

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 9, NO. 25.

BARRINGTON, ILL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1894.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

BARRINGTON.

CHURCH NOTICES.

ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC—Rev. J. F. Cancy, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m.
GERMAN EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S—Rev. E. Hahn, 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. Subr, 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. TENT NO. 79—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. W. E. Snyder, P. C. T. H. Creel, Com.; C. H. Kendall, L. C. L. A. Powers, S.; Rev. R. Bailey, Chap.; J. M. Thrasher, R. K.; Frank Plagge, 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.
LOUISIANA LODGE NO. 53—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. Ots, Treas.; A. T. Ullsch, Sec.; F. B. Bennett, S. D.; J. P. Brown, J. D.; A. Gleason, Tyler.
BARRINGTON POST NO. 275, G. A. R. Department of Ill.—Meets every second Friday of the month at Abbott's Hall. L. E. Bunyan, Com.; G. W. Johnson, S. V. C.; W. C. Humphrey, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, Q. M.; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; L. H. Hute, O. G.; Henry Reuter, Sergt.; Chas. Senn, Chap.
M. W. A. CAMP 809—Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month at Meyer's Hall. F. E. Hawley, W. M.; P. A. Hawley, W. A.; John Robertson, B. M.; T. Lamey, Clerk; Wm. Antholts, W.; J. M. Thrasher, E.; H. P. Ashew, S.
W. R. C. NO. 88—Meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Mrs. Lucy Townsend, Pres.; Miss Allie Meyer, Sec.

VILLAGE OFFICERS.

F. E. Hawley, President
H. C. P. Sandman, John Robertson, H. T. Abbott, John Collen, Wm. Grunau, John Harty, 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
A. W. Meyer, Clerk
L. A. Powers, Sec.

Mr. George Comstock returned home last Tuesday after a week's trip to the west.

Fred Jarnholtz moved last Wednesday into his house, which he lately purchased of Mr. Decker.

Calcimine, whitewash and paint brushes, in all sizes and made of the very best of stock, are sold by J. D. Lamey & Co.

Married—Miss Lydia Egger and Mr. John Johuke were married at the Baptist parsonage Thursday evening, Oct. 25, 1894, Rev. Bailey officiating.

All members of Barrington Camp No. 819, M. W. A., are requested to be present at their next regular meeting, Tuesday, evening, Nov. 6.

Mr. J. H. S. Lee, county surveyor, of Waukegan, made a business trip here last Saturday.

Mrs. Leonard of Cary, spent Sunday with friends at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Matt Richmond of Palatine, spent Sunday at the home of J. E. Heise.

Don't forget to attend the club meeting at the depot at 5 p. m. tonight (Saturday).

Mr. and Mrs. Criegler are organizing a class here in dressmaking.

Johnnie, son of Mr. J. C. Meier, is reported to be seriously ill at present writing.

Mr. F. L. Waterman was recently elected president of the local Cook County Bible society at this place.

Rev. Ream, W. T. Harrower and Miss Bertha Seibert were elected delegates by the Epworth league for the convention to be held at Rockford.

Otto Solt returned home Monday evening after spending a week with friends in Chicago.

Mr. Decker shipped his household goods Tuesday to Michigan, where he will reside.

Did anybody get left and not register?

Rev. Ream will take two weeks vacation. Rev. J. W. Tunstion of Evanson will occupy the M. E. pulpit during his absence.

There were republican rallies at Stott's hall Thursday and Friday evenings of this week.

The boys made a great effort Halloween night to move the postoffice.

For window glass, paints and oils go to J. D. Lamey & Co.

The republican rally Thursday evening of last week was well attended, although the weather was anything but pleasant. Messrs. Foss, Bright and Struckman were the speakers. Mr. L. D. Castle was chairman.

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

Mrs. Pahaly and daughter of Iowa are visiting Mrs. J. C. Meier.

The Union Bible meeting held at the German Salem church last Sunday evening was well attended and very interesting. Brother Mack, Cook county missionary, was present. The reports spoke favorably of Barrington.

Mr. Fred Bainhoff was in Chicago on business Thursday.

Mr. Henry Meyer of Arlington Heights called on Mr. Andrew Grom Thursday.

At a special meeting of the village board Tuesday evening the village trustees decided to have street and sidewalk grades established on all streets in the village of Barrington. Mr. J. H. S. Lee, county surveyor of Lake county, will do the work, which will be commenced at once. This work will undoubtedly prove to be a great benefit to all property owners.

Try a pair of Douglas shoes, sold only by A. W. Meyer & Co.

Mrs. Meyer, of Palatine, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. William Grunau.

Mr. E. W. Shipman who has been spending a week in northern Wisconsin, returned home this week.

Mr. Joseph Collen of Nunda, made his brother a short visit this week.

Pure buckwheat at A. W. Meyer & Co's.

Two hundred and thirty-two persons registered in the town of Cuba this year. Two years ago there were 235 persons registered. A number of women appeared for the purpose of being registered after the closing hour, so had to go away disappointed.

Mr. Lawson Elridge fell from a scaffold, Wednesday while working on Mr. J. C. Plagge's barn and bruised his wrist so badly that he has been unable to work.

Mr. John C. Plagge, supervisor of the town of Barrington, was in Chicago Wednesday, for the purpose of getting the necessary blanks for election day.

Mr. F. L. Waterman's handsome residence is fast nearing completion. The building is now nearly completed on the outside and the plasterers have already commenced work. J. D. Lamey & Co. are furnishing the building material.

Mrs. Ford of Kansas, who was formerly of this place, is visiting at the home of Mrs. Flora Lines.

Mr. A. W. Meyer is enlarging and making other improvements on his barn.

Mr. H. B. Burritt of Wauconda was a caller here last Thursday.

Mr. F. L. Waterman will move into one of Dr. Richardson's houses until the completion of his residence.

A large line of floor oil cloths at A. W. Meyer & Co.

Editor Brown of the Cary Enterprise was a pleasant caller at this office one day last week.

Miss Myrtle Allensby visited her grandmother, Mrs. E. H. Nelson, this week.

L. F. Sebroder is putting in furnaces for Mr. F. L. Waterman and Miss Flora Lines.

Mrs. S. H. Gillette is visiting at the home of Mrs. Luella Austin.

A. W. Meyer & Co. are contantly receiving the latest styles in ladies and misses jackets which are sold at extremely low prices.

The cobweb social given at the Baptist church Wednesday evening by the Little Jolly Wonder Workers was well attended. Prizes were awarded to the first and last person unraveling a cob web. Miss Lydia Pomeroy received the first prize, and Mr. Gleason, Jr., the second. Refreshments were served and a very pleasant evening was spent by those attending.

Low prices on ladies' and childrens' underwear, at A. W. Meyer & Co's.

Mrs. T. J. Crowley of Chicago spent Wednesday with her mother, Mrs. Grady.

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

The truthful, startling title of a book about No-to-bac, the only harmless, guaranteed tobacco-habit cure. If you want to quit and can't use "No-to-bac," braces up nicotineized nerves, eliminates nicotine poisons, makes weak men gain strength, weight and vigor. Positive cure or money refunded.

Book at druggists, or mailed, free. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, 45 Randolph street; New York, 19 Spruce street.

Conductor Robbed and Murdered.

CHICAGO, Nov. 2.—Andrew Sanders, a Chicago Great Western freight conductor was attacked by four men shortly before 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The ruffians shot him three times and then robbed him of \$100 and his watch and chain. Sanders died at 1 o'clock this morning.

Mrs. Wickes Sues for Divorce.

CHICAGO, Nov. 2.—Thomas H. Wickes, second vice-president of the Pullman Palace Car company, was made defendant in a bill for divorce filed in the Circuit court yesterday by Laura N. Wickes. The ground on which the decree is asked is cruelty.

Reported Satelli Will Go to Rome.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—After his elevation as archbishop Mgr. Satelli will return to Rome, and as his successor the name of Mgr. Lorenzilli is mentioned frequently.

Secretary Gresham Slightly Ill.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—Secretary Gresham is confined to his house by illness. His condition is not serious and he probably will be out again in a day or two.

Shot Into a Keg of Powder.

MUSKOGEE, I. T., Nov. 2.—At Tulsa, L. T. Indian Chief Perryman's son in spirit of bravado shot into a keg of powder. He was blown to atoms.

DEATH OF THE CZAR.

RUSSIA'S RULER PASSED AWAY THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

Death Comes Peacefully—Arrangements for the Funeral Not Yet Completed—Czarowitz Acknowledged to Be the Successor to the Throne.

LONDON, Nov. 2.—The great ruler of all the Russians passed peacefully into the other world at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Different reports of the czar's death were received here before



THE LATE CZAR ALEXANDER.

the authentic tidings arrived from Livadia. The first reports were vague and did not bear the stamp of accuracy. At the Russian embassy the officials declared up to half an hour before the official dispatch was received that the emperor was still alive, although it was admitted that at an early hour in the morning he was rapidly sinking, and was not expected to survive the day. Simultaneous with a flood of telegrams from Yalta, Livadia and St. Petersburg to the London newspapers at 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon came an official telegram to the Russian ambassador, announcing that his majesty died at precisely 3 o'clock. The Russian ambassador has made public the purport of the official message, which is a duplicate of a general notification sent to the diplomatic representatives of Russia all over the world. From subsequent advices received here up to 6 o'clock it is learned that the czar died after being unconscious for eight hours.

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on the imperial yacht Polarnaia (Ivrezda (Polar Star) at Yalta, where the Seventh army corps will render military honors. The whole Black sea fleet will escort the yacht to Odessa, whence the remains will be conveyed by railway to St. Petersburg, stopping at the important towns en route, to enable troops to render honors to the dead. The state mourning will commence to-morrow. The funeral will probably be held two weeks hence. The arrival of the prince and princess of Wales, now en route to Livadia, is anxiously awaited. A special train awaits them at the frontier. It is believed the presence of the princess of Wales will afford great comfort to her sister, the czarina, and it is expected she will make a long stay in Russia.

CANTAUZENE HEARS THE NEWS.

Russian Ambassador at Washington Notified of the Czar's Death.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—The announcement of the czar's death brought profound grief to the Russian legation at Washington. Official word came late in the afternoon in a cable from the minister of foreign affairs. The minister communicated the information to the state department, but owing to the absence at the time from the city of the President. It is probable the message of sympathy and condolence from President Cleveland will not be sent until to-day.

Upon receipt of the official notification of the czar's death Mr. Adee, second assistant secretary of state, acting secretary in the illness of Secretary Gresham, called upon Prince Cantauzene and conveyed verbally to him the condolence of the President and secretary of state. A formal letter of condolence from Secretary Gresham will later be sent to him. The members of the diplomatic corps all called and left their cards at the Russian legation.

Prince Cantauzene has telegraphed to Bishop Nicholas of the Greek church of Alaska to inquire whether he can come to Washington and hold a memorial service for the czar. No reply has been received from him and it is not definitely known whether he is in San Francisco or Chicago. It is proposed to hold the memorial service at the Russian legation, as there is no Greek church in Washington.

Czarowitz Loses No Time.

LIVADIA, Nov. 2.—The garrisons at Cronstadt and St. Petersburg have taken the oath of allegiance to the new czar. Shortly after 1 o'clock the members of the palace guard were marshaled in the square in front of the palace chapel at Livadia for the ceremony of swearing allegiance to the new czar. They were the first to take the oath. The grand dukes were the next to swear allegiance, and they were followed in the order of precedence by the high court functionaries, court officials, military officers and civil officials.

An imperial decree announcing the accession to the throne of the Grand Duke Nicholas (the czarowitz) is expected to arrive at St. Petersburg from Livadia in a few days.

Consternation in Paris.

PARIS, Nov. 2.—The news of the czar's death fell on Paris like a shock. The effect on the boulevards was remarkable. The evening newspapers appeared with black borders. The French cabinet had prepared a message of condolence some weeks ago, so it was fully prepared for the contingency. French people are full of uneasiness and uncertainty as to whether the new emperor will throw himself into the arms of Germany or continue his father's policy. There is a general feeling here, which is a case of hope being father to the thought, that the marriage of the new czar with Princess Alix, which must be postponed at least a year, may be broken off. President Casimir Perier and the members of the French cabinet, shortly after the czar's death became known, visited the Russian embassy as a mark of respect to the dead emperor.

William Hurrals for the New Czar.

BERLIN, Nov. 2.—At a banquet last night Emperor William announced that he had received news of far-reaching gravity, the death of the czar. He said: "With our sympathy for the new emperor we couple the desire that heaven may give him strength for his difficult office. Long live Emperor Nicholas II. Hurrals." The band then played the Russian anthem.

Plot Against the Czarowitz's Life.

LONDON, Nov. 2.—According to a special dispatch received here from St. Petersburg a conspiracy against the life of the czarowitz has been discovered there. It is added for several days the police have been actively engaged in arresting nihilists. Among those arrested are several students. The police have also obtained possession of incriminating documents.

Welcoming Zacharin's Honors.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 2.—It is reported here that the populace of Moscow, indignant at what they believe to have been the malpractice of Dr. Zacharin in the case of the czar, is wrecking the doctor's house in that city.

MAY CAUSE TROUBLE.

ENGLAND EMBROILED IN PERU AND THE ORIENT.

Five War Ships Ordered to Callao, Peru—British Consulate Burned, the Consul Arrested and His Wife and Children Murdered—Foreign News.

TACOMA, Wash., Nov. 1.—A special from Victoria, B. C., says the flagship Royal Arthur and four other ships of the British squadron at that point have been ordered to Callao, Peru, at once.

The British consulate at that place has been taken possession of by revolutionists and the consul made a prisoner. His wife and daughter have been killed and the consulate has been burned to the ground. The flagship left under full steam last night and will call at Victoria for one hour. Admiral Stephenson is on board.

CHINESE FLEET CHASES JAPANESE.

There is no Conflict, However, and the Former Disappears.

SHANGHAI, Nov. 2.—Two Japanese warships were sighted off Wei Hai Wei Sunday and the Chinese fleet went out in pursuit. Not finding the enemy the Chinese fleet returned, and left Wei Hai Wei again Wednesday, its destination being unknown. The only foreigners with the fleet are two engineers and two gunners. Small bodies of Chinese have attacked several Russian frontier towns and in one case seized a quantity of arms and ammunition. In another case the Chinese were repulsed with a loss of sixty men.

Dreyfus Charged With Treason.

PARIS, Nov. 2.—The arrest of Capt. Alfred Dreyfus of the general staff on the charge of treason and espionage on behalf of the triple alliance is the sensation of the hour. Capt. Dreyfus is said to have supplied an Italian officer, who is believed to have been an agent of the Italian government, with the plans for the mobilization of the Fifteenth army corps, covering the departments of the Maritime Alps, Ardeche, Bouches-du-Rhone, Corsica, Gard, Var, Vaucluse and Marseilles, as well as with plans for mobilizing the French forces around Briancon, the Alpine Gibraltar. He is also suspected of being a spy for the German government of the greatest value to the enemies of France.

Peixoto Accused by Admiral Mello.

BUENOS AYRES, Nov. 2.—An open letter, signed by Admiral Mello, addressed to President Peixoto, accuses the latter of misappropriation of national funds and taking coffee from planters and selling it for his personal account in New York and Hamburg. This is Mello's reply to the recent message of Peixoto to the Brazilian congress, in which Mello was severely handled.

Earthquake News Confirmed.

BUENOS AYRES, Nov. 2.—Reports of the widespread effects of the recent earthquake in South America are confirmed. The misery caused in the Provinces of San Juan and Rio Janeiro is great, and especially in the latter, where the people are poor. Slight shocks are still felt from time to time, which serve to keep up the feeling of alarm.

The Wairarapa Disaster.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., Nov. 2.—Lloyd's agent here confirms the statement that 111 passengers and twenty-three of the crew of the Union line steamer Wairarapa were drowned in the wreck of that vessel on the coast of New Zealand.

Wants to Make a Grab.

TOKIO, Nov. 2.—Great Britain has secretly asked the king of Corea to cede Port Hamilton in exchange for the assistance of the British government.

May Be Made a Cardinal.

ROME, Nov. 2.—It is rumored that the archbishop of Santiago will be made a cardinal. If so he will be the first in South America.

Boiling Democrats Win in Omaha.

OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 2.—The boiling Nebraska democrats won a great victory yesterday, and as a result the nominees of the county convention known as "the rump" will appear on the official ballot in this county as straight democrats. This was the determination of the county clerk, and a suit in the District court to compel the change of this was decided in his favor.

German Lodge Gives Up Charter.

BALTIMORE, Md., Nov. 2.—The 306 members of Goethe lodge No. 98, Knights of Pythias, the largest German lodge in Maryland, at a special meeting last night resolved to withdraw from the order and a committee was appointed to surrender the charter and rituals. The Goethe lodge has been in existence fifteen years.

Prominent North Carolinian Dead.

RALEIGH, N. C., Nov. 2.—W. F. Cornogay, a prominent business man of Goldsboro, N. C., president of the North Carolina Railroad company, died at his home in Goldsboro yesterday, aged 62 years.

WILL NOT BUDGE AN INCH.

Prohibition Against American Beef Stands for Sanitary Reasons.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—There is little reason now to expect the German government will relax its new order prohibiting the importation of American cattle and fresh beef and it is probable the matter will settle down to a question of endurance as between German sugar and American beef. The American ambassador at Berlin, Mr. Ruymon, has presented Secretary Gresham's vigorous protest to the German foreign minister and accompanied it with the promise that the President will recommend to congress the amendment of the sugar schedules of the tariff act in the line of removing the differential duty, which is the cause of the German complaint of discrimination. Apparently his representations have made little impression, for he cabled the state department yesterday the German minister had disclaimed any idea of retaliation and had assured him the prohibition was based solely on sanitary reasons that could not be neglected, and the state department must content itself with trying to disprove the diagnosis of the German veterinarians and then settle down to a waiting policy. Meanwhile it will be interesting to note how the President treats the subject in his message to congress.

Georgia's Senators Are Silver Men.

ATLANTA, Ga., Nov. 2.—The democratic caucus of the Georgia general assembly nominated two United States senators yesterday afternoon. The appointment of Senator Patrick Walsh by Gov. Northen was unanimously confirmed by his election to fill out the unexpired term of Senator Colquitt.

For the long term, beginning March 4, 1895, Augustus O. Bacon was nominated on the first ballot, he receiving ninety-three votes. The nomination was made unanimous. Both senators are silver men.

Hazing May End Fatally.

HYATTSVILLE, Md., Nov. 2.—Hazing by students at the Maryland Agricultural college is liable to result in the death of one of their number, Edwin Gott, Jr., son of the secretary of state. Several nights ago a mock court was held, and young Gott was convicted of a heinous crime. A rope was secured, fastened under his arms and he was suspended to a transom. The hanging was carried too far and it is feared he will die.

Planning to Wreck the Train.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Nov. 2.—At the examination of Hall, alleged train wrecker, yesterday John Hodewig was the only witness. He admits getting the claws, but nothing further, and states that he was in his room after 10 o'clock all night at the time the wreck occurred. The defendants tell convicting stories and it is believed it will be hard to secure a conviction.

Stevenson Talks to Joliet People.

JOLIET, Ill., Nov. 2.—Vice-President Adlai Stevenson arrived in this city from Bloomington yesterday afternoon and was met by a delegation of democrats, who escorted him to the Palmer house, where he held a reception. At 8 o'clock in the Joliet theater was crowded with people, who came to hear the Vice-President discuss the tariff.

Whisky Trust Wins a Point.

BALTIMORE, Md., Nov. 2.—The American Distributing company yesterday won its case against Martin and McAndrews, the liquor dealers. The amount sued for was \$1,111. A motion for a new trial was filed. The value of \$2,000,000 worth of whisky trust vouchers held by Baltimore liquor dealers is affected by this verdict.

Gov. McKinley's Tour.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Nov. 2.—Gov. McKinley made a tour through the Thirtieth congressional district yesterday, speaking at Delaware, Marion, Bucyrus, Attica, Bellevue and a number of smaller places on the Sandusky Short Line. At Sandusky at night Gov. McKinley spoke to a crowd of 8,000 in Exposition hall on the fair grounds.

MILES T. LAMEY,
Notary Public and
Fire Insurance Agent.
Collections Given Prompt Attention.

BARRINGTON, ILL.

THE ACTRESS WIVES.

STAGE WOMEN WHO HAVE CHARMED ROYALTY.

Miss Jeffreys, an Irish Actress, the Latest to Win a Husband—Some Stage Beauties of the Past Who Are in Upper Social Berths.

ANOTHER ALLIANCE of a matrimonial character has been consummated between Great Britain's aristocracy and the stage. This time it is the second son of the earl of Howe, while the lady is an Irish girl by the name of Miss Jeffreys, who is the principal attraction just now at Terry's theater in London. The affection between the two is of long standing and they were to have been married two years ago, when the engagement was broken off in deference to the protests of Lord and Lady Howe. It is understood that neither the earl nor the countess have relented in the matter, and that they have cut off the allowance of their son Freddy as a manifestation of their displeasure, the result



being that the new Mrs. Curzon has thrown up none of her theatrical engagements, but keeps on performing, presumably with the object of keeping the pot boiling for herself and her husband. His older brother, Lord Curzon, as well as Lady Curzon, the best four in hand whip in England, and their only boy, a 10-year-old lad, were upset with the coach the other day and came narrowly near losing their lives, in which case the husband of Miss Jeffreys would have become Viscount Curzon and heir to the earldom. It does not necessarily follow that because a peeress or lady belonging by marriage to the aristocracy has been on the stage she is barred forever from



appearance at court. Queen Victoria merely insists that no lady should be presented at court as long as she is on the stage. And as an illustration thereof it is only necessary to point out that Lady Martin, who spent a part of her life on the stage, is not only frequently admitted to the queen's dinner table, but is treated with the most marked friendship and consideration by her majesty. In this Victoria follows the example of her grandmother, Queen Charlotte, the wife of King George II. When the Lord Derby of those days married the famous Miss Farrow, the newly wedded countess wrote to ascer-



tain what Queen Charlotte's views were as to her appearance at court. Her majesty, who was infinitely more strict than the present occupant of the British throne, replied that she had no objection to Lady Derby's appearance at court, because she had heard that Miss Farrow, during her theatrical career, had always borne a most excellent reputation. It is merely because Queen Victoria would be unable to make a reply of this kind to any request of the same character in their cases that the gates of Buckingham palace remain closed to the countess of Clancarty, nee Belle Bliton; to the dowager marchioness of Ailesbury, nee Dolly Tester; to the countess of Orkney, nee Connie Gil-

christ, and the Hon. Mrs. Hubert Duncombe, nee Nellie Lamar, who is therefore the sister-in-law of the lovely duchess of Leinster, of Lady Helen Vincent and of Lady Ulrika Duncombe. Of course there was also the morganatic wife of the duke of Cambridge, who was a Dublin actress; while on the continent there are a number of royal princesses and great nobles who have sought their wives upon the stage, the most notable case being that of the late King Ferdinand of Portu-



gal, who married as his second wife a Boston actress of the name of Sophie Hensler, upon whom he conferred the title of countess of Edla in her own right. Prince Alexander of Battenberg, the former ruler of Bulgaria, fitted Emperor William's sister, Victoria, to marry the actress Mlle. Loislinger. Prince Windischgraetz, uncle of the present prime minister of Austria, married, not morganatically, but in the fullest sense of the word, one of the Tagliore girls, the most notable ballerinas of the present century. The reigning duke of Saxe-Meiningen is married morganatically to an actress, and so, too, is the eldest brother of the empress of Austria.

SQUAW MEN.

Characters Held in Just Contempt Among Mexicans.

The discovery that Henry Graeme had been personating a girl, Etta, as a servant in a Brooklyn house, finds its counterpart among the Mexican households in the Spanish-American regions of the United States. Cases in these regions are not infrequent of persons, male by sex, who all their lives have chosen to wear women's clothes and to labor at those household avocations reckoned distinctively as woman's. Such a case is thus described by a visitor to New Mexico: "Stopping to dine at a little plaza about twenty miles south of Santa Fe, my driver, an old timer, called my attention to what seemed to be a strapping woman working among the female servants of the wealthy old Mexican don's household across the way. This slabsided, rather ungainly person with coarse features and a chin that suggested the razor, was attired in a calico gown, wore gold earrings and had the hair braided behind. 'It's a man, such as it is,' said the driver. 'All he has to say about his wearing of woman's togs is that when a boy his mother always dressed him in girl's clothes, and he never learned to dress differently. As he grew up he was set to work about the house with the women, where he is now treated with about the same sort of forbearance and contempt that a "squad man" receives among Indians. As I put it up, it was to get rid of being set to the hard, dangerous work of herding cattle and sheep when Indians were bad in the territory, that cowardly boys growing up to be peons, virtually slaves, to the wealthy Mexicans, chose to be squaws and work with the women. You'll find such cases now here and there in the Mexican towns and among the Indian peonies."

A Merry Emperor.

The Emperor William is generally supposed to be a man of austere life, rigid and punctilious in his intercourse with those about him, and habitually absorbed in affairs of state. An evening on the imperial yacht Hohenzollern's anything but dull, says the San Francisco Argonaut. Eccentric variety performances are provided, consisting of singing and playing in character, exhibitions of rapid sketching in caricature, impromptu verse making, etc. Among the participants in these merry-making are ambassadors, ministers and professors, who are included among the emperor's guests.

Physical Development Increasing.

Two statues lately exhibited in Boston were modeled after measurements made from the average man and the average woman. The statue of the average woman is the result of 5,000 measurements made by Dr. Sargent of Harvard, who says that it is 50 per cent removed from the perfect type. The faults of the figure are the hollow back and a weak waist. The oval fullness about the chest, it is said, is not found in any female figure in art. While the average woman may still fall far short of perfection in her physical make up, the number of vigorous, well formed young women who take an active interest in out of door life and physical development is increasing every day.

Death Roll of Forest Fires.

The death roll of the western forest fires is a long one. It seems certain that more than 600 persons perished in the fire at Hinkley. The population of the place before the calamity was about 1,200. Evidently more than half the inhabitants were caught by the flames. There is grave reason to fear that the total number of the dead will never be known. Possibly it might reach a thousand. The fires have burned over twenty counties, and sixteen towns have been destroyed.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE STORY OF LITTLE WOLF AND YELLOW HEAD.

An Episode of Border Life in the Southwest—A Novel Way of Saving a Vessel on Fire—Wish I Could—Here's a Queer Game.

Little Wolf.
"Keep close to the house, Frank." The little pioneer mother smiled fondly at the pretty boy, who was already brown with tan and glowing with health, though only a month had passed since they ventured into the wilderness.
"I never go far, mamma—just down by the spring."
She watched the sturdy little fellow with pardonable pride as he bounded away down the slope towards the spring. A cluster of laurel-bushes almost hid him from sight, when he was there, but every day his mother looked down that way whenever she passed the door, and could always catch the glint of the sunshine on his tumbled curls.

But here, in this great wilderness, what reason there might be for fear! They said that all the wild animals had been cleared out of the country long ago, but she was not so sure of that. And as for the Indians, who knew when they might swoop down upon the settlement, as they had done upon others? They were barely twenty miles to the north, and though they were friendly and in a reservation, why—Indians were Indians in Mrs. Grey's eyes.

Horses feet sunk noiselessly into the soft earth and Mrs. Grey did not know that any one was near until a long shadow fell across the floor. She was not given to screaming, but she came very near it when she saw the four mounted Indians sitting serenely on their horses and gazing in at her.

But the brave little woman did not utter a sound. Her first thought was of her boy, and so she controlled herself. If only she could keep them from seeing the child.

"White woman cook, we eat," said one of them gruffly, and they swung themselves down from their horses.

Pale as her face was, she managed to smile on them; and hastily adding more wood to the dying fire in the stove, she set about cooking such simple fare as she had at hand. The Indians watched her silently, and when everything was ready they ate, with scant ceremony. The meal over, they gave a grunt that might have been construed into thanks, and mounting their horses again went on their way.

But alas, their way led them past the spring. In an instant Mrs. Grey was speeding after them, stealing through the bushes and trying to keep from being seen, but intent on reaching the boy first. There he was—she could just see him jumping back and forth over the little stream that flowed from the spring. Perhaps they would pass without seeing him, after all!

No, she heard the grunt of surprise that came from one of them when he caught the glint of sunshine on the boy's curls, and instantly one of the horses was turned in that direction. The mother darted forward, but it was too late. The Indian had stooped from his saddle and snatched the boy up.

Mrs. Grey rushed forward with a scream of fear, but the savage turned his horse to one side and deftly eluded her.

"Little Wolf teach Yellow Head to swim," he said, and at once set out in a sharp trot down the slope, followed by the others.

Wildly Mrs. Grey ran after them. Her home and everything in it was forgotten. She was crazed with fear. The river was not more than half a mile away and they were going straight towards it. What did they intend to do with the child?

She ran until her knees seemed to give way under her. The brambles caught at her dress and tore it when she pulled away from them, and still she ran and stumbled on. The Indians were out of sight and she was following their tracks—on and on—and now the river was near and there on the bank were the horses.

And such a scene as met the mother's eyes. There was Little Wolf standing on the bank with Frank in his arms, and he swung the child as easily as though he had been a rabbit, and flung him far out into the stream. Then Little Wolf and his companions leaped in and dived, and as Frank came to the surface, struggling and spluttering, the four Indians rose around him. Merrily as Tritons they sported about him, sometimes holding a hand to him and keeping just out of his way when he reached for it; but always taking care that he kept his head above the water.

After a little while they scrambled out with him, only to toss him in again. Surely more fantastic sport was never seen. The mother watched as though turned to stone, yet she could not help seeing that the child was not frightened, and she heard his laugh ring out merrily when he had really learned to strike out boldly for himself.

"Did you see that mamma?" he cried when they brought him out. "I swam! I sure enough swam! Little Wolf taught me!"

With a prayer of thankfulness in her heart she took the child in her arms, while the Indians mounted their horses again and rode away. She carried the boy home, crying over him all the way. But as for him he was wild with enthusiasm.

Once again Little Wolf visited the log cabin where the Greys had planted a home in the wilderness. One night

they were roused from sleep by a hand's shaking the rude door and a voice that cried:

"Wake up, white woman! Little Wolf come to save Yellow Head!"

There was something in the voice that made Mr. Grey unfasten the door and let the Indian in.

"Come!" he cried. "Injuns be here soon—they on the war-path—come hide with Little Wolf!"

He snatched the sleeping child from his cot, wrapped a blanket about him and darted out into the night. The parents could do nothing but follow—to what fate they did not know, but they believed in their guide simply because he loved their child.

As they fled through the night they saw a glare on the sky to the northward. Little Wolf stopped and pointed to it.

"Red men been there—farmhouse burning," he said laconically.

He led them to the top of a hill that overlooked the valley; and prairie farms for miles away; and they sat there and watched fire after fire kindled, each fire nearer than the last, and each one marking the destruction of some home. Then he made them watch the patch of moonlight through which the road passed at the foot of the hill and presently there they went, a dark band of them, up towards the little home that the Greys had learned to love.

Soon in the deep silence they heard the wild whoop with which the savages surrounded the house. Then there was a pause and the sound of heavy blows—the door was beaten in. Then came a hubbub of angry voices as they discovered that they had been robbed of their prey, and amid the shrieks and imprecations, the glare of torches began to light up the scene. The horrified group on the hill could see the Indians waving the torches and throwing them—and then, in an instant, the house was on fire.

Then something else happened. Suddenly the road the Indians had come resounded with the tread of galloping horses; and through the patch of moonlight galloped a company of rangers. A fusillade of gunshots roused the startled echoes, and away swept the Indians to the West, with the rangers in fierce pursuit. Two or three remained behind to put out the fire, and in a little while the country was wrapped in darkness and silence.

Then Little Wolf put the sleeping child in his father's arms.

"Yellow Head safe," he said; "now Little Wolf go back to his people."

And so Little Wolf went out of their life.—Philadelphia Times.

A Novel Way of Saving a Vessel on Fire.

One of the most brilliant pieces of ocean-wrecking seamanship on record, whereby the vessel, far out in the Atlantic with her cargo on fire, was saved and brought safely to port, was performed on board the American ship John Jay, commanded by Captain Samuel Jackson.

When two weeks out the cargo was discovered to be on fire. The captain determined upon his course of action. He had the carpenter lowered over the rail, and instructed him to bore several holes low down by the water-line. The vessel was then put on the other tack so that she would be heeled over on the side where the holes had been made.

The water shot through these openings, and after the ship had been allowed to sink almost to the level of the deck, she was put around on the other tack again, so that the holes came within three or four feet of the water. Several of the sailors, with lines made fast under their arms and holding long wooden pegs and hammers, slid down along the side, steadying themselves by ropes that had been passed under the vessel and hauled taut, so that they came alongside of the holes. The tapering pins were thrust into the openings and knocked tight, then the vessel was put before the wind to get her on an even keel, and the crew turned to and pumped her out.—Harper's Young People.

Wish I Could.

Wish I could go back a little 'n be a boy again.
A Jerkin o' the minness with a little crooked pin.
'N hear the fro's a gruntin' as I git 'em on 'n the jump.
'N me steer'd wasser in they was, when they hit the water plump.

Wish I could go loafin', cross the madder smilin' smug.
'N feel the sun 'n feel a tickle 'n my feet.
All the while a noddin' 'n a smilin' up at me—
Wish I could go back 'n be like I u-ter be.

Wish I could go smorror, 'n find 'em all the same.
As they was the day I lef 'n make a bigger name.
'N see dear old mother—always skeery—at the gate.
Like she ustor wait for me, whenever I was late.

Wish I could look in heaven 'n see her there 'n day.
'N git a tender smile o' love, like when I was away.
I feel like it would help me to battle here with a sin—
Wish I could go back awhile 'n be a boy again.

Here's a Queer Game.

Among Indian boys a favorite gambling game is played with bows and arrows. A boy will shoot an arrow and all the other boys will shoot at it. If their arrows hit it or stick within a certain distance the boy who shoots first pays an arrow. If they do not come within the stated distance he gets an arrow. Cheating predominates here as in all other forms of Indian gambling, and many of the larger Indian boys treat the younger ones outrageously, deliberately robbing them of their arrows by false representations, just as I have seen big white boys cheat their smaller playmates out of their marbles.

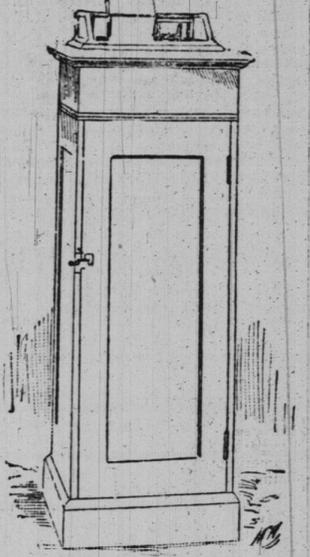
"Are you sure you took laughing gas when your tooth was taken out?" "Mercy, yes! I cried the whole time I was under the influence of it."

SCIENTIFIC MATTERS.

NEW IMPROVEMENTS AND DISCOVERIES.

A New Invention That Will Furnish the News of the Day Typewritten on a Continuous Roll of Paper—Pneumatic Wheel Skates.

The Illinois Telegraph News Company will put in Essick page printing telegraph instrument into operation in a day or two according to the Chicago Herald. These instruments called "tickers" for the sake of convenience, have been placed in various places where men are wont to congregate, and from each of them there will roll until nearly midnight an endless page of typewritten "copy" containing



The Essick Ticker.

news of the day and night from all over the world.

A man may stroll in his favorite resort, whether club, hotel or cafe, and by glancing over the neat manuscript unfolded before him by the new "ticker," find out what has happened and what is likely to happen during the day. He may learn that Li Hung Chang has lost another battle and more peacock feathers; that wheat has gone up or down; that certain stocks are high or low—and so on to the end. Everything in the way of news will be ticked off by the instrument as soon as it is received through sources that are the best and most reliable.

The paper ribbon that comes from the Essick machine is not the narrow and tender tape turned out by the old stock "tickers" that print one continuous line; it is thick white paper nearly half a foot in width, and the matter printed on it is in either paragraph or tabular form, according to the nature of the news. A section clipped from an Essick machine roll could not be distinguished from a sheet of the same size that had been run through a regular typewriter.

Methods of Operation.

At headquarters a young woman sits at a keyboard exactly like that to be found in the ordinary typewriter. This is electrically connected with the "tickers" each of which has a metal wheel bearing the letters of the alphabet, minerals, etc. When the young woman at the transmitter thumps the letter A, or any other letter, the wheel, which is inked automatically, promptly prints that letter on the white roll. And so it continues, the lines being printed as they are to be read, from left to right, as in a newspaper. The shifting of the paper is done automatically, and one person at headquarters operates all the "tickers" simultaneously. They may number a thousand and some of them may be twenty miles away, but all record the events of the day at one and the same moment. The machine is about four feet high and occupies floor space about a foot square.

No extended account of any event, unless of the greatest importance, will be sent out by the company. The information will be in the shape of bulletins containing the pith of the news. On momentous occasions, such as a general election, fuller reports will be furnished the "tickers," and they will be operated all night, or until most people have gone to bed.

Special attention will be devoted to stock and bond transactions on the Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, London and Liverpool exchanges; to grain trading in the primary and seaboard markets of America and Europe, and to current financial and commercial gossip.

The Cause of Weariness.

Dr. Hodge of Clark University, has been for some years making experiments with a view of throwing light on the pathology, or explaining the physiology of fatigue. He bases his researches on the fact that all the energy of the body comes directly from chemical changes and reactions in the individual cells of which the body is composed. Every kind of cell has its peculiar function—gland cells to produce work, and so on—whereas nerve cells produce what we call consciousness, a thing outside of physical observation. But the nerve cells have the same life-history of birth, maturity and death as other cells, hence they suffer from want of nourishment, from over-exertion or from their causes. It has recently been demonstrated that the passage of an electric current through a muscle is equivalent to so much work done by the muscle, and it has even been proposed to produce muscular development by electricity. The excessive application of electric currents would naturally produce fatigue, and Dr. Hodge utilized this cause and effect in following out his investigations. He passed currents through various animals, and after they were killed he examined their nerve

cells under the microscope. The uniform result in a large number of experiments was a diminution in the nucleus, the cell protoplasm was shrunken, and the reticular appearance of the cell was destroyed. The sections of the brain not stimulated showed no changes of this nature. Dr. Hodge then set himself to inquire: "Whether similar changes occur in the normal activity of an animal from fatigue, and are they restored by rest and sleep?" To answer this numerous sparrows, pigeons and swallows, were shot in the morning, as they were going out, and others at night when coming home after a day of activity. Sections of similar parts of the brain of the morning and evening birds were compared with each other. In all cases changes corresponding to the effect of the electrical current were apparent, these changes being more or less pronounced according to the vigor of health of the animal. These studies, conducted with great accuracy and detail, pointed to brain and nerve fatigue as a shrinking of the nucleus and cell protoplasm. Thus in the sleep the wasted cell recovers its functional tone, and the failure of this restoration is the beginning of organic degenerations of all forms and degrees. In the establishment of functional changes in nerve cells, which can be restored by rest and sleep, scientific inquiry has taken a step forward of deep significance.

Pneumatic Wheel Skates.

The movement for the abolition of all trouble and work goes on apace. The latest invention is intended to do away with walking by making every man his own vehicle.

A pneumatic skate is on exhibition at the Royal Aquarium, London, on which the skater can spin along much more rapidly than on the old-fashioned wooden-wheeled roller, says the New York Herald. The idea is a distinct embellishment, of course, of the idea of the pneumatic tire as used on bicycles.

It was invented by H. J. Wilson, and the first pair was sold to a woman of "pluck and title," who lives at Kirkcaldy and does her shopping on the skates, followed by all the inhabitants of Kirkcaldy who are well enough to be out. The craze has infected Glasgow, where pneumatic skaters go along at the rate of twelve miles an hour, the beginners moving down anything and every one in their path. It is specially adapted to country doctors, letter carriers, drummers, highwaymen, and in fact, to any one whose interest it is to move rapidly from one place to another.

The skates cost in England from \$17 to \$25 a pair. It is said that \$2 worth of arnica and sticking plaster is enough for the learner, and after that he can keep his balance and make good speed. It isn't necessary to have a smooth floor, the best sort of ground being a gritty, macadamized road. Under the laws of England a bicycle must be equipped with a bell, a brake and a lantern at night. This expense to the bicyclist is saved to the skater, who, when he sees that there is danger of a collision, can avoid it by throwing himself forward and alighting on his nose.

It is suggested that the pneumatic skates will be useful for military purposes. A retreating army that knows how to skate can get away from trouble



Pneumatic Skates.

three times as fast as by the ordinary heel and toe method.

So far this form of skate has not been seen in this country. The alcoholic skate, however, is quite common, especially in Kentucky.

Electric Muffles.

Although the electrical brick kiln, which was said to have been invented by a Western engineer, has failed to materialize, it is stated that an electric muffle is now a fairly common adjunct to the laboratory of the French metallurgist. An electric muffle at once suggests the adaptation of the principle of resistance to the "firing" of pottery. When valuable porcelain is "fired" in a kiln heated by means of fuel, many expensive precautions have to be taken so as to prevent the delicate glazes and colors from being injured by the products of combustion. This has led to the use of small gas kilns and muffles, as the products of combustion of gas are not quite so injurious to porcelain as are those of fuel. It is now argued that since a muffle can be made just as hot by electricity as by any other means, and since the electrical heat leaves behind it no fumes or hurtful products, electric muffles, and even electric kilns, would be a success in the baking of porcelain.

New Fuel Gas-Making Process.

An excellent gas for steam purposes is now being distributed to consumers at 25c per 1,000 feet. The process of manufacture is apparently a combined coal gas and water gas process, and the secret of the low price is the necessity of competing with natural gas. For lighting the gas is not satisfactory, though better than natural gas; with the Welsbach burner, however, it is said to give good results.

THE TROTH OF REGULUS.

He goes to die; and yet he shall not die.
 For death is but for such
 As loving life too much.
 Seem to live, but die eternally.

He goes to meet his doom—yet see him go.
 Behold his easy tread,
 And mark his stately head,
 High towering o'er the tiles of wall and woe.

Ah! fair would we—all we his countrymen
 Go with him singing songs,
 With music that belongs
 To victory and triumph. Only then
 Is glory gained, when it is won
 By bitter mastery
 O'er self and luxury.
 Rest waits the hero when his toil is done.

And Regulus hath fought, nor vainly fought;
 He wins his city fame;
 Achieves a deathless name;
 And gains the garland for the victor wrought.

Be still, and slug not; for the gods above
 Hath taken up our song,
 And through Heaven's courts prolong
 The hymn that telleth of the patriot's love.

Spectator.

NAN'S BICYCLE.

"No, sir! Never, with my consent! If you want to keep peace with your old father, don't mention the subject to me again, Fred Dunbar! The very thought makes my blood run cold! That you—my son—descendant of one of the first, the very first, families in all Roxbury—should fall in love with and wish to marry a girl, a female, I should say, who rides a bicycle! In my time, no self-respecting young man would look at a brazen creature like that! Fred, you are my only son; don't bring my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave!"

Old Warren Dunbar paused to take breath. He was a handsome, distinguished-looking old gentleman, and his son, handsome Fred Dunbar, was his counterpart, barring the difference between twenty-eight and seventy-five. Fred stood gnawing his silky dark mustache unceasingly, his thoughts running something like this:

"How provoking! Nan would insist upon riding past the house last evening! I warned her, that should my father chance to see us, it would be all up between us! I know father's absurd prejudices, and once set in a certain groove, no power on earth can move him. But Nan, bless her dear heart! has just mastered the 'cycle, and her new one had just arrived, and she was wild for a spin out on the Fairmount road, so smooth and even. And then, of course, we had to meet the old gentleman, out for his constitutional, and the moment I looked at his face I prepared for a storm! Well, I cannot help it! I love Nan! Henford, and I am going to make her my wife! With which mental declaration of independence, our hero turned to leave the shady veranda, where the conversation had taken place.

Mr. Dunbar glanced after him.

"Fred!"

"Yes, sir!" pausing to glance back.

"Where are you going?"

"Over to Mrs. Henford's."

"Don't! See here, son! What I am saying is for your good! I am sure I am ready and willing—and my mother also—for you to bring home a wife to the big lonesome house; but let her be a lady, Fred—a real, true, refined lady!"

"Do you mean to insinuate that Nan Henford is not a lady?"

"I always considered her so before this episode," responded the old gentleman, gravely, "thought she was a little wild, and never conventional. In my days, Fred—"

"Father, in your young days the bicycle was not invented! Had it been, the women of that period would have taken to it as kindly as they do now! Believe me, there is no harm in it. How can there be? Such a pleasant exercise, too!"

"But there are other ways of exercising, which are more modest and refined! There's no use in arguing the subject, Fred; I could never approve of such a thing! And no son of mine shall wed a woman so bold and brazen as to parade upon a bicycle, up and down the public roads, even of a small town like Roxbury. So, that settles it!"

"Does it?" muttered Fred, indignantly. "Well, we shall see."

"I can never hope to change your opinion, father," he said, aloud; "but, really, I must reserve the right to select my own wife. And I have chosen Nan Henford! I shall marry her, or nobody!"

Mr. Dunbar looked angry. He had long known that his son was a determined young man, but this—this savored of anarchy. He started up with an angry expression, but Fred had disappeared. Down the long schillinger walk he strode hastily, the gate-latch clicked behind him, he was gone.

"Right straight to Henford's!" growled the father—his eyes following the tall, well-set figure of his son in gray summer suit, and broad-brimmed straw hat, going down the long road in the direction of the handsome brown house where his divinity resided.

"Ah, well!" commented Mr. Dunbar, philanthropically, "what cannot be cured, must be endured!" Only, that girl shall never enter my house with my consent, as my daughter-in-law!"

But alas! "The best laid schemes of mice and men," etc., and Warren Dunbar was destined to find that out ere long.

Fred's face had cleared a little by the time he had entered the rustic gate of the Henfords' handsome grounds.

Just as he expected, there was Nan seated upon her bicycle, flying over the asphalt walk, like a winged Mercury, her pretty sailor hat only half shading the fair, sweet face, with its dimples and dancing blue eyes. She wore a pale blue "cycling suit," and looked, as she always did in Fred's eyes, simply bewitching.

"Why, what's the matter?" he barked characteristic greeting. "You look as if you were a Knight of Ye Doleful

Countenance!" Tell me, Fred, what have I done now? Is it because I started a little, only a little, with Tom Allen last night. I'll never do it again—hand on my heart—so help me!"

"No!" laughed Fred, "not until the next time! But, Nan, I am in real trouble this morning. Come! Put that thing away, and sit down in the summer-house with me, while I tell you!"

Nan's eyes flashed.

"That thing, indeed! Why, Fred Dunbar, that's my dear new bicycle, and I love it best of anything else in the world! Except—"

"Tom Allen, I suppose?"

"You know better. Come," (dismounting and disposing of the wheel, as she spoke), "let us hear your tale of woe!"

And when she had heard it, her eyes flashed, and she looked the personification of indignation.

"Your father's a—dear old man!" She had been about to say a dunce, but discreetly changed her tactics—"to go on at that rate, as though we were in the seventeenth century, instead of nineteenth-century people. Why, Fred, suppose I went to him, head down, shy, you know, finger in my mouth, face all blushes—Gouh bad boy! could I achieve a blush?—and slip out faintly a promise to him never—never—never to ride a bicycle again. Well, what then? Why, directly there would be something else. He is a spoiled old boy, and needs taking down a peg. I do not know how it is to be done, but I feel it in my bones, as our cook says, that I am destined to do the deed! What do you say, Freddy?"

"I say you can do anything you attempt," he rapturously cried, holding the golden head close to his heart, to the certain destruction of the jaunty, sailor hat. "But the question is—how, my gentle Nannie! How?"

"Wait! Time will tell the tale," she repeated, oracularly. "And now Fred come into the house! My prophetic soul warns me that it is seriously near lunch-time!"

When Fred left Nan that day, they had not arrived at any idea of how the old gentleman was to be converted from the error of his ways. The two were simply grieved and despondent, as well as impatient. For they had loved each other long, and were only waiting for propitious time for Fred to lay the subject of their marriage before their prospective parents. And right at this unlucky juncture, Mr. Dunbar had unfortunately seen Nan riding a bicycle. To a man of his strong and unreasonable prejudices, this meant everything dreadful and impossible in his son's future wife.

That very evening Mr. Dunbar walked out at the sunset hour. He had long been accustomed to taking extended walks alone, and as he was a man of wealth had little to occupy his mind. He had gone farther than usual this evening, a lovely September evening, and when he glanced up and saw that the sun was quite out of sight, he uttered an exclamation of dismay:

"Dear me! I never dreamed it was so late!" he exclaimed, glancing at his watch, and I expect Stanton and Harrington at seven, to consult about that piece of timber land. It will probably mean a loss of several thousand dollars to me if I fail to see them to-night for they are to leave Roxbury early in the morning. I will just take the railroad track. It will save me a full half mile, and then I may get home in time."

No sooner said than done. Striking the track, he was soon walking briskly, for his years, down the long line of trestle-work, homeward bound. Too briskly did he walk—for in his haste he grew careless—struck his foot against something, and down he went prone upon the track, one limb doubled under him. He strove to arise, but the sharp, sickening pain warned him that he had broken or sprained his ankle. There was no help for it only to lie down again. What should he do? It was fast growing twilight. Nobody at home would ever think of looking for him on the railroad track. And, powers above! he recollected that the down train would soon pass; in a few minutes it was due. The old man closed his eyes.

"Heaven help me!" he groaned, "I am lost!"

Just at that moment something soft and light was speeding down the track like lightning. He opened his eyes. At the same moment the roar of the approaching train filled the air, and around the curve in the track, the down express came in full view.

Nan Henford, seated on her bicycle, caught a glimpse of that huddled heap upon the track, and with a cry of horror, turned her wheel in its direction. She never dreamed that it was Fred Dunbar's father, but the impulse of humanity prompted her to go to the relief of whosoever it might be; on came the train with thunderous tread. On flew the slender wheel from the opposite direction. It was a mad race between the two. Nan's blood was up. She set her white teeth firmly together, and whispered, gravely, "God help me and give me strength!"

And so, she reached the inert mass lying right in the jaws of death. One spring and she had dismounted from her bicycle, dashed it aside, and stooping over the old man, pulled him with all the strength of her strong young arms, away from the approaching monster into the side switch near. The train thundered past.

Nan fell upon her knees before the prostrate form.

"Good Heaven! it's Fred's father!" she exclaimed.

In a few trembling words the old man explained his presence in that undignified position. Nan listened, with eyes full of tears.

"Oh! I am so sorry," she cried. "Now, since you are safe, Mr. Dunbar, can you lie here just as you are, while I go and get Fred and the carriage? I will stop at Doctor Lee's, too, and send him to your house. It will not take any time at all on my bicycle."

It was all done. In an incredibly short time the old gentleman was safe at home, and Doctor Lee in attendance. The physician doctored that, owing to the age of the sufferer, he could have done little for him, but for the promptness with which Nan had acted in getting Mr. Dunbar home, and summoning the physician.

"And for that you can thank the bicycle, and Miss Nan's proficiency as a rider!" he added.

"Come here, Nan!" cried Mr. Dunbar.

The old man held out his hand,

and Nan at once possessed her self of it.

"I've been a cross old curmudgeon," he went on. "Forgive me, dear—and if you want Fred—well, of course, there's no more to be said. And you shall ride your bicycle as much as you please!"

"Which last was very well put in," commented Nan naively, "because you know I shall do it anyway! And, really, I fancy I have proved to you, Mr. Dunbar, that the bicycle is good for something!"

HUNTING WOLVES.

They charged until the Bullets Flew and Then Made Oz.

On, on they came, each eager to get ahead of the other and lessening the distance between us and them at a rapid rate. But we stood firm with rifles raised, and sighted on the two in advance, until Ned thought they were near enough. Then, after careful aim his rifle rang out, and the foremost wolf with convulsive bound, dashed to one side and fell over on the ice.

I had good aim on the other, and as Ned's shot made the pack slacken their speed, I luckily sent a bullet through its head, and dropped it in its tracks.

This reception quite cooled the courage of the nearest wolves, and they cut their race short and began spreading out around us. Those farther back slackened speed, which showed their doubt and hesitation. We would have thought the battle won had not the little one, who seemed to be the leader, come bounding on as fast as ever, passing those ahead, one after the other, and inspiring them with fresh courage. We knew not what this might lead to, and reserved our buckshot for the occasion. It looked serious for a while, and we were afraid this second attack would prove a harder one to repel than the first. We had not much time to consult on the matter but we decided that Ned, at the proper moment was to make sure of the little one, and, immediately after, I was to send my charge into the foremost ones following.

On the leader madly pushed to a point within thirty rods of us, then, with wolf's cunning—turned quickly to one side, says a St. Nicholas writer. This brought the others to a halt, and relieved us of any fear we had, for we saw their attack was mere bluster. But if they were ready for a parley we were not. We sent our buckshot into the thickest of the crowd, and knocked the little one over, which sent the rest flying away, either to the woods or back to the deer, and left us masters of the field.

ROBBED BY THEIR GUESTS

Hotel Keepers Complain of the Continual Theft of Small Articles.

It is a fact well known to every hotel and restaurant keeper in the city that people will steal. Why they resort to speculation is a mystery, but a far greater mystery seems to be wrapped up in the class of articles that are stolen, says the New York Herald.

Guests who stop at first-class hotels and pay their bills in departing have been known scores of times to take with them toilet soap and towels from their rooms. Blankets, sheets, clocks and ornaments likewise disappear with the departing transients.

Nor does the speculation stop at this. Cheap plated trays, cutlery, forks and spoons, plainly marked with the names of the hotels, are stolen again and again. This seems strange, for if the articles are used by the thief, they bear, of course, the indelible evidence of the guilt of the speculators.

Sometimes the stolen articles are recovered and sometimes they are not. Only recently the proprietor of a local hotel advertised repeatedly and offered a large reward for the return of a valuable clock of large size, which had been taken from the hotel and in a manner never discovered. All the advertising was in vain.

The late John Hoey once succeeded by a shrewdly worded letter, in recovering a valuable rug, which a well-known New York woman had taken with her. As soon as his absence was noted from the Hollywood, Mr. Hoey caused to be written to the woman a letter, which read substantially as follows:

"Dear Madame: In packing your clothing, your maid, by mistake, included the Turkish rug, which was in your room. Kindly have it returned."

The woman had no maid which fact was well-known to herself and Mr. Hoey. The assumption that the theft was not hers afforded her an opportunity to return the stolen article, which she did at the earliest possible moment, sending with it at the same time a note apologizing for the stupidity of the "maid."

A Two-Story Tree.

On the bank of the river Oder, in Ratibor, in Silesia, Germany; there grows a maple tree which is one of the most remarkable works of art in existence; for though a tree, and to that extent a natural object, it has been trained, twisted and cut until it has become more like a house than a tree.

The tree is a hundred years old, and through the greater part of this time the work of cutting and twisting has been going on. The trunk rises from the ground much like that of any other tree; but a flight of steps leads to the first level, where the branches have been gradually woven together until a firm and leafy floor has been made.

Above this is a second floor, smaller in diameter, and formed in the same way. Around each floor the branches have been woven into solid walls, making two circular rooms. Each of these rooms is lighted by eight windows, cut through the walls of branches and foliage.

Below the first floor, at the level of the second, and at the top of the tree the branches have been allowed to grow naturally, while the intermediate walls and the edges of the window openings are kept closely trimmed.

These tree-rooms are occasionally used as a sleeping apartment in summer. The old tree is in a healthy condition, and promises to remain as a curiosity for many years.

A BARON'S HOME LIFE.

HIRSCH IS A ROYAL ENTERTAINER, INDEED.

Europe Dotted with His Magnificent Castles—The Twentieth Century Castle at Eichorn—Chateau in France and Mansion in Hungary.

ESIDES BEING one of the greatest financiers, generous philanthropists and richest men of all Europe, Baron Hirsch possesses an additional qualification in the eyes of his friends and acquaintances, namely, that of being the very perfection of a host and successful entertainer. His shooting parties at his Moravian place, the twelfth century castle at Eichorn; his modern country seat of St. Johann, in Hungary; his chateau of Beaugard, in France; his mansion in the Rue de l'Élysee, at Paris, and his town house in London are famed throughout the length and breadth of Europe for the perfection of their organization, the abundance of the sport and for the lavish hospitality of the baron.

It is generally in the early part of August that the baron arrives at Eichorn for the autumn, and as soon as the shooting season opens there is a constant succession of guests from every part of the world. Just at the present moment he has with him the duke and duchess of Devonshire, the earl of Dudley, Lord de Grey and a number of other personages of light and leading. Eichorn is perched on a rocky crag commanding a glorious panorama of the surrounding country.

Baron Hirsch, who is but little over 60 years of age and wonderfully well preserved, rises early in the morning, while the majority of his guests are still sound asleep, and spends an hour in exercising with Indian clubs, dumbbells and aerostats before bathing and dressing. He then drinks a cup of black coffee and eats a slice of dry

costume, awaiting them, and drive along a magnificent ten mile road constructed over a sandy stretch of country and passing over no fewer than thirty-six bridges to the village of St. Johann. This road was constructed by the baron and has naturally caused him to be looked upon in the district as a national benefactor.

The carriages halt beneath the pillared portico of a huge structure in the rococo style of architecture, and the guests find themselves surrounded by infinitely greater degree of luxury and brilliancy than when at the more somber castle of Eichorn. The picture

ures are superb and there is an absolutely priceless "Holy Family" by Van Dyk hanging in the library.

The baron's chateau of Beaugard, near Paris, is likewise somewhat rococo in style, and dates from the reign of Louis XIV. King Louis XV was very fond of staying there and it is on record that on one occasion while in pursuit of a stag he rode through the grand salon on horseback.

In 1849 Napoleon, at that time president of the French republic, purchased it from Gen. le Marquis de Galliffet and presented it to Miss Howard who was not only his Egeria but also his financial backer until he became emperor. On marrying Eugenie de Montijo, Napoleon made this chateau the cause for conferring upon his belle amie the title of Comtesse de Beaugard. On her death Miss Howard be-

Electricity and Pleasure Boats.

The inventor of a bicycle boat which since last years has attracted notice on the river Thames, found that his system was a little too laborious for the hot weather. He preferred, in fact, when going up the river to simply steer the boat and smoke a pipe. Of course, he turned to electricity. He fitted up an ordinary double-scuttling boat with an electric driving gear actuating twin screws. Each screw-shaft was supported by a frame made of light bicycle tubes. A motor was fixed at one end of the frame, and the screw propeller at the other. All he had then to do was to take his storage batteries on board, and he could sit down at his ease and be carried in any direction at his own sweet will. An American inventor has, however, done better than this. He has invented a motor and shaft which can be set on the stern-post of any boat in exactly the same manner as a rudder is hung, and be removed at pleasure and applied to any other boat without alteration, provided of course, that the rudder hinges are the same distance apart on both. So that the simplest rowboat can instantly be turned into what is practically an electric launch. The storage batteries weigh 25 pounds each, and the six cells, which are necessary for, say a 16-foot boat, will weigh, when fitted into boxes which can be stored away in any convenient place, about 175 pounds. The floor space occupied by these boxes is exactly three square feet. By the employment of this device a speed of eight miles an hour can be attained, and ten miles an hour is on record. The motor when adjusted for work is covered with a water-tight sheet-iron cap.

The Telephone on Railroads.

The telephone appears likely to supersede the telegraph to a great extent in the transaction of railroad business. In France communication with subscribers of city telephone systems is limited, but no such restriction is placed on the railway yards, where the telephone is used without stint to connect the superintendent with the freight office, switch towers, shops, etc. It is stated that in certain yards even orders are given through this medium, important messages being written down in a special book and compared by repeating. Some companies are credited with the intention of replacing the telegraph by the telephone even for the transmission of important orders. On the railroads with light traffic, where the telephone is already in use, it would be difficult to substitute it entirely as special telephone lines would have to be run. At one station on the Vincennes Railroad, at a signal by telegraph, the telegraph wires are connected with the telephone instruments, and talk thus goes on with the next station, a mile off. The Northern Railroad of France is equipping many of its stations with telephones, through which assistance can be summoned in case of accident. The telephone has also been adapted on the Belgian secondary roads to the number of 197, on an average of twenty-one miles apart.

Autographs by Wire.

Of the recent experiments with the teleautograph—the invention of Prof. Gray of New York—the experiments took place between the general post-office, London, and Cable Hut, St. Margaret's Bay, through which the London and Paris telephone passes. Special instruments were fixed at both ends, and as this was the first time that long distance experiments in teleautography have taken place in this country they were watched with unusual interest. The results were good, the messages transmitted being, in every respect, most successful, and the instruments working without the slightest hitch over a distance of eighty-three miles. Messages were both sent from and received at St. Margaret's Bay. It will be remembered that the principle of the instrument is that it automatically records a fac-simile of the writing contained in messages. In the experiments the receiving pencil recorded with ease and clearness handwritings, giving thick and thin strokes, dotting 'i's and crossing 't's correctly.

Aging Brandy by Ozone.

A London brandy distilling firm having offered to age brandy for its customers by ozone in eighteen months, a well known electrician has stated in English electrical papers that if the ozone process takes eighteen months to mature and improve brandy, the apparatus used must be imperfect, and the ozone of a very poor quality. With a medium-sized apparatus a cask of wine or spirit can be ozonized within from four to six hours, according to the quality of the liquid, and after, say three months' rest, it will have been aged some years. This is no experiment, as the process is in daily and successful operation. Not only is the expense in aging and improving wines, whiskies or brandies by this method trifling, but the maturing and refining of all alcoholic liquids is so rapid as to make a saving in many directions possible. Besides great economy from the quick turnover, and on the other hand reduced loss by interest on capital, there is an important gain in the avoidance of the shrinkage, which always takes place in evaporation.

Making Postage Stamps.

Every part of postage stamp making is done by hand. The designs are engraved on steel—200 stamps on a single plate. These plates are inked by two men, and then are printed by a girl and a man on a large hand press. They are dried as fast as printed, and then gummed with a starch paste made from potatoes. This paste is dried by placing the sheet in a steam fanning machine, and then the stamps are subjected to a pressure of 200 tons in a hydraulic press. Next the sheets are cut so that each one contains 100 stamps, after which the paper between the stamps is perforated, and, after being pressed, the sheets are taken away. If a single stamp is injured the whole sheet is burned.

It does not take a school boy long to perceive a love for division, provided another boy owns the apple.

Chauncey Depew thinks the American girl has had her day in England. But can't she secure a Knight?



BARONESS HIRSCH.

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE AND THEIR FAVORITE GRANDCHILD

ENGLAND'S GRAND OLD MAN AT 83.



MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE AND THEIR FAVORITE GRANDCHILD

The above picture is from a photograph taken in August last at Hawarden Castle, the home of the Gladstones. It is of interest just now while the wires are kept hot telling Americans that the Grand Old Man of England is daily nearing the end of his useful life. It is not improbable that there is foundation for these rumors and that any day we may learn that the bright light has finally vanished and that William Ewart Gladstone is no more.

Heard in a small turret veranda, from which he can see the sun rise in all its splendor across the low lying plain at the foot of the mountain. At 6 o'clock in the morning he receives his secretary, M. Furth, and before the general breakfast bell sounds has got through a formidable batch of correspondence, interviewed his house steward and settled with his head gamekeeper the precise locality of the day's sport.

Dressed, as usual, with scrupulous care, his costume is essentially English and exceedingly quiet. The baroness

Blanche Willis Howard.

Blanche Willis Howard has written in all nine books since she stepped before the public as a story maker, some of them stronger and more elaborate than her first, but none probably quite so affectionately welcomed and delightedly read as that same initial one—"One Summer." She wrote it to earn money to go abroad, and the only reason her American readers are sorry they bought it so generously is that she did go abroad on the receipts and has staid there pretty much all the time since. She has lived for years at Stuttgart, where she edits a magazine, writes books, and, being now a married woman, BLANCHE HOWARD, conducts the education of several pupils at her home. Miss Howard has written some verse, not much, however, as she has wisely recognized that her prose faculty is many times greater than her metrical powers.

A Clerical War Story.

Dr. Jesse Bowman Young, editor of the Central Christian Advocate, has written a book on what he saw as a boy in the army. Dr. Young tells the story of his war days under the pretense of narrating the adventure of a certain fictitious person, Jack Sanderson by name, who was too young to enlist in 1861, but who went off to the battlefields with his uncle, who was an officer in the Union army. While with his uncle Dr. Young witnessed many thrilling episodes which did not frighten him, but, on the contrary, were spurs which goaded him to enlist in a Pennsylvania regiment before he was 18 years old, the required age of recruits. Dr. Young served with distinction to the close of the war, and he had an officer's commission when he returned to private life.

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

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

Two men held up an operator at Tracy and secured three cents. There are lines of industry which are safer and pay fully as well.

THESE are the days the mother thinks of the son whose hair is a sight, and wonders ever in her heart: "Where is my quarter back to-night?"

SOME men are much like the Arizona bull which has just made a record by bucking a Santa Fe engine off the track. The bull was killed, but the record stands.

THE Japanese national flower is the chrysanthemum, but the Japanese national character, as expressed in the Chinese war, would be better represented by the daisy.

It is in a very sensible spirit of reform that the secretary of the navy is putting useless old tubs out of commission and shipping their crews on modern fighting craft.

"As the son of sixty kings I am a principle," shouts Francois Marie de Bourbon. "Thirty days," observes the court, and another instance of over confidence is recorded.

AN extra year or so should be added to the terms of those Virginia train bandits for robbing in the shadow of the capital dome. Nobody but congressmen can be allowed to do that.

It is all right, perhaps, for the pure food reformers to throw discredit on the potato, but the potato was here a long time before the reformers and it will be here a long time after they are gone.

EX-KHEDIVE ISMAIL has sent Johann Strauss, the father of waltz-music, two giraffes as a jubilee gift. Now if Johann should compose a waltz for them—but that would be another story.

A PACKING house run on Chicago methods in Liverpool is the latest idea of the meat kings, Swift and Morris, who propose to ship cattle, etc., from the states in their own ships and kill in England.

ALL the preliminaries for the Corbett-Fitzsimmons prize-fight in Florida have been arranged except getting the Florida legislature to pass a law prohibiting prize-fights, and that detail is already being looked after.

TIMES seem to be improving in criminal circles. Only a little while ago a footpad could only acquire a sentence of twenty years, and now he can get the assurance of board and lodging for life just about as easily.

A recent invention is the pulsometer, a watch made especially for doctors to time pulses with. It is made very much on the principle of the stop watch and indicates the rate on a pulse dial in so many beats per minute.

AS THOUGH to rectify the prevailing tendency toward concentration of wealth and population in cities, the remains of "boom towns" in Oklahoma and Western Kansas are being carted out on the prairies and used to ornament the farms and ranches.

THAT is a very common kind of statement which appears in many obituary notices of late—died in consequence of a surgical operation. "Before long, in a burst of confidence," the newspapers will phrase it, "killed by the doctors."

THE Montclair, N. J., women have our sympathy. They have been pulling down patent medicine sign fences in their vicinity, relieving their landscape from some horrible eyesores. In just what light a police justice will regard this "art movement" remains to be seen.

It is estimated by the Railway Age that the track-laying in the United States for the year 1894 will amount to not more than 1,550 miles, which will be the lowest figure shown for any year since 1865. For the first nine months of the year the track-laying was but 1,100 miles.

EXTENSIVE frosts along the Atlantic seaboard are said by the marine hospital corps to end any danger of a visit from cholera, yellow fever or any epidemic this year. Had it been a matter of choice the country would have preferred the frosts to the epidemics, but the victims of the former will kick just the same.

A WEST VIRGINIA husband who tried to commit suicide was cut down by his loving wife before death came, and as soon as he recovered he took the rope and gave her a sound beating with it. There seems to be a moral in this little story for somebody, and somehow it does not strike us that it vindicates the loving wife.

A MEMBER of the Peary expedition, who esteems it a great piece of luck to get back, in summing up the mistakes of Peary, asserts that the principal mistake was in going at all. That is the literal truth. Under present conditions all expeditions to the pole are fit only for the members of suicide clubs whose time is up.

CYNTHIA'S REVENGE.

TALE OF A WILD NIGHT ON CUMBERLAND ISLAND.

The Memory of It Was Harbored for Long Years by the Creole Girl Until at Last the Moment Came for Her to Strike—A Southern Tragedy.

The southern coast of Georgia is bordered by a network of islands separated by innumerable sounds and inlets, and here, in olden times, slaves fleeing from their masters found a safe refuge.

Cumberland island, the largest, is about twelve miles long and four wide. The island was, in 1820, divided into two plantations—the northern one belonging to a Mr. Farren and the other to the brothers, Jean and Michel Juneau. They were the sons of a French Creole, who had made a fortune in slave trading, smuggling and, no doubt, worse.

With their nearest neighbor, Farren, the brothers had a family feud arising out of a lawsuit about a slave and it came about in this way: Old Juneau had bought a woman at St. Augustine, the offspring of a Bambarra girl and Creek Indian. She was very comely and he sold her to a Spaniard named Damas for a high price, taking his note. She had a daughter by Damas. He became embarrassed and sold the two to Mr. Farren. The Juneaus claimed the sale to be fraudulent, as Damas had never paid his note. They went to law about the matter and were defeated. Meantime the Damas child had grown into rare beauty, and Farren's nephew, Tom Donaldson, was very much in love with her, but his uncle, an austere Presbyterian, forbade any relation between the two.

Michel Juneau and Tom Donaldson were bitter enemies, says the Philadelphia Times. They had a fight at the race track at Darien, and Michel was so badly hurt that his life was in danger. Much to the regret of decent people he got well, but was less often seen away from his own plantation.

One evening Tom Donaldson was crossing Cumberland sound on his way to the island, in a boat with four negro oarsmen. He was seated in the bow, and when within forty yards of shore two shots were fired in quick succession. Donaldson made a grasp for his pistol, but he was dead when the boat reached shore.

That night a strong party of armed men, headed by Farren, raided the Juneau plantation. Jean proved that Michel had gone out in the sloop fishing down the coast, but this did not prevent him landing and crossing the island and committing the murder. Had the party laid hands on him he would have been lynched, but he got away and was seen no more in that neighborhood for some years.

Mr. Farren did not long survive his nephew. His affairs were found to be involved, and in the end all his property was brought to the hammer, and, by paying what was then a great price, Jean Juneau became the owner of the old woman Damas and her daughter Cynthia, then 19 years old. Juneau had an elder sister, Marie, who managed his household, and she took charge of Cynthia. Miss Marie was pleased to find her charge obedient and modest and giving no evidence of an evil temper.

Juneau's passions grew more inflamed under the girl's quiet coquetry, and finally, against the remonstrance of his sister, he placed his slave at the head of his table and made her mistress of his household.

Inside of three months her influence was complete. Juneau sent to Savannah for expensive furniture and began a career of wasteful extravagance. Suddenly his sister died, and the shrewd physician who attended her shook his head and hinted that the symptoms were those of a poison well known to the voodoo, but he was well paid and thereafter held his tongue.

In the meantime Juneau was ruining himself to gratify his mistress' boundless caprices which he in effect made no effort to restrain. Many of his most valuable hands died mysteriously, dropping dead in the field or at their quarters, and the doctor said without hesitation that they had been poisoned.

As these rumors got about people ceased to visit the place and Juneau became more and more a puppet in the hands of Cynthia. One morning, while at breakfast, a strange man stood in the doorway, and looking up Jean saw the dark, evil face of his brother Michel. The woman sprang to her feet, her eyes lurid with passion as she screamed:

"You villain and murderer, what brings you here?"

"Yes," said Jean already in liquor, "do you want to bring the sheriff down on me again. You had better leave at once."

Michel growled that he was out of money, and would leave when he got ready. With a strong effort the woman controlled herself, spoke civilly and asked him to sit down to breakfast.

From that day peace left the house. Michel did not conceal his admiration for Cynthia, and she alternately favored and repulsed his advances until he was half mad. The climax was reached one night. Both brothers were drinking sullenly when Michel said with a sneering laugh: "Monsieur Jean, when do you intend to pay me the money you owe me? I'll tell you what I will do for a settlement. Give me the girl and you can keep the money. She prefers me anyway."

Juneau was the larger and more powerful, and with a yell of hate and defiance he kicked over the table and had Michel by the throat. Taken by surprise he went down with a crash. For an instant Jean held him and

then, cocking his pistol, shot his brother through the body. Michel braced himself with a despairing effort and plunged his knife into Jean's heart.

"God forgive me," said the wretched man, as he supported himself on a chair. "Cynthia, I am done for. For God's sake send for the priest and a doctor."

The girl laughed shrilly. "A priest! The curse of Cain on you! Die as you have lived, you mean, yellow Creole dog. What time did you give poor Tom Donaldson to prepare for death? Listen, you palsied villain. He was the only man I ever loved and I only lived to avenge him." Quickly closing and locking the doors the woman disappeared and the next moment there was a cry of fire.

Next day a searching party found the charred remains of the two brothers. The place was deserted and became a wilderness.

SOME WASHINGTON YARNS.

Adam Biglyre Frattles About the Wonders of the New State.

Talk about hops growing fast in Puyallup and Yakima! A farmer here has a hop yard that grows close to some tall fir trees, says the Tacoma Ledger. A vine ran off a pole and started up a tree. The farmer's boy climbed the tree to disengage the vine, but slipping, caught on the vine between the top of the pole and the tree. He began changing hands rapidly on the vine, struggling and kicking, until the farmer called to him, "Why don't you come down?" "Come down!" cried the boy, "I'm trying to, but the darned vine grows so fast it's running me up faster than I can come down!" They had to cut the vine close to the ground to stop its growth and let the poor boy back to earth.

A farmer here hauled some cottonwood logs to mill and had them sawed into lumber. After getting it thoroughly dried he built a stable during the hot weather. It began to rain, and going out one morning he found his horses in the loft; the lumber had swollen and drawn the stalls into the second story. He got them out with difficulty and a few days afterwards it came off hot again and the poor man found the lumber had warped so that his team and harness were outside the barn.

Modern science and invention greatly facilitate farm work. To pull a stump here we simply bore a hole in it, fill the hole with Washington soil and plant a potato in it. The potato grows and "busts" the stump. We then plant a hill of hops by the side of it, fasten the vine to the stump and let it pull it out of the ground bodily.

They brag of the hot and cold springs of the National park and how they can catch a fish in cold water and cook it in an adjoining spring without changing positions. It can't compare with Roy as a sporting ground. After the recent rains Muck creek ran so fast that the friction of the water on its banks heated it to the boiling point, completely cooking the fish. All the sportsmen had to do was to stand on a log and catch them in a net as they went by, already cooked—except the salt.

One of our citizens was quite seriously injured recently. He was chopping down a strawberry vine when one of the small berries became detached and fell, striking him on the head. He was unconscious for a short time, but it is thought he will recover.

A Parrot That Spoke Chinese.

A Boston bird-fancier has had a parrot that mastered some words of Chinese, in the use of which he became proficient, but could never be taught to say anything else. The dealer was at first in despair, believing that nobody would want the bird, but a Chinaman became so much interested in it that he bought it at a large price.

SOME NOTABLE BOYS.

Kant spent his youth in a saddler's shop. Keats, it is said, was born in a livery stable.

Powers, the sculptor, spent his youth on a farm. John Calvin was an apprentice at the cooper's trade.

Turner, the painter, spent his boyhood in a barber shop. Washington's boyhood and youth were passed in the country.

Lincoln's boyhood was spent in the roughest and coarsest description of farm work.

Schumann was raised in a book store, and to the end of his life retained a fondness for the business.

Luther's father was a miner, and the future reformer often earned a support by singing in the streets.

Chaucer's boyhood was passed in a wine vault, where he was required to wash barrels and clean wine casks.

Wagner, the composer, spent no small share of his time when a boy in the police court where his father was the clerk.

Napoleon's first plaything was a toy cannon. Late in life he said: "The whole course of my life was determined by that cannon."

As a boy Thomas Jefferson was fond of hunting, athletic sports and music. He was a good shot and played well on the violin.

Oliver Cromwell was the son of a country gentleman, who was also a brewer, and the little boy was always greatly interested in the operation of the brew house.

Sir Isaac Newton spent his boyhood on a farm, and there acquired the marvelous powers of observing that afterward made him famous as a natural philosopher.

Daniel Webster's boyhood was spent on a farm. He was thoroughly familiar with every kind of farm work, and in later life often related incidents of his early days on the old home place.



HAD returned to Paris in search of something new. A tour of the provinces had somewhat disheartened me, but still my last franc was not in sight, and I thought I would be able to add to it materially if I could but find the thing I wanted.

Paris did not seem the old Paris. I found some of the fine shade trees cut down where the barricades had been erected, and here and there on the walls of the little houses in the Rue Santerre, where I lodged were the marks of bullets—the scars of the rage of the terrible commune.

I wanted a new drama—something that would fill the house and my pockets as well.

Just then this new drama seemed a dream, a vision not to be realized, for some of the finest things in that line had failed, and the dramatists were taking their wares across the channel and even to the United States.

I advertised for manuscripts in the proper channels and retired to the upper rooms to wait. I knew it would be a long time before I could find just what I needed, and when I thought of the stuff I would be expected to read—the useless dialogue and the poor humor—I fairly shuddered.

My one friend and confidant, Monsieur Jadet, a little man with the blackest eyes that ever sparkled, used to climb to my room and walk over to the table and run his hand through the dramas that were accumulating there.

"I told you so," he would say. "You get enough, but not what you want. It won't come. Paris is still shivering over the commune, and it won't come out of the shadow of the barricades and such until a year has passed. That one terror paralyzed the brain; it has palsied the hand, and—no drama, monsieur, no drama! Sarc! Why do we wait for that which cannot come?"

And then he would walk to the window and look out over the city with his face darkly sober.

We waited for three weeks. Day after day I picked up a new manuscript, but soon laid it down. A dozen lines were enough.

One afternoon when I had come in from a walk through the denuded boulevards I found my room occupied.

Pierre, my janitor, had let my visitor into the room, and she sat in my chair with her eyes resting half jealously upon the pile of rejected dramas on the table.

I was struck at once with the beauty of the girl, for girl she was, not past eighteen, with a fragile but bewitching figure and a face almost transparent in the sunlight.

"You are Monsieur M—?" she asked, half timidly, showing me two rows of snow white teeth.

I replied in the affirmative and she seemed to smile again.

"I am Mlle. Vivien," she answered, modestly taking from beneath her shawl a little roll of paper at sight of which I seemed to fall back.

Was it another drama? "You have advertised for a drama," she went on. "And see! I have brought you one."

I took the roll and was about to untie it when she interposed a hand. "When I am gone, if you please, monsieur," she said, "I will leave it with you. I will come—when shall I return for your verdict?"

Pitying the girl, I told her I had received so many manuscripts and that I feared hers would not be read for some time; but she said quickly:

"I will come to-morrow! You will read it to-night. It may be better than strolling through the streets," and before I could reply she had arisen and was gone.

I heard her footsteps on the stair and then lost the sound of them. Half an hour later I was looking up from the manuscript with a startled face. It had come! I felt that I held in my hand the very thing I had sought, and with the drama clutched in my grip I went over to the window and breathed hard, yet joyfully.

The drama was called "The Countess Claire," and I saw at once that the young heroine would captivate the hearts of the fickle Parisians if anything could.

The girl who had brought the drama had left no address and I did not know where to look for her, so all I had to do was to wait. She said she would come the next day.

I dared not show the play to Monsieur Jadet, but resolved to wait till I had made arrangement for its purchase. I would keep the secret all to myself.

The next day Vivien came back. Modestly dressed and intellectual in appearance I had taken to her, and wondered if she were not the daughter of the playwright.

"I have examined your drama," said I.

"And you like it?" she started. "I thought you would, monsieur."

"It is very good."

She clasped her thin hands and looked at me.

"Your father, the playwright—"

"I have no father! I came to Paris, an orphan, from the district of Haute Lorraine. I walked all the way save when I was helped a little by the Prussian soldiers."

"But the drama? How did you bring it along without losing it?"

"It is all the one I care to possess." "But if I should decide to purchase?" "I will negotiate," she answered. "I am Mlle. Vivien, and the drama belongs to me."

"To you, mademoiselle?" She touched her breast and bowed. "To me—Vivien Noles," she said. That day Monsieur Jadet went into ecstasies over the purchase, but said dubiously:

"Where shall we find a 'Countess Claire'? It will become a famous character. What about the girl who brought the drama?"

I could not but start at the inspiration. "I will see her," I exclaimed. "She won't give me her address, but she is to call again."

Vivien came once more, and I proposed that she take the title role.

Instantly her cheeks flushed, and I knew that I could have made no more desirable proposition.

"I have had a little training," said the girl. "I have played in the provinces as a child, but—"

She paused and looked away. "The character seems to fit me, don't you think?" The countess is young and, what is more, she came from the Haute Lorraine, for you remember what she says of the roses there?"

It was settled. Vivien was to become our "Countess Claire," and forthwith we began.

Those were delightful rehearsals, and the rest of the cast, with one or two exceptions, took kindly to the fragile girl with the dark skin and deep, lustrous eyes, which Monsieur Jadet insisted talked as fluently as her tripping tongue.

One night after the rehearsal, in the midst of a pouring rain, Vivien threw her threadbare cloak over her head and stood waiting for a cab in the doorway.

"Shall I go with you to the Rue —?" She did not let me finish.

"To my home? No, no!" and she darted across the sidewalk, sprang into the vehicle, shut the door and was rushed away.

The drama progressed amazingly. Day after day I saw it nearing its readiness for the stage, and Monsieur Jadet who, with myself, had unlimited faith in its success, invested all his little wealth in the future.

"The girl is mad," suddenly cried the little Frenchman one afternoon as he rushed into my room and threw himself into my chair.

"Vivien?" I exclaimed. "The Countess Claire," he answered, and then he proceeded to narrate a



street incident which he had just witnessed.

Jadet said that he was strolling along the Rue Concorde when he saw an officer of the army, a young man in full uniform, struggling with a young girl. Anxious to see more and always chivalrous to defend innocence and beauty, he hastened forward to see the girl disengage herself from the officer's grasp, and before breaking away, deal him several blows with a little whip which brought the blood, for the tiny lash cut like a razor.

"That for the 12th of July, and this! and this!" she cried, as the blows fell upon the captain's cheek.

"But the girl?" cried I. "You seem to have me believe that she was the countess?"

"It was Vivien, monsieur! Her little arm seemed as strong as steel, but as flexible as whalebone. Sarc! how she struck the officer. He winced at each stroke, and when she ran off he looked and showed his teeth, but did not follow."

All this was strange, aye, unaccountable to me, I could not understand it at all. That Vivien, the fair girl from the Haute Lorraine, should have a difficulty with a man on the street was past my comprehension and almost beyond belief.

"She will explain when she comes," said I. "But the 12th of July, monsieur?"

Jadet shook his head. "Then is when they stood the commune up against walls and shot it to death. But she walked to Paris and the Germans helped her," and he shook his head again and looked away. When Vivien came back she was silent as to the occurrence in the street. I forbore to question her, hoping that she would enlighten me of her own accord, but she did not.

Again we fell to work on the drama, and the night of the first performance drew nigh.

But I had made another and an alarming discovery. The girl was wildly ambitious. She was putting her whole soul into the role of the Countess Claire, and I could see that it was taxing her strength.

"You must not work so hard," I said to her one day at my table. "You are getting on all right, but you will overtax your powers, and we can't afford to loose our countess, you see."

It was a wan smile that made her

features lovelier than ever, and she drew back with the sunlight falling on her locks which looked more ethereal than ever.

"It is a life's ambition, monsieur," said Vivien. "I had coupled it with another ambition, but that one is satisfied—satisfied forever. You did not see me? No, I got away—eluded the police and—" she broke into such a strange, wild laugh that I thought of what Jadet had told me about her mind.

This was the nearest she had come to referring to her altercation with the officer, and I did not press her to tell me more.

The thrill of the opening night of "The Countess Claire" remains with me still.

I recall the crowded house, the critics come to write the new drama down and the throbbing of my brain as Vivien appeared before the footlights.

But it was a success. The moment she spoke I knew what would happen. Her grace, her bewitching face and figure, her beauty, fragile but passionately strong—all these united to insure me a triumph such as the little theater had not scored in years.

I found Vivien, brilliant eyed, in one of the wings after the fall of the curtain.

She seemed to be waiting for no one, and when I came forward to congratulate her she did not seem to see me at all.

I spoke, but she did not look up. I touched her arm and spoke again, and then she seemed to recall that she owed me an answer.

"It was a success, Monsieur M—," she said. "You are satisfied with your 'countess'?"

How could I tell her how proud I was of her? How tall her that she had not only made her fortune, but my own, as well?

"You shall go home with me to-night," said the girl. "I believe the time has come, but you will let me precede you a little."

I told her that I would be delighted to see her at home, and below we called a cab.

"It will be going home with me if we go in separate cabs, monsieur," spoke Vivien at the door. "You can follow. I will direct the driver."

She called another cab and directed the driver to take her to the Rue Bourse, mentioning the number in the same breath. The man fell back and looked at her.

Vivien was in the vehicle and the door was shut, and in another minute we were rattling over the streets of Paris, but in different cabs.

Eager to see Vivien at home and to note the route taken by my cab, I leaned against the glass and took note of the streets. I was not far behind her, and I soon saw that we were entering the poorest quarter of Paris, the quarter where the petroleuses and commune had gaped and died before the bullets of the soldiery.

Her cab halted and mine soon came up, but Vivien was already out of sight. I entered the tall house and ran up the steps, for the girl had told me that I would find her on the third floor back, in a little room ten by twelve.

I heard the noise of a closing door as I started down the grimy corridor. I was there in a moment.

In another instant I had opened the door and stood on the threshold.

A light was burning on a table, and near it in a chair lay the form of an old woman.

Vivien was there, too, standing at the chair, with her face as white as death and her eyes riveted upon the wrinkled face in the chair.

I advanced, but the girl threw up her hand.

"She is dead, monsieur," she said. "She promised to live till I came back successful and she kept her word. This is my mother—the little woman who followed me from Haute Lorraine, and whose son, my brother, I avenged by cutting to pieces the face of the officer who had him shot those awful days. I have lived to achieve the only triumph I ever panted for. Oh, the long nights over the drama; oh, the patching it took and the oil we burned, and the bread we tried to save till it was ready for you."

I seemed thunderstruck. "What, was it your work?—the drama?—The Countess Claire?"

Vivien smoothed the white hair that straggled over the cold temples of the dead and smiled.

"It was my work, but it took my blood. Mother always said 'find him first,' and I found him. Monsieur, you have lost your countess; you can find another, but she will not be Vivien; no, not the little butterfly of the Haute Lorraine."

I sprang forward to prevent her from falling to the floor in a faint, but she was down already, and I tenderly laid her upon the poorly draped bed in one corner of the room.

The little doctor whom I summoned looked once and then turned to me with a shake of his head.

"It is too late, monsieur; they will go side by side to Pere la Chaise, if they have money enough."

And they had money enough; for when the hour came the little cortege that wound in and out of old Paris carried mother and child, our "Countess Claire" and the widow of the Haute Lorraine, to the most beautiful city of the dead in the world.

And we lost her, lost our star on the evening of its rising, and when we rode back, Jadet and I in the same cab, scarcely speaking, we saw a man stagger from a cabaret, and the moment the light fell on his face we uttered exclamations of astonishment, for it was covered with hideous red scars, and Jadet, leaning toward me, said in a stage whisper:

"The disgraced captain, monsieur—the man who wears the autograph of our little countess."

A NEW ORLEANS TALE.

THE OLD PRALINE WOMAN AND HER STORY.

A Typical Creole Negress of the Old Regime is Toto and She Sits All Day in Canal Street, While Her Heart Is Zway in the St. Louis Cemetery.

"Belles pralines pour les belles petites files. Mais you not go'n pass widout buy some des belles pralines: dey so nice, so good, si bon marche," and you turn in the dim Canal street, and look with half pity, half amusement, at the old shrunken figure seated before a little old table, on which are spread out dainty pink and white pralines and savory ones made of "syrop," with "pecans" stuck here and there by way of ornamentation and still more delightful eating.

"Oh! ma belle demoiselle, you go'n buy some praline for s'ure, dey so pretty for de pretty lady," and before you know it you have your hands down in your purse drawing out "one picayon" with which to buy one of "dese nice creole pralines," made of ground cocoonut and white sugar delightfully assimilated together and formed into round pink and white cakes, or one of those molasses pralines fixed so neatly and compactly in tiny moulds of white cut paper. Pralines are favorite luxuries with little creole children; they will save all their picayunes to buy one of these nice sugar cakes, and old Toto knows it.

The typical Creole negress of the old regime is Toto; her figure dark and slight, her eyes kind and full of the light of other days, her voice, once as soft as madame's own, now shrill and piping; she wears a dark guinea blue "gabrielle," with a white apron tied about her waist, and a white handkerchief folded across her bosom. Her severe toilet is relieved by her picturesque "tignon," a wonderfully fantastic, yet graceful, arrangement of a bright bandanna handkerchief about her head, tied in quaint knots, as only the old Creole dandies know how to tie the "tignon." How long has Toto sat in the old street? "Mon Dieu!" she will tell you, "so long she most done forgot. But Toto not always bin like dat," she will add, between her old broken teeth, which makes it difficult to understand anything she says except her cry: "Bells pralines for de pretty lady."

There is something in the old woman's face which tells its own tale of heroism and suffering and unswerving fidelity, and thinking to make her talk about herself you purchase some more of her pralines. But she resolutely resists all attempts to be drawn into conversation, answering you always, "You want for buy some more?"

But when at evening you see her seated before the gate of Jackson square, smiling at the little children playing among the flowers and shrubbery, and ever and anon stopping in the sports to come in groups of twos and threes to patronize her basket, the time comes back when you, too, were a little child and used to go with your nurse to the old Creole square in the summer evenings, just to spend your "picayune" for one of Toto's pralines and you dimly wonder how deserted the old square would seem without this ancient, familiar figure seated within its shadow.

But Toto has a history. The old Creoles will tell you that. A history with a soft, mournful beauty that seems like a romantic tradition in these prosaic days. Tien! Monsieur John will tell you all about Toto and how one day, so long, long ago, she ran about with little the pickaninny on the old plantation down the coast.

And then Toto was taken from the fields, as she grew older, and became my lady's maid, and one day the fiddle and dance sounded in the negro quarters, for Toto was married to "Uncle Francois" and "massa" and "missus" gave them a great lay-out. But that was long, long ago, and Monsieur John will tell you, too, how one night in the rotunda of the old St. Louis hotel there was a great auction of slaves, and many bidders were there, for the negroes were the finest lot exposed for many a day—the entire band of slaves from the plantation of Toto's old master. How did they come to be put up for sale? Ma! fo! it was only the old, old story, so common before the war.

Monsieur had gambled his entire patrimony away in one of those floating palaces on the Mississippi, and then, "like a gentleman," he went out and shot himself. And madame, ah, she was so proud to let his name be dishonored in death. The plantation was sold, and now—but hush, there is a wall in the old rotunda; someone has bought Toto's husband and son—a rich planter from Tennessee—he does not care for the mother, she looks too frail and delicate. And Toto? She sits there, crouched in the dim corner, weeping for her old madame and her husband and her child—her child? It is a long time before she is put on stand, and then Monsieur John comes in by chance and takes in the situation at a glance. He buys Toto—he will present her as a gift to the Tennessee planter.

Mais, tien! No one seems to know his name. He has paid his money in gold and gone. The next day, after vain attempts to locate the purchaser, he sends Toto as a gift to her old mistress, and these two came to live together in the old faubourg, each being a mutual help to the other till madame became so old and sick, and then Toto took to selling pralines in addition to washing and cooking.

It is nearly a decade since her old

madame has been laid away to sleep forever in the old Cimetiere St. Louis, and to-day Toto sits in the Rue Canal calling out with her lips: "Belles pralines for the belles demoiselles," while her memory is back in the dim plantation days with "old miss" and "Francois," and the boy taken from her arms in childhood and whom she has never seen since.

But her wares are all sold, and she smiles and says, "Pretty lady! pretty lady!" as the laughing girls pass on. She counts her "picayunes" with evident satisfaction. Certes, she will have enough to buy "one fine bouquet flowers" for her old "miss" tomb next Sunday.

BEAUTIES OF THE INDIES.

Creoles and Quadroons Who Excel in the Arts of Dressing and Flirting.

In Barbadoes, as in the French colonies, the term "Creole" is rightly used to designate the descendants of French and Spanish settlers in the island—not necessarily those who have an admixture of negro blood, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Record. Some of the Creole women are extremely beautiful, and their dark loveliness is enhanced by the tropical heat which renders English women faded and worn in a few years' time. While an Anglo-Saxon grows red as a boiled lobster under the glowing sun and becomes a "dem'd damp, moist, unpleasant body," one of the Latia race merely looks a trifle paler, with eyes more luminous and dreamy under influence of excessive heat or strong emotion. Some of the quadroon girls are even handsomer than the Creoles, whom they resemble in many ways and generally excel in dressing and flirting. The "race problem," as it is called in the United States, bids fair to be solved here. Many of the most prosperous citizens are colored men, who were born in slavery. The better class of these are ambitious to show the world that they are competent to do what the white man does, and to improve on the model if necessary. Already they are found in every walk of life and branch of business on the island, associating freely with the whites and highly esteemed by them, though intermarriages are comparatively rare. Slavery was abolished only eleven years ago, yet one of the best plantations in Barbadoes is owned by an ex-slave, which is worth, I am told, \$100,000, and last year yielded some 300 hogsheads of sugar. I noticed on the street a sergeant, black as ebony and built like a Hercules, superintending the digging of a ditch by some soldiers from the guardhouse, mostly white, who were thus undergoing punishment. The ebony Hercules carried a rattan, which he applied justly to the backs of his charges, and it seems to me that the white backs got rather more of it than the black ones.

Welcomed by St. Peter. St. Peter—Who's making all that racket out there? New Ghost—It's me. "Who's me?" "I'm an editor." "Yes, I see. One of those fellows who had a plan to solve the present financial stringency, etc." "No, I had no theory to offer." "What? Then come right in and pick out your robes."

Photographing Human Skin. Dr. Schaff, of Vienna, has applied photography to the study of the human skin. A bright light is projected on the part of the skin to be examined, and by direct exposure many small details of the skin, including markings not usually discernible, are photographed.

Tit for Tat. He, testily—I wonder why a woman will persist in wearing a large hat at the theater. She, quickly—One reason is because it shields her from hearing the man behind her who always wants to explain the play to his companion.

HERE AND THERE. Russia's state jewels are worth \$11,000,000. Elephants have been known to live 150 years. Policemen in the suburbs of Paris are now mounted on bicycles. Colored people make up one-fourth of the population of Baltimore. Blotting paper is the latest material used in making bicycle handles. The German man for tram-car is "Pferdstrassenbahnwagen."

There were 608 applicants for a position in the British postoffice that paid but \$9 a week at a recent civil service examination. A New York man owns two large watch dogs who have a strong antipathy to brass buttons, and who will jump at any person wearing them. The largest and oldest chain bridge in the world is said to be at King Tang, China, where it forms a perfect road from the top of one mountain to the top of another. The mikado of Japan has never been willingly photographed or even sketched. It is a capital offense for a native to make any kind of a pictorial representation of him, as it is regarded as a grave indignity. A policeman in Jersey City, finding a thief was getting away from him, jumped aboard a trolley car and, impressing it into the city's service, gave chase with it, and presently overhauled and captured his man.

A new "sign of the times" is the great plenty of venison in the London market. Formerly, those who owned deer shooting sent their bucks to their friends; now they send them to market to make a little money.

WE THREE.

Dodie and Nell and I. The three graces they called us at home. And this is the way we came to spend one winter in California.

Dodie was sick. Poor Dodie—we always called her Dodie, though why I could never tell, only it was her baby name and stuck to her; for her real name was Priscilla.

Dodie was so frail that we felt after mother died we must make a change, and the doctors suggested California. One day Nell electrified me by suggesting that we go second-class.

"Horrible!" sighed poor Dodie, who had a vague horror for all things second-class, and who associated second-class cars particularly with vile odors, and dingy people. "Nay, sweetheart!" Nell shook her brown curls sagely. "I have investigated the matter quite thoroughly, and I find they run second class sleepers, 'tourists' sleeping cars' they are called, I believe, all the way to Frisco. These are clean, comfortable, and in every way desirable, save that we must take our own bedding, linen, etc. Now this, I think, would not be a great inconvenience, and we could pack a delicious lunch, and live like princesses in a fairy tale all along the way. It would be quite as much fun as camping out, which you know, Dodie, you have always been crazy to do."

Dodie began to look interested. "What sayest thou, Dick?" Nell turned to me for my view upon the subject. Now, though Nell called me Dick, I must plead guilty to being "only a girl," and I am afraid a very weak-minded one at that; but in our family there had never been any boys, and in our childhood days I had always taken the masculine part in every drama and game we played.

"Glorious!" I answered, feeling quite an enthusiasm over the suggestion. "It's certainly cheaper—" "Oh, a great deal cheaper," interrupted Nell. "We would certainly be able to get there, and after that we could rely upon our natural resources for support while there."

We were provided with every comfort and our trip overland was indeed a delightful one. We found that poverty does not prevent people from being happy—and that "second class" people in purse may be thoroughly first class in every other respect.

The only drawback to our trip was Dodie's illness. She was taken quite ill on the way, and we were seriously alarmed, yet even this apparent evil proved a blessing in disguise, as so many of our trials often do.

One day when Dodie was feeling very bad Nell rushed out when we got to the dinner station to get some hot tea. As she came out of the lunch room she ran against a gentleman hurrying in the opposite direction. The tea was spilled much to Nell's dismay—but the stranger in a very gentlemanly manner apologized, and taking the pitcher from her hand replenished it at the lunch counter.

But seeing her still look so distressed, he inquired if he might aid her further.

"Oh, its nothing," Nell replied, the then she failed "my sister is quite ill, and we fear sometimes she may never live to reach Los Angeles."

The gentleman seemed to hesitate a moment, and then as he assisted her up the car steps he took a card from his pocket, handed it to her, saying kindly:

"I am a physician. With your permission I would gladly be of service to your sister. May I call upon her after dinner?"

What could Nell do? With her simple grace she accepted the offer in the spirit it was made.

And I cannot tell you how much brighter our days were after we met Dr. Lord. New beauties were found along the way, and the long ride across the plains was relieved of all its tediousness and loneliness. And best of all, our fragile sister grew better each day under his skillful treatment.

One evening just at sunset, as we skinned along the edge of the Great Salt Lake, Nell stole up to me, and, putting her arm around me, whispered in my ear the secret that sisters love to whisper to one another.

Opposite us lay Dodie among her white pillows, her mourning garments setting off more clearly the exquisite pallor of her fair skin and the gold of her blonde hair. She was so beautiful, Dodie was, with that soft ethereal beauty that belongs to the extremely delicate. Her violet eyes, so childlike in their girlish innocence, were closed, but the golden lashes outlined themselves faintly against the fair cheeks, and she looked like an angel—Dodie did, lying there with the glories of the sunset upon her.

"Dick," whispered Nell, "do you know why Dr. Lord is so very attentive to us and so fond of our society?" "Because we are poor, I suppose, with few friends, and he wishes out of the kindness of his heart to make our lot happier."

"No," Nell shook her head with a still more mysterious air. "Did it never occur to you, Dick, that Dr. Lord was deeply in love with our Dodie?"

"Hush," I said to Nell. "Dodie is only a child," and I would never let her speak to me of the matter afterwards.

When we reached the beautiful "City of the Angels," Dr. Lord proved himself a friend indeed. It was his home. He introduced me to his mother and sisters, and having discovered our motives and intentions in seeking a home in California, he aided us in obtaining employment, Nell securing a position as day governess in a very wealthy family, and I in establishing a studio and classes in painting.

We were getting along finely, but gradually two truths were dawning

upon me, one was that Dr. Lord was in love with Dodie, and the other—oh, must I confess it—I had loved him from the very first time I had looked upon his face. He was my complete ideal, the one for whom my heart had been longing for ever since its birth into womanhood.

"At last the hour of my trial came. One evening when Dr. Lord called he intimated to me that he would like to speak to me upon a matter of special importance, and knowing what it would be I deferred him to the next morning, when I assured him I had no class at my studio, and would be at leisure between 11 and 12. It seemed to me I could not bear to stand face to face with him that night, and hear the avowal of love for another from his lips. I must prepare myself."

When the morning came it found me pale and listless. Dodie put her arms around me and her cheeks against my own.

"Don't you feel well, dearie?" she asked.

"Yes, well enough Dodie," I replied, inwardly praying God to bless our darling and make me more unselfish. "You know, Dick," she said playfully, "you are our right-hand man, and we can't let you get sick."

I could only kiss her sweet face and choke back the tears silently. At 11 o'clock Dr. Lord came into my studio. It was a pleasant place and at that time of day the sunshine streamed in gaily. But I wondered how he could say it was pleasant—to me it seemed so dreary just then.

I trembled as he took my hand. It seemed to me I had never seen him look so calm and happy before. He had such a pure face for a man, and it was illuminated with that high purpose and wonderful light which only comes to those who love and faithfully serve our Master.

He sat down opposite me and talked for a few moments on different subjects—the weather, my studio, the progress of my pupils, etc.—and then quite abruptly he said:

"For a long time I have been desirous of speaking to you upon a certain subject. As you are a woman, and acute as the rest of your sex, you can perhaps guess what it is."

"Yes," I looked away lest my eyes meet his. The blow had come, and I must bear it.

"I know," I said simply, "but you know, Dr. Lord, that Dodie is very young."

For a moment he looked at me, it seemed to me in a surprised way; then he rose and came to my side.

"Dodie!" he repeated, "who was thinking of Dodie?"

"Why, didn't you come to ask me if you could marry Dodie?" I blurted out, quite forgetting my usual tact.

"Dick," he interrupted, calling me by my family nick-name for the first time in his life, "if you were a man I should say you were stupid, but as you are a woman, and the very woman I love, I must say you are the dearest, spariest little innocent in all the world. Couldn't you see it was you I loved?"

Oh, those wonderful words! Like the silly girl that I was I began to cry. But Dr. Lord kissed my tears away, whispering, "You do love me, Dick, don't you?" And he would persist in looking into my eyes, which I had kept hidden.

Love him! Ah, tongue could not tell how I loved him! Into that moment my whole life seemed concentrated.

"It seems to me I never lived," I whispered, "until I saw you."

"Life is only half life," he said, "until we meet the heart that mates our own."

We were just as silly as all lovers are, I suppose, but I woke from my dream in a few moments to think of my dear sisters.

"What will become of the girls?" I questioned.

"My home is large enough for all," he said, "and now the girls will have a real brother."

"Oh, my dear Dick," he added, "think not that your unselfishness was wasted in my eyes. Your devotion to your sisters and your nobility at the helm lifted you to angelic height in my sight."

"Dr. Lord," I said, "you're silly," laughing, yet striving to keep back the tears that were choking me again. God had shown his appreciation of my sacrifice in this secret approval of my lover. Oh, how bright life had suddenly become!

It is needless to say that the girls were delighted with their new brother. I found out that Dodie had never cared in the least for Dr. Lord, save in gratitude for his kindness.

And how I wish all of my friends might see me in my beautiful home in the land of orange-bloom—made beautiful not only by the roses and sunshine, but by the real love-light which shines in the eyes of those who dwell therein.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

With an "If."

Paul de Cassagnac says that Boulanger, when he was in command of the Thirtieth army corps at Clermont-Ferron, entered into negotiations with the right and pledged himself on his word of honor that as soon as he returned to the war office he would, within forty-eight hours, possess himself of the persons of the president of the French republic and his colleagues in the cabinet and send them to Mount Valerien. "If Boulanger had only had the good sense," said Cassagnac, "not to stir for thirty or forty days the coup would have been made and the republic would have ceased to exist."

An Ancient Instance.

"There never was a husband," exclaimed Mrs. Strougmind, "that was worth his salt."

"And only one wife," meekly replied her husband. "Her name, my dear, I think was Mrs. Lot."

GENESIS OF SLANG.

WORDS NOW INCORPORATED IN THE LANGUAGE.

Some of the Terms Are Popular for a Time, But Eventually Fall Into Disuse—The Hardier Exotics Take Deep Root in the Soil of the Vernacular.

It is from the jargon of particular callings or classes in society that the English language is slowly but steadily enriched. The slang phrase first becomes dignified with the terminology, and then it creeps into the new dictionary.

Not all slang is destined to this apotheosis; much of it is ephemeral, a great deal of it is meaningless, silly, or weak and dies in its childhood. Actor folks are given to the invention of new phrases more or less expressive but short-lived. "The ghost walks" is one of the few instances of the jargon of stageland that has survived the years and become general. Many years ago an actor cast for the ghost in "Hamlet" refused to go on with his part until his demands for a portion of long-delayed salary were acceded to. He was paid and went on. "The ghost walked," and gradually the term was adopted as expressive of the payment of salaries, until to-day it is heard wherever large numbers of men are employed on salaries. A well-known actor returning after a season that was fruitful of ups and downs was asked by a lounge, "Did the ghost walk?" "Yes," he replied, "but lamely at times," referring to the times when only partial salaries were paid.

The theatrical term of "make-up" is now in general use as descriptive of anything striking in personal adornment, referring to the clothing and not the disguise or enhancement of the features as originally, says the Chicago Times. Song and dance men, acrobats, serio comics, sketch teams, and the lower order of theatrical folks indulge in slang that renders their conversation almost unintelligible. For instance, some knockout artist was struck by the similarity of the words pind and pudding, and to his bright mind the transition to "tapioca" was not difficult, but there is no probability that the expression "beg your tapioca" will supplant "I beg your pardon" in the language of the polite world.

Circus slang was the forerunner of the jargon of the variety stage, and in the good days when the "gas-lit city of tents" was planted upon every village green the circus folk had a language almost exclusively their own.

The roots of their vernacular were the names of various parts of the tent and equipment of the show. The boss of the show was called the "main guy" and this expression has to a certain extent survived the decline of the circus, and "the main guy" is frequently heard of in workshops.

The great cattle ranges of the West have given to the world the term "round-up." It originally referred to the annual gathering together of the cattle of various owners that they might be separated for shipment. Today in the business world it indicates an inquiry into the affairs of a firm or corporation, and has really the significance of stock taking.

In the composing-rooms of the newspaper originated the term "phat," now in general use, as indicative of something of maximum remuneration for minimum exertion.

Thieves have a gibberish so extensive as to almost constitute a language. It is only understood among themselves and by policemen who are forced to acquire the knowledge of its meaning.

"Lost his grip." A terse, pathetic, almost tragic term, conjuring up, as it does, the story of wasted ambition, blasted hopes, ruin and despair, in all probability originated among lodge people. A man who had "lost his grip" was temporarily in a dilemma.

From the mining camps of the far west came "struck-it rich," which now applies to any human success, "up the flume," signifying failure; "hard pan," which means a solid paying basis; "petered out," which suggests a gradual decline and final suspension of resources; a "grubstake," for assistance given a new business enterprise on condition of a share in prospective or possible profits. Bonanza has been a good English word for twenty years, and the Century dictionary accepted it along with such words as "boom," meaning to manufacture support and enthusiasm and "squeal," meaning to confess and betray companions.

From the railroad yards came "switched," with the meaning of diverted; "sidetracked," for temporary failure and suspension; the result of outside interference; "ditched," as expressing ruin and collapse, and "wide open" came from the locomotive, which referred to the throttle and the extreme speed; now it means in full swing, reckless, and regardless of interference.

"See that man on the hearse?" said the funny man.

"Yes," replied his victim.

"Well, he isn't in it. Ha! ha! ha!" "No, but the man in the coffin, he's dead in it," was the convulsing retort.

"Wheels in his head," descriptive of a man with cranky notions, later converted into "He has a Ferris," implying that the person under discussion has a very decided delusion, is of doubtful origin, but unquestioned popularity, but is not as expressive as "off his trolley," which very terse and descriptive term comes from the street-car world. "Hobos," the new name for tramps, is a southern corruption of hoe boys, and originally meant peripatetic agricultural laborers who entered the south during the cotton season.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

How He Was Guarded and Prevented From Taking Flight.

Among the contributions which the reawakened interest in Napoleon I. have called forth is a letter heretofore unpublished, written by the marquis de Mouchon, one of the commissioners sent to St. Helena at the time of the exile of the great conqueror. After an introduction in which the author describes in pessimistic language the condition of affairs in the island, he continues:

"Now, as you know all my trials, let me speak of our great man, of his position and the way in which he is guarded. The garrison of St. Helena is composed of 2,500 men. Many pieces of artillery and a score of mortars defend the coast. Bonaparte occupies the country house of the lieutenant governor, situated in the only plain on the island, and known by the name of Longwood. This plain is surrounded by high rocks, and one can approach it by only one path. About the house is the Fifty-third regiment, and farther on are companies of artillery, so that the entire plain is guarded by troops. Napoleon has fifty men to serve him, but takes advantage of his liberty to walk about alone, without being annoyed by his guardians. But if he desires to leave the little plain Bonaparte is accompanied by an officer in uniform, who does not leave him an instant, and who must report everything that he has done during the day."

"The persons composing the suite of the emperor are watched by officers of ordnance, and his valets by under officers. At every hour of the night the governor is informed by means of a military telegraph of what happens on the island. A few minutes are sufficient to alarm the garrison if necessary, and have it under arms. Such are the precautions taken to guard Napoleon, as far as the land itself is concerned.

"As to the seaside, still greater care is taken. Two frigates ride at anchor and two brigades incessantly about the island, and from 6 o'clock at night until 6 o'clock in the morning two armed bands patrol the mountains over-looking the sea. It is forbidden to row on the waters of the island without permission, otherwise one runs the risk of being arrested and shot. No strange boat is allowed to land. A reward of five francs and a half is given to anyone who signals the approach of a boat within twenty leagues of the coast. It must also be remembered that the coast is very dangerous. The breakers are so heavy that one must often wait several days without being able to leave his ship, if permission is granted. You can understand from this that escape is impossible. Admitting even that the governor wished to favor the flight of Bonaparte, it would be necessary that the admiral connive to his plan. Now, if the admiral should aid in deceiving the superior authorities and on a favorable night should allow two or three sloops to approach for the purpose of carrying away our prisoner, what would be the fate of these vessels? They would have to withstand a formidable fire and their crews would certainly be arrested, as the approaches are so perfectly guarded. Nothing happens of which I am not informed."

"When evening comes," adds the marquis, "Bonaparte and his attendants must enter the house and are not allowed to leave it until the following morning. The house at night is surrounded by sentinels, who have orders to draw on any person who appears, and the emperor and his followers have learned that these orders will certainly be carried out, as proof has already been given."

A Fatal Flaw. "Then your father shows no disposition to recede from the ground he has taken?" said the youth.

The maiden sighed and shook her head.

"He is unalterably opposed to you."

"Can we not have a conference?" he asked.

"It is idle to suggest it; he would decline to become a conferee; there is a fatal flaw in your position."

"What is it?" asked the agonized youth.

"Reginald!" she sobbed, "the truth must come out; you haven't got the sugar."

Simply Ridiculous. Cholly, the sophomore—Dreadful! jehak, that Hardsens, do you know it?

Fwed—No. In what way?

Cholly—I asked him what he came to college for and he said he came to get an education.—Chicago Record.

Great Minds. Garner—So your new book is a character study among the lowly—something after the Dickens style? Wright—Well, yes. I believe he did treat subjects in much the same vein as mine.—Truth.

A Glance. English Lord—I assure you, madam, I can always tell at a single glance what people think of me.

American Hostess—Really! It must often be very trying for you, my lord.—Truth.

Wouldn't Suit His Taste. Tramp—Will that dog bite, lady? Mrs. Wayback—Wal, his death on skunks and snakes, but I don't think he'd touch you; he's pretty particular what he gets hold of.—Judge.

Every Little Helps. First Millionaire—Make much money on the deal?

Second Millionaire—Only \$50,000.

First Millionaire—Well, every \$50,000 counts.—Puck.

MATRONS AND MAIDS.

SUNDRY SUBJECTS INTERESTING TO LADIES.

Whether Son or Daughter, the Laborer is Worthy of His Hire—Cleaning in the Kitchen—The Sandpiper—Tried Recipes.

A Daughter's Right.

There is a very marked difference in most families in the financial status of the son and daughter. The girl may be petted, indulged and deferred to in many ways, yet she is dissatisfied and discontented. If the parents are people of wealth and many servants are kept, there is nothing for her to do. However much talent she may have for housekeeping the cook will not tolerate the bother of her presence in his kitchen, nor will the housemaid endure encroachment upon her territory with any more patience.

If the parents are poor she is probably assistant cook, seamstress, and laundress, more than doing her part in the general work.

If the son of a capitalist assist his father he is given a liberal salary and his board and lodging under the family roof and little incidentals like his laundry bills paid in addition to this. The daughter has a nominal allowance, and with no occupation or particular object in life has little else to do than find ways and means of dissipating this allowance as speedily as possible.

The son of the farmer or mechanic or laborer who assists his father has fixed and definite wages. It is no intermittent sum, paid this week and forgotten for several weeks thereafter, but a stated per cent of the crops he has helped to raise or a share in the land he has helped till. There is no such reward for the patient services of the daughter. Up at day-break, the first to leave her bed and the last to seek it, it is considered by many good and ostensibly generous men quite sufficient if she has a reasonable amount of clothing with food and shelter. She is possibly given incidental pleasures and opportunities, although there are thousands to whom even these are denied where they might be really afforded. But the whole injustice of this sort of dealing lies in the fact that, although she works as faithfully and industriously as her brother for the common good, he is made to feel that he earns what he receives, while the daughter is made to feel that she is the recipient of bounty for which she has made no adequate return.

The whole principle of the thing is monstrously unfair. The girl, as well as her brother, is a laborer worthy of her hire. More than this, discrimination just here has established a precedent that has had a mischievous effect in the marts of the world—in occupations outside the home into which girls have been forced through necessity to earn their bread as an escape from dependence or worse. Every father who lends himself in any degree to this discrimination, perpetuates a wrong that is a survival of that barbarism wherein women were abject slaves.

Cleaning in the Kitchen.

Lives there a woman anywhere who does not dislike the thought of cleaning the kitchen? She may enjoy cooking for cooking is a fine art; she may delight in dusting or dishwashing—but when it comes to cleaning paints, tables and dressers, polishing stoves and spigots, scouring zincs and sinks, then most women admit they would rather be men. Still there are certain rules of procedure which will rob even kitchen-cleaning day of some of its terrors.

In the first place it is necessary to have on hand a large number of flannel rags for scrubbing and cleaning paint. Merino underwear is also excellent for this purpose. In fact, any cloth that is soft, absorbent and that will not shed lint, is to be desired. In addition to the soft, wet cloth, a dry one made of old Russian crash that has done service as a dishcloth should be kept. A scrubbing-brush of hard bristles is best. The soft excelsior brushes are of little use.

Tables and shelves should be cleaned first, so that if through carelessness on the cleaner's part and the operation of the law of gravitation the water should descend upon the floor it would not be undoing previous labor.

Tables that have been neglected may be bleached by spreading on them over night a layer of wood ashes, made into a mortar-like paste with water. The next morning brush it off and scrub. The same paste may be laid on floors when spotted with grease.

After tables are scrubbed sinks should be cleaned. Put a lump of washing soda as large as an egg at least over the sink hole and pour a kettle of boiling water over every part of it, using the sink brush to send it into all the greasy parts.

After tables, dresser and sink have been cleaned the paints should be attended to before scrubbing the floor. All finger marks on the woodwork and doors should receive attention. The chairs, if painted, the backs of them if caned, the seats, too, and the window sills and casings all require attention.

It may seem needless to state that floors should always be thoroughly swept before they are scrubbed, yet thoroughness in this respect is one of the great secrets of keeping the floor white and clean with but little trouble. In cleaning floors never wet to large a space at once. Always in using the dry cloth rub it well beyond the space now being cleaned to the one last done. The use of a little soda or borax in the water is excellent for boards, and if they have been

neglected a small lump of lime in the water greatly helps to make them white.

To clean oilcloth do not scrub it unless it has been badly cleaned many times, when with the fine corrugated surface now usual, the dirt, or rather the dirty water allowed to remain in it, will have made it so grimy that it will be necessary to use a soft brush and scrub in the direction of the lines. But usually warm water, one wet and one dry cloth are all that are required. Oilcloth and paint need the wiping with a coarse dry cloth as much as boards, and will repay the extra trouble. Skim milk used in place of water to clean oilcloth will give it brightness and luster. When the kitchen floors are painted they may be treated in the same manner as the oilcloth. Before painting any floor all cracks should be closed with putty or a preparation of putty and white lead, or any other good filling material that has been found satisfactory, and, after painting, this will give a perfectly smooth, firm surface that may be perfectly cleaned with very little hard rubbing.

A Loom That Darns Holes.

Once more a New York woman has covered herself with glory. It may not be the same sort of fame that the summer girl or the bachellette yearns for, but it will be good sound glory just the same, for she has invented a regular household angel. When one thinks of the millions of hours that are wasted by women trying to fill up the holes that small boys and grown-up men bring out of the heels and toes of hosiery and then look at the invention it makes one wonder why no one has been inspired before this to invent a darning machine. This one is a regular little loom, says the New York Recorder. It will darn any hole up to two and a half inches one way and five the other. There is a flat wooden piece that is inserted into the stocking under the space needing darning. Then the loom shuts on over it. The holes should be first surrounded as in darning by hand. A needle threaded with the darning cotton or yarn starts at one corner of the space to be attended to and the warp is put on the little loom with this. There are two sets of teeth, just as in a silk or cotton loom, which are worked by a simple little thumb lever and the needle thrusts the width of the darn under one set of the threads of the warp. The lever is then pushed down and the alternate set of threads is lifted for the needle to be passed under again. It is done in no time. Anybody can handle it and really it is more fun than knitting, while it is so smooth that the men can't object to it with any sense or say darns hurt their feet. The woman who devised it ought to receive the combined thanks of the nation of mothers who are wearing out their lives trying to keep up with lively youngsters and worn-out knees.

The Sandpiper.

Across the narrow beach we sit,
—One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I rather bit by bit.
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry,
Lies wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild waves reach the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we sit—
—One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky,
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
—A fast we fit along the beach—
—One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Utters his sweet and mournful cry,
He starts not at my faithful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery,
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye,
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night—
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My drift-wood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest-rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?
—Celia Thaxter

Brownie Match Jars.

Save the little extract of beef jars, as they can be used in making droll Brownie match holders. First soak the jars to remove the labels.

Procure some small pictures of the Brownies in no matter what position. These can be found in children's story books and magazines, and often on advertisement cards. They should be anywhere from one-half to one inch in height, and are either cut out or traced to another piece of paper and then cut out and laid on the jar, where they are outlined with a lead pencil, and filled in, as silhouettes, pictures, with Vandyke-brown oil paint, mixed with a little burnt sienna and applied with a fine-pointed brush.

The figures are put in whenever a space for them can be found. A narrow brown satin ribbon is then tied around the rim of the jar in a jaunty little bow, and the result is a dainty match holder.—New York Press.

Washing Lace Handkerchiefs.

By putting lace handkerchiefs in warm water, in which are a few drops of ammonia, and using castile soap, they are easily washed and made a beautiful, clear white. Then do not iron, but spread the handkerchief out smoothly on marble or glass, gently pulling out or shaping the lace. Just before it is entirely dry fold evenly and smoothly and place under a heavy weight of some kind, and you will find handkerchiefs lasting twice as long as before.

Varnishing Oil Paintings.

To varnish an oil painting wipe the canvas well with a soft, damp rag, removing every speck of dust. Use a large, flat, bristle brush, and the best picture varnish; apply the varnish with a long, thick stroke and work rapidly, as the varnish dries quickly. Be sure that every spot is covered, you can ascertain by turning the canvas sideways to the light, when you touched spots will show plainly.

WOLVERINE WOMEN.

TYPICAL OF THE CITY IN WHICH THEY LIVE.

Battle Creek, Mich., Boasts of Social Brains and Talented Fair Ones—Something About the Social Life of That Aristocratic Little Town.

[Battle Creek, Mich., Correspondence.]

ALL THAT pertains to progress in both social and industrial pursuits, Battle Creek stands prominent among Michigan cities. Though not a city given to faddism, yet no new ideas, whether in religion, society, politics or business, but finds a ready reception in this wide awake town, and the broad intelligence of the people soon determines whether it is worthy of record in the permanent annals of the city. Especially does Battle Creek boast of its intellectual and progressive women. No movement, whether of



MRS. CHARLES EARLE.

church or state, but finds the ladies in the front rank, and the active and continued interest which they manifest in municipal affairs is felt in the improvement of the city government. To effect the largest and most lasting good the women believe in the great principle of organization, and the results attained by the various clubs and societies of women working alone or in co-operation with their brothers prove that their combined influence is a mighty force. Perhaps the oldest organization of women in the city is the Woman's club, founded in 1873 by Mrs. Ann E. Graves, wife of Judge B. F. Graves. Mrs. Graves was president of the club from the time of its inception until her death, which occurred last June. Her successor has not yet been chosen. The present officers are: Mrs. Eugene Glass, first vice-president; Mrs. W. F. Neale, second vice-president; Miss Annie Gould, secretary, and Mrs. T. H. Briggs, treasurer. The object of the club is purely literary and the program this year comprises work in literature, science, art and history. The club numbers among its members a majority of the cultured women of the place, and any movement looking toward intellectual advancement of the city finds its starting place in the Woman's club.

Lettie-Locke Godfrey, the leading soprano singer of Battle Creek, and a lady whose charming manner and delightful personality have made her hosts of friends: Mrs. Fred Shepard and Mrs. W. Godsmark, both possessing rich contralto voices, have many admirers and are deservedly popular; Miss Maud Decker, Miss Amy Peavey, Miss Nellie Butler, Miss Maud Matthews, Miss Jennie Conine, Miss Anna Grandine, Miss Lillian Eberstein, Miss Minnie Klawiter, Miss Josephine Werstein, Miss Louise Hatch, Miss Grace Flynn and Miss Grace Knibbe form a group of charming young ladies who are members of the club.

Among philanthropic societies composed of women are the Charitable union and the Woman's Relief corps. Both do an incalculable amount of good every year in relieving the distress of the worthy poor. The Charitable union has at its head Mrs. Helen N. Caldwell, a woman of large wealth



MRS. W. H. ELDRED.

and influence. She is a sister of E. C. Nichols, president of the Nichols & Shepard company, and it was through her and her father's generosity that the Nichols Memorial hospital was founded. The Athelstan is the pure social club of the city, and though on its membership list only the names of men appear, still one evening of every week during the season is set apart as ladies' night. This evening is one of social enjoyment for the members, their wives, sweethearts and invited guests. It is usually the event of the week, and the special parties of the club are looked forward to with anticipations of pleasure by all fortunate enough to be favored with invitations. The leaders in society life are members of the club,

and all that pertains to gayety may here be found. Conspicuous among the wives of the members is Mrs. Frank Ward, whose husband is president of the club. Mrs. Ward is a beautiful blonde and sure to attract attention wherever she appears. Though fond of gayety, yet Mrs. Ward is a charming young matron and equally attractive among her children as in the ballroom. One of the most zealous devotees of the dance is Mrs. Charles Earle, whose petite and graceful figure coupled with an elasticity of movement makes her a charming figure on the floor. Mrs. Walter Clark is a stately beauty and besides an accomplished musician. Her husband is prominent in the state among breeders of fine horses, and his ample stables and race track are objects of interest to visitors. Mrs. Fred Howes is a young woman of decidedly beautiful face and charming manner, and the possessor of a sweet soprano voice. Mrs. E. C. Hinman, a decided blonde of the Titianesque type, is a devoted student of art. Mrs. S. S. Hulbert and her sister, Miss Van Dusen, are prominent members of the social set. They are both ladies of attractive appearance and tall, graceful figures. Mrs. Howard Kingman is a decided brunette, with a beautiful, expressive face. Mrs. Rich Skinner is a dashing beauty, fond of gayety of all sorts. Among the unmarried ladies are Miss Ada Skinner, a blonde of more than ordinary beauty and a young lady of much culture. Miss Nannie Beach, Miss Jane Titus, Miss Zella Spencer and Miss Dorothy Osgood form a charming quartet. Mrs. Fred Wells, Mrs. George B. Willard, Mrs. C. F. Beach, Mrs. Charles Austin, Mrs. F. O. Smith, Mrs. James Green, Mrs. James Baker, Mrs. Will Eldred, Mrs. T. H. Jennings, Mrs. Ed Lyman, Mrs. Jerome Chapin, Miss Cora Leon, Mrs. Nellie Hawkhurst, Mrs. S. O. Bush, Mrs. F. M. Rathbun, Mrs. J. T. Caldwell, Mrs. Will Hicks, Mrs. Charles Bathrick, Mrs. Samuel Titus, Mrs. C. F. Bock, Mrs. L. A. Badgley, Mrs. Martin Brown, Mrs. Ellis Smith, Mrs. Will Marvin, Miss Mary Hubbard, Mrs. A. J. Little, Miss Cora Amberg and Miss Isea Amberg, the latter assistant librarian at the public library and a notably beautiful young lady with charming grace, are all ladies well known in social life, and prominently connected with the Athelstan club. One lady of whom Battle Creek has reason to be proud is Miss Jennie Slater. Miss Slater has just returned from Italy, where she has spent four years in voice culture. Her voice is a clear soprano of wonderful range, and she comes home with the purpose of appearing in concert singing. Miss Slater is a woman of fine physique, which, coupled with her grand voice, will certainly assure her success in her chosen field. She sang with great honor in Europe. As soloist at the Rossini centenary celebration at Flor

ence, Italy, Miss Slater received a diploma and medal, and later special honors as the soprano of the Bach festival.



MRS. FRED WELLS.

New Orleans has the honor of having a first class orchestra composed entirely of women, and their services are in great demand for entertainments and parties.

Field Marshal Yamagata, the great leader of the victorious Japanese, is a learned essayist and pleasing poet, but he does not win his victories by firing his verses at his enemies.

Linn Boyd Porter, who has been nominated for congress by the populists in the Eighth Massachusetts district, is better known as "Albert Ross," the writer of sensational stories.

The only woman trainer of race horses in this country, Mrs. Chalmers, has five sons who are either trainers or jockeys. And she has taught them all they know about horses and racing.

Germans claim that the late Her mann Helmholtz was, after Humboldt, the greatest scientific thinker of this century. The physicians who performed the autopsy were astonished at the weight of his brain and the extraordinary number of its convolutions.

Ballington Booth, of the Salvation army, has a plan for buying a tract of land in the west, "gathering up the Israelites and building a Canaan for them." The difficulty will be in keeping the Israelites in Canaan. They will persist in buying up all the adjoining country.

It may perhaps interest the curious to know that the empress of Austria has her head shampooed once a month. The secret of the preparation used by the royal hairdresser would be worth a good deal to many ladies of the court, for the empress' hair is still luxuriant, with no streak of gray, and touches the ground as she stands.

Emperor William never rides any but his own horses, which are trained specially to be guided by pressure of the knees on either side. This is necessary to his majesty, for when his sword arm is occupied the left arm, being weak, is quite incapable of controlling his horse. His horses are beautiful creatures and trained to obey his voice and even a gentle pull at the hairs of the mane.

AND ALL HANDS DRANK.

Matrimonial Engagements Are Blithely Entered Into in Kentucky.

A Mr. Godwin of Camillo and S. A. Davis of Pelham, Ga., both towns being in the same county, were last week visiting John Burgess of Bowen, in Powell county, this state. Mr. Godwin married a sister of the wife of Mr. Burgess, but she died a few years since, and on Thursday of last week he remarked to his host that he wouldn't mind marrying again if he could get some one to suit him. Mr. Burgess replied that he knew a lady in the town that would suit him and Godwin said he would go and see her. Friday morning he spruced up some and went over to see the lady, who during the day consented to change her name to Godwin. Returning to the home of Mr. Burgess, he informed him of his success, when Mr. Davis, being thus encouraged, and feeling lonely under the circumstances concluded that he would like also to marry. Mine host Burgess, ever ready to accommodate his visitors, told him that he could find him a helpmate also, at the same time stating her name and where she could be found. Saturday Mr. Davis repaired to the residence of the lady named, and after some commonplace talk and an explanation of his mission, she too agreed to wed a Georgian. Preparations were made for the event, and on Monday night the two couples were duly installed into the matrimonial harness. The bridegrooms being much elated at their matrimonial success, set 'em up to the crowd to the extent of a gallon of red liquor each, and quite a jollification was held. On Tuesday morning the preacher was paid his fee for the double services, and he, too, set 'em up to the crowd for a drink all 'round to those in the bar-room.—Hazel Green Herald.

SO LIKE A GIRL!

But Everybody Loves Them Just as They Are.

It was in a Lewiston horse car of the aptown line the other evening, after the performance of "Shore Acres," when everything was crowded. Among the party who entered after the car was crowded were three young ladies. Each of them grasped a strap and stood. One of the girls who lifted her gloved hand had a beautiful bracelet upon her wrist. A middle aged man jumped up and offered her a seat. She declined, waving one of her friends into it. Then a young man who is interested in the Lewiston Y. M. C. A. jumped up and offered his seat. The young lady bowed and told a lady back of her to sit. Then several gentlemen proffered her seats, but she declined them all with a sweet smile. After she left the car she said to her friend, "I'm awfully tired, I can hardly drag one foot after the other." "You ought to be," was the reply, "Why?" "You should have sat down in the car." "Yes, but that was Mrs. S—, and I want to make friends with her." "I know, but even then there were seats offered." "Mabel," said the pretty girl suddenly, "don't be a blockhead. Do you suppose I was going to sit down when my bracelet was showing off just lovely?" Lewiston Journal.

RUBIES AND SAPPHIRES.

The Same Stones, Only Differently Colored.

The finest "pigeon blood" rubies come from Burma, those from Siam or Ceylon being too dark or too pale, and the Montana stones, being cloudy and brown. A perfect one carat specimen may cost \$600, while a diamond of the finest water of the same size can be bought for \$125, says the Houston Post. The rich color of the ruby, a color which does not blacken like the blue sapphire by night, is supposed to be due to a trace of oxide of chromium, but this is still a moot point with chemists, and all are not even agreed as to the sapphire's velvet tinge.

This latter stone is much less valuable than ruby, being found larger and more abundantly. Sapphires really present all colors, the pure white variety, when skillfully cut, being difficult to tell from a diamond. This is a deception dishonest jewelers frequently practice to catch the unwary. Both rubies and sapphires are occasionally met with as "star stones"—that is, opaque cabochon-cut gems showing the perfect steely rays of a star. A star ruby is excessively rare, but the sapphire star is fairly common.

Said of Clara Barton.

Clara Barton, the "angel of the battlefield," was among the spectators at the railroad station at Washington when the regiment arrived there from Baltimore, where the first blood had been shed. She nursed the forty men, the wounded victims of the Baltimore mob, and from that day she shared the sufferings and risks of the soldiers in the Union army to the great close. At Andersonville she was able to identify all but four hundred of the thirteen thousand graves of buried soldiers. Brigade Surgeon James L. Dunn, after the battle of Antietam, said the great joy with which the sick and wounded hailed her and her mule team as she arrived with a wagon load of bandages, just as everything had given out, was indescribable. He ends his eulogy by saying: "In my feeble estimation Gen. McClellan, with all his laurels sinks into insignificance beside the true heroine of the age—the 'angel of the battlefield.'"



CLARA BARTON.

CLARA BARTON, great close. At Andersonville she was able to identify all but four hundred of the thirteen thousand graves of buried soldiers. Brigade Surgeon James L. Dunn, after the battle of Antietam, said the great joy with which the sick and wounded hailed her and her mule team as she arrived with a wagon load of bandages, just as everything had given out, was indescribable. He ends his eulogy by saying: "In my feeble estimation Gen. McClellan, with all his laurels sinks into insignificance beside the true heroine of the age—the 'angel of the battlefield.'"

Swelling in the Neck



"Large knots of scrofula nature came on my wife's neck for four years. When she had taken two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, we could see the swelling was going down. Now the glands have assumed their natural appearance and she is Entirely Free from this trouble. Our children were afflicted with spells of malaria every fall, but this season they have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has purified their blood, built them up, and they have been free from all illness this winter." E. M. BLACKBURN, Oregon, Missouri.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

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

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★ HIGHEST AWARD! ★

★ SUPERIOR NUTRITION—THE LIFE! ★



IMPERIAL GRANUM

THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD
Has justly acquired the reputation of being The Salvator for Invalids and The Aged.

AN INCOMPARABLE ALIMENT for the GROWTH and PROTECTION of INFANTS and CHILDREN

A superior nutritive in continued Fevers, And a reliable remedial agent in all gastric and enteric diseases; often in instances of consultation over patients whose digestive organs were reduced to such a low and sensitive condition that the IMPERIAL GRANUM was the only nourishment the stomach would tolerate when LIFE seemed depending on its retention;— And as a FOOD it would be difficult to conceive of anything more palatable. Sold by DRUGGISTS, Shipping Depot, JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

Valued Indorsement

of Scott's Emulsion is contained in letters from the medical profession speaking of its gratifying results in their practice.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites can be administered when plain oil is out of the question. It is almost as palatable as milk—easier to digest than milk.

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

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Montana.

Ely's Cream Balm

Opens and cures the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from Cold, Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

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



LINENE COLLAR

REVERSIBLE
Raphael, Angelo, Rutens, Tasso

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address IRREVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY, 77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Killy St., Boston.

WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID a fine Panel Picture, entitled "MEDITATION" in exchange for 18 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. Woolson Block Co., 450 Huron St., Toledo, Ohio.

TREES OF GOLD Plum, SPLENDOR prime, Van Burbank's 20 Million "new creations." STARK Trees PREPARED everywhere. SAFE ARRIVAL guaranteed. The "great nurseries" save you over HALF. Millions of the best trees 70 years' experience can grow; they "live longer and bear better."—See Morton, STARK, B32, Louisiana, Mo., Rockport, Ill.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS WASHINGTON, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs. in last war, adjudicating claims sixty times.

FINE Improved Unalutched Missouri Farms, Hotels and City Property for sale, Rent or Trade. Address with stamp, T. J. SIMPSON, Neosho, Mo.

Married Ladies Send for Royal Safeguard. No drugs, no fraud, every lady needs it. Ladies' Emporium, St. Louis, Mo.

PISO'S CURE FOR GOUT WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Compound. No more suffering. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

FOUR TRACK SERIES ETCHINGS.

The Unexampled Offer of the New York Central.

Art lovers will find one of the best bargains placed before the public for many a month in the offer of the Passenger Department of the New York Central, to sell at a merely nominal figure a collection of etchings, which have become famous all over the country as the "Four-Track Series."

The titles of the etchings are "The Washington Bridge," "Rock of Ages, Niagara Falls," "Old Spring at West Point," "Rounding the Nose, Mohawk Valley," "No. 999 and the West Hill Clifton," "The Empire State Express," "Horse Shoe Fall, Niagara," and "Gorge of the Niagara River."

These etchings are all printed on fine plate paper, 2 1/2x3 1/2 inches, and the absence of any objectionable advertising feature renders them suitable for framing and hanging in one's office, library or home.

Copies may be secured at the office of W. B. Jerome, General Western Passenger Agent, 97 Clark St., Chicago, for fifty cents each, or will be mailed in stiff tubes, secure from injury, to any address, for seventy-five cents each, or any two of them to one address, for \$1.30, or any three or more ordered at one time to one address, sixty cents each, in currency, stamps, express or postal money order.

Flashes of Truth.

God offers a standing reward for repentance.

The longest prayers some times have the shortest range.

An insincere prayer is like a blank cartridge, nothing comes out of it.

Repentance without giving up sin is like inflating a balloon with bricks.

The devil's business shows no signs of suspending on account of the coal famine.

The man who never votes is generally the first to complain of the corruption in politics.

Avoiding temptation by seeing how near you can get to it without yielding, is likely to fail ten times where it succeeds once.—Lans Horn.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props, Toledo, Ohio.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

Wear & Tuxedo, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINMAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

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

Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Celluloid for Ring Trays.

Among the many uses to which celluloid is now put is the making of jewelers' ring trays. A ring tray of white velvet lasts ordinarily but a single season; carefully as it may be handled it is sure to get soiled. A celluloid tray can be cleaned, and it lasts for years; there are thousands of them in use.

Why Is It So?

A phenomenon that ought to receive the thoughtful consideration of the suffragists is the invariability with which in cases of collision between men and women cyclists it is the latter who are blameless and most hurt. The subject should keep the societies busy debating it throughout the noisy season.

An ox with a natural knot in the middle of its tail belongs to Zeke Clotts of Mobile, Ala. Several surgeons have attempted to untie the knot, but their efforts caused the animal such pain that they desisted.

We are not to blame if evil thoughts come into our mind, but we are if they stay there.

MOTHERS

and those about to become mothers, should know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription robs childbirth of its tortures, terrors and dangers to both mother and child, by aiding Nature in preparing the system for parturition. Thereby "labor" and also the period of confinement are greatly shortened. It also promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child. During pregnancy, it prevents "morning sickness" and those distressing nervous symptoms from which so many suffer.

Tanks, Cattle Co., Texas.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Sir—I look your "Favorite Prescription" previous to confinement and never did so well in my life. It is only two weeks since my confinement and I am able to do my work. I feel stronger than I ever did in six weeks before.

Yours truly,

Cordelia Culpepper

A MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE.

South Bend, Pacific Co., Wash.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Sir—I began taking your "Favorite Prescription" the first month of pregnancy, and have continued taking it since confinement. I did not experience the nausea or any of the ailments due to pregnancy, after I began taking your "Prescription." I was only in labor a short time, and the physician said I got along unusually well.

We think it saved me a great deal of suffering. I was troubled a great deal with leucorrhoea also, and it has done a world of good for me.

Yours truly,

Mrs. W. C. BAKER.

EVERY HOME-SEEKER

Should read the pamphlet recently published by the Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad, entitled

"Southern Home-Seekers Guide for 1894."

It contains over 40 excellent letters from Northern farmers now located in the South, and other authentic and valuable information. For a Free Copy, address the undersigned at Manchester, Iowa.

J. F. MERTZ,

Assistant General Passenger Agent.

CONFEDERATE HORSE

"OLD JIM," NOW ALIVE AT AIKEN, S. C.

Is a Rival of Belle Mosby, the Oldest Union Horse—Has a Yankee Bullet in His Neck and is Still Good for Several Years More of Life.

W. G. CHAFFEE, THE mayor of Aiken, S. C., writes the New York World that the horse Belle Mosby, whose picture appeared in the World of Sunday, July 15, is not only the only equine veteran of the war but not the oldest.

Many of the annual visitors to Aiken have seen or heard of old Jim, an old gray horse, better known to some as Wheeler. This old horse is owned by Mr. W. T. Williams of Aiken. Old Jim is 14 1/2 hands high and weighs 900 pounds when in good health.

For thirty years he has done service on the plantation of Mr. Williams, his work being gradually lightened as infirmities have crept upon him. At the present time he has the run of the pasture and enjoys a well earned rest. For ten years, after the war he followed the fox hounds each winter.

Old Jim came from the mountains of East Tennessee, and took part in the battle of Atlanta. Falling back before Sherman's advance, or hanging on the flank of his army, old Jim's coat was daily stained by the red mud from the hills of Georgia. Crossing into South Carolina, he bagged through the swamps of the low country and bore his rider gallantly in the fight at Great Saltwater in Barnwell county in South Carolina. From that point, accompanying the command, under Gen. Wheeler, he brought his master, Lieut. McMahon of East Tennessee, on the left flank of the invading army to Aiken.

When Sherman's army, passing through Barnwell county, reached the line of the South Carolina railway Gen. Kilpatrick, with his cavalry, made a bold dash westward for the purpose of destroying the cotton mills at Graniteville, five miles west of Aiken, and

possibly the Confederate powder mill in Augusta, Ga., thirteen miles further west of Graniteville. At Aiken they met with the forces of Gen. Wheeler and were repulsed after a sharp skirmish and retired to the main body of the army. This fight determined the future fate of old Jim.

His rider, Lieut. McMahon, charged with him down a road, now South Boundary avenue, right in front of the house of Mr. Williams. They had hardly passed the front door when both horse and rider fell, the rider with a mortal wound in the breast and old Jim with a ball in his neck.

Lieut. McMahon was taken into the house of Mr. Williams, where he died in the dining room a few hours later. The stain of his life blood is still on the pine floor. Jim was condemned as worthless and ordered to be shot, but Mr. Williams begged for his life and nursed him back again to health and usefulness. From that day to this the old horse has never known a sick day and the indications are that he will yet be able to show for several years the scars of battle and the brand "C. S." upon his shoulders.

Judges of horseflesh pronounced Jim 7 years old when he fell into the hands of his present master, which makes him now 36 years old.

Wealthy Charities.

The income of merely the principal charitable institutions having their headquarters in London amounts to over £7,000,000 per annum, or \$35,000,000. That represents a sum equal to half the whole capital invested in the bank of England, says the Philadelphia Ledger. It exceeds the total revenue of all the British colonies together in 1884, and it is as much as the present total annual revenues of all the British colonies, excluding New South Wales, Victoria and Canada. If there is added to this sum the income of the smaller charities the total benevolence paid voluntarily in the metropolis does not fall far short of £10,000,000, or \$50,000,000.

A Well Guarded Kuler.

President Casimir-Perier is one of the best guarded rulers in Europe. A flying brigade of police agents, in civilian costume, has been created to follow the president step by step wherever he goes, says the San Francisco Argonaut. When M. Casimir-Perier is about to start from the Elysee, the prefecture of police is apprised by telephone of the place to which he is going, as well as of the route he is to take. Before he has crossed the gate of the palace, a carriage is already on the street, with orders to follow the presidential conveyance, and not to lose sight of it. This maneuver is repeated several times daily.

A Cruel Affront.

When Gen. Thiebault, then a young man, was with the French army in Italy, near the close of the last century, he had for one of his comrades, La Salle, a brilliant soldier, but capable of all manner of strange and foolish pranks. One such escapade is narrated by Thiebault in his memoirs, recently published.

At the head of a small body of troops La Salle entered Perugia at nightfall, on his return from some expedition. As he rode through one of the streets he noticed a house lighted from top to bottom. A passer by told him that it was the residence of Madam So and So, a beautiful young widow, who was giving a ball to the elite of the city.

La Salle was seized on the instant by one of those strange whims for which he was famous. He halted his squadron, and covered with dust as he was, rode to the door of the house, mounted the steps, and rode into the hall. Then at the risk of breaking his neck a hundred times, as Thiebault expresses it, he put his horse to the marble stairs, and rode across the marble tiles of the second story hall into the parlor.

He entered the ball-room "at a gallop," and took his place in the middle of the floor. He had plenty of room, for the dancers, as was naturally to be expected, hastened to make way for him. The orchestra had stopped playing, but he ordered them peremptorily to resume, and, still on horseback, he went through the quadrille.

Then he helped himself to punch, gave his horse lemonade and cakes, drove to the window so that his men could see him, made a low bow to the widow and her guests, rode down the stairs and rejoined his command in the street, where he was received with acclamations.

Whether the beautiful hostess and her gay companions were able to resume their festivities, we are not informed.

A Soldier, but Still a Man.

A story has lately been told by an old soldier of the French army as a souvenir of the Crimean war. In one of the attacks of the French left upon the Russians in the neighborhood of Sevastopol the retreat was so ordered on both sides, but the Russians retired to their fortress, the French to their trenches. On the way a French sergeant of the line encountered alone a Russian sergeant, also alone. The two men were face to face, and enemies.

Their guns were empty. Simultaneously they took cartridges from their pouches and began to load, methodically, like well-drilled soldiers, but as swiftly as possible. The guns, like all others in that campaign, were muzzle-loaders. The cartridges were forced to place with a ramrod. Simultaneously the two ramrods entered the guns, and simultaneously they were withdrawn, but the Russian, accustomed by inflexible discipline to do everything in a set way, put back his ramrod in its place along the barrel, while the Frenchman threw his away with the movement that withdrew it.

This gave him the needed moment's advantage over his antagonist. Clapping his gunstock to his shoulder, he had the Russian's life in his hands. The Russian stopped still, awaiting the shot that should be his death. Then the French sergeant dropped his gun from his shoulder and put out his right hand. The Russian grasped it, and the two soldiers shook hands without a word.

Astonished the Natives.

An African explorer tells a pretty story of the surprise of some Masai who happened to witness his skill with a rifle. They had joined the caravan temporarily, and were unused to European arms and methods. The explorer had been travelling with the rear end of the caravan, and had been called suddenly to the front, where two rhinoceros were barring the way.

There, directly in the path, stood the two huge beasts, perfectly motionless, gazing at the caravan with their beak-like eyes, looking like two Corbors for bidding the passage. Opposite to them, at a distance of some three hundred paces, were all the men, one of them wildly waving the flag.

This was no new situation to me, and fearing that one of the rhinoceros would charge, I got into the right position without delay and fired at the shoulder of the nearest one. The animal gave one groan and fell to the ground, while his companion, taking no notice of the shot, stood stock-still.

I fired again almost immediately, and to my astonishment the second one dropped.

The delight of my own men knew no bounds, and some Masai who had joined the caravan were beyond measure astonished. They seized my hand again and again, spitting lavishly upon it, and murmuring, "Ngai!" (God) which is their way of expressing wonder.

The Walrus on Land.

As might be expected a walrus is about as helpless on land as a canal boat. It is with no little difficulty, and much hitching and floundering, that he drags his huge bulk upon a sandy shore, even with the boosting that he gets from behind by the breakers as they roll in and dash against him. His hind flippers are of little use on land; and on sand or pebbles, where his front flippers do not hold well, the labor of floundering forward is so great that he never stirs beyond the edge of the water, and usually lies with his body half awash, with the salt spray dashing over him like torrents of rain. On solid rock or ice he gets along much better, and often a herd will spread several rods back from the water's edge.

The females and younger walrus have far less development of neck to remember them, according to St. Nicholas, and therefore enjoy more freedom of motion than the old males, who actually seem a great burden upon themselves. These creatures are strictly social in their habits, and always go in herds, whether traveling, feeding, fighting or resting ashore. In the days before the slaughter of all living creatures became a ruling passion in the breast of a man, the Pacific species inhabited the whole of Bering Sea and Strait in herds which often contained thousands and even tens of thousands of individuals.

A Merciful Accident.

When Gilpin was on his way to London to be tried on account of his religion he broke his leg by a fall, which put a stop for some time to his journey. The person in whose custody he was took occasion from this circumstance to retort upon him an observation he used to make "that nothing happens to the people of God but what is intended for their good," asking him whether he thought his broken leg was so. He answered meekly, "I make no question but it is." And so it proved, for before he was able to travel, Queen Mary died. He was thus providentially preserved from probable death and returned to Houghton through crowds of people who welcomed him back with great joy and blessed God for his curious deliverance.—Ram's Horn.

Anarchy Always a Failure.

According to the social philosophy of Prof. Ely some strikes are necessary evils, and a species of warfare like any war in general, so that not all strikes have been failures. It depends altogether upon the means used by strikers to win the friendly sympathy of a fair and just public sentiment. Anarchy is always a failure, as the late railroad strikes proved, as are also the exactions and oppressions of capital.

Paroling Violent Convicts.

Hawaii is not the only place where prisoners have been known to be hired out for domestic service. It was discovered some years ago that long term convicts in jail at New Castle, Del., were commonly sent on errands about town, and even life prisoners were slightly watched. A murderer was employed in the jailer's family and permitted to go about the streets.

Market Gardeners and Farmers.

Tremendous money is made by getting your vegetables into market 10 days ahead of your neighbors. Salzer's Northern grown Seeds have this reputation. Send 5c to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for their wholesale catalogue, including a 2-cent stamp.

Pneumatic matting, for use under stair carpets, is a recent invention. It saves the carpet, and reduces the noise made in ascending or descending the stairs.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be constipated or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use, so that it is the best family remedy known, and every family should have a bottle on hand.

An apple tree owned by a Baltimore fruit grower produces apples every one of which is sweet on one side and sour on the other.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

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

A little machine that makes forty-two cigarettes in a minute has been invented by a Frenchman. It is run by steam.

Cocle's Cough Balsam

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

In France if a wife becomes an actress without her husband's consent, he can secure a divorce from her.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an especially good medicine for Croup.—Mrs. M. R. Arent, Jonesboro, Texas, May 9th, 1891.

French law makes it the duty of a wife to accompany her husband everywhere he goes.

Karl's Clover Root Tea.

The great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures Constipation. 25c, 50c, \$1.

A rocking chair that is moved by electricity is a recent invention.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

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

There are eight colored physicians in Baltimore.

St. Jacobs Oil is made to cure RHEUMATISM

Comes Every Week. For all the Family. Finely Illustrated. \$1.75 a Year.

The Full Prospectus for 1895 (sent free to every applicant) gives abundant evidence of the variety, interest and value of the contents of the sixty-ninth volume of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. The following titles of articles and names of Contributors suggest a few of its many attractions.

Contributors for 1895.

- Mr. Gladstone has written a striking paper of reminiscences of his lifelong friend and physician, Sir Andrew Clark.
Two Daughters of Queen Victoria,
The Princess Christian, of Schleswig-Holstein.
The Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne).
W. Clark Russell.
James Matthew Barric.
Rudyard Kipling.
Mark Twain.
William Dean Howells.

- Serial Stories.
The Lottery Ticket, J. T. Trowbridge.
The Young Boss, Edward W. Thomson.
A Girl of the Revolution, Dorothy Nelson.
By Harold Frederic, C. A. Stephens, W. J. Long, C. M. Thompson, Warren L. Wattis, and others.
Health and Home Articles.
Self-Cure of Wakefulness, Dr. W. A. Hammond.
The Cellar, Dr. W. C. Braslin.
Dresses for Children, Louise Manville-Fenn.
Put the Children on Record, Pres. Stanley Hall.
Help for Consumptives, Dr. Harold Ernst.

Favorite Features for 1895.
Short Stories; Adventure Stories; Travellers' Tales; Anecdotes of Noted People; Life in Foreign Schools; Papers on Art and Artists; Articles on Science, Natural History and Hygiene; Papers by American Admirals; Opportunities for Boys; Football, Fishing and Camping; Editorials; Poems; Selections; Children's Page; Fine Illustrations; Most Wholesome Reading for all the Family.

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Address THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

The best baking powder made is, as shown by analysis, the Royal.
Gus Edman
Com'r of Health, New-York City.

A Sermon That Caused Repentance.
The Boston Transcript says that a few days ago while a gentleman was buying stamps in the postoffice some one took his umbrella, as he believes, by mistake, and the loser put this card in the morning paper: "The kind friend who carried off my umbrella at the postoffice yesterday will bear in mind that the 'gates of heaven' are only twenty-four inches wide. My umbrella measures twenty-eight. At the other place he won't need it. Didn't Dives pray for just one drop of water? He had better return it to No. 208 Chamber of Commerce, and no questions asked." A few days later a boy brought in an umbrella, but alas! not the advertiser's. He had caught the wrong man's conscience.—Ram's Horn.

Facts and Fancies.
It is of more importance that we should be faithful than that we should be successful.
If there is wickedness in the heart it will sooner or later find its way to the mouth.
The devil probably feels that he has a good helper in the self righteous man.

Neglect to teach your children temperance principles and you help the barkeeper.
The man who has done his prayerful best has done all that God expects of him.
There are men who ask God to lead them in many things who trust to their own judgment in politics.—Ram's Horn.

Hypnotism and Nervous People.
An authority on hypnotism says that hysterical persons are very difficult to influence. They are so wedded to their own fancies—mental and physical—that they prove very obstinate patients. Even if an influence is gained, it passes off very quickly.

WALTER BAKER & CO.
The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES
On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS in Europe and America.

"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.
BEST IN MARKET.
BEST FIT.
BEST IN WEARING QUALITY.

30% PROFIT This Month
Anyone can participate in our enormous profits by sending us from \$10 to \$1,000. Highest refs. Write for particulars to THE TRADERS SYNDICATE, Traders' Bldg., Chicago, Ill. AGENTS WANTED.

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CHICAGO THEATERS.

AMUSEMENT ATTRACTIONS FOR THE COMING WEEK.

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

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
To the devotees of grand opera and the amusement going public in general, the announcement that the Taryav grand English opera company would be heard at the Chicago opera house commencing with next Sunday night, has attracted the greatest attention. Marie Basta Taryav is without a peer and the fact that she appears under the sole direction and management of Mr. Charles H. Pratt is especially gratifying. There is no manager in America to-day more capable to present English grand opera than Mr. Pratt, who in the past has managed such tours as that of Marie Rozze, Clara Louise Kellogg and the late Emma Abbott. Marie Basta Taryav has attained the height of artistic fame, and the success with which she has appeared in the most difficult roles has made her a famous singer. The repertoire arranged for the first week is as follows: Sunday, Monday and Saturday nights, "Il Trovatore," Tuesday and Wednesday night, "Bohemian Girl," Wednesday evening and Saturday matinee, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Thursday, "Armen" and Friday, "Faust."

SCHILLER THEATER.
The dramatic season at the Schiller theater progresses with most gratifying success. This handsome house has won a prestige among the playgoers of Chicago and the west, which now places it in the very front rank of the favorite and leading theaters in the United States. Mr. Felix Morris concludes his popular engagement with the present week, playing his latest success, Mons. Dufard, in "Behind the Scenes." Next week that distinguished and beautiful actress, Mrs. Cora Urquhart Potter and accomplished Mr. Kyrle Bellew, with their talented dramatic company, will commence an engagement at the Schiller in a repertory of their celebrated characterizations, the principal event of the engagement being the production of their latest great dramatic success, "Charlotte Corday." In consequence of the elaborate preparation necessary for the production of this intensely powerful play, the Potter-Bellew company will first appear in Dumas' three-act comedy, "Francillon," on Monday and Tuesday evenings; "Charlotte Corday" being produced on Wednesday evening of next week. Chicago theatergoers are looking forward with great interest to the production of "Charlotte Corday," an interest which is much heightened by the accounts of the remarkable success which Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew have achieved in it wherever it has been presented. Without question the Royal English circus and German water carnival has entered the road of prosperity and success, which will make it one of the leading amusement enterprises of the country. The program itself is made up of the best that can be procured, and the fund is inexhaustible. There are constant surprises and pleasing novelties, almost every day seeing a change, and not one moment of monotony is permitted during the entire performance. The combination of circus, pantomime and water carnival has never before been made in this country, and affords an entertainment of peculiar enjoyment. Some of the most famous artists of the arena are under engagement and appear at all performances, which include daily matinees and evenings. Everything has been provided for the comfort of the patrons and the Royal English circus and German water carnival has already established itself as a winner.

McVICKER'S THEATER.
"Rush City" will begin the second and last week of its stay at McVicker's on Sunday, Nov. 4.

Theater Bulletin for Next Week.

Academy	"The Still Alarm"
Alhambra	"The Hustler"
Auditorium	Theodore Thomas
Columbia	"Comic Opera"
Chicago Opera House	"Grand Opera" (Eng.)
Frank Hall's Casino	Variety
Grand Opera House	Richard Roe
Gaiety	Variety
Hookey's	Ada Rohan
Haymarket	Louis Aldrich, "My Partner"
Havira's	"Across the Potomac"
Lincoln	"The Captain's Mate"
Lyceum	Variety
McVicker's	"Rush City"
Schiller	Potter-Bellew
Royal Winter Circus	Wabash Avenue
Sam T. Jack's Opera House	Variety
Sam T. Jack's Empire	Variety
Standard Theater	Variety

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

ST. PAUL'S CONCEPTION OF CHRISTIANITY.—By Alexander B. Bruce, D. D. This is a volume in a series of three and is a companion volume to "The Kingdom of God," published five years ago, and will be followed by "The Epistle to the Hebrews." It takes up chapter by chapter the theological teachings of St. Paul in his Epistles, mainly to Galatian, Corinthian, and Roman churches, upon the questions, "The Doctrine of Sin," "The Righteousness of God," "The Death of Christ," "The Moral Energy of Faith," "The Holy Spirit," "The Flesh as a Hindrance to Holiness," "The Law," "The Christian Life," and many other topics. It makes up a portly volume of 404 pages.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—Henry Loomis Nelson contributes to the November Harper's a delightful article, entitled "At the Capital of the New Republic," in which he offers glimpses of official life at Washington at the beginning of the century, investing with all the charm of witty and vivid narration a period of real interest. The initial article in the same number has also an American theme, and treats of bygone days—the days when sea robbers of New York carried on what they termed the Red Sea Trade, regarding it as a business rather than as a crime; and "agreedable and companionable pirates" (in a town that may still unfortunately count among its officials "agreedable and companionable" persons who regard robbery as a business rather than as a crime), are described by Thomas A. Janvier.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—Sir Walter Scott was a poet whose memory will live. He was the king of story tellers in verse, and has a secure place in classic literature for generations to come. The excellence of his work is such as to make useless any words of commendation. The present edition of his complete poetical works, with its admirable summary of the reasons for Scott's popularity (contributed by Prof. Norton of Harvard) and its brief but interesting biography, contains a fuller collection of his verse than any hitherto printed. It is in clear type, with the poems arranged chronologically, and is furnished with carefully edited notes. The illustrations are contributed by W. L. Taylor, F. T. Merrill, and other first class artists. The binding, printing, and illustrations of the two volumes are in keeping with the text. They are beautiful library books.

THE UNTEMPERED WIND.—By Joanna E. Wood. This is a remarkable story by a new writer. Gentle woman has seldom received such a scoring as Miss Wood gives in her chapters. The story is a recital of the struggles of a fallen woman to live uprightly, and the constant effort of her sex to pull her down and degrade her. The story is told simply, with great directness, and so true to life as to seem real instead of romance. The author adroitly allows her story to enforce its own lessons of ethics, morals, and philosophy. It is too realistic of the painful characteristics in real life to be pleasing, but whoever opens the book will find it of absorbing interest. It is an unusual first book from a young author.

St. Nicholas offers a great program for its young readers for the year 1895. Delightfully bright, entertaining and up to date is the November Current Literature.

The long and complete story in Lippincott's Magazine for November is "Dora's Defiance," by Lady Lindsay.

McClure's Magazine for November opens the promised Napoleon series with fifteen portraits of Napoleon in early manhood.

The Child Garden, published by the Kindergarten Literature company, Woman's Temple, Chicago, is a beautiful little magazine and as good as beautiful.

One of the most interesting books of memories in recent years will be the "Souvenirs of the Prince de Joinville," now in course of publication by Macmillan & Co.

With the November number the Arena concludes its tenth volume, and it gives promise of even greater achievement and prosperity for the coming year than in the past.

D. Appleton & Co. have just read a new book by A. Conan Doyle entitled "Round the Red Lamp," dramatic stories of an English country practitioner's professional life.

Etiquette.
A country girl wants to know if it is "a lady's place to proceed or follow her guests into her house, she happening to be out in the front yard when they call. Secondly, is it not their place to enter the drawing room first? Thirdly, does the hostess precede or follow her guests into the dining room. Answer: The convenience of the guests should always be determine these matters. If the hostess, by going in advance of them into the house, the parlor or the dining room, can, in that way, best minister to their comfort by more speedily taking their things more readily showing them their seats at table in such a manner as to leave them awkwardly waiting, then she should precede them. But if she has a house full of servants trained to wait on guests, and every appurtenance for their comfort in full preparation, then she can be formal, and stand by the door when they enter, and leave them to be marshaled to their places by her assistant.

Oranges a Remedy for Inebriety.
Oranges taken at stated times is the latest remedy for inebriety. Those who profess to know advise the eating of one orange before breakfast, another at 11 a. m., 3 p. m. and 6 p. m., with another the last thing before retiring. It is said if this orange diet is persisted in it will cure all but the worst cases. If this healthful, nutritious fruit possesses yet other medical virtues aside from being a sovereign for biliousness, and is, indeed a remedy for the liquor habit, the good news should be spread far and wide. None are too poor to test the cure, which in any event, can do no harm.

A Baby's Sensational Feat.
A 10-month-old son of Mr. Christian Schneider of Baltimore climbed out of a second story window of his home recently, and appalled onlookers by suspending himself with his hands from a sill. There he hung for about a minute trying to draw himself upward. Just as his little hands lost their grip Mr. Jacob J. Ely, a letter carrier, ran under the child and caught him in his arms as he dropped. The inmates of the household by this time been brought out of the house by the excitement on the street. As Mrs. Schneider appeared at the door Mr. Ely delivered the adventurous infant to her uninjured.

To Circle the Globe.
John W. Noble and Arthur Barnes, wheelmen of Toledo, Ohio, left the other morning to wheel around the world, going to San Francisco, thence into South America, Australia, Asia and Europe, embarking for America at Cork, Ireland. They took nothing with them except their wheels and the clothes they wear; and they expect to complete the trip by May 1.

Dried Up Lakes of Iowa.
Many ponds and small lakes in Iowa utterly dried up during the recent drouth and the presence of dead fish has threatened the health of the regions about the vanished lakes. A large part of the bottom of Swan lake will be mowed this autumn, and wagons drive all over the beds of other dried up lakes in the same region.

Nicety of Touch.
It is a common opinion that machinery works with an exactness and steadiness of movement not to be acquired by a laborer's hand. This is not really true. The workman can suit his stroke to the needs of the case as no machine can do, and this is proved in the trimming of roofing-slates. The splitting process is performed with great nicety by means of chisels, but the shaping is more remarkable, and cannot be properly executed by any who have not been trained to it from youth. The workman sits on a stool with a pad on one knee and a ledge by his side. He lays the slate on the pad on his knee, and allowing the part to be cut to rest on the ledge, strikes it with a heavy knife, and separates it instantaneously with the greatest accuracy.



DR. G. W. STONE,
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New Jersey, please Read.
A gentleman has invented an electric mosquito net which electrocutes insect pests which come in contact with it.



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DENTIST,
PALATINE, - ILL.

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WALKER SAYLER — **EMORE D. FRAZER**
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