

PARK RIDGE.

CHURCHES.
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—The Rev. Charles S. Leeper, pastor; C. W. Stanbury, Superintendent Sunday school. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer 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. R. H. Doliver, pastor; F. C. Jorgeson, 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 7 o'clock.

VILLAGE OFFICERS.
O. D. S. Gallup, President
A. W. Cochran, F. C. Jorgeson, Z. D. Root, J. P. Mickelson, Wm. Sauer and S. H. Holbrook, Trustees
Joseph Malone, Village Clerk
W. E. Ward, Treasurer
G. T. Stebbings, Collector
D. W. Wood, Village Attorney
A. E. Meacham, Sup. waterworks
Henry Diesel, Street Commissioner
Chas. Haesman, Pound Master
W. W. Straus, Engineer
C. O. Lowman, Police Magistrate

POLICEMEN.
Captain of Police
Chas. Diesel, Village Constable
Henry Diesel, Patrolman
Wm. Haesman, (Special Police)

BOARD OF EDUCATION.
Owen Stuart, President
Frank W. McNally, Secretary
A. E. Meacham, Thomas Jones, Charles Kobow, F. C. Jorgeson, J. E. Perry, Trustees

NOTICE—H. E. Redlings has charge of his old greenhouses again in Park Ridge and has a choice assortment of flowers of every description. It will pay you to give him a call.

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Dr. Annette Bennett, homeopathic physician. Residence, Grant place, opposite old school house, Park Ridge.

Patronize the People's Laundry, represented in Park Ridge by Claud Mills. Send postal and he will call Wednesday.

Bread, cake, pies, ice cream, cigars, etc., at Mrs. Jane's parlor, Park and Prospect avenues. About 6 o'clock dinners.

Mrs. Ayotte sells delicious ice cream and candy. Also ice cold root beer, cigars, etc. A full line of school books. Corner Park and Prospect avenues.

NOTICE—On Tuesday evening, July 10, a lawn social will be held in the grove adjacent to Mrs. Ayotte's ice cream parlors. It is to be hoped that a large attendance may be there, as the receipts will be in the nature of a donation toward the salary of Rev. C. S. Leeper.

NOTICE—Good house and barn, lot 300x200 well located in Park Ridge to exchange for small farm outside of corporation. Apply to W. E. Blaikie, Park Ridge.

Charlie Kobow says there was white frost on the ground 5th of July morning, but Royal Meacham says it was cobwebs.

Oat meal in 4-pound bags for 10 cents at Kobow & Brunst's grocery.

There is no doubt that the Fourth of July is a glorious day and all that, but when a poor parson who has to hustle to make both ends meet, and then don't always make sure connections (in Park Ridge), sees what might have been used to pay unpaid salary due him shot up into the air in fire and smoke, he must have to use all the Christianity at his command to keep from using a cuss word.

We omitted to state in our board proceedings that a petition was presented asking the continuance of a certain ground globe electric lamp. We trust the petition may be granted.

The police magistrate's broncho did considerable bucking.

Cheunemann and his mule didn't agree.

Bloomers were on deck in great style.

Joe Malone stepped out of the ranks and marched on the sidewalk when he caught sight of his best girl. He ought to be court-martialed.

The following individuals ought to have been sent up in a balloon or ridden on a rail: Becker, Cade, Lowman, and their side partner, Frey, bothered the life out Alderman Cochran.

The graduation exercises of Park Ridge grammar school were held in the Congregational church, June 29 at 8 p. m. Warm as was the evening the audience could not but enjoy the exercises, so well did each participant do her or his part. Space will not allow the approving comment due to the "class of '94." Others than their teachers and parents were proud of them. This was a people's occasion. They were out in large numbers, crowding the church, enjoying the exercises and feasting eyes on the decorations. The "class" with the other school children, make the richest decorations on such occasions. By the way the electric lights were put into the church especially for this "commencement," two arc lights being, which will later be removed and replaced with a large number of incandescent lights.

Sunday evening, July 1, Rev. C. S. Leeper preached at the Congregational church on electric lights from the text, "His Lightnings Enlighteneth the World." The occasion was the first use of electric lights at church service in Park Ridge.

Semi-annual business meeting of the Men's Sunday Evening club will be held at the Congregational church at 8 o'clock Friday evening, July 13. Election of officers at this meeting.

Sunday morning, July 8, at the Congregational church the sermon subject will be "My Father's House." The Sunday evening subject will be "Good Roads; or, The King's Highway." Junior Endeavor prayer meeting at 4:30 p. m. Senior Endeavor meeting at 7 p. m. sharp, subject: "How Are Men Helped by the Holy Spirit?"

Board Meeting.

A first regular meeting of the board was held on Tuesday evening with all members present. Minutes of last adjourned meeting read and approved. A communication from James Hastings, asking for dirt from the Elm street sewer, was referred to committee. The following bills for laying sidewalk were read and referred to committee on streets: Miller & Brewer, 26 cents per foot for walk, 26 cents for approaches and 30 cents for crossings; S. W. Robinson, 23 1/2 cents per foot; T. W. Humphreys, 24 1/2 cents; George Clark, 29 1/2-100 for walk and 30 cents for crossings; William Fallon, 24 1/2-10 cents; T. W. Gilchrist, 26 cent. Canfield-on-the-Hill people petitioned for three electric lights. Referred to committee on streets. A petition was received from numerous residents on Center street opposing the putting down of water mains on that thoroughfare. Same was referred to committee. Residents of Washington street petitioned for water mains. Referred to committee. A communication from Lawyer Terhune of Chicago was received asking the board to adjust Engineer McClean's bills or suit would be brought against the village. On motion of Trustee Cochran the clerk was instructed to notify Mr. Terhune that the board would allow the bill provided a claim which the village held against McClean of \$1,500 was adjusted. Mr. McClean to make good the difference. The collector's and treasurer's reports were read and ordered spread on records, the latter showing a cash balance on hand of \$4,988.59.

Bills for the month of June were passed to the amount of \$910.53. Trustee Holbrook introduced an ordinance for first reading for the sewer at Canfield-on-the-Hill. Trustee Root introduced an ordinance for first reading for iron water mains on Center street and Grant place. Trustees Root, Sauer and Mickelson were appointed commissioners to make estimate on same. The water rate for Mrs. Jane's new store was reduced to \$5.00 as applying to a one story building. Meeting adjourned.

The Fourth of July in Park Ridge. Fourth of July celebrations in this great republic of ours are much the same throughout the land in all large cities. In every little town and hamlet the day is given up to boisterous merriment and the fire, crack and cannon, the torpedo, pinwheel, etc., serve to proclaim to the world those principles of independence for which our forefathers struggled and gained such a glorious victory. Park Ridge was no exception to the rule in the observance of the day and this fact was well demonstrated on Wednesday last.

WHAT WE OBSERVED.

The day dawned beautiful and clear, and being somewhat of an early riser we strolled down town for our usual commissary stores at the butcher's, baker's, etc. On Mr. Kobow's corner we abruptly ran across August Wesche, who was endeavoring to arouse the sleeping village with the deafening sound of an anvil chorus. He had told us the previous evening he had a friend over in Michigan and was going to swim across the lake with that identical anvil under his arm to make him a present of it. It seems however that he thought better of the matter and concluded to celebrate at home. At 10:30 a. m. the park in the vicinity of the depot was crowded. Standing room was at a premium and as Buffalo Bill astride of a spirited broncho and clothed in a suit of buckskin with rifle in hand rode back and forth along the line marshaling his posts the imagination would not have to have been stretched to any great extent to believe the veterans had been ordered out to quell President Debs' uprising of the American Railway Union.

The different organizations were marshaled as follows:

1. Police escort, Capt. C. B. Moore, Patrolman Charles Duwel.
2. West Chicago Band (eight pieces).
3. Old veterans, Mr. Mates, Irving Clark; Capt. Anderson, Albert Elkins, A. Wesche, B. Wolsey, A. Steiner, Samuel Lauby, Mr. Williams, Mr. Brunow, Mr. Quenton, Mr. Abbott.
4. Cavalry headed by J. T. Jones, comprising C. O. Lowman, George Chittenden, Mr. Muir, John Filkins, Miss Barton, Mrs. Richards, Miss Stella Cummings, Miss Orpha Winston, Miss Schmetekoph.
5. Park Ridge rifles.
6. Boys' brigade.
7. Float (little girls driven by Evan Jones).
8. Citizens' brigade (headed by Rev. Doliver), corps.
9. Bicycle corps.
10. Hon. William E. Mason, orator of the day, came next to the police escort in a carriage. Commander Owen Stuart, Adj. Stanton, Capt. Holbrook and various non-commissioned officers took charge of the procession, which was variously estimated at from one block to a mile in length. The line of march was adhered to as given in our last issue. Arriving at Ashland Park the civilians broke ranks and witnessed a very creditable dress parade by the militia. A platform was erected in the park around which were grouped numerous benches, while the ladies dispensed ice cream, lemonade, etc. The opening prayer was made by Rev. C. S. Leeper, after which Miss Myrtle Deane was introduced, who read the Declaration of Independence, being heartily cheered

for her rendition of same. After a closing prayer by Rev. R. H. Doliver, Col. Stuart introduced the orator of the day, Hon. William E. Mason. His remarks were listened to with rapt attention, particularly that part where he advised the ladies to be sure and give their husbands all the liberty they were entitled to on the glorious Fourth. We can not dwell at too much length upon the various enjoyments of the day, suffice it to say that Irving Park ball club wiped the earth with the Park Ridge amateurs in the morning and the married and single men crossed bats in the afternoon. We didn't hear which side won, and we don't believe anybody found out. The fire works in the evening were a dream of beauty, and would have been a joy forever had they lasted that long, but as everything good must come to an end, so with the festivities of the day in Park Ridge. Adjourned for one year.

Married.

A small company of persons assembled at Mr. McNally's Saturday evening, June 30, about 7 o'clock. It was a private wedding, the marriage of Mrs. Addie McNally and Mr. Philo Kingsbury. Rev. C. S. Leeper performed the sacred ceremony soon after 7 o'clock. After hearty joy-wishings and congratulations refreshments were served and a pleasant social hour passed till the party accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Kingsbury to the 8:20 train. A large company of friends were at the depot to shower bride and groom with rice and good wishes. Mr. and Mrs. Kingsbury will keep house in Wheaton. "Addie" will be greatly missed by her many friends in Park Ridge.

Park Ridge Public School Report.

Following are the names of the highest three who passed the examinations in each grade of the Park Ridge public school at the end of June term, 1894:

- Eighth—Tina Druell, Bonnie Richardson, Roy Lowman.
 - Sixth—Georgie Reed, Theon Hanchette, Claude Mills.
 - Fourth—Anna Fisher, Joseph Murphy, Grant French.
 - Third—Jessie Mabey, Thomas Bassett, Elise Arndt.
 - Seventh—Annie Berry, Mae Burns, Adelle Filkins.
 - Fifth—Minnie Groth, Adeline Pagels, Walter Trimm.
 - Fourth—Charles Jorgeson, Lucia Hanchette, George Fisher.
 - Second A—Jay Jones, Ellen Ayott, Maude Whitlock.
 - Second B—Mary Fisher, Lillian Whitlock, Emma Cade, Maude Anderson, Edith Tompkins.
 - First B—Bert Whitlock, Joseph Bowden, Julius Fisher.
 - First A—George Clark, Harry Stebbings, Paul Strayer.
 - First C—Cordie Sunderman, Gertie Kriemann, Willie Earle.
- Chart Class—Florence Anderson, Amanda Niemann, Emma Harvey.
- HARRIET BEAUMONT,
Principal.

DESPLAINES.

CHURCHES.

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

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—The Rev. Edward Huelster, pastor; Geo. A. Wolfman, Superintendent Sunday school. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30 and in the evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday school at noon. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

LUTHERAN CHURCH—The Rev. W. Lowrance, pastor; Sunday service at 10 a. m., followed by Sunday school at 11:30.

ST. MARY CHURCH—The Rev. P. A. M. Shane, Pastor; Services at 9:30 Sunday morning. Sunday School at 11 a. m.

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

COURT MAINE NO. 232, I. O. F.—Meets on second and fourth Thursdays of each month. Thos. Keates, Chief Ranger. Thos. Connor, Secretary.

FOR SALE—Two lots, corner of Snow and Perry streets, 75x145 feet. Enquire of owner, Wm. E. Rexess. If 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.

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. PEARSON, Dentist.

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

The school census just completed shows an increase in population during the year, notwithstanding the dull times. Last year the population was a little less than 1,500; this year it runs over those figures.

Ulysses G. Poyne, son of Lewis Poyne, has joined the matrimonial ranks. He was married last week to Miss Edith M. Kingman, a teacher in the Chicago schools. Mr. Poyne is a dentist by profession and has an office in the city.

The Palace livery has changed hands and the goods and chattels are now in the possession of Curtis & Meyer. The firm did not care to invest in this kind of property, but it was a matter of necessity rather than choice.

The Desplaines band has been giving the public some fine open air concerts from their band stand every Wednesday evening.

Now is your chance to save money by trading with George F. Meyer.

Prices are marked way down for cash. Don't fail to call and examine goods and prices. GEORGE F. MEYER.

John Dollen, an old resident of the town of Maine, was buried last Monday in the cemetery at Northfield. His sickness was of long duration. He was 64 years of age, and lived in the same neighborhood forty-five years.

Our street lamp service has been much improved of late. The lamps have been undergoing repairs and now give a bright, clear light. No Brother Blaikie, we don't want your old lamp posts, except for kindling wood.

Our former townsman, George Q. Allen, but now deputy United States marshal, was assigned the dangerous duty of reading the riot act to the turbulent strikers at Blue Island, who were interfering with mail trains. The papers say that Mr. Allen read the order in a loud, distinct voice. No doubt of it; George has smelt powder, having served four years in the war.

Patriotic services were held at the Methodist church last Sunday. The walls back of the pulpit were draped with the stars and stripes and the floral decorations were a pleasing feature of the occasion. Services of a patriotic character were to have been held in the Congregational church on that day, but on account of the sickness of Mr. Wolfman were omitted.

Last Monday night all railroad communication was cut off between here and the city, but the next day trains commenced running again, and it looks now as if the railroads would come out ahead of the dictator, Debs.

The board of trustees held a meeting last Tuesday evening. A petition was presented by Wm. E. Rexess asking that the cesspool that is caused by the whey that comes from the cheese factory be removed. A petition was presented signed by George A. Hills and other, asking that the intolerable stench arising from the ditch near the Stone slough bridge be abated. Both petitions were referred to the committee on judiciary. The committee on streets reported that they had opened a portion of Ellinwood street to the public, in accordance with a resolution adopted by the board, but the president declared it out of order because the resolution had been passed by a former board. The report, however, was read and adopted. Trustee Wicke afterward brought up the matter, stating that Phil Parsons had again fenced up the street and he thought the board ought to take some action on it. The president did not feel kindly disposed toward the matter and sat down on it by declaring the meeting adjourned.

The Fourth was celebrated by a picnic at River grove given by the Desplaines Military band. A procession was formed at 10 a. m., headed by the band, consisting of the Volunteer Fire company, the Western Coating Paper and Card company's employees, the German Benevolent society and a company of men and boys on horseback. After parading the principal streets they marched to the grove, where music and dancing, games and races, made up the principal part of the program. There was a display of fireworks in the evening.

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.

FACT AND FANCY.

Mrs. Marks, aged almost 90 years, was baptized in the sea, near Rockland, Me., recently.

The average rate of dividend paid on railroad stock in the United States in 1892 was 2.11 per cent.

A seventy-year-old woman of Newark, N. J., some time ago married a dapper youth of twenty-five. She thinks she needs but one thing more now to complete her happiness and that is a divorce.

A colored man of Vicksburg objected in vain to paying a license on each of his occupations. He makes mattresses and repairs furniture, shoes, and umbrellas, each constituting a separate license.

Casper Roseweg of New York, who had been unemployed for several months committed suicide the other day. He said that he would rather die than see his wife working over a tub to support the family.

The so-called raft spider is among the largest of the British species. It receives its name from the fact that it constructs a raft of dry leaves and rubbish, united by threads of silk, and thus pursues its prey on water.

A woman quack in New York who erases wrinkles and otherwise impedes the march of time has an exhibition in her rooms "a lady eighty years of age with one side of her face young while the other is very old and much wrinkled."

The Army and Navy Journal says that of the forty colonels of the regular army only eighteen are graduates of West Point; of the forty lieutenant colonels only eleven; of the seventy majors only thirteen, and of the 430 captains only 18.

Although Crisfield, Md., is probably the most important crab market in the world, there are many thousands of crabs shipped from other points on the peninsula between Delaware and Chesapeake bays. One concern in Kent county, Md., ships from 750 to 1,200 soft crabs per day.

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. Halley, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Evening services every Sunday at 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 12 m.

ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH—Rev. J. P. Clancy, pastor. Services every other Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—W. W. Ward, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 9 m. Children's services 9 p. m. Class meeting 8:15 p. m. Bible study Tuesday 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Friday 7 p. m.

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

ST. PAUL'S EVANGELICAL CHURCH—Rev. K. Hahn, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

LOUNSBURY LODGE NO. 751—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. L. A. Powers, W. M.; H. A. Sandman, S. W.; C. H. Kennel, J. W.; C. B. Otis, Treas.; A. T. Ulrich, Sec.; F. B. Bennett, S. D.; J. P. Brown, J. D.; A. Gleason Tyler.

BARRINGTON POST NO. 275, G. A. R., Department of Ill.—Meet every second Friday in the month at Abbott's Hall. L. E. Runyan Com.; G. W. Johnson, S. V. C.; Wm. Humphrey, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, Q. M.; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; L. H. Bute, O. G.; Henry Reuter, Sergt.; Chas. Sonn, Chap.

M. W. A. CAMP NO. 60—Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month at Meyers' Hall. F. E. Hawley, V. C.; P. A. Hawley, W. A.; John Robertson, W.; C. M. T. Lamey, Clerk; Wm. Ansholt, W.; J. M. Thrasher, E.; H. P. Ansholt, S.

W. R. C. NO. 85—Meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Mrs. Lamey Townsend, Pres.; Miss Allie Meyer, Sec.

Rev. Ward organized a Sunday school class at the Honey Lake school house last Sunday.

Misses Kittie Grady and Etta Compton visited friends and relatives here this week.

Mrs. L. E. Runyan and daughter, Efeley, attended the Lake county Sunday school convention at Wauconda last Sunday.

Enamel carriage top varnish will make an old carriage top look as well as a new one. Sold by J. D. Lamey & Co.

Mrs. Dye gave a lecture at the Baptist church last Monday evening to a large audience.

Frank Allen of Chicago is spending the week with his mother.

Grandma Colburn is reported to be very sick at this writing.

You can buy prepared house, barn, floor, wagon and buggy paints ready for use at J. D. Lamey & Co.'s. They keep in stock a good variety of colors to select from. Call when in want of anything in the paint line.

Miss Carrie Golden of Chicago is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. E. Rieke.

Frank Gieske of Oregon, Ill., is home on a vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Moscher of Elgin visited at the home of John Jahneke on Friday of last week.

Albert Gleason is night operator at the tower.

The W. R. C. have postponed their meetings for the summer months.

Oils for farm machinery, window glass, lead, linseed oil, varnishes, brushes, etc., at J. D. Lamey & Co.'s.

The Gilbert Tile Factory Now in Running Order.

Owing to the destruction of the Gilbert tile factory by fire recently, it has been impossible to fill many orders for those tile. However, work on the rebuilding of the factory has been rushed and it is now completed and in running order. We placed our order for a large stock of the tile, which we are receiving this week, and are now prepared to fill orders for tile in all sizes up to and including 15 inch, in car load lots or small quantities.

When in want of tile we will be pleased to have you call and get our prices. J. D. LAMEY & CO.

The World's Time.

A dingy shop in New York displays in its show window a terrestrial globe that turns on its axis, and so indicates the time of day the world over. Within the shop sits the inventor of this globe clock repairing other people's clocks and watches. The invention has been patented nearly twenty years, but there is nothing to indicate that the inventor has found it profitable.

Readers of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" will remember Phillips, the champion speller of the Indiana school described therein. Phillips still lives in Vevey, Ind., Dr. Eggleston's old home, and will soon be seventy-three years old. The fame he got from the book has lasted to this day, and curious visitors to Vevey hunt him up.

William F. Dodge, who served for many years as one of the trustees, writes to the New York Tribune to say that neither Mr. Moody nor Mr. Sankey would ever take a cent from the royalty on "Gospel Hymns," which (royalty) was at first placed in the hands of trustees for distribution for charitable and religious purposes and is now divided between two seminaries.

Lord Rosebery had Mr. Gladstone's reference to him as "the man of the future" quoted at him by a Manchester orator, lately; when he returned thanks for the complimentary speech he observed, and doubtless with feeling, "I am beginning to think it is a great deal easier to be the man of the future than the man of the present."

PALATINE.

CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev. W. A. Smith, Pastor; C. W. Parr, Superintendent; A. Spaulding, Assistant Superintendent of Sunday Schools. Services every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock a. m. Prayer meeting at 10 o'clock a. m. Epworth League meeting Sunday evening at 8. 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 (NORTHWEST) CHURCH—Rev. Adolf Pfothner, pastor. 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. Visiting brothers cordially invited. C. D. TAYLOR, W. M.; F. J. FILBERT, Sec'y.

PALATINE LODGE NO. 108, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Wednesday. Visiting brothers cordially invited. E. F. BAKER, W. M.; H. L. MERRILL, Sec.

JOHN A. LOGAN LODGE NO. 123, I. O. O. F.—Meets on the first and fourth Saturdays of each month. Visiting brothers and fourth Saturday of each month. Members of the order always welcome. M. A. STAPLER, Pres.; C. E. JULIAN, Sec'y.

NO. 206 PALATINE CHAPTER ROYAL ARCH MASONS—Meets on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month in Masonic Hall. Visiting companions always welcome. ROBT. F. MIZ, M. E. H. P.; F. J. FILBERT, Sec'y.

DIED—Henry Schierding Esq., on Sunday, July 1, after a brief illness of only twenty-four hours. Mr. Schierding was in his usual fair health on Friday previous to his death. He was taken ill on Friday night and died on Sunday at 12:30 p. m. Mr. Schierding had passed his 70th birthday in December last. He was one of a few remaining of the old settlers of this place, having resided at Palatine for thirty years and in the county for about fifty-seven years. He was justice of the peace continuously for forty-four years and the last time he was elected, in 1893, he refused to qualify. The funeral took place on Thursday from his late residence and was one of the largest that ever took place in this town. The services were conducted by Rev. M. H. Plumb of Chicago in English and Rev. Mr. Rath in German. Mr. Schierding leaves a widow and six grown up children who mourn their loss. The family have the heartfelt sympathy of all the people of the entire town.

Dr. and Mrs. Dean spent the Fourth with Mrs. R. S. Williamson.

Mr. James Christie and wife of Riverside visited with Mr. Milan Reynolds on the Fourth.

Miss Della Ray has gone to Washington on a visit to her father.

The glorious Fourth passed off very quietly at this place. Everybody that could went to Lake Zurich, where a celebration was held.

Elgin Butter Market.

ELGIN, Ill., July 3.—Butter quiet; bids opened at 15c; advanced to 16 1/2c, at which 25,140 lbs sold. By resolution all sales to-day subject to shipment on or before July 5. If impossible to ship them on account of strike sales to be considered off at buyers' option. Last week's prices 16 1/2c to 17c; last year, 20c.

Board of education met on Tuesday evening in regular monthly session. Contract for coal was let to W. R. Comfort & Co. at \$6.25 per ton. The committee on buildings and grounds was instructed to have school building painted, a new stairway built, a storm house erected and other necessary repairs made during the vacation.

There are differences in the family of John Pell of Chicago, not of a domestic nature, but the stature of Pell and his wife. He is seven feet one inch tall, while she stands four feet five inches. Their child is seven years old and weighs twice as much as his mother and is just as tall.

A Bostonian friend of mine has just had a most unpleasant experience. He has married a widow, and by some coincidence took her to the same hotel where she stopped with her first spouse. At the table she said to Charles, the bridegroom: "Will you kindly pass the butter, John?" A vision of "John," his predecessor, flitted before the bridegroom, who indignantly replied: "My name is not John! It is Charles." "Excuse my mistake Charles," she said, and then, tasting the butter, added reflectively, "but it is the same butter."

Although Queen Victoria rules over an empire that embraces possessions in every part of the world she has never traveled outside of Europe, and even there her trips have been short ones to France, Holland, Germany and Italy only.

It is said that William Waldorf Astor has agreed to pay R. L. Stevenson \$14,250 for the novel the latter is now writing. The title of the novel is not yet announced, but its length will be about 110,000 words, and it will be published exclusively in the Pall Mall Gazette.

The departure of Thomas Nast, the cartoonist, to join the staff of the Pall Mall Gazette has aroused general interest in England as well as in America. Of late years Mr. Nast has lived obscurely in a suburban New Jersey village, and fortune has not been very kind to him.



THE FLAG OF CEMETERY HILL.

[After "The Sword of Bunker Hill."] The sinking sun, the creeping shade, Announced the close of day.

The veteran's hand fell on those scars, His eyes lit up with flame.

"Twas Pickett's charge They crossed the field The road to Emmitsburg.

"They leap the wall they cleft their way Through the fire to Cushing's gun.

"The combat ceased, the battle-smoke Went drifting toward the stars.

"That flag is there—the setting sun Shines on its stripes and stars.

"'Tis all I have, my boy, to give— The grave will hide my scars.

The veteran sleeps beneath the sod O'er which we scatter flowers.

Wounded With an Auger.

"That man has a very peculiar limp," a New York Sun reporter said to a resident of Elizabeth who was walking down South Broad street, in that city, with him a few days ago.

"You would limp, too," the Elizabethan replied, "if you had an auger hole bored in your back. That man was in the army, and he is the only pensioner in this country who was wounded with an auger. We call him 'The Unique' on that account."

Such a reply was evidently intended to provoke further questions, and after they had been asked the Elizabethan continued:

"That man went out in 1861 with one of the early New Jersey regiments. They were quartered in Washington for a few months and then ordered to the front. Early in 1862 their brigade was sent to occupy a position that had been hastily abandoned by the enemy the night before, and the first thing was to throw up intrenchments. In the digging some of the men discovered a barrel of whisky buried in the sand. There was not much doubt about how it came there; some rebel sutler, had, of course, been in too much of a hurry to take it with him, and had buried it in the hope of recovering it later.

"The boys had been in the field long enough to have a grand thirst on, and they would have had a celebration that night if an officer had not happened along exactly at the wrong moment. The officer reported the find to the colonel, and as the colonel was as thirsty as any of his men, he ordered that the barrel should be dug up and stored in the loft of an empty barn till he had time to sample it.

"This would still have left the whisky fair game for the boys, if the colonel had not put a guard over it. But he knew a thing or two, and he stationed two men in the loft to watch it. Then the boys began to invent ways to raid the loft that night. The man across the street, the Unique, wanted a drink as badly as anybody, but he just kept quiet. He knew the guard would be changed at sunset, and he waited to see what men would be stationed in the loft.

"When the time came it turned out that two men with a sponge-like thirst were put in charge of the barrel, and then the Unique knew that his life was saved. It was a dead sure thing that the two men on guard would absorb enough stuff from the barrel in an hour, or perhaps an hour and a half, to lay them out flat. You see, they hadn't a drink for months. Then he could go quietly up into the loft and help himself.

"All this part of the raid worked exactly as he expected. About 8:30 o'clock he sneaked into the barn with two or three straws in his hat, climbed up to the loft, and found the two men stretched out on the floor dead drunk. They had even left the bung-hole open for him, and he began to help himself.

"But here was the first miscalculation the Unique made. He had gauged the time required to lay out the guards almost to the minute, but he hadn't made any arrangements for being laid out himself. That was sure

to happen, of course; and he worked so hard at the bung-hole that in an hour or so he was laid out beside the guards flat on his back on the floor without a single care in life. He had found his opportunity and had grasped it.

"This would have only been an ordinary incident of war if there had been no more thirsty men in the regiment. But they were all thirsty; and ever since the discovery of the barrel the men in the secret had been divided into little groups making plans to get some of that whisky. No matter what the other groups did, we are concerned only with the one group that put the Unique on the pension list.

"These fellows laid a very elaborate plot in the afternoon. Before dark one of them made some excuse to visit the loft so that he could take the bearings of the barrel and see in what part of the loft it lay. About 10 o'clock that night they crept into the lower part of the barn, where any body could go, as there was no guard down stairs. They were well prepared for action, having with them an inch auger, a water pail and a plug. Of course you catch the idea. They intended to bore up through the floor and through the barrel, draw off a pail of whisky and plug up the hole. They were as quiet as mice about it, having no notion of the condition of the guards.

"Well, the man who had made the reconnaissance in the afternoon guessed out his distance so as to strike the barrel, climbed up in the manger and began to bore. After a few turns he felt the auger give a little, and he was all ready for a rush of whisky. But the stuff that trickled down the auger blade was not whisky but blood. They could see that in the moonlight.

"There was no fear of ghosts in that toughened crowd, and instead of being scared, they peeped up into the loft to see what was the matter. Then it was all plain enough. The man with the auger had made a miscalculation, and, instead of boring into the barrel, he had bored into the Unique's back. The poor fellow was screwed down to the floor by the auger, with an inch hole right in the small of his back. But he didn't mind, nor he wouldn't have minded, if they had bored him as full of holes as a porous plaster.

"The boys were too kind-hearted to let him lie there and bleed to death; so, after they'd all had one or two pulls at the bung-hole, they unscrewed him and carried him to the hospital.

"It was about three months before he could walk at all, because so many of the muscles had been cut, and then he could just limp, as you see him now, and, of course, he was discharged and sent home. That's why he has such a peculiar limp, and why he is the only volunteer on record who was ever bored in the back with an auger."

A Letter From Mrs. Lincoln.

In sorting over some old papers Colonel Walter French, the file clerk of the house of representatives, discovered the following interesting letter:

To the Honorable Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Sir: I herewith most respectfully present to the honorable house of representatives an application for a pension. I am a widow of a president of the United States, whose life was sacrificed in his country's service. The sad calamity has very greatly impaired my health, and by the advice of my physicians I have come over to Germany to try the mineral waters, and during the winter to go to Italy.

But my financial means do not permit me to take advantage of the urgent advice given me, nor can I live in a style becoming the widow of the chief magistrate of a great nation, although I live as economically as I possibly can.

In consideration of the great services my dear and honored husband has rendered the United States and of the fearful loss that I have sustained by his untimely end—his martyrdom, I may say—I respectfully submit to your honorable body this petition, hoping that a yearly pension may be granted to me so that I may have less pecuniary care. I remain, most respectfully, Mrs. A. LINCOLN, Frankfurt, Germany.

The letter is on a sheet of heavily-bordered note-paper, and covers three sides. The indorsement on the back shows that it was referred by the speaker to the committee on invalid pensions on January 6, 1899. Congress acted in the matter with due deliberation, as it was not until July 14, 1870, almost eighteen months after the receipt of the petition, that the act was approved giving Mrs. Lincoln a pension of \$3,000 a year.

A Witty Answer.

It was a witty answer by which a hero whom Bismarck was commissioned by the emperor to decorate with the iron cross of the first class discomfited the chancellor's attempt to chaff him.

"I am authorized," said Bismarck with that liking for playing jokes which has been so strong throughout his career—"I am authorized to offer you a hundred thalers instead of the cross."

"How much is the cross worth?" asked the soldier.

"Three thalers."

"Very well, then, highness, I take the cross and ninety-seven thalers."

Bismarck was so much surprised and pleased by the ready shrewdness of the answer, that he gave the man both the cross and the money.

A Little.

On a tiresome night march a Florida soldier, sleepy and worn out, fell into a ditch by the roadside. There he lay bemoaning his fate when the next regiment came up, and, hearing his moans, some of the men hastened to his rescue. As they stood him on his feet bedraggled and demoralized, he turned to one of them and said:—"I say, stranger, don't you think South Carolina was a little hasty?"—Argonaut.

General Schofield's Narrow Escape.

In reply to a question General Schofield says: "So far as I know, the narrowest escape I ever had was when a musket ball cut a channel through my beard in the battle of Wilson's Creek, August 10, 1861."

YVETTE GUILBERT.

Yvette Guilbert is more than a Parisian, she is a Parisianism, the greatest cafe chantant singer in the world to-day, a waif from the storm, a leaf thrown up against blase Paris for her amusement.

She sprang into favor with a grimace directed at her companions in the vast auditorium, the "Printemps," as well known to the modern female traveler as the "Louvre" or the "Bon Marche." She was born with a knowledge of the value of effect as supreme and distinctive as a song. A sudden awkward droop of a woman, no grace, no distinction, no taste; but she can be tragically with a lift of her eyebrows, comic with a shrug of her shoulders, and painfully realistic with a movement of her hands. She twits on the weakness of the greatest aristocrats of the day, she sticks her tongue into her cheek, and talks boulevard slang and twang until the oldest boulevardier is outdone; she imitates all the famous actors and singers with one stroke of her gigantic talent as clean-cut and acute as if she had made an exhaustive study of her art all her life, instead of being, as she is, a worn-out shop girl, with the odor of the streets in her clothes, in her dyed hair, in her "stock" expression. She throws sentiment to the winds, she mocks at love, she snaps her fingers at fate, and she defies the higher powers with every breath she draws and almost every note she utters.

Her voice is low, and coarse and unmusical, her lips are painted vermilion and colored thick and out of drawing, but she is intensely human, and that is what the Parisians love. She is as typical a child of this generation as the dude or the female bicyclist, an off-shoot, the epitome of effete civilization, the answer to the universal cry for more, a new plat offered to the jaded palates of the satiated.

Her length is awkward, her complexion pasty, her hair champagne yellow. She is as devoid of chic as a North American Indian, and her toilette is as nonsuggestive of Paris.

It consists of a flimsy sulphur-colored silk dress falling in unequal folds about undaintily shod feet, her thin shoulders and hipless sides aiding and abetting it in its ungraceful flop to the floor. The yellow hair escapes in untidy meshes at the sides of her head, her eyes are faded her mouth droops wearily a little sideways, and the long, shapeless arms fall from their sockets toward her knees in a line which must be as unattractive as it has hitherto, from its undesirability, been unthought of.

Stretched from the elbows to the ends of the long, thin fingers are the black gloves, by which all Paris and stranger-erom has grown to recognize her on the bill posters, and which are to play so prominent a part in her presentation of nude facts.

The audience has shifted in and out—lazy, sleepy, summer audience. They have been presented with the inevitable dance and song man and the unrepresentable song and dance woman. Eleven o'clock strikes, and the almost extinguishable gas in the varied colored bulbs bursts into new radiance, club-dumb and snub-dumb loom to the fore, and, as Yvette shuffles awkwardly to the footlights, the audience bursts into rapturous applause, which immediately dies away into breathless silence.

The orchestra strikes up, the strange droop of body quickens into life, the red-lipped mouth opens to let forth the song, the long arms point the moral to the tale, and suddenly it dawns upon us that here is the camera of o-day embodied in a slip of a girl who is famous. She rouses into speech, she winks into slyness, she shrugs in contempt, she talks like a street urchin or a grand dame or a stump orator, or any of the thousand and one types of Parisianism which are so inconceivably unique, and the black-gloved hands make the shadow and the yellow dress and hair the light, and she hints at untold depths with an "um" and suggests un-felt heights with an "ah," a whole lifetime of unusualness, of cunning, or of fun in everything, she says and does. Her shoulders shrug out her innuendoes her hands outline the lilt of the strange measure of her song.

She pokes fun at the government and is as full of gags as the local politician. She turns human nature inside out with a twist of her tongue, a lift of her expressive brows, a droop of her un-naturally reddened lips.

They recall her again and again, and she returns to snap her fingers at their institutions and their constitutions, at their love of themselves and their love of her. She is abundantly antagonistic, but she idealizes effect, and she is some thing new. When they are tired of her she nods her head at them, the limp hands fall at her sides, the flimsy, characterless gown droops into its usual ungraceful folds, the eyes dull, the body droops, the orchestra stops, and the curtain falls. She is her own version of her own life; is Yvette Guilbert, the spoiled child of the French public, so happily so while it lasts, so unhappily so when another fills her place.

"You see," said she the other day—and as she talked her elbows rested on her knees in their customary spiritless fashion, and the long, thin hands shot in and out to accentuate the high lights of her chat—"you see I was born ugly and anaemic, but I had a prodigious memory. I used to carry home work to poor ladies from my mother who was a poor seamstress; but my mind even then was full of street songs, which I used to hum to myself in my toes and froes. The time was when that big fat woman who runs the Eldorado would only pay me 600 francs a month; that was the first, and of course I failed for she put me on at the beginning of the evening and there was no one there at that hour who knew enough to appreciate me; it all depends upon the right audience, success. 'Listen,' I said to her: 'there's no pepper, no salt, no life in the things your people sing; let me try it,' but when I tried my best I failed. Finally, in a towering rage, she discharged me, but I screamed out to her as I left her: 'Remember my name madame, Yvette Guilbert. Paris will ring with it one of these days; and you, why, you will beg me to come at any price.' 'What do I make?' From 30,000 to 40,000 francs a month, and they call me the meanest woman in Paris because I save it. Why shouldn't I? I don't care for fine jewels and handsome clothes and tralalas; I only care for the sun and my ugliness, for the latter helped me to make my fortune and

the former is a craving for the warmth which God forgot to put with the blood into my veins. One of these days I'll have a little house in the country and a garden with sunshine in it, for I am a girl of the people, not a grand dame. One has to be educated up to gaslight; no more late hours, no theater, no more of that awful breathless plunge which I take every night like a cold douche every time I face my audience."

One day Zola gave a breakfast to his publishers on a little island in the Bois de Boulogne, and Yvette was there to amuse them. She sat in her usual drooping fashion under the shadow of one of the spring trees, and listened to Zola's pitiful account of his early struggles when he fought for bread and recognition. As he waxed eloquent she leaned forward, her elbows on her knees, her face in the palm of her hands.

When he had finished and he had called upon her for a song she rose and sang it with all the abandon, the fling, the swing, the diabolical proficiency of her craft, and as she stood and sang the sun, with its usual merciless irony, shone through the leaves full on to the painted face, into the weary eyes, and sought out the dye of her hair and the disorder of her gown.

Finally he halted and rested on two great tear drops on her cheeks, which had stood there since Zola's recital.—Jerome K. Jerome's To-day.

SPIDER WEBS ON THE WIRES.

Interruption of Telegraph Communication Between Boston and New York.

Two of the main through wires between New York and Boston were recently reported "in trouble" east of New London, says the New York Sun. They positively refused to work at all in the morning, but from about 11 o'clock in the forenoon until 11 o'clock at night they were found to be all right. From this peculiarity they came to be known as "the twelve-hour wires" and Lineman Williams was directed to find out what the matter was with them. He located "the trouble" as being between Noank and Poquonock Bridge, and then walked back and forth and forth and back along the rails with his eyes scanning the row of telegraph poles and wires in a vain search for the mischievous cross. He kept up the hunt for two or three days, and finally, just as he had given up in despair and was swinging himself on to a train to go home he caught sight of a large cobweb in the shadow of a big elm tree, which was bound from one of the erratic wires to the other. Williams came back to the cobweb the next morning and eyed it eagerly. He was not long in climbing the pole nearest to it, and then he saw that the web was the really gigantic product of several spiders, its big white surface flopping idly to and fro between the two wires which it connected. Its face was bespangled with big gems of dew; in fact, the condition was the same as if the two wires had been connected with a sheet of muslin saturated with water. Nothing will "cross" and "kill" two electrically charged wires more effectually than a wet substance of this kind connecting them. When the sun dried the dew off the cobweb the "cross" disappeared, and did not come back until a rain storm came or the next dew fell. Williams gathered the cobweb and stuffed it in his coat pocket. It made a large hand-ful. There was no more trouble with the wires after that. When the lineman reported the matter to the eastern chief of the company in Boston he got laughed at for his pains, but on the following day he told of his adventure with the cobweb to Supt. Fred Fairchild, of the New Haven office, an expert electrician, who promptly declared that it was the cobweb which crossed the wire and at once sat down to a telegraph machine and talked for half an hour with the Boston chief, explaining to him where he was in error in assuming a cobweb could not "cross" a telegraph wire.

IN A SWALLOW'S NEST.

An Observer Used a Mirror to Discover What Was Taking Place There.

To see only the bottom of the nest yet to know that within it lay young swifts which were being fed in some way by their parents, was tantalizing. I recalled a former year when I wished to see a swift's nest with its full set of eggs, and so had kept watch of the nest; not by climbing to the chimney top and peering down, but by raising a small mirror, by whose aid I had seen the reflected nest from below. The mirror served its purpose a second time, I lashed it to the tip of a fishing rod, and pushed the slender joint up the chimney adding first the middle joint and then the butt, in order to bring the glass well above the nest. Something white was in the nest—just what I could not at first tell, for mortar dust had fallen into my eyes, and it was difficult to keep the glass still enough to see with my eyes blinking and weeping. The mother bird had been driven from her nest by the appearance of the strange, misshapen thing which I had forced toward her from below, and she was now making short flights back and forth in the upper part of the chimney, producing sounds and sudden variations in light and darkness which would surely have frightened away any but a human intruder.

Wiping my eyes and steadying the glass, I took a careful look at the contents of the nest. The white object, or at all events the whitest part, was an eggshell from whose opened halves a young bird was feebly trying to escape. Without waiting to see more I withdrew the mirror from the chimney and removed all disturbing objects, myself included, from the fireplace. My heart reproached me. Had my violence driven the birds from the nest, thus making probable the death of the young at this trying crisis in their career? More than fifteen minutes passed before booming wings in the swift's grewsome nursery assured me that a parent had returned.

A Cheerful Outlook.

Mrs. Youngwife (welcoming husband home)—Now, ducky, I've been cooking all day. I've made pie and cake and biscuits.

Ducky (cheerfully)—Then "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

CHARLES C. HARRISON.

The New Acting Provost of the Pennsylvania University.

The trustees of the University of Pennsylvania have elected Charles C. Harrison (present chairman of the ways and means committee of the University of Pennsylvania) acting provost. The duties are numerous and arduous, and modesty alone prevents Mr. Harrison from accepting the office permanently, until he is satisfied that he is able to discharge these duties single handed. Although he refused the election at first, he has accepted it temporarily.

Mr. Charles C. Harrison is a son of



C. C. HARRISON.

the late George L. Harrison, son of John, the pioneer chemist of Philadelphia, and is a member, though not actively, of the great sugar refining house of Harrison, Havemeyer & Co. In connection with his brothers, the Messrs. Mitchell, William and Alfred Harrison, he has lately contributed \$50,000 toward the endowment of the John Harrison Chemical Laboratory of the University Pennsylvania.

He has been for some time chairman of the ways and means committee of the board of trustees of the university. Mr. Harrison was born on May 3, 1844. He entered the academic department of the university in 1858, and was a classmate of Dr. William Pepper, the retiring provost. He won the highest honors in his class, and upon graduation in 1862 he was awarded the Heary Reed prize for English literature.

Said by Paderewski.

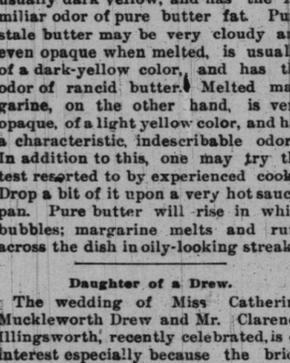
When I am to appear in public I keep perfectly quiet during the preceding hours. I practice calisthenics immediately after rising every day. I eat with great appetite, and am not in the least a difficult man to cater for. When my recitals are over I feel that a weight has been lifted off my mind, and then I love to join in any amount of fun. I practice at all hours of the day and night, sometimes all night, for I have not set rules for working. I am never by any chance without a piano, and very often practice between the courses at meals or while I am dressing. I suffer from insomnia consequent to the great strain on my nerves, and, although it is not noticeable to the general public, I am a martyr to nervousness. I go through positive tortures when I contemplate playing. I have schooled myself to absolutely subdue my feelings, or they would rise to such a pitch as to prevent my having the least control over my fingers.

Tests for Pure Butter.

It is said that it is an almost certain test of pure butter to melt it and note the color and odor. A German chemist gives the following directions: "Pure fresh butter, when melted, is perfectly clear, or only very slightly cloudy, usually dark yellow, and has the familiar odor of pure butter fat. Pure stale butter may be very cloudy and even opaque when melted, is usually of a dark-yellow color, and has the odor of rancid butter. Melted margarine, on the other hand, is very opaque, of a light yellow color, and has a characteristic indescribable odor." In addition to this, one may try the test resorted to by experienced cooks: Drop a bit of it upon a very hot sauc-pan. Pure butter will rise in white bubbles; margarine melts and runs across the dish in oily-looking streaks.

Daughter of a Drew.

The wedding of Miss Catherine Muckleworth Drew and Mr. Clarence Illingsworth, recently celebrated, is of interest especially because the bride



CATHERINE MUCKLEWORTH DREW.

is a granddaughter of the late Daniel Drew. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Drew, reside at the old Drew home, Drewsville, at Brewster's, N. Y. Mrs. William H. Drew, prior to her marriage, was Miss Drew, the couple being cousins. Mr. Illingsworth is the son of Mr. John Illingsworth of Newark, N. J.

MY FRIEND PERKINS.

He is a Wicked Joker and He Causes Much Confusion.

Perkins is tall, angular and a practical joker of the severest type. One of his peculiar pleasantries is to suddenly halt a strange pompous individual on the street, buttonhole him and remark with cool assumption:—"I beg your pardon, sir, but I think you have made a mistake."

"What is that, sir?" the victim is likely to ask.

"Well," Perkins will reply with the utmost audacity, "this city does not belong to any one man or set of men. You may think you own it, but you don't." And Perkins will hurry away, leaving the pompous man to his own reflections.

Sometimes he varies this interesting performance in this highly original fashion: Stepping up to a total stranger, he will beg for a light for his cigarette. This trifling favor having been extended, he will engage his victim in conversation for a moment. When another stranger appears Perkins hails him. As he approaches, Perkins introduces him to the first man.

"Ah, Mr. Smith, permit me to introduce you to my friend Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown, Mr. Smith."

Of course the men shake hands, and Perkins takes his departure, leaving the strangers to extract themselves from their embarrassment as best they can.

One day Perkins entered a small dry goods store with a friend. Ranged in front of the counter were a row of stools. Upon these the men seated themselves. In a moment a dapper young assistant came up and asked Perkins what he desired. For an instant he seemed puzzled for a reply, but soon his eye rested upon the familiar sign: "If you don't see what you want, ask for it." That furnished him a cue.

"Well," he said in measured tones, "you can bring me two poached eggs and a cup of hot coffee. What's yours, George?" he added, turning to his friend.

"Gimme the same," he responded. All the girls in the shop stared at the imprudent fellows, and the assistant's eyes began to bulge.

"Gentlemen," he replied with a show of calmness, "you have made a slight mistake. This is a shop and not a restaurant. Do I look like a waiter?"

"I am not here to answer your questions, young man," said Perkins, as with his friend he rose and moved towards the door, "but if you can't fill orders you'd better go out of the business or take in your sign."

And the jokers vanished out of the door. Perkins is still at large.

HE WAS A PHILADELPHIAN.

Notwithstanding Which Fact He Made a Good Bargain in New York.

"Talk about Philadelphians being slow," said an up-town dealer in rare books to a New York Evening Sun man; "why, I'll tell you about a little incident that happened the other day.

"A Philadelphian who has a nice collection of rare engravings and etchings came to this city on a visit and was almost stranded financially before he knew it. An ordinary man would have written or telegraphed home for cash. But this one didn't. He was strolling down Broadway, undecided whether to continue his walk as far as Philadelphia or not, when he came to a little shop where engravings and etchings are sold.

"His mania for collecting forced him to enter the shop and examine the stock, although he didn't have money enough to buy a fair-sized chromo. Turning over a number of etchings and engravings laying upon a sort of bargain table at the rear of the shop he came across a fine copy of the celebrated Rajon portrait of Tennyson, of which he had a highly prized specimen in his own collection. Thinking it strange that the etching should be lying among the other cheap objects on the table he asked its price of a clerk.

"Take it along for a quarter," said the clerk.

"All right," said the Philadelphian, rolling up the etching and paying over the money.

"Shall I wrap it up for you?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, no, you needn't mind," and the Philadelphian walked off with his prize. He did not walk far, though. Stopping at a well-known engraving dealer's shop not four blocks away the Philadelphia man offered the etching for sale.

"Twenty-five dollars," was the offer of the dealer. The Philadelphian accepted the money, although it was but little more than half the price at which the Rajon portrait is catalogued, and went his way. He paid all the expenses of his New York trip at one stroke."

Qualified His Thanks.

In the first year of his practice, Judge Royce, of Vermont, was called to prosecute in a justice suit, and, fresh from Chitty, filed a plea in abatement, which he duly discussed. The justice, in deciding the case, said: "The young lawyer has filed what he calls a plea in abatement; now the plaintiff seems to be a very ignorant man, and his lawyer about as ignorant as he is, and his writ doesn't seem to be a very good writ, and it doesn't resemble one much more than it does a hog-yoke; but the plaintiff seems to be an honest man, and if he has a just claim against this defendant, he shall have judgment." Whereupon, Judge Royce, elated at the result, but somewhat disgusted with the remarks of the justice, arose, and, making a very profound bow, said to the court: "I thank you, d—n you."—Argonaut.

PIERCE THE CLOUDS.

WILL THE GREAT WATKINS TOWER IN LONDON TOWN.

One Thousand One Hundred and Fifty Feet in the Sky—Made Especially to Eclipse the Eiffel Structure—Their Heights Compared.

LONDON IS ALWAYS anxious to outshine Paris when it is a question of material rather than artistic achievement. Therefore it is no surprising that all London and England take the greatest interest in the new tower at Wembley Park, near the metropolis, which has been started expressly to outdo the lofty tower of Eiffel.

The tower is designed by Mr. A. W. Stewart, but some of its details have been modified since Sir Benjamin Baker and Mr. Stewart took the work of erection in hand.

Sir Edwin Watkin secured the design, it should be said, in response to a prize offered for such a tower. When the design was selected it had eight legs. These they have now reduced to four, but really the base consists of four groups of four legs each, and each leg rests on its own concrete foundation. It is nearly two years since the Messrs Firbank put in the foundations. The building of the tower above foundation level is being done by Messrs Heenan & Froude of Man-

chester, who are not without experience in such work. They were the builders of the tower, 500 feet high, at Blackpool.

Mild steel is the material used for the mighty structure. We give two sketches which will enable the reader to understand how much higher the Watkin will be compared with the Eiffel tower at Paris.

The tower will somewhat resemble the one at Paris, but the arrangements of lifts will be different. There will be four lifts. Two will ascend to the height of 150 feet only, and two will go up to 900 feet. They will be all independent, and will be driven by winding engines.

At Wembley Park there is not the same necessity as at Paris to have an open space under the tower, so that vertical lifts can be used. These will travel more quickly than if they had

the lifts will carry 30,000 people a day.

As for the uses to which the tower will be put some day depends on circumstances. On the first platform, which is 100 feet from the ground, and is about 300 feet square, shops, restaurants, side shows and a concert hall will be built. The second platform will be at an altitude of 500 feet, and this will contain similar buildings to the lower platform, but on a smaller scale, as the space at command will be much less.

Higher still a third platform will be built, and on this will be a postoffice, a telephone call office and other small buildings. Right at the top will be an observatory and a very powerful electric light from which the beams should be seen from great distances. That on the Eiffel tower has been seen seventy miles away. The tower is expected to be finished early in 1893, and will cost \$1,000,000.

To Expose Mohammedanism.

Mr. Taminosian is a rather handsome young Syrian from Antioch. He is 24 years old, and has been in this country nine months. When he shall have added English to the ten languages he speaks fluently, he is going to write a book on Mohammedanism. He says he will expose "its corrupt beliefs and bad manners." He is a Christian by birth and belief, and the story of how he became a sheik and learned what he calls "derivative principle" is a romantic tale of adventure. He refuses to give the details because he is reserving them for his book.

Travel Induces Liberalism.

The Ameer of Bokhara, in Central Asia, has modified entirely his habits and customs, as a result of his recent voyage in Russia. He has opened the gates of his palace to the Russian ladies and organized dancing parties. Moreover, this palace, with all its oriental splendor, does not seem to be satisfactory to the ameer in general comfort. He has ordered another to be built in the European style, near the Russian legation, under the supervision of a French architect.

When Gladstone Was Young.

While a student at Oxford, Mr. Gladstone was one of the competitors for the Ireland scholarships, but failed. "Desultory beyond belief," is what the principal examiner wrote on Gladstone's paper, and he went so far as to charge the future statesman with "throwing dust into the examiner's eyes like a man who when asked: 'Who wrote 'God Save the King?'" answered: 'Thomson wrote 'Rule Britannia.'"

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A GREAT TOWER.

Copenhagen to Have the Highest One in Europe.

It has been decided to build a tower, on somewhat similar lines to the Eiffel tower, in a park outside of Copenhagen, on an elevated spot, from whence there will be an exceptionally fine view over the city, the surrounding picturesque country, the sound, and a long distance into Sweden. It will be built exclusively of iron and steel, and the foundation will be of cement concrete. The height will be considerably more modest than the tower of Blackpool and Paris, viz., only 430 feet, but above the locality is some ninety feet above the level of the sea. The diameter of the base will be 160 feet, and there will be three platforms, at respectively 100 feet, 200 feet and 350 feet. The lowest platform will rest on a structure of the shape of an even sixteen-sided pyramid, and will itself be octagonal, each side being forty-six feet. This platform will have in its central portion an octagonal pavilion for restaurant, etc. In the upper portion of the pavilion will be access to staircase and elevator to the upper platforms. The access to the lower platform will be by two staircases and two elevators; the capacity of the latter will be about a dozen passengers each, and their maximum speed 1 1/2 feet per second. It has not yet been decided whether they will be worked by hydraulic power or electricity. The second and third platforms will also be octagonal, sitting into circles of respectively 54 feet and 31 feet in diameter. These will have stone floors, and the access to them from the lower platform will be by means of two staircases and two eight-passenger elevators, round which the staircases are placed. The

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IN AN AWFUL BONDAGE

THE ENGLISH SLAVE OF AN OBEAH PRIEST.

Bonded With a Chain of Gold Which He Cannot Cast Off—When the Dread Priest Calls He Must Go to Him Even From the Ends of the Earth.

Some years ago I was introduced to a wealthy traveler in London, in whom I became much interested. One evening our conversation turned to the subject of hypnotism and I asked him whether he believed in these so-called mysterious powers said to be possessed by some people.

"Believe?" replied he, "yes, I do, and in truth I have good reason to; and so would you if you had passed through what I have suffered from these same infernal powers—for that they are infernal I am as sure as that I am at present in their grasp, into which I had the ill luck to fall. Look at that!" said he, suddenly baring his right arm to the elbow; "there is the mark of the demons who have killed for me all the pleasures in life. Would they had killed me outright!"

It was certainly a most extraordinary sight. Midway between the elbow and the wrist, there was deeply embedded in the flesh a gold chain, composed of massive links of a very peculiar pattern. At first sight it appeared to be merely a cleverly tattooed design, says the Million, for the links, though perfectly distinct, did not appear to interfere with the continuity of the skin, but closer examination revealed their actual solidity. It was a mystery how such an object could have been so implanted in the living tissues without, as he assured me, inconveniencing him in the least at ordinary times.

"Ten years ago I was in the West Indies, partly on business, partly on pleasure. I had already wandered over a great part of the earth, and wherever I went made a point of examining as closely as possible into every strange phase of human life; and my cursed curiosity—I can call it by no more dignified name—led me to visit Hayti. One day I had wandered into the country, admiring the rank luxuriance of the tropical vegetation, and, unluckily for me, having gone too far, I lost my way. Night, the sudden, black night of the tropics came down, and I knew not whither to turn.

In these wilds there were no signs of human dwellings, but as I aimlessly stumbled on, hoping sooner or later to light on some trace of human life or some track which I might follow, I saw the gleam of lights at no great distance. So glad was I to be, as I thought, within reach of shelter for the night, that I had hastily advanced a few steps before a glance at the group of wild figures, now clearly illuminated by the light of the fire, that told me I had broken in on an Obeah ceremony.

"I well knew the fate that awaited unauthorized intruders on these horrid rites, and turned to flee; but I was too late. I had been observed, and ere I had taken a couple of steps backward, a pair of swarthy negroes sprang on me and bore me to the ground. Their knives were already at my throat, when the leader of the band came forward, and with a word stayed them. Set on my feet again at his command, he eyed me steadily for a few moments, and if ever devil looked out of human eyes he did then. Such another diabolical countenance I have never seen.

"You are an Englishman. Had you been of any other race I would not have wasted a breath on you, but left you to your fate; but you English are the boasted conquerors of the world, and think you know everything. Before I have done with you you will know—and can tell your people if you choose—that there are some things you have not got hold of yet. Meantime, first of your proud race, you shall behold the most solemn rite of Obeah in this one of its most sacred places."

"So saying he turned on his heel and left me, while the negroes seized me again, and, hurrying me near the huge fire burning in the center of the open space, bound me securely, but not, I must say, too tightly, to a tree, while right before me the rest of the crew went on with their unholy business.

"Partly prompted by curiosity, partly owing to the threats of the priest, who spoke to me once when I shut my eyes in shuddering horror, I saw the fearful orgie to the end. What I saw I shall never tell—I could not if I would. No words I could use would suffice to depict in all their dreadful blackness the acts of that demoniac circle. I supped full of horrors, and when at length I was released I swooned away.

"When I recovered consciousness I was lying in a small cave, on a rude couch, and before me, intently looking into my face, was that monster in human shape, the priest of the midnight debauch. Facing my jailer, I asked him what he now intended to do with me.

"I have done with you in the meantime," said he, "but I have marked you for the future, and he pointed to my arm, when I saw what you have just seen.

"And then the demon told me that though he was but a poor, ignorant nigger, he could weld on an all-knowing Englishman a chain that would bind him all his life, from which he could never free himself.

"Go out into the world," said he; "be prosperous; I give you that with the rest—that whatsoever you put your hand to shall prosper. Be happy, if you can! I cannot, with all my power, give you that, even if I would; but remember that while you wear that chain—and you can never

pluck it off your arm, where I have made it a part of your body—you are in my power. Wherever you are, when I choose I can call you, even from the ends of the earth, and you must come. The sign will be that when you feel the chain you will know I am calling you."

"You may be sure I left that accursed island with all speed, and yet nine times since then I have seen it, and seen that cruel devil-worshiper. From Arctic snows, from the heart of Africa, as well as from the busy centers of civilization I have been dragged. I have buried myself in the depths of the Australian bush, and yet he has called me thence round half the world's circumference. Wherever I am, if I feel this dreadful chain causing me discomfort, I know my hour has come, and I must up and away. If I resist—and I have resisted—the pain becomes unbearable; and as soon as I start for that hateful spot the pain disappears.

"When I see the monster he only laughs at me for taking the trouble to come so far to see a poor, ignorant nigger. Thank God, he never forced me again to look on at another Obeah ceremony, though he sometimes threatens to do so."

SNUFF-TAKING.

The Extent of the Habit as Revealed by Statistics.

"How often do you see a person take snuff?" asked a tobaccoist of one of his customers with whom he was chatting recently.

The person addressed paused for an instant to think, and then replied: "About once or twice a year, I think. It's a nasty habit, and I'm glad it's going out of use."

"But is it going out of use?" asked the tobaccoist. "To be sure, I do not sell an ounce of snuff a week now, and the demand scarcely warrants any tobaccoist to keep it, and yet the figures for the last year show an increase in consumption."

"Ridiculous," remarked the customer. "Impossible. Why, thirty or forty years ago snuff-taking was a common practice. Now one never or rarely sees a snuffer. What are these figures you speak of? They'll have to come from a good source for me to believe that snuff-taking is on the increase."

"Well, here's the source," replied the tobaccoist, drawing out a finance report of the United States treasury, and turning the pages containing the itemized account of internal revenue taxes.

The customer looked at it, and, to his surprise, saw that there had gone into consumption in 1892 11,164,351 pounds of snuff, while in 1893 11,915,894 pounds had been consumed, an increase of 748,543 pounds.

"I don't know where it all goes to," remarked the tobaccoist, as the customer expressed astonishment. "It is as much a surprise to me as it is to you. I certainly thought the habit was dying out, but there are the government returns of taxes paid, and they show an increase in consumption."

A Salt Rain.

There were many expressions of wonder by persons who chanced to be out in a rainstorm at Pocatello, Idaho. The rain had a peculiar whiteness and left white spots on the clothing, like mud. They were examined and found to be the residuum of salt water.

Outlawed by Time.

Dick Jenkins, accused of killing a man in Birmingham, Ala., in 1887, but who was only recently captured, was given his liberty because all the witnesses have died and there was no way of securing testimony.

Famphela's Monument.

Famphela's are said to owe their name to Famphela, a Greek woman, who left behind her a number of scrap books containing notes, receipts, anecdotes and memoranda.

SUCH IS LIFE.

"Pickles and New York Sunday papers," is the wording of a sign over a Chicago store.

The following erratum, says the Tammany Times, appears in an exchange: "In the piece on our fourth page, entitled 'We Must Not Lag Behind,' instead of the line 'That molds its dirty shirt,' please read, 'That would its duty shirk.'"

An Irish landlord, the owner of some historical ruins, was recently appealed to by the Society for the Protection of Ancient Monuments to prevent their destruction by careless tourists. He at once ordered that a wall should be built around them. Upon his return to Ireland he was astonished to find that, though the wall had been completed, the ruins had disappeared. They had used the ruins to build the wall.

A little Boston girl went to her father, a clergyman, one day, and asked him if the moon was really made of green cheese, as some one had told her it was. Her father was very busy, so he said, "Go and read your bible, my dear, and see what that says." She obeyed, and came back with a smile, saying: "Of course it can't be made of cheese; for the moon was made one day and the cows afterward."

An 8-year-old boy was on the tow-path near the bridge at New Brunswick, N. J., playing with his dog, when he fell into the water, which is about six or eight feet deep. The lad was in a fair way to drown when his dog, a big Newfoundland, jumped in and swam to his side. The boy grasped the dog tightly by the hair on his back. The animal then swam to the shore, so that the lad could grasp the dock log and haul himself out. People who saw the incident declared that the dog showed almost human intelligence.



1. St. Nicholas, in Hamburg, 144.2 metres. 2. The Cathedral, Antwerp, 133 metres. 3. The St. Stephen's, in Vienna, 137 metres. 4. The Cathedral in Rouen, 149 metres. 5. St. Peter's in Rome, 138.7 metres. 6. The Dome in Cologne, 156 metres. 7. The Minster in Ulm, highest church in the world, 161 metres. 8. St. Girard's, in Seville, 111.5 metres. 9. St. Paul's, in London, 111.3 metres. 10.

The Barrington Review

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS.

NOYES L. THOMPSON, Ed. and Prop.
J. D. LANEY, 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, \$1.00; \$1.75 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. DISCONTINUANCES—A subscriber desiring to discontinue the paper must remit the amount due for the time it has been sent.

ADVERTISING RATES—Twenty-five cents a line, space measure (14 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, 34 LaSalle street
H. W. Butler... 34 Leaper bloc
Town Clerk... F. J. Holl
Superintendent... Henry Rusterberg
Assessor... Wm. Johnson
Collector... Edward Simmons
Street Commissioner... George Hayes
Asst. Street Com'r... Fred Hertel
Health Inspector... J. Gleason

It takes more money and greater exertion for a merchant to keep up with his competitors without advertising than it does for him to employ its agency discreetly.

An aged lady in Glassboro, N. J., rejoices in the possession of 180 grand children. If they spend the Fourth of July with her she is entitled to widespread sympathy.

The government of Russia is to be commended for taking dueling under its control. Anything to make it more fatal. The Kilkenny cats fought the most ideal duel in history, viewed from the standpoint of results.

Evidence accumulates that the late David Dudley Field was the greatest lawyer that ever lived. He made a will so steel-clad at every point that the lawyers have not been able to discover a single blow-hole in it.

"Hex Hair Fell to Her Feet" is the title of a column story. Except in the improbable contingency of her feet being higher than her head this was wholly natural. But she should have skewered the hair more carefully.

"Will they reach the pole?" is the interesting question propounded by a current magazine. A still more interesting question to many patriotic citizens just now is, will the pole be long enough to reach the persimmon?

The national prison congress confesses itself appalled that the tide of criminality is growing greater, yet it can expect nothing else as long as penal reformers bend every energy to make criminality a light and pleasant occupation.

A physician in New York, having testified to the known incompetency of a fellow physician, has been condemned by the rest of the healing craft as a violator of the "code." What that precious code seems particularly to need is violation.

EMPEROR WILLIAM of Germany is about to cultivate a new sensation. He proposes to make an excursion in a balloon. The emperor of Russia expects to go up himself one of these days, but it is a nihilistic bomb that will supply the projecting force.

The Koko Dramaticzne Inenia Paley Kochanowski W. Jir Sw. Jachwigi is the name of a new amateur actor's society incorporated in Chicago. It is supposed that the name will be dramatized and played by the society on consecutive nights.

The czar does not seem inclined to heed a petition from America concerning American citizens whom he has sent to Siberia. It is not surprising. The czar's own people have vainly been trying to reach him with petitions, poison and bombs, every since his worthy sire was subjected to disintegration.

The English-speaking world receives re-enforcements rapidly in these times. A superintendent of Indian schools says there are 60,000 Indians in this country who understand enough of English for ordinary purposes. The American Indians are not declining in numbers, and in a few generations their own languages will be forgotten.

You can trace a resemblance between the merchant who, when hard times bear him down, seeks safety by withdrawing his name from the public gaze and the trick who, when it is in danger, considers itself safe when its head is buried in the sand. The man who buries his business prospects by refusing to advertise should bury himself and have done with it.

WITH WRECKED TRAINS

HOW TO HANDLE AN ACCIDENT TO A LOCOMOTIVE.

The Wreck Train Is Always on the Look-out and Its Methods Are Not Commonly Known—Hard Work for the Men Who Man It.

In railroad life many incidents are accidents. When a man is hurt on a railroad we know pretty well what is done to the sufferer. All of us understand more or less thoroughly how bones are set and cuts are sewed up. But unless we are railroad men we have no very clear idea as to the method of operating on a wrecked train. And few of us know what a "dead engine" is, although we may easily guess.

The wreck train is the train that carries the men and wrecking appliances to the wreck. A good, strong engine with a tank holding plenty of water is needed, for it cannot be spared at a critical moment to run some distance to get its drink, thereby losing much valuable time. The derrick car, with its fifteen tons' capacity crane that can be turned around in every direction, always approaches the wreck in the van. A couple of tool cars to hold ropes, blocks, tools, men, etc., completes the train.

The men who go with the wreck train work along the track or in the shop when not engaged in wrecking, says the Philadelphia Times. Weeks often pass by without even a pair of wheels being off the track and it is jokingly suggested that the wreck train be sold to some less fortunate railroad.

Then, perhaps as the men are peacefully pegging away at a bad piece of track or opening up a filled-in ditch, a messenger will run to the conductor of the train and hand him a telegram which reads as follows:

To A. L. CAMPBELL, Conductor Wreck Train. Go at once to extra 200. North wrecked just south of Extown. Both track-blocked and track badly torn up. A. B. C. Superintendent.

Then there is a rush. The conductor gets his train orders and they make for the scene of disaster as rapidly as possible. Pretty soon they get close to the wreck, but are stopped by the danger signal at a block station. The train dispatcher gives the conductor more orders, so that he can work his train about the wreck, and they go on, fuming over the slight but necessary delay.

The wreck once reached the powers that be make a careful but hurried survey of the situation. A plan of attack is mapped out and then active work begins. Some of the cars may have only a truck derailed, which remains on the cross ties. Small blocks of wood, iron-bound wedges and wrecking frogs are placed in front of the derailed wheels, the wreck train is coupled on to the cars, and they are put on to the track again in ten minutes.

The cars that are pretty badly smashed up require more work. In bad wrecks there is always a core of broken car bodies, tangled-up trucks, and a thick packing to make everything snug, of the lading of these cars. It is wonderful how the long iron brace rods of a car hook themselves, octopus-like, around everything within reach. This conglomerate mass has to be shaken up. Heavy drag ropes and wire cables are brought out of the tool car and finally fastened to a part of the wreckage. Then the engine of the wreck train tugs and strains, the driving wheels slipping with every turn. Perhaps a steady pull does not do any good, and the engine lets the rope slacken and takes a running start. Biff! The rope breaks and its two parts snap like rubber bands. A heavier rope is brought and the wreckage stirred up. Parts of it are dragged here and there out of the road; some of it rolled down a convenient embankment. No time is lost in uselessly trying to save cars. The tracks must be cleared as soon as possible and trains allowed to proceed. Empty cars are rolled over out of the road with the help of a block and fall. Wrecked coal or coke is shoveled out of the way as fast as the men can work.

I remember one wreck which happened a few years ago, to which I was called about 5 p. m. It was a little cloudy, and after a little thought I concluded to take a rubber coat. A telegraph operator went with us to open up a telegraph office at the wreck. He was quite a young man, dressed very nicely, but he thought an umbrella would do for himself. We got to the wreck about 6 o'clock. An empty freight car in the middle of a north-bound freight train had broken down and fallen across the south-bound track, where it was run into by a passenger train going seventy miles an hour. The freight car was knocked into pieces about as big as your hand. One pair of driving wheels on the engine of the passenger train were derailed, but the engine ran on the ties until stopped. It was a very narrow escape all around.

When we got to the wreck it was raining cats and dogs and blowing tigers and lions. I never saw such a time. The wind blew all our lamps out, and the rain seemed to soak away all our ambition. If our bodies once got a little off of plumb the wind upset us. It was terrible. I got a position on the lee side of the engine and went to work to put her on the track. A brave few worked on the windward side, but it seemed as if we could never get her on again. We could hardly see, talk, hear or move for the wind and rain. In the meantime the lineman had "cut-in" a temporary wire and the telegraph operator started to send and receive messages. His umbrella

had long ago blown away and he was wet to the skin. But he bravely stuck to it, although he was absolutely unsheltered, and out in that howling tempest he tried to hear the faint tick-tick of his instrument.

LANGUAGE OF ANTS.

You May Not Understand It But the Insects Do.

Youth's Companion thinks it is no longer necessary to prove the existence of language among insects. What is now of interest is to find out, if we can, the extent and limits of their language and the ideas and inferences to which it gives rise.

It is still a question, however, in what way communication is opened and kept up. Is it by rubbing the antennae together? The movements of the insects make this seem reasonable, yet a professor of natural history, in Prussia recently stated that ants are provided with a sounding apparatus resembling that of the wasp, by means of which faint sounds suited to the ears of the ants are produced. This remains to be proved.

How is it that these small creatures can venture far from the nest, distances that are relatively enormous, and never hesitate about the road to take when they wish to retrace their steps? Learned men who have studied the matter attribute the power to the formic acid given out by the insect as it travels, so that it finds its way in exactly the same way that a fox or a dog does.

"One day," says M. Levallois, "I followed an ant for a long time. She was far from the ant-hill and seemed to have no intention of soon returning."

"In the middle of the path she came upon the dead body of a good-sized snail. She first walked all around it, then climbed upon the ugly creature's back, crawled all over it, and after this thorough examination, instead of going on, immediately returned to the nest."

When half way home she met one of her companions. In an instant they had touched or rubbed antennae with great animation, and she was pursuing her course. The same performance took place when she met a second and a third, and as soon as she had left them they quickly turned toward the spot where the snail lay.

"The first ant soon entered the nest, and I lost sight of her; but doubtless she continued her work of informing and exciting the rest, for a long line of ants immediately came out and set forth for the prey. Ten minutes afterward the snail was entirely covered with the yellow swarm, and by evening not a trace of it remained."

Glass That Withstands Heat.

Hundreds of mirrors have been ruined by lamps being placed close to them to assist in toilet purposes, and the average glass seems to be exceptionally mean in respect of temperature. Of late years lamp glasses have been made by a secret process which makes them so tough that, even if touched with red-hot iron, they will seldom crack. Now an inventor has gone a step farther and has produced a glass which will stand a greater heat, without bending or breaking, than iron. If this can be put on the market on a commercial basis it will promptly revolutionize our ideas of building and enable much larger panes of glass to be used than is practicable now.

A Relic in the Form of a Jewel Box.

A jewel box recently presented to Cardinal Gibbons, was made from a piece of the roots of a mulberry tree under which, at St. Mary's, in Maryland, it is believed mass was first celebrated in this region. The date of this service was March 25, 1643, and when the tree blew down a few years ago it was thought to have been between 300 and 400 years old.

CURSORY AND CURIOUS.

Venice has no streets, horses, trees or wooden houses.

Twenty-two chemical elements have been found in meteors.

In Finland and East Turkistan thunder storms are wholly unknown.

The sunken garden is a unique feature of Philadelphia's Fairmount park.

Single mastodon teeth sometimes weigh from seventeen to twenty pounds.

The squirrel monkey has a larger brain proportionately than any other animal, not excepting man.

The Turkish laboring day is from sunrise to an hour before sunset, with an hour for prayers and dinner.

Ray Wells, a 16-year-old Brooklyn messenger-boy, raced after a runaway horse, caught up to it and saved a 3-year-old child in the wagon.

The little snow bird of the Sierras is no bigger than a wren, but he is as strong as the stormy petrel, and flits about in infinite glee when the wind is blowing fifty miles an hour.

Baptists in the town of Matawan, N. J., received an anonymous letter inclosing charges against their pastor. They tore up the letter and held a meeting at which the pastor's salary was increased.

Henretta Purcell, a little girl, died a few days ago in a New York hospital from excessive rope-skipping. On the day of her becoming ill she had jumped 139 times, and after a few minutes' breathing, 133 times without a trip.

Recently Rufus Farrer of Upton, Maine, and his young son espied a curious hole beneath the trunk of a partially overturned tree. The father entered the dark opening and suddenly slipped and fell a short distance, landing on a large bear. In an instant he was upon his feet, and as the animal advanced he struck it on the head with an ax, cleaving its skull.

AN EXPERIENCE ALOFT.

Jake Has a Tussle With a Polar Bear in the Rigging.

There is an old sailor named Jake, recently returned to San Francisco from an Arctic cruise, who has made up his mind not to go on another whaling expedition, no matter what happens. The reason is this: One occasion during his late voyage Jake was on the watch in the night—that is, as much night as it ever gets up there in summer. The sun had been down about an hour, and would rise again about an hour later. It was a beautiful night, as the ship lay there in the ice, and the air seemed scintillating with a phosphorescent glow that penetrated everywhere and made no shadows. On all sides the pack ice lay close to the vessel; and reached for miles in every direction, broken occasionally by a large berg or the faint outlines of another ship. The silence was profound; it seemed to produce a roaring sound like the waves of a distant ocean. Such surroundings will put a person in a semi-comatose state, from which the slightest sound will awaken him with a start.

Jake suddenly saw something white in the gloom climbing the mast. His first impulse was to jump to the deck, but before he could act upon it the white object crawled through the lubber hole, and Jake then saw that it was a polar bear. Jake realized that he was in a most dangerous position and began to think of means of escape. He called to the watch on deck below, but they couldn't hear. He tried to get out under the canvas, but the bear grabbed him and pulled him back. It began thumping him and every time Jake attempted to move away it would growl. Suddenly his eyes lighted on a rope hanging to the deck just back of the cradle. By this means he thought he could reach the deck. To swing himself free was but the work of an instant, but the bear made a jump and caught hold of his foot. But a few vigorous kicks freed him and then began a new terror. Perhaps the rope was not strong enough and would break, or he might miss the stay and swing against the mast and be dashed to death. The moment in the air seemed years filled with horror, and several times Jake wished he had taken his chances with the bear. To grab the stay and hold on was the most difficult, and twice Jake's hands slipped and almost lost it.

When he reached the deck he looked up and saw the rope swing back to the cradle, when the bear grabbed it. It tried to do as it had seen Jake do, but had no sooner swung clear than it slipped and fell to the deck. The crew had bear-steak for breakfast.

Snap Shot at a Weak Bridge.

In England a few weeks ago a certain iron bridge of one of the railways was suspected of being unsafe. It looked all right, but there were some reasons why the managers were afraid of it. They could not decide themselves and they sent up to London for a famous engineer to come and look it over. He came and was puzzled, too, until he thought of a way to test. He took a kodak and made a picture of the bridge with no train upon it. Then he kept his camera in position and waited for a fast train to come. Pretty soon an express came thundering on, and just as the big locomotive struck the bridge he pulled open the slide and took a second picture on the same plate that still held the first. When the plate was examined the picture with the train was found so much below the other as to show what the engineer and managers had feared—a dangerous droop to the bridge.—New York Times.

Society Jealousies.

"You needn't put on no airs, you yaller-faced piece. We keep a cow, and has got a pew in de Blue Light Tabernacle, besides," were the words of Miss Matilda Snowball, who is as black as night, to a saddle-colored friend.

"I don't keer ef we habn't got a cow. We keep a goat, and my mudder is gwine to hab a carbuncle on de back ob her neck," was the crushing reply.—Texas Siftings.

The Earliest.

The Acta Diurna of ancient Rome is the earliest approach to the newspapers of which we have any authentic record. The Acta appeared daily until the downfall of the empire, A. D. 476. It was published under the auspices of the government and posted in some public place, the contents consisting of a digest of public docket, a summary of daily occurrences, and all news of a general character.

He Knew the Right Way.

Young Cittiman—I trust, uncle, that you did not tuck your napkin in under your chin last night when you dined at the Swellhedde hotel.

Uncle Jere, just from Wayback—Cert'nly not, my boy, cert'nly not. I tied it back of my neck by the corners, just as nice as you please.—Chicago Record.

A Great Mystery.

"My husband is a peculiar sort of a man."

"How so?"

"Before we were married I could not get him out of the house before midnight, and now I can't get him into the house before midnight."—Texas Siftings.

Not Going to Have a Crush.

"How many ladies have you invited?"

"Twenty-five."

"But I thought you were going to invite fifty."

"But consider the fashion is sleeves."

CHICAGO THEATERS.

AMUSEMENT ATTRACTIONS FOR COMING WEEK.

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

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

It would be difficult to find anywhere upon the stage a bundle of femininity more pleasing and more capable than the trio, Verona, Hartho and Crater, of David Henderson's American Extravaganza company. In fact the ensemble of "Aladdin, Jr." is much stronger in this particular than in previous productions at the Chicago opera house. There has never been a ballet placed upon the stage in this country in which the personal was so youthful and so charming. As to the two premieres, Hartho and Irmlar, praise is a matter of course. Hartho herself is a revelation, while Irmlar in her interpretation of the solos of Coppe and Jacobi fully sustains the reputation she has earned during her three years' leadership of Henderson's ballet forces. A new feature has been added to the ballet scene, the sunflower quadrille, and it has already become an assured success. Abrahams, the English pantomimist specially engaged for the part of Lucifer, the cat, takes part in the quadrille, accompanied by three attractive English girls, who came to this country to take important parts in the "Cinderella" company. Burke has added a new lot of comicallities to the piece. Verona now has a topical song with which to amuse her legion of admirers, and "Aladdin, Jr." in spite of sultry weather and counter attractions, is as sure a winner as any of Henderson's previous productions. It seems more than likely now that New Yorkers are to have a peep at the latest Chicago production in the extravaganza line, as it is reported that a prominent New York manager has induced Mr. Henderson to put the crowning success of his career upon a Broadway stage early in the coming autumn. The fiftieth performance of "Aladdin, Jr." is near at hand and the audiences are commensurate with the attraction, the houses being filled at nearly every performance.

MICKER'S.

The new play, "An American Heiress," is enjoying a phenomenal success, standing room being the order nightly. This play will again be the attraction next week.

THE SCHILLER.

Sunday, July 8, and during the week following "Dorothy" will be presented by the Schiller Opera company. This is one of the prettiest light operas in existence.

DAILY LAKE EXCURSIONS TO ST. JOE AND BENTON HARBOR, MICH.

On the steel steamer City of Chicago and the new propeller Chicago, the two fastest steamers on Lake Michigan. Eight hours on the water. Only sixty miles from Chicago. The sister cities are visited by thousands of pleasure seekers every season, and are without exception the most delightful resorts on Lake Michigan: good fishing, bathing, beautiful drives and other attractions. The schedule for the season is as follows:

Leaves Chicago daily at 9:30 a. m. Return to city about 8:30 p. m. Round trip, \$1.

Leaves Chicago daily at 11:30 p. m. Single fare trip, \$1.

Leaves Chicago Sunday at 10 a. m. Return about 10 p. m. Round trip, \$1.

Leaves Chicago Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Round trip, \$1. Tickets good returning same night, Sunday at 6 p. m. or Monday's steamer. In all cases meals and berths extra.

The City of Chicago, which leaves daily at 9:30 a. m., makes close connections at St. Joseph with the special fast steamboat express on the C. & W.

A Beautiful Faith.

During the battle of Waterloo there was a frightful panic in Brussels. It was reported that the allies were beaten, and people were flying in all directions. The duke of Wellington's cook went on quietly with his duties. He was begged to save himself, but replied: "I have served my master while he fought a hundred battles, and he never yet failed to come to his dinner."

A seventy-year-old woman of Newark, N. J., some time ago married a dapper youth of twenty-five. She thinks she needs but one thing more now to complete her happiness and that is a divorce.

A colored man of Vicksburg objected in vain to paying a license on each of his occupations. He makes mattresses and repairs furniture, shoes, and umbrellas, each constituting a separate license.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE, Fire-Proof.

COR. WASHINGTON AND STATE STREETS. MR. DAVID HENDERSON, - Sole Manager.

8th EXTRAVAGANZA SEASON! Thursday, JUNE 7

And Every Evening Thereafter. MATINEES, Wednesday and Saturday.

AMERICAN EXTRAVAGANZA COMPANY

In a New and Original Operatic Extravaganza, in 4 acts and 10 scenes, by NE. J. CHEEVER GOODWIN. Author of "The Merry Monarch," "Wag," "The Oolah," "Panjandrum," "Evangeline," etc., with Music composed and arranged by MR. W. H. BATCHELOR, entitled.

ALADDIN, JR.

A TALE OF A WONDERFUL LAMP.

Originated and Designed by - - MR. DAVID HENDERSON.

PRODUCTION COSTING \$85,000. 400 PERSONS.

Produced under the Direction of - - MR. RICHARD BARKER.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY AND INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—EXTERIOR OF THE ROYAL BATHS, PEKIN. HORN OF THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

ACT II.—Scene 1.—ECHO GLEN BY NIGHT. EXTERIOR OF THE CAVE OF THE LAMP. Scene 2.—INTERIOR OF CAVE. Scene 3.—SUSHEL FALL IN GOLDEN GLADE AND RESORT OF SILVER STORMS. GRAND AMBER BALLET OF CELESTIAL FESTIVITIES.

ACT III.—Scene 1.—INTERIOR OF WIDOW BOHEA'S LAUNDRY, PEKIN. Scene 2.—GARDENS OF IMPERIAL PALACE, PEKIN. FLIGHT OF AERIAL PALACE.

ACT IV.—Scene 1.—EGYPT: ABEANABA'S PALACE OF EBONY AND GOLD. GRAND BARBARIC PROCESSION. Scene 2.—GREAT WALLS OF CHINA. HOME AGAIN. Scene 3.—GRAND TRANSFORMATION, "THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP."

PRICES (NIGHTS, 25c. to \$1.50) General Admission 50c. (MATINEES, 25c. to \$1.00)

HOW HE WAS CRUCIFIED

AND REMAINED IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING.

Average Singphos in India Nailed Him by His Hands and Feet to the Cross, and Then He Painted—The Awful Wounds of an American Miner.

Dr. William Bredemeyer, a Prussian by birth, was once crucified by an uncivilized tribe in Burma, India, survived the ordeal and lived many years afterwards. Bredemeyer was a quiet, uncommunicative Prussian. Members of his family and his close friends knew of his crucifixion, but Tacoma people were in absolute ignorance of the facts until Bredemeyer's record of his own life was found among his papers after his death.

He was a graduate of the university of Bonn, and had previously qualified as a member of the Prussian pioneer engine corps. That was in 1862. The next year he entered the Dutch-India service as a mining engineer and expert and advanced step by step in his chosen profession until in 1868, when the king of Upper Burma made him chief engineer of the famous ruby mine district, where big sapphires are also found. The mines are jealously guarded, and all the precious stones belong to the king. From the ruby and the sapphire harvest the king realizes from \$50,000 to \$70,000 a year.

North of Meade in the lofty mountains there were some ruby mines which the king had not had prospected by such an eminent expert as Bredemeyer. In fact, no white man had ever ventured into the mountains of the North, where dwell the half civilized Singphos, who, while recognizing the authority of the king, were unruly and barbaric.

Bredemeyer's advent was the signal for great excitement among the Singphos. They had never seen a white man, and notwithstanding Bredemeyer proclaimed his mission under authority of the king, the Singphos were not satisfied. Their cupidity got the better of their loyalty; they thought more of their rubies and sapphires than they did of the king's mandates. They decided to crucify the white man if he did not flee from the country.

A handful of soldiers were with Bredemeyer. In all the country, which then had 3,500,000 inhabitants, the king had but 19,000 soldiers. The Singphos were not afraid of them. Bredemeyer refused to leave the country until he had carried out the orders of the king. The Singphos declared war. The soldiers went into ambush, only to treacherously surrender the mining expert when the natives swooped down upon them.

While the soldiers were scurrying about for reinforcements, the natives nailed Bredemeyer to a cross made of two pieces of the native oil wood. Crude pieces of iron with sharp edges and slightly sharp at the end were brought, and, using stones for sledges, the natives drove the irons through Bredemeyer's hands and feet.

The barbarians were beside themselves with fiendish fury. In their haste they horribly mutilated the engineer's toes and fingers. Before the brutal work of nailing Bredemeyer to the cross was finished he became partially unconscious. The shock was almost fatal. The last thing he remembered was the swarming Singphos, with their flat faces, broad skulls, straight black hair and deep brown skins, grinning like demons, uttering wild shouts and dancing and gesticulating at the foot of the cross. Some of them were entirely naked, having stripped off their apparel in the hysterical excitement of the capture and crucifixion of the hated victim.

As a rule the natives wear linen wrapped about their hips. These cloths are called ingies, and as Bredemeyer lapsed into unconsciousness he remembered that the ingies of the masters of the barbaric ceremony were besmeared with his own blood.

When Bredemeyer had been nailed to the cross, the natives prepared to raise it and fasten it into the ground. At this instant the soldiers happily returned with reinforcements and routed the natives. Bredemeyer was carried back to Meade.

The crucifixion occurred on July 16, 1869, at about noon. At noon the next day his wounds were dressed. The rainy season had not set in, and it was very warm, and under these unfavorable conditions it was feared gangrene would set in. The sufferer was cared for tenderly, under the directions from the king, and being accustomed to great hardships, he speedily recovered, but never again ventured into the land of the Singphos.

When Bredemeyer was crucified there was no antiseptic surgery to kill the putrefying microbes in the air while wounds were being treated, and thus avoid irritation and unsightly scars. For twenty-four hours after he was crucified he received no treatment of any kind. When his wounds were dressed he was unconscious, and for several days it was thought he would die.

The right hand scar was not so long as the left hand one by an inch. Both were between the bones of the thumb and forefinger, in the thickest part of the palm. The left hand scar was two and a half inches long, and on both sides of the hands the scars stood out like miniature mountain ranges, compared with the size of the hands. The serrated top ridges of the ugly marks were white and pronounced, like snow-capped peaks.

Electric locomotives are in use on two French railways.

TITLES AND BIG INCOMES.

Dukes, Earls and Commoners of England Who Are Well Provided For.

The earl of Derby draws from his tenant farmers upwards of \$850,000 a year. This is supplemented by his Liverpool property. This fortunate family owns nearly all the town of Bury. The total income of the earl of Derby is close on \$1,750,000, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. The earl of Sefton's is another family which has done well out of Liverpool, for, in addition to estates producing \$215,000 a year and ground rents \$350,000 more, they receive \$1,255,000 for 370 acres of land required by a corporation for a public park. Mr. Gladstone, in addition to \$503,000 left him by his father, has the rent roll of the Hawarden estate, which came into the possession of his wife on the death of the last male Glynne. Add to the estate, which is worth \$90,865 a year, another \$10,000 for royalties and \$25,000 when he was prime minister, and you have in round numbers an income of \$125,000 a year. Earl Vane has \$503,000 a year in addition to his coal royalties, which extend over 12,000 acres. Coal is worth to the earl of Fitzwilliams \$500,000 a year in addition to another \$680,000, the value of his estates in Yorkshire and Ireland. The marquis of Londonderry, who sells his coal in wholesale and retail, has with land rent a roll of \$915,000 a year.

The marquis of Salisbury's London property in the neighborhood of St. Martha's lane and the Strand is said to bring him about \$350,000 a year. The marquis' other estates produce \$165,000 per annum. As the duke of Devonshire owns 193,315 acres of land, producing a revenue of \$865,000 a year, he is not likely to accept the million which has been offered for Devonshire house and grounds in Piccadilly. The duke of Hamilton's mining royalties amount to no less than \$570,000 a year. His other estates bring in \$365,000 per annum. Lord Burton, of Bass fame, is worth over \$590,000 a year, and the family of the late Mr. Crawshaw, the Welsh iron master, has the handling of \$10,000,000. When the iron trade was brisk the earl of Dudley netted yearly \$150,000. The Dudley diamonds are worth \$2,500,000. The duke of Norfolk has an income of \$1,815,000 a year, the duke of Northumberland \$830,000 and Earl Rosebery \$180,000, to say nothing of \$10,000,000 his late wife brought him.

To Put Harness on Potomac Falls. It is doubtful whether in a few years hence any of the great water powers in this country will be longer running to waste. The next to be harnessed in the service of man will be the falls of the Potomac, a company having been incorporated in Virginia for the purpose of constructing works to utilize this most valuable force. Many years ago a company was organized for this same purpose, in which the late Benjamin F. Butler was very much interested, but, notwithstanding the proximity of the falls to the city of Washington, nothing was accomplished because of the lack of a practicable method of transmitting or distributing the power. The progress of electrical science has made available all of these waste forces of nature. —Philadelphia Record.

Free From Military Service. In the French senate a motion to the effect that the sons of divorced women should be free from military service—a concession enjoyed by the sons of widows—was recently adopted by a vote of 166 to 114.

CHIPS AND SHAVINGS. Stepladders are now made so that when not in use they may be folded up and kept in a small box. Many dealers in pickles have tried to make of horseradish a proprietary article by resorting to the trick of peculiar bottles and special labels. One New York dealer has a printed label bearing a rude effigy of a horse and the inscription "pure horseradish."

Near Rio Bravo, Kern county, Cal., a patch of ground with so much alkali that a man would sink to his shoe tops while walking on it, was irrigated and sown with corn and grain. The rankest growth followed, and after three years of irrigation and cropping there is no trace of the alkali except on the tops of the cheeks, while just over the line, on unimproved land, the ground is as white as a bank of beautiful snow.

UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS. Blood poisoning, it is said, from a lead pencil prick resulted in the death of George S. Croft of Norwalk, Conn.

In 1761 a Glasgow paper announced the marriage of David Lincoln to Catherine Crow, his fifth wife, and continued: "He is 71. His first wife was a Dutch woman, whose name he has forgotten. The rest were Scotch."

William Bruce, a Scotch railway employe, while repairing a bridge at Ellon station, near Glasgow, noticed as a goods train was approaching that an iron bar was lying across the rails. He made a dash for it, but the engine was upon him and he was instantaneously killed.

William Manning, a fellow from the South of Florida, got arrested in Jacksonville and was so indignant over it that he began kicking the walls of his cell. Then they took his shoes away from him, but he continued to kick till his feet were so sore that he had to be taken to a hospital.

Mrs. Petrie, daughter of Mr. M. Kimbrough of Clarke county, Ala., was accidentally shot at her residence near Thomasville lately. She was cleaning a secretary when a pistol fell from it to the floor, causing one of the cartridges to explode. The ball entered at the left nipple and passed entirely through the body.

MAJORITY VERDICTS.

Civil Cases May Be So Decided in Most European Countries.

In Scotland, since 1854, it has been provided that in civil cases, after six hours' deliberation, a verdict of three-fourths may be taken. And in British India the code of criminal procedure of 1882 makes a similar provision, and goes even so far as to declare that after due deliberation the opinion of six concurred in by the judge, shall prevail. In most countries of Europe trial by jury is used only in criminal cases, and in France, Italy and Germany a simple majority is sufficient. There is nothing in the reason of the thing, nor in the experience of civilized nations, to justify American persistence in this rule, says Frank Leslie's Weekly.

The constitutions of three of our states provide that in civil action, three-fourths of a jury may render a verdict; these are California, Nevada and Texas. In Texas it provides that the same rule shall apply to criminal cases below the grade of felony. In Connecticut the law provides that a legal verdict may be rendered by any number not less than nine in civil cases, where the parties shall agree to it in writing before the rendition of the verdict. In New Jersey, in 1882, the house of assembly passed a bill providing for similar verdicts in civil cases, but it failed to become a law. But this seems to be the extent to which the efforts to change the rule of unanimity have reached. As long ago as 1869 ex-Governor Koerner, of Illinois, made this suggestion: "A verdict returned within six hours should be unanimous and signed by every juror; after that time and within six hours thereafter a verdict signed by eleven jurors may be given; after twelve hours, and within six hours thereafter one signed by ten; after eighteen hours and within six hours thereafter one signed by nine, and after twenty-four hours one signed by eight may be given."

INDIA'S REPTILES.

The Country Is Infested With Big and Dangerous Creatures.

"Probably no country in the world contains more reptiles of every kind than India," remarked Captain L. E. Slocum, a retired officer of the British army, to the Globe-Democrat man. "Among the largest and most dangerous of these is the python. Although this snake has no poison in its fangs it is none the less to be feared, as it inflicts death on its victims as surely and quickly as the most venomous reptile. It grows to an enormous size, frequently reaching thirty feet in length, and with a body thick and strong in proportion."

"While I was stationed in India, I had an opportunity to see a python seize and kill its victim, and the awful power of the reptile was fully impressed on my mind. I was on a hunting expedition with three brother officers, and while we were making our way through the jungle we were startled at hearing a savage growl come from a clump of bushes near by. Realizing that a wild beast was in dangerous proximity we hastily climbed to a place of safety amid the branches of a neighboring tree. We were not a moment too soon, for in an instant a magnificent Bengal tiger leaped from the bushes, roaring terribly and lashing his sides with his tail as he glared around in search of his enemies. In another moment a huge python darted forth from some place of concealment and before the tiger had a chance to escape had encircled it in its fold. The act was done with the rapidity of lightning. As the snake tightened its folds, the eyes of the tiger bulged out from its head, its mouth gasped vainly for aid and the crunching of its bones could be distinctly heard. We killed the serpent."

Headache Powders.

The habit of taking "headache powders" is increasing to an alarming extent among a great number of women throughout the country. These powders, as their name indicates, are claimed by the manufacturers to be a positive and speedy cure for any form of headache. In many cases their chief ingredient is morphine, opium, cocaine or some other equally injurious drug having a tendency to deaden pain. The habit of taking them is easily formed, but almost impossible to shake off. Women usually commence taking them to relieve a raging headache and, finding it successful, soon resort to the powder to alleviate any little pain or ache they may be subjected to, and finally, like the morphine or opium fiend, get into the habit of taking them regularly, imagining that they are in pain if they happen to miss their regular dose.

Sure Fit. "What have you named your new boy?" "William. I wanted to get a name that would be sure to fit."

"I don't quite catch on." "Why, don't you see? If he grows up to be a real nice, good kind of a young man he will be called Willie, and if he should happen to turn out pretty tough he can be called Bill."

Catching Cold Brought Up to Date. A late theory of catching cold is that when one enters a cold room after being heated the bacteria in the room flock to the warm body and enter it through the open pores of the skin.

A Mammoth Hen's Egg. Seldon Spencer of Essex, Conn., has a hen which lately astonished him by laying an egg that weighs twenty ounces and measures eight and a half inches in circumference.

A LOVE STORY.

An Oft-Repeated Scene in an Old World Garden.

An old world garden, so peaceful, quiet and still, where the roses nod their heads in the summer breeze, whispering round them the secrets of the high, overhanging trees, bringing them, too, the music of the tiny fountain blithely dancing in the sunlight while reflecting back their brightness in a thousand pearly tints, and singing sweetly all the live-long day to the rippling brook wending far away through the meadows beyond, to lose itself amid waving fields of corn, gleaming like yellow gold in the valley below.

On the close-cropped grass plot, ringed over and over, where the fairies hold their court on its green carpet night after night, stands an old moss-covered sun-dial, marking off the hours, keeping steady pace with the march of time. How many love tales could that old dial tell; the same sweet story had been poured out so often by its stones that it must know it all—the sighs and tears, the sweet love whispers, the hot, swift words that sprang so quickly from the parted lips, the faltering answer so low as to hardly break the stillness as the seconds pass under the shadows of the dial's face.

A young man, strong and straight as an Apollo, kneeling by its weather-beaten stones, is pouring out his love story to a dainty maiden so small and fragile that almost the fairies might claim her for their own. There is a delicate rose flush under the tender skin of the maiden's face, while her eyes are shaded from sight under long drooping lashes, and the sweet lips are poutingly curved as her little hands push back the roses he offers her so tenderly. Her blue eyes cloud a moment as she turns away her dainty head.

"Then you don't love me any more, Mignon? And I plucked these pretty roses all for you, and these wild flowers to twine in your hair and crown you a queen, my queen, my little queen, Mignon." A tender thrill runs through the young man's voice. "Mignon, am I to go away? Don't you want my love any more? Is your love like the roses and wild flowers, as quickly dying, Mignon?" His face comes closer to hers, and one arm steals gently around the tiny waist. "Mignon, his pleading voice goes on, 'you love me; you're only making believe not to.'"

Does a dimple steal into the maiden's cheek and the eyes shyly glanced at the brave fellow kneeling at her feet in all the glorious strength of his young manhood? The tiny arms are clasped tightly around his neck, her dainty cheek close presses his, and in a whisper sweet and low, while the seconds pass under the shadow on the old dial's face, comes the answer he awaits—"I do love you, papa."

LONDON'S LORD MAYOR.

When Arrayed in Robes of State His Glory Is Like Solomon's.

The foundation of municipal honor in England undoubtedly springs from the Guildhall, London, which justly claims to be accounted the most ancient of our municipal halls, seeing that the lord mayor of the last eighteen centuries are with justice assumed to have their prototypes in the Roman prefect and the Saxon Fortroye or Portgrave.

For a considerable number of years the robes of the lord mayor, the court of aldermen, and the common councillors have been settled with a precision that none, save the most reckless of inventors, would presume to disturb. The lord mayor himself has his "gold" robe for the occasion of the annual Guildhall banquet and the times when he proceeds in state either to the new law courts or to the houses of parliament. The aldermen have their scarlet gowns, the sheriffs their distinctive and very handsome robes and chains, while the common councillors rejoice in gowns called "mazarines." It being generally understood that mazarine is a term for a particular dark-blue color, although according to some lexicographers, mazarine also means a drinking vessel and an old way of dressing fowls.

Then, again, when the sovereign comes into the city the lord mayor is bound to don a robe of crimson or purple velvet, trimmed with ermine. At the time of his investiture, he wears a massive gold chain; but when he is honored by re-election at the expiration of his term of office he wears two chains. The mace of silver-gilt, surmounted by a royal crown and the imperial arms, is carried before the mayor by the authority of the charter of Edward III.; while the city possesses no less than four swords, one called the "Pearl," presented by Queen Bess when she opened the first royal exchange, and so-called from its being richly set with pearls. This sword precedes the chief magistrate on all occasions of rejoicing and festivity. The sword of state is carried before the lord mayor as an emblem of his sovereignty within the city proper; the "black" is used on fast days in Lent and at the death of any member of the royal family; while the fourth sword is that placed close to the lord mayor's chair at the central criminal court.

Queer Effect of an Earthquake.

The correspondent at Atlanta of the London Times has visited Chalchis, the capital of the northern part of the island of Cuba, which island was greatly affected by the recent earthquakes. A most peculiar incident noticed by him was the action of the lofty Venetian tower in the center of the town. It swung to and fro so violently that it knocked down an adjoining wall, though it remained standing itself and sustained no damage.

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PALATINE, - ILL.

ELECTRIC ELOPEMENT

So partly out of pique and partly because her parents disapproved of the match she promised to elope with him. It wasn't to be any trivial elopement a getting married before the register in London, and going to Paris for a few weeks, but a run to Liverpool, a marriage there by special license and a trip by fastest steamer to New York. Arriving there they would cross America and gradually work their way around the world and back to London in a year or two. George Webley was rich and could easily afford this kind of a wedding tour. In olden times the parents of Tilly Markham would have been more anxious that their daughter should marry George Webley rather than the poorer, but of course more moral young man, Tom Bantry. But times had changed, and it was the daughters that now looked for money with their lovers. The girl admitted to herself that she liked Tom Bantry best, but he certainly had treated her badly. They had had an appointment for a picnic up the river, but without a word Tom had gone away, and worse still, he had sent no explanation or excuse for his desertion. So Tilly thought she would teach him a life long lesson, and knowing well that her parents would oppose the match, and especially its hurried conclusion she told George Webley if he would arrange for the special license at Liverpool she would meet him at Euston station on the 27th and together they would journey to the seaport town, be married and sail for America on the 28th in the powerful steamship Erratic. Tilly concluded it was better to be married in Liverpool than in London, as there would be less chance of the escapade being found out until such time as they chose to disclose it. Tilly agreed that they would write letters to all concerned while on the voyage from Liverpool to Queenstown and mail them when there would be nothing but the broad Atlantic between them and New York.

Tilly met the postman on the steps as she was going out of the house that morning, and he handed her a bundle of letters. She had no time to read them then, nor in the cab, for there was barely time to reach the station, where she found Mr. Webley impatiently awaiting her. He had strongly advised her to bring nothing with her. Whatever was required could be bought at Liverpool, he said:

"I was very much afraid we should miss the train," he said, as he hurried her out of the cab. "I have reserved a compartment."

"There's another train, isn't there?" she asked.

"Oh, certainly, but a railway station isn't the pleasantest place in the world to wait, and since I left my hotel I seem to have met every friend I have in London, and all wanting to know where I am going."

"And of course you told them," said Tilly.

The young man laughed as he held open the door of the railway carriage for her to enter. He quickly followed her, and a moment after the 10:10 a. m. train slid out of the great station and began its northern journey. Tilly sat in her corner by the window and carelessly turned over the letters in her hand. Most of them were from girl friends, but one of the envelope of one of them she recognized the fine, bold handwriting of Tom Bantry. She stole a furtive glance at Webley as she tore open the envelope, but he was absorbed in his morning paper now that his mind was at rest and they were fairly off.

"Dear Miss Markham," the letter began, "I was unexpectedly called away from London more than a week ago by the sudden illness of my uncle, Sir John Trellan. Before departing for Trellan hall I wrote a letter to you explaining why I could not be at the picnic up the river. Through my own stupidity and the hurry of getting away I left your letter on my table in my rooms in the Temple. I had expected a letter from you while at Trellan hall and when it did not come I was greatly disappointed. I found on my return this morning, as I said, my own letter which was not posted, so of course you did not receive it. Will you forgive me, therefore, for breaking an engagement with you and your friends without explanation? And may I call this evening, as I have something of importance (to myself, at least) to say to you? I will remain all day in my chambers at the Temple awaiting your answer with some anxiety."

He signed himself, "Yours very truly, Tom Bantry," and then added in a postscript, as if an afterthought, "I should have told you that my uncle died two days ago, which makes a great deal of difference in my plan of life, as perhaps you are aware."

Tilly Markham was a cautious young woman and always considered that a bird in the hand was worth two or three in the bush. She looked at George Webley and she smiled across at her.

"Where do we stop next?" she asked.

"Willesden Junction," he believed, and we ought to be there now."

"How long do we stop?"

"Only a few minutes."

"Do you think you could get me half a dozen telegraph blanks while we are stopping there?"

"Oh, I don't need to go out for them," said Webley. "I always carry plenty of them with me and sixpenny stamps, also." As he said this he reached down a bag from the rack over his head, opened it, and handed Tilly a number of already stamped telegraph forms. When the train slowed up at Willesden she said:

"Do get out, George, and find me a tiny book, for I want to know how many times this train stops before we reach Liverpool."

Webley had no sooner disappeared than the young lady called the guard to her.

"Where is the next stop, guard?" she asked.

"At Bletchley, miss."

"How long before we reach there?"

"We are timed for Bletchley at 11:14."

She had already written her telegram, all but the instructions where to reach her. It ran:

"Tom Bantry, Coke-upon-Littleton Chambers, Temple. What do you wish to see me for this evening? Answer Bletchley station, on board the Liverpool express. Tilly."

"Can you send this off for me at once?" she asked the guard, slipping it with a sovereign into his hand.

"Certainly, miss," and he was moving away when Tilly said:

"I may have an answer to this when we reach Bletchley station. Will you see that I get it quickly?"

"Certainly, certainly, miss."

Just as the train was leaving George Webley sprang into the compartment with the train book in his hand. Tilly opened it and found the number of stops the train made between London and Liverpool. When she reached the station she said:

"Oh, George, I wish you would get me a cup of tea."

"I don't think there is a refreshment room here," he said dubiously, "but I'll go and see."

"Do, please."

The next moment the guard came up. "Here's your telegram, miss," he said.

She rapidly tore open the envelope and read: "The matter on which I wish to speak to you is impossible to explain in a telegram. When do you return?"

She took another of the telegraph forms and rapidly wrote:

"If you have anything to tell me, now is the time to tell it. I do not know when I shall return to London."

Then turning to the guard, she asked: "Where do we stop next?"

"At Rugby, miss; 11:59."

She quickly wrote where to telegraph her, as she saw George approaching. She added hurriedly to the guard as she thrust her message into his hand: "Bring me the answer when we get to Rugby."

George swung himself into the compartment, saying: "Just as I thought, not a blessed thing to eat here, but we wait ten minutes at the next stop, and I may be able to get you anything you wish. I say," he added, "you're not telegraphing to your friends about this, are you?"

"Oh, not about this," she replied quietly. "I am only sending some necessary telegrams, that is all."

"You know if you are in a hurry," he said, "we can send all the telegrams you want from Queenstown just as well as from here or Liverpool."

"Oh, I know that," answered Tilly, demurely. "I hope I know enough to send messages only where they ought to go, so don't be afraid."

George laughed, for he was a good-natured fellow, and the train sped on towards Liverpool. When it slowed up at Rugby station Tilly leaned affectionately over toward the young man and said:

"Now, George, you go over to the refreshment room and eat all you have an appetite for. I don't think I have any more until we reach Liverpool."

"May I not bring you a cup of tea?" asked George, anxiously.

"Oh, certainly, certainly, if you bring it two minutes before the train is off."

Another man might have thought this request a rather singular one, but George had no brains to spare, else he would not have been on this silly clothing expedition, so he thought nothing of it, but jumped out as soon as the train came to a standstill.

The guard soon came to the compartment with a telegram in his hand. Tilly tore it open and read:

"Utterly impossible to say what I wish to say to you. Tell me where you are staying at Liverpool and I will leave by first train and meet you there."

Tilly, with a snarl of impatience, seized another of the stamped forms and rapidly wrote:

"I may sail to-morrow with some friends for America. There is no chance of your seeing me if you do come; therefore, whatever you have to say to me say it now; it is your last chance. Telegraph me at _____"

She looked inquiringly at the guard, who promptly answered: "Next stop Creve. We reach there at 1:25."

She gave the guard a handful of money to pay for the extra wording of this dispatch. That good man was rapidly becoming rich. He sighed as he remembered that the next stop was the last before reaching Liverpool. He wished that he was on a train for Scotland with such a passenger aboard.

"Here is your tea, my dear," said George, as he came gingerly along with it in his hand. The girl drank it with many expressions of gratitude toward her lover.

"Well, the next stop is Creve, and after that Liverpool," he said as he handed back the empty cup to a newspaper boy to take back to the refreshment room.

"So the guards tell me," replied Tilly, sweetly.

At Creve the guard came to her with the final telegram. Its wording was terse and to the point. It ran: "I love you. Will you be my wife?"

"Lend me another of those blanks?" she said to George.

"I haven't another, but you can get one at the telegraph office."

The train was moving off, so she said: "Never mind, I can send the telegram from Liverpool."

They reached the terminus in an hour. Turning to the guard Tilly said: "Would you mind taking my things to the telegraph office for me? And to George she added: "You wait here until I send for you."

When they reached the telegraph office Tilly turned and said quickly to the guard:

"On this line there is not one until 4:50, but you can get one on the Midland at 3."

Tilly took a last telegraph blank and wrote:

"Certainly. Why couldn't you have said so at first and saved me all this telegraphing. I return to London immediately. Call and see me to-morrow."

This being sent off she turned to the man who had been her friend all the way through.

"Now," she said, "take me to the Midland train." As the guard hesitated, she added: "I am going to give you 10."

The guard personally conducted her to an empty compartment of the London train. She scribbled a note to Webley on the back of a telegraph blank. The note read:

"Dear George: I have concluded not to go to America this trip. Our proposed elopement was a very foolish affair, and I hope you never thought I was in earnest about it. Take my advice and go to America. I am told that the girls over there are much prettier than yours truly."

"Tilly Markham."

"There," said Tilly, giving the note to the guard with the parting tip, "take

that to the young man who is guarding his luggage. Don't tell him where I have gone, nor give him any information. He will offer you much money, of course, because he has plenty. Take the money, and tell him I have gone to the country. Tell him anything you like, only not where I have really gone. All of which went to show that Tilly had no conscience.

The guard touched his cap and departed. After the London train had steamed away from its station the guard handed George the note. He did not get the money expected. A look of relief passed over the young fellow's face, and he swore a little. Then he whistled, and said to himself more than to the expectant guard:

"Sensible girl; I was getting a little tired of it myself."

CATCHING A RUNAWAY.

MISCHIEF CAUSED BY THE LOSS OF A COUPLING PIN.

Down Grade With a Curve Ahead and Going at a Sixty-Mile Clip—The Runaway Cars Behind and Cattaraugus Viaduct Before—Jim Jumped.

"The month I don't remember, but it was in the spring of '92, and I was in Pennsylvania, half on business and half for pleasure, for there was a peculiar rocky formation that I wanted to look up down there," said the geologist to the New York Sun man. "I had walked out to the place of my geological research, which was near East Concord, and had pretty well tired myself out walking and climbing, when a freight train came slowly along. At that time I knew every engineer on that division, and this engineer, whose name was Wind, slowed up and took me aboard. There's a steep grade there and the train was hard to control. We hadn't fairly got started down that grade when Wind, looking a little grave, turned to me and said:

"There's something the matter with the air brakes. They're not working."

"Well, your engine will hold the train in check all right, won't it?" I asked.

"The engineer glanced back over the train, then turned and looked ahead; we were rattling on at a pretty lively pace now, and it was getting livelier every minute. The old locomotive was dancing a jig. Wind put his hand on the throttle. His fireman was scared.

"We've got to slow up before we get to that embankment," he shouted, the words rattling from his mouth as the cab shook and shivered. "There's only one thing I'm afraid of. If we can—"

"For a minute I didn't understand just what had happened. All that I knew was that old 109 (the locomotive) had bounded ahead like a live thing and was running away from the rest of the train. I turned to Wind. His face was all pinched up and his eyes looked like gimlet holes. Leaning over to me he bawled in my ear:

"That's what I was afraid of. Coupling pin joggled out. Bad business!"

"What are you going to do?" I called back.

"Only one chance," he answered in the same tone. "Got to save the train. Got to catch her on the fly and hold her, or it's a case of smash of the worst kind, and there's men in the caboose. Jim," he added, turning to his fireman, "it's going to be a bad business, and the turn of a hand will finish it the wrong way. You can't do any good. If you see a chance, jump. You'd best jump, too, sir," he added to me. "There's water down here a bit further, and you'll come out easy."

"Wind was enough to give a man new courage. The pinched look had gone out of his face, and his expression was steadfast and composed. His eyes, wide and steady, were fixed on the plunging monster behind, and the hand that grasped the throttle was instinct with nervous force and readiness. There was only fifty yards between us and the cars now, and it was rapidly decreasing. Nearer and nearer it came, until it seemed as if it must leap and hurl us from the track. We were on a small embankment now. I caught a glint of the water below, and wondered vaguely if one's body could be recovered there. Then something flashed past me, there was a yell—and there were only two of us in the cab. Old 109 at the same instant leaped forward out of danger. But two wrinkles appeared on Wind's forehead.

"Let her out too quick," he shouted. Jim jumped and shook me up. We'll have to try her again. Hope Jim struck the water."

"When I heard that we were going to get in the way of that mountain slide again I felt like a man who has been invited to catch a cannon ball in his teeth. I wanted to jump if I'd only dared, but there was no water beneath now; only hard ground. Moreover I was wasting time in thinking out chances that might be my last moments for prayer and repentance, and that train was coming down on us again. This time I shut my eyes and pulled myself into a heap. As nearly as I can remember I huddled up with the idea that I would prefer to be found in one piece after the crash, rather than in disintegrated sections. Any way I didn't open my eyes until I felt a sharp jar, and then that heavenly spring and bound-out of danger again. The train had touched us, but so quick and ready was the engineer's pull of the throttle that he had brought us away again—and a second, the fractional part of a second, too soon. His face was red with anger when I opened my eyes again and looked around me.

"It's now or never this time. I'll stop her now or we'll all be in the ditch."

"It was now or never without doubt, for we could see the curve ahead, and not far ahead at the sixty-mile clip we were going. Wind slowed up sharp, and I shall never forget my feelings as the cars bore down on us. This time I couldn't shut my eyes. The fascination of imminent death held them on the thundering mass behind."

"Brace yourself and hang on," shouted Wind, as he felt for a brace with his feet and gripped the throttle so tight that the muscles stood out like cords on his arms.

"The next instant he sprang to his feet, threw the throttle wide open, and suddenly went up in the air and turned over toward the

boiler as the bump came. That was all I saw. I heard a terrific crash, and felt myself whirled out of the cab and through the air. The whole universe whirled about me and then closed in and I struck. My teeth gritted out sharp, bright flames that flashed back and forth through my head. Then came blackness.

"For five days I lay and watched ponderous trains, millions of miles in length, thundering down illimitable slopes at incomprehensible speed, in pursuit of a pigmy man, myself, in an insignificant locomotive. Then I recovered consciousness and shook the left hand of Engineer Wind, his right arm being in a sling. He had hung to his throttle and had been hurried heels over head against the boiler and pretty badly battered up, but had slowed up the train so that it made the viaduct curve successfully. As for me, I had brought up against a timber head foremost, but got off easy, with no other injuries than my scalp wound and a slight concussion of the brain. But it has left me one heritage. When I have nightmare now it's always the same nightmare, and an overdose of Welsh rarebit is certain to bring down that avalanche of cars on my devoted head."

UNDER THE BAN.

Shadowed the Clergyman, Whom He Took for a Burglar.

"It is not often that clergymen are suspected of being dangerous criminals," said Rev. E. L. Metcalf of New York, to the Globe-Democrat man lately, "but a number of years ago I was placed under the ban of such suspicion and closely watched by the police for several hours. I had exchanged pulpits with a country minister for two weeks, and on my return home had to travel three miles in a stage coach to the railroad. On the route the driver heard something rattle in my carpetbag which sounded like pieces of steel striking together. He at once jumped to the conclusion that I was a burglar, and on our arrival at the depot hunted up an officer and imparted his suspicions to him. In the meantime I passed up and down the platform with my carpetbag in my hand, entirely ignorant of the amount of interest I had created. The policeman was also sure that I was a burglar, and that I had a complete set of burglar tools in my valise. He did not like to run the risk of arresting me, however, but told an acquaintance who was going by the same train what he suspected, and to keep a strict watch on me and notify the authorities upon our arrival in New York. The man followed his instructions to the letter, and I was struck dumb with amazement when on our arrival in the city I was approached by a policeman and told to consider myself under arrest. The officer would not give me any satisfaction as to the cause of my being taken into custody, but said I would find out at the station. I was accordingly conducted thither, where I was at once recognized by at least a dozen policemen, who laughed heartily at the 'important capture' of their brother officer. The rattling noise in my valise that had so alarmed the driver of the stage was caused by a pair of scissors coming in contact with my shaving mug.

Remarkable Leap of a Horse.

One of the most remarkable leaps ever recorded as having been made by a horse, was that of Chandler, an English steeplechaser, while running in the Leamington cup at Warwick in 1847. Bell's Life of March 28, 1847, records it, as follows: "Chandler was following, there being two other horses and riders leading. At the brook Chandler's rider expected that trouble would come to the leaders. * * * Sure enough they all piled up together, and with one monstrous leap he cleared the brook and the flounder. * * * After careful measurement it was put on record as being a leap of exactly thirty-nine feet."—St. Louis Republic.

An Industrious Woman.

Lady—I wish you would give me something to relieve my misery.

Doctor—What is the matter?

"For three nights I have not slept a wink."

"I can perceive no physical occasion for your wakefulness. Perhaps you have allowed yourself to worry."

"Worry? Humph! I haven't had time to worry; I have been kept so busy dancing.—Tammany Times.

WITS AT WORK.

Father—Do you really desire to make my daughter happy? The Suitor—Certainly, Father.—Then don't marry her.

Waiter—Will you take tea or coffee? Actor—I always take coffee—because it settles. Manager—I prefer tea—because it draws.

"That Mrs. Tedious is a miserable talker, isn't she?" "Her language, I thought, was beautiful." "Dear me, yes, but she talks all the time."

Indignant Constituent—Sir, you have proven utterly false to your principles. Green Statesman—Nothing of the sort. I merely wore them out and got a new set.

Little Gladys—Granny, go down on your hands and knees for a minute, please. Fond Grandmother—What am I to do that for, my pet? Little Gladys—"Cause I want to draw an elephant."

"No," said Flostinhair, the poet, "I shall never call on that editor again, never, never!" "What has he done?" "He has been rudely sarcastic. I handed him a bundle of manuscripts this morning and he told the office boy to hunt up his overshoes." "Overshoes?" "Yes. He said he had a lot of slush to wade through."

MICHIGAN LANDS.

Fertile. Cheap. Healthy.

And not too far from good markets. The Michigan Central will run special Home-Sickens' Excursions on July 10, Aug. 14, Sept. 18, to points north of Lansing, Saginaw and Bay City at one fare for the round trip. Tickets good twenty days and to stop over. For folder giving particulars and describing lands, address O. W. Hughes, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt., Chicago.

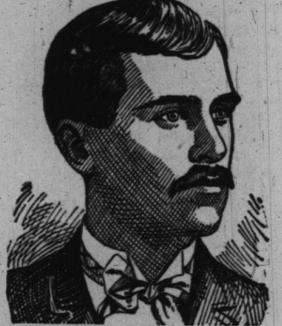
Those Who Are Posted

Will tell you that the finest and healthiest summer resorts in the north west are located along the Wisconsin Central lines, among which are Lake Villa, Fox Lake, Antioch, Burlington, Mukwonago, Waukegan, Neenah, Waukegan, Fishel, Ashland and Duluth. Tourists and pleasure seekers figuring on their next summer's vacation should bear this in mind and before selecting a route drop a line to Jas. C. Pond, general passenger agent of the Wisconsin Central lines, at Milwaukee, Wis., and he will send you maps, time tables and guide books containing valuable information, which are mailed free upon application.

An Echo from the World's Fair.

The Lake Shore Route has recently gotten out a very handsome litho-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.

The earliest coins were formed by impressing seals on one side of disks of metal as a certification of weight and fineness.



BLOOD POISON

By try or live oak, caused inflammation, eruptions and intense itching and burning on my legs. I decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and do not have any poison symptoms. I have gained 12 pounds since taking Hood's. C. E. BOWALL, West Union, Minnesota. Get Hood's. Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT
THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.
Dissolves Gravel
Gall stone, brick dust in urine, pain in urethra, straining after urination, pain in the back and hips, sudden stoppage of water with pressure.

Bright's Disease
Tubercles in urine, scanty urine, Swamp-Root cures urinary troubles and kidney difficulties.

Liver Complaint
Torpid or enlarged liver, foul breath, biliousness, bilious headache, poor digestion, gout.

Catarrh of the Bladder
Inflammation, irritation, ulceration, dribbling, frequent calls, pus blood, mucus or pus. At Druggists 50 cents and \$1.00 Size. "Invaluable Guide to Health" free—Consultation free. DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

BAR LOCK
VISIBLE WRITING
TYPEWRITER

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.
Columbia Typewriter Mfg. Co., Chicago.

2x MANDRAKE
PILLS
FREE
In exchange for 10 Large Lion Heads, cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to the maker. It has cured thousands. It is the best cough syrup, cough cures, etc. WELSON SPEC. CO., 400 HURON ST., TOLEDO, OHIO.

ELLY'S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH
PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS

Patents Trade-Marks
Examination and Advice as to Patentability. Send for "Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent." PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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 is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup, cough cures, etc. WELSON SPEC. CO., 400 HURON ST., TOLEDO, OHIO.

ATTORNEY B. M. MUNN, Suite 30, 21 South Clark street, writes: "After having several teeth extracted by the painless method used at the Boston Dental Parlor, No. 146 State street, I can truthfully say it is without an equal."

ARAB SUPERSTITIONS.

Concerning Humbling Sounds Heard Near the Red Sea.

A singular phenomenon occurs on the borders of the Red sea, at a place called Nakous, where intermittent underground sounds have been heard for unknown centuries. It is situated at about half a mile's distance from the shore, whence a long reach of sand ascends rapidly to a height of 300 feet. The reach is about 80 feet wide and resembles an amphitheater, being walled in by low rocks. The sounds coming up from the ground at this place, occur at intervals of about an hour. They at first resemble a low murmur, but ere long there is heard a loud knocking, somewhat like the strokes of a bell, and which, at the end of five minutes becomes so strong as to agitate the sand.

The explanation of this curious phenomenon given by the Arabs is that there is a convent under the ground here, and that these sounds are those of the bell, which the monks ring for prayers. So they call it Nakous, which means a bell. The Arabs affirm that the noise so frightens their camels when they hear it as to render them furious. Philosophers attribute the sound to suppressed volcanic action—probably to the bubbling of gas or vapors underground.

TYPEWRITER REGISTER.

It Counts the Words as the Work progresses.

A Western genius has patented an attachment for typewriting machines that automatically counts the number of words. There are three disks in series, as common to registering and counting machines, the disk at the right indicating units, the next tens and the next hundreds, so that the three are adapted to count up 999, and the series may be extended, if desired, to count and register any required higher number. The disks are all moved from the units shaft, to which a rotary motion is imparted by the movement of a slide worked up and down by an adjustable connection with the space key of the machine.

The counting mechanism may be readily thrown out of gear if desired, and there is also an arrangement by which the gong is struck at every 100 words. When the capacity of the machine is reached the counting disks are returned to 0, or the normal position, by simply pressing upon a button or knob in the front of the case. This counter can be made at small expense and in addition to its other uses, is designed to be particularly valuable on typewriting machines operated to print words coming on a telegraph receiver, where the operator writes out words from sound and cannot so easily keep the count.

RANDOM NOTES.

Silver gray false hair is the most difficult to obtain.

Virginia has the world's greatest manganese mines.

Here is a comment that recently appeared in a Chinese newspaper: "The second son of the Mandarin Ko Lin is said to have four legs. That is the fault of the moon."

It is estimated that the aggregate of our exports and imports during the last two years shows a greater falling off than has ever occurred, unless it was during the first two years of the civil war.

Germany is now the best educated nation of the continent, yet only 100 years ago German teachers in many parts of the country were so poorly paid that they used to sing in front of houses in order to add to their income by odd pence.

Since the statement has been officially made that the District of Columbia has the largest death rate from consumption of any part of the United States, the people of Washington are arising to inquire why this is so. Some attribute it to the soldiers' home and government offices and others to other causes.

The March of Improvement.

In the march of modern improvements it will not be long before builders will equip houses with telephones, messenger calls, police and fire calls exactly as they now do with gas fixtures and running water. After that it is to be hoped that it will not be a long step to automatic servants.

Important to Ladies.

Our lady readers will be delighted to learn that Mrs. J. T. Ward, the popular milliner, suite 804, Columbus Memorial building, will make sweeping reductions in prices during July. This is for the purpose of closing out her trimmed millinery stock, and applies only in July. Ladies, this is a rare opportunity. Remember the address, Mrs. J. T. Ward, suite 804, Columbus Memorial building.

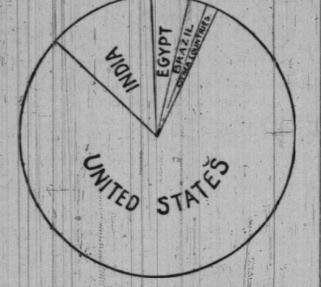
Mr. J. H. GARRISON, Elgin, Ill., says: "I had eight teeth extracted entirely without pain at the Boston Dental Parlor, 146 State street, and heartily recommend them to all who fear the old way of extracting."

OUR COTTON CROP.

HOW IT IS DISTRIBUTED AMONG NATIONS.

Diagrams Showing How Our Neighbors Are Supplied—Texas Grows More Than Any Nation and Almost as Much as the Other States.

THE PLANTERS OF the region south of the Potomac and Ohio seem disinclined to resort to intensive or variety farming to better their condition, but they still continue to plant cotton as their almost exclusive crop, while the price sinks year by year, below the point of profitable productiveness. Texas, because of its enormous area, produces more cotton than any other state—more, in fact, than any foreign nation, and nearly as much as all the world outside the United States. The other Gulf states push it closely in the amount of cotton grown by



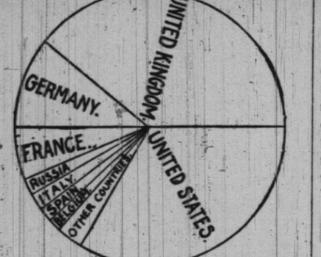
COTTON CROP OF THE WORLD. Each acre produces more than twice as much as the square mile. Circular diagram No 1 shows the annual cotton crop of the world by countries of production.

The United States manufactures only about one-third of its own cotton crop, as is shown; by the following sphere divided into segments indicating its distribution among the various countries of the world.

The total cotton crop of the United States in 1889 was 7,434,687 bales, and the entire value was about \$375,000,000. In 1892 the crop was the largest ever raised, reaching a total of 9,038,707 bales, but its market price per pound was so much less than that of 1889 that its aggregate value was smaller. The average value of the cotton crop is about one-tenth that of our entire agricultural product.

The cotton crop of the world is about 4,638,000,000 pounds; this is manufactured in various countries as follows—the figures representing millions of pounds:

Great Britain, 1,530; France, 310; Germany, 378; Russia, 369; Austria-Hungary, 235; Italy, 152; Spain, 105; Netherlands, 24; Belgium, 52; Switzerland, 10.



DISTRIBUTION OF THE COTTON CROP. Land, 32; United States, 1,010; India, 283; sundries, 100. Total, 4,628 million pounds.

Duchess of Edinburgh.

There is not much beauty of feature in the face of the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (Duchess of Edinburgh), but there are much intelligence and strength of character in her expression. This Russian lady has been an admirable wife and most careful of mothers. She has devoted herself to her young daughters more completely than most mothers who are not of imperial birth. She has been with the little girls at their studies and their amusements alike. She has drilled them in drawing, played the piano accompaniments to their violin performances supervised minutely their reading and examined them in their studies at regular intervals. She has carefully trained their intellects, not permitting them to neglect the graver studies for the more frivolous ones. It is thought that the third sister, Princess Alexandra, will enter the ranks of matrons next year, and that will leave the duchess with only one daughter at home. This is Beatrice, a pretty little maid of 10.

Grant's Memoirs.

T. C. Crawford, writing in McClure's Magazine for May, says of Gen. Grant's memoirs: "Never was there a more brilliant success following such labor. No book written in this country has ever returned such a large reward. At the time of this writing the Grant family has received from the royalties, paid by the publishers of the work, over \$440,000, and the sale still goes on."

Trouble Along the Welland.

The announcement that the Canadian government intended to class the old Welland canal created consternation all along the line. Public meetings were held denouncing the arrangements and it is thought now that possibly the canal will not be closed.

PROF. J. D. DANA.

Scientific Luminary Who Recently Retired From Yale College.

In the retirement of her brightest scientific luminary, Prof. Dana, Yale loses from its active rolls one of those names that have been used to conjure with, almost time out of mind, by lovers of the scholastic fame of the university. There are certain names, such as Dana, Woolsey, Whitney, Silliman, Hadley, Dwight, Loomis, which are almost continuous with the style and title of the great university, so that we scarce think of the one without recalling the others. They are the most valid ground of distinction the institution enjoys, and some trace of pride in this distinction rings out in every huzza of the plentiful cheers that legitimately of late greet Yale's successes on all the fields of athletic sport.

The leading facts of his life have a curious unity of plan, all growing out of an aspiration of his generous youth; they embody, too, their bit of romance. Born in 1813 at Utica, he was drawn to Yale by the fame of the Silliman. He became Silliman's assistant; in time he came to marry his daughter; he succeeded him as editor of the Journal of Arts and Sciences; and finally he was the incumbent of the "Silliman Professorship," founded to commemorate that earlier scientist. Before his marriage, however (from 1838 to 1842), he was a part of the Wilkes exploring expedition, and in the course of it he was shipwrecked. His great labors have been accomplished upon but a small supply of physical strength. His temperament would appear to be that of the scholarly recluse of the genial sort; he has never been active in the social way, even in quiet New Haven. His personality is picturesque—tall, spare, bronzed, and silvery-haired. He is daily seen passing, with swift foot, along that most charming of streets, Hill-house avenue, where he has his house.



PROF. J. D. DANA.

Green and secluded as a cathedral close, what a dream of academic peace is that street in these June days! Thither, on the occasion of his 80th birthday last year, a number of his old associates and neighbors, for the most part well known like himself, sent him a set of resolutions which for cordial respect and esteem, for affectionate eulogy both of high acquisitions and admirable personal character, I have never seen surpassed.—W. H. B.

SENDING TELEGRAMS.

If You Want No Mistakes You Should Pay Double Rates.

A decision of importance relating to the liability of telegraph companies in sending messages has been made by the Supreme court of the United States. The court decides that the Western Union Telegraph company is not liable in damages to the sender of a message in cipher for errors in transmission thereof. The case came up from the Circuit court of the United States for the Eastern district of Pennsylvania, where Frank J. Primrose sued the telegraph company for \$100,000 damages for mistakes in sending a cipher telegram from Philadelphia to Waukegan, Kan. The message related to a transaction in wool, and the mistake, Primrose claimed, damaged him in the sum named. Judge Butler nonsuited the plaintiff in the Circuit court on the ground that the conditions of the contract printed on the back of the telegram absolved the telegraph company from liability for errors by transmission, unless it specially insured correctness. This contract was held to be a reasonable one. Justice Gray read the opinion of the court affirming the judgment of the Circuit court. The case has been pending in the Supreme court since 1879. People of ordinary intelligence not educated in the mysteries of the law will wonder why great trusts like the Western Union Telegraph company should be exempted from responsibility for their carelessness and blunders. The Supreme court holds that if you want to have your message sent correctly, you must pay double price. But if you want the telegraph company to make blunders for which you have no redress, you pay single fare. On the same principle it would seem as if railway companies might adopt a double fare scheme, by which, unless passengers pay specially for insurance of safety, the companies will escape liability for broken limbs and other damages. All the companies need to do is to print the little trick on the back of their tickets.

THE PRETTY GIRL.

And the Drummer Who Tried to Make an Impression.

The drummer was leaning up against the hotel counter talking to the clerk.

"You look worried about something," said the clerk.

"I am," responded the drummer, promptly. "I saw the prettiest girl on the train to-day I have seen in a dozen years of travel."

"That oughtn't to worry you."

"Pretty women have worried better men than I am," ventured the drummer.

"Who was she?"

"Blamed if I know."

"Didn't you get acquainted with her?"

"Of course not; you must think I got acquainted with every woman I see."

"You do, don't you?"

"No, I don't; nor do any of us; that's a vile slander on the profession."

"Did you try to?" asked the clerk, with a smile of doubt.

"No, I didn't."

"Then what's worrying you?"

"The way she treated me."

"What did she do?"

The drummer fired his half-smoked cigar at the cuspidor viciously.

"Well," he explained, "after I had been gazing at her for an hour or so, I thought I'd try her with a newspaper; she declined it with thanks and a beautiful smile; then I tried her with a new novel, with the same result; then I sent her over some nice fresh fruit, and it came back; then I wanted to fix the window for her, and again she thanked me and the declination. That lovely smile is what broke me up," said the drummer, "and I was sure, if I had half a chance, I would get acquainted. About ten minutes after I had made the last offer the train stopped at a station, and she nodded for me to come over. By George, I was sure I had made a ten-strike, and I fairly flew to her."

"Will you do me a favor?" she asked, with that same enchanting smile, as if I wouldn't have done her a million," and the drummer sighed again.

"Certainly, with the greatest of pleasure," said I.

"Well," she says, "suppose you get off at this station and take the train that comes along this evening; you make me dead tired where you are."

The clerk's eyes filled with tears and the drummer went out and stood in the door gloomily.

A Simple-Minded Woman.

Mrs. Josiah Fender is a very simple sort of a woman. An old gentleman by the name of Ryckman and his wife moved into the vicinity of the Fender mansion on Fifth avenue. Mrs. Fender, who is very neighborly, baked a nice cake and took it over to the new arrivals.

"I have brought over some cake for Mr. Ryckman's children," said Mrs. Fender.

"But we have never had any children," said Mrs. Ryckman.

"Well, then, give it to your grandchildren," said Mrs. Fender. "It must make them sad never to have had any parents."

The Oldest Timber in the World.

Probably the oldest timber in the world which has been subjected to the use of man is found in the ancient temple of Egypt, in connection with the stonework which is known to be at least four thousand years old. This, the only wood used in the construction of the temples, is in the form of ties, holding the end of one stone to another. When two blocks were laid in place, an excavation about an inch deep was made in each block, into which a tie shaped like an hour-glass was driven. It is therefore very difficult to force any stone from its position.

A New Haven Scheme.

A New Haven street railway company has hit upon a new plan to prevent riders handing their transfer checks to friends. A set of miniature heads is now printed on each check. The first is of a smooth-faced man, the second the head and face of a mustached man, the third wears side-whiskers, and the fourth has a full beard. Of feminine heads there are only two classifications—one in a bonnet, and one without—the presumption being that the fair sex would not be apt to resort to any fare dodging.

A Task Requiring a Clear Brain.

Judge—Then you swear that you were not drunk?

Prisoner—I do, your honor.

Judge—Will you state to the court why you persist in asserting you were not drunk when the testimony of the officers who arrested you distinctly contradicts you?

Prisoner—Your honor, I was able to consult a railway guide and find out the time of the departure of a friend's train.

Judge—Mr. Clerk, let the prisoner be discharged.

The Young Moon.

In a recent story two friends are described as sitting out one summer evening looking over the Thames, and the writer goes on to say: "By this time the young moon had arisen, and its cold light shimmered over the misty river." Such writers are reminded that the young moon goes to bed early, and can never be seen in the process of rising.

A Respectful Citizen.

South American Wife, early morning—Hark! Hear the cannon and the rattle of musketry, the clash of swords and the yells! Listen!

Husband—Meo Gracia! This must be election day, and I forgot to register.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Admitted to be the finest preparation of the kind in the market. Makes the best and most wholesome bread, cake, and biscuit. A hundred thousand unsolicited testimonials to this effect are received annually by its manufacturers. Its sale is greater than that of all other baking powders combined.

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Anarchists.

THE bureau of immigration at Washington has received from official source personal description of 217 anarchists of various nationalities who have been expelled from France from time to time since 1890. It is assumed that many of these have already found their way into the United States, and with a view to apprehending those who may hereafter apply for admission, Senator Stump has sent copies of these descriptions to all immigration officials throughout the country to assist them in identifying criminals.—Farmers' Review.

In her recent book on Whittier, Mrs. Claflin tells the following anecdote: An old Quaker friend, a bachelor, visited Mr. Whittier. When the hour for retiring came, he was shown to his room. Soon after he was heard calling from the top of the stairs, in an excited tone: "I think thee has made a mistake, friend Whittier, I find female garments in my room!" At which friend Whittier replied: "Thee'd better go to bed; the female garments won't hurt thee."

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 bride's veil is a relic of the "care cloth," a canopy held over a virgin bride by our Saxon forefathers to conceal her embarrassment.

Don't forget that the Monon Route, L. N. A. & C. R. R., have thirty-eight miles out one of the most attractive places for picnics and a general airing resort in the near region. It is Cedar Lake, and in looking around, remember this as one of the most attractive.

Vassar college at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. is about to collect, on a large scale, the nests and eggs of birds native of that section.



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 of 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.

FREE HEALTH BOOK TO WOMEN. IF YOU ARE AILING VIAMI VIAMI CO., 903 Marquette Temple Chicago, Ill.

EDUCATIONAL. Chicago Athenaeum The Leading Business and Short-hand College in Chicago Send for Catalogue.

In a political game of freeze-out look out for cold deeks.

"Hansom's Hange Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 10 cents.

A cause that can not stand defeat is not worth fighting for.

Karl's Clover Root Tea. The Great Blood Purifier gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures Constipation, etc. Price 25c.

There comes a time when pleasure has no diamonds to pawn.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Tender or Sore Feet, Chills, Piles, etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

The Venus of Milo proves that love can conquer without arms.

Hall's Catarrh Cure. Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Feeding the hog is being revolutionized, but only in the hog pen.

On and after June 2, the Monon Route will run every Saturday night a through sleeping car to West Baden and French Lick Springs, returning Sunday night.

It is said that college titles can be bought for \$5 a peice.

A BAD WRECK

—of the constitution may follow in the track of a disordered system. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery prevents and cures all liver and kidney diseases. It rouses the liver to healthy action, purifies the blood and allays congestion of the kidneys.

Geo. W. Sweeney, Esq., of Houghton, Pa., says: "I was for years hardly able to go about. I suffered from liver and kidney troubles, six different Doctors treated me during that time but could do me no good. I gave your 'Medical Discovery' the praise for my cure. Then, too, my wife had a bad case of Asthma which was cured by the use of that wonderful blood-surger."

PIERCE GUARANTEES A CURE OR MONEY RETURNED.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST, NO SQUEAKING.

\$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH ENAMELLED CALF. \$4.75 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. \$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$2.50 WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE. \$2.12 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES \$3.25 \$2.12

BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 shoe. Because we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes come of custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. There is no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

TAKE A TRIP GO EAST

GO VIA THE LAKE SHORE ROUTE

AMERICA'S BEST RAILWAY.

VISIT SOME OF THE DELIGHTFUL MOUNTAIN, LAKE or SEA SHORE RESORTS of the EAST, A FULL LIST OF WHICH WITH ROUTES AND RATES WILL BE FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

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.

FREE! Madame FACE BLEACH

Ruppert's Face Bleach is the most perfect of its kind. It is made of the finest ingredients and is perfectly safe. It will remove all freckles, pimples, spots, and all other blemishes from the face. It is sold by all druggists and is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

SEND 10c. IN STAMPS for 15 elegant Blotting Pads, Advertising Blotting Paper, etc. R. R. BERRY, New York, Chicago.

SHARP'S MUSIC FILE. SEND 10c. IN STAMPS for 15 elegant Blotting Pads, Advertising Blotting Paper, etc. R. R. BERRY, New York, Chicago.

W. N. U. CHICAGO, Vol. IX, No. 27. When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention this Paper.

The Only House of Its Kind in the U. S.

PANTS MADE \$4.00 NO MORE TO ORDER. NO LESS.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES.

APOLLO CUSTOM PANTS MFRS., 161 5th AV.

BORSCH Optician. 10c. E. Adams St. Consult us about your eyesight.

GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS restored

restored to their natural color by using YAN'S MEXICAN HAIR RESTORATIVE. It removes all dandruff, stops hair from falling out and cures all disease of the scalp. It is so Dy, and it is not merely a hair restorer. Money refunded if it does not do exactly what is claimed for it. Sent to any address on receipt of 10c. in stamps. Full instructions free. Agents: J. H. B. & Co., 211 East Ocean Building, Chicago, Ill.

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

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

THAT BLUE BROCADE!

YOU never saw a lovelier piece of goods, Aunt Judith! Just the most delicate blue that is almost a green, all shot with the most delightful wavy silver lights. Can't I have it for the dance at the opening of the Cosmopolitan club?"

"No," returned Aunt Judith. "I've no money to waste on new gowns."

"But surely you do not wish me to look shabby at this very grand affair."

"Wear that last new gown you got at Christmas—the heliotrope chiffon."

"Oh—that?" disdainfully. "I've worn it half a dozen times, and chiffon does look so dreadfully mussy if it isn't fresh."

Mrs. Risby rose. She was middle-aged, stout, red-faced. She wore a black alpaca dress, a long, old-fashioned cable of a watch-chain, and a cameo brooch the size of a small sauce dish.

"Stay at home, then," she advised. "You forget," Letha Maturin reminded her aunt, "that the catch of the season is to be present. Willis Vifquaine is young, rich, handsome. I think his place—Rosemere—is one of the most beautiful in this part of the country. He has been abroad ever since he graduated. All the girls are crazy to prove the conquering heroine. If I could only have a new gown of that blue brocade, I haven't a doubt in the world I could reign at Rosemere, if I chose."

Mrs. Risby's eyes twinkled with amusement.

"And what gives you such confidence, my dear?"

"Well, in the first place, his father and mine were partners in that great store that Willis now owns—the one we might now be deriving an income from, if poor papa had not gambled away his interest in it. The fact that our fathers were so nearly associated in business, and such warm friends, would make him find me particularly interesting."

"Well? And the second reason?"

"Oh, the second and all the others are myself."

"There is no denying, my dear, that the second is very charming, indeed," laughed the old lady, as she took herself away.

Letha stood several minutes looking at her reflection in the long cheval glass. She nodded and smiled. Charming in truth!

"It's a shame!" she declared. "I can't set my good-looks off with that blue brocade!"

"It is, indeed," echoed a sympathetic voice—a sweet voice, and low.

An arm stole around her waist. A little curly brown head nestled against her shoulder. Two dark, brilliant eyes also regarded the face in the glass with admiration.

About 11 o'clock, when she was putting fresh bows on Letha's slippers, and her aunt dozed in the corner, a ring came at the bell. Tessie opened it. Mr. Vifquaine, his unbuttoned mackintosh displaying elaborate evening attire, walked in.

"Oh!" gasped Tessie. "I thought you were at the dance!"

"I was. And I saw your sister in the gown you worked to get for her. I supposed you were earning that for yourself, Tessie. She looked magnificent. But I found the affair a bore, because the girl I loved wasn't there."

Not one word could Tessie utter. She was conscious that her house-gown must look shabby to him after the grand dresses at the club; and that her hair, which had loosened, was tumbling around her shoulders.

"She is here," he went on, looking down upon her, quizzically, tenderly. "I wonder," taking her in his arms, "if she will give me a kiss, and say: 'I love you!'"

And Tessie—happy little Tessie!—did both.

The Wretched Man Objected.

The following story is going the rounds about Senator Joe Blackburn, originally told by Vice President Stevenson at a dinner: In a Kentucky town where Joe was going to speak there was a hanging set for the same afternoon. Joe's arrival was heralded abroad, and a large crowd was on hand to hear the words of wisdom and of eloquence which always flow from a Kentuckian's lips. Finally the speaker arrived. The hanging was a side-show, and for the moment was forgotten in the anxiety to hear the famous orator. But it was not forgotten long. The condemned man suddenly interposed: "Mr. Hangman," he said, "if I remember right I was sentenced to be hung, not to hear Joe Blackburn speak. I request that you go on with the hanging."—Washington Times.

Borneo Ironwood.

The strongest timber known is the "Bilian" or Borneo ironwood, whose breaking strain is one and fifty-two hundredths times greater than that of English oak. By long exposure it becomes of ebony blackness and immensely hard.

His Brain on Fire.

The skull of a man who has died from delirium tremens contains an alcoholic gas. A small opening in the skull, soon after death, permits this gas to escape, and it can be ignited, and burns with a bluish flame.

"Two dollars. And there are just fifteen yards in the piece.

"Can you not put it by for me? I am going to work here only long enough to earn that dress. I shall be able to pay for it in six weeks."

He knew the girl's name and social position and was willing to oblige her.

"I will, if possible, Miss Maturin. I must speak to the manager first."

Before she went home that evening she had the satisfaction of seeing the piece of blue brocade set aside for her. Her aunt and Letha exclaimed at the fact of her having sought and found work.

"I know there is some reason back of it," declared Mrs. Risby; "but you are such a sensible little thing, Tessie, I can trust you."

The story of the girl who was working to earn a handsome dress got out in the store. It finally came to the ears of Mr. Willis Vifquaine.

"Miss Maturin! I remember she used to come to our house before I went to college. The old fellow left the children penniless, I understand. The girl promised to be a rare beauty."

And he took the first opportunity of walking by the lace counter, with a view of renewing his youthful acquaintance.

There was quite a flutter along the aisles at the unusual visit of the handsome young proprietor of the great establishment.

"Miss Maturin?" he questioned, pausing at the lace counter, and looking vainly for a yellow-haired beauty.

"I am Tessie Maturin," replied the little maiden addressed.

He lifted his hat.

"It must be your sister whom I recollect. She was very fair. My name is Willis Vifquaine."

Tessie turned rosy, and let him hold her soft fingers a moment.

"I remember you now, though I was very young when you went away."

"May I call?" he questioned eagerly.

"My aunt and Letha would be very happy to have you do so," she answered.

He did call several times to the satisfaction of Letha. Tessie noticed how impressed he was by her extraordinary charms.

"He is the only man I ever saw who was good enough for her," she assured herself, trying to ignore a persistent little ache at her heart. "And when he sees her in the blue brocade—"

Her idea of his absolute subjugation at sight of such a vision could not be expressed in words. At the close of her sixth week of faithful work Tessie tendered her resignation, paid for the blue brocade, and went home in triumph with the precious parcel under her arm. She flew into the house, and laid it in Letha's hands.

"Now, you shall go in style to the opening of the Cosmopolitan club!" avowed Tessie.

Letha kissed her, and said she was the dearest sister in the world, and that she would remember and repay the kindness when she was queening it at Rosemere. Whereat Tessie ran off to her own room, and there shed a few absurd tears. The eventful night came. Letha was a superb picture in the bluish, silvery gown, water-lilies at her bosom, and her mother's diamonds in her hair. Tessie would have thought herself fully repaid as she sailed away, if it were not for a fiercely-fought fancy that seemed to her disloyal.

A Singular Story.

In a public address delivered in Pittsburg a few days ago, Rev. Dr. Sheldrake, of Kentucky, related these singular stories: "There was a member of the Kentucky presbytery, whom I knew very well, who frequently went into a sort of walking sleep. While in this condition he would preach most eloquent sermons, but when he came out he could not remember a word that he had said. On one occasion a copy of the French Testament was handed to him to conduct family worship at the house of a well-known citizen of Frankfort. Although utterly ignorant of the French language, he read a chapter and then commented thereon at length in English. On another occasion, while in this condition, he remarked to his friends that a certain minister in Nebraska was in trouble, and that he had just written a letter to Kentucky detailing the circumstances. He then proceeded to give the contents of the letter, and his words were taken down by some one present. Two days later the letter arrived from Nebraska, and it was identical, word for word, with the one the minister had dictated while in the walking sleep." The speaker cited these instances to show the life of the soul independent of the body, and argued therefrom the immortality of the former.

The Diplomatic Corps.

An interesting fact not generally known in regard to the diplomatic corps is that a member of that august body cannot, under the penalty of official reprimand and danger of recall, appear at a fancy ball in the national court costume. This fact was developed during the past winter when a large fancy ball was given at one of the private houses on the same evening of the presidential reception to the diplomatic corps. Those of the diplomats who attended the ball later in the evening were obliged to first change the court costume worn at the White house. Inquiry on the part of curious friends developed the reason just stated.

The Trait of a True Artist.

The Theater Manager—I don't see why that eminent baritone singer, Vogelsang, is valued so highly. His voice is no good.

The Scenic Artist—Oh, but he has an admirable faculty for being taken suddenly ill when the management wants to change the bill.—Chicago Record.

Frank Pellicer, a cattle man of Cowpen Branch, Fla., claims to have a calf with "two bodies, two heads, four front feet and three hind feet."

CUBE ICE A NEW WRINKLE.

Lumps in All Sizes From a Half Ounce Up Frozen to Order.

An ingenious apparatus for the manufacture of "cube ice" is an invention recently exhibited in London. The machine is a simple one, in which blocks of pure artificial ice are placed, emerging in the same but stronger shape and possessing some peculiar characteristics. When tapped with an ice chisel or even a pen-knife, they break up into cubes of convenient size, instead of shattering into irregular and ill-assorted lumps. The invention is of hygienic importance, too, for the machine also stamps plainly on each of the symmetrical cubes the trade-mark of the maker. Thus the consumer is protected by this "name-blown-in-the-bottle" device, the stamp being a guarantee of the purity of the article and its origin. The invention has also the virtue of economy, as there is no waste from broken ice and the cubes are symmetrical and attractive. The Lancet thus explains the invention:

In the course of some experiments Mr. Vander Weide observed that ice at a temperature below freezing point, when newly cut and left in contact, adhered so strongly that it would not break in the same place, whereas when exposed to a warmer temperature it would split at the originally cut places with great ease; and so, with this extended knowledge of the interesting phenomenon of regelation, first brought to light by Faraday and afterward studied by Tyndall, Mr. Vander Weide developed his invention as the outcome of his practical application. The phenomenon of regelation is the result of the action of capillary force at the boundaries of the film of water which connects the pieces placed in contact, producing an effect equivalent to attraction between them, just as two plates of clean glass with a film of water between them seem to adhere. Ice being wet by water, the boundary of the connecting film is concave, and this concavity implies a diminution of pressure in the interior. The film accordingly exerts upon the ice a pressure less than atmospheric, and as the remote sides of the blocks are exposed to atmospheric pressure there is a reluctant force urging them together and producing stress at the small surface of contact. Melting of the ice therefore occurs at the pieces of contact and the cold thus evolved freezes at adjacent portions of the water film, which, being at less than atmospheric pressure, will begin to freeze at a temperature a little above the normal freezing point. It is necessary to allow the block to "warm" for a short time, so that the "cement" of ice loses its previously tenacious hold upon the small cubes into which the block is divided. Then, after this warming-up process, the cubes are as easily separated as postage stamps from a perforated sheet. A sixteen-pound block of ice, for instance, can easily be divided into 512 half-ounce cubes, or a thirty-two-pound block into 512 one-ounce cubes.

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AN ORDINANCE RELATING TO THE KEEPING OF DOGS.

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SECTION 1. If any owner or possessor of a fierce or dangerous dog or slut, shall permit the same to run or be at large at any time, within the limits of the village of Park Ridge to the danger or annoyance of any of the inhabitants, such owner or possessor shall forfeit and pay a sum of not less than five dollars for each offense; and upon a second conviction of such owner or possessor for such offense, the said dog or slut shall be killed and buried.

SEC. 2. Any person who shall harbor, or suffer, or permit any dog or slut to be and remain at or about his house, stable, store, or other premises in said village, shall be held to be the owner of the same, and subject to the penalties contained in this ordinance.

SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of the police, and of such other persons as the president may designate, to kill all dogs and sluts, as provided in this ordinance, and to superintend the removal and burial of the same, and to enforce the provisions of the foregoing sections of this ordinance.

SEC. 4. Whenever it shall be made to appear to the president that there are good reasons for believing that all dogs should be muzzled within the corporate limits of said village, it shall be the duty of said president to issue a proclamation requiring that all dogs shall, for a period to be stated in the proclamation, wear a good and substantial wire gauze or leather muzzle, securely put on, so as to prevent them from biting; and any dog, going or being at large, during the period defined in such proclamation, without such muzzle, shall be killed and buried, or the carcass otherwise disposed of. It shall be the duty of the police, and of such other persons as the president may designate, to enforce the provisions of this section and of such proclamation; and the use of fire-arms by such officer or persons in so doing shall not subject them to the penalties of any ordinance relative to the discharge of fire-arms.

SEC. 5. On complaint being made to the president of any dog within the village which shall, by barking, biting, howling, or in any other way or manner disturb the quiet of any person or persons whosoever, the president on being satisfied of the truth of such complaint, shall direct a police officer to give notice thereof to the person or persons keeping or permitting such dog to remain in or on his or her premises; and in case such person or persons shall, for the space of one day after such notice or neglect to cause such dog to be destroyed or removed, so as to prevent the disturbance, he shall forfeit and pay a sum not less than \$1 for every day which shall elapse until such dog be removed or destroyed as aforesaid.

SEC. 6. That, for the purposes of this ordinance the word "dog" shall be construed to include both male and female, and of every kind, age and description of the canine species whatsoever.

SEC. 7. That every owner, possessor or person who harbors or keeps any dog within the limits of the village of Park Ridge, shall on or before the first day of June in each year, pay to the village clerk of the village of Park Ridge, for the use of said village, the sum of \$1 for every male dog and the sum of \$2 for every female dog, and cause such dog to be registered in the office of said village clerk in a book to be kept for that purpose; and also obtain from such clerk the metal tag hereinafter mentioned.

SEC. 8. The village clerk shall provide each and every year such number of metal tags as may be necessary, of such size and shape as he shall deem expedient (the shape to be changed each year), having stamped thereon numbers indicating the year for which the tax is paid and the letters "P. R. D. T.," and it shall be the duty of the said village clerk to deliver one of such metal plates to the person so paying a tax upon any such dog, for which tax and for the use of the same shall be paid to the village clerk for the use of said village, the sum of twenty-five cents.

SEC. 9. Every dog so licensed shall have a collar around his neck with the metal tag aforesaid securely fastened to it.

SEC. 10. It shall be the duty of the chief of police, his assistants, and of all policemen and pound masters in the village of Park Ridge to arrest and impound in any such pound any which a collar authorized to be impounded, if no other place shall have been designated by the board of trustees, and any dog without a collar of Park Ridge not having a collar around its neck with the metal tag aforesaid attached thereto; and if such dog shall not be redeemed as hereinafter provided, within four days after such notice or neglect to cause such dog to be impounded, it shall be the duty of the pound master of the said pound wherein such dog is impounded to slay or cause the same to be slain.

SEC. 11. Every pound master or other person designated by the president and board of trustees to enforce the provisions of this ordinance is hereby authorized to collect a fee of \$2 for each such dog that may be impounded, and 20 cents per day for every day said dog shall be impounded, and he shall keep a register of such dogs and shall account for and pay to the village treasurer all moneys received under this ordinance at the end of each and every week, retaining therefrom for his fee the sum of 50 cents for each dog so impounded, and he shall receive no further fee or compensation, and he shall be liable to conviction on conviction to a fine of not less than \$5 or more than \$25 for each and every offense.

SEC. 12. The provisions of this ordinance shall not apply to dogs of non-residents remaining temporarily or passing through this village.

SEC. 13. This ordinance shall take effect from and after its passage and publication.

All ordinances or parts of ordinances or resolutions in conflict herewith are hereby repealed.

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pipe opposite the water works. Also on Vine avenue from a point opposite lot 10, block 9, L. Hodge's addition, beginning at the flushing box and running northwest on said Vine avenue to Main street, thence on Main street to corner of Fairview avenue, thence turning the corner at that point and running southeast on Fairview avenue to Crescent avenue and joining the main at that point. Also, that a six (6) inch internal diameter, standard weight, iron water supply pipe be constructed and laid on Park avenue from a connection to be made with the supply pipe running from the stand-pipe opposite the water works, thence running southeasterly on Park avenue to North Prospect avenue, thence running southeasterly on North Prospect avenue under the tracks of the C. & N. W. Railway company to C. avenue, thence southeasterly on South Prospect avenue to Crescent avenue and joining the main at that point. All pipe used shall be of the best quality, standard weight, and be thoroughly caulked and capable of standing a pressure of 150 pounds to the square inch when laid. Ties and crosses shall be placed at intersection of streets along the line where needed and perfect connection made with all connecting water pipes. Said iron water pipe shall be tapped with 4-inch corporation stop at all points along the line of the improvement where house service pipes are at present laid, and complete and perfect connection made with said house service pipes.

All pipes to be placed with top surface not less than four and one half (4 1/2) feet below the established grades of the various streets.

All material and mode of workmanship shall be subject to the approval of the engineer in charge, and all ditches shall be thoroughly puddled.

SEC. 2. That the cost and expense of said improvement shall be defrayed by a special assessment in accordance with sections eighteen (18) to fifty-one (51), both inclusive, in article nine (9) of the act of the general assembly of the state of Illinois entitled "an act to provide for the incorporation of cities and villages," approved April 10, 1872. Said assessment shall be divided into five installments. Twenty-five per cent of the total cost shall be payable from and after confirmation of the assessment and the remaining seventy-five (75) per cent shall be divided into four installments, payable one each year thereafter.

SEC. 3. That Z. D. Root, William Sauer and J. P. Mickelson, are hereby appointed commissioners to make an estimate of the cost of said improvement, including labor, material and all other expenses attending the same, and the cost of making and levying the assessment, and report the same in writing to said president and board of trustees.

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General Greely believes, from the character of the icebergs which he has observed, that there exists at or near the North pole a large extent of ice covered land.

Sir George Williams, who founded the Young Men's Christian association, is a retail storekeeper. He is president of fully thirty religious and philanthropic societies, and a director in as many more.

and if lands or lots is delinquent after return of warrant by said village collector, then said village clerk shall make a report of such delinquent special tax in writing to the county treasurer, ex-officio collector, prior to March, 1894, as required by this act.

Passed June 23, 1894.
Approved June 23, 1894.
Published June 23, 1894.

O. D. S. GALLUP
President Board of Trustees.
Attest: JOSEPH LALONE, Village Clerk.

SPECIAL ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested, that the president and board of trustees of the village of Park Ridge having ordered that cast iron water supply pipes be constructed and laid in Park avenue, Vine avenue, Main street, Fairview avenue, North Prospect avenue and South Prospect avenue in said village, in accordance with the ordinance passed June 23, A. D. 1894, recited in the petition of the village of Park Ridge, docket No. 31 of said court, the ordinance for the same being on file in the office of the village clerk, have applied to the county court of Cook county for an assessment of the cost of said improvement according to benefits, and an assessment thereof having been made and returned to said court, the final hearing thereon will be had at the July term of said court, commencing on the 9th day of July, A. D. 1894.

All persons desiring any then and there appear and make their defense:

W. A. HARMAN,
R. M. SIMON,
E. H. ALLING,
Commissioners.
Park Ridge, June 29, A. D. 1894.

Estate of Lorenzo D. Fay, Deceased.

All persons having claims against the estate of Lorenzo D. Fay, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook county, Ill., for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook county, on the 30th day of August, A. D. 1894, being the 30th day thereof.

MILAN REYNOLDS,
Administrator with will annexed.

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Fire Insurance Agent.

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Attorneys and Counselors at Law.

Room 916, 171 LaSalle St., Chicago, N. Y. Life Ins. Bldg.

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