, they are here on business of state from the white country. They are politicians."

A look of disappointment clouded the face of the king.

"Go, slave," he said, waving his hand with an imperious gesture, "and command the secretary of the culinary department to put out the fire in the kitchen stove."

### QUEER BITS OF FACTS.

James Welton of Covert, Seneca county, N. Y., weighs 446½ pounds. He works every day, and has declined all dine museum offers.

Of every man and woman living today at the age of twenty-five, one out of two will live, according to the tables, to be sixty-five years of age.

A New York fox terrier named Nellie has adopted two kittens. She stole them from their mother, being jealous of the attention they received.

A Backsport, Maine, trapper has an unique commission from a Boston house to catch as many moles, shrews, deer, mice and flying squirrels as he can.

During 1894, according to the Publisher's Circular, 5,300 new books and 1,185 new editions were published in England, an increase of some 200 over last year.

For unjust imprisonment of her husband, who died the day he was declared innocent, Mrs. Ida Smith asks \$10,000 damages from the California legislature.

Margaret Walters of Uniondale, L. I., ordered her husband not to drink. He disobeyed and visited a saloon. She heard he was there, went into the saloon and horse-whipped him.

A society has recently been formed in France, the members of which are bound, under the penalty of a fine, never to shake hands with anyone unless with a gloved hand, "as the practice is contrary to health."

A jury composed entirely of negroes was a feature of the police court at Smith's Court, Ky., recently. Charles Richardson, colored, was arrested for breach of the peace, and the marshal finding it difficult to impanel a white jury summoned none but negroes. They fixed the fine at \$3.50 and costs.

# HUNTING FOR GOLD.

## ADVENTUROUS CAREER OF A CALIFORNIA PIONEER.

How Mansfield Warren Killed a Rival Editor in Stockton, Got Into Jail for Life and Was Pardoned—One Million in Gold Dust.

Josie Mansfield, whose gay career in Gotham a generation ago is well remembered, had a father whose career was also remarkable—a mixture of the heroic and tragic. Said a California paper to a Philadelphia Times writer the other day in a reminiscent mood: "Mansfield Warren came from New Orleans to San Francisco in the early fifties. He came after gold, like the rest of us, but as he was a small, sickly, consumptive-looking fellow, he did not pan out well as a digger in the mines; so he went to editing a weekly newspaper at Stockton. No sooner had he started up than the other editor went for him—in his paper."

"In those days personal journalism was the thing, and in California the editors spoke right out, calling each other all kinds of names not used in society. Warren replied, but in a gentlemanly way. While this newspaper war was going on one of the merchants attacked Warren for some alleged slight, and Warren being small and physically weak got the worst of the one-sided fight. He was so badly used up that he stated, as soon as he got out of bed, that he would kill the next man who attacked him. Accordingly, he purchased a long bowie-knife. It so happened that the editor of the rival sheet again abused him, and before Warren's paper came out he was attacked on the streets by his opponent. He knocked Warren down, jumped on him and was beating him unmercifully; Warren succeeded in unsheathing his bowie-knife, when he stabbed the aggressor to the heart.

"On the trial it was proved that Warren had threatened to kill the next man he might fight; also that he had bought the bowie-knife immediately after making the threat. The defense argued that Warren did not have the rival editor in mind these times, and furthermore, that he acted in self-defense, which was the truth. However, he was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. The governor commuted the sentence to life imprisonment, and in a year or two Warren was pardoned.

"The family removed to San Francisco, and here Josie began to assist in the elevation of the stage.

"As soon as she became prosperous she left the family in their old age and poverty and flitted eastward, to become notorious as the cause of the murder of Jim Fiske.

"I lost track of Warren until 1869. I met him in New Orleans. He showed me the first issue of the True Jeffersonian, a red hot Democratic paper that he had just started at Carrollton, a suburb of New Orleans.

"I may mention an instance in his career which will show that he was not a coward. It was the custom of the miners to ship their gold dust by steamer from Sacramento to San Francisco. About \$1,000,000 was made in one shipment, guarded by Warren and a half dozen assistants. About fifty embarked on the steamer, under the guise of cattlemen and ranchmen en route to Frisco on business. The treasure room was amidships on the lower deck. The steamers in those days carried a small cannon at the bow, which was discharged on landing, so as to notify the settlers. It also frightened the savage Indians, who soon came to regard the "floating houses" with fear and superstition. Warren suspected a move on the part of the roughs, and fixed the gun on a pivot, so that it would command the stern of the boat and the approach to the treasure room. He heavily loaded the gun, and then threw in a handful of nails for scattering shot. The attack, he was informed, was to be made at sundown, just as the boat was rounding the "Pirate's Cove," about thirty miles above San Francisco. Warren and his men assembled in the bow, and soon noticed a number of men forming on the stern of the boat and others joining them from the cabin above by coming down the back stairway. The cannon was immediately reversed and Warren and his men drew their revolvers. "Go up stairs, or I'll turn her loose and mow you down like wheat!" shouted Warren as he stood ready to let her go.

"The roughs, seeing that they were outanked, recoiled in disorder, and some ran upstairs. Just at that moment, the boat ran on a sand-bar, and was keeled over, nearly upsetting her. The roughs were panic-stricken, doubtless thinking this was part of the program, and some of them jumped overboard. The cannon also went overboard. In a few hours, fortunately, another boat came along and hauled us off the bar, and we arrived safely at San Francisco with our \$1,000,000 in gold dust. No; those who jumped overboard did not get back. We would not let anybody board us at that stage of the proceedings—especially as we knew who they were. They may have swam ashore, though," concluded the 49er, in a rather doubting tone as to the ultimate safety of the roughs.

"And have I," she asked in trembling voice, "the right of suffrage?" "You have." "Are you sure?" she faltered. "Is it really true?" "Yes." She raised her streaming eyes to heaven. "At last," she murmured; "at last I may be registered as something besides John Jones and wife." Then she went for joy. — Detroit Tribune.

Individually.

"What am I for?" I returned. "Well, if you don't mind," said she. "I crossed over and sat down by her. There is," I observed, starting on the fons et origo, the top button of the left-hand glove, "no man so good that he cannot find a woman too good for him."

She lifted her eyes with an inquiring gaze. "And no hand so small that it cannot find a glove too small for it."

"It's not true," she cried. See, I can move all my fingers."

"I don't believe you can," said I. "But look!"

# EQUAL TO THE OCCASIONS.

How the Drummer's Wife Found Her Lige in New York.

"I have a wife that beats the world," remarked the drummer to the New York Advertiser man, in a prefatory kind of a way.

"Including yourself?"

"Mentally and morally, yes; but not physically, though I am not so sure about that that I would provoke her enough to find out. Any way, she's a daisy," he went on, "and I'll give you an example of what a Napoleoneess she is under difficulties. Last summer I was in New York and she was stopping in New Hampshire. For some reason she took a notion to come down where I was, and when she got to the place where I had been stopping, I wasn't there, as I had changed my boarding house. The landlady didn't know where I was, and I hadn't told my wife about my moving, for I did not expect her to come for a week or so later, and was going to write to her. Well, when she got there and could not find me, she was stumped, for a lone woman is decidedly lone in a big town like New York. But my wife is not one of the kind to sit down and cry. On the other hand, she got up straight and began to think how to find me; and she did it in a manner that was surprising. It was about 4 o'clock when she came into town, by 5 she had completed her scheme, and that evening about 7, as I was talking to a friend in front of the Fifth avenue hotel, I happened to be looking at that stereoscopic advertisement show, just below Twenty-third street, on that high building, and, by the powers, the first thing I knew, something was on the screen that almost took my breath away."

"Look at that," says I to my friend.

"What is it?" says he.

"Read the message on the screen," says I.

"W. H. Blank is wanted at his late boarding house on Sixty-third street, Mary."

"By gum, old man," says he, "that's you."

"Right you are," says I, and in a very few minutes I was there and found my wife waiting for me, and tickled almost to death over the original way of finding me. Do you know of any woman in this country or any other," concluded the drummer, "that would have thought of such a detective agency as that to have found a lost husband?" And the hotel clerk wanted to take up a collection among the married men for a medal.

Glad to Meet Him.

"Drummer, air ye?" shouted the country merchant. "Git right down and come in to the stove. I'm glad to see yer."

The commercial man came in, with visions of selling a complete country store outfit, and the merchant continued:

"I'm right glad to see one of you fellers. My creditors jumped on me yesterday, and I'm sellin' out. I just been achin' for one of you fellers to come along with them funny stories you always have and cheer me up."

Soiled by Trade.

Mrs. Wayupp—Don't invite those Highupp girls again. Their father has disgraced himself. Miss Wayupp—Impossible! He is a noted scientist and president of a college. Mrs. Wayupp—Yes, but the vulgar fellow has recently been making a study of the trade winds. It's in all the papers, too.—New York Weekly.

He Prayed, Too.

Hostess—I have been told that the Russians never touch food or drink without making the sign of the cross. Traveler—Well, there are some Russian dishes that I wouldn't touch without making the sign of the cross and saying my prayers, too.—New York Weekly.

A New Definition.

"What we want of you," said the editor to the poet, "is something new." "But what do you call new?" "Something worked over and mashed till you can't recognize it!"

### GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES.

Canada is an Indian word meaning "collection of huts."

Chili is a Peruvian word, signifying "the land of snow."

Finland is properly Fenland, "the land of the mar-her."

Prussia was at first Borussia, the country of the Borussis.

Argentina has its name from the silvery reflection of its rivers.

Ecuador means "equator," an allusion to its geographical position.

Holland was so named by the Danes from a word signifying "marshy ground."

Jamaica has a name of Indian origin. It means "the country with springs."

Italy was so called from the name of Italus, an early king who governed most of the peninsula.

The name of Spain was bestowed by the Phoenicians from the word Span, signifying "a rabbit."

Australia means "south," and the land now known by that name was formerly called New Holland.

Japan is an Anglicized corruption of Nippon, the name of the principal island in the Japanese empire.

Honduras was named by the Spanish in allusion to the depth of the water on its coast. The word means "deep water."

Russia was the "land of Russ," a Tartar tribe, that established a footing in the northern part of Europe soon after the beginning of the Christian era.

# JUST A SHORT STORY.



EVERYTHING happened exactly as it does in those charming novels which, of all literature, are my favorites. I was very late for the train; it was on the move; the porter bundled me in, flung my bag after me, slammed the door, and whistled. And the lady sat in the opposite corner of the carriage gathering her feet under the seat to avoid my jangling bag. She was extremely pretty.

"Depend upon it," said I to myself at once, "she's going to stay with the Blairs." For it had to be so—it always is so. I was going to the Blairs, you see.

Unhappily, she did not seem inclined for conversation. She was accommodating but not discursive as to the window; it was summer, and there was no foot-warmer to bridge the gap between us. The annoying girl had a paper, and buried herself behind it. This was, of course, all wrong. Something would happen soon, however.

Something did. The lady put down the paper and gazed in a puzzled manner at her left glove. I peered cautiously around the edge of the Huntsman. Her eyes expressed doubt and difficulty. I saw what was the matter; a button of the glove was undone. I am never intrusive or precipitate. I bided my time. Why, we were hardly at page ten of the novel yet!

She tried to button the glove. The glove was not too large; she could not button it. Her brow wrinkled into a perplexed little frown.

I love a dainty woman, and a woman whose life is spoiled by an obstinate glove-button is just the wife for me. She was bound to ask me to button it in another moment.

But she did not. A sudden smile—a smile of illumination—spread over her face. She had got it! Of course she couldn't button the tiresome thing with her glove on! Who could? With another smile for her own folly, she quietly unbuttoned all the buttons of her right glove and drew it off. Then she turned with quiet confidence to the left-hand button.

Had it not been for the look of the thing I'd have kissed her on the spot. As it was—and notwithstanding my interest in racing—I allowed the Huntsman to drop and fastened my eye on her. Her hand was the most lovely little hand I have ever seen—small, plump, tapering, white, pink-nailed. I dot on a good hand.

She buttoned the button of her left glove with immediate and complete success, and smiled rapturously; indeed, she held up her hand and surveyed the job with immense complacency. I was smiling broadly myself now, because I saw what was going to happen. Thank heaven, however, I made no sound! I wouldn't have spoiled it for the world.

Her white teeth gleamed radiantly between her parted lips as she gently drew on the right glove. She treated the glove lovingly, working and pulling and patting, stopping to look now and again, conducting the thumb with infinite adroitness into its compartment. Then she gave a final persuasive tug to the upper part, and prepared to button the glove.

She tried the first button. She stopped to think. A curious expression stole over her face. She



SHE LOOKED UP, shook her head. She looked at the right glove. She shook her head again. Her right hand moved toward her left. Was she going to unbutton the left glove again? As I hope to be saved she undid two buttons!

Then it struck her, and in an instant her face was all-a-laughing, and I burst into a loud peal.

She looked up—in momentary indignation, in swiftly succeeding fun, in irresistible sympathy. Then she laughed a low, long, luxurious ripple.

"I ought to have told you," I gasped. "But you see, I hoped you'd undo them all again."

"But what am I to do?" she asked. "What am I for?" I returned.

"Well, if you don't mind," said she. "I crossed over and sat down by her. There is," I observed, starting on the fons et origo, the top button of the left-hand glove, "no man so good that he cannot find a woman too good for him."

She lifted her eyes with an inquiring gaze. "And no hand so small that it cannot find a glove too small for it."

"It's not true," she cried. See, I can move all my fingers."

"I don't believe you can," said I. "But look!"

"I am looking. I can't see them move. Perhaps I might be able, you know, to feel them."

"Do you mind buttoning the other now?" she asked.

"It was very curious," she remarked, "that I shouldn't have seen that as often as I unbuttoned one glove in order to button the other I should have—"

"It is just what I liked about you," I interrupted.

"I must have been thinking of something else."

"Of course you were," said I, proudly. "You were thinking of me. But it would have been the same anyhow. You are a perfect woman!"

"Have you known me long enough?" "Yes, for anything," said I.

"Even to take five minutes to button a glove for me?"

"It is nearly done," said I, undoing the second button again, "but I can't manage this one. Now if I had a hairpin I should be the happiest—I mean I should be able to manage it."

"I'm afraid my hair will come down."

"I am in favor of risking that," I observed.

She gave me a hairpin. I buttoned the glove with it and put it in my pocket.

"My hairpin, please," said she, holding out her hand.

"But am I to get nothing out of it?" I cried indignantly.

"The reward of a good conscience," she suggested.

"It is not enough."

"Oh! but you must give it to me."

"Well," said I, "I'll give it to you when we get there."

"Get where?"

"Why, to the Blairs, of course. How amused they'll be to find that we've made acquaintance!"

"But I'm not going to—where is it?—the Blairs."

My face fell a little, but I recovered in a moment.

"Oh, well," said I, nodding my head, "you live quite near and we shall often meet. I'm going to stay a month. I'm not sure now it won't be two months."

"I'm sure I hope you'll enjoy yourself," she said, "and find plenty of gloves to button; but why—the train's stopping!"

"All right, all right," said I. "We've another hundred—a whole splendid hundred—miles to go. And it's a slow train at that."

"I'm afraid I don't know what you mean."

"I'm afraid, I returned, "that I am being a little hasty, but—"

"Unless I am hasty," she interrupted, with a laugh and a blush, "I shall be carried past my station." And she folded up her paper and took hold of her parasol.

"You're never going to get out here!" I cried, aghast. "You're not going even to the same station?"

"I'm very sorry, but the next is my station."

I thought for a moment. The plot was not exactly what I had expected, but it might do as well. And I need not stand on ceremony with the Blairs. I rose from my seat and took my bag down from the rack.

"A wire will put it all right," said I, with a cheerful nod. "It's impossible to leave you stranded alone at a wayside station like this."

"But I live here!" she cried, gleams of wonder and fun in her blue eyes.

"There could be no other reason for getting out at such a place," said I disdainfully.

"And I sha'n't be alone," she continued. "If I were—"

"Ah, if you were—I!"

"Oh, well, but I sha'n't be. I'm to be met."

"That's rather a mistake," I admitted.

"But my husband," said she. For a moment I said nothing. The train was nearly at a standstill. The lady looked out of the window.

"It's not treating me quite fairly," I observed.

"Yes, there's George," said she. "Oh, you've never given me the hairpin!"

"I never will," said I, in sad determination.

"Oh, you're very—"

But George was at the window. will not attempt to describe him; should probably do him an injustice. The lady bowed to me politely. George, from outside, can have seen nothing but a slight, graceful, distant bend of the head. I saw more; much more; gleaming eyes, white teeth, everything in the world. And a voice said quite in a whisper:

"I wonder if those Blairs are nice?" There was regret, longing, wistfulness in that whisper. George was just outside. I could but hold up my hairpin with a romantic air.

And the lady was gone!

"Hang it!" said I to myself as we rolled out of the station. "It's only a short story, after all!"

But it wasn't a bad one.

He Braced Right Up.

Bobby—Sister will be down in a few minutes, Mr. Softly; she's upstairs rehearsing.

Mr. Softly, who has come prepared—W-what is s-she rehearsing, B-Bobby?