

# BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 9, NO. 4.

FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1894.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

## PARK RIDGE.

### CHURCHES.

**CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH**—The Rev. Charles S. Leeper, pastor; C. W. Stansbury, superintendent Sunday school. Sunday services at 10:45 a. m. and 8 p. m. Young People's society meeting on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in the lecture room of the church. Young People's society of Christian Endeavor, Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH**—The Rev. E. H. Belliver, pastor; F. C. Jorgenson, superintendent of Sunday school. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 11:45 a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. Epworth League meeting Sunday evening at 6:30.

### VILLAGE OFFICERS.

O. D. Gallup, President  
A. W. Cochran, P. O. Hook,  
J. P. Mickelson, Wm. Sauer and S. H. Holbrook, Trustees  
Joseph Lalone, Village Clerk  
W. E. Ward, Village Attorney  
G. T. Stebbings, Collector  
L. W. Wood, Village Waterworks  
Henry Haseman, Supr. Waterworks  
Henry Diezsch, Street Commissioner

### SCHOOL OFFICERS.

Owen Stuart, President  
Frank W. McNally, Secretary  
A. E. Mora, Thomas Jones, Charles Kobow, F. C. Jorgenson, J. E. Berry, Trustees

### POLICEMEN.

C. B. Moore, Captain of Police  
Charles Dusek, Village Constable  
Charles Dusek, Patrolman

### COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

The Park Ridge board of aldermen held a first regular meeting on Tuesday evening, and before the close of the session, which was a quite lengthy one, some rather startling developments occurred. The decided change in the appearance of the council chamber was enough to strike awe into the mind of the beholder. Arranged in a semi-circle there were six magnificent oak desks with the names of the members printed upon the front of each. The president and clerk were likewise provided with a new outfit complete, while in the body of the hall fifty new chairs were appropriately arranged. Contrary to expectations the newspaper representative present was obliged to shift for himself. (He had been promised a mahogany desk, but didn't get it.) When the meeting was called to order the president and all members responded to their names with the exception of Alderman Holbrook of the Sixth ward. Before giving the proceedings of the meeting it may be of interest to our readers to know the representative of each ward and the following, we believe, is a correct list:

Alderman Cochran, First ward.  
Alderman Jorgenson, Second ward.  
Alderman Root, Third ward.  
Alderman Sauer, Fourth ward.  
Alderman Mickelson, Fifth ward.  
Alderman Holbrook, Sixth ward.

The minutes of the previous meeting being read and approved, the Clerk Lydine was accepted. A communication was read from C. B. Robinson asking that he be given permission to make connection with the Elm street sewer. Same was granted, provided the intervening property owner, Frank Weche, offered no objection. A request from Mr. Grant, that he be allowed to tap water mains with one-inch pipe, was referred to water committee. A communication was received from Mr. Brown (of Seckner Constructing Co.) asking the village to buy a number of water boxes which had been left over after their contract had been finished. Same was rejected. A petition was received from "Cantfield on the Hill" residents asking the village to condemn certain walks there and replace same with new ones and of regulation size, a so to grade Park Ridge avenue and have George Clark put down certain street crossings. C. W. Maynard estimate for 310 feet of Elm street sewer was passed. In reality he had completed 1000 feet, but as only 310 feet had been "back filled" that amount was all the board could pass on. The balance was left in the hands of finance committee to adjust, they being given power to act as regards the final estimate. Rules were suspended and Attorney D. W. Wood referred to the suit of Mr. Gray against the village for damages in tearing up some walk, also for injuring shade trees. Mr. Wood said the matter had been pending a long time and he thought an amicable settlement would be preferable to a lawsuit. The Judiciary committee agreed to meet him and confer over the matter the following day. In reference to the ordinance which he had been instructed to draw up for the opening of Washington street, he said that the petitioners had better be referred back to the petitioners before the ordinance could be drafted with security. In reference to rules governing the board he said he had handed them to the clerk, but that the power of removal rested exclusively with the mayor or they might have a rule on a vote of two-thirds of the members. The bill presented by the engineer, McLennan, for services rendered, was promptly sat down on, as the village had a counter claim of some \$1,500. Alderman Cochran submitted a long list of walks and crossings to be condemned and rebuilt. This embraced Mr. Stevenson's walk, whose time had expired. Just here came the sensation of the evening. The alderman from the First ward asked the chair if Mr. Keene had ever been ordered to put down a new walk. An affirmative answer was given, and the chair also stated that Mr. Keene had commenced putting one down, but that it was being built contrary to ordinance. Some trouble had occurred at the time with Mr. Keene, but at that gentleman's request he was given until June 1, when he agreed to either replace it with a new one or according to ordinance or build one of

cement. Mr. Keene, who was in the room, jumped to his feet and asked permission to explain matters. Rules were suspended and he said that he did not know anything about the existing ordinance, and that he thought that he contributed as much toward the advancement of the village as any one in the council. He directed his remarks principally toward the president, and used language not only unbecoming to the occasion, but such as has not been heard in any public gathering of the board. Through all this tirade the president had controlled his temper to a wonderful degree, and when finally Mr. Keene had ceased talking it remained for the First ward alderman to put on the finishing touches. Quietly, yet with a suggestion of blood in his eye, he arose and made a motion that Mr. Keene be either compelled to put down a wood or cement walk at once. It is needless to say the motion was carried unanimously, and so ended the most disgraceful scene in a public meeting ever held in Park Ridge.

Alderman Mickelson introduced a plumbers license ordinance for first reading. Bills to the amount of \$2,306.46 were passed. The village printing was awarded to the Park Ridge Herald at 7 cents per line, agate measure and \$2 for special assessments.

Alderman Cochran stated that he had not had time to look into the matter of Meacham street from Paul Angerbauser to the railroad, but he had ascertained that Mrs. Avott's property was all one lot. Mr. Keene was ordered to put a gutter on his barn so the water would not drain on the sidewalk. The dog license was left in statu quo. At Alderman Root's suggestion it was decided to advertise the old water works boiler for sale in the Park Ridge Herald. The clerk was instructed to take charge of all the sprinklers and hose belonging to the village. The street commissioner was instructed to have the grass in park and depot grounds cut once a week and the contract was awarded to Willie Mickelson at \$2 per week. On favorable report of Alderman Jorgenson ex-treasurer Holbrook's bondsman for 1891-2 were released. Alderman Cochran reported that he had been Capt. Black and that he had bought a farm and would remove his stock from Park Ridge. The board decided that this was an indication of progress. William F. Lechner was given permission to take the usual allowance of gravel from the pit. A gentleman by the name of Schmelteph arose to the occasion and demanded that he be given water down his way at once. Alderman Cochran said he could have it by getting a majority of property owners to sign, and under no other conditions. Inspector Whitcomb was instructed to investigate at his own expense the improper laying of sewer stubs on Main street and Vine avenue, and street commissioner to dig down and see how deep water mains were on Vine avenue. Several sidewalk ordinances came up for first reading. It was decided to enforce the ordinance calling for sidewalk on north side of Cedar street from Prospect avenue to Washington street. We were extremely sorry to notice that the secretary of the Park Ridge Protective association had been annoyed by Mr. Skinner's chickens and are glad he won't have to shoot them, as the board seemed determined to abate the nuisance for him. The board decided to withhold \$500 from the Seckner Contracting company for faulty catch basins. Meeting adjourned.

Gen. Clark's contingent of the Coxy army, about twenty-five strong, marched through here on Monday. One poor enthusiast who was trailing the dust behind him, somewhat more than a block behind, was asked if he was hungry and wanted some pie. He happened to be a Dutchman, and looking up wearily he answered, "Pymie pye," and marched on. President Bassett of the Protective association happened to be at Norwood when the army came along, and if it hadn't been for some solicitous friends of his he would have joined them sure.

The dedication of Electric hall will take place on the evening of June 12, when the following Park Ridge talent will appear in ebony hue. Leading lungs and lights: S. W. Robinson, Tom Davis, Chas. Fernan, Tom Ward, Chas. Marsh, Jack Stevenson, Billy Colman, Stanley Holbrook, Frank Stevenson. Box seats \$20. Come.

Children's day at the Congregational church, Sunday, June 17.

The strawberry social given at the M. E. church on Thursday evening was largely attended.

The Y. P. S. C. E. social and lawn party at the residence of Mrs. Hibbard on Thursday evening was a great success.

Children's day at the Methodist church next Sunday, June 10, 1894. In the morning the pastor will preach on the subject of baptism and baptize a number of children and adults. In the evening the Sunday school will give their annual children's day program. The church will be decorated and the music specially prepared.

The Hon. W. E. Mason has been engaged by the National union for our Fourth of July festivities this year at Park Ridge. Mr. Mason is the prospective candidate of his party for United States senator and the finest popular orator in Chicago. He has that name and he deserves it. Preparations are being made for a big time.

The Epworth guards are to have Capt. Rastall, the organizer, with them this week, and it is to be hoped that they will be in right shape and ready for their part on Fourth of July.

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

## BARRINGTON.

**THE EVANGELICAL SALEM CHURCH**—Rev. Wm. Schuster, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10 o'clock a. m. Sabbath school at 9:15 a. m. Evening service at 7:30.

**BAPTIST CHURCH**—Mr. Malley, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Evening services every Sunday at 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m.

**ST. ANNE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH**—Rev. J. F. Clary, pastor. Services every other Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH**—E. W. Ward, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 11:45 a. m. Bible study Tuesday 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Friday 7 p. m.

**GERMAN EVANGELICAL CHURCH**—Rev. J. B. Hiltink, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Evening service 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9 a. m.

**GERMAN EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S CHURCH**—Rev. E. Raba, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

**LOUNSBURY LODGE No. 791**—Meets at each hall the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. L. A. Powers, W. M.; H. A. Sandman, S. W.; C. H. Kendall, J. W.; G. B. Olla, Treas.; A. T. Ullrich, Sec.; F. B. Bennett, S. D.; J. P. Brown, J. D.; A. Gleason, Tyler.

**BARRINGTON POST No. 273, G. A. R.** Department of Ill.—Meets every second Friday at the month of Abbott's Hall. L. E. Runyan, Com.; G. W. Johnson, S. V. C.; Wm. Humphrey, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, O. M.; A. S. Reinderson, O. D.; L. H. Bute, O. G.; Henry Reuter, Serg.; Chas. Benn, Chap.

**M. W. A. CAMP No. 809**—Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month at Meyers Hall. F. E. Hawley, V. C.; P. A. Hawley, W. A.; John Robertson, H. C.; M. P. Lamey, Clerk; Wm. Angholts, W.; J. M. Thrasher, E.; H. P. Aakew, S.

**W. R. C. No. 55**—Meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Mrs. Lucy Townsend, Pres.; Miss Allie Meyer, Sec.

An entertainment will be given at the F. A. Lageschulte school house in District No. 1, Wednesday, June 13. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend.

Frank Domire is home on a vacation.

Children's day will be celebrated at the M. E. church Sunday, June 10.

Mrs. C. Peters, who has been visiting relatives in the city, returned home Sunday.

Strawhats at A. W. Meyer & Co.

Another wedding is rumored to occur soon.

Miss Minnie Hawk, singer and elocutionist, will give an entertainment at the M. E. church under the auspices of the Epworth League on Monday evening, June 11, 1894. Admission, 15 and 25 cents. The following program will be rendered:

**PART I.**  
Reading....."Bill Mason's Bride"  
Vocal Solo.....Selected  
Readings.....Selected  
Vocal Solo....."One Sweetly Solemn Thought"  
Reading.....Selected

**PART II.**  
Reading....."Finding a Wife for Him"  
Vocal Solo....."Fiddie and I"  
"Supposing"  
Reading.....Number 25  
Reading.....Selected  
Vocal Solo.....Selected

Misses Effelyn and Myrtle Runyan attended the graduating exercises at Wauconda last Saturday evening.

Miss Jennie Sharman of Chicago visited with her father last Sunday.

Mr. Garnden and a friend spent Sunday at Honey lake.

Mr. and Mrs. William Pratt of Cuba were guests at Mr. C. Wood's Tuesday.

Twenty-two pounds of sugar for \$1 at A. W. Meyer & Co's.

A list of unclaimed letters remaining in the postoffice at Barrington, Ill., June 6, 1894:

George Benton.  
Mr. Duncan.  
Mr. Dobbins.  
Henry Fedler.  
W. H. Ingie.  
F. Koch.  
Miss Clara Murphy.  
Otto Osborn.  
Mrs. C. C. Russell.  
Mrs. George Renfro.  
Mr. Herman Schank (2).  
Miss Ellen Sullivan.  
Henry G. Shoots.  
Miss Williams.  
Charles Will (or Witt).

M. B. MCINTOSH,  
Postmaster, Barrington, Ill.

Mrs. Leroy Powers' sister has been visiting here the past week.

Rev. E. W. Ward is taking his summer vacation.

A. W. Meyer & Co. sell the best patent flour for \$1 a sack.

The Knights of the Maccabees of this place will give a social at their hall Monday evening, June 11, to celebrate their thirteenth anniversary. Only a limited number of invitations have been issued and a good time is anticipated.

Mr. and Mrs. William Haworth visited with relatives in Dundee Memorial day.

Edward Heimerdinger made the trip from Chicago to Barrington on his bicycle last Sunday in three and a half hours.

For fine footwear go to A. W. Meyer & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Church have been visitors here the past week.

Miss Lucy Hennings visited friends at Woodstock last week.

M. T. Lamey transacted business in Chicago Monday.

Mr. S. W. Kingsley is building a new barn on his farm south of Barrington. Messrs. Charles Rachow and Henry Brasel are doing the carpenter work.

A. W. Meyer & Co. sell the Douglass shoe. Try a pair.  
For ladies' slippers go to A. W. Meyer & Co's.

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## DESPLAINES.

### CHURCHES.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH**—The Rev. A. Conroy, pastor; B. F. Kinder, Superintendent of Sunday school. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. Young People's meeting Sunday evening at 8.

**CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH**—The Rev. E. Edward Mueller, pastor; Geo. A. Wolfram, Superintendent of Sunday school. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30 and in the evening at 8 o'clock. Sunday school at noon. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

**ST. MARY CHURCH**—The Rev. F. Wernet, pastor. Services at 10:30 Sunday morning. Sunday school at 11:30 a. m.

**GERMAN EVANGELICAL CHURCH**—The Rev. E. Bloesch, pastor. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 11:30 a. m.

**UNITED MAINS No. 122, I. O. F.**—Meets on second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. Thos. Keate, Chief Ranger; Thos. Connor, Secretary.

M. E. Redling's green house in Park Ridge appears to be all the rage. Look at those flowers at the depot and judge of his excellence in artistic work.

For the accommodation of the people of Desplaines and vicinity I have made arrangements to be at my new residence, near the Congregational church, in Desplaines, every Tuesday.

E. W. PERSOXS, Dentist.  
Ice cream and soda water, with pure fruit flavors, at the Bee Hive pharmacy.

Lewis Poyer is building a new house on Pearson street for rent. Murdoch & Davis have the contract for building.

Miss Carrie Jefferson has gone to Vermont on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis P. Kraft returned from their wedding trip last Saturday and have commenced house-keeping in the rooms over the meat market.

Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Bradt of Lincoln, Neb., made us a short visit last Friday. They were on their way home from the meeting of the Presbyterian general assembly at Saratoga, N. Y.

STRAYED OR STOLEN.—From the premises of Geo. A. Hills, a bronze turkey gobler. A liberal reward will be paid for the return of the same.

The following extract from a letter speaks for itself:

CHICAGO, June 1, 1894.  
DEAR SIR: We take great pleasure in proposing to you that the state auditor has examined our company for the last ten days, and pronounced the company all right. Yours truly,

LOAN & INVESTMENT COMPANY.  
Per A. L. Hayes, Secretary.

H. C. Senne has returned from a trip to Minnesota. He reports crops looking much better in that section of country than here. There was no frost there to injure the crops.

Next Sunday, June 10, the annual mission festival of Lutheran congregations will be held at River Grove. If the weather is favorable there will be a large crowd in attendance.

The contract for building the new school building has been let to J. F. Rees of Chicago, he being the lowest bidder. The price to be paid is \$7,889.

Dr. Stone's wife has been absent the past few days visiting friends in Wisconsin and the doctor has had a chance to turn his professional skill as chief cook to good account. The doctor is supposed to favor those dishes that require the least amount of labor in the line of dishwashing.

Mrs. L. J. Quantrell has returned from her visit to Indiana.

Reid's ice cream in bulk or solid bricks, any flavor. Fancy moulds of cream or jellies handsomely decorated for parties, weddings and receptions a specialty. Family trade will receive prompt attention. The Bee Hive pharmacy.

Coxeyites on the Road.

Last Sunday evening there was considerable excitement in town occasioned by the report that a branch of the new fraternal order, called "Coxeyites," had got as far as Palatine from the north and would soon swoop down upon our quiet village. A lot of extra policemen were added to the force, who kept a lookout for the "good roaders," but no Coxeyites put in an appearance that night. The next day at high noon a company of about twenty-five men marched through Desplaines on the river road at a lively gait. They made no noise or disturbance of any kind, but kept straight ahead about their business. Previous to marching through the village they came to a halt and sent a committee on ahead to see if the town would "give them a lift." Not meeting with any encouragement they concluded to march through without stopping. They claimed to be laboring men out of employment and that they came from Wisconsin.

Weddings are all the rage and follow each other in rapid succession. Neither strikes nor rumors of strikes prevent marrying and giving in marriage. Last Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock Miss Vena Meyer was united in marriage to Mr. John Abbe. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Meyer, by Rev. F. Wernet, pastor of St. Mary's church.

The festival and concert of the Methodist church on Saturday evening was a success. It was given under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid society, although not so announced in

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## NORWOOD PARK.

J. R. STOCKWELL, Supervisor  
E. B. SHERWOOD, Town Clerk  
JAMES B. BAKER, Assessor  
ALLAN E. SMITH, Collector  
E. SCHROEDER, Pres., Highway Commissioners  
E. GRANT, Justice of Peace  
D. M. BALL, S. D. SALOOM, Constable  
S. MERRICK

**ST. ALBANS EPISCOPAL CHURCH**, Norwood Park.—Services on Sundays at 11 o'clock a. m. Sunday school at 9 p. m. Even song at 3:45 p. m. Services on Friday evenings during Lent at 7:30. St. Agnes' Guild meets every Friday afternoon. Choir rehearsal Friday nights. J. H. DENNIS, Reader.

**BEACON LIGHT LODGE No. 784, A. F. AND A. M.**—Meets first and third Fridays of each month. Fred A. Rich, W. M.; James Walmsley, Secretary. Visitors welcome.

To-morrow will be children's day at the American Reform church.

Sign the list for fire works for the Fourth so that we can have a good time at home on that day. Mr. Buss has it.

Through error the name Mather was spelled mother in last week's issue.

Mr. John R. Stockwell is intending to establish a livery and undertaking business here in the near future.

TO EXCHANGE—A two-story and basement residence near California and Park avenues, renting at \$30 per month. Bath and modern improvements, eight rooms, for a good house and lot at Norwood Park. Apply to D. M. Ball, 930 Chicago Opera House block.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cordy entertained a few friends last Friday evening in celebration of their eleventh wedding anniversary.

Miss Olive M. Foster was married to Mr. Carlyle F. Funk last Tuesday at the residence of her father, Charles L. Foster, on Elm street. Among the relatives present were Dr. and Mrs. F. R. Day of Honolulu, Dr. and Mrs. R. N. Foster and Rev. Lewis Townsend of Chicago. After the wedding trip they will reside at Rogers Park.

H. E. Redling's green house in Park Ridge appears to be all the rage. Look at those flowers at the depot and judge of his excellence in artistic work.

Mr. H. A. Farnum will soon move back into his home on Western avenue.

A small silk flag has been given as a souvenir to all who participated in the decoration exercises at the church Thursday evening.

Mr. Ed Robinson has given up his position in Chicago and is at present working for his brother, Silas Robinson, of Park Ridge.

Nice durable screen doors and windows 10 cents a foot, including hanging and putting up at Chas. Schneider's carpenter shop.

Mrs. Hincley and daughter, Olive, with the Misses Birdie and Anna Thomason, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Hincley last week.

Mrs. E. Drake of Woodstock is visiting her daughter, Mrs. F. L. Cleveland.

Quite a number of strangers were here on Sunday last taking in the beauties of the town.

A good coffee for 25 cents at Low's.

The Brownie club is contemplating the giving of a social, which they trust will be pleasing and remunerative. Full particulars have not yet been given.

XXXX ginger snaps for 8 cents at Low's.

Mr. Walter Seynau claims that there is no brighter child in existence than his little Della Louise, who has come to brighten his home.

Mr. F. L. Cleveland is victimized to serve on the jury for two weeks.

XXXX soda crackers for 6 cents at Low's.

Mrs. L. C. Collins is visiting in Denver, Colo.

## JEFFERSON PARK.

**CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH**—The Rev. A. M. Thome, pastor; Charles Farnsworth, superintendent of Sunday school. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 11:45 a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 in the church parlors. Young Peoples Society Christian Endeavor, Sunday evening, at 6:20 o'clock, and Junior society at 6:30.

**GERMAN CONGREGATION CHURCH**—The Rev. Bio K. pastor. Sunday school at 1:45 p. m. the morning services at 10:30 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. every Friday at 7:45 p. m.

The party whom the police arrested at the instance of Charles Schoenstedt last week, and whom the officers were at first inclined to believe was only suffering from a little spiritual confusion, has since proven himself quite a character and his case will be thoroughly investigated. The horse and buggy by way of which he succeeded in landing himself in the village was stolen from a gentleman in Woodstock, and has since been identified and returned by its owner. The man in interest entered Charles Schoenstedt's bakery and confectionery store one evening last week and, assisted by an old-fashioned forty-two caliber revolver, succeeded in making himself exceedingly unwelcome. Officer William Moisey subsequently effected his capture on the Willman premises.

George's record of the two prior games was terribly disfigured in the game against the Rivals Sunday last. The Brands were generally away off in their play and were practically out of the game from the start.

The "Quaker" ladies assisted the German Congregationalists in an advantageous manner at the social Tuesday evening, and the residence of Mr. Henry Prahm, in consequence thereof, was the scene of an immense gathering.

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Mrs. Peter Hansen returned from Denver on Wednesday and reports much suffering in that vicinity from want of food.

Mr. Herman Esdohr has purchased the interest of Mr. Peter Thomsen in the grocery establishment at Milwaukee avenue and Short street, and will hereafter be found tugging as of yore at the old stand.

The band meetings will hereafter be conducted in Schmoocke's hall.

Lost—Friday, June 1, on Milwaukee avenue, between Norwood Park and Irving Park, light leather pocketbook with name, containing some change and railroad ticket. Please return to C. A. Baird, room 412, 110 Dearborn street, and receive reward.

MONEY TO LOAN.—Fred E. Eldred, 23 and 24 Times building, Chicago.

FOUND.—A dark bay horse, weighing about 1,250 pounds, on Sunday, May 27. Owner can have same by paying charges.

CHARLES BEHNING, Jefferson Park, Ill.

Mr. Herman Esdohr has again resumed business, having bought out Mr. Peter Thomsen of Thomsen & Peters.

Mr. David Behrent and Miss Maud Crawford were united in marriage Monday, June 4, the ceremony being performed by Judge Murphy. Miss Crawford is well known here and has gone through the Jefferson high school, and Mr. Behrent has been engaged in several business pursuits of this place.

The many friends of A. D. O'Neill of Chicago are elated to hear of his new title of honor, it being: Dr. A. D. O'Neill, Jr., dentist. There is a new course being pursued by Mr. O'Neill and may success meet him in his new venture.

The German Congregational church held an ice cream and strawberry social at the residence of Mr. Henry Prahm on Tuesday evening last. Notwithstanding it being bad and raw weather about 200 people were in attendance and enjoyed themselves to amusing jestures of our fellow townsman, Mr. Adelberg, throughout the evening. A good program was well rendered and to the nearest remembrance of the TIMES man those who took part were:

1. Prayers by the Rev. John Block.  
2. Chorus—Young ladies.  
3. Recitation—Miss Mabel Russell.  
4. Duet—Gertie Sydel, Kate Hough.  
5. Duet—Messrs. Fred Scharenberg and Hugh Schoessling.  
6. Duet—Mrs. Sidney Burkill and Mrs. Sokup.

Mr. Gus Mertz new residence is well under way, also the flat building, corner Milwaukee and Lawrence avenues, is progressing rapidly.

Mr. Charles Stockwell and Miss Grace Vandenberg of Norwood Park were united in marriage on Monday last. They are both well known here.

Mr. Edward Benson of Duluth, Minn., is visiting his sister, Mrs. Rawlings, of this place.

People are in hopes of riding on the new electric system by Aug. 1.

The best Wisconsin Ice during the season can be had from E. S. Hotchkiss, Mayfair, dealer in lumber, lime, coal, wood, sewer pipe etc.

## PALATINE.

**CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.**  
**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH**—Rev. W. A. Smith, Pastor; C. W. Parr, Superintendent of Sunday School. Services every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. Epworth League meeting Friday evening at 6. Everybody welcome.

**ST. PAUL EVANGELICAL CHURCH**—Rev. C. W. Roth, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Sunday school at 9 a. m.

**EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN IMMANUEL CHURCH**—Rev. C. D. Taylor, W. M.; C. E. Taylor, Sec'y. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

**PALATINE LODGE No. 314, A. F. & A. M.**—Meets on the first and third Saturdays of each month. Visitors always welcome. C. D. TAYLOR, W. M.; F. J. FLEBER, Sec'y.

**PALATINE LODGE No. 708, I. O. O. F.**—Meets every Wednesday. Visiting brothers cordially invited. C. D. TAYLOR, W. M.; H. L. MERKILL, Sec'y.

**JOHN A. LOGAN LODGE No. 152, I. O. M. A.**—Meet in Odd Fellows' Hall on second and fourth Saturdays of each month. Members of the order always welcome. M. A. STAPLES, Pres.;



### SWIMMIN' IN THE CREEK.

Vacation's come, and now, of course, the boys don't have to go to school, and soon as showers are down, they don't have to hoe. Potatoes, why, all on 'em comes down where the trees are thick. 'N' then comes and with a shout go swimmin' in 't' creek.

It tells what, when I was young 'N' had my holidays. That was 'n' no pleasure 'neath the sun, 'Tis what I thought, leastways. That end compare, when days were hot 'N' things began to stick. To cuttin' down through our back lot 'N' swimmin' in 't' creek.

When I was down to town one time I tried a city swim. In what they call their Rooshun baths. Down in a cavern dim. What they billed me for a dollar, 'Till it nearly made me sick. 'N' I opined 'twas 'n' ha'f so good 'N' swimmin' in 't' creek.

'N' sometimes when I hear the boys A-squatin' in their fun. While I'm 'n' 'n'owin' furrers. 'Neath 't' hot 'n' brillin' sun, I want I was a boy agen. So's I cut and hit. Right down to Sandy Holler 'N' go swimmin' in 't' creek. —St. Louis Star-Sayings.

### A Brave Child.

The circus was quite full, and the sage with the lions was wheeled forward so that everybody might see the child who had tamed the wild beasts. The door of the cage was opened, and a slim, graceful child walked in, dressed in showy finery, pale blue tights and spangles, with a little blue cap resting on flowing golden hair. A low, soft whistle from the baby mouth, and the beasts came slowly and submissively forward; they cringed at his feet, and licked the pretty little hands.

Obedient to voice and eye, first one lion danced and then the other, and then one sprang through a hoop of the boy held up. The delighted spectators applauded; the wild beasts were used to the lights and the performances which had been going on for the last fortnight. The little child in the bright tights and tinsel had grown used to the animals; his danger was never thought of. "He is used to it," said one woman in the crowd; "it is his living."

"And a very fearful one," answered a man, "and I don't like to see such a fragile baby with such wild animals." A wild shriek! Was it a part of the performance? "Larie, Larie," the child screamed, as the animals crouched down and glared on him ready to spring. "Larie, save me!"

Are the lions getting angry, that they gnash their teeth and sniff round the child, or has something gone wrong in the performance, for the child has a terrified look on his face? One of the wild brutes prepares to spring, while a low, deep growl breaks from the throat of the other one. The spectators hold their breath; women faint; not one man in the large assembly is brave enough to go forward to the child's assistance. The huge beast prepares to spring on the child, and there is a dead silence, for a child's life is in peril. A flutter and a rush as a boy in a night-shirt springs into the cage. He has fair, flowing hair, like the other child. He whistles softly and the lion listens, and lets him remove his claws from the child's neck. Is there to be a struggle between the two children and the lions? The younger child has fainted, and at last somebody removes him from the cage, with blood streaming from his neck. Softly the child in the night-shirt continues whistling, and he never removes his eyes from the wild beasts; he knows how dangerous it is to let his glance waver from them, and, if he shows any sign of fear, it will be his death. His hand trembles; the boy looks very ill; but, walking backward, at last he gets out of the cage and shuts the door. Then the frightened, silent crowd stand up, and press forward to take the boy.

"You brave child!" a woman cries, with tears in her eyes. "You brave boy," said a big, burly man, "you have more pluck than all of us put together." The child stood still, trembling from head to foot. "I'm brave? No; it is my twin sister who is brave; because I am ill, she puts on my clothes and told father she would take my place, for we could not shut up the circus."

"Was it a girl?" again exclaimed. "Don't let her do it again!" "Is she hurt?" "How old was she?" Question after question was asked. "Rosie is 10, and she shall never do it again!"

"Nor you, either, my little man," interrupted somebody, "for such a cruel performance does not give pleasure, now we know how dangerous it is. So here," he said, addressing the crowd, "let us make a collection for brave little Rosie."

And in less than a quarter of an hour nearly \$100 was given to the father, on condition that he would never allow the children's lives to be endangered again by any performance.

Left Auntie Out. Little Mary has always been devoted to her Aunt May, and prays for her each night long and fervently. One day, however, during a visit to her aunt's the child did something wrong and had to be punished. When even-

ing came and she knelt at her aunt's knee to say her prayers, it was evident that the sore spot was there still. "Bless papa and mamma," began the childish voice, and then there was an ominous silence, after which the prayer was concluded with no further reference to Aunt May.

"Now," remarked Miss Four-Year Old, with flashing eyes, as she rose to her feet, "what do you think of that for a prayer?"

### Finding a Treasure.

It lay for a long time on the edge of the little brook, deep in the forest, sparkling like a tiny flame in the sunlight, and glowing still in the dusk like the bright eye of some fairy hidden in the grass.

One day, when a very bright sunbeam danced to and fro across it, the tortoise stopped to look curiously at it. He was a slow fellow at his best, and lingered so long that Bunny stopped, too, to see what it could be; and the squirrel from the fence-rail gave up scolding at the crows to ask them what was to be seen. The crows themselves are famous for chattering, so in less time than I can tell it, they had spread the news to all the forest-creatures.

"It's not good to eat," said the tortoise, "for I tasted it, and it's hard and cold."

"You cannot bite it, anyway," said Bunny. "I would much rather have a carrot."

"If it were a nut it would have a shell," said the squirrel; "but I see it is not that."

"It might be a new kind of corn," said the crows, and one of them flew down to peck at it.

"Pshaw!" said he, "it is harder than a stone, and nothing like a kernel of corn; we can do nothing with it!"

"It is certainly very pretty," said the robin; "but I could not make a nest of it, and I for one would much rather have a cherry."

"Perhaps the owl can tell us what it is," meekly suggested the mole; "I found it under the soil when I was digging out my burrow."

So the squirrel was sent to waken the owl, who sat dozing in his hole in the hollow tree.

Down he came, stumbling, blinking sleepily, and yawning.

"Here is something—" said Bunny. "Yellow!" put in the crows all together. "Hard," said the tortoise. "Very bright and shiny," said the squirrel. "And no use to any of us," said the mole. "What is it?"

"Don't all talk at once," yawned the owl. "What a stupid set you are! I know what it is; gold!"

Just then a footstep rustled the dry leaves, and all the forest folk scampered away to hide. Peeping out they saw a man walking slowly along the brook. Just then his eye fell on the glittering little ball; and crying out for joy he seized it eagerly, turned it over and over in the sunlight, and after hiding it carefully in his breast, hurried away.

"Well, I never!" chattered the squirrel, running from his hiding place in the oak tree. "He seemed to know what to do with it!"

All the crows fluttered away to tell of the strange treasure found by the brook.

"The owl is a wonderful fellow!" said the mole. "He seems to see everything. I suppose it is because his eyes are so big. But I wish I had thought to ask him what it is good for!"—St. Nicholas.

### Bad Breaks.

In catechizing a little girl the clergyman asked, "What is an epistle?"

"The feminine of apostle, sir," she answered.

The child belonged to that large class of Sunday-school scholars whose teachers take it for granted that their pupils know the meaning of bible words. Not infrequently these teachers find themselves the victims of misplaced confidence.

A lady in Ireland, reviewing her class of boys, asked one of them what John the Baptist meant by "fruit meet for repentance."

"Apples, nuts, hams and pigs' cheeks," promptly answered the boy. She was angry with him, thinking he was making fun; but on questioning him, she found that he really thought the Baptist meant that the people were to bring him fruits and meat because he was tired of locusts and wild honey, and thereby show their repentance. The fruits and meat best known to the boy were those he mentioned.—Irish Life.

### The Scholar and the Parrot.

A learned scholar possessed a parrot which was always in his study. It sat upon the back of his chair and picked up some phrases in Greek and Latin as well as some of the wise comments the scholar muttered as he pored over his books. Every day students came to the scholar in pursuit of knowledge.

It happened that the scholar fell sick, and for many days was unable to attend to his class. On recovering, he returned to his study and found the parrot from its perch on the back of his chair holding forth to a much augmented class, which stood lost in admiration.

"My friends," said the scholar, "to seem to know a thing, contents you more than to know it really. I resign my charge, and henceforth the parrot shall be your teacher."

And, strange to say, when the scholar left them with the parrot the students were well pleased.

## BIG COMET IN SIGHT.

### NOW SWISHING A TAIL HALF WAY TO THE MOON.

Still 2,500,000,000 Miles Off—Due Here About 1911. But Astronomers All Over the World Are Already Discussing It.



ALLEY'S COMET is coming back—the comet which in the year 1906 shed a celestial splendor over the Norman conquest and whose terror-inspiring visit it was commemorated by the hand of Queen Matilda in the Bayeux tapestry; the comet that in 1450, the year of the battle of Belgrade, scared the Turk and Christian alike and was anathematized by a bull from the pope; the comet whose strange scimiter form still chilled the marrow of the ignorant and superstitious at its latest return in 1835. It is yet far away, but the eye of science sees it, already within the orbit of Neptune, rushing sunward and earthward with constantly increasing velocity as it falls along the steep

curve of its orbit. And a call to arms, a call for preparation has just been issued from one of the chief watch-towers of astronomy.

Professor Glasenapp announces that the computing bureau established by the Russian astronomical society has undertaken the calculation of the true path of Halley's comet, with a view to predicting the exact date of the next return. He hopes that astronomers acquainted with unpublished observations of the comet will communicate the information to the society.

After its perihelion the comet was watched retreating out into space until May, 1836, when it was finally swallowed from sight. It will be in perihelion again in 1911, but with the great telescopes now in existence, and the greater ones that may then have been constructed, it is probable that the comet will be detected coming sunward a year or more earlier than that.

The fact that the labor of computing the precise time of its return is already about to begin gives assurance that the next time it will not be a question of how many days, but rather of how many hours, or even minutes, the calculations will be in error.

A LARNED PRESBYTERIAN. Dr. Matchmore, Who Presided at the Recent Saratoga Assembly.

The election of Dr. Samuel A. Matchmore of Philadelphia as moderator of the recent Presbyterian assembly at Saratoga upset the calculations of the liberals. Of the four original candidates, Rev. Arthur J. Brown of Portland, who was supported by Dr. Briggs' friends, had the lead when the balloting began, but on the second ballot he was defeated by twelve votes. The election of Dr. Matchmore placed a representative of the Danville seminary of Kentucky in the moderator's chair of the general assembly for the third time in three years. In 1892 Dr. W. C. Young, the president of Center college at Danville, was chosen moderator at Portland, Ore. Last year, at Washington, Prof. Willis G. Craig of Chicago, born and educated in Kentucky, a pupil of Dr. Young's father, was the presiding officer. Dr. Matchmore is pastor of the Memorial church of Philadelphia and editor of the Presbyterian. He is a native of Ohio and comes of Scotch and Scotch-Irish ancestry. The Philadelphia church of which he is pastor was built through his efforts. He became proprietor of the Presbyterian in 1873, and has contributed weekly to its columns ever since. He is the author of two volumes of travel and observation in Europe and oriental lands. "A Visit of Japheth to Sham and Ham," and "The Mogul, the Mongol, the Milkado and the Missionary," also a volume of sermons now in press, entitled "Spiritual Volapuk." Dr. Brown, the unsuccessful candidate, is one of the youngest

men ever mentioned for the important office of moderator. This fact alone led to his defeat, for several men said they would have voted for him if he had been older. He was born in Holliston, Mass., in 1846. He is a graduate of Lane Theological Seminary, and to this additional fact may be credited his defeat, as not a few men were afraid of one graduated so recently from this institution. In 1883 he was installed pastor of a missionary church in Wisconsin. After a successful work there he accepted a call to the Oak Park Presbyterian church, in the suburbs of Chicago, where in three and one-half years he erected a church and built up a congregation of nearly two hundred members. Though only about 30 years of age when he left Chicago, he had already been permanent clerk and moderator of the important presbytery. From Oak Park he was called to Portland, where his work has been even more prosperous than of any previous pastorate. In 1891 Lake Forest university gave him the degree of D. D. Dr. Brown's church is the most influential in the northwest and one of the most important from a missionary point of view in the denomination.

HOW DID SHE DO IT? The Remarkable But True Story of a Cat's Long Journey.

It is certain that a cat can come home in face of the most incredible difficulties. Thus, to take a recent instance, a cat was carried from a town on the northeast coast of Fife to a country house near Perth. It went in a basket by train to Leuchars, where it changed for Dundee, and at Dundee changed for Perth.

Next day, about 7 in the morning, this cat was observed to run down the avenue of its new home with a purposeful air. On the third day it appeared at its old home. Now, how did that cat achieve its journey? Did it take a bee-line across country, and if so, how did it know its direction? Or did it run to Dundee, cross 'ay bridge (the railway bridge), and so along the line to Leuchars, negotiating the Eden at Guard Bridge? We can hardly suppose that it swam the Tay. Or did it go round by the head of Loch Tay, a long, rough journey by the Killin, where a cat might meet many dangers and temptations?

The perils of a cat on the road are innumerable. Every dog chases it, every gamekeeper has a gun for it, every boy is ready with a stone. Indeed, we never see a cat on its travels, no doubt it runs by night. There is the hypothesis that the cat came by train, changing at Dundee, and achieving the difficult manoeuvre at Leuchars, wherein many men have failed, going back to Dundee, or getting to Cupar, though not one of them was like him "that will to Cupar."

This method of transit, which needs agile acuteness of reason in any man, may not be beyond the powers and intelligence of a cat.—Edinburg Times.

DR. EVERETT. The Learned Gentleman Whose Blunder Has Caused Remarks.

The self-made men in the house are quietly chucking over a flagrant blunder of orthodoxy made a day or two ago by Dr. Everett of Massachusetts, one of the literary coterie in congress. In the course of a speech Dr. Everett pronounced the word "octopus" with the accent on the second syllable, and the penultimate. As the doctor has occasionally advertised scornfully on the orthodoxy of the house for his own particular edification, half a dozen members, headed by Speaker Crisp, at once glided gently out of the chamber to consult a dictionary in order to convict the doctor of his blunder. As a rule the Massachusetts member with the illustrious name is right on such things, and he might be right in throwing his weight on the second syllable of the word "octopus." It was well, therefore, to make sure he was wrong before hurling the charge of a barbarous commission against the English language at his learned head. All the dictionaries in that wing of the capitol sustained the practice of pronouncing "octopus" with the inflection on the first syllable, and the doctor's enemies filed back into the chamber with looks of triumph. It is needless to say that the Massachusetts member has had no peace since.

## A DOMESTIC EPISODE.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Amsterdam are a young married couple living up in Harlem. They live in a large flat house in which there are a number of other families. One evening, not long ago, Mr. Pete Amsterdam was in the sitting room awaiting the return of his wife, who had gone to visit a friend in the neighborhood. She returned about nine o'clock, and apparently in the best of humor, for she was laughing when she entered the room.

He—You must have had a jolly time of it, Eliza.

She (still laughing)—I'll bet anything in the world you can't guess what I am laughing about. O, it was too funny for anything; and before removing her hat and cloak she sat down in a chair and took another hearty laugh.

"I haven't the slightest idea what you are laughing about."

"Well, I'll tell you at once, and relieve your curiosity. Mr. Van Duzen boxed his wife's ears."

"It's not possible—not before everybody?"

"Yes, he did. He gave her such a box on the ear at the supper table that some of the company covered up their heads with the napkins for fear of being hit by the flying splinters. It sounded like hitting a beefsteak with the flat side of an ax, or blowing open a safe. He wanted the lamp on the right side of the table on account of his weak eyes. She wanted to put it on the left side of the table so she could the better show off her diamonds. He pulled the lamp over to the right and she pulled it back to the left. They did that half a dozen times until I was afraid the lamp would explode. All at once she grabbed up the lamp and set it down in the middle of a big dish of spinach; then she caught it fair and square on the left cheek. I had to laugh at her stupid look when he smacked her face; but I was very angry at him, for I think that the man who strikes a woman is a miserable coward."

"O, yes, very often he is."

"Very often! No, sir, the man who strikes a woman is always a wretched coward."

"But suppose she exasperates him beyond endurance? There are such women."

"Have you got the hardihood to defend that brute, Van Duzen, for brutally assaulting his wife?"

"By no means. All I say is, that there are cases where a woman ought to be slammed against the wall until she adheres to it."

"By saying that there are such cases, do you want to bring about that sort of a crisis in this family, eh?"

"Great heavens! no, not even in a dream do I want to put such a cataclysm in motion."

"What do you mean by laughing in that hideous manner?"

"I am laughing at the idea of Van Duzen cuffing his wife's ears."

"He is a brute, and you are no better. You men are always upholding each other in your devilish rascality. I suppose you would like to follow his example and box my ears."

"No; I would not proceed to such extreme measures, although you do love to quarrel sometimes."

"Do you dare to intimate that under any circumstances you would box my ears?"

"Oh, no, I'd be afraid to take any such risks, although you are very provoking at times."

"Do you say that I—I—am provoking? That I like to dispute?"

"My dear, be calm; don't you remember how you insisted this morning that Sothorn, the actor, is blond?"

"And so he is."

"But I tell you he has dark hair and dark eyes."

"And I tell you that he is blond," she screamed.

"All right; it's just as you say; but please don't box my ears," he retorted.

"You needn't try any of your feeble sarcasm on me."

## LOST FOR TWENTY YEARS.

### A Valuable Stone Is Recovered in a Strange Manner.

By a curious combination of chances a diamond which was lost more than twenty years ago at Birmingham has been discovered, and is now in the hands of the chief constable. Some days ago one of the workmen in the employ of Messrs. Taunton, safe manufacturers, was engaged in repairing a safe, and came across a piece of paper in a crevice, in which was a large diamond, estimated to be worth at least £100. The condition of the paper indicated that the stone had been undisturbed for a long time, and the finder considered he was entitled to what he had found. Some inquiries were afterward made, which resulted in the discovery that the owner of the safe bought it four years ago from the late Mr. Davis. Mr. S. J. Davis, the son, explained that some twenty years ago his father gave his mother a huge diamond, which she placed in a piece of paper with the name of her son; and then deposited it somewhere for security. She hid it so effectually that it could not be found afterward. The piece of paper in which the diamond was wrapped does bear the name of Mr. Davis, and there is little doubt the stone belongs to him.—Blackburn (Eng.) Times.

Machine Equestrian Exercise. An apparatus by which both the expense and difficulty of riding on a live horse are avoided has been on view for some days past to the medical profession. This invention consists of a saddle mounted on a stand, the interior works of which are so arranged that with a minimum of exertion on the part of the rider he may reproduce the trotting and galloping motions of a horse. Mounting astride of the horse, the rider places his feet on supports at the sides, which can be raised to any level and which correspond to stirrups in ordinary riding. In front of him are two handles which can be also raised or lowered, thus bringing the muscles of the arms and chest into action. The whole saddle can be also raised or lowered, thus giving an easy trot or gallop at the will of the "horseman." The rider puts the horse into motion. Thus by his movements up and down, the mechanical horse exhibited some years back, in which the horse was moved by a pivot in the center of its body, which was worked by a steam engine beneath the floor. The experiment is very ingenious, but it will remain to be seen if the public will prefer the invention to genuine horse exercise in the open air.—London Lancet.

Needless Regrets. Boy—Want any stamps? Stamp Collector (looking them over)—You have no stamps that I want. I am sorry to say, very sorry.

Boy (generously)—Oh, don't worry about that, mister. It's all right. Some other fool will buy 'em.—Good News.

REVIVED JUST IN TIME. An Alabama Doctor's Narrow Escape From Being Buried Alive.

From Thomasville, a thriving little town on the Mobile & Birmingham road, 102 miles north of this place, says the Mobile Register, comes a story that is heard but seldom, and then too much credence cannot be placed therein, for nine times out of ten there is a certain precaution or a knack of detecting and stretching the facts that knocks the truth out of the tale. But here is a true story: Last Sunday morning there died, to all appearances, at Thomasville, a well known physician of that place—Dr. John W. Brand. He had lately removed from Randolph county, and was about sixty-five years of age. He suffered several weeks from various complications, and finally the watchers at his bedside, one of whom was his son, saw him draw, apparently, his last breath and sink into the unconsciousness of death. The body was taken charge of by his friends, washed and dressed in the customary shroud, and laid out in the parlor. An hour or two later the few friends seated in the room with the corpse noticed a slight twitching of the fingers of the deceased. They were somewhat startled, but did not lose their self-possession and flee from the room, as is ordinary under such circumstances. Instead they repaired to the side of the doctor and watched him closely. Then a movement of almost the entire body was noticed—a slight convulsion, in fact. Then two pieces of money that had been placed over the eyes of the dead man fell off, and he made an effort to open his eyes. This satisfied those gathered around him that life was still within the remains and the body was tenderly carried back to the bed from which he had been removed a short while before, a supposed corpse. Dr. Brand received every care and he slowly revived. His first words, when apprised of his condition, were: "How long was I dead?"

All preparations for the removal of the body to his home in Randolph county had been made by the son of Dr. Brand, and it was arranged to ship the remains by the Mobile & Birmingham train that passed Thomasville Sunday night. Dr. Brand's daughter was at the Selma depot to receive the body of her father, but instead was rejoiced to receive the welcome news that her parent was still alive.

By saying that there are such cases, do you want to bring about that sort of a crisis in this family, eh?"

"Great heavens! no, not even in a dream do I want to put such a cataclysm in motion."

"What do you mean by laughing in that hideous manner?"

"I am laughing at the idea of Van Duzen cuffing his wife's ears."

"He is a brute, and you are no better. You men are always upholding each other in your devilish rascality. I suppose you would like to follow his example and box my ears."

"No; I would not proceed to such extreme measures, although you do love to quarrel sometimes."

"Do you dare to intimate that under any circumstances you would box my ears?"

"Oh, no, I'd be afraid to take any such risks, although you are very provoking at times."

"Do you say that I—I—am provoking? That I like to dispute?"

"My dear, be calm; don't you remember how you insisted this morning that Sothorn, the actor, is blond?"

"And so he is."

"But I tell you he has dark hair and dark eyes."

"And I tell you that he is blond," she screamed.

"All right; it's just as you say; but please don't box my ears," he retorted.

"You needn't try any of your feeble sarcasm on me."

"Once more I say you are right. His dark hair has turned into a beautiful old gold, just because you say so. You could be bottled up and sold for hair dye; you would be a source of revenue."

"If you were a gentleman, which you are not—never was, and never will be—you would have admitted your mistake and asked my pardon; but that is more than can be expected of you. Nobody can make a silk purse out of a pig's ear."

"Thank you, dear. Now, if you have no objection, we will close the debate."

"I'd like to know how you come to know so much about that actor, Sothorn. I wonder if you are not in the habit of going behind the scenes and associating with actors and actresses, instead of spending your time with your family?"



THE ROSE'S BRIDAL

In the flush of the morn a rose was born— The sweetest morn of all the year— And it nestled against the cold, gray wall, And on its cheek was a dewy tear.

A little sunbeam peeped over the hill, And smiled on the pale rose trembling there, And said: "Why weepst thou, my queen, For of all the flowers thou art most fair."

And the rose replied: "I am full of fear, For the world is strange and the morn is chill, And the phantoms of night were all about, And ere thy comin; my heart stood still."

Then the sunbeam said: "I bring you joy, And I'll give thee my life and we'll wed," And it kissed the tear from the virgin cheek, And the birds sang: "Love songs overhead."

—Samuel Hoyt in Portland Transcript

And 'Tis Done. Bridget or Hilda or Kate will press the button; electricity will do the rest. That is the substance of what Dr. Lucy Hall-Brown told the members of the Brooklyn woman's club at the regular meeting in the Young Woman's Christian association building.

One of the most important things that was shown only on canvas was the electric oven. It was lined with asbestos felt, and will cook a 12-pound turkey in two hours and forty-five minutes, and have it done to a turn.

Not a thought need be given it after it goes into the oven, and the whole kitchen is as free from heat and general unpleasantness as my lady's own boudoir. The oven is heated in from ten to fifteen minutes.

The dishes for the table are warmed to exactly the right degree on the upper shelves of the oven, and not a thought need be given them by the cook until they are wanted for service.

Dr. Brown described a modern house as it is and is to be. "It is in one of the principal avenues in the city," she said, "and inside poor Bridget, hot and tired is tugging a heavy pail of coal up stairs. Outside a workman is planning to bring a small wire into the house."

"Practo! Change! Bridget and the house have become things of beauty and joys forever. No more coal to carry. Bridget's temper and the kitchen have cooled together. She comes down stairs in the morning, touches a button and the coffee is steaming hot; another button, and the eggs are beaten; and still another and the meat is chopped. Breakfast, put on the table in little electric heaters, is delightfully hot, and is served in a wonderfully short time.

"There are electric washing machines and irons. Electric sweepers revolutionize house cleaning, and there are no lamps to clean or gas bills to pay.

"Health and beauty follow, with no dust or vitiated air, and electric fans, at a cent an hour bring, when you wish them, the breath of the mountains or the breezes of Coney Island."

Burglars are things of the past in Dr. Brown's model house. The audience proved it by nearly having a nervous shock when some one accidentally stepped on the burglar mat, when the lights were turned down, and a long peal from a connecting electric bell sounded. They thought it was a good thing throughout, but they didn't like it any better than the little stove in which breakfast for a small family could be cooked in ten minutes.

Giving a Dinner. If you wish to give a successful dinner do not invite too many or be over anxious to serve a quantity of food. A few congenial spirits, choice rather than numerous dishes, absolute confidence in your cook, a dining room the temperature of which does not wilt the flowers or the collars of your guests, are the primary requisites of an enjoyable feast, and without them Mrs. Croesus herself could not entertain pleasantly though each dish was of pure gold and the viands worth treble their weight in the same metal.

If you happen to be the mother of twin daughters don't think it necessary to dress them just alike. There is nothing so altogether depressing, we should imagine, as to feel that there is another being somewhere near who not only looks just as we do, but dresses identically the same as well. The time has passed when it was considered correctly fashionable to array the several members of the family in garments that varied only in size, for in cut and trimming they were as much alike as so many peas in a pod. Good taste and better sense have wrought the change; but when twins appear, then the distressing tendency crops up again, and we see two little girls in blue, pink or green resembling each other so closely that they sometimes get mixed themselves. This horrible catastrophe could be avoided if the children possessed a little more distinctive originality.

Oyster Flant or Salsify. Wash, scrape and boil it an hour, or till it is tender. Put it into a dish and mash it with a potato masher; season it with a little cream, butter, pepper and salt, and just a dash of cayenne pepper. Set away to cool. When very cold shape into balls, dip in egg, roll in fine crumbs and fry brown in boiling fat. Or, after mash-

ing the oyster plant, add an egg for each cupful of pulp, add a little butter and salt, and if necessary a little flour may be stirred in. Make it up into small cakes and fry them in hot butter.

Insurance for Women. Is your life insured? and, if not, why is it not? Woman now numbers it among the rights she has been striving to attain that she may be insured in certain companies. Of course the conditions are rather severe. She will have to pay more for the privilege than a man does, for the insurance companies still maintain that they take a greater risk in insuring women—gentle, domestic, early-to-bed and early-to-rise women—than they do in insuring men, who revel late o' nights, court delirium tremens, engage in fights with one another, seek death on the railway and in other ways endeavor to dispose of their lives.

Insurance is an admirable investment for women, despite the discrimination against them. The woman who has any one depending upon her will lift a load of anxiety from her mind by having her life insured. She will know then whatever happens she has provided for her charges. And the woman who has no one at all dependent upon her will find it equally pleasant to reflect that she is able to leave money to some one whom it will benefit.

An ordinary policy is issued for any sum desired. As long as the person insured lives, she must pay the premiums on that sum, and at her death the sum will be paid to her beneficiary.

The endowment policies are the most gratifying to those selfish beings who look forward to enjoying money themselves with almost as much keenness as they do towards leaving money to their heirs. These policies are known as the fifteen or twenty-year endowment policies, and are supposed to be particularly adapted to the needs of women. If a young woman takes out a twenty-year endowment policy of a thousand dollars, she pays a certain premium, and if she dies during the twenty years the face of the policy is payable to her beneficiary. But, if she lives, at the end of the period the company will pay to her a thousand dollars with accumulated surplus and interest.

Dust in Carpets. When putting down carpets in rooms that are much used it is a good plan to spread newspapers over the floors, then take clean straw and scatter it evenly over the papers, and then put your carpet down. It will let the dust through on the paper, and clouds of dust will not follow the broom on sweeping day. The carpets will last longer with this lining than any other, and when you take them up again you will find the dust lodged on the papers, and if carefully removed to the rubbish pile, you will avoid filling your lungs with poisonous dust, as but little will be found on sweeping the floors. In putting down carpets in spare rooms, where they are not likely to be taken up very often, it is an excellent plan to scatter smoking tobacco over the paper, to guard against moths and the Buffalo bug. This is a sure preventive against the attacks of moths, and carpets may be safely left down in the spare room for a number of years.

A Vanderbilt Bed. The latest design for a bed is that which Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt has in her sleeping room in the new place on Fifth avenue. It is distinctly novel here. There is a dais raised five or six inches from the floor. This is padded thickly till it is almost like a pillow. On this stands a frame which has neither head nor footboard. It most resembles a large divan, and around it the dais makes a platform wide enough to walk upon. This divan bed has a superb day-dressing of yellow satin that is trimmed with fringe, and just touches the dais, while it fits smoothly over the level of the bed. It is caught in a knot at each corner. It has a magnificent band of embroidery around it on the portion that covers the flat top. High up on the walls is a magnificent carved lambrequin-like frame, from which are draped exquisite brocade yellow silk hangings that are not at all full, and are so short on the side that no air is shut out.

A Sensible Fad. If you are an engaged girl of course you have started a "medley trunk." Don't you know what a "medley trunk" is? It is the latest fad, and a very sensible one, too. As soon as the engagement is announced the bride-to-be buys a trunk, the larger the better, and then her friends and acquaintances at once proceed to fill it for her. One donates a fine table cloth and napkins, another a few towels or a bit of lace, another a bureau cover or a couple of pairs of gloves, and so it goes on, gradually filling up with odds and ends, the gifts of generous friends, until at last, when the wedding day has actually arrived, there is a varied but valuable assortment in the medley trunk that puts some of the utterly useless offerings that will be stored away in safe deposit vaults completely to shame.

Boned Leg of Mutton. Have the bone taken out of a nice fat leg of mutton. Make a rich stuffing of bread crumbs, yolks of hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine, a little chopped onion, butter, a little sage, sweet marjoram, black pepper and salt. Fill the leg with this forcemeat, and bake, basting often.

Delmonico Hashed Potatoes. Pare and chop six medium-sized raw potatoes. Put them in a larding dish, season with pepper and salt, cover them with milk, place over the top one heaping tablespoonful of butter, cut into small pieces, and bake in a quick oven forty minutes.

END OF THE WORLD.

PAST AND PRESENT STORIES OF THE GREAT EXIT.

Frank H. Norton Connects the Pyramids of Egypt with the Appearance and Re-Appearance of the Messiah—What Will Happen in 1901.

GREAT DEAL has been written concerning the Great Pyramid of Egypt. It has been made to prove the antiquity of the "British inch," to predict the Declaration of Independence, and to declare the spiritual origin of the American flag. Yet to-day it out-sphinxes the Sphinx in obscurity, and continues to dominate the earth as the insoluble secret to which the Sphinx itself is, maybe, the password. One hypothesis more or less will hardly alter the stability of the Pyramid, so I may venture on one which will have at least the virtue of novelty, and which will, at the same time, pursue the course of these papers in the direction of the same general conclusion.

About ten years ago I contributed, by request, to a scientific publication, which has since passed out of existence, a short paper on the celebrated "coffer" in the king's chamber, in the interior of the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh. It is the hypothesis alluded to in that paper with which I purpose dealing briefly in the present article.

Pyramid mensuration has been widely recognized by astronomers, and other scientific persons, as having obvious relation with the earth's mean distance from the sun, as well as with other important measurements and proportions. Certain writers have claimed for the Pyramid also a prophetic mission bearing upon a Messianic reappearance. One such claim is that as the birth of Christ occurred at the period "when shepherds watched their flocks by night," it must have been in that latitude at or about the September equinox, or when the sun enters Capricorn—this, by the way. Another writer contends that the origin of the Pyramid is antediluvian, holding that the theory of its having been constructed by King Cheops (Shoofu, or Kufu, fourth dynasty) and in B. C. 2,170, is based on an infirm foundation. This theory depends, partly, on the astronomical fact that the star Draconis was the pole star at that time, and was visible through the angular passage in the Pyramid extending from the subterranean chamber. Partly, also, it is based on the existence of a cartouche (assumed to be that of King Cheops) inscribed in the interior of the Pyramid, and also in a rock tablet at Wady Magharah, a quarry whence the stones for its construction were taken. The cartouche is of the most archaic form known; it may be observed that it bears some resemblance to a fish.

As is seen, this cartouche contains the figures of a bird, a snake, a goat, a ewer or pitcher, and a disk with a point in the center. The pitcher certainly suggests water—and the sign Aquarius—just as the goat does the sign Capricornus. And as the circle with the dot is the equivalent of the Egyptian "Ra"—the sun—it does not require a very violent stretch of the imagination to assume that the ideographs meant that, at some period, when the sun was in the sign Capricornus, an event of a watery character would happen. Taken in connection with the curious prediction of Berossus, the priest of Bel, in Alexandria, that when the planets coincided in Capricornus, the world would be destroyed by water, the existence of this cartouche within the Pyramid is not without a certain value as coincident testimony.

There is no need, however, to draw on the imagination for suggestion in the case of these hieroglyphics, for we have in such an authority as M. Champollion the exact definition of the different forms employed in the cartouche; thus, the bird means "to guard, to preserve," and the pitcher and the goat stand for the letters N and B, and mean the god Ned or Noum, who was the Egyptian primordial deity, instead of King Cheops. But not only this. The disk, with the point in the middle, and the goat, taken together symbolically, also mean Noum, as the sun-god. The snake is a symbol which stands for the

something has never yet been divined by any of the Pyramid students. The suggestion is here offered that it was designed to contain water, and thus signify the medium by which a future great earth destruction was to be accomplished. It will be seen in the cut that the coffer has been badly damaged by some means; and as it is known that it does not now stand in the same spot in the chamber that it did originally, and as there is evidence in the rock underlying the Pyramid that it has suffered from some terrible earth convulsion, this change of place is not remarkable. The temperature of the king's chamber never varies, and if the coffer had once contained water, and the lid had not been removed by some of the Arabs or other barbarians who once broke into and ravaged the Pyramid, that water would have remained in the coffer for all time. Prof. James Simpson of Edinburgh began a paper on the "Geometry of the Coffin" as follows: "As a standard measure of volume and weight, the coffer has been successfully and beautifully connected with the earth globe through the medium of the mean specific gravity ratio of 5.7 water, thus how perfectly it fits into and completes the system of metrology wrought into the masonry of the Great Pyramid." Yet, curiously enough, neither he nor any one else has ever yet suggested the possibility that the including of this ratio was one of the simple methods devised by the constructor of the coffer for directing the attention of posterity to this very element—water. The coffer is, geometrically, the key to the Pyramid, as the

Pyramid is the key to the problem of the "when" of the grand catastrophe that must inevitably accompany, periodically, the procession of the equinoxes. If that "when" is, as Berossus asserted, "when the planets coincide in the sign Capricorn," then the year 1901 is certainly significant. Working on entirely different lines (the prophecies of Daniel), Mr. H. Grattan Guinness, in his "Approaching End of the Age," under date 1879, gives 1919 as the farthest period possible for the great conclusion.

FRANK H. NORTON.

To Soften Stiff Shoes. It is claimed that the following treatment will make pliable the stiff shoes that have been put aside to dry after a thorough wetting: First wipe off gently with a soft cloth all surface water and mud, then, while still wet, rub well with paraffine oil, using flannel for the purpose. Set them aside till partially dry, when a second treatment with oil is advisable. They may then be deposited in a conveniently warm place, where they will dry gradually and thoroughly. Before applying French kid dressing give them a final rubbing with the flannel still lightly dampened with paraffine and the boots will be soft and flexible as a new kid and be very little affected by their bath in the rain.

A Versatile Preacher. Rev. W. W. Walker, now living in Virginia, but formerly pastor of a large Methodist church in Baltimore, is a very versatile man. Besides being an unusually eloquent minister, he is a graduate of medicine, a lawyer and a farmer. He devotes but little time now to his functions as a minister. He does not practice medicine, but devotes the most of his time to COL. DE WALKER, his farm. Occasionally he takes part in a big lawsuit for some client and often appears on the stump for democratic principles in a campaign.

Extension of French Militarism. According to a decree issued by the French minister of war, the following defects, among others, will no longer exempt a man from the obligation of military service: Toothlessness, dwarfish stature, hair-lip, squint-eyes, superfluous or deficient fingers or toes, varicose veins, hernia, stuttering and baldness.

Street Car Indicator. An automatic apparatus for indicating to passengers in railway cars the name of the next station has been adopted on the underground railway in London. As each station is passed a card bearing the name of the next station drops into place in a glass-covered frame and an electric bell rings to call attention to the change.

Varieties of Potatoes. The potato, so long a staple food, has developed almost innumerable varieties. Forty are easily distinguishable, but there are many others with slight and almost imperceptible differences. There are nineteen varieties of the white potato in America, eighteen in Germany, twenty-six in Great Britain and thirty-two in France.

Parisian Hair Dressing. A studied disarray is the keynote of the hair dressing now in vogue in Paris. The waved hair tumbles over the ears and is so loosely gathered up at the nape of the neck that it seems as if it would escape its pins at every movement.

Do Flying Fish Fly. A very common error made in local histories where this fish is mentioned is that it does not fly. "Its supposed flight is nothing more than a prolonged leap; it cannot deviate from a straight line, and cannot rise a second time without entering the water." This, briefly, is the sort of thing one meets with in text books where reference is made to this fish. The simplest way of dealing with it is the professor's method of answering the query of the French Academy whether their definition of a crab was correct. The story is so well known that it does not need repetition. As the result of personal observation extending over a good many years, I assert that the exocoetus does fly. I have often seen a flying fish rise two hundred yards off, describe a semicircle, and, meeting the ship, rise twenty-five feet in the air perpendicularly, at the same time darting off at right angles to its previous course. Then, after another long flight, when just about to enter the water, the gaping jaws of a dolphin emerging from the sea gave it pause and it rose again, returning almost directly upon its former course. This procedure is so common that it is a marvel it is not more widely known. A flying fish of mature size can fly one thousand yards. It does not flap its fins as a bird, but they vibrate, like the wings of an insect, with a distinct hum. The only thing which terminates its flight involuntarily is the drying of its fin membranes and their consequent stiffening. — Chambers' Journal.

Crops in Ontario. The yearly average of the crops for Ontario for twelve years ending 1893 are given in the United States department of agriculture report for December. The average per acre was for wheat 18.2, for oats 34.6, for barley 25.7, for rye 16.1, for peas 19.2, for beans 17.1, for potatoes 115 bushels, for carrots 351, for turnips 417 bushels respectively. The hay crop averaged for hay and clover combined 1.79 tons per acre. These crops excel those of Uncle Samuel and bid him look out for his laurels. It is easy to see how it is that Canadian hay is sold on our markets. Can we not equal their crops?

Wheat Should Rise. BRITISH authorities take very discouraging views of the prospects for wheat growing in the United Kingdom. The great obstacle to success is the competition of foreign producers. The British product supplies less than one-fourth the home consumption, while the United States and Canada supply fully one-half; the remainder coming from India, Hungary, Russia, and in small part from Australasia, Argentina and Chili. Large increase in the imports from the Canadian Northwest and Argentina are looked for in the near future. — Farmers' Review.

FILLED CHEESE.—One of the prominent cheese dealers in Minneapolis had heard a good deal of the low prices at which pure full cream cheese was being offered in a town about four hundred miles east of here, and ever eager to be in line, and handle the best goods at the lowest prices, ordered a trial box, which was duly received, and billed at 9 cents per pound. Now, this commission man happened to know something about cheese himself, and he felt there was a Senegambian in the wood pile somewhere. He had an examination made by an expert, and it proved to be the very poorest of composition, filled rind that ever masqueraded under a title of cheese. Every known test was used, and as far as could be found out oleomargarine was purity itself beside the conglomeration of fats sent to the commission man. He intended to turn it over to the state dairy board, but changed his mind and shipped it back to the original house, demanding his freight that he had paid for getting it here. He received his answer yesterday, and in words more forcible than elegant was told that he was a chump if he expected full cream cheese at 9 cents a pound, and that they did not care to do business with any man that wasn't sharp enough to sell cheese at 14 cents per pound that he could buy for 9, when the public knew no difference. — Minneapolis Daily Produce Bulletin.

SOILING FLAX.—The seed of this crop is sown at the same time as oats—that is, as nearly in the spring as the soil is in good condition and the danger of frosts is past. March or April is the usual time of sowing. The land should be plowed in the fall and left rough until spring, when a cultivator, or harrow, is used to level and mellow the surface. It is best to sow the seed by a drill in rows about eight inches apart, so that the crop may be hoed or weeded in some way. This has a special importance for the yield of the crop. If the seed only is desired, one bushel to the acre is sown, as the thin seeding encourages the branching of the stems and the larger production of grain. If for the fiber, two brushes are sown, the thicker growth making less branchy and longer and straighter stems. The fiber is also finer in quality. If the crop is grown for the fiber, the plants are pulled up by the roots when the bottom of the stems appear of a yellowish color. After this period the seed is formed at the expense of the fiber, which becomes coarser and woody. If grown for the seed, the plant is left to ripen completely, when the stems are quite yellow and hard. The best land for this crop is grass sod on a rich, fine loam.—Ex.

SOME dentists seem to think it necessary to have a showy sign in order to have a strong pull with the public.

It is Called the Devil's Looking Glass and Dazzles the Eyes. "One of the most peculiar of stone formations is the 'devil's looking glass,' or the Nolochnuchy river," said a traveler to a reporter. "It is a passade which rises abruptly from the river to a height of about 200 feet. It is perfectly smooth and about 100 feet wide. When the sun is at a certain stage it throws a shadow over the water and reflects the sunbeams as a mirror would, dazzling the eyes of the beholder, sometimes almost blinding him with its brightness. "To go upon the river in a skiff and look down into the water is to see an image reflected, but always distorted. It is this which gave the name to the formation, and there are several interesting legends connected with it, some of which are devotedly believed by the mountaineers. One of these which is generally given credence is that every night at midnight, when the moon shines, the devil goes there to bathe and make up his toilet, using the rock, with the reflection of the moonlight, as a looking glass."

FRUITS AND FLOWERS. A French dentist has invented a "potato wine," made by pressing out the water, turning the remaining starch to sugar with malt, adding yeast and fermenting. The whole prospective product from a peach orchard of 1,000 trees near Ingleside, on the eastern shore of Maryland, has been sold for \$25. Such an orchard in what is called a "good peach year" should produce 1,000 baskets of marketable peaches, worth about \$750 in the New York market. It is a remarkable fact in botany that no species of flower ever embraces, in the colors of its petals, the whole range of the spectrum. Where there are yellows, and reds there are no blues; when blue and red occur, there are no yellows and when we have blues and yellows, there are no reds. Tulips come nearer to covering the whole range of the spectrum than any other species. They can be found ranging through reds, yellows and purples, but a blue one has never been found.

The largest oranges are not the best. They are apt to be all skin and fiber. If you want "a yellow cup of wine" buy small fruit; that is, fruit that runs 175 or 200 to the box. Weigh it in the hand and take the heaviest. Sweet, sound oranges are full of wine and sugar and very heavy. A thin, smooth skin is a good sign. Wide, deep-pored skins are unmistakable signs of a coarse, spongy article. Bright yellow oranges usually cost more than russet, because they are prettier.

Paris boulevard paper publishes the following dialogue between a member of the cabinet of ministers and a newspaper man who is paid by the former under the condition that he must keep up the appearance of opposing the minister. Says the journalist: "Can I call you 'canaille' or 'dirty hog'?" "Of course," answers the minister, "but make a change once in a while in your epithets; put me down as a 'bandit,' for instance. But never venture to denigrate me as a 'chequart' (bribe taker); that is the only epithet that makes a bad impression upon the public."

The duchess of Hamilton has had a large stable built for her cows and goes there daily, according to English papers, to milk her favorites. She also makes the butter, it is said, which is used on her table when she has guests. The stable is built of marble, and cost a large sum of money. The duchess has had gloves made especially to use when milking the cows, in order that she may not soil her fingers.

The Only House of Its Kind in the U. S. PATENT MADE TO ORDER \$4.00 NO MORE, NO LESS. WRITE FOR SAMPLES. APOLLO CUSTOM PANTS MFRS., 161 5th AV.

BORSCH Optician, 100 E. Adams St. Consult us about your eyesight.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS restored to natural color by using VAN'S MEXICAN HAIR RESTORATIVE. It removes all dandruff; stops hair from falling out; cures all diseases of the scalp. It is no Dye, and it cures all diseases of the scalp. Money refunded if it does not do exactly what is claimed for it. Sent to any address on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Full information free. Agent: ALLEN & CO., 212 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

SPECIALISTS —IN THE— Painless Extraction of Teeth Without Gas. VITALIZED AIR GIVEN IF DESIRED. GOLD FILLING WITHOUT PAIN.

SET OF TEETH..... \$8.00 PAINLESS EXTRACTION..... 50c GOLD FILLING..... \$1.00 up NO STUDENTS. All work done in this office by Dentists of 20 years' experience. Remember, we will fill teeth with gold without pain.

Boston Dental Parlors, 146 State-st. CHICAGO. TWO ENTIRE FLOORS. LADIES BY ATTENDANCE. Don't patronize cheap advertising dentists who you can have the best service for an equal amount of money. We have the largest dental practice in Chicago. The reason of our great success is the uniform high grade work done by skillful, gentlemanly operators. Open evenings till 10. Sundays 9 to 4. Telephone main 459.

Some dentists seem to think it necessary to have a showy sign in order to have a strong pull with the public.

# The Barrington Review

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS.

NOYES L. THOMPSON, Ed. and Prop. J. D. LAMEY, Local Editor

CITY OFFICE, Suite 604, 155 LA SALLE ST.

Entered at the postoffice at Barrington, Ill. as second-class mail matter.

CIRCULATION, 3,500.

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, payable in advance, \$1.50; if 75 is the price if not paid until the year ends.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—Subscribers should name not only the new address but also the old.

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ADVERTISING RATES—Twenty-five cents a line, space measure (11 lines to an inch), without specified position.

DISCOUNTS—Liberal for continued insertions. No advertisement inserted for less than \$1.00 a time. All communications concerning advertising should be addressed to the editor.

### NOTICES

Notices of Deaths, Marriage Notices and Obituary Notices Free. Resolutions, Appeals and similar matter, eight cents a line, prepaid.

### OFFICERS TWENTY-SEVENTH WARD.

- Aldermen: M. J. Conway, 513, St. LaSalle street; H. W. Butler, 34 Reaper bloc; Town Clerk, F. J. Hollis; Supervisor, Henry Rusterberg; Assessor, Wm. Johnson; Collector, Edward Simmons; Street Commissioner, George Hayes; Asst. Street Com'r., Fred Hertel; Health Inspector, J. Gleason.

An Englishman has invented a device for felling timber by machinery, and the days of "Woodman, Spare That Tree," as a school recitation are numbered.

There may be gold in the burning sands of the Cocopal desert, but an excellent plan would be to let it stay there. The utility of gold cannot seem very impressive to a dead man.

MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL will have to exercise care lest she strike a matrimonial alliance with some hor of ex-husbands whom she has forgotten. A mistake of this sort would prove annoying.

A TRAINING school of crime has been discovered in New York (the head of the institution being ostensibly an ice dealer), in which young boys serve a regular apprenticeship and are taught pocket-picking and other thievish tricks.

ADMIRAL DA GAMA is reported to be incensed at the likelihood of being surrendered to the Brazilian government. The admiral is a man of judgment and knows that the fame of being shot as a traitor is painful in the acquiring, and only fleeting then.

THE foot-ball rules have been revised and the game is now deemed much safer. However, people who are on the lookout for new drawing room amusements for the children need not expect to adopt foot ball just yet unless the furniture is insured.

THE man who refuses to advertise his business, saying that he is willing to let trade come to him by natural means, should, to be consistent, walk home from business, cook his dinner over a few embers, and read the paper by the light of a pine knot if he can read.

It is related of a New York judge that observing two men fighting he took them by the napes of their respective necks and threw them to opposite sides of the street. Either the streets there are narrow or the judge is competent to travel as a strong man and acquire renown.

THE fact that Henry, the Parisian Anarchist, threw his deadly bomb in the direction of the restaurant orchestra was a mitigating circumstance, of course, and no doubt softened public sentiment toward him, but not enough to save him from the guillotine.

WHILE the miser's money is secreted in a cellar, it is losing interest. The merchant who has goods in stock and fails to let the public know of it, pursues a policy that is equally unwise. In both cases the principal may be secure, but the profit which might be realized is lost.

THE belief that notoriety is the best card for success on the stage does not stop with human performers, but descends to the brute professionals, who, not being up to divorces or diamond dodges, have to content themselves with eating a baby leopard or trying conclusions with a keeper.

WINCHESTER WADSWORTH of Lewiston, N. Y., has the distinction of being the first man, it is thought, who ever escaped from the terrible clutches of the Niagara whirlpool. It is safe to say, however, that it is an experience that he would not wish to go through with again for all the glory in the world.

It is edifying to learn of a movement in New York toward the formation of a society for the education and reform of husbands. There is no doubt that husbands, like most other human beings, could profit by further education, but the New York society, very frankly explains that they need reformation also.

## PARK RIDGE

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

Leasible building lots and residence property for sale cheap by W. E. Haisle in Park Ridge.

Strangers and new comers to Park Ridge have a special invitation extended every Sunday to come to the church. No rented pews, and a warm hearted people to grasp them by the hand and make them feel at home.

H. E. Redling's green house in Park Ridge appears to be all the rage. Look at those flowers at the depot and judge of his excellence in artistic work.

Stock pastured by the week or season on the Nagle farm two miles north of Desplaines. Address Nagle Bros., Desplaines, Ill. (4w)

The best Wisconsin ice during the season can be had from E. S. Hotchkiss, Mayfair, dealer in lumber, lime, coal, wood, sewer pipe, etc. tf.

### Notice to My Former Customers

I will have geraniums, pansies, feverfew, heliotrope, callias, salvia, fuchsias, and many other kinds of plants for cemetery and garden planting on and after this date. I invite my former customers to give me a call. Respectfully, H. E. REDLING, Park Ridge.

## BARRINGTON

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

Should you need anything in the paint line call on J. D. Lamey & Co. They have a large stock of everything necessary to take care of the paint trade.

The Thursday Reading club invited their husbands to their last meeting. A very pleasant evening was spent. Ice cream and cake was served.

A branch of the Coxey army from Wisconsin boarded a C. & N. W. freight train bound for Chicago, near Woodstock last Sunday morning and took possession of one of the empty cars. The train crew was unable to drive them from the cars and was compelled to carry them until they reached Barrington. A special train consisting of one car with officers was dispatched from the city to their aid and arrived an hour later and quick work was made in clearing the train of Coxeyites by the officers. The little band was chased by the officers about a half mile and fled in all directions from the tracks. However they soon came together near Palatine and after partaking of dinner at that place, they resumed their journey to Chicago, walking instead of riding.

Try A. W. Meyer & Co.'s Lincoln brand coffee, 28 cents a pound. The ball game Saturday resulted in a victory for the home team. The score was as follows: Barrington, 45; Dundee, 8.

Miss Addie Church is clerking for F. L. Waterman.

Dr. Bennett of Richmond visited here this week at the Columbia hotel.

Mr. John S. Price of Waukegan was here on business Wednesday.

The village board met in regular session Wednesday evening, June 6, and voted to issue bonds to the amount of \$5,000.

Children's day will be observed, at the Salem church Sunday, June 17.

All who wish to assist in the singing for the Fourth of July celebration can meet at the M. E. church every Saturday at 11 o'clock a. m. Prof. Blackman will instruct those that attend.

M. J. Rauh of Chicago, formerly with the Barrington News, was here last week.

J. D. Lamey & Co. have a large line of mixed paints.

Last Sunday, June 3, was set aside by Barrington camp, No. 899, Modern Woodmen of America, as their memorial day. The members met at their hall at 10 o'clock and attended the Baptist church in a body. Rev. Bailey delivered a very appropriate and interesting sermon. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the members again assembled at the hall and marched from hall with sixty Woodmen in line, and the Barrington military band in the lead to Evergreen cemetery, where the graves of deceased neighbors were beautifully decorated. Rev. Bailey made some very interesting remarks at the cemetery.

## DESPLAINES

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

The bills. The musical program given by the choir seemed to be satisfactory, and the weather was tempered to the occasion so that there was a good demand for ice cream, strawberries, etc., served by the ladies. The cream, which was of excellent quality, was furnished by Escher & Co., the village druggists.

Next Sunday, June 10, is children's day in the churches. There will be exercises in the evening at the Methodist church given by the pupils of the Sunday school. Special music has been prepared for the occasion. All are invited.

### Notice—Goods Cheap For Cash.

The undersigned has concluded to adopt a cash business in future, commencing on the 15th day of June. If you wish to buy for cash, only, and SAVE MONEY, give me a call. GEO. F. MEYER, Desplaines.

The board of education had a meeting last Tuesday evening and engaged the following teachers in order named: Principal, L. Schroeder, \$90 per month; Miss Mary Longley, \$90; Miss Janet Davidson \$50; Miss Edna Snyder, \$50; Miss Effie Pratt, \$45; Miss Lena Travis, \$45. Mr. Schroeder was formerly principal of the school at Park Ridge. The high school course will be dispensed with this year.

Full line ladies fine shoes. C. D. and Elasts, \$2, \$2.50, \$3 and \$4. Ask to see Selz Royal Blue shoe, at Curtis & Meyer's.

### Board Proceedings.

There was a regular meeting of the village board last Monday evening. All the members present and President Keates in the chair.

The committee on streets recommended that a two-foot sewer be laid on the following streets: On Ellinwood street to Desplaines river; on Snow street from village limits to Miner street, thence southeast on Miner street to the Desplaines river; on Graeland avenue commencing 330 feet north of Prairie avenue south to right of way of Wisconsin (central railway); on Thacker street from Wisconsin Central right of way east to Desplaines river. The committee also recommended that the following sidewalks be condemned and that new sidewalks, five feet four inches wide, be built: On Desplaines avenue from Senne's bridge to north line of the school house lot; on east side of Snow street to Prospect avenue; on north side of Prairie avenue from Lee street to Graeland street. Both recommendations were adopted by the board.

J. E. Whetstone made application for the office of village constable. An appropriation ordinance for \$2,800 for the general expenses of the village was passed.

On motion, a carload of sewer pipe 24 inches in diameter was ordered to be purchased.

The clerk was instructed to post notices for bids to build sidewalks on streets where sidewalks had been ordered laid.

The committee on license reported that there were two delinquent saloonkeepers who had not taken out a license. The president instructed the committee that they had full power to go ahead and make them pay up or else revoke their license. Meeting adjourned.

### Jefferson-Hurlbut.

The marriage of a loving daughter is an event in the family history that is full of deepest interest and one that occasions not a little solicitude. To the parents the occurrence is mingled with sadness, for it takes from them an affectionate daughter who has required years of care to properly qualify and prepare her to occupy a position in social life, that she may be a blessing. The same is true when a dutiful son leaves father and mother and takes to himself a wife.

While guests and friends extend their congratulations to the happy pair, and with light hearts and their best wishes, father's and mother's well wishes come from hearts welling with emotion that is ardent, warm, pathetic; the words come with greatest earnestness and profoundest sincerity. Such, we believe, was the case as the parents greeted their son and daughter, Saturday, June 2, 1894, at 3 p. m., as the loving daughter, Miss Edith May Hurlbut, stood in queenly beauty beside the noble man, Mr. Joseph L. Jefferson, and were pronounced man and wife. The wedding was celebrated at the home of the bride, only the members of the groom's and bride's families being present. The ceremony was performed, by Rev. E. W. Huelster, after which the wedding dinner was served.

The bride is widely known and universally respected on account of her womanly graces.

The groom is one of our prominent young men, esteemed by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson will spend some time among the dells of Wisconsin, and when they return will reside at Woodside farm.

### A FRIEND.

## PALATINE

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

bids started at 16c. Last week's prices, 16 1/2c and 17c; year ago, 18 1/2c and 19c. Resolution passed prohibiting further call sales f. o. b. Elgin; all sales to be f. o. b. station nearest factory.

On Tuesday evening of next week there will be classical outdoor exercises at the school yards of the public school.

On Sunday (to-morrow morning) Rev. W. H. Smith will preach a sermon to the High school graduating class. Everybody welcome.

On Sunday evening (to-morrow) will be children's day exercises at the M. E. church.

On Monday noon the fire department was called out to put out a fire at Mrs. Ahlgrim's residence, caused by a bottle of varnish placed on top of the stove to be heated, the bottle bursting and the oil catching fire.

The Uneta club gave a dancing party at Batterman's hall Saturday night in honor of Dr. and Miss Pearman, who were to move to Champaign, Ill. It was a very pleasant affair. Among those present were: Misses Pearman, June Julian, Wilson, Ella Hicks, Clara Schultz, Kugge, Minnie Patten, Burlingame, Collier, Mary Patten, Johnson, Mildred Hicks, Schierding; Messdames Cutting, Sib'ey, Robertson, Smith, Thomas, and Messrs. Pearman, Schierding, Daniels, R. M. Cutting, Hicks, Burlingame, Anderson, Gibbs, Danielson, Thomas, Williams, Collier, B. L. Smith, Patten, Fink, Julian, Bentler, Wm. Mosser.

## BOWMANVILLE

Quite a number of nice new buildings are being erected in the Swedish settlement at Nord Park, Fifty-ninth street.

Ex-Superintendent Peter J. Youngquist left on June 9 for a few months' trip in the old country, where his wife has been visiting for a short time past. We hope Mr. Youngquist will enjoy himself among the scenes and friends of his younger days.

Notice to My Former Customers. I will have geraniums, pansies, feverfew, heliotrope, callias, salvia, fuchsias, and many other kinds of plants for cemetery and garden planting on and after this date. I invite my former customers to give me a call. Respectfully, H. E. REDLING, Park Ridge.

### Bargains.

When in need of any dry goods, clothing, hats, caps, or furnishings, call on R. H. Dakin, who will give you low prices on all the above named articles.

## AVONDALE.

AVONDALE HALL ASSOCIATION—Meeting of Board of Directors last Saturday in each month at residence of secretary, W. T. Huening, President; R. J. Bickerdike, Secretary; B. J. Huening, Treasurer.

SOCIETY OF GERMAN-AMERICAN CITIZENS OF AVONDALE—Regular meetings held at Rudolph's Hall second and third Wednesdays of each month. C. Mattnueller, President; P. Krautwald, Secretary.

AVONDALE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev. F. H. Chamberlain, Pastor. Sunday School, 10 a. m. Preaching, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Class meeting, 12 m. Epworth League, 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 8 p. m. Ladies' Aid Society, Mrs. C. Winkler, President.

AVONDALE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Hammond Av. 1 1/2 blocks north of Belmont. Rev. W. W. Smith, Pastor. Sunday School, 10 a. m. Morning service, 11 a. m. Evening service, 7:45 p. m. Prayer meeting, 8 p. m.

St. XAVIER CHURCH—Father Goldschmidt, Pastor. Sunday services at 8:30 and 10:15 a. m.

Mr. J. W. Stearman has removed to his new house on Marton court.

The May festival entertainment at the Presbyterian church last Thursday evening was very large attended. Not all could be admitted. Over 200 were present. By request of a member it will be repeated next Thursday, June 7, at 8 p. m. Admission 10 cents. Some changes and additions will be made. Let those who were debarred come early and secure seats, and note the gifts and graces and talents of these children of the Sunday school.

The C. E. union meeting held in the Arlington Heights Presbyterian church Friday evening was a delightful success. Many were present. God cheer and enthusiasm prevailed. The societies all along the line from Maplewood to Arlington Heights were represented. Some thirty delegates go from this northwest division to the National C. E. convention at Cleveland, July 11 to 15.

We are looking forward with hopes of good things to the Union Epworth league meeting in the M. E. church Friday evening, June 8.

### Notice to My Former Customers.

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## WAS A JOURNALIST.

But His Vaulting Ambition Has Been Alayed Forever.

He bought a daily journal, and to please all men diurnal was the paramount ambition that he cherished most intense.

He said he'd write the leaders to conciliate all readers, and his editorial matter should never give offense.

He would please the high and lowly and the wicked and the holy, the Republicans and the Mugwumps, Democrats and Populists.

He would eulogize the people higher than the highest steeple, and pet the slick aristocrat and the fat monopolist.

He would lift no wrathful bosom, but would study how to please 'em, and his indiscriminate sweetness would be scattered far and near.

He would shoot as from a battery daily fusillades of flattery and with promiscuous praises daily storm the public ear.

But the Democrats did snub him and the Mugwumps tried to club him and a Presbyterian deacon smote him on the shoulder blade;

And a piscopalean rector stabbed him through the chest protector, and a strong agnostic athlete smashed him with a hand grenade.

And then the high-born and the lowly and the wicked and the holy when they mobbed his hated office all were equally profane;

And the deacon and the pastor and the wicked dancing master impartially upon his head their equal blows did rain;

And a Sunday superintendent, a religious independent and an infidel free thinker, seized and hurled him in a heap;

And a bloody jail bird stilled him and a gentle Quaker killed him, and they buried him in partnership—his grave was dark and deep.

### FLIRTING.

It Broke Up the School and Led to a Damage Suit.

A pupil at a "provincial school for young ladies" in England had for some time so distinguished herself by her flirting propensities that the institution rapidly emptied. On one occasion, while the girls were out for a walk, she kissed her hand to a good-looking clerk, and when her companions remonstrated she gayly retorted: "It's my young man, mademoiselles. As the boys were made for the girls it's only natural."

This speech was duly reported to the pupils' mamma, who, in horror, lost no time in removing them from such contaminating company, much to the dismay of the schoolmistress, who, estimating her losses at the goodly sum of £200, took action against the father of the flirty damsel for the recovery of the money. She has, however, lost her case. It was shown, in the first place, that she had at regular intervals dispatched glowing accounts of the damsel's conduct to her fond parents, and then it was demonstrated with equal clearness that she had not only been all the time aware of a certain clandestine correspondence with a young man, but had permitted the heroine of this adventure to make frequent expeditions with her own niece. So the court found that if the schoolmistress had suffered it, was through her own fault. The institution is now closed and a "let's notice" is posted up by the landlord.

## CHICAGO THEATERS.

AMUSEMENT ATTRACTIONS FOR COMING WEEK.

What the Managers of the Various City Play-Houses Offer Their Patrons—Drama, Vaudeville and Opera's Engagements.

### CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

The opening of the eighth extravaganza season at the Chicago opera house, Thursday, June 7, was the most important event in the line of amusement enterprises to be chronicled this summer. Since the organization of the American Extravaganza company by David Henderson Chicago has been recognized as the producing center of this class of entertainment. "Bluebeard," "The Crystalline Slipper," "Ali Baba" and "Sinbad" were each revelations to the general public and to theatrical managers. Careful attention to minute detail, the employment of the best obtainable talent, and lavishness of expenditure has been characteristic of the organization referred to. With the triumphs of "Ali Baba" and "Sinbad" fresh in the minds of theatergoers, it is quite difficult to imagine an entertainment surpassing those productions, but it is quite evident that Mr. Henderson has reserved a budget of surprises for the present production. "Aladdin, Jr.: A Tale of a Wonderful Lamp" is the result of the unremitting toil for a year and a half of the brightest and best minds upon Mr. Henderson's staff. The utmost attention has been paid to the cast, which is superior to those heretofore offered by the American Extravaganza company. The names of Irene Verona, Frankie M. Raymond, Ada Deaves, Mary Thorne, Edith Wynne, Hallie Moxley, Henry Norman, John J. Burke and others to be seen upon the play bills of the new piece guarantee capable acting and correct impersonation of the various characters. Mlle. Barthe, the new premiere danseuse, has a method entirely different from anything heretofore seen in spectacle or extravaganza, and she is ably seconded by Martha Irmiler. "Aladdin, Jr." abounds with tuneful airs and appropriate lyrics. "Aladdin, Jr." will be given every night until further notice, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

### THE SCHILLER

The story of the "Tar and Tartar" is a delightfully humorous creation by Harry B. Smith and its charming music by Adam Lazel, and not by DeKoven as some suppose. From its first production it was an instant and pronounced success and has always been an immense favorite with the comic opera loving public. It begins at this house Monday. The principal artists of the Schiller Opera company have already become reigning favorites with the public; William Wolf as Hackenback, the magistrate in "The Black Hussar," is irresistibly funny and has made another decided hit. His comic creation of Muley Hassan in the forthcoming opera "Tar and Tartar" is looked for with great curiosity by the laughter-loving public. J. Aldrich Libbey, the famous baritone; Jane Stuart, the original and vivacious soprano; Agnes Delaporte, soprano, and Ethel Lynton the contralto; William Stephens, the tenor, and the others have all strong and attractive character in "The Tar and Tartar," which will be produced with the same attention to detail, ensemble, musical excellence and scenic display which have characterized the Schiller operas to date. In fact, "The Tar and Tartar," which will succeed "The Black Hussar" next Sunday evening, will certainly increase and emphasize the immense popularity of the Schiller Opera company.

### ATTRACTIONS AT OTHER HOUSES.

Sam T. Jack's.....Variety Empire.....Burlesque

### A FUNNY SHOE STORE.

Illustrating the Old Jingle, "One Shoe Off and One Shoe On." A company of idlers on a hotel piazza were telling such yarns as are commonly spun in such places, when one of them offered to wager that he had done something as a boy in Tennessee that no other member of the party had ever done or heard of.

"What was it, colonel?" asked one of the crew.

"I wore out my first pair of shoes without ever having them both on at once."

"Explain."

"Well, you see, it was this way. The shoemaker was slow and I was in a hurry. A boy who has never had a pair of shoes finds it hard to wait. Come Saturday night the man had one of them done, but told me I should have to wait a week for the other."

"Well, give me that one anyhow, said I, and I carried it home. I wore it all that week, and all the next, for the fellow didn't keep his word any more than shoemakers generally do; and by the time the second one was done the first one needed repairing."

"And so the thing went on. That shoemaker was so slow and the leather was so poor and I ran about so much that somehow I never once had both shoes on together, and by and by they were gone entirely."

### SO SCIENTISTS SAY.

A Florida horticulturist says a scuppervone can be made to cover ten acres of land if started off properly when it first begins to run.

Isaac Zangwill, the author and writer, says that sewer gas is beneficial rather than poisonous, and he predicts that we may yet live to see it manufactured artificially and conveyed to residences through pipes, for the purpose of improving the health of the inmates.

Dr. M. L. Nardi, who served as physician to General Grant during the commander's tour around the world, is now living in San Francisco, where he devotes all his leisure time in making casts of the human body. He has completed a cast of the heart which is thirty-five times the actual size of the human organ.

## HOWARD'S MADNESS.

There Were a Good Four Inches Between Mose and the Bullet.

"It was while Stenwinder Johnson had the upper store at the Rosebud," said Colonel George Barry to a New York Sun man, "that Mose Howard was the chief government herder for the agency. I was stationed at Fort Niobrara in those days and occasionally got over to Rosebud at other times than issue days. Old Bill Huston, a sort of a retired cowboy, was hanging around the agency then, sometimes working as a herder, but for the most part picking up what he could as a hunter. He was the finest shot with a Winchester I ever saw, and thought nothing of taking off the head of a sage hen at 100 yards. He wouldn't pick up a jack rabbit that he'd hit anywhere else than in the head.

"Mose Howard and old Bill Huston were good friends. Mose used to say in his slow draw: 'Old Bill ain't sech a h—l of a feller as he use to be, but he's a humble citizen, an' that's me every time.'

"One day, when I happened to be in Johnson's store, Mose came in more excited than I had ever seen him before. For a quarter of an hour he didn't say a word, but stood over by the big stove—it was a cold raw day in the fall—chewing tobacco and shooting tarantula juice in a way that showed violent perturbation of spirit.

"'Say, Johnson,' he drawled out, 'wha' d'ye think old Bill Huston done? Well, if he didn't come plum nigh to shooting me cold, I'm a goat. I was comin' up 'm the lower store 'nd was about half way across when a Winchester ball pinged right past my ear so close I could feel the wind from it. I looked around a bit an' over there on the creek, 'bout half a mile, was old Bill Huston pickin' up a sage hen. Sa-a-y, maybe you fellows b'ieve I wasn't hoss-tile.'

"'What did you do, Mose?' asked Johnson.

"'I jess waltzed over there,' answered Mose, 'an' says I to Bill: 'What in thunder,' I says, 'air you a shootin' at?'

"'Humph!' says Bill. 'You darn fool, don't you s'pose I seen you? Moved around till you was plum four inches out o' range.'

### Real or Imitation?

A thing of beauty is not a joy forever, nor even worth looking at, unless its creator is guaranteed, writes James Payne in the Illustrated London News; and a painting, on the other hand, may be ever so hideous and out of perspective, and yet be priceless if it can be proved to be by an "old master." The most delightful of English painters, Constable, has a "manner," it seems, that is easy to be imitated. Some years ago there were two most excellent pictures on view under his name—but not guaranteed—in a well-known auction-room. Nobody denied their attractions, but they had never been engraved, which aroused suspicion. They were protected by a wooden barrier, but on the very day before the sale, a Jew picture-dealer, more enterprising than polite, pushed a dirty thumb-nail into the canvas, and exclaimed: "S'help me Moses, if the paint ain't wet!"

### The Editor's Advice.

Young Humorist, to the editor—Have you looked over the comic sketches I left with you?

Editor—I have. Young Humorist—They ain't as good as I might do if I hadn't so many other irons in the fire.

Editor, handing back the manuscript—Here they are, and I advise you—

Young Humorist—What?

Editor—Put them with the other irons.

### Fat Fish.

When the water was withdrawn from the lake near Geyser spring, in Saratoga, an immense quantity of trout and pickerel was captured, many of them being of great size. It is thought that the mineral water impregnated with gas was the cause of the uncommon abundance and fatness of the fish—that the stimulus of the mineral constituents and gas sharpens the appetite, invigorates the nerves of the stomach and promotes the digestion of the fish.

### A Matter of Cost.

Business-like Young Man—Is this where you issue licenses?

Official—It is.

"How much will I have to pay for a peddler's license?"

"Five dollars."

"Seems to me that is pretty steep. What does a marriage license cost?"

# THE TERRIBLE KHORITE

## A SNAKE TEN TIMES MORE DEADLY THAN THE COBRA.

Under the Spell of the Brown Death—Startling Experience of a Gentleman in Burmah—Saved by the Firm Hand of a Native Servant.

I was living in the town of Akyab, which is a very old English port in Burmah, and among other men there I knew and had business with a native born but Christian man named Mordai. One day he came to me and asked me to go over to some property he had on a neighboring island. He had been having some trouble about boundaries and wanted me to give him an unbiased opinion. We started in a sail boat about 12 o'clock and got to his place about 4. He and I got out of the boat and went up to a small bungalow he had built on posts about six to ten feet from the ground, and consisting of simply the floor, the roof, and sometimes walls run up six or seven feet. There is no ceiling and nothing overhead but the roof, which is made of bamboo and thatched with leaves from the toddy plant.

We were sitting on the veranda, the roof of which was not more than five or six feet from our heads. Mordai was talking to me about the boundary, and I had become quite interested in some maps he had in his lap. While engaged in examining them I felt something fall and strike my shoulder. I rose quite slowly, still talking to Mordai, and turned about to see what was in my chair, thinking that perhaps a piece of bamboo had been blown down by the wind. As I turned my back was toward Mordai and I was struck motionless by a hoarse "For God's sake, don't move, sahib!" From the horror in his voice I knew as well as if I could see it that a cobra or a khorite, equally deadly and more numerous in that part, was on my shoulder.

I stood perfectly motionless, for I knew that the snake, being aroused now, would strike if he felt the least movement. Cold perspiration stood out on my forehead, and I set my teeth hard and waited. It was a toss-up, I knew: either deliverance, and that speedily, or the sharp, stinging punctures in my neck or head, and then—death. Every minute seemed an age. My suspense was the more terrible because I could not see my enemy, and so could not tell the moment he would strike. Time will never efface the memory of that death wait from my mind. In the chair, shriveled and glisty, his hollow, half-glazed eyes staring at me with the helpless, fascinated gaze of a bird half in the coils of a serpent, huddled Mordai. His white, bloodless lips moved spasmodically, as over and over he repeated in a dread whisper: "God! the brown death." I then knew it was a khorite. Clinging to my shoulder was a snake ten times more malignant and merciless than a cobra, and just as deadly—"the brown death"—of the natives, a reptile which it has been said if a man were to gaze for any length of time into its eyes he would become insane. Unlike all other creatures, it has no pupil to its eye—nothing but a brown mass of malignity.

I do not know how long it was, but it seemed an eternity of time that I stood thus. At last the swinging Madrasi song of the boatmen carrying the stuff broke on my ears like a song of deliverance. Dull and monotonous it had seemed to me often enough, but now it sounded like the sweetest music ever caroled. Their singing seemed to rouse Mordai from his trance-like stupor, and staggering out he grasped my faithful servant, Emir-Alli, by the shoulder, and with his lean, bony finger pointed toward me. No need of explanation for Emir-Alli. My heart gave a throb of joy when I saw his supple, careless form straighten up and his black eyes glisten with the light I had seen in them before in time of deadly peril. Twice before had we fronted death together and his heart had not faltered. Even now I see him as he stood just outside the veranda, one of the few natives a white man had trusted, and met trust for trust and loyalty ever.

Discarding his gaudy jacket and gathering up his dote tight about his hips, so that his sinewy limbs gleamed like those of a statue, he set his square white teeth and hissed through them an invocation to Allah. Grasping the dah in his powerful hand he stole as silently and as swiftly toward me as the venomous creature on my back might have done had he been making the attack. Poised aloft was the glittering steel, for well he knew the snake would keep his eye on the gleaming blade, and there would be no movement to disturb him till the downward rush, and then—ah! who could say? Allah would strengthen his hand and direct the edge of the blade and kismet would be.

For a second he stood close beside me. I might have touched him. His fierce black eyes gleamed on the snake. I knew he was drawing the snake's attention from the sword to himself. I could feel the slight vibration again and I knew that the snake was preparing to strike.

And then—like a flash of lightning went the blade past my eyes—a hissed "Allah" driven through clenched teeth, penetrated my half stupefied senses.

I felt a rush of something down my back, and not knowing whether the snake had been cut in two or missed, I tottered toward a chair. I had not taken a step before Emir-Alli's strong arms were about me and with tears of joy in his big lustrous eyes, the

poor fellow was saying, "God is great!"

The snake lay on the floor, struck in two, still vicious and striking at its own body, a khorite about three and a half feet long. He had fallen on my back from the roof where he had been after rats.

### DUELING IN EUROPE.

A Sport That Is Entertaining and Excellent Exercise for the Muscles. Duelling is the leading, and almost the only athletic sport in Italy. It is true that there is an Alpine club, so called because its members climb the lesser heights of the Apennines, but there is no cricket, and except among the laboring classes, ball games even of the mildest character are hardly ever played, says the *Idler*. The young Italian gentleman finds duelling an exercise which is beneficial to his muscles and sufficiently exciting to interest him, and the middle-aged Italian keeps up his practice with the foils and occasionally challenges and fights a friend just to show that he is not too old to have lost a genial interest in the innocent pursuits of youth.

Duelling is contrary to law in Italy, but the duelist is never punished, (unless he should kill a man), except in the army, where the sport is obligatory and strictly prohibited. The same curious anomaly exists in Germany, where army officers are arrested and punished if they fight a duel and either cashiered or forced to resign if they do not. The Italian officer, when challenged to fight, is virtually told: "You'll be condemned if you do and condemned if you don't." This seems to the Anglo-Saxon decidedly idiotic, but nothing can well be more idiotic than duelling. Playing charades in a drawing-room rises to philosophic heights of wisdom in comparison with it.

At least ninety-nine of every hundred Italian duels are of the class technically known as "first-blood" duels. That is to say, the combat ceases the moment either of the adversaries loses blood. In these duels the sword is always used, and the slightest scratch on the hand or the arm—which are the localities usually scratched—signals the end of the game and authorizes the duelist to sheathe their weapons and go somewhere to dinner together. Instances have happened in which a duelist has been accidentally run through the body and killed, but incidents of this sort are extremely infrequent compared with the fatalities of the foot-ball field. Italian duelling is probably the safest of all athletic sports, except prize fighting as practiced by modern pugilists by means of letters to the sporting papers.

Heard Outside the Stock Exchange. First City Man—Why, who owns the country? Second City Man—The people. "Who owns the people?" "The politicians." "Who owns the politicians?" "The stock exchange." "Who owns the stock exchange?" "The devil."

Clear Case Against Him. "Big damage suit entered against you." "The mischief!" "Yes. Didn't you say in the paper that Bill Jones was lynched for horse stealing?" "Yes!" "Well, they've got yer this time!" "How?" "It wur a heifer Bill stole!"

### DESULTORY READING.

Visitors to the world's fair left 1,000 umbrellas behind them. A horse belonging to a Mr. Kenton of Ashland, Oregon, died a short time ago at the great age of 36 years. Mrs. John McCarthy of Butler, Pa., was strangled by a false tooth lodging in her windpipe in a fit of coughing. Montana is large enough to hold the population of the entire earth and then have but fifteen persons to the acre.

A pet dog in Bath, Maine, which has now reached the mature age of 17 years, drinks a cup of coffee and milk for breakfast every morning. An American colored woman, Mrs. Amanda Smith, is a temperance evangelist in England now, lecturing under the auspices of Lady Somerset. Hog-guessing at so much a guess is a species of gambling peculiar to Northern New Jersey. The farmer who comes nearest to telling the porker's weight gets the animal. A Kentucky judge has decided that a man who gives up his business to court a girl in behalf of another man gets his pay as he goes along, and can not sue for compensation in money.

The practicability of producing a good article of tea for commerce in the island of Jamaica is, according to the information received by the bureau of the American republics, attracting attention there. The old-fashioned game of "Follow my leader" is daily practiced in the savage courts of Celebes and Darfur. If the king stands everybody stands; if the king sits everybody sits. If the dusky monarch falls from his horse his retinue must do likewise; if he chooses to bathe all the passers-by must throw themselves into the water. In Darfur this slavish imitation is carried to a greater extent. If the king loses a tooth each of his subjects is obliged to have a tooth knocked out

### STORIES OF RICH MEN.

Showing the Oddities of Men Who are Worth Millions of Dollars.

"It is curious how strong the habit of thrift gets fixed on a man. I was reminded of it the other day," said a famous authority to a New York Press reporter. "By a very rich publisher, who for years has traveled as commuter on the same suburban train with me. A month ago he told me he was about to withdraw from the active management of his business and leave it to his sons. 'I am 64 years old,' he said, 'and I am going to enjoy life as long as I live.' He has over \$1,000,000 invested in mortgages and bonds outside the income from the firm, which is very large. The first of the month passed and I noticed that my wealthy friend was still going regularly to town by the 7 o'clock train every morning as of old. On the ferry one morning I said to him: 'Mr. H., I thought you had retired from business.' 'I have,' said he. 'You still go to your counting room every morning as of old?'"

"Yes," he explained; "you see, my commutation monthly ticket on the road has a few days to run and I thought I'd use up the ticket."

Here is another rich man's story: An affluent lumber merchant presented himself not long ago in the office of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the specialist in nervous diseases. The physician recognized in his patient an old schoolmate, whom he had not seen for thirty years. An exchange of reminiscences and a professional consultation ensued, followed by a dozen office consultations on the ailment of the merchant. In due time he received a bill from the famous physician for \$300.

"I see you are doing well," said the merchant to the physician. "Yes," returned the doctor, "but it required thirty years' experience to reach this point."

A year later the physician was building a new house on Sixteenth street, and it was wainscoted in English maple. He did not at once find the wood he desired for his beautiful dining room, and remembering the lumber merchant he drove to his office. The desired maple was found there, ordered, and soon delivered, and in the course of time a bill came. It was for \$300. "I thought," demurred the surprised physician to his schoolmate, "that maple was not so expensive." "It is not," returned the merchant, "usually. It has taken thirty years' experience to reach the point of charging \$300 for it."

"Speaking of wealth," said Frank Hamlin, a son of Hannibal Hamlin, "I was in my brother's law office last summer at Ellsworth, Me., and drew up the papers in the little trade of Mr. Vanerbilt when he purchased his elegant cottage on Mount Desert, at Bar Harbor. The price to be paid for the cottage was \$200,000, and the owner wanted his money within thirty days. 'I will give you two notes,' said Mr. Vanderbilt, 'for \$100,000 each, both payable within the next thirty days; but I would rather the first one should not be drawn for at least fifteen days, as I am buying this cottage out of my pocket money, and I do not wish to be cramped.' The papers were drawn as the New Yorker wanted them."

The Orange Tree. The orange tree flowers during nearly the whole of the summer; the fruit takes two years to arrive at maturity, so that for several months in the year a healthy tree exhibits every stage, from the flower bud to the ripe fruit. This gives the trees their rich appearance during the principal fruit months, when the emerald tints of the unripe and golden hues of the mature fruit mingle with the dark foliage of the leaves, while the bright blossoms present a charming contrast. The flowers of the arbutus or strawberry tree in similar regions are produced in September and October; the fruit which succeeded the flowers of the previous year begins also to ripen about the same time. Fir trees bear their spines (which are true leaves), their flower buds and their fruit (the cone) at one and the same time. Flowers and ripe nuts are seen together among the fronds of the coconut palm. The cotton plant, the fig, the Australian cherry and the small wild cranberry also bear flowers, leaves and fruit together.

A Real Lake of Fire. The greatest natural wonder of Hawaii, if not in the entire world, is Lake Dana, or Dana lake, a body of molten lava ten miles in circumference. To the sightseer the surface of this wonderful lake appears as if it were a sea of red hot water dashing against the cliffs which surround it on all sides to a height averaging 100 feet. J. J. Williams of Honolulu, who probably knows more about the volcanic condition of the island than any other living man, says that "this rushing, restless, heaving lake of boiling fire never remains silent or calm for a single instant."

A Well-Founded Belief. Yabsley—A man of your sense ought to know better than to be superstitious. What is there in the number thirteen that should make it any unluckier than any other? You can't show a single instance in support of your belief. Mudge—I can't eh? Where are the people that lived in the thirteenth century? Every mother's son of them is dead.—Mercury.

A Load Off His Mind. He—Will you marry me? She—No. He—Thank heaven, that point is settled! anything is better than suspense. Let's go out and get some ice-cream.—Truth.

### NOT ALLOWED TO REFORM.

How Men Are Compelled to Remain Criminals.

If a horse falls on the street, men raise him up. If a man stumbles on life's pathway, men are too apt to spurn him and let him die. Those who have done wrong and repented often complain that the world is cold and merciless. It may not seem so to those of us who have received the golden mintage of life, who have not been under the world's ban and displeasure; but bitter experience is more able to testify of these things than we are. Speaking to a criminal who had served a sentence in one of our state prisons, I asked him how he did.

"I was guilty. I bore the penalty of my crime; but," he said, "men avoid me. If I sinned, I suffered. But men are not satisfied to restore me to their confidence."

"A jail bird?" The title the man's doom all too often. He may have given years of repentance for the mad impulse of a moment, but an outcast once an outcast forever in his life.

It is difficult to make prison punishment reformatory, but if difficult, it is not impossible. And charity has no better, no more needed, work than to give a man returning to society from a felon's cell every chance.

Many criminals are made so because we partly demand they shall be criminals, says the New York Ledger. We say: You are a dog, a pariah, in whom I have no confidence, for whom we have no respect. Actions say this. And when a man has no reputation left to live and act for, he is apt to slide down. We deprive him of a mainspring of his morality.

It is well to be wise in treating the man who is down, but oh, don't be over prudent! There is charity which hesitates to relieve until the opportunity is lost.

"I stand here for the third time to be sentenced because no man has given me a chance since I first fell." So said an apparently hardened criminal to the judge of a state supreme court.

That man and every other like him, must have a chance. Give it to him, to use if he will do so, to abuse if still unreformed; but have it he must, ere our duty to God and man is complete. And when nearing the goal of life's journey, we look back upon the way our feet have trodden, our greatest satisfaction will hover around the place and time where and when we helped the man who was down.

### SWISS ANTI-SEMITISM.

A Law Forbidding the Slaughter of Cattle by the Jewish Method.

The new law just adopted in Switzerland which forbids the slaughter of cattle by the Jewish method has naturally caused great indignation and consternation among the 8,000 or 9,000 inhabitants of the Hebrew faith. The law is to this effect: "The killing of animals without their being stunned before blood is drawn is forbidden, without exception, whatever be the method employed." Not a word in this enactment alludes directly to the Jews, but its object, says the New York Evening Post, was avowedly anti-Semitic. Prompted by societies which ostensibly have no other purpose than to prevent cruelty to animals, it is declared to be really the outcome of an anti-Semitic agitation imported from Germany. The victory was chiefly gained in German cantons, where Jewish trade competition is most severely felt—Zurich, Berne, Argau, and Thurgau. Those of Latin kinship—Valais, Neuchatel, Geneva, Vaud, Friburg—sided with the cause of popular liberty. Only about half the population—300,000 out of 600,000—went the poll. Even of this number it is supposed that but a small percentage realized what they were voting for. For twenty years an agitation has existed on the continent for the prohibition of the Jewish method of slaughtering animals on the ground of its alleged cruelty. The movement met with a cold reception in the Berlin parliament. In Saxony it had better success. There the Jewish "shechita" has been declared illegal by an order of the ministers of the interior. The German societies for the protection of animals induced the municipal governments of Aargau and Berne to issue a similar order, but the national council revoked it. The cantonal fathers then carried their case before the federal assembly, which confirmed the action of the council. Thereupon the agitators availed themselves of the referendum. It is worthy of note that the anti-Semites found their warmest support among the Lutheran part of the population, but were opposed by the Roman Catholics.

### Wanted Company.

"Hungry, I guess?" said the sharp-faced woman, as she opened the door just a little bit. "Why no," answered Mr. Dismal Dawson. "I've plum forgot how to be hungry. But I'm mighty lonesome." "Lonesome?" "M'hm. You see I hain't had nothing to eat for so long that I got so thin that I can't cast no shadow, and you ain't no ideal how much company a man's shadder is to him while he is travelin' along the road."

### New Ships and Lack of Sailors.

While Great Britain is constantly adding to the number of her war ships the number of men to man them is increased very little, if actually, at all, and the greatest difficulty is found in commissioning the ships required for actual service. There is a great dearth of both artificers and seamen, the scarcity of competent engineers being alarming, in view of the number of new ships now built and building.

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THE KEARSARGE.

They may name another Kearsarge. They may build her walls of steel. They may make her white and shapely. From her masthead to her keel. They may clothe her ribs with armor. And their blazonry of war. They may give her strength and speed. That may some time for the country. Fill the measure of his need. They may give her wondrous cannons. With the thunder in their tones. And the lightning in their missiles. That the deadly Storm King owns. They may make her queen of Terror. Make her mistress of the sea. Give her souls of tested valor. Crown her brow with victory. But with all their modern triumphs. And their blazonry of war. They can't revive the Kearsarge. Wrecked and dead on Boncaador. —New York Sun.

A Lively Scrimmage.

On December 24, 1861, a part of our regiment, under direction of General B. M. Prentiss, who accompanied the expedition, started in a southeasterly direction from Palmyra, Mo., our winter quarters. Our destination was not known, but from preparations made we expected something more than an ordinary scout.

Heretofore we had used houses and barns for shelter, but this time we pitched our Sibley tents the first night near a little town called Shrinkey.

How well I remember that an inch or more of snow lay on the ground next morning! After an early breakfast we resumed our march until within a few miles of Paris, the county seat of Monroe county, when a halt was made, saddle-girths were tightened, primings looked after, and, when we mounted again, our company and one other moved off on a brisk trot; which was very soon a gallop and charge. So our passage across Salt river sounded like distant thunder.

We had the town surrounded before the inhabitants realized what was going on.

It was Christmas day, and many of the people had called in their friends, who had enlisted to destroy the government, and who chanced to be near, recruiting or otherwise employed, to come in to enjoy Christmas turkey with them. We had a very interesting time for quite a while. A chase was kept up until we had a goodly number of Southern soldiers, among whom were Captains Carlin and Crow, as prisoners.

At this time there was an order from the department, taxing communities where depredations to railroads, etc., were made, all damages. So, while some of us were posted at every street entrance, others were detailed to go from house to house to bring the men to assemble in the courthouse yard. They had burned the courthouse. Here General Prentiss made them a speech, and they were assessed for whatever damage their friends had done. It was selfish in us, but we certainly did enjoy those Christmas turkeys; and even if some of the girls almost spit in our faces, and sang "Dixie" to spite us, they became quite reconciled on closer acquaintance.

The next morning it was bitterly cold when we started; but we reached Sturgeon that afternoon, where we delivered our eleven prisoners to Berge's sharpshooters.

Captain Crow was under my especial care while on the way. He was young, lively, and good company, but I was instructed to watch him carefully. The next day he made things lively in the guardhouse, and when he failed to heed the repeated warning of the guard, the latter fired. The shot plowed up his forehead, making a terrible wound. Captain J. T. Howland, with Company A, was sent out on a reconnoitering expedition, had had quite a "scrap" with a body of rebels, was wounded, surrounded and taken prisoner with some of his men.

At 1 o'clock the next morning we started, with about 230 cavalry and Berge's sharpshooters to the same number. We marched to where Company A had their encounter, and soon found the enemy, ready for a fight. Their pickets were posted some distance from their camp, and two companies of us were sent across the corn fields to intercept them. The way we ran our horses, jumped fences, and scattered Uncle Sam's horse blankets was a caution. Some of the pickets were killed, others captured. We formed in line within a few hundred feet of Mt. Zion church, near the edge of the timber, dismounted, left our horses, and deployed as skirmishers.

The underbrush on our side of the road prevented us from seeing our enemies, but we had not gone very far before Major Carrick, who was in command of our squad, came running back, commanding us to retire, and when we failed to respond at once, with a strong oath called on us to "Retire!"

Then we scrambled for our horses, but the line was broken and some of them gone. It is said that one of our older boys asked a comrade to help him to mount. Why, I cannot tell. Was he scared?

Failing to find my horse I ran on afoot, and was run down by two of our own men. I was blind for a moment, but arose, and as soon as I could see mounted a horse standing in a fence-corner. And none too

soon, for they were after me with their shotguns, cutting me on the head and shoulders considerably, and plowing the snow all around my horse's feet, while they were yelling like demons. But the old gray horse carried me out of danger only partially disabled.

On the left of the road our boys were in an open field, more exposed, so that three of our company were killed and quite a number taken prisoners.

As soon as Colonel Glover came up with the balance of our regiment and General Prentiss with the infantry, they engaged the enemy and drove them back and from the church, recaptured most of the prisoners and repulsed them at every point, until they became quite demoralized.

They proved to be commanded by Colonel Dorsey, and were about 900 strong.

We returned to Sturgeon with twenty-eight prisoners, eighty horses and about two wagon-loads of shotguns and rifles. Our loss was three killed, eleven wounded and thirteen prisoners.—John Wessels in National Tribune.

Mrs. Martha Kimball.

Mrs. Martha G. Kimball, who originated the general custom of decorating the graves of soldiers of the war, died at her home in Philadelphia a short time ago as the result of a surgical operation. She was 54 years old and a native of Portland, Me., her maiden name being Bowen. Before the war she married Henry S. Kimball of Boston, who was appointed a treasury agent and assigned the duty of appraising all cotton seized by the union forces. His wife accompanied him and her work in the hospitals led General Sherman to appoint her chief inspector of hospitals and to allow her to travel at will. She was the only woman present when the stars and stripes were hoisted again over Fort Sumter, and helped Secretary Stanton to pull up the flag. She was twice shipwrecked during the war.

After the restoration of peace she was so touched by what she had seen of the decoration of graves in the South that she brought the matter before General Logan and induced him as commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic to issue an order establishing a memorial day, which order went into effect May 30, 1863. Mrs. Kimball had many staunch friends among the generals of the war and public men generally, and George W. Childs once said of her: "She has done more good deeds and said more kind words than any other woman I have ever known." Among her collection of war relics was the original plan of Andersonville prison and the chair that Jefferson Davis used when he was president of the Confederate states. A Confederate battle flag presented her by a Northern regiment was returned by her in 1873 to its original owner through Senator Hill of Georgia.

A War Claim.

John T. Brown's war claim is a good story. In the wide range which war claims have taken there is nothing quite like this. In November, 1863, according to the committee's narrative, Miss Mary Love of Kingston, Tenn., was intrusted with an important dispatch from General Grant to General Burnside, at Knoxville, Tenn. She carried the dispatch to Louisville, Tenn., accompanied part of the way by Thomas F. Darter as escort and guide. Miss Love delivered the dispatch to John T. Brown, who was then a boy only about 13 years of age, and he carried the dispatch from there to Knoxville, through the enemy's lines, a distance of about thirteen miles, and delivered it to General Burnside whose army was being besieged in Knoxville by the rebels. General Burnside said that the dispatch was a very valuable one to the public service. That was shown by the fact that in January, 1873, congress passed an act granting to Miss Mary Love \$2,000 for her services. The undertaking was a perilous one and its accomplishment a creditable act, and "for it he deserves the thanks of all the lovers of their country," the committee says. The evidence shows that he had to get out of Louisville through the enemy's pickets and into Knoxville through their lines. Miss Love states that he was the only person at Louisville that could be found to undertake to carry the dispatch through.

It is said that one soldier, Charles Francis, lost his life in an attempt to carry a copy of the dispatch through by another route.

In the Devil's Den.

Ex-Senator Warner Miller of New York, carries a curious-looking cane. It is a light stick and resembles the "rattlesnake" canes one sees at times. It is colored yellow and is speckled with black spots, and printed upon one side of the cane are the words: "Devil's Den, July 1, 2, 3, 1863." Mr. Miller, when asked about this cane at Washington recently, said: "That is a relic of Gettysburg. It was given me when I was there at the reunion. You know the Devil's Den was a rocky place on the field of battle. They found one Confederate soldier dead in a hole among those rocks, who hadn't a wound upon him. It is supposed that he was killed by the concussion of a passing cannon-ball."

After the Battle.

John D. Garling, of Hagerstown, Md., has a small pocket bible that he found after the battle of Gettysburg on a camp ground near the former place. Garling is at least third owner of the book, for it bears upon a fly leaf this inscription: "This bible was found on the train taken from the rebels on the 5th day of July, 1863, by John N. Wolsin, and I take it as my guide through life with Jesus as my captain. Boonsboro, Md., July 7, 1863."

REAL "OLD SLEUTH."

AUTHOR OF MANY TALES OF BLOOD AND THUNDER.

Although Not a Literary Man in the True Sense of the Word it is Rolling in Riches as a Result of a Fertile Imagination.

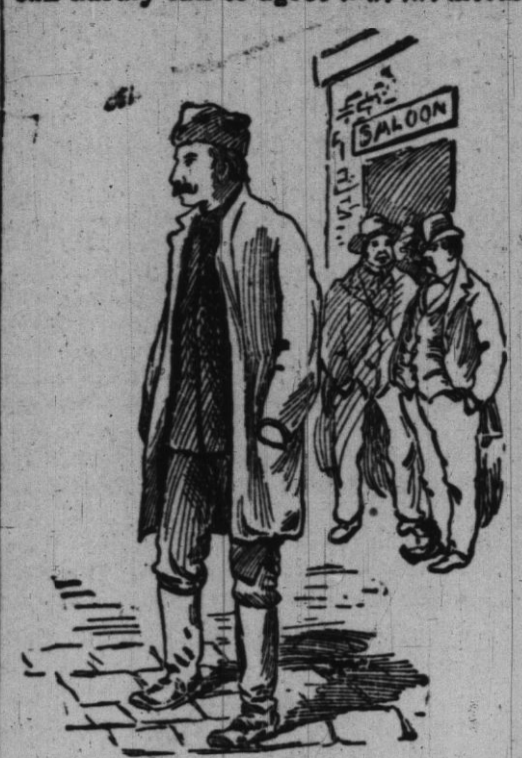


OLD SLEUTH has resigned from the Brooklyn board of education. That famous detective whose wonderful adventures in the realms of cheap fiction have been followed by American youths for twenty years or more will no longer help direct the destinies of Brooklyn's school children. Lives there an American boy ever so slightly acquainted with the ways and wiles of the dime novel who has not heard of "Old Sleuth"? Of all writers who won success he is the most remarkable. In private life he is Harlan Page Halsey. It is over twenty years now since "Old Sleuth" first made his bow to the public in his present capacity. At that time dime novel reading was a pastime, to which the American youth was not addicted to the extent he is nowadays. The writers then in the field lacked the spirit and go-ahead dash which afterward made such a revolution in cheap literature. Harlan Page Halsey was then a struggling young writer. But he had "literary ambitions" and a code of ethics which interfered much with his success. He was endeavoring to promulgate for the benefit of mankind theories which, while they are balm for the soul, are ruinous for the pocketbook. One day Col. T. B. Thorpe, the artist and journalist and an early editor of Frank Leslie's, asked him why he did not throw overboard this desire for fame in the conventional channel and contribute to the lower class weeklies, wherein, he said, there was a large amount of money to be made. Halsey, as an experiment, wrote the story by whose title he has since been known. He sent it to George Munro, who published it and advertised it freely. It was a great success and Halsey adopted the title as a nom de plume.

Ever since "Old Sleuth" has been a well-known title, and under it Mr. Halsey has received, independent of

word in any story I have written that could be objected to by the most rigid moralist. All of my stories have had a good moral precept to teach, and I will venture to say that out of the mass of matter I have turned out a thick volume of moral 'suasion' might be extracted. The trouble lies in the fact that a few bad writers have come into the ranks of cheap literature, and because of their misleading work a blanket judgment is thrown over us all. The objections are always made by people who have never read the works, but get their ideas from comic papers.

"On the other hand, take the work of some of our authors who tread the so-called higher walks of literature, and while the literary merit of their work is undoubtedly good, yet you can hardly fail to agree that the moral



"OLD SLEUTH" IN AN IMAGINARY CHARACTER IN ONE OF HIS STORIES.

element is decidedly bad. Take the "Scarlet Letter," for instance, which is the mere exposition of one of the crimes in the moral calendar. Or again, take Robert Louis Stevenson's "Enchanted Island" or his "Master of Ballantrae." I for one can not see where the consistency of this condemnation lies. Or take "Lucia di Lammermoor," enbalm in novel and opera, or that other very popular "East Lynne." I can not see that the theme is very elevating.

"The reason the cheap novel is successful is because it is essentially true to life. It keeps down to the level of the masses, and while there are seeming exaggerations they are never really so. The public knows what it wants and always selects to suit its palate. An absurdity would soon be noted and laughed at, and hence our



A PORTRAIT OF LILLIAN NORDICA, THE FAMOUS OPERA QUEEN.

royalties, something like \$400,000. Judicious investment has greatly increased this figure, so that at the present time he is little short of being a millionaire.

"Old Sleuth" is the author of over one hundred and fifty stories, averaging between fifty and seventy-five thousand words each. In twenty years he has written more than one hundred and seventy-five thousand pages of closely-written manuscript. He has contributed continuously to one weekly paper, working regularly every day in a methodical manner. He writes for two hours a day and averages about three thousand five hundred words. The rest of the day he devotes to a publishing business which he owns and carries on.

His writing is all done in his office in Astor place, New York. Mr. Halsey is not a believer in inspiration. His work has become almost mechanical. He writes a given amount, and the scratching of his pen during his two hours' daily work is incessant. He never seems at a loss for words, and an examination of his manuscript discloses no interlineations or corrections. His chapters are all of uniform length and each ends with a climax, enabling the story to be suspended at almost any point. He is particularly solicitous concerning the opinion of the public on the moral quality of his stories. Most good people look askance at anything that resembles a dime novel. Mr. Halsey says this is all wrong.

"There is not," he says, "a single character are consistent. You will find no reformed villains among my work. The hero always triumphs and always saves the heroine. The good are always rewarded, and the wicked always punished. It is the poetry of justice, and is as it should be. There is compensation in all things, and in this the moral precept is distinctly brought out."

Now that Mr. Halsey has made his fortune by catering to the wants of the masses, it is his intention to return to those early ambitions which he had at heart when he first entered the literary arena. He is now about to publish a series of novels of the better class, under a title different from "Old Sleuth," which will, he thinks, entitle him to recognized literary prestige. He is a direct descendant of John Ogden, the early governor of New Jersey, and of Thomas Halsey, one of the original settlers of South Hampton, L. I. His four great-grandfathers fought in the revolution, and six of his ancestors were military officers in the colonial wars of the seventeenth century.

The Old Story.

It is reported, notes the Critic, that a copy, in excellent condition, of Poe's "Tamerlane" (1827), one of the rarest books in the world, has recently been discovered and is held at \$1,625. It is said to have been picked up in a second-hand bookstore in Boston sixty years ago and to have remained in the possession of the purchaser ever since

Kite-Flying in Burma.

The Burmese are by all accounts an indolent people. One traveler goes so far as to say that one day's work and four days' rest is their idea of industry. The same traveler, Mr. E. D. Cumming, author of "In the Shadow of the Pagoda," described them as much given to kite-flying, an amusement which they contrive to enjoy with a minimum of bodily exertion. Their method of operations is very simple. Says Mr. Cumming:

You pare down two twelve-inch slips of bamboo, tie them at their centers crosswise, run a thread round the four tips, and paste upon this frame one thickness of paper. Tie a nail or a screw-nut to one corner, and your kite is made.

The altitude which a well made kite of this kind will reach is wonderful, and the lightest breath of wind will take it up. A hundred and fifty or two hundred yards of strong sewing thread, wound on a skeleton reel of four inches in diameter and eight inches in length, completes the equipment.

Then, having started the kite by a process of gentle playing, you squat down in the middle of the street, so as to keep your thread clear of the houses, and let the kite help itself.

If you have fastened the thread with cunning, the kite rises almost perpendicularly, bringing you joy in the envy and admiration of those who cannot make a steeper angle than forty degrees. The kite having taken out all the thread, you sit and contemplate it poised still and clear in the upper air for a few hours.

In Rangoon, on a still morning or evening, hundreds of kites float over the Burmese quarter of the town, some nearly out of sight, others hovering just above the roofs. When driving your syce has frequently to halloo out of the way a middle-aged man who is backing slowly down in mid street coaxing his kite up. He goes about the business with a ponderous solemnity that raises it to the dignity of a science.

"Implosion."

Every one knows what an explosion is, but its opposite, an implosion, is less familiar. At great depths in the sea the conditions are favorable for its production. At 2,500 fathoms the pressure is, roughly speaking, two and one-half tons to the square inch—that is to say, several times greater than the pressure exerted by the steam upon the piston of a powerful engine. A beautiful experiment to illustrate the enormous force of this deep sea pressure was made during the voyage of H. M. S. Challenger. We quote from "The Fauna of the Deep Sea."

Mr. Buchana hermetically sealed at both ends a thick glass tube several inches in length full of air. He wrapped this sealed tube in flannel, and placed it in one of the wide copper cylinders, used to protect deep sea thermometers when they are sent down with the sounding apparatus.

The copper cylinder had holes bored in it, so that the water had free access inside, around the glass. The copper case containing the sealed glass tube was sent down to a depth of 2,000 fathoms, and drawn up again. It was found that the cylinder was bulged and bent inward, just as if it had been crumpled inward by being violently squeezed.

The glass tube itself, within its flannel wrapper, was reduced to a fine powder, almost like snow. The glass tube, it would seem, as it slowly descended held out long against the pressure, but at last suddenly gave way, and was crushed by the violence of the action to a fine powder.

This process, exactly the reverse of an explosion, is termed by Sir Wyville Thomson an implosion.

Conquering a Tiger.

Mr. Jamrach, the London dealer in wild beasts, is a man of great personal strength and of corresponding courage. On one occasion he was called upon to use both against a tiger which had escaped from its "den." Mr. Phil Robinson tells the story in his recent book, "Some Country Sights and Sounds."

In moving a "den," into which a tiger had been just delivered, the bottom fell out and the rest of the structure immediately collapsed. The tiger walked out from under the heap of planks and iron bars, and suddenly appeared in the yard. Many people were looking on, the children, of course, being well to the front. On the appearance of the tiger there was a stampede.

The tiger picked up a fat urchin by his clothes, and walked out of the yard with its dinner in its mouth, intent upon finding a convenient place in which to take its meal. Mr. Jamrach ran after the beast, flung himself upon its back, and cramping its throat with both hands, choked it until it opened its mouth to gasp for breath.

The urchin dropped out, and scrambled off. The tiger, drawing at one tremendous draught a whole lungful of air, turned upon Mr. Jamrach. Just then a man from the yard came running up with a crowbar, and as the tiger turned, he struck it a tremendous thump on the head. For a moment the tiger was dazed, but only for a moment; then he prepared to spring again, but Mr. Jamrach seized the bar and struck the great beast another mighty thump.

The beast, as if taking in the situation, trotted all by itself straight to the yard, and finding the door of an empty den open, walked in.

A Soldering Stick for Linemen.

Serious trouble is often caused on electric lines by defective joints, and a means of accomplishing more and better work than the linemen is usually able to do is now provided in a "soldering stick," which, when rubbed on a heated joint, melts, spreads out, and produces a bright surface, to which solder adheres with great readiness. The primitive method of using soldering salts and acids is inconvenient and wasteful; the bottle is often dropped or broken, the solution is slopped over the joint, and a large proportion of it is allowed to escape and corrode anything it touches. With the "stick" all the flux adheres to the wire, and in addition to there being no waste, there is no dripping of the destructive acid. The compound contains nothing that will injure the wire or affect the insulation; it is put up in the form of a round stick six inches long and one inch in diameter, and has about the consistency of sealing wax when cold.

A Cause for Poor Cheese.

If you allow your curd to lie in the whey until the whey becomes sour it produces a new class of changes in the curd, one of which is that it absorbs out a considerable portion of the mineral matter in the curd, particularly the phosphates, which are very important, says Prof. Arnold. It absorbs them out and leaves the curd in an insoluble condition, which makes it an imperfect food, because we need all of that mineral matter, and must have it in our food in some shape. Another peculiar effect is that when the curd is subjected to the action of acid it makes a very rapid separation of the moisture from the curd. We want to get away a certain amount of the moisture, or our cheese is too soft. We can not handle it, and if the acid helped to do that, and its influence ended there, it would be well enough; but there is this difference between the action of rennet and the action of acid in that particular. The acid separates the moisture and leaves it almost in a mechanical mixture with the curd, whereas, the rennet when it separates it, only carries that process to a certain extent, and its action combines the water with the curd.

An Echo from the World's Fair.

The Lake Shore Route has recently gotten out a very handsome litho-water color of the "Exposition Flyer," the famous twenty hour train in service between New York and Chicago during the fair. Among the many wonderful achievements of the Columbian year this train—which was the fastest long distance train ever run—holds a prominent place, and to anyone interested in the subject the picture is well worth framing. Ten cents in stamps or silver sent to C. K. Wilber, West Pass Agt., Chicago, will secure one.

You Don't Have to

go 2,000 miles to reach the land of the prune. The irrigated lands of Idaho along the line of the Union Pacific system are capable of producing the class of fruit seen in the Idaho Exhibit at the World's Fair. Why! by stopping in Idaho you'll save enough on your fare and freight to make the first payment on your farm. Investigate.

Advertising matter sent on application. Address E. L. Lomax, G. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb.

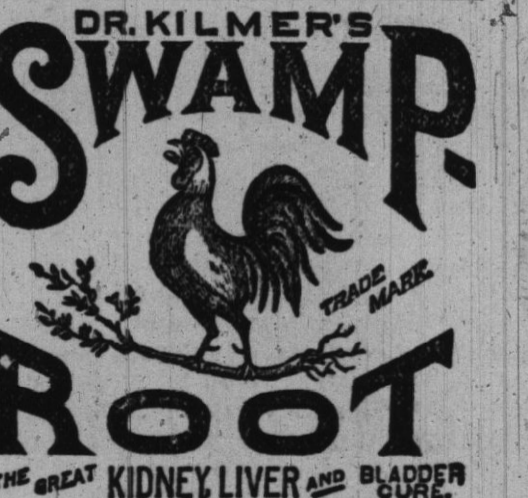
The blackmailer poses as drum-major in virtue's parade.



That Tired Feeling

"I was troubled with diabetes and tried several doctors and different medicines without avail. After taking three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I had a good appetite, and was free from that tired feeling. I honestly believe if it had not been for Hood's Sarsaparilla I would have been dead some time since." J. S. WATKINS, Deedsville, Indiana.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.



DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT

THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

The Spring Tonic

Makes thin, pale, sickly people well and strong. La Grippe

Cures the bad after effects of this trying epidemic and restores lost vigor and vitality.

Impure Blood

Eczema, scrofula, malaria, pimples, blotches. General Weakness

Constitution all run down, loss of ambition and appetite, nervousness, tired and sleepless. At Druggists 50 cents and \$1.00 Size.

"Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free. DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

SEND AT ONCE FOR "BIG DICK"

The Latest Csize For Barrooms, Cigar Stands and Poolrooms, BIG PROFIT; EVERYBODY PLAYS. \$1.00, charges pre-paid. Agents, wake up; big money. J. COLL & CO., 301 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE HEALTH BOOK TO WOMEN. IF YOU ARE AILING WRITE VIVALI WILL CURE YOU. Write to VIVALI CO., 603 Masonic Temple Chicago, Ill.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH

PRICE 50 CENTS. ALL DRUGGISTS

PISO'S CURE FOR Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use PISO'S Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not to be taken. Sold everywhere. 25c CONSUMPTION.

**Quality in Strength.**  
 At an institute recently, Prof. Thomas Shaw said: The use of a pure-bred sire that is also good individually secures transmission to the progeny of a desirable form, of good digestive and assimilative properties and of quality, and it enables the individual to transform animals of common or mixed breeding (or that may be said to be possessed of no breeding) into animals that are just as good for all practical uses as though they were pure-bred and recorded in a herd book, a flock book, or a stud book. And this transformation can be made in four or five generations where a careful choice of sires is made and the feeding and care are what they ought to be. The use of a well-chosen pure-bred sire will secure the transmission of desirable forms to the progeny. Take for illustration the typical beef-producing sire. He should be compact in form, broad and level and well fleshed on the back, roundly and deeply sprung in the ribs, broad and full and deep in the chest, wide at the withers, full in the crops and in both fore and hind flanks. He should possess large heart girth, a wide and level loin, a long and broad and deep quarter, a full twist and thigh, and should stand firmly on short legs of medium bone. His head should be medium in size, since by what is known as the law of correlation the parts of the system that we do not see may be judged by those that we do see. Hence if the head were unduly coarse or strong we have an indication of undue strength of bone. Choose a sire of such a form and purely bred for generations and we will assuredly get an approximation in form in the progeny, no matter what the nature of the dam, if of common stock or mixed breeding. But digestion and assimilation of a certain kind are just as certainly transmitted as form, though this fact is too little recognized by those who keep stock. The power in pure bred sires to transmit the qualities just named is at least equally important with the power which they possess to transmit properties which relate to form. That such properties are transmitted may easily be illustrated in the following manner: Take a pure bred Hereford calf individually good in form, and put him in a box stall at the day of birth and keep him there until twelve months old. Take an animal of common or mixed breeding, equal in age and typical of the class from which he has been chosen. Put him also in a box-stall alongside of the former, and keep him there until twelve months old. Feed both calves liberally and on the same kinds of food, and weigh them at the end of the year. It will be found that the Hereford has quite left the common calf in the race. It could not be otherwise. The Hereford came of ancestry which possessed those digestive and assimilative properties which enabled him to digest food that he turned it into meat, hence he grew rapidly and matured early. The other calf came of an ancestry that did not grow so rapidly nor mature so early because they possessed digestion of another character. In both instances digestive properties were inherited by the calves in consonance with those possessed by the parents, hence the difference in the results.

A schoolboy was asked how many wars Spain had in the fifteenth century.  
 "Six," the boy promptly replied.  
 "Enumerate them," said the teacher.  
 "One, two, three, four, five six," said the boy.—Tit-Bits.

Almost as many orators as raw recruits shoot too high.



**KNOWLEDGE**

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID a fine Panel Picture, entitled "MEDITATION," in exchange for 12 Large Lion Headed, and from Lion Cuffs, wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine premiums, including dog books, a knife, game, etc. WOODSON SPIR CO., 60 Hudson St., Toledo, Ohio.

**THE YOUNG PEOPLE.**

**AN ENGLISH LAD'S MANY ADVENTURES.**

Peter McClellan's Cross-Continent Bicycle Jaunt, a Young Knight Errant—The Grenadier's Retort—Kite Flying in Burma—Implosion.

There passed through New York en route to Boston recently a lad of fifteen who has seen more of the world than nine hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand men. This boy is a native of England, and his name is Peter McClellan. He is rather undersized, so far as height is concerned, but is as sturdy of limb and body as most lads who have attained their majority.

Peter is a traveler, not after the manner of the average tourist of the day, but one who trusts entirely to his bicycle to carry him from place to place. His wheel is his sole companion, and silent as it is he finds it the best of company. On his vehicle of steel he has crossed the wide domain of this country, from the Pacific to the Atlantic. But the story is best told in Peter's own language:

"Until three years ago," said he, "I went to school near my home on the outskirts of London. At that time my father died and I was sent to India to my uncle, my only living relative. I didn't like the country very much, and it didn't like me, for I was sick most all the time. Finally my uncle said I would have to go away, and asked me what I would like to do. I thought over the matter some time, and finally said I would like to come to America. He didn't like the plan one bit, but finally said he would give me the money enough to send me by steamer to Vancouver, and then I was to try to get something to do.

"It will be two years next month when I reached America. I had \$37, good clothes, my wheel and plenty of health. I didn't stop at Vancouver very long but set out for Washington with the notion of getting work in Tacoma or Seattle. For a while I worked as an office boy in a real estate firm in Tacoma, and managed to save enough money to make my capital over \$50.

"When the warm weather came I got restless, and one day I set out, bundled up my clothes, mounted my wheel and started for Portland. It was rough riding, but the pretty scenery kept me too busy to think of any hardships. Everybody I met was kind to me, and it was seldom that any one would let me spend any money.

"I liked Portland first-rate, but not so much as Tacoma. I wanted to see San Francisco, so I did not rest long. I started out in great spirits, for my experience led me to believe that I would have a fine ride and meet kind people. The second day I was out I found I was mistaken. I was riding along a rough mountainous road, looking for a farm house to put up for the night, when I was stopped by a couple of tramps.

"Before I knew what to expect one of them had grabbed me, while the other unstrapped my bundle and took all my clothing. Then they told me to go on, which I did, thinking I was awfully lucky to escape with my money. That was the only mishap I had on that journey, but I learned enough to know that I ought to have a revolver.

"I stayed in San Francisco until late in the summer, working in a printing office. I made a great deal of money, too, but somehow or other I couldn't save much. I concluded I would go to Los Angeles. I hadn't gone more than twenty miles when my wheel broke down and I had to return on foot to get it mended.

"Los Angeles is the finest place I ever saw, but it's no place for a boy. Only rich folks should go there. I drove a trunk wagon for a hotel and did pretty well, but I got tired before Christmas and made up my mind to go to the Chicago fair. It was a long way off, and I had five months to make it in, and made up my mind that where I couldn't ride my wheel I'd take my chances on traveling by rail.

went off, the man following the woman, dropped his right arm and reeled in his saddle, then turned and sent his horse galloping across the plains, and the woman came up and kissed me. She said the man after her was a cowboy and was drunk and had threatened to kill her, and I had saved her life.

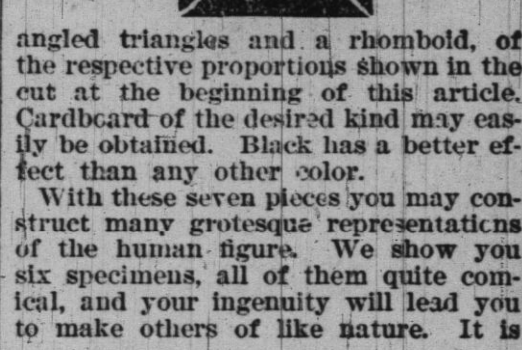
"Nothing would do but for me to go back with her to the ranch she lived in. It was a great big house, and her father was a fine man. He took me in and just made me stay with him. He wanted me to live with him on the ranch, and I was only too glad to stay there until spring, when he said he would send me to the fair by rail.

"I liked the life on the plains, but I was glad to start for the fair. I can go back to the ranch at any time I want to and live there, and that's a good thing to know—that I've always got a home. I went by rail to St. Louis and then I wheeled to Chicago. It was grand fun. I spent the summer at the fair, working at a cigar stand during the day and at odd jobs at night. I made lots of money.

"In September I again mounted my wheel and rode through Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky and into Tennessee. I stayed at Chattanooga a while, and in easy turns I have been coming this way ever since. I am going to Boston now, and after that I don't know what I shall do, but expect I'll go back to the ranch. This country is good enough for me, and if the roads were only as good as they are in England I wouldn't have a kick coming."

**A Caricature Puzzle.**

Here is a puzzle that will entertain you almost indefinitely. It consists of seven pieces of black, or other dark-colored cardboard—a square, five right



angled triangles and a rhomboid, of the respective proportions shown in the cut at the beginning of this article. Cardboard of the desired kind may easily be obtained. Black has a better effect than any other color.

With these seven pieces you may construct many grotesque representations of the human figure. We show you six specimens, all of them quite comical, and your ingenuity will lead you to make others of like nature. It is



said that the number of possible combinations is astonishing. There ought to be a good deal of fun in making them.—Philadelphia Times.

**The Grenadier's Retort.**

Among the stories which have come to light during the recent revival in France of general interest in Napoleon Bonaparte is one which is undoubtedly very old, but which is none the worse for that.

It recites that when the czar Alexander I met the emperor Napoleon at Erfurt, they walked arm and arm together one beautiful morning up and down one of the alleys of the park. They and their armies had been to war with each other more than once, but were now friends.

At the foot of a flight of steps leading from a terrace stood an old French Grenadier on guard. As the two emperors walked up and down, dividing the world between them, the old grenadier saluted; but his stern face was as expressionless as a wall.

However, both emperors noted upon this old soldier's face something which interested them—a great white saber scar, which extended from the forehead well down upon the cheek.

Napoleon paused, smiling proudly as he looked at the grenadier's scar. Then he shook his head significantly.

"What do you think, my brother," he said to the czar, "of soldiers who carry into new battles such wounds as that?"

"And you, my brother," answered Alexander, smiling in his turn, "what do you think of soldiers who can give such wounds?"

Then a voice came as if from the air:

"They are all dead—those fellows!"

It was the grenadier, who, without in the least disturbing the bronze immobility of his face or wavering the slightest in his statue-like salute, had vindicated his record as a warrior with this remark.

The czar smiled modestly. "Here, as everywhere else, the victory is yours," he said to Napoleon.

"And here, as everywhere else, it is my grenadiers who give it to me," said the French emperor.

Then the two potentates marched on, leaving the grenadier's scarred face as impassive as ever.

**A Fickle Girl.**

Arthur (gloomily)—I am afraid Mabel's love for me is cooling.

Friend—Have you heard from her to-day?

Arthur—Yes, and here's her letter. She uses the word "love" only sixteen times, and only underscores it ten.—New York Weekly.

The schooner yacht Laska, now on the Atlantic on a mug-hunting trip to British waters, has a case in her cabin containing all the prizes that she has thus far won. There is room for more cups in the cabinet, and the Laska ought to try and bring back the Cape May challenge cup that the Genesta carried off some years ago.

**A COOL MAN.**

**He Went Back in a Wreck for His Waistcoat.**

Reading an article published in the New York Tribune in which were described the experience of two men in a railroad wreck where a car rolled over and over down an embankment into a river reminded a New Yorker of a similar accident.

"There isn't anything in the world that I know," he said, "that makes a man lose his senses so completely as being tumbled over and over in a falling car, and yet I met a man once who seemed the personification of coolness in just such a situation. As soon as our car left the track we were all shot from our berths in various directions, being tumbled up and down and around as the car kept on turning somersaults. Like the people I read about, we landed in the water, and when the car came to a stand still after its terrifying bumping and crashing, I was so frightened that I could scarcely move my arms to keep my head above water.

"Near me, however, was a man who kept his head.

"Don't splash around so," he said, "you'll cut yourself. The car is full of broken glass lamps, wrenched rods and rails, and you'll hack yourself to pieces."

"But I thought I was drowning, and I shouted my fears to him.

"Oh, no," said he, "we are not drowning; we'll get out of this easily."

"But it was not so easy to escape as my cool friend assured me. The whole inside work had been shattered, and there was nothing by which we could climb to the windows, which were high above us, as our car was overturned, lying on its roof.

"We made so many efforts to jump up, always falling back into the water, that I became exhausted. My friend, however, kept on encouraging me.

"Finally, with his assistance, I managed to clutch a window frame and I got out. He followed me shortly afterward.

"The first thing he did when we had climbed outside was to examine himself for cuts and other wounds.

"Well, I guess I am alive," he said, with a laugh.

"After we had sat there for awhile watching with shivers the wreckers working out to us, my friend declared he was going to crawl back into the car.

"Great heavens!" I begged, "don't do that; we were lucky to get out once. You might get pinned there or drowned by the rising water."

"I have a waistcoat in there," he answered, "and in the inside pocket there's over \$1,000. I am going back for that waistcoat. My birth was an end one, and I might be able to find it."

"In the face of my protests he crawled back through the window, and when he dropped down with a loud splash, I was as rattled as if I had been there again myself. I could hear him puffing around in the water down there for a long time, while he fished for his waistcoat. Finally his wet head came through the window once more, and I was never more glad to see a man.

"I got it," he said, with a triumphant laugh. "Pretty wet, but the bills seem to be there. Watch is gone. Too bad, top; it was given to me, but one can't expect to save everything out of a railroad wreck," he added cheerfully.

"He was a cool man, that fellow, and nothing could disturb his good humor."

**WELCOME ONLY WHEN INVITED.**

**A Chinese Diplomat's Method of Avoiding Repetition of a Disgraceful Scene.**

It does not take foreigners in Washington long to thoroughly adapt themselves to the social customs of the city. This is especially true of the Chinese, whose spirit of imitateness is proverbial the world over. All Washingtonians and many outsiders will remember the famous ball at the Chinese legation some six or seven years ago when the list of guests was so swelled by the addition of the uninvited that the place was crowded to suffocation, and the mob—for, according to Kate Field's Washington, it was hardly anything else—so abused the hospitality of these orientals as to induce them from that time to close the legation except for business purposes.

The fact that the majority of entertainments given during the season are written up in the local papers, with a list of the guests present, appears to have been duly noted by the attaches of the Chinese legation, who desired to avail themselves of this means to prevent the public from appearing uninvited at legation functions. A society reporter, of one of the leading local papers was formally requested by an attaché about to give an evening party to publish in advance the names of those to whom invitations had really been issued. In order that only such should attend the entertainment. Finding that such a course of procedure was entirely out of the question, the cautious Chinaman compromised upon receiving a promise to insert a notice that cards of invitation would be required of guests upon their arrival at the legation, where the man selected for duty knew by sight every one of the guests bidden to the reception.

Unique Art.  
 Mrs. Earle—Your daughter has been studying painting, has she not?  
 Mrs. Lamoy—Yes; you should see some of the sunsets she paints. There never was anything like them.

Meekison—Why did the policeman club Vokes?  
 Bangs—For getting in his way when he was getting swat from a fight.

**THOSE** who could not eat cake, hot biscuit, bread and pastry because of indigestion have found that by raising them with Royal Baking Powder they are enabled to eat them with perfect comfort.

Royal Baking Powder is composed of chemically pure cream of tartar and bicarbonate of soda, and is an actual preventive of dyspepsia.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

**Grants of Land.**  
 WHILE the United States has made more liberal provisions, in grants of public lands and appropriations from the treasury, for the education of the industrial classes, it is worthy of note that they are led by several of the countries of Europe in the number of their technical schools, as well as in the number of those who are being fitted in them for practical entrance into some industrial calling. This is especially true of France, Germany, Belgium and Austria, and even Russia, notwithstanding its lack of progress in other respects, has taken an advanced stand in the matter of industrial education.

It saves time and labor to use only the pure breeds because for years back the selection of the best has been going on, and for the farmer to attempt to select the best from the scrubs he will but only entail upon himself the duty of doing over that which has already been done, and which required fifty years of labor in careful selection and experiments of some of the most experienced men, and, with some of the breeds, much longer.

**Which Will You Be?**  
 A farm renter or a farm owner? It rests with yourself. Stay where you are and you will be a renter all your life. Move to Nebraska where good land is cheap and cheap land is good and you can easily become an owner. Write to J. Francis, G. P. and T. A., Burlington route, Omaha, Neb., for a descriptive pamphlet. It's free, and a postal will bring it to you.

**First Tramp—**Who wouldn't be a pretty little flower? It stays in bed all summer.  
**Second Tramp—**Yes, but think of the water you would have to take during that time. Ugh!—Norristown Herald.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve," warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

When the eagle screams the other birds keep silent.

The most timid curate is brave enough to seek the bubble reputation, even in the canon's mouth.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine, Cures Chapped Hands and Chapped or Raw Feet. Chamberlain, Price, 5c. C. G. Clark Co., New York, N. Y.

WHEAT is the best grain for poultry except when fattening for market, when corn is best.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incurable Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25 cents, 50 cents, and \$1.00.

Many votes are cast for the party who acts upon the theory that robbing the many steals from none.

Who suffers with his liver, constipation, biliousness, poor blood or dizziness—take Beecham's Pills. Of druggists. 25 cents.

Rhyming dictionaries are not edited by poets.

W. H. GRIFFIN, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years, Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The wild oat crop is ground at the devil's mill.



**A BAD TEMPER** and a bad liver— you'll always find joined together. Make a note of this, and see if it isn't true.

Now, why not give your naturally sunny disposition a chance? Dr. Felt's Pleasant Pellets order a liver, clear up your system, and make life look different to you. They do it in a pleasant way, too. They're the smallest, the easiest to take, and the most natural remedy.

Keep a vial of these tiny Pellets in your vest-pocket. They'll give you a permanent cure for Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Indigestion, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and every derangement of the liver, stomach and bowels.

The makers are so sure you'll be satisfied that they'll agree, if you're not, to return the money.

For twenty-five years these Pellets have sold on their merit. Why buy other pills, when P. P. P. are "guaranteed"? There's nothing likely to be "just as good."

W. N. U. CHICAGO, Vol. IX, No. 23. When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention this Paper.

**IF YOU WANT TO FEEL A PERFECT CURE PROMPTLY, OF LUMBAGO, ST. JACOBS OIL WILL DO IT AS NOTHING ELSE CAN DO.**

**Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm**

Justly celebrated as the Standard Liver and Kidney Medicine of America.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies or Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of **W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa**, which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

**W. BAKER & CO.,** Dorchester, Mass.

**Do you Travel? YES! Big Four Route**

BEST LINE EAST TO THE Mountains, Lakes and Seashore.

**TAKE A REST GO EAST GO VIA LAKE SHORE ROUTE**

AMERICA'S BEST RAILWAY.

Vestibule Trains to New York and Boston. ASK FOR TICKETS VIA THE **BIG FOUR ROUTE.**

E. O. McCORMICK, D. H. MARTIN, Pass. Traffic Manager, Gen. Pass. and T. A. CINCINNATI.

SEND 10c. IN STAMPS or silver for Beautiful Litho-Water Color View of the "FAMOUS EXPOSITION FLYER," the fastest long distance train ever run.

**C. K. WILBER, West. P. A., CHICAGO.**

**TO COLORADO RESORTS** will set in early this year, and the Great Rock Island Route has already ample and perfect arrangements to transport the many who will take in the lovely cool of Colorado's **HIGH ALTITUDES.**

The Track is perfect, and double over important divisions. Train equipment the very best, and a solid vestibule train called the **BIG FIVE** leaves Chicago daily at 10 p. m. and arrives second morning at Denver or Colorado Springs for breakfast.

Any Coupon Ticket Agent can give you rates, and further information will be cheerfully and quickly responded to by addressing **J. NO. SEBASTIAN,** General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

**BOOGE, FRAZEE & CO. 315 RIALTO, CHICAGO.**

Members of the **Chicago Board of Trade** GRAIN, PROVISIONS and STOCKS Bought, Sold and Carried on Margin.

References: **CORN EXCHANGE BANK** Market Letter Free.

**FREE! Madame Ruppert's FACE BLEACH**

Applying the fact that thousands of ladies of the U. S. have noticed my Face Bleach, on account of price, which is 25c per bottle, and in order that all may give it a fair trial, I will send a Sample Bottle, safely packed, at charge prepaid, on receipt of 5c. **FACE BLEACH** removes redness, freckles, blotches, pimples, and all other blemishes of the skin, and beautifies the complexion. Address **Mme. A. RUPPERT, 6 E. 14th St., N.Y. City**

**WANTED SALESMEN** on salary, \$100 to \$150 per month, to sell California wines. Send 1c postage stamp for full particulars. **PAN FRANCISCO WINE CO.,** rooms 20 and 21 W. 4th St., Omaha, Neb.

**Patents, Trade-Marks.** Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Patent Office" or how to deal a Patent. **PATRICK O'BRIEN, WASHINGTON, D. C.**

## IN AN AFRICAN SIMOON.

### THRILLING EXPERIENCE IN AN EQUATORIAL STORM.

Passengers and Crew Were Waiting for Dinner When the Tornado Swept Down on Them—Masts Were Carried Away—A Matter of Life and Death.

"In the days of modern steamships, which defy wind and wave and race like railroad trains through all kinds of weather," said Captain Thomas Dutton, of the White Star liner Umbria, to a New York Journal man, "strange adventures are the exception, and not, as formerly, the rule."

"Perhaps the most thrilling adventure of my life at sea occurred on my first voyage out from London. I was a bit of a lad, assigned to the Captain's cabin, and I didn't know a reef point from a capstan bar. But I was ambitious to be a sailor, and I can assure you that the subsequent events of that same voyage nearly realized my ambition."

"Ours was an East India merchantman, a big, lubberly, full-rigged ship that mixed the business of carrying passengers and freight. We had been at sea nearly a month, and I had got over my desire to get sick, when something happened that I will never forget. We were sailing along one day under topsails, topgallant sails and royals, all drawing grandly, when one of those awful African squalls, sometimes known as simoons, bore down on us with the suddenness and swiftness of lightning out of a clear sky."

"It was about noon, and the passengers and crew were all gathered along the weather rail awaiting the steward's call to dinner. Not one of them, not even the captain himself, suspected what was coming, so that the tornado got a full and fair sweep at our canvas."

"I can't tell just how it all happened, for everything was so confused that the details were beyond the power of one man's observation, but I do know that the sticks were carried out, snapped short off at the decks as if a huge knife, impelled by mammoth machinery, had done the job."

"The stanch ship, brought up all standing, trembled just as a man would when laboring under some great mental excitement, and then, when the spars had tumbled and gone by the board, seemed to collapse."

"How the crew and the passengers escaped being annihilated by the falling wreckage I don't know and can't explain, but it does seem a miracle when you look at it now. Not a man was injured. The tornado tore and bowled around us, the seas began to wash over our decks, and the passengers were hurried below for their own safety, while the crew, armed with knives, axes and hatchets, turned to and began clearing away the wreck. That was a tremendous task, rendered terribly dangerous and difficult by the seas which swept the decks every few minutes and knocked the seamen about like so many sticks."

"But they never faltered. Finally enough was cleared away to relieve the ship, and then all hands turned their attention to the pumps, the wells of which had been sounded, and showed that a leak of serious dimensions had been started somewhere. "The way those sailors worked was heroic. Standing right in the teeth of the tornado, careless of the dangers which multiplied around them, they pumped until many of them fell exhausted."

"You may say that it is a matter of life or death with a sailor who pumps. Since that time, I have learned to take a more generous view of the work of a man who labors to save a foundering ship, for I know that in nine cases out of ten it is simply a question of duty."

"Well, the storm passed, and there we were drifting in the Atlantic close to the equator, a dismantled wreck, without even a spar left with which to rig a jury mast. And to make our plight worse, the leak did not show any signs of lessening when the storm abated, while the hot glare of the equatorial sun rendered physical exertion, such as the men had to endure at the pumps, something awful."

"The male passengers were called in to help, and they responded to a man, as I remember. We all agreed that as long as we could keep the wreck afloat we were infinitely better off than we would be drifting about in small boats, and then, as we were right in the path of vessels, we entertained the hope that we would soon be sighted and relieved of our embarrassment."

"This last conjecture proved to be a good one, for toward the close of the seventh day we saw a sail to windward. It came closer and closer, and we could discern enough of her rig and cut to see that she was a man-of-war."

"At last we saw the union jack floating from her peak, and then we knew we were safe. We were taken from the wreck that night, and as we turned our head for England again we saw the ship, which had so nearly carried us all to the bottom, go up in a grand burst of flame."

"The captain of the man-of-war, in pursuance of naval orders to destroy all derelicts, had set her afire."

## DID NOT FIGHT AFTER ALL.

Prevented From Firing by the Direct Sign of a Secret Order.

A play recently written for a popular comedian is founded on a tragic occurrence in which Dr. J. M. Kellar, formerly of Louisville, but now of Hot Springs, Ark., was an actor. The story was told to Mr. Gardner, who repeated it to James B. Garey, and the last-named gentleman saw the dramatic possibilities. The incident occurred during the war, says the Courier-Journal. Dr. Kellar was an army surgeon, and was stationed at Nashville. One night at the Nashville club two officers, a major and a colonel, had a misunderstanding during a card game, and the lie was passed. Immediately there was a challenge. The colonel, who was a comparative stranger, called on Dr. Kellar to act as his second, and gave him letters of introduction, showing that he was a gentleman and a brave soldier. Preliminaries were arranged, and the belligerents with their seconds met on the field of honor the next morning at sunrise. The distance was measured off, the principals were stationed, and "one, two" had been counted, when the colonel threw up his hand and declared he could not and would not fight. He declined to give his reasons and was branded as a coward. Dr. Kellar, who knew the man must have a valid excuse, stood by him and requested the others to say nothing of the affair until proper explanations were made. When the doctor reached his hotel he found a note from the colonel, which only added to the mystery. He declined to explain his apparent cowardly action, but said that time would show he had acted rightly. He left Nashville and was afterwards heard of only from the seat of war, and in all cases was spoken of as a brave and fearless soldier. At last news came of his death and with it a letter to Dr. Kellar that had been found on the dead man's body. It cleared the mystery. This letter stated that just as the colonel raised his weapon to fire in the duel his antagonist, the major, had given the distress sign of a secret organization of which both were members, and the colonel could not and would not violate his oath by disregarding the signal. Dr. Kellar hunted down the cowardly major, made him acknowledge the truth of the statement, and had him dismissed from the army in disgrace.

A New Story of Lincoln.

Crossing a field one day, President Lincoln, it is said, was pursued by an angry bull. He made for the fence, says Life's Calendar, but soon discovered that the bull was overtaking him. He then began to run around a haystack in the field, and the bull pursued him; but, in making the short circles around the stack, Lincoln was the faster, and, instead of the bull catching him, he caught the bull and grabbed him by the tail. It was a firm grip and a controlling one. He began to kick the bull, and the bull bellowed with agony and dashed across the field, Lincoln hanging to his tail and kicking him at every jump, and, as they flew along, Lincoln yelled at the bull: "Dare you, who began this fight?"

THEY MEAN BUSINESS.

In the Northern districts of Manitoba dog trains are still in use, and very satisfactory time is made by the animals, who skim over the frozen snow at a rapid rate.

The successor of the Fifth avenue bank of New York, in offering special facilities for women, has been followed in Brooklyn, where a new bank is to be located in the magnificent storage building just opened in the center of the business district. It will have a special entrance for women and their business will be catered to.

A charter has been issued to the Bluefield electric railway company, composed of Philadelphia capitalists. The company proposes to build an electric railway about twenty miles in length to connect six towns in the Bluefield coal region of West Virginia. The railway will carry both freight and passengers, and will be the first of its kind in the state.

TALES THEY TELL.

Referring to the fascinations of golf a London paper tells of a Scotchman, a retired minister of the kirk, who was deploring the tendency of the game to become a ruling passion, and also to induce bad language. "In fact," he said, "I had to give it up for that reason." "Give up golf?" exclaimed his friend. "No," said his reverence, "the ministry."

One of our best writers, tells that a little niece of his had been a very naughty girl and her aunt had had to punish her severely. When she came to say her prayers at night her little mind was full of wrath against her aunt, but yet the child did not quite like to leave her name out of her evening devotions, so she compromised matters by saying: "Pray, God, bless father and mother," etc.; then, after a long pause, she added, "and bless Aunt Julia, too—but not much."

Ward McAllister's statement that William D. Howells was not sufficiently posted concerning "society" to write about it, recalls the remark of a clerk in a Boston bank, when the once famous colored caterer, J. B. Smith, presented himself with a check he wished to have cashed. The clerk declined to pay out the money until Mr. Smith had identified himself. "What! don't you know me?" shouted the famous caterer. "I do not," said the clerk. "Well," said Mr. Smith, "I guess you never went into society much, I've catered for the whole of it."

## THE TALE OF A CONVICT.

### AN AUTHOR IN PRISON FOR MURDER ROMANCES.

Went to Sea to Cure Himself of the Tobacco Habit, and After Suffering for Days Discovered That the Ship Was Laden With the Herb.

The Philanthropic Visitor to the prison was very much impressed with the appearance of one of the convicts. He did not look like an evil man, says Luke Sharp. There was intelligence in his face and the light of learning in his eyes. The Philanthropic Visitor got permission to speak to him and he soon found from the convict's conversation that he was a man of education. The visitor spoke kindly to him for a few minutes, and at last asked how he came to be in such a place.

"Well, sir," said the convict, "I began on cigarettes when I was a boy and gradually worked up to cigars and finally took a pipe. I smoked incessantly. It seemed to soothe me in my business worries, and although people warned me of the injurious effect on my health I paid no heed to them. At length, however, I fell a victim to a nervous disorder and I called on a noted specialist from New York. The specialist told me that I must stop smoking, otherwise it would be the direct cause of my death. After the doctor had given me his orders I began a desperate struggle with the habit. My trial was an utter failure. To finding that I could not break myself of the dangerous passion of tobacco, I was frank with my doctor and told him that it was very evident that I must die. I asked him how long he would give me to live if I smoked as much as usual. He said about three months. This was very serious. I did not wish to die, of course, but knew that I could not stop the habit of smoking."

"You see, sir, it was before the days of the gold cure, and I could get no help from drugs toward breaking my bonds. Two or three days after the doctor came to me and said: "There is a ship in the harbor which sails soon for San Francisco, which is a voyage of several months. The captain is an old friend of mine and has never touched liquor or tobacco. You are a rich man and can arrange terms with him. He will get together a crew that do not use tobacco in any form. This, as you know, will be a difficult matter. You will be six months of so getting round the Horn, and if you take half a dozen cigars with you, so that the impulse will not come upon you until you are well out at sea, I venture to say that you will be cured of the habit before you reach San Francisco."

"I met the captain that night, and we speedily came to terms. The doctor now allowed me to smoke until I went on board the ship. Things were very pleasant for the first few days, but because I had plenty of cigars with me. Reason told me that I should use my cigars sparingly, and should have smoked one or two a week, but as I told you I had no self-control, and I smoked them more rapidly, one after another, until they were all gone. Then came purgatory. I found that the captain had kept to his contract only too well and that there was not one of the crew who used tobacco in any form. I tried bribery and everything else with them, but it was all of no use, for though they were quite willing to be bribed there was no tobacco among them. As the voyage went on my case became worse and worse, and to make my torture greater I had my pipe in my pocket. I resolved to smoke anything that would burn in a pipe, so one day when the captain was out on deck I prowled around his cabin to get some paper to smoke. He was not a reading man and there were no books on board. I was afraid to tear any business papers, as it might cause trouble, but I knew bills of lading were done in duplicate, and there was one now on his desk. Before stuffing some of the paper in my pipe I glanced over to see what it was, so that I might write it out again if it became necessary to do so. I could not believe my eyes when I read. It was the bill of lading of that schooner, and what do you think the vessel was loaded up with?"

"Why, Virginia tobacco! It was evident that none of the crew knew this, no one except the captain, and he, of course, would not tell me, having undertaken my cure and being a friend of the doctor. Just think of it. The ship was loaded from stem to stern with prime tobacco, and me dying for a smoke! I sat up all that night, working at the paneling in my stateroom, and when, toward morning, I succeeded in making a passageway large enough to crawl through I broke open one of the packages. It was full of splendid Virginia tobacco, and, as you may imagine, I reveled in smoking, though I had to do it in secret. When we reached San Francisco the owners came aboard and found that I had broken cargo and burglarized their tobacco. I offered to pay for it, but it was no use. I was arrested, tried, sentenced, for the crime I had committed seemed to be pretty nearly the same as if I had turned pirate or led a mutiny."

When the convict had finished his sad story the Philanthropic Visitor went to the governor of the prison and asked: "Cannot something be done for the man who is in for breaking the cargo of a tobacco ship? Any one who smokes knows what a terrible temptation it must have been."

"Oh, that man," said the governor, raising his eyebrows. "He is not in

for breaking cargo; he is a novelist and is doing time for murdering a critic. It was brought in justifiable homicide, and he merely told you the latest yarn that ran through his brain. He never smoked in his life."

## AMERICAN FORTUNES.

Europe Has Nothing to Compare With the Colossal Figures.

By a calculation made a year or two ago by an American statistician, it seems that seventy citizens of the United States possess among them an aggregate wealth of \$540,000,000. That gives an aggregate wealth of about \$7,500,000 apiece. To come to particulars: There was one estate—restrain here from mentioning names—returned at no less than \$30,000,000; there were five individuals valued at \$20,000,000, one valued at \$14,000,000, two valued at \$12,000,000, six valued at \$10,000,000, six valued at \$8,000,000, four valued at \$7,000,000, thirteen valued at \$6,000,000, ten valued at \$5,000,000, four valued at \$4,500,000 and fifteen at \$4,000,000.

The brain reels before such figures. They express measures of wealth which the ordinary mortal is powerless to grasp.

Besides these seventy colossal fortunes there are fifty other persons in the Northern states alone valued at over \$2,000,000 each, thirty of them being valued in all at \$90,000,000. There was some little time ago published lists of sixty-three millionaires in Pennsylvania possessing in the aggregate \$80,000,000, and of sixty persons in three villages near New York whose wealth aggregate \$100,000,000. In Boston fifty families pay taxes on annual incomes of about \$200,000 each.

We have nothing to compare with such individual cases of wealth in Great Britain, says Chambers' Journal. Baron Rothschild and Lord Overstone each left about \$3,500,000; the late Lord Dudley left \$4,000,000; the late duke of Buccleuch, estimated to be the richest Scotchman, left estates valued at \$6,000,000. One living English duke is valued at \$10,000,000, and another at \$8,000,000; but not many names could be added to these, to place against the above list of American fortunes. In 1884 there were only 404 persons in the united kingdom whose incomes from business profits were returned as over \$50,000 a year. In 1886 there were only seventeen estates which paid probate duty on about \$25,000 each.

The Country Editor.

Ex-Governor Francis of Missouri, at a recent business convention, paid the following tribute to the country editor. He said, among other things: "The editor in proportion to his means, does more for his town than any other ten men, and in all fairness he ought to be supported. To-day the editors of the home papers do the most for the least money of any people on the face of the earth."—Printer's Ink.

The Prison Editor.

A curious feature of Japanese journalism is that every important paper is said to have a "prison editor." Japanese journalists are so constantly being fined and sent to prison that the sole occupation of the individual is to go to jail when called upon. He draws his full salary only while in durance vile.

Jinks' Fool Notion.

Winks—Did you ever notice that, during hard times, religious revivals always start up and the long-empty churches are sure to be filled?

Jinks—Yes. "How do you account for it?" "Salvation's free."

CURRENT FUN.

He, after their first kiss—Ah, Ethel it was your womanly instinct that told you I loved you. "No-o, your sister."

"It is as easy to write shorthand," Foggs says, "as it is to run into debt. In either case it is the notes that bother a fellow."

Irene—I've read so often about stag parties. What is a stag party? Laura—Don't you know? It's a party where they are all male dears.

"What right have Miss Scribb's friends to consider her a brilliant writer?" Scratchey—Er—why, the kind of ink she uses, I suppose.

Mr. Flash—Was your sister expecting me this evening? "Yes, I guess so." "Did she say anything about it?" "No, but she went to the opera with Mr. Jones."

Wife—Cousin Kate says you were very impolite toward her when she called on Monday. Husband—That was because it was twilight and I thought at first it was yourself.

He—I'm sure Cupid had nothing to do with arranging our alphabet. She—What gives you that impression? He—If he had been doing it he would have placed U and I much nearer each other.

Pastor, to peasant girl—Why do you weep so much? "Because my lover has gone to the army for three years." "But those will soon be over; then he will return." "Yes, but I am afraid in the meantime another man will marry me."

"You are not afraid to die, are you?" asked the weeping watcher at the bedside. "No," whispered the chronic kicker, "but it does worry me to think that I soon shall be with the silent majority, when all of my life I have enjoyed being in the noisy minority."

"Did you hear about Sharpwren? He has abandoned Miss Monniworth, the girl he was engaged to." "You don't mean it! What was the reason, I wonder?" "They say it was a case of heart failure. He heard that old Monniworth had gone into insolvency."

## A Base Insinuation.

Lord Chancellor Eldon pronounced the word "liken" as if written lion. Sir Arthur Pigott, a distinguished chancery lawyer, maintained that "liken" was to be pronounced like lean, and one day made a stand in court for his favorite pronunciation, whereupon Jekyll, a witty lawyer, perpetrated this rhyming pun, which alludes to the parsimonious arrangements of the chancellor's kitchen: "Sir Arthur, Sir Arthur, why, what do you mean by saying the chancellor's lion is lean? D'ye think that his kitchen's so bad as all that? That nothing within it can ever get fat?"

## APPROPRIATION ORDINANCE.

Be it ordained by the president and board of trustees of the village of Des Plaines.

SECTION 1. That the sum of twenty-eight hundred dollars (\$2,800) be and the same is hereby levied as a tax on all the taxable property, both real and personal, of the village of Des Plaines for the current fiscal year for general expenses of the village.

Passed this 4th day of June, 1894.  
Approved this 4th day of June, 1894.  
Published this 8th day of June, 1894.  
THOMAS KEATES,  
President board of trustees.

Attest: E. C. SCHAEFER, village clerk.

## PUBLICATION NOTICE IN ATTACHMENT.

State of Illinois, County of Cook, ss.  
Circuit court of Cook county, May term, A. D. 1894.

J. Walter Thompson vs. Bortree Manufacturing company.  
Attachment No. 121,388.

Public notice is hereby given to said Bortree Manufacturing company that a writ of attachment issued out of the office of the clerk of the Circuit court of Cook county, dated the 8th day of May A. D. 1894, at the suit of the above named plaintiff and against the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects of the said defendant, Bortree Manufacturing company, for the sum of seven hundred and twenty-five dollars, directed to the sheriff of Cook county to execute.

Now, therefore, unless you, the said defendant, Bortree Manufacturing company, shall personally be and appear before the said Circuit court of Cook county, on or before the first day of the next term thereof, to be held at the court house in the City of Chicago, on the third Monday of May A. D. 1894, five o'clock and plead to the plaintiff's action, judgment will be entered against you and in favor of the said plaintiff, and so much of the lands, goods, chattels, rights, moneys, credits and effects attached as may be sufficient to satisfy the said judgment and costs, will be held to satisfy the same.  
FRANK J. GAULTIER, Clerk.  
SAYLER & FRAZER, Attorneys, 317

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