

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 9. NO. 21.

BARRINGTON, ILL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1894.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

BARRINGTON.

CHURCH NOTICES.

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

SOCIETY NOTICES.

K. O. T. M. Text No. 79—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Tuesday of each month. W. H. Simpson, P. C.; T. H. Greet, Com.; C. H. Kendall, L. C.; L. A. Powers, Sec.; Rev. R. Bailey, Chap.; J. M. Thrasher, R. K.; Frank Payne, F. K.; Arthur Jayne, M. A.; S. M. Jayne, 1st M. G.; E. W. Macher, 2d M. G.; C. H. Kendall, P. H.; Roloff, S.; Dan Catlow, P.
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. Kendall, J. W.; C. B. Otis, Treas.; A. T. Ullrich, Sec.; F. B. Bennett, S. D.; J. P. Brown, J. D.; A. Gleason, Tyler.
BARRINGTON POST No. 275 G. A. R. Department of Ill.—Meets every second Friday of the month at Abbott's Hall. F. L. E. Ruyman, Com.; G. W. Johnson, S. V. C.; Wm. Humphrey, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, Q. M.; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; L. H. Bette, O. G.; Henry Reuter, Sec.; Chas. Senn, Chap.
M. W. A. CAMP 809—Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month at Meyer's Hall. F. E. Hawley, W. C.; P. A. Hawley, W. A.; John Robertson, B.; M. T. Lamey, Clerk; Wm. Ansholtz, Sec.; J. M. Thrasher, E. H. P. Asker, S.
W. B. C. No. 85—Meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Mrs. Lucy Townsend, Pres.; Miss Alice Meyer, Sec.

VILLAGE OFFICERS.

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

SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

F. E. Hawley, President
W. Meyer, Clerk
L. A. Powers, Treasurer

The Young People's Missionary society of the German Salem church held a meeting last Tuesday evening and elected the following officers: President, Mary C. Frye; vice-president, Henry Schroeder; recording secretary, Ida Gieske; treasurer, Sam Gieske; librarian, Newton Meier; corresponding secretary, Rose Sott. Theodore Suhr and John Kampert were appointed as ushers, and Theodore Suhr, Dena Bauman, Anna Gieske and Rev. Suhr were placed on the program committee. Their annual meeting will be held Sunday, Oct. 28.
Miss Hayward of Janesville, Wis., visited Miss L. Fitzgibbons last week.
Mr. John Dodge of Lake Mills, Wis., has been here on a visit during the past week.
Mrs. Robert Purcell and Miss Nellie Gray are visiting relatives at Marengo this week.
M. T. Lamey writes fire insurance only in reliable companies.
Mr. Wm. Dawson is taking a vacation. He has gone to Texas. Mr. J. L. Ruyman takes his place during his absence.
Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Laura Church to Mr. Edward H. Sott, Wednesday, Oct. 10.
Miss Maggie Dawson has returned, to her home in Pennsylvania after a two months' visit with Miss Nellie Dawson.
Rev. A. E. Ream has been appointed pastor of the M. E. church at this place. Rev. E. W. Ward goes to South E. gin.
Mr. Chester Dodge of Chicago and Mr. Charles Dodge of Windsor, Wis., spent Sunday here with their mother.
Mrs. Stevens of Chicago, department inspector of the W. R. C., visited that organization here at their last regular meeting, and gives them great praise for the way in which they carry out their ritual.
A surprise party was tendered Ezra Suhr at his home by his schoolmates. A good time was had by all present.
Children's caps at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.
Mr. Clarence Wheeler of Chicago moved here Monday. He occupies rooms over A. W. Meyer & Co.'s store.
The W. F. M. society met at the home of Mrs. Geo. W. Nightingale last Wednesday evening.
Mr. Wm. McCredie arrived home Friday evening, after a two months' visit in Scotland.
Have you a standard sewing machine? They are the best. Sold by A. W. Meyer & Co.
The pulpit at the M. E. church next Sunday will be filled by the new pastor. Give him a full house.
"A Trip Through Great Britain" will be the subject of a lecture to be given at the Baptist church Friday eve, Oct. 12, by Mr. Chester Dodge of Chicago.
Mrs. Teeple of Chicago, a former teacher in the grammar room of our school, was a visitor here Sunday.
Ladies' and misses' jackets are sold at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s at exceedingly low prices.
Mrs. B. Castle visited at the home of Mr. L. D. Castle last week.

Mrs. Ada McIntosh was initiated in the Woman's Relief corps Wednesday of last week. The next regular meeting will be held Wednesday evening of next week. Full attendance is desired.

Mr. H. H. Burritt, Mrs. Chas. Lines and Gladys returned home from the west Tuesday noon.

Great reduction in the price of carpets at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

Mrs. Pierce of Washington is visiting her sister, Mrs. S. Peck.
J. D. Lamey & Co. have the largest line of window glass, paints and oils in town.

Mrs. Wallace Abbott of Hoopston, Ill., visited her uncle, Mr. H. T. Abbott, this week.

If you want snow white bread use A. W. Meyer & Co.'s fancy patent flour.

Mrs. C. F. Meyer and son are visiting relatives in Chicago this week.
Conductor Ostrander will take Mr. Marion Clark's place as conductor on the Barrington accommodation.

Misses Addie and Laura Church of Barrington Center were the guests of Miss Rose Sott last week.

A large assortment of floor oil cloths at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

Mr. Henry Boehmer is visiting here. He expects to reside here after April 1, 1895, in the residence recently purchased of Mr. W. B. Farran.

Rev. E. Rahn has moved in his elegant new home.

Harry Virmilya of Appleton, Wis., is visiting his parents.

See the new line of ladies' wrappers at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

Mr. Garret Miller has moved in his new residence on the north side.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Fitzsimmons have returned from their visit at Oshkosh, Wis.

Mr. Jessie Miller and wife of Elgin were here on business Monday.

Mr. L. F. Schroeder has put in eleven furnaces in Barrington this year.

There were no services in the German Evangelical church last Sunday, Rev. E. Rahn being away.

J. D. Lamey finished the foundation for Mr. H. Roloff's new house Thursday.

Mr. James Regan of Chicago was here on business Wednesday.

Mr. Charles Beinhoff has secured a position as bookkeeper for a printing firm in Chicago. We wish him success.

Mr. W. E. Webbe is making a number of improvements on the farm purchased of Mr. James H. Allen.

Board Meeting.

Village board met in regular session at village hall. President Hawley in the chair. Full board present. Minutes of the last regular meeting read and approved.

The following bills were allowed:
John C. Meier, night watch, \$4 00
H. A. Sandman, street commissioner, 36 25
Louisa Bennett, meals, 4 55
Earnest Rieke, hauling gravel, 10 87
James Sizer, hauling gravel, 7 87
D. Minsicker, street work, 6 94
E. Jannoltz, street work, 4 87
E. W. Nacher, hauling gravel, 3 75
L. E. Ruyman, hauling gravel, 4 59
L. F. Schroeder, street lamp and hardware, 6 36
J. D. Lamey & Co., tile, 3 21
John Jahnke, hauling gravel, 2 25
Fred Weseman, gravel, 2 48
J. C. Plagge, oil, etc., 15 80
Plagge & Co., tile and lumber, 15 17
Total, \$166 76
Motion made and carried that Washington street be extended from William street west to Walnut street.
On motion board adjourned.

MILES T. LAMEY, Village Clerk.

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

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

QUEER FOLKS.

A baby was held lately several days in pawn in New York for the payment of a debt of \$35.

A provincial shoemaker has a card in his window reading, "Any respectable man, woman or child can have a fit in this shop."

A New York woman, in a fit of anger, threw a lighted lamp at her husband, setting his clothes on fire. While trying to put the flames out she herself was fatally burned.

There is a page of mingled sacred and profane history in the police court records of Jacksonville, Fla., where a magistrate, who had Lulu Owens, colored, locked up for profanity, released her on Saturday on her plea that she would be compelled to miss divine service if kept in over Sunday.

"There are indeed queer people in this world," Alphonse Daudet said recently. "For the last fifteen years every three months I have received a note, written with pencil, from the same man, who evidently is a great traveler, for his letters bear all the stamps of the world. He tells me that he trains animals to pronounce my name and then lets them go. When it snows he spends his time writing 'Alphonse Daudet' with the end of his cane, and I have never been able to find out who he is."

SCIENCE UP TO DATE.

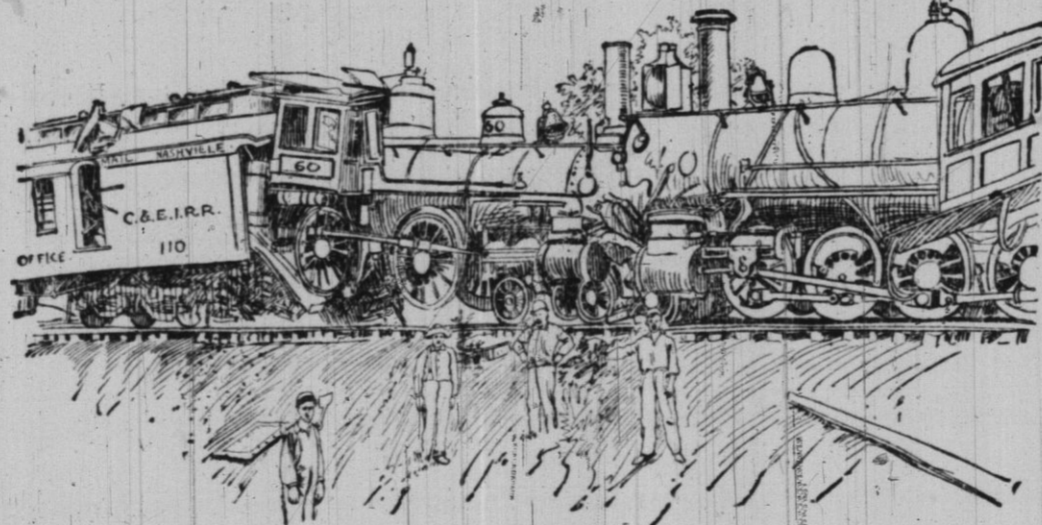
NOTES OF PROGRESS IN INDUSTRIAL FIELDS.

Photograph of a Wreck in Indiana—The Jumping Merrythought—A New Idea in Foundations—About Coal Dust Explosions.

THE LINING OF COAL is attended with many dangers, but none more to be dreaded than the dust explosions that are liable to occur at almost any instant, and against which, in many cases, not even the most ordinary precautions are taken. The air becomes thick with dust, which by some means comes in contact with flame, and the fire spreading with inconceivable rapidity causes the most terrific explosions. It is claimed that all danger in this direction may be removed by a carefully arranged system of spraying water through the passageways. The wet particles at once fall to the ground, and may be washed away by falling water or trodden down by the feet of the miners. Recent investigation seems to prove that gas alone produces comparatively few of the more dreadful accidents, but that gas and coal-dust mingled make an explosive compound that is greatly to be dreaded.

Hard Times and Health.

Medical experts, who claim that more people are ill from overeating than from any other cause, seem, according to some recent investigations, to have rather the best side of the argument. The business of the druggist and the calls at the dispensaries have both fallen off in a remarkable degree. Those who have kept the run of events say that this state of things always existed during times of great financial depression. They account for it by the fact that when work is scarce or money difficult to get the masses of the people buy plainer food and less of it, and are as a consequence, on a somewhat low diet. This invariably brings about better condition of health, and, of course, fewer drugs and doctors are needed. When there is extreme poverty, disease increases, especially among children, as their bodies are not properly nourished, and, having less resistive powers, they fall an easy prey to maladies of various sorts. From which we are led to believe that hard times bring about much better health, whatever may be said of pleasures and comforts.



Benevolent Bacteria.

Among the latest and most important discoveries of the bacteriologists is that of a Birmingham (England) expert, who has devised a method of cultivating a family of bacteria who eat up clean every vestige of disease-breeding matter in sewage. The proposed system of purification involves a sand and pebble filter with rows of air-pipes among the pebbles through which air of low pressure is forced. There are always a few of these scavenger bacteria to be found in sewage, and when they reach the air they take up their abode there and cover the pebbles with a firm-like growth. After this is well started, the sewage passing through this portion of the filter is entirely cleared of organic matter, and the flow beyond is odorless, tasteless and clear as crystal.

A Dangerous Practice.

An article in a foreign medical journal describes a process by which carcasses of diseased and condemned animals are destroyed, and, during the narration, makes the statement with the utmost simplicity that the fat of these animals is drawn off from the steaming vat, and is used for the manufacture of the better qualities of soap. In view of the fact that the science of bacteriology is as yet imperfectly understood, and that there is no absolute certainty that all disease germs are destroyed by certain degrees of heat, the use of such fat suggests possible dangers from which intelligent and delicate persons must of necessity shrink.

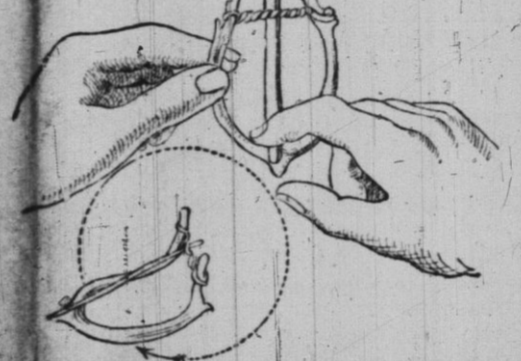
Boilers for River Steamers.

A law recently passed provides that no river steamer shall have an externally fired boiler with shell plates of iron or steel exceeding an average thickness of 30-100 of an inch. No

boiler of this type on such vessels shall have less than 3 inches space between its shell and any of its internal flues, and not less than 3 inches space between such flues when any such flues are more than 5 inches in diameter; and every such externally fired boiler employed on any such steam vessel shall be provided with a manhole, in the lower part of the front head thereof of such dimensions as may be prescribed by the board of supervising inspectors, in all cases where the distance between its internal flues is less than 3 inches. Externally fired boilers having shells constructed of iron or steel plates not exceeding an average thickness of 0.50 inch may, in the discretion of the secretary of the treasury, be authorized to employ on steam vessels navigating the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, or salt water bays or sounds, or the great lakes, or any of them; provided that in lieu of the manhole, no plate that is by this act limited to a thickness of 0.30 inch, shall be rejected for use if found to exceed these dimensions respectively, if the average thickness thereof does not exceed the limits therein specified; and the amount of steam pressure that will be permitted to be carried in boilers constructed in accordance with the requirements of this act shall be determined from measurement showing the least thickness of the plates.

The Jumping Merrythought.

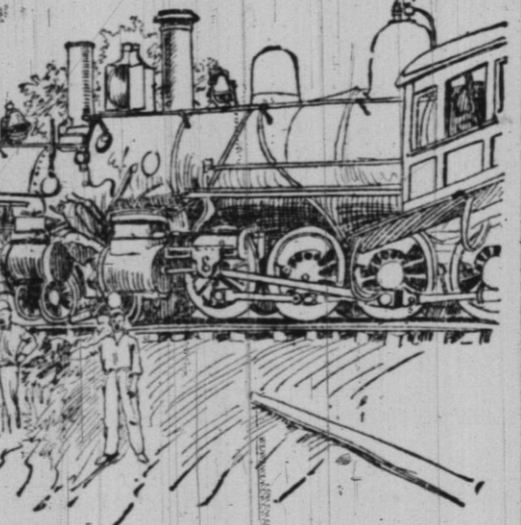
Here is an interesting suggestion. When the turkey has been duly served, and nothing is left but a pile of bones, pick out the "merrythought," the bone which is shaped like the one shown in the illustration. Stretch across the bone a double string, and twist the string around a



place of stick which just reaches to the top of the bone. On this point place a bit of soft pitch, or any very sticky substance strong enough to grip the end of the stick; then place the "merrythought" on the table, and when the twisted string has overcome the resistance of the pitch the bone will jump high into the air. On this principle "jumping frogs" are made.

Wreck on the C. & E. I.

Our illustration is made from a photograph of a wreck which recently occurred on the C. & E. I. R. R. in



the yards at Clinton, Ind. At the left is shown the mail car, with the tank telescoped into it. In the other end of the mail car was the express car, and in the narrow space by the window, only four feet wide, stood Mail Clerk Lacy, uninjured. This escape from what seemed certain death is almost unparalleled.

Increased Production of Cotton in Egypt.

The growth of the imports of Egyptian cotton to this country, says the Textile Record, is one of the most remarkable of the incidents connected with our textile industry. This business began so recently as 1884, so that it has attained its present considerable proportions within a period of ten years. In 1889 the imports of the staple to the United States amounted to a little less than 3,000,000 pounds. In 1893 they had reached the quantity of 8,000,000 pounds. The Egyptian staple is valued here because its unusual length permits it to be spun into soft yarns. For that purpose it is mixed with domestic cotton and the yarns are used for hosiery and other knit fabrics. Indeed, the increase in the use of Egyptian cotton has been coincident with the extraordinary development of knit goods manufacture in the United States. Simultaneously a demand has appeared for Peruvian cotton, of which, in 1889, this country took only 2,773 pounds, while in 1893 the imports amounted to 3,411,619 pounds. The fiber in many particulars resembles wool, and it is very serviceable for mingling with wool in the knit garments of wool and cotton for which there is a great demand.

Russia's match industry is progressing rapidly. In 1891 there were 271 factories, producing 14,750,000 matches.

SOME WIT AND HUMOR.

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

A Story of Immoral Suasion—Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining for Isaac—Why Dicky Is Looking So Old—Impious Smiles.

IT'S NOT HALF SO often we're laid in the dust. By one overtopping temptation As the ticklesome sinlets, too wee to distrust, Encompass our mortification. Knocks fray fewer elbows than yields to the rub; And for playing the deuce altogether It isn't the devil who comes with a club. But the devil that comes with a feather. —C. F. L. in Truth.

HE LIVED HIGH. Visitor—How did you come to rent a room the stairs to which are steep and dangerous? Poet—I had an object in view. You should see how polite the bill collectors are when they get up here and I hint about kicking them down stairs.

Babies and Barns.

A happy young father and mother on a farm in New Hampshire had been enjoying the looks of their first-born son for a week, when their large new barn was burned. A year or two later, when this little boy's first little sister was a week old, the big and handsome barn built to replace the first one caught fire, and went down also. A second little sister arrived later on, on the 4th of November, and the next day, while the eldest little boy was playing with fireworks, the third barn was burned. Years went on, and the farmer had built two big barns for his increasing needs, when one fine day he was told that he was the father of twins. For a moment he stood dumb; then he laughed, and said: "Good! that's the way it ought to be. I've got two barns now—a barn to burn for each twin. Twins is right!"

But at last accounts barns and twins were both prospering, and the farmer believes that his luck has improved. —Ex.

He Bit.

The old doctor and the old captain were fast friends, both inveterate jokers and both, despite their aggregate six score years, rabid sportsmen. The doctor's frightful stammer did not seem to impede the flow of a joke, nor did the captain's equatorial girth lessen his agility. One afternoon the old men set out on a rabbit hunt. As they passed through an orchard something scurried into a burrow. "Ar-r-wist-rabbit!" shouted the doctor. "L-l-let's p-pull him out." And kneeling at the hole he thrust his arm in up to the shoulder. "S-s-say," he remarked after a moment's fumbling, "s-s-c-wist-can't q-quit get him. Y-y-wh-when you try it, John; y-y-wh-your arm's l-longer than m-m-wist-mine."

The captain knelt and thrust his arm down. In an instant he was executing a war dance around a tree, waving a bloody finger. "Blankety-blank-blank! That's no rabbit; it's a ground hog." "D-d-wist-did he bite you, J-J-John?" queried the doctor, anxiously. "Bite? Blankety-blank! Don't you you see he took the whole end of my finger."

"Wh-wh-wh-why, that's t-too b-b-wist-bad," said the doctor, taking his own hand from behind him and showing a sadly lacerated thumb. "H-he b-b-wist-bit me, too?" —Harper's Magazine.

Explained.

Cholly—I wondah why Dicky tries to look so old? Reggy—Why, deah boy, don't you know Wales is a gwandfathah?—Puck.

A Long Drawn Out Game.

New York Boy (visiting in Rhode Island)—What shall we play? Rhode Island Boy—Let's play something new. Let's play golf. New York Boy (hesitatingly)—I'm 'fraid this state isn't long enough.

Painting on Corn.

It is said that the smallest piece of painting in the world has recently been executed by a Flemish artist. It is painted on the smooth side of a grain of common white corn, and pictures a mill and a miller mounting a stairs with a sack of grain on his back. The mill is represented as standing on a terrace, and near it are a horse and cart, while a group of several peasants is shown in the road near by. The picture is beautifully distinct, every object being finished with microscopic fidelity.

Humpty-Dumpty.

It is not generally known that "Humpty-Dumpty" was not originally a nursery rhyme, but a political satire at the expense of King James II. of England—Humpty-Dumpty being, of course, James himself; the wall the throne, and the king, whose men and horses are in vain brought into requisition, Louis XIV. of France. It was originally written in French; and later the quatrain had the honor of being turned into Latin elegiac verse by Dr. Henry Drury.

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PROMINENT PEOPLE.

The Rothschild family of Europe is worth \$1,000,000,000.

Mr. Gould's yachting trip is said to have cost him \$400,000.

Nat C. Goodwin says that America is the English actor's Mecca; that England is the American actor's mausoleum.

A pleasant picture of the domestic life of Edwin Booth will be found in the volume of recollections which the actor's daughter Edwina has written.

Edgar W. Nye—popularly known as "Bill Nye"—has concluded to bring out in England a collection of his sketches dealing with that country.

Mr. Emerson's son, Edward Emerson, is giving lectures in England on his father's correspondence with John Sterling and on the story of Thoreau's life.

Miss Helen Gould has purchased a large tract of land at Roxbury, N. Y., where she will have an artificial lake constructed to be used for fishing, bathing and boating.

Mr. Sala says that from the bottom of his heart he contends that Thackeray was not a cynic. "I never heard him," he adds, "say one unkindly thing of human weakness or frailty or misfortune."

It is said that Senator Dolph of Oregon never smiles. In the whole course of his service in the senate nobody has ever seen his eye light up or his lip quiver. Why it is, nobody has ever had the courage to ask.

M. Bartholemy Saint-Hilaire, the distinguished French statesman of a bygone day, who is in marvelous mental and physical health at the age of ninety years, says: "If you want to live to be old, work always and diligently."

Among Europe's royal 400 there are two members who never boast about their ancestry—King Oscar of Sweden whose grandfather was a Pyrenean peasant, and the king of Serbia, whose great-grandfather was a Danubian swineherd.

The mikado of Japan has long had a desire to make a tour of the world. This inclination had taken so thorough a hold of him that he had made plans for a journey to this country and Europe when the trouble with China arose.

President Carnot was the third Frenchman to whom a national funeral has been accorded. The other two were Gambetta, January 6, 1883, and Victor Hugo, June 1, 1885. Their obsequies cost 20,000 francs each. The late president's is estimated to have cost 120,000 francs.

Not long ago Emperor William got it into his head that he would like to learn something about American literature. A reader was engaged to guide and direct him in his studies, and an hour a day was given by the emperor to a perusal of Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Richard Harding Davis and other giants of the pen. After a few months of investigation in this line the emperor declared that we have only one great writer—namely, Captain Mahan.

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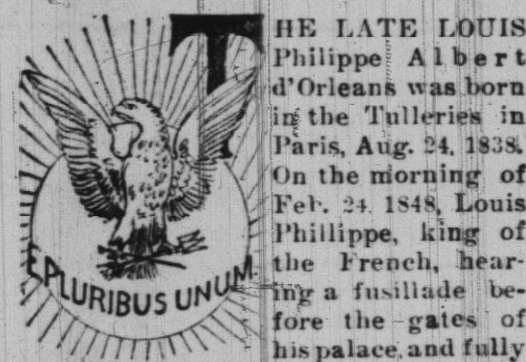
Humpty-Dumpty.

"It is not generally known that "Humpty-Dumpty" was not originally a nursery rhyme, but a political satire at the expense of King James II. of England—Humpty-Dumpty being, of course, James himself; the wall the throne, and the king, whose men and horses are in vain brought into requisition, Louis XIV. of France. It was originally written in French; and later the quatrain had the honor of being turned into Latin elegiac verse by Dr. Henry Drury.

FRIEND OF AMERICA.

THE LATE LOUIS PHILIPPE FOUGHT FOR THE UNION.

He Remained in the Army a Year as Captain Under McClellan—in Battle at Yorktown and Richmond—His War Record.



THE LATE LOUIS Philippe Albert d'Orleans was born in the Tuilleries in Paris, Aug. 24, 1838. On the morning of Feb. 23, 1848, Louis Philippe, king of the French, hearing a fusillade before the gates of his palace, and fully aware that it "meant business," abdicated in favor of his grandson, the count of Paris. But this attempt to establish an Orleans dynasty was fruitless. A second revolution had been proclaimed in France and the widowed mother of the count of Paris and his younger brother were forced to flee from the country. They went to England, where the young count of Paris, whose full name and title were Louis Philippe Albert, duke of Orleans, was educated.

The special interest which American readers will feel in connection with the dead count dates from Sept.



THE LATE LOUIS PHILIPPE.

18, 1861, when he landed on American soil. He had crossed the Atlantic in the old side-wheel steamer Africa, whose dock was in Jersey City, and as it was 10 p. m. when the vessel reached her wharf, he and his distinguished fellow travellers remained on board until the next morning. Imagine any Atlantic voyager with the price of a night's lodging in his pockets remaining aboard-ship all night after making a landing as early as 10 p. m. in these days!

The fact is also worth commenting upon that the leading New York newspaper of that era devoted less than half a column's space to the landing of the royal party the following day, saying, among other things:

"A great number of persons assembled yesterday morning on the wharf of the Jersey side, but strictly conforming with the express wish of the Prince de Joinville, who headed the royal party, everything was got ready for leaving the Africa in the most private and unostentatious manner. The prince, accompanied by his young friends and suite, went over the side of the steamer and entered a rowboat, which took them to the foot of Chambers street, where carriages were in waiting to convey the party to the Brevoort House."

The party, whose arrival in New York city was thus summarily dismissed, consisted of the Prince de Joinville, his son, Pierre Philippe, Duc de Penthièvre, and his nephews, the Comte de Paris, and the Duc de Chartres.

A genuine sensation was occasioned a few days later when it was known that they had applied for permission to enter the Union forces in the war of the rebellion, which was then raging, and been appointed to the ranks of captains of the staff of Gen. George B. McClellan. The terms under which the count of Paris and his brother were received into the army stipulated that they should serve without pay and be privileged to resign whenever they saw fit. They served a little less



COMTESS OF PARIS

than one full year, but during that time the count of Paris saw hard fighting at Yorktown and Richmond and formed impressions of American soldiery which aided him in writing, as it doubtless influenced him to write, his celebrated history of the civil war. Said Gen. James Grant Wilson in a paper which he prepared after the count's second visit to America: "While the active service of the youthful count as a staff officer with the rank of captain in the Army of the Potomac cannot, of course, for a moment be compared with that of the Marquis de Lafayette, a Major-

General in the Revolutionary army, where he held independent command and saw much hard fighting, it must not be forgotten that the former has devoted his leisure hours during fifteen years to the preparation of the most careful and important account of the American civil war which has yet appeared in print. It was chiefly, if not indeed entirely, in the interest of this monumental but incomplete magnum opus that the count came among us again for a month to visit Antietam, Gettysburg and other hotly contested battlefields of our late war."

As illustrating the growth of newspaper enterprise in New York, it is worthy of notice that the same newspaper which disposed of the arrival of the count of Paris in 1861 in less than half a column devoted an entire page to the subject of his second visit to New York on Oct. 3, 1890.

daughter of the Duc de Montpensier. She is celebrated for being an abandoned woman. She smokes cigarettes, goes shooting, and wears knickerbockers.

In 1886 the Comte de Paris was exiled from France, having been unobtrusively intriguing for his restoration to the throne, for by the death of the Comte de Chambord, whom many have accused him of poisoning, he had become the only pretender to the royal throne. It was through the action of an officer, who owed his career to the kindness of the comte's uncle, the Duc d'Aumale, Gen. Boulanger, that the expulsion was brought about. He went to England, where he remained until death came to relieve him of his many humiliations and sorrows.

COLLECTOR OF BUTTONS.

Mrs. Mary E. Harris Has a Queer Pastime.

Mrs. Mary E. Harris of Roxbury, Mass., has had for thirty years the hobby of collecting buttons, until now her collection numbers 12,000 different kinds. Thirty years ago she made a wager that she could collect more than 999 different kinds of buttons. She reached the thousand mark inside of a year, but once started in the fascinating "collecting," her pursuit was kept up. Mrs. Harris has some interesting buttons in her collection. One was worn by a soldier in Napoleon's army; another by a soldier in Washington's; there are buttons from the uniforms of half a dozen European armies, as well as from those of the South American republics, the Confederate army and the uniforms furnished by different states during the civil war.



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MONEY CURED HER.

Lots of Human Nature in This Brief Street Incident.

A tired looking little girl dawdled down Eighth avenue yesterday morning pushing before her with one hand a baby carriage with a good fat baby within. Under her arm, rolled up in newspaper, was a large block of ice. The child's thoughts were evidently not on baby and ice, for she hummed dreamily to herself and with a far away look in her eyes. All at once the paper burst, there was a crash and her ice lay on the pavement in a thousand pieces. Then she came back to earth and broke down in a violent bit of sobbing, gazing sorrowfully at the ice, she began picking up the pieces, and after a second's thought discarded the broken paper and set to packing the fragments in the carriage around the baby's feet. As she did so a big tear splashed upon every one. The baby kicked at the chips half unconsciously, half amused, and every kick the baby gave was a fresh reminder of misfortune to the little girl and was answered by a catching sob. The bystanders looked on pityingly, but no one offered to do anything. There are two ways of intervention in a case like this and results are quick to prove the better one.

"You foolish, silly little girl," called out one woman, breathlessly. "You're positively wicked. Don't you see you're chilling that baby? You'll give it its death. Stop crying, throw out that ice and wheel the child home."

The little maid sat down on the curbstone at this and bawled. 'Twas bad enough to face a probable spanking, but a scolding beforehand just broke her all to pieces.

Feeling she had done her duty, the woman passed on, and then the right man came along. He was a jolly faced truckman. "Why, cheer up, young 'un," he said. "There ain't nothin' on earth that money can't cure. How much was it? Three cents. There, run now and get a new piece."

And the transformation in that little woman's face was worth many a three cents to see.—New York Herald.

A Successful Woman Farmer.

Miss Mary E. Cutler of Holliston, Mass., is a successful farmer. She is sole manager of Winthrop Gardens, an estate of sixty-eight acres, after her father's death ten years ago. She determined to carry on the farm against the advice of friends who thought it impossible for a woman to make a business success of agriculture. Proceeding carefully, the business has constantly increased under her direction. She gives her attention chiefly to the raising of fruits and vegetables, which are sold directly to the consumer, the surplus going to the canneries. She has 1,400 bearing peach trees, and has not had a failure of the crop for seven years.

SCATTERING SPEECHES.

Five Million Copies of Congressional Records Franked by the Members.

There is one industry which is not in the least affected by the hard times, says the Boston Advertiser. This is the record division of the government printing office, which has charge of printing congressional speeches for distribution. There has never been a congress when the presses were worked so incessantly for this purpose. Already over 5,000,000 speeches have been sent out over the country under congressional franks, and the number is piling up daily until by the close of the session it is expected that it will far exceed any record which has hitherto been made. Tom Johnson alone gave an order for 1,000,000 copies of his speech on the income tax in the tariff bill. He leads the record. But in the number of speeches ordered by other congressmen Burrows heads the list. Over 200,000 copies of his tariff speech have been issued and he has taken very few himself. Most of them have been sent to western farming constituencies by republican representatives. Reed's speech at the close of the tariff debate is not printed by the government printing office, but by one of the private concerns in Washington and this has just about equaled that of Burrows. There is a demand for Wilson's speech on the Democratic side, and tens of thousands of copies of the speech of Crisp have also been sent out. In the senate 20,000 copies of Senator Lodge's speech have gone out, many senators franking them to the college students in their states. Senator Morrill's speech is also in great demand, and the first speech delivered by Senator Hoar has gained a wide circulation. The efforts of Voorhes and Mills, which opened and closed respectively the general debate in the senate, have been circulated almost as widely by Republicans as by Democrats.

Lenora's Soap Bubble Party. "Mamma! oh, Mamma! See what Phillip Jay brought, see it is a piece of cardboard with a real pipe tied to it—what pretty blue ribbon. Read it, mamma, quick!" As soon as mamma could explain to the breathless little girl that it was an invitation to play soap bubbles with her little friend Lenora Jay, that afternoon she danced off to show her treasure and to her next door neighbor about it. She found she had an invitation too. Both children could scarcely wait for the time to pass until it was the hour for meeting at Lenora's. Mrs. Jay provided plenty of pipes and a bowl of soap suds on the hard wood floor of the dining room, and there they merrily and safely amused themselves and Lenora, the baby, all the long, bright afternoon. A little before five o'clock, mamma, Jay and Phillip came in with cookies and lemonade. Later, as the guests wandered homeward looking for flowers and ripe berries in the hedges and gathering the sweet wild roses, they agreed that it was the nicest party they were ever at, for as they said, "soapsuds doesn't hurt calico and gingham, it didn't matter if the pipes did break, and it was so much fun seeing who could make the biggest bubble.—Ella Ricketts.

Electric Currents.

There are many persons who talk very learnedly about electricity, and seem to fancy that they have found out all about it that is worth knowing. In the face of ideas of this sort comes an accident without precedent. Indeed, one that under ordinary circumstances would be considered impossible. A workman, in oiling the machinery of a small electric fan—now used merely for the purpose of cooling the air in a business house—accidentally touches the wire and is instantly killed. The current that runs the fan is said to have scarcely power enough to give a gentle shock when touched. An electrician, who has recently been making some important experiments, has demonstrated that by using electricity in a certain way fifty times the current usually employed for executing criminals may be passed through the human body without injury. Is it not possible, then, that very weak currents, under certain conditions, may possess power hitherto unsuspected?

Disappointment.

The mental havoc wrought by a long persistence of the game known as "Anagrams" is sometimes said to contemplate. A young girl who had had a protracted struggle to transpose the words "Nice ham" in something else, at last asked eagerly: "Are proper names allowable?" "Never!" was the emphatic response. "Oh dear, what a shame!" exclaimed the girl. "I thought I had found the anagram for this old 'Nice ham,' at last. To be sure, I don't know as I ever really knew anybody by the name of MacHine, but it sounds as if it were some one's name, anyhow!"

And without a thought of the domestic "machine" so dear to thrifty householders, or to any of the other machines so liberally advertised at every turn, she swept the disappointing combination into a heap, and began her struggle afresh.

Once.

A newspaper funny man has invented not an absolutely fresh, but a comparatively new joke upon a very old subject.

Miss Thuid was talking about her own nervousness, and her various night alarms. "Did you ever find a man under your bed, Mrs. Bluff?" she asked. "Yes," said that worthy woman. "The night we thought there were burglars in the house I found my husband there."

Precious Bullets.

During the recent fighting on the Kashmir frontier, when the British troops defeated the rebellious Hunzas, the natives used bullets of garnets in case of lead. The British have preserved some of these costly bullets as dearly-bought curiosities. The Rajah of Hunza, who claims to be the direct descendant of Alexander the Great, inquires of his chief minister every morning, "Who is the greatest monarch in the world?" invariably receiving for answer, "Your Excellency."

PALACE AND FARM.

GEORGE VANDERBILT'S NORTH CAROLINA ESTATE.

Six Hundred Men Employed for Six Years Past—What the Estate is Expected to Accomplish.

WHEN George W. Vanderbilt began prospecting around Asheville, in North Carolina, less than a dozen years ago, farming was the thing which he least thought of. The palace, for it is that and nothing else, which he is building—is intended to be a monument to last for ages, a silent, but significant tribute to the perseverance and ability for accumulating wealth with which this remarkable family is endowed. At present roofers are covering the main structure so that work may be begun on the interior. The outer walls of stone and brick are completed.

So far not a piece of wood has been placed in it, except scaffolding and false work. Everything is stone, brick and iron and steel work. I heard an eminent architect say that it would be as solid five centuries from the time it is completed as the day its owner enters it to live. Stop and think of that a moment. Then think that 600 men are at work on this palace and the grounds, and that Mr. Vanderbilt will not allow one to be paid less than \$1 per day, making a pay roll alone of \$500,000 and \$600,000 yearly.

Add to this the fact that six years will be required to build this magnificent home, and that in all as many millions will be spent in the work, including the building of roads, the terracing of mountains—yes, mountains—the planting of trees and shrubs and other features of landscape work, and you will have merely a faint idea of the magnitude of Mr. Vanderbilt's plans.

For several weeks a Wagner palace car has been standing on the private railroad track near the uncompleted palace. It is named Swannanoa. In fact, Mr. Vanderbilt loves the name, and uses it whenever possible. In this car he came from New York to personally examine the work of all kinds now in progress. A year ago he usually lived in the car and confined most of his inspecting to the building and roads, but now the farming interests occupy much of his attention, and to be on the spot he has a suite of rooms in an ordinary looking two-story farm house about three miles from the "mansion," as the natives around there term it. The rooms have been newly papered and have modern furniture. Here the owner remains with no other attendant than an English valet, besides the family in the house.

From the windows of his bed-room he can see the fields of grain and the plowed hillsides ready to be seeded. It is right in the country without any indication of city life in sight. Every morning his secretary and superintendent of agriculture, Baron d'Allings, visits him, and an hour or so is usually occupied in reading such reports as the yield of corn on this or that patch, how many tons of fertilizer have been put on the garden, the comparative yield of milk of Jersey and Holstein cows, etc. Then he often jumps into a light, two-wheeled cart and drives over to this or that farm with the baron and examines some new fodder plant or some insect which may be damaging the grain.

Often he will walk into the field and talk with the hands at work, on some detail of planting. In short, it is easy to see that nature has strong attractions for him, and the cultivation of the soil has as much fascination as the buying and selling of stocks and bonds, or the planning of railroad combinations. Naturally his interest in agriculture has attracted much attention throughout this section. People who at first regarded his purchases of land and his plan with envious eyes now speak of him in the highest terms. They perceive how much benefit his experiment will be to agriculturists generally, as well as to the lovers of good roads, since he has ample means to carry out these experiments on the broadest and most comprehensive basis.

The general name for the Vanderbilt estate is "Biltmore." A drive two miles on the main road leading south of Asheville brings the visitor to the boundary of the property, which is the Swannanoa River. Crossing the bridge you see a long dirty-looking shed of a building with no sign to indicate that it is the general office of the estate, where a dozen clerks are employed. Back of it is a large plant for making brick. It is equipped with modern presses, dryers, etc., and furnishes all the brick used in building the mansion, while millions are sold in Asheville and vicinity.

All of the clay for the brick is dug at Biltmore and hauled to the works on a steam tramway four miles long. This and a standard gauge railway seven miles in length traverse the property, every foot of each being laid on lands owned by George W. Vanderbilt. Passing the brick works you come to the Biltmore farming district. At present 1400 acres are under cultivation, divided into six farms, each in charge of a foreman or farm boss with four or five colored hands.

The land is selected from fertile parts of the estate and is in different sections, the part nearest the approach to the estate being the largest. The farm furthest from this particular piece is eight miles distant. It is the intention to increase the acreage, until it will comprise fully 5000 acres, making one of the largest agricultural properties in America, to feed the largest number of cattle, horses, etc.

Special attention is being given fodder, which is growing on 1200 acres. What is known as fodder or ensilage plants are being planted extensively as an experiment. Superintendent d'Allings believes they can be grown successfully in place of timothy and other kinds of hay, which are a failure in this, as well as many other parts of the South. The alfalfa, teosinta and lathyrus silvestris, the latter a European production, are new kinds of fodder plants which have been raised successfully. They are used as ensilage, of which 700 tons have already been made this season.

Corn, rye, wheat and oats are the principal cereal crops, while on a twenty-acre garden patch are grown asparagus, peas, beets, lettuce, onions, berries and a variety of other vegetables, all of which find a ready sale in the Asheville market when not consumed at home. The most modern methods of agriculture are employed and the best utensils. Mules furnish most of the hauling power. Fertilizers are used abundantly, while all the dead leaves, etc., are mixed into a compost, which also serves to manure the land. As a result the yield of corn to the acre last year was 55 bushels; of rye, 15; wheat was 25 to 35, and oats, 40.

Stock raising is to be a feature at Biltmore. At present 160 horses, principally draft animals; 20 grade Jersey and other cows; 200 South-down sheep, 110 Berkshire pigs, about 40 heifers, 4 imported bulls and a Clydesdale Percheron stallion are in the stock yard; also storks of Toulouse geese, Pekin ducks, bronze turkeys and Brahma chickens. A hen house to cost \$3000, with artificial hatchery, nests and other special features, is to be built in the near future.

For raising trotting and road horses Mr. Vanderbilt intends securing several Russian and French stallions. The dairy farm is one of the most important sources of revenue from the estate. The milk cows average eight quarts per day and supply all the hotels and most of the boarding houses in Asheville. The receipts from the sales of milk alone amount to \$600 per week. It is carried into the town in canvas-covered wagons with the words "Biltmore Dairy" on the sides in large black letters, and the landlord or landlady is not slow in informing the visitor that "we get our milk from Mr. Vanderbilt's farm."

Any one going toward the mansion at Biltmore before the sun is well up in the morning or during the cool of the evening may chance to meet two men in a road cart or a buggy. One is evidently an English groom. The other is a small man of light complexion, with side whiskers, whose face looks as if he suffered from dyspepsia. He is attired in a gray sack suit, with dark four-in-hand tie, turned collar and a dark brown derby. That is Mr. Vanderbilt looking over his roads.

He is a firm believer in good roads, and has a laboratory on the estate, where an expert is employed in finding the best soils on the place, as well as rock and stone for road formation. The results of these experiments, as well as those of agriculture, are freely furnished to all inquirers and put to practical use at Biltmore. The result is that already around the mansion and at Biltmore forest are ten miles of as fine drive-way as can be found in the vicinity of New York City. But before the improvements are completed this length will be increased to fully fifty miles. Macadamized stone, gravel, ashes and clay are the principal substances used.

While examining the forest road one cannot help wondering at the improvements to the forest proper, which comprises 11,000 acres. Dead trees have been cut away, the underbrush is being taken off, vistas made at different points where a superb view is afforded, and other work is being done which will finally convert this place into a vast park similar to those found at so many English country places. Over 100 men have been busy with ax and hatchet, and what was formerly a mountain wilderness now presents a wonderfully changed appearance. Game and birds are being placed in the forest for hunting purposes, but the greatest game reserve will be on the side of the Mount Pisgah, a portion of which Mr. Vanderbilt owns. This will be stocked with bear and deer and will form truly a "sportsmen's paradise." Such, briefly, is the way Mr. Vanderbilt is exercising his taste in the Blue Ridge Mountains.—Philadelphia Times.

Peculiarities of Meerschaum.

"A great many people are under the impression that the substance of which a meerschaum is made is washed up by the sea," says C. E. Carter, of Terra Haute. "I suppose they got that idea from the fact that the clay, when dry, will float on the surface of the water, and then appears like white, foamy bubbles. This clay is taken from beds in the solid earth.

"In its primitive state it is white and soft, and you can cut it like cheese. It is found chiefly in Turkey and Hungary. When the bowls of these pipes are new they look very much like ivory, but in using they gradually change into a mellow brown color, on account of the oil of the tobacco being absorbed by them in the process of burning."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Costly Dinner Service.

The silver dinner service which Mrs. J. W. Mackay has with her in Europe is worth \$195,000. Her husband furnished \$75,000 in weight of pure silver and then paid another \$121,000 for the work done upon it. The above is reckoned as being the most costly silver set now in use in the world.

BERLIN'S YOUTHFUL GIANT.

He is 14 Years Old, 6 Feet Tall, and Weighs 330 Pounds.

A boy of gigantic proportions, such as has never before been equaled by similar objects of curiosity, is being exhibited in Berlin, says a writer in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. His name is Carl Ulrich, and he was born in September, 1880. His father is a man of small stature, and his mother and their seven other offspring show no unusual proportions. Up to his third year Charles grew normally; from that time on he took a spurt toward an unusually rapid development. He is now nearly 6 feet tall and weighs 330 pounds. His head measures in circumference 27 inches. Hands and feet are enormously developed, the middle finger of each hand being in diameter the



The Giant Boy.

size of a silver dollar. Prof. Virchow, who has closely examined this juvenile monstrosity, states that all the bodily organs perform their functions normally, and that in all probability the giant youngster will surpass all giant men when he reaches his majority. Carl was a bright and active pupil at school, and converses intelligently with his audience, although he has been at the museum but a very short time.

Building Islands.

There is just now a novel project on foot, and one that has already furnished some discussion as to possibilities in the same direction. This is nothing more or less than building an island a dozen miles out in the Atlantic. Seventy feet below the surface of the water there is a suitable rock foundation, and upon this there will be erected a group of iron caissons, sixty in number, and upon these there will be erected a commodious hotel and pleasure grounds. It has been suggested that the Ferris wheel principle of non-resistance will apply as well to water as to air, and that skeleton piers and foundations will spring up on various rocky shoals off the coasts of fashionable resorts. The projected summer resort is off Long Island, outside of the control of any government.

Six Cameras in One.

A sextuple photographic telescope has just been completed for the Yale observatories which may revolutionize the present astronomical methods and lead to valuable new discoveries. Having six cameras instead of one, the new telescope can cover a field in the sky equal to that which would be occupied by 2,400 moons. With this wonderful gain of perspective not only does it seem probable that it may reveal new facts relating to meteoric heights, but that it may cast new light upon the moon as a living world. Enlargement of the negatives of the Lick Observatory revealed last year the existence of a new lunar crater, and the Arquipa Observatory has discovered evidences of actual physical change.—Buffalo Commercial.

An Iron Railway Equipment.

An Asia Minor railroad, extending from Ismael about sixty miles east of Constantinople 200 miles east by south to Angora, is built almost entirely of iron. The rails, sleepers, telegraph poles and bridges are of the metal. There are sixteen tunnels, the longest being nearly 1,500 feet from end to end. There are 1,200 bridges of iron, of which material an almost incredible amount was used. The greater part of it was furnished by the great Krupp works. Railway building in that country presents engineering difficulties that throw many of our own undertakings quite into the background.

His Way of Putting It.

"Van Ish—So she refused you?" "Ten Brok (sadly)—Yes; in fact, she told me to go to—(whispers). Van Ish—Dear me! Why, I— Ten Brok—That is, she told me to ask her father, and, as he's dead, I suppose that's what she meant."

His Idea of Heaven.

Prohibitionist Young man, seek happiness elsewhere. There's a limit to the pleasures of a saloon. "Toper—All right, Dominie, I'll go to a brewery."

Uniformity.

Robinson—Since Jigly got a position in the bank he only wears one kind of clothes. "Joggs—What kind?" Robinson—Checks.

Where the Harm Was Done.

"They fought a duel these two." "Was either of them hurt?" "Yes, the seconds hurt their feelings. I believe by some rude remarks about cowardice."

Her Turn Next.

"Yes," said the fair typewriter, "I will marry you. But as your wife, Margin, you must not expect me to be dictated to."

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

INTERESTING READING FOR THE

The Brave Dog of Montargis—Cigarette Smoking—Lena's Soap Bubble Party—Guilt Made Him a Coward.

This brave dog lived in France, way back in the Middle Ages. Unfortunately we do not know his name, so he is always called the Dog of Montargis. He was very fond of his master who was named Aubri de Montdidier. The dog followed his master everywhere, and the people never saw one without the other, says the New York World.

One day when Montdidier was walking in a lonely wood near Paris, called the Forest of Bondi, he was attacked and murdered by a man named Macaire. The murderer buried the body under a great tree. He thought that no one had seen him and that he was quite safe, but he was mistaken. The faithful dog appeared and took up his station by his master's grave under the tree. There he remained day and night, guarding his body.

He never left the spot except to go after something to eat. He usually went in to Paris to the house of his master's most intimate friend, where he was well known, and after he had eaten he returned immediately to the grave and resumed his watch. Montdidier's friend began to think the conduct of the dog very singular, and one day he followed him. The dog led him through the forest till they came to the grave under the tree. There he began to scratch away the earth and leaves. The man helped him, and you may imagine how shocked he was



The Faithful Dog.

when they had laid bare the body of his missing friend. The dog now seemed to feel that he had given the responsibility of caring for his master's body over to the friend. He attached himself to him and went to Paris and lived in the house.

It was not long before Macaire's actions led people to suspect him of being the murderer. Whenever the dog met him he growled, his hair bristled up, and it was all the people could do to keep him from tearing the man to pieces. They finally sentenced Macaire to fight a duel with the dog, after the custom of that time. The fight was to be in a large amphitheatre at Ste. Notre Dame, in Paris, and an immense crowd was there to see the man and dog tear each other to pieces. Macaire was not allowed any weapon except a stick and shield, while the dog had a tub into which he could retire when he was weary.

The dog was let loose and rushed at the man. At last his chance to avenge his master's death had come, and he was determined to make the most of it. The man's guilty conscience did not prevent him from fighting desperately, and he defended himself well. Again and again the brave dog rushed at him only to be beaten back by the club, and the shield always came between him and the man's throat, which he tried hard to reach. The struggle was long and hard, but the dog conquered. The man, worn out with fatigue, finally confessed his guilt before all the people.

A Prudent Maiden.



Said little Gussie Jones, In very serious tones, "I always takes my parasol where'er I chance to go, 'Cause if I went without, I hasn't any doubt Dat my complexion would get ruined don't you know?"

Cigarette Smoking.

It was the first time the matter had been called to our attention that way and if we are telling our readers an old story we trust it is worth retelling. This friend of ours smokes cigarettes. He rolls them himself with skillful fingers. He hasn't left his residence without one in his month for years. He prefers a cigarette to any cigar or pipe. He puffs his cigarettes, and, as he says himself, experiences something of that restful, care-free sensation that comes to the opium smoker. Of course he inhales the smoke. When he draws it into his lungs, his cares leave him. He explains this physiologically as follows: Cigarette smoke, if drawn into the mouth simply and expelled, leaves a brown stain on a handkerchief held across the lips; but if drawn into the lungs it leaves no

stain when expelled against the handkerchief. It is also of noticeably different color. The brown stain was left upon the delicate spongy tissue of the lungs, and thus reached the blood and was circulated through the system to spread its narcotic effect through the nerves and brain, and yet our friend says that cigarettes don't hurt him. He is not aware of any physical defect; certainly his strength, endurance, and wind are more than the average, and his lung expansion is unusual. But that is because he is young and strong and sound. But it is a matter of common sense that no man can continually absorb the brown narcotic stain into his lungs and thrive as well as he would without it. The conflict of such drugs with human vitality, however rigorous, is though a delight in the beginning, is always a distress in the end. The strongest are in the most danger, because they are immediately distressed and wholly and completely frightened.

We have in mind another cigarette smoker, of longer experience. Physically he was as tough as a pine knot, mentally he was brilliant. But when a terrific snowstorm cut off his supply of cigarettes for three days he exhibited his weakness. No caged tiger was ever more restless than he, and to concentrate his mental powers was apparently impossible. We were playing cards. Though a master of whist, his plays were those of a novice, because his attention wandered. Suddenly he rushed from the room, searched his own room for the twentieth time and came back triumphant. He had found a stub of an old cigarette in the crack between the carpet and the wall. He was his old self immediately and followed the game with his usual unerring skill.—Portland Transcript.

Guilt Made Him a Coward.

There is a small Vermont town, almost on the Canadian line, which is distinguished by a peculiarity only to be found where two governments are very near neighbors. The little hotel is, during the season crowded with summer boarders, and one day several of them sat on the piazza watching the landlord, who was bargaining with a native for some fowl.

The man had a deprecating, confidential air, and the landlord apparently found great difficulty in hearing what he said.

"How much are they a pound?" he asked.

The man gave a whispered reply.

"How much—Hey? Speak out! Nobody's going to take you up!"

This time the tone of the answer was more satisfactory.

"How many are there? Hey?"

And so the apparently one-sided question went on until the bargain was concluded, and the man went away, leaving the fowl. Then one of the ladies on the piazza expressed her surprise at his dumb show.

"Is his voice affected?" she asked.

"Land, no!" exclaimed the landlord, preparing to go indoors with his purchase. "He's like all the rest of 'em round here. They do so much smuggling with one thing or another, being so near the line, that they can't speak right out about a bargain to save their lives."

Bonriot's Wounds.

In the Old World, honorary decorations are sought by old soldiers in much the same way that pensions are sought in the New World. The man who demands public assistance or honors on the ground that he would have gone to the war if he had not had rheumatism is not of any special nationality.

Some of the demands for decorations which foreign governments received are amusing in their innocent simplicity. Recently the following letter, received by Napoleon III, while he was emperor of the French, has been made public:

"Sir:—I contracted under your dear uncle certain mortal wounds which for thirty years have been the ornament of my life, one in the right groin, and the other at Wagram. If these two stories appear to your susceptible of the cross of honor, I gladly give you my thanks in advance.

(Signed) Anthony Bonriot, honorary corporal of the ex-Young Guard.

P. S.—Madame Bonriot will be very sensible of your goodness. Please send your reply post-paid.

It seems sad to relate that there is no record that Napoleon III, ever recognized with a cross the ornamental "mortal wounds" of Corporal Bonriot.

What Cloves Are.

Do you ever ask your mother when she is making spiced pickles to give you a few cloves? Next time she gives you some, notice their shape if you have never done so.

You will see two parts, the larger one ending in four little points, the other a tiny round ball inside of it. They are really buds, the unopened flowers of an evergreen tree which is cultivated in nearly all tropical countries. If they had been left on the tree, that tiny round head would have unfolded its leaves and been a flower. It was picked while green, smoked before a wood fire, and then dried in the sun.

It is the oil which cloves contain that gives them their spicy smell and taste.

Soak a clove in warm water for a few hours and see if the flower petals do not unfold.

Etiquette for Girls.

It is a lady's place to recognize a gentleman first, as it depends on her whether the acquaintance continues or not.

In entering a room the gentleman always follows the young lady.

Always rise for an older person.

The young lady always seats herself first before any gentleman will do so.

In making introductions the young man is always presented to the girl, never the other way round.

Never introduce any young man to your girl friends without first asking their permission, and then say, "Miss M., I want to present (or introduce) Mr. A. to you."

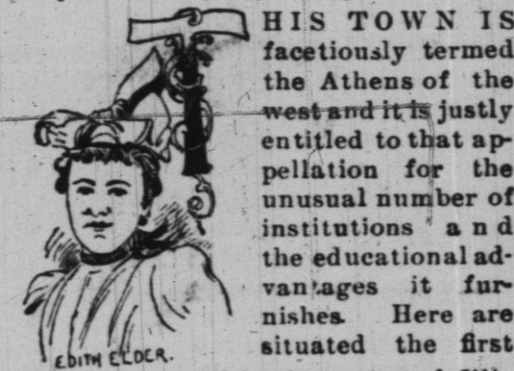
It is sufficient to acknowledge an introduction by a simple bow, unless there is some special reason for more cordial forms. Handshaking is not a good form in an introduction in a ball room.

A WESTERN ATHENS.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., HAS MANY ATTRACTIONS.

Its Institutions of Learning the Pride of the West—The Beauty of the Women and Its Social Life Even Compared to Boston.

(Jacksonville, Ill., Correspondence.)



HIS TOWN IS facetiously termed the Athens of the west and it is justly entitled to that appellation for the unusual number of institutions and the educational advantages it furnishes. Here are situated the first college chartered in the state of Illinois and the oldest chartered institution for the education of young ladies in the state; the oldest institution for the education of young ladies, under the patronage of the Methodist church, and the only one of this kind west of the Alleghanies; the Jacksonville business college, the Illinois state institutions for the education of the blind and of the deaf and dumb, the conservatory of music and the school of fine art. All of these are pioneers in their respective positions. The rare mental culture and refinement of the population are known far and wide, and it is constantly being increased by persons of wealth and position who have retired here for the purpose of educating their families or to enjoy the facilities here afforded, and the result is the society of the place is unusually cultivated. In the first place there is a peculiar and refreshing absence of what is known as codfish aristocracy. Of course money has its power everywhere, but it counts for less in Jacksonville than any other place in the state. The person who conducts himself in a proper manner and shows any degree of intellect or an aspiration to give further knowledge will, in nearly every case, have the entry into the best society the city affords, and it affords the best there is.

Jacksonville is noted for its ladies, both old and young, ladies of beauty,

Hammond, is also received with great favor. She is a young lady of great refinement and has succeeded in pleasing the very many who have had the pleasure of witnessing her efforts. These are but two of the many young ladies who have shone in the same sphere.

Art has many votaries here, the school of fine art and other enterprises having fostered its cultivation. Among the ladies especially interested in that line of work are the Misses Dummer, Misses Mattie Morse, Ella Trabue, May Upham, Mrs. Gates



GEORGIA OSBORNE.

Strawn and many others who might be mentioned.

The Jacksonville High school has graduated some prominent young ladies. They are: Misses Anna Goodrick, Elizabeth Daniels, Hattie Pires, Anna Ward, Nettie McDougall, Mabel Palmer, Jennie Palmer, Mamie Jones, Belle Baldwin, Mary Bahar, Cora Graham and Elizabeth Young. And these are only a few. Some of the others that might be mentioned are: Misses Ratie Stewart, Florence Clark, Arnes Wakely, Pansie Lambert, Jennie Spencer, Abbie and Bertha Huffaker, Linda Layton and many more.

Some of the homes in Jacksonville deserve special mention, for they are centers of social gatherings and evenings which are truly delightful. Mrs. E. A. Tanner and organization, of which Miss L. M. Fuller is the secretary. The society is composed of the heads of households who are ladies of



PHOEBE KREIDER.

education, but they deem it not beneath them to discuss matters which will enable them to be better housekeepers. Methods of cooking, cleaning and different kinds of ware and all things which pertain to the life of a frugal housewife come up before them for consideration.

The state institutions are almost a little world within themselves. At the deaf and dumb there are Misses Lyde Kent, Anna Morse, Emma and Mamie Doying, daughters of the editor of the Jacksonville Courier, Hattie Gillett, Lucy Goodell, Ruth and Blanche Buxton, Helen, Fannie and Minnie Waite and several others. At the institution for the blind are Misses Susa Draper, Ella Fischer, Minnie Bacon, Eva Hewes, Jennie Clark, Mattie Bevens and Mrs. Mary Firmen. All these are ladies who are shining lights in society and at the same time are bestowing their efforts on those who are unfortunate. The insane hospital attracts a different class. Miss Belle McKenzie, the accomplished daughter of the superintendent, is a great favorite in the elite of the city.

The musical circles of Jacksonville contain several ladies of rare accomplishments, many of whom have studied the art in Europe and have obtained great proficiency, coupled with their unusual natural ability. Prominent among these is Miss Phoebe Kreider, daughter of Col. E. C. Kreider, one of the prominent capitalists of the city. This young lady studied for some years in Vienna, and has a wonderful voice, which she uses with excellent effect.



MRS. G. E. MATHEWS.

bright star in the play which opened the opera house in this city, and she has shown on many other occasions and each time received the plaudits of an admiring host. Miss Georgia Osborne is another young lady of rare accomplishments, and she, like Miss

THE PRAIRIE RAINMAKERS.

UNIQUE AMONG THE MANY ODDITIES OF WESTERN LIFE.

The Mysterious Apparatus for Coaxing the Clouds Velled From the Public Eye.

UNIQUE among the many oddities of prairie development is the rainmaker. Although the legitimate descendant of the Indian medicine man, this modern rival of Aquarius would probably deny any such relationship. He claims to be working on strictly scientific principles and he finds many believers in his mysterious powers. He has attracted much attention in every part of the semiarid region of the West and large sums of money have this season been spent in inducing visits from these possessors of such miraculous abilities.

When rainmaking began it was done from the upper rooms of little cabins or the roofs of prairie town stores. Now the rainmaker has his car and travels like any other nabob—on a pass. He has the money of capitalists at his command and is a little autocrat in his humble sphere.

The most prominent of the workers in this new field of experiment is C. B. Jewell, formerly of Goodland, Kan., but now in charge of the Rock Island Rainmaking Department. He has three cars which are now operating in Northern Kansas and go thence to Iowa.

When ready for operation they are located at the extremities of a triangle twenty-five miles on a side. A fee of \$200 is demanded for a five-days' wait. All the cars are alike, and all bombard the heavens at once, it being the theory that the gases will produce more general results by such means.

The cars are simply freight cars with an 800-barrel tank on top and fitted up with the chemical appliances. Inside there are two divisions, in one of which the operator lives; in the other are the mysterious gas generators. A row of common telegraph office electric batteries is arranged along one wall. There is another row of chemicals, a lot of big retorts and connecting tubes, together with electric wires and a lot of bad smelling liquids. Three tin tubes lead through the roof near the water tank and serve as outlets for the generated gas. They are claimed to discharge 450 cubic feet of gas per hour, 1500 each, and this it is upon which the rainmaker bases his hope for a shower.

Outside the car is a large covered hoghead into which a waste tub drains all refuse matter from the car, and into the earth beside it electric wires make a ground connection.

Altogether the combination is a particularly puzzling one, and the settlers, when a car is sidetracked at a little prairie station, gaze on it in open-eyed astonishment and wonder. They can all see the thin blue gas escaping from the tubes and then they search the horizon for the coming of clouds.

Rainmaker Jewell says that he aims simply to produce a condition of cold by which the cooled air shall be made to fall rapidly, thus creating a vacuum into which shall be drawn the moisture-laden currents.

"I manufacture the gas," said he, "and use metallic sodium, ammonia, black oxide of manganese, caustic potash and aluminum. Then I use an alloy called aurium and manufactured at Chicago. This costs fifteen cents a pound, and is used in large quantities. When the rainmaking machine is in operation the gas rises rapidly 400 to 800 feet. After the lapse of a certain time it turns cold instantly and if it strikes the moisture-laden current always moving from southeast to northwest, a storm centre is formed.

"I cannot always produce rain at the point of operation because the wind may carry it many miles away, but rain will surely fall in the direction in which the gases are carried. On a calm day the rain should extend about twenty miles in each direction from the point of operation. A heavy wind will drive it entirely away."

The rainmakers have many amusing experiences, especially with cranks of various degrees of crankiness. Over in Iowa a sect of Hollanders became so alarmed at the mysterious actions of the operator that they thought the rain that fell a day or two later bewitched, and turned their barrels and hogsheads upside down for fear they might catch some of the water. Another enthusiast at Stuart cut the pipes leading to his cistern.

Last winter Mr. Jewell and Mr. Hutchinson, his chief assistant, were down in Mexico operating on their own venture. No rain had fallen for several months and yet after they had been at work a few days a tremendous shower flooded the town and turned the streets into rivers. The Mexicans were frightened and thought the strangers had brought a second deluge. They made tracks for the hills and as soon as the clouds cleared away rushed back to massacre the magicians. The priest of the community was considerable of a scholar and he commanded the people to keep away. But he saw the rage of the inhabitants and made a secret visit to the rainmakers advising them to escape while they could. By the help of some brother Knights Templar they got out of the place and are mighty thankful they did so, as it would have been certain death to remain longer.

Three counties in South Dakota, Spink, Marshall and Brown, have so much faith in rainmaking that a tax was levied in each to purchase the right to use the machinery and method introduced by Mr. Jewell.

Twenty-eight experiments were made last year and twenty-two have been made so far this season. In some instances terrific storms have coincided

with the rainmakers' visit and there has been talk of a suit for damages because of the injury done by the water. In others, as in the instance in which the writer visited the cars, the sun has ridden day after day, a blazing ball, through a cloudless sky, and the hot winds have carried the gasses over the prairies regardless of any result in succeeding moisture. When I visited the cars in Central Kansas they had been at work seven days and the temperature had been over 100 degrees every day while furnace-like "hot winds" scorched the corn that the visitors were called to save.

A new appliance is being manufactured by the Hotchkiss Gun Company, consisting of a powerful cannon to shoot bags of prepared gas high into the air, when they are to explode, getting the gas directly at the spot desired. It will be tested soon and it is believed that it will produce far more effective results than the present method.

The cost of operating a rainmaker's car running into the hundreds of dollars a week, it will be seen that it is no small undertaking to keep the man in the field throughout the season. Somebody has faith in them, and the further fact that Mr. Jewell has a list of forty towns anxious to have a visit from the cars shows that it is not exclusively the promoters either.

The great problem of prairie agriculture is the securing of moisture. The prairie schooners headed east tell the story of the lack of it in the far western section. The people realize this and any plan which promises relief is seized with avidity. The modern rainmaking methods may be farcical, but they will be thoroughly tested, and the prairie settlers are willing to pay for having it done.—Detroit Free Press.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Bananas grow wild in Asia and America.

Cold is now piped from central stations, like water or gas.

The first digest of the law of England was made by Glanville in 1178.

Sizzard, as expressive of the opposite of blizzard, has been adopted in Washington State.

The tunnel of Galera, on the Oroya line, in Peru, is the highest point yet reached by a railway.

Paper is used in Germany in the manufacture of pianos, being employed for all of the parts which are usually made of wood.

A horse shoe without nails has been invented. It is to be held to the hoof by clamps, and can be put on and taken off in less than a minute.

Irish bog oak is probably the best-known example of workable wood dug from the ground. It is perfectly black, and has a good grain for carving.

The first four-track draw bridge in this country has just been completed near West Farms, N. Y., by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad.

The proprietor of one of the Southern California "truck farms" is boasting of an onion twenty-six inches in circumference, weighing seven and one-quarter pounds.

In designing his thermometer, Gabriel David Fahrenheit took the lowest point reached by the mercury during the winter of 1709, at Danzig, as his zero point. He died on September 15, 1736.

The Rev. Joseph Moore was a friend of Livingston, the explorer. After thirty years' absence Moore called on Livingston and asked the maid if he was at home. Livingston heard and recognized the voice from the upper landing.

Sir Walter Raleigh was the first white man to use mahogany lumber. In the year 1595, while at Trinidad, he repainted one of his ships with a mahogany plank. That incident caused its introduction into England and into the commerce of the world.

Chloroform was the result of ages of experiment in an effort to do away with the pain of surgical operations. Opium and many other drugs had been tried with more or less success. In excruciations by crucifixion, vinegar, and gall, or myrrh, were given to the victim to stupefy him.

At a Famous Dairy.

At Herr Balle's famous dairy in Berlin the milk is strained through wire sieves covered with a cloth over which fine gravel is sprinkled. After the milk is strained the gravel is put in a hot oven, that any germs that may possibly have been strained from the milk may be destroyed. The gravel is thus used for filtering the milk any number of times. For the butter made at this dairy both sweet and sour cream are used, that made from sweet cream commanding the higher price. After the compartments filled with a particular kind of milk are filled, the wagon is locked, and the milkman who delivers it has access to the supply only through the faucets on the sides of the wagon.—New York Post.

The Serpent's Trick.

The power of continuing motionless with the lifted head projecting forward for an indefinite time is one of the most wonderful of the serpent's muscular feats, and it is one of the highest importance to the animal, but when fascinating its victim and when mimicking some inanimate object, as, for instance, the stem and bud of a aquatic plant; here it is only directed to our account of the effect it produces on the human mind, as an illustration of the serpent's strangeness. In this attitude, with the round, unwinning eye fixed on the beholder's face, the effect may be very curious and unnerving.—To-day's Nightly Review.

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.

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

ALTHOUGH the consumption of mustard is about as universal in the United States as in England, it does not seem to be advertised in the newspapers here to the same extent as in the English journals.

THE Japanese illustrated papers abound in pictures of Japanese troops charging tumultuously over Chinese earthworks and planting chrysanthemum banners on the parapets. The Japanese artists know their business.

WITH the income of \$17,000,000 added to its credit, Stanford university ought to be able to stand alone. It is expected that this will be very nearly the amount that will presently be released to the institution by Mrs. Stanford.

GERMANY has her Sedan, France has her Austerlitz, England has her Blenheim and Japan has her Ping Yang. China has the glory of more people that do not know how to fight than any empire of ancient or modern times.

A PORTLAND merchant set a trap gun, and the promptness with which it greeted the first burglar who entered necessitated an inquest, but saved the expense of a trial, which was a distinct gain. A burglar killed in the act is saved the embarrassment of proving an alibi.

How the old Monarchists do stick together! Here is the British court going into mourning for the so-called comte de Paris, who, at the time of his death, was further from the throne of France than a justice of the peace. Yet he took his "divine right" out of the world with him, and the fading royalty of England weeps.

THE West is beyond the domination of the East. The seat of empire is not in New England, nor in the middle states. It passed from them long ago. Every decennial census is followed by a redistribution of seats in the national house of representatives, and each successive appointment strengthens the West as compared with the East.

The duke of Orleans intimates that he will hustle for the crown of France. The duke is quite a hustler. It will be remembered that he hustled into France and then the French government did some hustling on its own account. He was hustled into jail and then after he had cooled down he was hustled out of France. The duke knows all about hustling.

A VETERAN social observer in New York gives it as his opinion that the out-of-town season is growing longer every year, and that society people linger later and later with the autumn in their country homes. The country is everywhere beautiful in September and October, and if the out-of-town season is longer it must be that society's head is longer too.

THAT the Japanese won a substantial victory at Ping Yang is highly probable, but the report that the Chinese who fought behind earthworks lost 16,000 men while the Japanese who were the assaulting party lost only thirty killed and 270 wounded, should be taken with a grain of salt. The returns are suspicious enough to warrant a recount.

FROM an interesting history of the development of the trotting horse, by Budd Doble, in the New York Herald, it appears that the trotter has lowered the mile record fifty-five seconds in ninety-two years. In the year 1800 the 2:59 record was regarded as a great triumph for the fleet steeds of the period. Nancy Hanks trotted a mile on September 28, 1892, in 2:04.

A NEW YORK paper, in objecting to the phrase, "It goes without saying," asks, "Why not say at once and be done with it. It is an evident fact. It is a natural conclusion." "It is a truism," "Nobody disputes it." "It is admitted." But what goes without saying? Can anybody tell? Just as easily as the writer of the above can tell what is an evident fact, or a natural conclusion, or a truism.

THE young duc d'Orleans, who is a remarkable fool for his age, is threatening to rush to France to fight for "his throne." He says that exile killed his illustrious father, who really succumbed to accumulated years, natural ills and lack of honest employment. The young man, by going to France on a monarchial mission, will at least achieve death without the accompanying vexation of old age.

CANADA is by no means slow in pushing ahead with important national and internal improvements. It has called for bids on the Pacific cable to be laid between Canada and Australia, the distance being about 8,000 land miles. The bids will be on eight different routes, one of which embraces Hawaii, though this is not likely to be chosen. Three years will be allowed for the completion of the work.

ON FIRE IN MID-OCEAN.

HOW FLAMES ARE HANDLED ON GREAT STEAMERS.

Get Away from the Ship and Look Out for the Passenger's Comfort, Is the Advice of One Captain—Burning of the Steamer Atlantic.

"What would you do if the Tonic took fire in mid-ocean, with a thousand passengers on board, and the fire so bad that there was no way of putting it out?"

That question was put to Captain John J. Cameron, the commander of the White Star line's crack boat, by a New York Journal man.

"I should get away from the ship just as quickly as possible, put the rafts together, get all the provisions into the boats and rafts that time and room would allow, see that the passengers were made as comfortable in the boats as circumstances would permit, get the sailors overboard and then go over the side myself.

There are few old captains who have not experienced a fire at sea. They tell of it with bated breath as the most terrible experience of their lives. It is no rare thing for ships to come into port with a fire raging in their hold or their coal-bunkers. Captain Cameron knows all about it, as he has "been there more than once." He never lost a vessel or a life, though—always succeeding in smothering the fire and reaching land.

As an illustration of the working of his idea, Captain Cameron tells the story of the burning of the Atlantic. Her captain was Robert MacDougal, as fine an old sailor as ever trod a deck. They left Boston for Liverpool with a hundred saloon passengers and forty or fifty in the steerage. She was a slow boat and took from twelve to fourteen days to cross the ocean. But she was one of the stanch, old-fashioned kind, without any frills on her, but a splendid, seaworthy ship.

When five days out fire was discovered in the hold. How it started no one ever knew. Captain MacDougal examined it himself and found it was pretty bad, but he thought he could smother it and reach Liverpool all right. The hatches were nailed down tight to keep all air out and water was pumped into the spot where the fire was.

None of the passengers knew anything about it at first. The day following the discovery it was found that the fire was gaining. The smoke that trickled through every crevice made it impossible to conceal the situation from the passengers any longer.

Captain MacDougal summoned all the men and told them the ship was on fire. He assured them that there was very little danger, and said he thought they could reach port before the fire gained enough headway to be dangerous.

The engines were driven at the utmost possible speed, and the hold was deluged with a stream of water that would have put out any ordinary fire. That night, however, the gallant captain realized that the flames were gaining the victory.

At midnight the chief engineer reported that the heat was becoming so intense in the engine room that it was almost impossible to remain there. At the same time the first officer reported that, so far as he could see, the fire had become unmanageable.

The captain ordered all hands on deck as quickly as possible, in order not to alarm the sleeping passengers. Provisions and kegs of water were carefully stowed away in all the life-boats. Compasses, chronometers and sextants were packed into them. Blankets, oilskins and other necessities were added, and the davits were swung ready for launching the boats at a moment's notice.

The crew behaved admirably, having perfect confidence in their captain. There was no looting of the steward's room, no raid upon the rum, as occasionally happens.

Captain McDougal determined to hang on as long as possible, in the hope of sighting another ship. He knew he was right in the beaten track of ocean vessels, and wished to avoid taking to the boats if possible.

At noon the fire had gained such headway that it became evident that it must break out before the following morning.

Captain McDougal, realizing that the ship must be abandoned, determined to do it before sunset. He called all the passengers together and told them of his determination, directing them to make haste and put on their heaviest clothing and to stow away as much of their valuables as they could carry.

It was just before sunset that the order was given to man the boats. The fire, hitherto confined to the hold, had taken possession of other parts of the vessel's inside, and the amount of water that had been pumped in made her lie very low and roll terribly.

Fortunately the sea was calm. The boats were launched and women and children sent overboard. Then came the sailors, then the officers, and when all on board were safely stowed away the gallant old captain swung over the side and took command of the little fleet.

Sails were hoisted and the flotilla headed eastward. They had not left the ship fifteen minutes when the flames burst through the deck with a roar. In a few minutes the brave captain saw the thing he loved most on earth simply a mass of fire.

Two hours after the vessel sank the smoke of a steamer was seen to

the northward. Rockets were sent up and she bore down on them. Two hours later all hands were safe on board a big freight boat on her way to Southampton.

FOUR CABS IN ANNAPOLIS.

Their Use as Street Cars Sometimes Causes Awkward Surprises.

"I have just returned from a maiden visit to Annapolis," said a traveler to a writer for the Washington Star, "and I had an experience down there that took a fall out of my conceit and bruised it until it got a complexion like an egg plant. You know they have cabs down in Annapolis. I think there are about four of them altogether, and the tariff charge is fifteen cents for a ride from one place in the city to the other. I hailed an empty one the other morning, coming out of the academy grounds, and instructed the driver to take me to the depot. While we were rattling away down the street I espied on the corner ahead of me one of the most lovely apparitions in the shape of a summer girl it has ever been my good fortune to gaze upon. As the vehicle approached her I assumed my most fascinating manner and prepared to look as alluringly as I could at the exquisite creature. You can imagine my surprise when, after giving me one glance, she raised her daintily gloved hand and stopped the cab. The door flew open and in she climbed. If I was surprised at this part of her performance I was even more thunderstruck at the fact that she didn't take the slightest notice of me in the world. I had not heretofore been in the habit of hiring cabs and having them stopped and entered by strangers, no matter how pretty and engaging they might be, and my ire was rising to the point of causing me to inquire what she wanted in the vehicle, when the driver looked back and sentimentally inquired, 'Depot?' and the maiden nodded approval. When we reached the station she drew fifteen cents from her shopping bag and handed them to the driver and daintily tripped out of the cab. I handed him a half a dollar and while he was counting out the change I inquired if it was customary for good looking young ladies to jump into his cab when an eligible young man had hired it. He told me that he saw that I was a stranger and not familiar with the custom, but that the cabs were regarded by the natives of Annapolis very much in the light of street cars and if one happened to be going in the direction that a person wished to also go, the latter hailed it and got in the same as he or she would in a public conveyance that ran on rails and went a regular route. But I thought I had made a conquest all the same and was pretty thoroughly knocked out when the girl gave me to understand that she wasn't even aware of my existence."

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The engines were driven at the utmost possible speed, and the hold was deluged with a stream of water that would have put out any ordinary fire. That night, however, the gallant captain realized that the flames were gaining the victory.

At midnight the chief engineer reported that the heat was becoming so intense in the engine room that it was almost impossible to remain there. At the same time the first officer reported that, so far as he could see, the fire had become unmanageable.

The captain ordered all hands on deck as quickly as possible, in order not to alarm the sleeping passengers. Provisions and kegs of water were carefully stowed away in all the life-boats. Compasses, chronometers and sextants were packed into them. Blankets, oilskins and other necessities were added, and the davits were swung ready for launching the boats at a moment's notice.

The crew behaved admirably, having perfect confidence in their captain. There was no looting of the steward's room, no raid upon the rum, as occasionally happens.

Captain McDougal determined to hang on as long as possible, in the hope of sighting another ship. He knew he was right in the beaten track of ocean vessels, and wished to avoid taking to the boats if possible.

At noon the fire had gained such headway that it became evident that it must break out before the following morning.

Captain McDougal, realizing that the ship must be abandoned, determined to do it before sunset. He called all the passengers together and told them of his determination, directing them to make haste and put on their heaviest clothing and to stow away as much of their valuables as they could carry.

It was just before sunset that the order was given to man the boats. The fire, hitherto confined to the hold, had taken possession of other parts of the vessel's inside, and the amount of water that had been pumped in made her lie very low and roll terribly.

Fortunately the sea was calm. The boats were launched and women and children sent overboard. Then came the sailors, then the officers, and when all on board were safely stowed away the gallant old captain swung over the side and took command of the little fleet.

Sails were hoisted and the flotilla headed eastward. They had not left the ship fifteen minutes when the flames burst through the deck with a roar. In a few minutes the brave captain saw the thing he loved most on earth simply a mass of fire.

Two hours after the vessel sank the smoke of a steamer was seen to

DUCKED THE GENERAL.

How a Peasant Made Good Pay Obeying the Orders of Czar Nicholas.

The Emperor Nicholas of Russia was in the habit of traveling about incognito, accompanied only by one of his generals, in the diligence. On one of these occasions they were told on arriving at a postal station that the next piece of road was so bad the diligence would take quite three hours to reach the town, but if they liked to walk through the woods they would get there in half that time. As the weather was fine and the path through the woods was said to be a very good one, the emperor and the general set off on foot. By and by they came suddenly to a rapid river, but they could see no bridge. A peasant happened to come by and the czar asked him where the bridge was.

"There is none," said the peasant. "Then, is there no way across?" "No—only through the water!" "Well, I'll give you ten rubles if you will carry me over."

The peasant immediately took the czar on his shoulders and in a few moments landed him on the opposite shore.

"Now, ten rubles more to bring my friend over." The peasant waded back, took the general on his shoulders and started with him. When they got to the middle the emperor called out:

"I'll give you twenty rubles to drop him in the water!"

In a moment the general was splashing in the river.

"A hundred rubles to carry me on," gasped the general.

The peasant picked him up again, but he had not gone three steps before the emperor shouted:

"Two hundred rubles to throw him in again."

The peasant stood still in perplexity.

"Five hundred rubles to carry me to the bank!"

"Eight hundred rubles to drop him!"

The peasant began to slip the general off his back, but the general slatched him tightly and cried:

"A thousand rubles, you! to put me on the bank!"

The emperor was laughing too much to say any more, the general was put on the shore, and the two, guided by the peasant, reached the town. After they had lunched the general made up his official imperial accounts. In them were these items: "To carrying his majesty over the river, 10 rubles; to carrying General A., under difficulties, graciously created by his majesty, 1,000 rubles."

EMERSON AND CARLYLE.

While Ralph Waldo Emerson was in England, in response to an urgent telegram from Carlyle to go without a moment's delay to Chelsea, he took the first train, and at midnight stood at the door, which was opened by Carlyle himself, who received him with the warmest welcome. Next morning, Sartor's mood was changed. He asked gruffly "what had brought him over to the old country? Surely not the 'lecture'—the most damnable occupation the devil had suggested in this march-of-intellect age. Were there not wind-bags enough in Lancashire, even after the Anti-Corn Law League balloon had burst? When you cry, 'Hear, O Israel! what are they to hear, and what have your own people heard? Turning from two-legged prophets, I am ready to cudgel all the asses of Christendom, if by striking I could force out a divine message from them as Balaam did from his donkey!"—Argonaut.

LIFE'S LIGHTS AND SHADES.

"Hear our shirt tales" advertises a dealer of Parkersburg, W. Va. Fifteen years ago there was not a telephone exchange in the United States. To-day there are nearly 1,400 exchanges, employing 10,000 persons and furnishing service to nearly 250,000 telephone subscribers.

The property possessed by India-rubber of erasing pencil-marks was discovered about 1752 by a descendant of the navigator Magellan, according to a note published by the Paris Academy of Sciences of that year.

An astonishing feature of a brilliant Newport, R. I., reception was the milking of a gorgeously decorated cow, on the lawn in full view of the assembled guests. The milk was distributed in glasses by girls appropriately dressed.

Helen Witten, the daughter of a farmer near Paintsville, Ky., took unusual measures to elope from home with her lover a short time ago. Her parents were opposed to the match, and had locked up her clothing. In order to get away she chloroformed her father, mother and entire family, and being met by her fiance ran away and was married.

In a small town in New York lives a family by the name of Perren. The old man is a tailor, and a poor one. His son Bob, however, left the business at an early age and went West. Not long since he returned wealthy and wedded. A palatial residence was, of course, duly erected, and the old man went to live with his children. But he soon tired of the idle life, and began to pine for the deserted shop. Once he went so far as to suggest that they allow him to fit up a basement room and hang out his old shingle. His son only laughed at him in reply, so the old man bided his time, and one day when left alone, procured some paint and in plain sight on the front door, beneath the "R. E. Perren" on the gilded moustrosity of a door plate, he inscribed with octogenarian simplicity in letters of vivid vermilion, "Netely Done."

CHICAGO THEATERS.

AMUSEMENT ATTRACTIONS FOR COMING WEEK.

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

SCHILLER THEATER.

An intensely modern society play, "The Idler," which made so great a success in England that it ran for two entire seasons at the St. James' theater, London, is the attraction at the Schiller theater for the next two weeks. It is a brilliant attraction, of the very highest class, presented as it is by the original London company, headed by Arthur Lewis and Zeffie Tilbury Lewis, under the managerial direction of Mr. Joseph Reynolds, also manager for the ensuing American tour of Mrs. Langtry. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis are deservedly great favorites in Chicago. They are remembered with pleasure for their splendid work in the leading characters of that other famous comedy of high life and fashion, "The Crust of Society" at the Schiller theater last season. They bring "The Idler" to the Schiller, commencing next Sunday evening Oct. 7, sustained by the ladies and gentlemen of the original cast which made the piece a great London success, supplemented by several players, who have won well deserved distinction in the leading companies of the United States. That charming and accomplished Zeffie Tilbury Lewis finds in the leading role of "The Idler" a most congenial and effective character, one which enables her to display in several powerful situations, her ability as an emotional actress of the first rank. Lady Harding, the devoted wife, is a sweet and womanly character, one which arouses and holds throughout a dramatic story of tender human interest, the intelligence and sympathy of her audience. "The Idler" is by Hadden Chambers, and is even superior to that talented author's celebrated dramatic work, "Capt. Swift."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

The last weeks of "Aladdin, Jr.," as is produced at the Chicago opera house, are announced, and it behooves all who have not seen this gorgeous production to do so at once, as it will not be seen in this city after its 200th performance. The time which Mr. Henderson was holding for a return engagement of this piece has been allotted to Lillian Russell and it will be a genuine good-by when "Aladdin, Jr.," takes to the road. The extravaganza in its present condition is perfect and gives an entertainment second to none of its kind. The four leading female characters are entrusted to the care of a quartette of the handsomest women on the stage, they are Miss Anna Boyd, Frankie Raymond, Allene Crater and Irene Verona. The new specialties which were introduced in the fifth edition are quite taking and make a decided hit, especially so the Clodoche quadrille, as danced by the Misses Nellie Lynch, Flora Evans and Messrs. Cain and Abrahams. In this dance Miss Nellie Lynch has made the hit of her life, she has caught the French idea and dances with much vim and chic.

M'VICERS.

"Of 'Our Flat,' which comes to McVickers next week, the Kansas City Times says: Mrs. Reginald Sylvester, the heroine of the play, was expecting a visit from a theatrical manager who wanted to buy a play she had written. The furniture was gone and the manager was coming and "something just had to be done." The resourceful little lady who transforms kitchen furniture into parlor, is the same who, having despaired of her husband's ever selling any of the endless lot of plays at which he is eternally scribbling, secretly rattles off a little comedy of her own and promptly sells it for a heap of money. Her mild appearing sister—as docile looking a girl as ever you saw, with two magnificent school-girl braids of hair hanging down her back—clodes her erascible papa's vigilance with the utmost ease, reforms him and marries the thin young man of her heart's choice. The maid-of-all-work, Bella, who is not presented as a person of superior intelligence, is, nevertheless, equal to the task of getting an astute theatrical manager to pay more than he intended to for her missus' play. In the whole course of events the only woman person who gets the worst of it is—to be sure—a dressmaker. Clearly it didn't need Mrs. Musgrave's name on the title page to prove that a woman wrote "Our Flat." The clever play, which began a week at the Grand yesterday, is well acted.

MONTGOMERY SEARS.

A Kind Act the Foundation of a Share in His Fortune. Many years ago when sewing machines were in their infancy, if, indeed, they had been invented, a little elderly bachelor entered the parlor of his boarding house, and in a way peculiar to himself, made this remark:

"Which of you young ladies will hem a couple of handkerchiefs for me?"

There was a well-bred sniff of disapproval, but not one assenting voice. The only one that broke the silence recommended him to take the handkerchiefs to a seamstress who attended to such work.

"It's pretty lonesome to have no women folks belonging to you," said the old bachelor, "but I guess I can get along. Thank you, ladies, for your kindness," and he bowed himself out.

At the same moment a timid hand detained him and a low voice said in his ear:

"Leave them with me. I—I will see that they are hemmed neatly. I have a friend who will do them—for company."

"Take them," said the old bachelor gruffly, "much obliged, I'm sure." She was a gentlewoman, although she sewed for a living, as all women did in that day who did not teach school.

She replied not to the jeers of her companions when she sat in the parlor at her work, except to say that it was a small thing to do for a fellow-being.

"But he is a miser," they persisted. Nevertheless the handkerchiefs were hemmed and returned to the owner, who did not offer to pay for them, but did within the year marry the gentle soul who hemmed them.

Both have since passed away from the prosperity which surrounded them, but in the heart of the city of Boston there is a marble block that was built with the accumulated interest of the fortune bequeathed to their son, who is no other than Montgomery Sears, the millionaire. This story, says the Detroit Free Press, unlike most stories, is true.

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"Is there anything the matter with my dress?" she asked of her husband who had been staring at her intently for several minutes.

EDUCATED IN AMERICA.

Wonderfully Intelligent Horse Now Astonishing the London Public.

It cannot be said of the horse, as Heine said of the monkey, that it does not talk for fear of being put to work. Probably the ultimate degree to which the training of animals may be carried is reached in the case of the talking horse that literally made its bow to the public recently at the Crystal palace, says the London Daily News. Mazeppa is an Arab, educated, so to say, in America, and its extraordinary capacity for learning was manifested before an astonished and enthusiastic audience. In the strict meaning of the word the horse does not talk, but it is capable of answering questions addressed to it. It even understands French or German when it hears it spoken, though it does not speak these languages, in which it is not less accomplished than some human beings. The animal not only appears to think, but is capable of expressing itself intelligibly by signs. It has a special talent for arithmetic.

The audience was invited promiscuously to call out a number of figures, which were arranged in rows on a blackboard, and Mazeppa, after looking them over, gave the sum of the addition by pawing the ground in every case the exact number of times necessary to indicate the result. As a mere trick this would be surprising enough, but, considering the figures were taken at random from among the audience, ladies and gentlemen, and, in particular, eager little boys contributing, collusion seemed out of the question, and Mazeppa's good faith was established by the still more remarkable achievement that followed. The horse was directed to count the number of persons in given rows of the audience, and, having done so more than once, proceeded to indicate the number of women and the number of men in any particular row. Having passed this examination, Mazeppa stood forth to answer any question to which it was possible to give a reply directly, by means of a shake of the head, signifying either "Yes," or "No," or in figures. Thus the day of the week and of the month and of the year, or the date of a birthday, revealed to the trainer, Professor H. S. McGuire, was promptly found by the horse, any attempt to deceive it always meeting with a decidedly emphatic negative. This astounding entertainment concluded with an imitation by Mazeppa of a young man paying his addresses to a young lady. The horse's affectation of tenderness adds a very humorous touch to an excellent piece of pantomime.

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"Nothing that I can see; but to save my life I can't understand how you manage to consume so much time in putting on so few clothes."—Texas Sifings.

Edificable, If True.

Traveler—Hindoo magicians can be buried for years and then come to life. Do you believe that? Darwinian—Might be. Perhaps some of their unevolved ancestors intermarried with the seventeen year locusts.

GIRARD AND HIS SHIPS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF VETERAN SAILORS.

In the Palmy Days of Shipping on the Delaware—The Old China Merchants of Philadelphia—The Thriving Times of the Thirties.

There are very few men alive who remember Stephen Girard and his fleet of ships, says the Philadelphia Times, but Eben Passmore, who lives on Richmond street, above Shackamaxon, is one of them. He says: "I was born in Bristol in 1800 and followed the sea until 1839, when I was crippled by a block that fell from aloft. I was then on the brig Decatur, but I have been about the wharves up to 1838, dealing in oysters.

"I remember Girard and his ships well; they would be considered small now, none of them over 400 tons. His Good Friend was captured in 1814, off the Capes, by the British frigate Hussar. She had a cargo valued at \$400,000, and the British captain sent up word that Girard could have his ship for \$200,000 in specie, and Girard at once made up the money, the late Professor Wagner drove the money down to New Castle with a four horse team of blacks, and the next day the Good Friend came up the river.

"Girard believed in luck, and he sold the Good Friend as soon as he could to Becket & Lyle, and she was lost on her first trip to Cuba.

"In 1830 the big shipping merchants were Savage & Dugan, Henry Pratt, Willing & Francis, Joseph Sims, Wain Brothers and John A. Brown. None of these had less than four ships and some had twenty. John A. Brown was in the China trade with his main house at Canton. Nathan Dunn was his agent there, and there were twenty American houses in teas and silks in Canton and Shanghai.

"I went out to China in 1832 as second mate on the Pocahontas, one of Brown's ships. We had furs and flour for cargo. Dann lived in grand style, with an army of Chinese servants, and the captain stayed with him while in port. The last of the American houses shut down about a year ago, Russell & Co., after a business career of eighty years. My nephew was in Shanghai a year ago and he tells me that the Chinese merchants quietly boycotted Americans on account of the treatment of their countrymen here. There is not at this time a pound of China products shipped direct to this city.

"I remember when the Savannah, the first ocean steamship, crossed from New York to Russia via England, and made the voyage home from Russia to New York in twenty-six days. This was in 1819. Old sailors laughed at her performance and predicted future failure. In 1825 the ship Electra, belonging to Joseph R. Evans, loaded with cotton for Liverpool. This cargo had been bought for twelve cents a pound. The price began to advance and Evans held back and did not sail, and inside of three weeks sold out the entire cargo at thirty-two cents per pound and made \$100,000.

"In 1832 the cholera raged here and I shipped in the Alvarado for the gulf ports. Off the capes we passed a ship evidently deserted. Her topsails were set, but everything else was clewed up, but not furled. Our captain sent a boat aboard and we found three dead men. In the log-book was her story. She was the Bard of Eria from Lagayra for New York, loaded with coffee. All hands had been down with the cholera. We hailed our own craft and the captain yelled to us to take her in to quarantine and claim salvage, and at once filled his sails and made off. He was afraid to take us aboard. There were five of us and we at once made sail for Sandy Hook and got to quarantine safely. We claimed salvage and were awarded \$35,000—the owners got half, our cowardly captain had his share and we got \$2,500 apiece, and none of us were sick. And to show you what fools sailors were in those days, inside of six months two of us died in the hospital and the rest had no money enough to pay our passage to Philadelphia and had to walk across Jersey.

"From 1830 to '67 were good times for all. Sailors' wages went up and good men were scarce. A second mate got \$40 a month and men before the mast \$25. This was a raise of \$10. But in 1837 everybody went to pieces. All the old shipping merchants broke, our vessels lay idle in the docks, and the best I could do was to ship in the Bengal for Calcutta at \$16.

"We had a Yankee captain who hazed the life out of us, and at Calcutta all hands but the mate left the ship, and a sailor from this city, named Tom Maris, caught the captain on the dock and gave him a terrible beating, and was put in jail for it. No man would ship on the Bengal and she lay four months in the river, and the mate finally took her home. I got to Hong Kong and went home on the Tobacco Plant, one of John A. Brown's ships.

"When the Copes commenced to build their big ships old sailors began to wonder how they would get up the river. The Saranac, launched in 1841, was 700 tons, and when in 1850 came the Tuscarora and Tonawanda, one 1,200 and the other 1,400 tons, it was thought the limit was reached. Now we have 2,500-ton schooners.

"Superstition in India. The grossest superstition exists even in Calcutta. Recently an In-

dian residing in Jaun Bazar street had a live goat hung down from his two-story house in accordance with the directions of a so-called magician, who was called in to cast out a devil with which a son was supposed to be possessed. The poor brute was first fed with a few bamboo leaves over which the wizard mumbled some mantras and it was then pushed over the terrace. The animal was killed and its flesh was distributed to the poor.

WHY HE FAILED.

Lynchings Occurred After the Paper Went to Press and He Was Scooped.

The man was talking to the Chicago Times editor about the chances for a job as a reporter.

"Where did you work last?" inquired the city editor.

"Out West. I owned an evening paper out there in one of those new towns, or rather, I started one."

"Didn't it go?"

"Yes; went to smash."

"What was the matter?"

"Aw," in a tone of deep disgust, "the most prominent citizens always discriminated against me in favor of the morning paper."

"In what way? You weren't in competition?"

"We were in the matter of the only kind of news our people wanted."

"I don't understand."

"You would if you had tried it once. It was lynching parties, shooting scrapes and that sort. They always made it convenient to have them take place after my paper had gone to press and the whole force had gone off and got drunk, and then the morning paper had the scoop. By the time my paper had got out next day the people were wanting something new, and they just waited over till next morning and got it."

The applicant for a job sighed profoundly at this point, and the city editor extended his sympathy.

"I tried to change my luck," continued the ex-editor, "by starting out one day at noon with my gun for the editor of the morning paper, but it wasn't any use; he dodged me until my paper had gone to press, and then I missed him and he shot me in the leg. After that I concluded Providence wasn't on my side and I jumped the town. If you can't give me a job give me a quarter; that will make my burden lighter anyhow," and the city editor, knowing what kind of a load was in the quarter, when properly applied, gave it to him wonderingly.

Same Looks.

"Why, Susan Jane Manson?" exclaimed Mrs. Jennings of Blueby to the daughter of an old neighbor, "here it is goin' on thutteen years since I see you last! But lawzee! I should a' knowed you anywhere!"

"You think I've kept my looks pretty well, then, Mrs. Jennings?" said plain little Mrs. Manson, with an air of gratified vanity. "Yes, Susan Jane," responded Mrs. Jennings, in evident unconsciousness of what was expected of her; "I don't want to hurt your feelin's; an' you know 'handsome is that handsome does,' but I must say I think you've kept your old looks surpris'ly."

Youth's Companion.

Vegetable Ivory.

The vegetable ivory of commerce is an albuminous substance formed from a milky fluid in the fruit of a species of palm indigenous to several parts of Central and South America, but which seems to flourish best in New Grenada and Peru. It corresponds to the meat of the cocoonut, which latter is the fruit of another species of palm. When vegetable ivory nuts are ripe they are covered with a brown skin, are bean-shaped, the interior being perfectly white and very hard.

MASCULINITIES.

Chili is said to number among her population more poets per capita than any other nation in the world.

It is possible to buy a wife in Uganda for a pair of shoes. On bargain days an old plug hat is an equivalent.

St. Peter—Are they all up? Gabriel, taking another blow in his trumpet—Yes, everybody except the Philadelphians.

It is stated to be a fact that Indians never snore, because they accustom themselves from childhood to sleep with their mouths closed.

Girls on bicycles are getting to be so common now that they don't attract much attention. The public has got through expecting that they are going to fall off.

The shah of Persia is a caricaturist. The walls of his private apartments are covered with plain white paper, and on these he scribbles funny pictures whenever the fancy takes him.

In an effort to cope with the rabbit pest in New South Wales, 632 miles of rabbit-proof fencing have recently been erected, at a cost of \$21,000, and 404 miles of similar fencing are building.

There is an old man, James Beck, Belmont, Mass., who has for fifty years been catching and selling frogs, not only to hotels and restaurants, but to scientific men in this country and Europe.

Scorpions are so numerous in Durango, Mexico, that there is a bounty of sixty cents a hundred for them. The persons who are legalized to hunt for them are authorized to enter and search private houses.

"Well, how are you getting on with the novel that you and Schmidt are writing together?" "Oh, the Lord only knows when that book will be finished. You see, Schmidt doesn't like what I write, and he draws his pen through it, and I don't like what Schmidt writes and, of course, I draw my pen through that."

GRADED MEDICAL FEES.

A Notice Expert Favors a Sliding Scale According to the Patient's Wealth.

That the medical man should make his fees bear some relation to the means of his patient is a matter that seems eminently just and proper, says Dr. Hammond, ex-surgeon general, in the North American Review. Physicians do a great deal of work for which they receive very little money, and more still for which they get nothing at all. For this the rich should in part pay; it is unjust that the physician alone should bear the brunt. The value of medical services is always great, and it is only the rich who can properly compensate the physician who renders them. When the same services are given to a poor person it is impossible that they can be adequately rewarded, and hence smaller fees are cheerfully received. It is really not that the rich are charged more, but that the poor are charged less. It should seem right that medical fees should be arranged upon the basis of the patient being worth a certain amount (say \$100,000), and that the honorarium, if we choose to use that term, should be adjusted accordingly, being more or less as the wealth of the patient was greater or less than the sum fixed upon. It is manifestly unjust that there should be a uniform rate of fees applicable to all medical men, regardless of the skill and experience of the practitioner. There are many inside the profession who would have a level grade for all, just as do the trades unions, which prohibit a competent bricklayer from laying more bricks in a day than can be laid by an inferior workman. But superior science and ability should count largely in the medical profession in the matter of fees, and to a certain degree they do, but to nothing like the extent that should prevail. They are the strongest kind of factors with lawyers, and they should be still more powerful with doctors. Boldness, originality, knowledge, tact, and, above all, that peculiar power which enables the physician to comprehend almost at a glance the nature of the case with which he has to deal, should be high-priced to those who have the ability to pay. Finally, it must be borne in mind that no matter how much the medical man may receive in fees in the course of a year, the work that he does for nothing would, even if moderately paid for, reach a sum far in excess of the pecuniary remuneration from the well-to-do or wealthy patient. No class of men do so much in the way of charity as those who practice medicine. It is time that superior skill in them and wealth in their patients should count for more than has hitherto been the case, and their fees should be promptly paid.

Every thing in fine trim for the wedding, the bridal trousseau almost completed, and even the ring bought, when an awful thing took place.

Mr. Michaud and Doctor Mansfield, a reputed miser, who had just before wakened to find two masked men in the room, one of whom held him while the other plundered his cash box. After much struggling he had succeeded in dealing one of the rascals a heavy blow with a cudgel, which he always kept within reach, and had been knocked senseless in return. When he came to himself he was in perfect darkness, and it had taken him some time to strike a light; but, to his great joy, when he had done so he found, as he supposed, one of the robbers lying wounded in his hall-way.

The old man's shouts soon brought assistance, and he told his story as people usually do, in a manner which reflected the most credit upon himself.

"But this is Theodore Mansfield, the son of old Dr. Mansfield," cried one of the assembled group. "He is no robber, sir."

"Nevertheless, it is all as I said," declared Hector Grimme.

And on his word, the poor wounded Theodore was carried to prison.

It was some time before he understood the charge that had been made against him, but when he did, he at once formed a noble resolution. Suffer what he might, shame, imprisonment, whatever it might be, he would guard Rosine's honor. No one should ever know that it was in endeavoring to meet her alone at midnight, in the garden of her father's house that he had met with this accident.

The day of the trial came at last. The court was crowded. Hector Grimme was ready to swear to his story. The policemen and neighbors were witnesses to the fact that Theodore had been found lying insensible at the foot of the miser's staircase on the night of the robbery.

The prisoner himself had only his position and good character in his favor. Not a word would he utter in his own behalf, save a simple assertion of his innocence. Dr. Mansfield was weeping like a child. Mr. Michaud, who had always liked the young fellow, and whose heart even softened to his old friend in his affliction, was very much moved. The prisoner only was calm.

All was over. Nothing more could be said. The final proceedings were about to be taken, and none believed that the prisoner could possibly escape the sentence of the law, when suddenly there was a stir near the door, and the crowd parted to admit two persons, who forced their way toward the bench on which the judge sat.

At the sight of the pair, Michaud started to his feet. Before she threw her veil back, he recognized his daughter, Rosine.

The prisoner also uttered a low cry. Disregarding them both, the girl advanced toward the judge, whom she knew by sight. Ignorant of all forms of law, she only thought of saving Theodore, whose motive for silence she quite understood; and, fearful lest she should be too late, she spoke at once.

"Sir," she said, "I have come as a witness for Theodore Mansfield. I know how he met with his accident, and I know the motive for his silence. It is for my unworthy sake that he allows himself to be misjudged. It was to meet me in my father's garden that he climbed the stone wall from which he fell. I saw him fall—I and my maid Nannette—and we are ready with our testimony."

Mr. Michaud gave a cry and started forward. Doctor Mansfield also uttered an exclamation as he sprang to Michaud's side.

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But now that he was free, and now that she had done her duty, the consequences of her disobedience awaited Rosine. She stood trembling at her father's side, but he did not look unkindly at her.

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Thereupon the two men warmly shook hands, and all went home together to Michaud's house, where the marriage engagement was once more formally announced, and an early date set for the wedding of Rosine and Theodore.

THEODORE'S SACRIFICE.



OSINE MICHAUD was the daughter of a hot-tempered widower, with whom she lived in the pretty town of Donnan.

She was a lively girl, and under engagement to be married to a deserving and promising young lawyer, named Theodore Mansfield, the son of a physician.

Every thing in fine trim for the wedding, the bridal trousseau almost completed, and even the ring bought, when an awful thing took place.

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FELL PRONE ON THE FLOOR.

from her sight. There was a startling and ominous thud upon the earth without, a groan and silence.

Theodore had slipped and fallen to the ground. For some moments he remained insensible; Rosine, nearly mad with terror, stood wringing her hands within the garden.

Her maid, who had seen all, hurried down the path. Neither of the girls knew what was best to do. At last, Nannette, a stout young girl, clambered up into the largest pear tree, and managed to get her chin on a level with the wall. She could not see anything below, but she heard a movement.

"Mr. Mansfield," she whispered, "speak if you possibly can. My mistress is nearly frightened to death."

A faint voice replied:

"Give my love to your mistress, I am not much hurt, but it will be best for me to go home now. I think there has been noise enough to attract attention."

Then the two girls ran indoors,

ROSEINE IN A TERRIBLE STATE OF AGITATION.

She knew that Theodore had been more injured than he would confess. And this indeed was true. He had broken his arm, and felt a deathly faintness creeping over him. His one hope was to get far enough from the house of old Michaud, to prevent any suspicion of the manner in which he had met with the accident; and at the first turning, he left the street and, hurried on, hoping to procure some assistance before he lost the power of speech and motion.

At last, amid the darkened windows, he saw one in which a light burned. Drawing nearer, he saw that the door stood open, and heard some noise within. His strength was nearly gone. He made use of what remained to stagger under the doorway, and fell prone in the hall, at the foot of the stairs, just as an old man in a night-gown, with a lamp in one hand, and a poker in the other, rushed down them, shouting at the top of his voice:

"Thieves! Murder! Help! Police!"

This old man was Hector Grimme, a reputed miser, who had just before wakened to find two masked men in the room, one of whom held him while the other plundered his cash box. After much struggling he had succeeded in dealing one of the rascals a heavy blow with a cudgel, which he always kept within reach, and had been knocked senseless in return. When he came to himself he was in perfect darkness, and it had taken him some time to strike a light; but, to his great joy, when he had done so he found, as he supposed, one of the robbers lying wounded in his hall-way.

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THE PIONEERS.
 "Fools only wander from the broad highway."
 So spake the multitude whose beaten track
 Some poor soul's patient labor, ages back,
 Hewed from the living rock that there
 The children's children—might walk
 free to-day
 Some poor unhonored sage with brain
 on rack
 And heart on fire, thought might
 that slumber lack,
 Hearing strange voices that he must
 obey.
 Heavily burdened, on from steep to
 steep,
 To far-off wisdom the slow centuries
 creep;
 Yet shall be reached that ultimate
 tableland
 Where, high above the creeds, all
 men shall stand,
 And clear discern—that over them doth
 sweep,
 And their wide earth, the Shadow of
 a Hand.
 —Cornhill Magazine.

A GHOST STORY.

On the outskirts of Hollerton, a large northern town, of some importance as a manufacturing center, there stood a few years ago a house of considerable size, which was commonly said to be haunted.

The last tenant and owner was Squire Dudley, to whom also belonged many broad acres in the district. At the age of 40 he married a girl of 17. Incompatibility of temper, it was said, led to frequent misunderstandings and quarrels; and angry voices, and sometimes screams, were heard proceeding from the dwelling. Two sons were born to the couple. The elder, soon after attaining his majority, went abroad to seek his fortune. Disagreements with his father and an inclination for a roaming life led to his decision. The younger turned out a good-for-nothing scoundrel. Having made serious inroads into his father's resources, and having rendered himself liable to penal servitude by embezzlement and forgery, he fled the neighborhood and country. He fled everything in that household went swiftly to rack and ruin; and one winter, about Christmas time, Squire Dudley and his wife mysteriously disappeared. After a brief interval, the creditors took possession, stripped the house of its contents, leaving only a little lumber; and from that day to the time of which I write, rats, spiders and other reputed ghosts were its only occupants. According to common report no human foot had crossed its threshold for at least ten years.

The gossip of the neighborhood teemed with accounts of the awful sounds that had been heard issuing from the building. Groans, shrieks and piteous wails, unlike any that had ever come from human lips, broke upon the midnight darkness. The bell, that seemed to sob and moan, had scared many a traveler into rapid flight.

Such was the story narrated to a little convivial party, in which I was included, seated around the smoking room fire of the Crown Hotel, Hollerton, on the 23d of December, 1877. The party consisted of two London commercial, both of them friends of mine; a rich grocer, who related the story; the leading draper of the town, and myself—Tom Smith.

The grocer thoroughly believed in the "spiritual manifestations," as he termed the doing of the ghost. The other men were slightly skeptical; as for myself, I uttered and emphatically poo-hooed everything attributed to the ghost.

"Well," said the grocer, with a warlike air, "Ah wouldn't spend a night in that handsome place for a thousand puns?"

He had been decidedly nettled at the ridicule I had thrown on the absurd alarms of the people, and now leaned forward in my direction and, with his hands firmly grasping his knees, said: "No, Maister Smith, and what a you got to say? What's your figure, com you?"

"I am prepared," I answered much to the grocer's consternation, "to spend to-morrow night—Christmas eve—in that house alone, on condition that you and the other gentlemen guarantee that the sum of £100 be paid me on Christmas day."

It is needless to detail the discussion that ensued. At last a document was drawn up and signed by all present to the effect that was to receive the sum named on carrying out my part of the agreement. I bargained for a chair, bedstead, bedding and blankets, a parcel of sandwiches and a flask of whisky.

I arranged the bedstead in the corner of my chamber, and with the aid of the piece of skirting board and two heaps of plaster, made a rough stand on which to place the candlestick.

I wetted my lips with the contents of the flask, made myself comfortable on the bed and took from my pocket the best tonic I know of for low spirits—"Pickwick."

After two or three hours' reading I felt drowsy, ate a sandwich, resorted to the flask, and went off into a troubled slumber.

I awoke in a fright. A moaning and wailing greeted my ears. It came during a lull in the wind, and sent a tremor through my blood.

A stray rat skudded across the floor and disappeared down some convenient hole. I hope devoutly he was not a scout sent from headquarters to reconnoiter.

Like a timid school girl I pulled the blankets over my head and tried to wobble.

The wind increased to a fitful gale. It came in sudden terrific blasts, lashing the back of the house, shaking the foundation, hissing and growling through gaping holes and a thousand crevices. Once or twice the house seemed to rock, and plaster fell to the floor with a thud. I began to fear that the whole crazy fabric would collapse and I would be buried in the ruins. Yet I felt I dare not leave that room, even to save my life.

I looked at my watch. It was nearly 11. Just as I took up my "Pickwick" again, the bell rang out three agonous dismal strokes. Each stroke

seemed a groan of anguish. Was this my deathknell? Was something awful about to happen to me?

Again, that weird, muffled, unearthly wailing! Was there actually some lost, wandering spirit, escaped from purgatory, inhabiting the house? I listened for many minutes; and then, above the howling wind, a sound reverberated through the house which I shall never forget. It was like the piteous expiring cry of some poor soul in distress agony. It was no blast of wind, nor knell from the bell above, nor gibberings and mutterings of ghosts and goblins. It was human!

My blood ran cold; my teeth chattered. I trembled from head to foot. A presentiment of an approaching encounter with a creature of appalling aspect unnerved me.

It was now 2 o'clock. Six hours more of this horrible suspense!

There was a noise of footsteps overhead, followed by an outcry, like a dog baying at the moon. The wind at intervals, still lashed against the house; and at every gust I thought my end had come.

I lay down and wrapped myself in the blankets, hoping to dispel the shivering sensation that ran through me. A prolonged wail and loud sob!

I must make an effort to search the house, and find from whom these noises came.

Merciful powers! I could not move. I was losing the use of my limbs! I fell into a semi-unconscious state. It was not sleep, it was more like a fearful nightmare without sleep. All strength forsook me. I felt utterly powerless paralyzed in every limb. The sense of hearing vanished. My eyes were closed against my will; I could not open them. All that I was conscious of was a sensation of the utmost terror. I thought I was dying, or passing into another state or another world. Presently I felt something touching my neck, like cold, icy fingers or cold steel. Then, before my closed eyes there seemed to be a glowing light. I tried to speak; but my tongue clave to my mouth. Again those icy fingers at my neck! My coat and linen about my neck were being unfastened! I suddenly emerged from my torpid condition saw the candle falling to the floor and the figure of a gaunt, withering creature leaving the room. The figure was clothed, as it seemed, in a tattered gray garment, and over her shoulders long, white hair streamed. It was but a momentary glance I had, for the candle was extinguished as it touched the floor.

I sprang to my feet. The bell again rang thrice. Then all was silent, save for the fitful wind. I groped about for the matches but could not find them. I raised my hand to my neck, expecting to find trickling blood; but there were no signs of any wound. At that moment I heard a low plaintive voice on the landing—"That woud that scar, it is there!" I felt again at my neck, but with the same result, as before. I groped about frantically for the matches, but in vain.

After a few minutes the candle spoke a second time on the landing or on the stairs. It muttered two words, repeated thrice at intervals—"The Resurrection! The Resurrection! The Resurrection!"

The words rose and fell, with a mournful cadence, mingled with terror and helplessness, and gradually died away as the speaker withdrew to a distance.

I stepped softly to the landing. It was in pitch darkness. I dared not move either to the upper or lower rooms without a light to guide me.

I returned to my chamber sat on the side of the bed, and listened for further sounds. Surely, I thought, I was strong enough to cope with the apparition, however murderous its intentions might be. Why should I succumb to cowardice?

I heard the boards creak in the room above me, then low mutterings, as if coming from two or three voices, next a steady footstep pausing to and fro, ceasing for a moment, and renewed on the stairs, nearer and nearer the footstep advanced. Horror! that torpid sensation was stealthily creeping over the again, which I felt powerless to resist! There was a glimmer of a light through the half-open door, the footstep abruptly stopped, a loud though tremulous voice pealed and echoed through the house—"Richard, Richard, Richard Dudley!"

The voice recalled my ebbing senses. A thousand thoughts surged in my brain. Was I really a human being, or had I passed into a transition state, bordering on the world of spirits?

Again that voice—"Richard, Richard, Richard Dudley!"

I started to my feet and made my way to the landing; and there, at the foot of the stairs, stood the woman clad in gray, a candle held aloft in one hand and a framed portrait of a youth in the other. I gazed in speechless, awe-struck amazement, for I beheld in that ashen withered face—my own mother!

I was, indeed, Richard Dudley, the elder son of the squire.

The meeting was, indeed, like a resurrection to both of us. I prefer to draw a veil over much that passed between us from the moment of recognition to the time my friends returned. My mother led the way to a small attic chamber, lighted by a window in the roof. Out of boxes and other lumber, left behind by the creditors, she had contrived to form a table and a rough bedstead. And here, sequestered from the world, she had lived in solitude, as I afterwards learned, for seven or eight years. It was many days before I could obtain a coherent outline of her sad history. She had gone to the South with my father—both of them broken down in health and fortune. When every avenue for finding a means of livelihood seemed shut out, my father destroyed himself.

Then my mother, friendless, distracted with grief, and her mental faculties undermined, conceived a longing to return to the old house and die there. At length, unknown to any one, she managed to find her way down to the Grange and settled down in that attic chamber.

About once a month, on a Saturday night, my mother was in the habit of going, thickly veiled to Hollerton to procure provisions. Her mode of egress was down a narrow staircase, outside the attic, leading to the stable yard, and which must have been constructed after my departure from home. Avoiding the main road,

and never entering into conversation with any one she contrived to preserve her place of retreat a profound secret. To evade observation she had always prepared her food during the night (sleeping in the daytime) so that the smoking chimney might not betray her presence. The fuel she used was wood work, broken away from the house itself.

My mother suffered from aberrations and delusions; and after night-fall, she usually gave vent to her inconsolable grief at the loss of her husband, children and worldly goods, in piteous cries and lamentations. When she awoke from her slumbers that Christmas eve, she suspected some one had intruded into the house. After a long search she discovered me in the very room where I was born!—The Westminster Budget.

The Kitchen of Other Days.
 The old-fashioned kitchen has been the theme of poets and troubadours for ages. Its sanded and spotless floors, scoured as clean as boards could be, its tables and dresser equally well kept and decorated with muslin curtains daintily frilled and futed, the chimney corney and easy chair where so many hours dear to memory have been spent. The old clock with the rising moon in the space above the dial smiled and frowned as the inmates improved the time or wasted it, was an ever-present friend and faithful monitor. The chintz-covered settee, the flag or slate-bottomed chairs, the brick hearth carefully gone over with Venetian red and skim milk, and the great fireplace with its logs and embers, its wide throat and its comprehensive possibilities in the way of freezing and burning, according as one was far from its raging flame or sat at a respectful near-by distance, endeavoring to keep warm on all sides at once.

Into the wide-mouthed brick oven went bread, brown and white and rye and Indian, and at the close of baking day, side by side on the pantry shelves were ranged the crisp loaves, with great cakes of gingerbread, pumpkin pies, pans of brown doughnuts and jars of toothsome cookies, and the delicious accompaniment of the old-time Indian pudding and smoking, savory-baked beans. Condiments and preserves have driven the wholesome baked pudding away from its old-time place; the cooking schools and the chef have brought us something more modern than cookies; our pumpkin pies—alas, that we should have to say it—are made of squash, and there is saw dust stuffing in most of our domestic dolls. For the match of improvement has swept out the old-fashioned oven and the pumpkin pie, and the modern range and the squash have rushed in to fill the vacuum.

How well these substitutes answer the end is a question upon which good authorities differ. There is much to be said in favor of modern improvements, but many of the sons and daughters of men find their thoughts turning backward toward the long ago.

They wonder if anywhere in this wide world there is a place so bright and cheery and attractive as the old homestead kitchen.—New York Ledger.

Coreans Built the First Ironclad.
 The Coreans are credited with constructing the first ironclad, and it is said that vessel is still in existence. In 1883 it was described as follows by Ensign Foulke of the Navy, in a report from Seoul: "The old navy consisted of junks, which were armed with grapnels, punching pikes, and small firearms. At present there are no vessels kept for war purposes at all. During the last war with the Japanese in 1619 an iron turtle-backed vessel was built by the Coreans, and very successfully used against the Japanese wooden junks. From ports under the turtle back grapnels were thrown on the Japanese junks, which were then capsized or sunk by having holes punched in them. This ironclad is still in existence at Yonz Yonz; it is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, ironclad in the world."

One to the Stutterer.
 A stutterer went into a tavern the other day, and there met a few friends. They began chaffing him respecting the impediment in his speech. At last one pert little fellow, who had made himself the most conspicuous of the lot by his impertinent remarks, said:—"Well, old man, I'll bet you sodas and brandies all around you can't order them without stammering."

"D-d-done," was the unexpected answer, and to the astonishment of the bystanders, all of whom were unaware of his being, as is often the case with stutterers, a first-class singer, he beckoned the waiter, and sang out the order without the slightest hitch. Then, turning to his tormentor, he said: "N-n-now y-y-you c-can p-p-pay!"—Tit-Bits.

Air a Good Non-Conductor.
 "We have proved to our satisfaction," said an agent of water-coolers, "that just plain air is as good a non-conductor of heat as we can easily obtain. We made three refrigerators exactly alike, save that one was packed with sawdust, one with charcoal and the other provided with an air-jacket. Then we put into each a chunk of ice, the three being equal in weight and as nearly as possible similar in texture. The three were left over night and next morning by far the largest chunk of ice was found in the cooler with the air jacket.—New York Sun.

A Generous and Thoughtful Wife.
 The Husband—"Well, dearest, did you get your hat?"

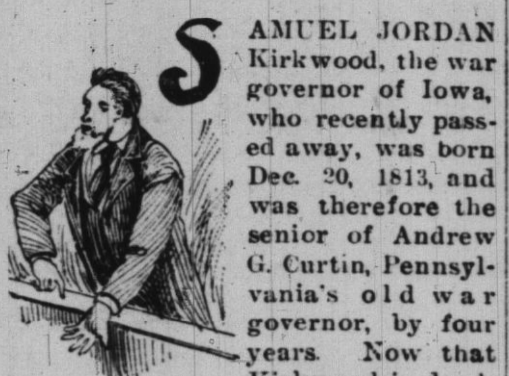
The Wife (just home from shopping)—"Yes, darling, and it is a beauty, and, just think, it cost only \$22. I'm ever so much obliged to you for the money and for your kindness I have bought you a new necktie. It is very pretty, isn't it?"

The Husband—"It is indeed, 'darling. What did you pay for it?"

The Wife (blushing)—"It isn't the cost that makes the thing valuable, you know, but the spirit in which it is given. It cost 17 cents.—New York Press

LATE GOV. KIRKWOOD.
PICTURESQUE FIGURE IN WESTERN POLITICS.

Was a Friend and Supporter of Lincoln
 —In Former Years He Had Followed the Standard of Andrew Jackson.



SAMUEL JORDAN KIRKWOOD
 Kirkwood, the war governor of Iowa, who recently passed away, was born Dec. 30, 1813, and was therefore the senior of Andrew G. Curtin, Pennsylvania's old war governor, by four years. Now that Kirkwood is dead, Gov. Curtin is the only war governor surviving the notable conference of loyal governors which met in Altoona, Pa., in 1863 for the purpose of securing the recall of Gen. George B. McClellan. "The proceedings of this conference," says H. W. Lathrop, director of the Iowa Historical society and a bosom friend of Gov. Kirkwood, "were curiously enough never reported to the press. The meeting was held with closed doors. Gov. Kirkwood was selected as spokesman for the loyal governors, and assigned the task of suggesting to President Lincoln the wisdom and necessity of recalling McClellan. The reasons advanced for so doing are of course familiar. It is said the President flushed at the conclusion of Kirkwood's remarks, but recovering his composure replied: 'Governor, if I thought the removal of McClellan would advance the Union cause, he would be removed by to-morrow night.' The convention resulted in the removal of McClellan in the following November."

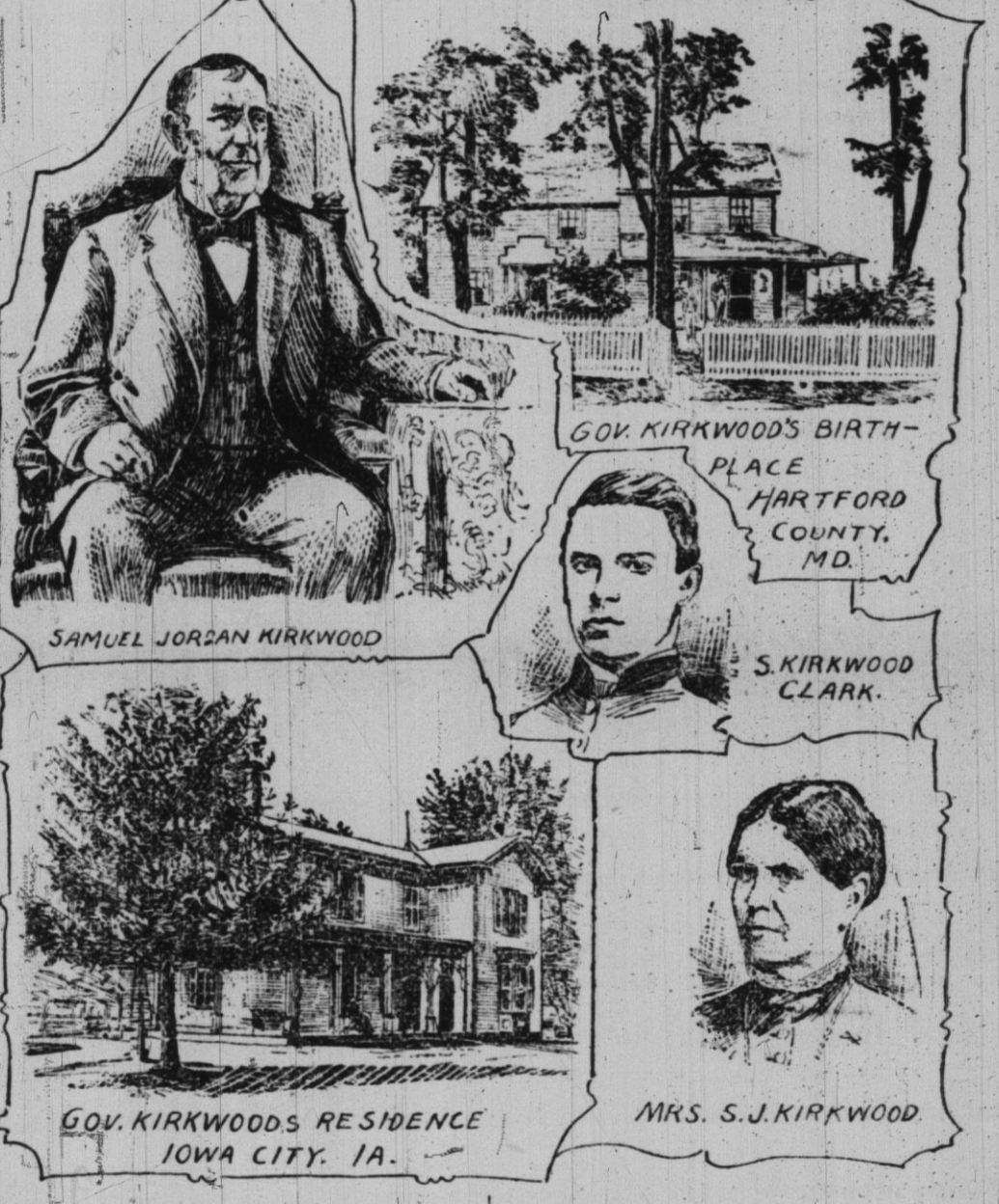
Another story is told of Kirkwood's relations with Lincoln which well illustrates the friendliness between the

would greatly advance Kirkwood's cause. The question arose in a committee meeting whether the letter should be used in the canvass. Some of Kirkwood's friends Kirkwood never received a college education. He was, however, given a good classical education at his home in Maryland and later at Gen. MeLeod's academy in Washington, D. C. While in Washington he aided in the organization of a debating school to which, in after years, he attributed his inspiration to become a public speaker.

Gov. Kirkwood's last political canvass was made in 1886, when he was called upon by his party to run against O'Meara, union-labor candidate, and Walter I. Hayes, the democratic nominee and present representative of the Second congressional district of Iowa. Kirkwood was at the time 75 years of age and did not wish to accept the nomination, although the importunities of his party finally forced him to do so. He was defeated, however, O'Meara receiving 8,602 votes; Hayes, 15,279. Kirkwood received 8,000. The immediate cause of his defeat was the indorsement of the union labor candidate by members of his own party.

In a quiet country spot in the outskirts of Iowa City the old governor retired from the scenes which filled so large a chapter in his life. Gov. Kirkwood's adopted son, S. Kirkwood Clark, died in St. Louis in 1863 from a wound received in his leg at the battle of Arkansas post. He was a great favorite of the governor and was adopted when an infant. Mrs. Jane Clark Kirkwood, the governor's wife, is past 71 years of age and attended to the comforts of her husband till the last.

A Rush for the Horse Show.
 Some notion of the importance which the horse show holds in the hearts of a large number of Americans may be gathered from the fact that the Brunswick and Waldorf hotels have practically refused to accept any guests during the horse show week. Every room in these big hotels



The Extreme in Economy.
 A curious advertisement appeared in some of the morning papers the other day to the effect that a one legged man would hear something to his advantage by applying at a certain address. Though not one legged myself, I called there and found the advertiser to be a grand army man who had lost a leg at Antietam. Questioned as to why he had inserted the advertisement which attracted my attention, he gave this explanation: "My idea," he said, "is to find a man who has lost his left leg. You notice that my right is gone. Now I pay \$8 a pair for my shoes, and I wear about five pair a year. That makes \$40. And besides that, I wear a great many socks, which also count up considerably."

"You can readily see that if I can find a man who has lost the other leg, and wears the same size shoe that I do, we can wack up, and by buying our shoes and stockings together we would make considerable."

I apologized to the old gentleman for my curiosity in the matter, and went away thinking to myself what a wonderful thing economy is.

A Secret for Girls.
 If all the girls knew the simple secret that bad complexions are due to a disordered liver there would be fewer sallow faces and blotchy skins, and American girls would have no reason to envy the "milk and roses" of their English sisters. The secret of beauty is use Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm. It beats all the beautifying creams and lotions, and all the "enamels" in existence. Try it.

Worth the Money.
 Struggling Dramatist—I can't see how Littlewit managed to get such a big price for that trashy play of his. They say that Miss Footlights paid him \$10,000.

First Nighter—I presume you know that she is in love with her leading man?

"Yes."

"Well, Littlewit's play has twenty-five kisses in it."

Home Seekers' Excursion.
 The Chicago Great Western railway will run three home seekers' excursions, namely, on Sept. 11th, Sept. 25th and Oct. 9th, 1894. Tickets will be sold from all stations to points in the north, south and west at one first-class limited fare, plus \$3 for the round trip.

Apply to Chicago Great Western railway ticket agents, who will take pleasure in securing sleeping car accommodations and furnish all necessary information, or address, F. H. Lard, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

Judge Not.
 Downtown—De Brecker must be losing money.

Upton—Guess not.

Downtown—He used to have a luxurious third floor flat, and now I find he has moved up to the tenth story.

Upton—It isn't safe to judge by appearances. Perhaps the folks on the second floor have a baby.

Hypodermic injection was discovered by Majendie. Morphine is probably the most familiar drug so used.

In Russia it was once the common belief that beardless men were soulless.

Fall Medicine
 Is fully as important and as beneficial as Spring Medicine, for at this season there is great danger to health in the varying temperature, cold storms, malarial germs, and the prevalence of fevers and other serious diseases. All these may be avoided if the blood is kept pure, the digestion good, and the bodily health vigorous, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
 "My little boy, fourteen years old, had a terrible scrofula bunc on his neck. A friend of mine said Hood's Sarsaparilla cured his little boy, so I procured a bottle of the medicine and the result has been that the bunc has left his neck. It was so near the throat, that he could not have stood it much longer without relief." Mrs. ISA HOOD, 324 Thordike St., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient. 25c.

A Ruddy Glow
 on cheek and brow is evidence that the body is getting proper nourishment. When this glow of health is absent assimilation is wrong, and health is letting down.

Scott's Emulsion
 taken immediately arrests waste, regardless of the cause. Consumption must yield to treatment that stops waste and builds flesh anew. Almost as palatable as milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Handsome Picture FREE
 We will mail postpaid a fine Panel Picture, entitled "MEDITATION" in exchange for 10 Large Lion Heads, cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine premiums, including books, a knife, game, etc.

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

PISO'S CURE FOR GUNNERS
 GUNNERS WHO USE ELSE FALLS' Best Cough Syrup, Throat Lozenges, and Eye Drops, Sold by Druggists.

CONSUMPTION

two. In 1850 Kirkwood was given the gubernatorial nomination by the whigs and was pitted against A. C. Dodge. The campaign which followed marked the most bitter and closest political struggle ever waged in Iowa. Lincoln, shortly after the beginning of the canvass, made a trip to Kansas City. Returning by way of Council Bluffs, he stopped off at the city, and made an earnest appeal to its citizens in behalf of Kirkwood. Kirkwood returned the compliment by his services in the convention which subsequently nominated Lincoln for the Presidency. Iowa was strong for Lincoln; Ohio wavered. To Kirkwood's influence with the Ohio and other delegations was due the nomination of Lincoln.

Kirkwood was originally a Jackson democrat, and voted for Franklin Pierce. Before leaving Ohio in 1855, the democrats wanted to run him for congress on the free soil platform. Kirkwood, however, declined, and abandoning his law practice and the state of Ohio, began life again in Iowa City, where he engaged in farming, milling and general merchandise. He still found it difficult to leave the law and shortly formed a partnership with Ezekiel Clark. In conjunction with Clark he purchased 1,200 acres of land near Coralville, two miles north of Iowa City, on the Iowa river. On this land the familiar Coralville mill stands, which, on account of its connection with Kirkwood, has become a spot of much historic interest.

As a politician, Kirkwood was a constitutional failure. Says Mr. Lathrop: "He was the poorest politician I ever knew. Still he had the reputation among his political opponents of being a shrewd schemer. But, as a matter of fact, Kirkwood could not lay a scheme deep enough to elect an alderman in a third rate town. He would not stoop to that kind of business. He was the most truly honorable man it has ever been my fortune to meet. He hated corruption and surreptitious methods. For example: At one time during his candidacy for the senate there was talk of running James Harlan against him. In course of the contest a letter was secured by the republican central committee which was derogatory to Harlan and the publication of which

AMELIA BLOOMER space to the subject of woman suffrage. A Mrs. Miller, who in 1851 paid a visit to Seneca Falls, N. Y., where she published a temperance paper called the Lily. In addition to being a prohibition advocate the paper also devoted considerable speaking world as the bloomer. She was then living at Seneca Falls, N. Y., where she published a temperance paper called the Lily. In addition to being a prohibition advocate the paper also devoted considerable space to the subject of woman suffrage. A Mrs. Miller, who in 1851 paid a visit to Seneca Falls, appeared in the bifurcated dress, and Mrs. Bloomer published a description of it. She and Elizabeth Cady Stanton adopted the style and advocated its general adoption.

IN THE BEGINNING.

Bookkeeping is first mentioned in Italy about 1569. Astronomy was highly developed in Assyria B. C. 2,234. Shoes are first mentioned in Egyptian annals 2,030 years before Christ.

JOHN SHERMAN.

So Absent-Minded That He Could Not Remember a Familiar Name. There is many a man who has felt himself aggrieved that Senator John Sherman was unable to remember him or to call him by name.

INCIDENTS OF THE DAY.

A leading hotel of San Francisco which operates its own electrical supply plant places candies in all its rooms wrapped in slips of paper bearing these words: "Use this candle in case the electric lights do not work and you need temporary light."

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS. A Piazza Episode—Too Confident—Joy—Not the First—Breezy—Right in His Line, Etc., Etc.

"What difference does it make, dearest?" asked Harold, with tender anxiety. "You—you have destroyed an illusion," she sighed. "That is all."

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE. The Petrified Forests of Arizona. In one of the meetings of the American Forestry Association held in Brooklyn lately Dr. Horace C. Hovey of Newburyport, Mass., showed by specimens and by views the petrified forests of Arizona.

The number of employees in the service of American railways on June 30, 1893, was 873,602. Karl's Clover Root Tea. The great Blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures Constipation. 25c, 50c, 81c.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING. \$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH ENAMELLED CALF. \$3.50 FINE CALF, KANGAROO. \$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. \$2.50 \$2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE. \$2.179 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES \$3.25 \$2.15 BANGOLA. BEST PATENT CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

Fall Hats for Men. The Fall patterns of head dress for gentlemen's wear, manufactured by H. Dunlap & Co., are up to the high standard of that well-known firm.

A FLAW REVEALED. "I wish you hadn't had your hair cut so short, Harold," exclaimed the young woman, turning away from him involuntarily.

The Passing of the Terrapin. Diamond-back terrapins are becoming extinct, and unless something shall be done to propagate them they will pass away.

At a Summer Hotel. Stayhome—How was the weather where you were this summer? Outer—Cool enough for blankets every night.

THE DR. J. H. McLEAN Almanac for the Year 1895. The only one containing the wonderful predictions of the REV. IRL R. HICKS, (The Storm Prophet) IS NOW READY.

Second-Hand Lumber. From West Fair Buildings Farmers' Co. are now receiving a large quantity of second-hand lumber.

Use ST. JACOBS OIL You'll Use it Always for a Like Mishap. Sure Cure for Sprain, Bruise or Hurt!

CATAMOUNT FIGHTERS.

MOUNTAIN LION IS A VERY VICIOUS ANTAGONIST.

A Spokane Man Gets His Back Against a Rock to Give Battle to at Least a Dozen of the Brutes Who All Attack Together—The Man Won.

"There are no more vicious fighters in the whole animal kingdom than the mountain lions of the Northwest," said Major Jackson of Spokane. "They combine the cunning and agility of the cat tribe with the strength of the lion and the ferocity of the tiger."

"I have never been much of a hunter, but a few years ago I had an adventure with mountain lions out in Washington that gave me enough of hunting big game for all time. I had captured some young deer, elk and foxes and started a small menagerie on my ranch."

"One day I was out in the hills looking at some timber, and near the mouth of a small cave in the rocks I found a young lion crawling about on the ground and whining like a kitten. It was only a few weeks old, and I decided to take it home and add it to my menagerie."

"I had no trouble in catching it, and he was too young to show fight. But as soon as I took it up in my arms it set up a dreadful screeching cry, a sort of a cross between the wail of a frightened baby and the bark of a small dog. I took off my coat, and, wrapping up the cub, tried to stop its cries, but it was no use; it only made more noise."

"Before I had gone 100 yards I heard the blood-curdling shriek of a full-grown lion close behind me, and I knew that the mother of the cub was on my trail. Her cry must have been a cry for help. In ten seconds it was answered as many times, and the cries came from all directions."

"I was surrounded by mountain lions, and I knew that the cry of the cub would rouse them to fury. I hated to lose the expected addition to my menagerie, but I dropped that lion cub as if it had been a hot brick. Instead of running away as I thought it would, the cub lay right down under my feet and made more noise than ever."

"Then I started to run to get away from it, but a swaying of the branches of two trees in front of me and a chorus of fierce shrieks close behind warned me that I was too late."

"Some ten yards ahead of where I stood I saw a big rock that rose out of the ground fifteen feet or more. I made a dash for that rock and reached it just in time. Backing up against it I faced half a score of full-grown lions, and they wore as vicious a looking lot as I ever saw."

"The apparent hopelessness of my situation seemed to steady my nerves, and taking careful aim at the nearest lion I fired. With a new kind of screech the brute leaped five feet into the air and fell back dead. But there was another one on the ground almost as near as the first and still advancing."

"A second shot finished that one, and then I glanced at those in the trees. I saw two glaring down at me with their eyes gleaming like balls of fire. Both were crouching for a spring. I shot the nearest one, and again my bullet reached a vital spot."

"Before I could throw out the empty shell I heard a terrific shriek dying away to a hoarse growl right over my head, and then I knew that one of the animals was on the rock above me."

"For an instant I forgot the one in the tree and jumped away from the rock. At the same instant both lions jumped for me, one from the tree and one from the rock above me. I saw them coming and tried to dodge to one side. I wheeled about and escaped the full force of their spring. Both of them struck me on the shoulders with their forefeet as they came down, and their long sharp claws tore great furrows in my flesh and left my coat and shirt hanging in shreds."

"The blood spurted from my wounds and I was knocked down by the force of the blows. I closed my eyes as I fell, face downward, and expected to be torn to shreds in an instant, but to my surprise the animals did not follow up the attack and as I struggled to my feet their hoarse growling and the sounds of a terrific struggle told me that they were fighting each other."

"They had got the smell of blood, and missing their victim at the first spring the fierce brutes flew at each other's throats. I turned in time to see the most ferocious combat I had ever witnessed, and in the excitement of the moment I forgot my wounds."

"The other lions I had seen in the trees were probably frightened away by the shots I had fired."

"I picked up my rifle and again took a position against the rock, but the fighting lions were no longer aware of my presence."

"The fight must have lasted all of three minutes, then the larger of the two animals got his teeth securely fastened in the throat of the other. In a few moments he was drinking the life blood of his vanquished antagonist, and then, as he crouched by the body with eyes closed, I raised my rifle and shot the victor dead."

"I bound up my wounds as well as I could and managed to reach home, but I was very weak from loss of blood and it was more than a month before I recovered from the scratching I got."—Globe-Democrat.

cliffs, and the overhanging hills slope more gently down to the water's edge. Above in the shoulder of the mountain, below the spear-shaped Santo Constanza, lies a little village called Termini. The fishermen say and believe that Christ, when he walked over the whole earth with his disciples, reached this point and declared that it was the end of the world; hence the name—Century.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A Young Lady Who Had a Narrow Escape From Conviction.

"Stories of conviction on circumstantial evidence are rife in the law books, and have afforded the plot of many a novel," said J. S. Habberling of New York to a Globe-Democrat man. "A very sad case, not of conviction, but almost as bad in its results, occurred in New York recently. A young lady of refinement, a stranger in the city, obtained employment as governess in a gentleman's family. One of her pupils, a girl 15 years old, lost a diamond ring. It was found in the desk of the governess. She declared she had not seen it since it was last on the girl's hand, but she was hustled off to the Tombs, and, unable to give bond, was kept there several days, exposed to the companionship of the most depraved of her sex. She was taken to court in the Black Maria with a negress and a white woman, both convicted felons, going to be sentenced. She was kept in the pen waiting for her case to be called, exposed to the impudent gaze of the horde of court-room loafers."

When her case was called the court appointed a lawyer to defend her, as she was penniless. The prosecuting witness and her father told the story of the finding of the missing ring. The presumption that the accused had placed it there was more or less strong until the lawyer began to cross-examine the owner of the ring. Guessing at the truth, by adroit questioning he drew from the unwilling witness the fact that she had often pried into the desk and dressing-case drawers of the governess, and that she had been so engaged an hour or so before she missed her ring, and the further fact that the ring fitted loosely. The judge dismissed the case promptly and the accuser's father apologized, but the young woman being of a highly strung and nervous temperament, is completely prostrated by her terrible experiences in the Tombs, and the ill effects will, it is feared, be permanent."

Matrimonial Item.

Mr. Fortunchunter, to wealthy but sensible old maid who has rejected him—But don't you miss a husband very much, Miss Elderly?

Miss Elderly—No, I don't miss a husband very much. I have trained my dog to growl every time I feed him, and I have bought a tailor's dummy that I can scold when I feel like it. My parrot can swear, and I have a monkey that chews tobacco. No, I don't miss him very much. —Texas Sittings.

After the Honeymoon.

Mr. Newed—There is one virtue about these biscuits, my dear Mrs. Newed, blushing with pleasure—What is it, dearest? Mr. Newed, brutally—If they were worth their weight in gold we would be very rich. —Spare Moments.

HYMNS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

"Safely through another week" was written by John Newton.

"There is a fountain filled with blood," is the most popular of Cowper's hymns.

"Let us with a gladness mind," was written by John Milton when only 15 years old.

"When on Sinai's top I see" is from the pen of Montgomery. It was originally called the "Three Mountains."

"Return, O wanderer, return," was by William B. Collyer and was first printed in the Evangelical Magazine in 1806.

A pound of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent and an ounce of energy.

"Brightest and best of the sons of the morning" was written by Reginald Heber and first published in the Christian Observer in 1811.

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow," was one of the seven hymns written by Charles Wesley for New Year's day. It was first issued in 1750.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name," was written by Edward Perronet in 1770. All else from the pen of this writer has been forgotten.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee," was the work of Sarah Flower Adams, and first appeared in a volume of hymns and anthems published in 1840 by Rev. W. J. Fox.

"And are we yet alive?" is by Charles Wesley. It is the opening hymn used by Methodist conferences the world over, and has been so employed for a hundred years.

"Rock of Ages" was written by Toplady. It was originally entitled "A Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World." It has been translated into many European languages, and everywhere it has been popular.

"Hark the herald angels sing," is the only hymn by Charles Wesley that is included in the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer. It, with five others, was put in by a printer in 1818, who found six pages vacant in his form, and without asking anybody's permission, filled them with hymns. Nobody knew how they were introduced, and after the printing was done there was no authority for their removal.

Art and Nature.
The aesthetic Frau Von St.—had contrived to secure the leading hero in a well-known theater, and a great favorite with the ladies, as her companion at the supper table. The lady displayed unlimited conversational powers, and her enthusiasm waxed more fervid as she proceeded. "Tell me how you feel when you have played the part of Romeo?" she whispered. "Hungry!" replied the actor, with the most artless and indifferent air in the world.

A Mutual Sentiment.

Horace Greeley once wrote a note to a brother editor in New York, whose writing was as illegible as his own. The recipient of the note, not being able to read it, sent it back by the same messenger to Mr. Greeley for elucidation. Supposing it to be the answer to his own note, Mr. Greeley looked over it, but likewise was unable to read it, and said to the boy: "Go take it back. What does the damned fool mean?" "Yes, sir," said the boy; "that is just what he says."

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Where I will keep a fine line of fall and winter Samples Also a choice line of

Ready-Made Clothing.

I request all to call and inspect these goods. Respectfully yours,

H. WALTER, BARRINGTON, ILL.

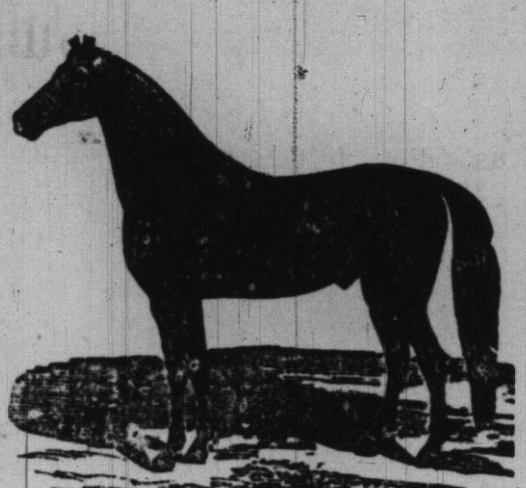
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Including Fish, Oysters, Poultry and Vegetables in their Season.

Sausages of Every Kind—Home-Made

HERBERT KRAFT, LOUIS C. KRAFT, FRED E. HINDERER
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J. D. LAMEY & CO.,

Manufacturers' Agents and Dealers in...
LIME SAND
Foreign & Domestic Cements
Dundee and Chicago Brick
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Plastering Hair
Marble Dust, Stucco

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AMERICAN AND FRENCH WINDOW GLASS.

White Lead
Zinc
Oils
Colors
Varnishes
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Etc.

Floor Paints
House Paints
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Barn
and
Roof Paints
Etc.

We are headquarters for Masons', Painters' and Builders' Supplies, which we have in stock in large quantities for prompt shipment and delivery. Our facilities for shipping car load lots are unsurpassed, having direct track connection with C. & N. W. and E. J. & E. railways, and as we make shipments of car load lots a feature of our business, we are prepared to name prices to any point and would be pleased to figure on any material in our line. All orders given prompt attention.

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Dress Goods Dept.

We wish to call your attention to our large assortment of Dress Goods. We carry a full line of Henriettas, Cashmeres, Serges and Gingham. These goods were bought for cash and we will give you the advantage of our close buying.

Shoe Dept.

We make a specialty in ladies' stylish-fitting Shoes from \$1.25 to \$3.50.

Children's School Shoes—

We claim to carry the best School Shoes in town at the lowest prices.

We have a large assortment of Men's Shoes and can give you just what you want. We also sell the celebrated Douglas Shoes.

Clothing Dept.

We have a large stock of Boys' Clothing that will be sold very cheap for cash. We also carry a line of Men's all-wool Pants, Vests, Overalls and Jackets. We will be glad to show you our large stock of Men's and Boys' Hats, at prices that will please you.

Crockery Dept.

We carry the largest and most complete stock of Crockery in town. We make special prices on Dinner Sets, and are always pleased to quote you prices.

Grocery Dept.

A large and well-selected stock of Groceries always on hand.

A. W. MEYER & CO., BARRINGTON, ILL.