

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 9. NO. 38.

BARRINGTON, ILL., SATURDAY FEBRUARY 2, 1895.

\$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

BARRINGTON.

CHURCH NOTICES.

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

SOCIETY NOTICES.

LOONSBURY LODGE No. 751, A. F. and A. M.—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. L. A. Powers, W. M.; C. H. Kendall, S. W.; A. L. Robertson, J. W.; A. T. Urtich, Sec.; C. B. Oils, Treas.; J. M. Thrasher, S. D.; J. P. Brown, J. D.; A. Gleason, Tyler; J. W. Day, S. S.; Wm. Young, J. S.; Robert Bailey, Chaplain; E. Wehman, Marshal.
BARRINGTON CAMP No. 559, Modern Woodmen of America, meets at their hall the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month. E. E. Smith, V. G.; J. M. Thrasher, E. B.; John Robertson, B. M.; T. Lamey, Clerk; E. H. Sodi, Secort; Wm. A. Holtz, Watchman; H. P. Askew, Sentry; L. A. Powers, John Hatje and Fred Reinhardt, Marshalls; C. H. Kendall, Physician.
BARRINGTON TENT No. 75, O. T. M.—Meets in their hall the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. T. H. West, P. C.; E. H. Sodi, C. S.; J. M. Robertson, L. C.; F. E. Smith, S. J. M. Thrasher, R. K.; Rev. Robert Bailey, Chap.; C. P. Hawley, F. R.; Arthur Jayne, M. A.; A. Bennett, Ist M. G.; Fred Kuehling, 2d M. G.; H. R. Jeff, S. M.; John Sbroch, P.
BARRINGTON POST No. 275, G. A. R. Department of Ill.—Meets every second Friday of the month at their hall. Charles Senn, Com.; G. W. Johnson, S. V. G.; Wm. Humphrey, J. V. C.; A. G. Henson, Q. M.; C. Bozart, Chaplain; A. S. Giesler, O. D.; L. Krahn, O. C.; H. Reuter, Sergt.; W. R. C. No. 82. Meets at G. A. R. Hall the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Mrs. Emily Hawley, Pres.; Mrs. Lucy Townsend, 2d V. P.; Mrs. Arletta Stror, J. V. C.; Miss Robie Brokaw, Treas.; Mrs. Kate Rangan, Chaplain; Mrs. Emma Wool, Conductor; Mrs. Julia Robertson, Guard.

VILLAGE OFFICERS.

F. E. Hawley, President
H. C. P. Sandeman, John Robertson, H. T. Abbott, John Collins, Wm. Gunnan, A. L. Robertson, Village Clerk
C. D. Cutting, Village Attorney
E. A. Sandman, Street Commissioner

SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

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

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THEODOR H. SCHUTT,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
BOOTS AND SHOES.
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.
I also carry a large stock of Rubbers, Felt and Rubber Boots.
Call and see my stock and get prices before buying elsewhere.
THEODOR H. SCHUTT,
Barrington, Ill.

NEARLY ALL PERISH.

THE ELBE'S DEATH LIST IS 314.

Further Details of the Disaster in the North Sea—Pieces of Wreckage Found Bearing Name "Azonia"—List of Steerage Passengers.

LONDON, Feb. 1.—The officials of the North German Lloyd have given for publication the following figures as the total number of persons on board the Elbe:
Fifteen first cabin, thirty-one second cabin, two going from Bremen to Southampton, 137 steerage and 119 crew, of which twenty are known to be saved, making a total of 314 lost.

LOWESTOFT, England, Feb. 1.—The horrifying details of the loss of the North German Lloyd steamship Elbe and her human freight, are being discussed here by crowds of people gathered at different places where the survivors remain, although a regular blizzard is blowing and, under ordinary circumstances, very few people would have ventured out of doors.

The bitterly cold weather prevailing and the lack of news from any point along the coast show that there is little if any hope of any other survivors of the disaster reaching land.

A life boat supposed to have belonged to the Elbe has been washed ashore near Yarmouth. In the boat were a number of life belts and oars and it is believed to be the boat from which the fishing smack Wild Flower rescued the few persons who escaped from the steamer after the collision of Wednesday morning.

Everybody here is asking his neighbor the same question: "How did it occur?" and nobody seems able to give a satisfactory answer. A handful of the survivors who were clustered around a hotel fire this morning, indulged in the most bitter criticism of the still unknown ship which rammed and sank the Elbe. All claim that she should have stood by the Elbe and that if she had done so a great many lives would have been saved.

This, of course, is a matter which can not be decided until all the facts in the case are brought to light by the court of inquiry which will look into the matter.

The German Lloyd company at Southampton have been in constant communication with the German vice consul, who has been upon the spot ever since a short time after the disaster became known. It is not yet definitely established that the Crathie was the offending steamer. There are several interesting points in this distressing story which require definite explanation before all the facts in the case will become generally known.

For instance, there are people who believe that a second steamer may have foundered. They base their opinions on the fact that the Ramsgate lifeboat put to sea Wednesday evening in answer to signals of distress supposed to have come from a steamer. But the lifeboat has not returned and as she got away in a blinding snow storm it is believed that she is lost and that the steamer she attempted to assist also went down.

Then, again, the word "Azonia" is branded on the oars of the boat stranded near Yarmouth, so people say that it could not be the boat from which the Wild Flower rescued the survivors of the Elbe. The name of the "Azonia" is not known in shipping circles here.

NEWS FROM ABROAD.

JAPANESE SUCCEED IN CAPTURING WEI-HAI-WEI.

China's Second Important Fortress Gives Japan a Big Victory in the Enemy's Country—Exciting Scene in the French Chamber Over Canrobert's Funeral.

Yokohama, Feb. 1.—Wei-Hai-Wei was captured Wednesday after two days' fighting. The Chinese bolted when the actual assault was made. It is stated that their loss was 2,000 men. Lung Tau, an island near the city, which are workshops and some factories, is still in the hands of the Chinese. All the Europeans in the city escaped unhurt. It is reported that during the fighting all the Chinese men-of-war and ships in the harbor sailed away uninjured.

PARIS, Feb. 1.—A dispatch to the Times from Tien-Tsin says a telegram from Wei-Hai-Wei received in that city says the Japanese have captured all the southern forts. Since this dispatch was sent the telegraph to Wei-Hai-Wei has been cut.

For Funeral of Marshal Canrobert. PARIS, Feb. 1.—The chamber of deputies yesterday after an uproar created by the socialists voted to grant 20,000 francs (\$4,000) to defray the expenses of the funeral of Marshal Canrobert. The vote stood 288 to 152, the government making it a vote of confidence. The senate adopted the political amnesty bill by a vote of 216 to 7.

Big Battle Fought at Bogota. BOGOTA, Feb. 1.—A severe engagement has been fought at Bogota between the government forces and the rebels. Two hundred of the latter were killed. The government troops are under the personal command of the president. Men are being impressed into the service of the government.

RIOTING IN ECUADOR. QUITAQUE, Ecuador, Feb. 1.—The disorders which have arisen owing to the sale of cruiser Esmeralda to Japan are becoming more serious. The troops have fired upon a mob, killing several persons.

CHRISTIANIA, Norway, Feb. 1.—The ministry has resigned and the king has accepted the resignations.

JUROR DYER FAINTS. MAY BE UNABLE TO SERVE IN THE HAYWARD MURDER TRIAL. MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Feb. 1.—In the Hayward case yesterday Juror S. H. Dyer fainted just before the session closed in the afternoon. It was reported that his ailment might take a serious turn.

New details were brought out as to Hayward's knowledge that a crime had been committed before any one else suspected such was the case. This was abundantly proved. It was brought out plainly by the state that Hayward made this charge of murder before the police were aware the affair had been other than accidental. It is believed the defense intends to make much of Blix's confessions and of the behavior of the man since his arrest. Added to this is the belief that an alibi will be attempted for Hayward, an effort to show that at the time Blix claims he was conversing with Hayward beside the buggy of Catherine Gung he was as a matter of fact in another part of the city. On this latter phase of the defense is placed the greatest reliance. Rumors that the state has evidence of the presence of a confederate with Blix the night of the murder were rife yesterday, but no evidence to that effect was given.

WHISKY TRUST TIED UP. CHICAGO, Feb. 1.—Not only is the whisky trust tied up in the United States court, but its books and accounts are today to be made the subject of a searching investigation. Developments of some importance and of possibly sensational interest are expected as a result of the work. On the result of the hearing for the removal of the receivers, to be argued before Judge Grosscup to-morrow, will depend the future of the whisky trust, and it is certain to be the occasion of a bitter legal fight.

Trolley Lines on Schedule Time. NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—All of the trolley lines in Brooklyn which were closed by the strike were in operation yesterday on schedule time, and will be operated from this on the usual schedule. All of the roads claim to have the necessary men to run all the cars which are in condition, and as soon as the necessary repairs have been made to the cars damaged by the mobs they will be put on the lines. It is a question now of only a short time when the troops will be relieved from duty.

ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.

Major Proceedings of the Upper and Lower Houses Condensed.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Feb. 1.—In the senate yesterday Chairman Berry of the committee on judiciary reported favorably on the bills regulating the filing of plats of ground outside of cities and villages, reducing the time for contesting wills from three to two years.

They were ordered to third reading. The military deficiency bill, and the bill providing for the reconstruction of the insane asylum at Anna were passed with emergency clauses. Senator Fitzpatrick introduced a bill to remove the \$5,000 death limit. It is almost identical with the Nohe bill introduced at the last session. Senator Berry introduced a bill for uniformity of text books in public schools. It is the same bill he introduced at the last session of the legislature. Mr. Woolsey introduced a bill in the house to-day which aims to abolish A. P. A. order and subject them to large fines. The bill says that all members of societies which tends to ostracize persons for holding other religious beliefs shall be considered conspirators and subject to a fine not less than \$500 or more than \$2,000. The complainant against the violators of the act is to receive half the fine collected, while the remainder is to be credited to the public school fund. The senate adjourned until 10 o'clock this morning.

In the house Mr. Eakin offered a resolution, which was referred to the committee on judiciary, instructing that committee to report a bill to the house abolishing the grand jury system in counties of the third class. By Mr. Beck—To provide that teachers in the public schools shall be twenty years of age if males and eighteen if females. By Mr. Metcalfe—To increase the pay of judges and clerks and official ticket holders of elections from \$3 to \$5 per day. By Mr. O'Donnell—To create a state veterinary board consisting of five members, to be appointed by the governor, to examine and license veterinary surgeons. By Mr. Woolsey—Providing that life insurance companies shall pay 2 1/2 per cent of their gross earnings into the state treasury. The house adjourned to 10 o'clock this morning.

OPPOSE A BOND ISSUE. Resolution in Wyoming Legislature Declares It to Be a Gold Ploy. CHEYENNE, Wyo., Feb. 1.—The house of the Wyoming legislature is considering a joint bill expressing as the opinion of the people of Wyoming that the proposed additional issue of bonds by the national government is a move in the eastern part of the country on the part of the bankers to force the country to a gold basis and to drive the national government from its constitutional supervision of the currency of the country. The Wyoming delegation in congress is asked to fight the administration bill.

Indictments for Midgley. NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—The grand jury has found two new indictments against William F. Midgley, former president of the American Casualty Insurance and Security company of Baltimore, which failed some eighteen months ago for over \$1,000,000. The new indictments are for forgery in the third degree.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

Are offering the Highest Grade of Groceries at the lowest prices ever known. See what \$1.00 will buy:

- 25 lbs granulated sugar \$1.00
- 22 lbs choice raisins 1.00
- 5 lbs Rio coffee 1.00
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- 7 3-lb cans California table peaches 1.00
- 7 6-lb cans pie peaches 1.00
- 11 3-lb cans pumpkins 1.00
- 5 cans Meyer's baking powder 1.00
- 7 cans Economy baking powder 1.00
- 11 cans Empress corn 1.00
- 21 bars white borax soap 1.00
- 8 lbs tea dust 1.00
- 16 lbs pure soda 1.00
- 5 lbs smoking tobacco 1.00
- 4 lbs uncolored Japan tea 1.00
- 4 gals fancy syrup 1.00

In addition to the above bargains we wish to call your attention to OUR BEST FLOUR. For quality it has no equal. Our price, only \$3.50 per barrel. We are also selling

- 50-lb sack rye flour \$.90
- 50-lb sack pure flour90
- 25-lb sack pure buckwheat75
- 25-lb sack meal flour45
- 12 1-2-lb sack Graham25
- 12 1-2-lb sack meal25

The above is but a sample of the bargains we are offering. When you come to our store we will show you many more.

A. W. MEYER & CO.,
Barrington, Ill.

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Fresh and Salt Meats,
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Armour's Celebrated Hams, Sausages, Etc.
A TRIAL WILL CONVINCEN YOU + Open Sundays Until 9 a. m.
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A better investment for so little money can not be found than \$1 placed for a year's subscription for the Review. If you are not a subscriber you should be, for there is nothing in this line so welcome or more interesting to the home than a good home paper. We are receiving many new subscribers every week which goes to show the interest the public are taking in the Review. If you are not a subscriber don't wait, but subscribe now and get all the news promptly every week.

Pay Your Taxes.
After Jan. 20 the undersigned, tax collector for the Town of Cuba, will be at the office of J. D. Lamey & Co., on Tuesday and Saturday of each week to receive taxes.
JOHN WEICHL

Do You Want to Rent?
We have the renting of dwellings in different localities of Barrington. If you wish to rent call at the Review office and see what we have for you.

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

New Meat Market Now Open.
The undersigned has opened a meat market in William Howarth's store building and will keep constantly on hand a choice line of fresh and smoked meats, fish, oysters, Armour's celebrated sausages, hams, etc.
Market open Sundays until 9 a. m.
R. BURTON.

BURNT CORK GIRLS.

WILL GIVE A MINSTREL SHOW FOR CHARITY.

One of the innovations of the Winter In Gay Gotham—Military Minstrelsy and Dialect Songs for the Four Hundred.

[New York Correspondence.]

THE DRAMA, COMEDY, tragedy and opera, follow each other upon the stage as the fickle fancy of amusement seekers turns from one to another, but there is one form of entertainment which never fails to please the popular fancy. It matters not if the jokes be worn or the songs old, the negro minstrel performance is always sure to be hailed with delight.

And when it is lovely women who blacken their faces and kick their heels in a rattling breakdown, the charms of the minstrel show are more than doubled.

Behind closed doors, and with the



MISS JOSEPHINE KUSINER

utmost secrecy, forty members of the Young Ladies' Charitable society of this city have been rehearsing for some time in the concert room of the Lexington Avenue Opera house for a minstrel performance. The entertainment is to be called "Military Minstrelsy," and has been specially arranged for the occasion. The writer succeeded in getting in before the door was closed the other day and saw a very interesting rehearsal.

At the rise of the curtain the minstrels are just returning from parade and march in, four abreast, dressed in a uniform very much like that of the Seventh regiment, the difference being that the fair performers wear short, black skirts and white leggings instead of trousers. As they come forward to the footlights they sing a medley, which includes "Oft Have We Roamed Together," "Annie Laurie," "When the Band Begins to Play," "Climb Up You Children, Climb," and other popular songs.

Miss Julia Feist, who will act as interlocutor, is to be costumed in a white uniform as colonel of the regiment. She introduces the end men—or, rather, the end ladies, in these words: "Ladies, since you have decided upon giving a performance free from vulgarity and devoid of romance, we will commence our novel minstrel by introducing our end ladies, who are full of brilliancy. I expect them in a minute and you can wager they're right in it."

And then the eight ends appear in smart red coats and bloomers. Then there is a chorus:

Let the revels begin,
Commence the show;
Hoop la! hurrah!
Let her go!

And then the performance goes ahead with a snap and a dash that is



MISS BERTHA JACOBS

exhilarating. The young ladies who play the tambourines are Miss Florence Cutler, Miss Della Weil, Miss Essie Moore and Miss Theresa Weiss. The bones are manipulated on the opposite end by Miss Malvania Newman, Miss Millie Apfel, Miss Bertha Jacobs and Miss Hannah Rogers.

The musical program is made up of favorite airs and the singers do their share to bring out the fun. Miss Theresa Weiss sings "Lindy Does You Love Me" with the true spirit of the Southern negro, and her walk and shuffle are positively delightful. As the "Captain of Company B" Miss Bertha Jacobs is sure to make a hit, while Miss Hannah Rogers sings "Living Pictures" with all the sparkle of a gay soubrette. One of the special acts is a crap game in which Misses Clara Beck, Katá Goldstein, Celia Rogers and Sadie Marx take part. There will be an imitation of the tough "galler gal" by two of the young

ladies and with the aid of big razors and hair pulling it will be made very realistic. The ends and interlocutor have a lot of brand new jokes to spring when the time comes.

The main feature of the performance will be the marching and manoeuvres of the company, with guns in hand, in the grand finale. The girls will sing the "Golden Key" as they move down to the footlights, break, circle and march about in splendid time and order. A regular Salvation Army band takes part in the finale, in which Miss Kate Goldstein plays the bass drum. She is a rollicking sort of a girl, and the drollery which she puts into her part will surely make a hit.

The young ladies are working hard to become letter perfect in the business of the performance, and it is said that some of them meet to practice the negro dialect, while others have so far forgotten themselves as to start a pigeon-toe or duck step while waiting for a car, and that one of their number actually walked along the street speaking her lines and loping along like a Georgia negro.

The society was organized a little over two years ago, and now boasts of 175 members. Only women are eligible to membership. It is further required that they must have attained the age of 18 years, be of Hebrew parentage and unmarried.

Whenever one of the members sees fit to enter into the bonds of matrimony she loses her membership.

The society does a great deal of practical good in alleviating the poor and distressed of this city regardless of race, creed, color or sect. A feature of the charity is that it is perfectly free from red tape. Relief in all cases found to be worthy is given within forty-eight hours after the application is made. Whenever a member hears of a case where aid is needed, she at once reports to the secretary, who, in turn, sends a committee to visit the place as soon as possible and acquaint themselves with the circumstances. Where there is sickness a doctor and



MISS SOPHIE SCHUMANN

medicine are furnished. During the past eight months the society has saved nearly fifty families from being dispossessed.

SLATE PENCILS AND SLATES.

Millions of Them Used Yearly in Schools and Elsewhere in This Country.

Only one firm in the United States is making slate pencils from native slate. There are imported many slate pencils—that is, pencils made of slate—from Germany, and also some soapstone pencils from abroad. The native soapstone pencil industry languishes, according to those interested, because of the recent reduction in the tariff upon imported soapstone pencils. Millions of pencils made of slate are turned out at a quarry in Pennsylvania. The rough slate is sawn into suitable pieces by machinery, and from each piece a special machine cuts six pencils of standard length, 5 1/2 inches. These pencils come out rounded, but not pointed. Deft boys take them by twos and threes and quickly point them at an emery wheel rapidly revolved by machinery. The pencils are then put up in pasteboard boxes of 100 each, and these boxes are placed in wooden cases containing 10,000 pencils. The wholesale price of slate pencils is only \$6.75 a case. Pencils that break in the making are made up into "shorts," measuring 3 1/4 or 4 1/4 inches, and the shorter pencils are made also from small fragments of slate. Pencils wrapped in the American flag printed on paper cost about \$2 a case more than the ordinary bare pencil, and pencils wrapped in gilt paper come a little higher. It is an easy bit of ciphering to make out that pencils at \$6.75 a case of 10,000 are worth about two thirds of a mill, or fifteenth of a cent.

Pencils imported from Germany sell in this market at about the price of the native product. The American labor is much better paid than the German labor, but the cost of the American pencil is not much greater than that of the German pencil because machinery is so much more used here than abroad. The German pencils are in large part made by hand in the homes of the German work folks, and the price paid for the work is wretchedly small.

As to slates, they are produced of all sizes and for a great number of purposes. The best are for school use and for blackboards. Notwithstanding the many compositions invented to serve as blackboards, slate is still used for the purpose, and immense slabs of the finest quality are cut, smoothed and set up in schoolhouses. They will outlast any composition, and if properly cared for will always show a clear mark from the chalk crayon. Millions of slate pencils are used up yearly in schools of all kinds, and if all the school slates were taken for roofing they would roof a large city.

The modus vivendi with the United States was finally adopted by the chamber of deputies of Spain

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE COUNTRY BOY AND HIS CITY COUSIN.

Friend Little Nellie and the Lesson She Learned—The Little School Ma'am—A Game for Jack Frost and the Children—Turkey Clothes.

Jim.

She was a very little girl, with hair like spun gold, big brown eyes and a red mouth, like a wax doll's. She stood in the little arbor as Jim came up the road and he thought he had never seen anything so beautiful. He noticed that she was little and slender, too, that her clothes were dainty, and her hands white. As he came nearer she stepped out from the arbor and asked, with a little curl of her lip:

"Are you my cousin, James Creeley?" He was only a country boy, and so stood and stared in amazement. Then he ejaculated:

"Me? Yes, your cousin? No?" "But you must be," persisted the girl. "They said I would see you. And"—she added, with a glance which took in every detail of James' costume, from the bare feet to the "hickory" shirt—"they said you were a handsome lad." And with that she sniffed a disdainful little sniff, and walked stiffly toward the house.

Jim stood looking after her, a flush mantling the freckled cheeks and the white forehead under the red hair, he saw the white dress vanish as she turned the corner of the house, and he walked on. He reached the barn just as Mary had finished milking the cows. "Don't you know there's company?" she asked, as she swung the milk pail around to see the bubbles dance. "An' they're goin' to stay for a week; and you ought to be dressed."

A week! Jim's heart would have sunk into his boots had he worn any; as it was it seemed to go up into his throat and stick there in a big lump. He went around the yard spitting the chickens into the hen house, putting the farm tools away. Then he went to the house. His mother met him at the door and gave him a list of directions which made his head spin. The result was he came down to supper looking like a city boy. But the freckles and red hair were still there. His aunt—whom he had not seen since he was a baby—quite overwhelmed him with her kind, manner and sweet voice, but he would have given it all for one glance, even a disdainful one, from the little girl who sat near him, her proud little head turned away.

As the days went by the color came into the white cheeks of the little golden haired girl, and when her mother had to go back to the city she decided to leave her to stay another week or so. Jim felt that the cows were ugly now, the horses were slow, the fields of wheat and timothy and the wild roses that grew in the hedges were all dull and drab, he could only find sunshine when little Nellie was with him. She hated a boy with dirty hands, who couldn't dance and who was awkward and stupid.

One morning she started out for a long walk. Jim saw her as she went out the gate. She had a long piece of white thread in her hand, and carried three pins in her mouth. "Fishin'," said Jim.

She had heard her uncle say that there were plenty of fish in the deep brook if people were not too lazy to catch them. She would catch some, then Jim would see that a city girl could do more than a country boy. Her proud little nose turned up at the very mention of the name.

The brook was soon reached, and Nellie sat down and threw her line as far out as she could. She watched the hook float a moment and then disappear. She listened to the chirp of the birds in the trees along the bank. She saw the sunlight glimmer through the leaves, and she became drowsy.

Suddenly she started up. Her line had slipped from her hands and was floating in the water almost beyond her reach. She leaned over and by a supreme effort caught it, but could not pull it in; one end was caught fast under a stone in the middle of the brook. She thought of the fish she meant to catch and gave two or three hard tugs. There was a jerk, the string broke, her feet slid on the slippery bank, and the next moment the little girl was struggling in the water, and the water closed above the golden head, leaving ever-widening circles shimmering on the surface of the brook.

There was a great rustling among the bushes, a white face and a crown of red hair appeared for a second, and then both had plunged into the water. Nellie felt her hair being pulled very hard; she wondered afterward why it took her breath away and why she was so—so sleepy.

When Jim made his appearance at the farm yard with his clothes wringing wet, his hair standing on end and the little bundle of moans in his arms, Mrs. Farmer all but had hysterics. She said he was a brave boy, when he told the story, but knowing how to swim and giving one's life up for another was quite usual for her boys. The next day Nell was to go home. She came out to the barn where Jim was watering the cows and stood lovingly caressing the velvet nose of the spotted calf.

"I am going away, Jim," she said shyly, "and I came to thank you for saving my life."

She looked at him over the calf's head and smiled sweetly. Jim flushed. He stammered something about not having done anything extraordinary.

"But you know I would have died, wouldn't I, if you hadn't come?" "Mebbe," said Jim. "Mamma would have been very

sorry," continued Nell, in her soft little voice.

"So would I," Jim managed to say. "And no city boy could have done it," she continued, still patting the "bossy's" head with her little hand.

"Poo!" announced Jim.

She looked up. "I want you to come and see us—to come home with me now. Mamma said so," she said. And they have been good friends ever since—though he is only a country boy.—New York Advertiser.

A Game of Action.

Little folks delight much in games of action. Jack Frost understands children pretty well, so he gives them plenty of lively exercise when he comes along, says the Ladies' Home Journal. The leader need not describe the game beforehand to the players, but all may form in a large ring, and the children be divided into groups of ten. To each ten an adult should be assigned who can assist the little people should they need help in understanding the game as it progresses. Let each group face the center of the room, where the leader stands, and place each number one at the left end of each section.

The leader claps her hands together and calls out: "Where is Jack Frost?" A lad dressed, or not, to represent his icy kingdom, runs around the ring and swings a wand touching number one of each section on the right hand. Each number one turns to the left and says to number two: "Jack Frost came this way." Number two asks: "What did he do?" Number one replies: "He nipped my right hand, oh!" Immediately number one shakes the right hand violently. Number two turns to number three and says: "Jack Frost came this way." Number three inquires: "What did he do?" Number two replies: "He nipped my right hand, oh!" Number two begins to shake violently its frost-bitten hand and number one continues the shaking.

This goes on in the same way until number ten is reached. By that time everybody in the room is shaking a frosty right hand, which must be kept still shaking while Jack Frost again goes flying around the room and touches the left hand of each number one. Then, as before, number two is told by number one that Jack Frost came this way and that he nipped his or her left hand. Then, by the same process, word is carried by repeated questions and answers and handshaking to number ten, until everybody in the room is shaking two frost-bitten hands.

Jack Frost again flies around and nips the right foot of each number one, and a right foot is added to the shaking members. Then later a left foot; then two feet together, and the children are all shaking their hands and hopping up and down on both feet. Then the right ear is nipped, and the hand shaking and jumping go on with the head turned down upon the right shoulder. The left ear falls a victim and the head turns upon the left shoulder. The last round inquires: "Has Jack Frost bitten you enough?" The reply is affirmative and the head jerks assent. It must be understood that no moment during the entire game do the players cease from shaking each member that has been nipped with frost.

The Little Schoolma'am.

Speak of queen and empress,
Or of other ladies royal,
Not one of them has half the power
Or subjects half so loyal
As she, the little schoolma'am,
Who trips along the way
To take the chair she makes a throne
At nine o'clock each day.

Her rule is ever gentle
Her tones are low and sweet:
She is very trim and tidy
From her head unto her feet
And it matters very little
If her eyes be brown or blue
They simply read your inmost heart
Whenever she looks at you.

The children bring her presents,
Red apples, flowers galore,
For all the merry girls and boys
This queen of theirs adore.
The darlin' little schoolma'am,
Who reigns without a peer,
In a hundred thousand class-rooms
This gaily flyin' year,
—Harper's Young People

To Be a Widder.

Edwin had two aunts of whom he was very fond, and they were both widows. The day that he put on his first pair of trousers his father laughingly asked him:

"When are you going to be married, now?"

Edwin stuck his hands down deep in his pockets and answered with all seriousness:

"I'm not goin' to marry, papa. I fink I'll dess live a widder."

How Ghosts Smell.

"Mamma," said Tom, "do you believe in gho'ses?" "Certainly not," answered his mother, looking up from her embroidery.

"I do," continued Tom. "I never did see one, but I smelt some last week."

"And how did they smell?" "They smelt mouldy," said Tom.

Reproving Papa.

Three-year-old Julia was riding in front of her papa one morning and grew much provoked because he would not make the horse trot. Finally, turning around, she announced severely:

"If you don't make 'im trot, papa, you shan't wide berthine me no mo', sir!"

A Question.

"Mamma," asked Johnnie the other day as he reached home after school, "tell me quick; will I ever have a brother, 'cause I'll save him this second reader if he's comin', and if he ain't, me an' Jo Hall is goin' to sell it an' buy taffy."

Turkey's Clothes.

Four-year-old Tommy, being very fond of turkey dressing, said: "Please, papa, give me some more of those clothes; they are very nice."

ABOUT THE CAMPFIRE

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD OF BATTLE AND BIVOUAC.

Loving a Brave Enemy—Nasby's Reasons Why He Should Not Be Drafted—That Little Orderly of Sheridan's—He Has Multiplied.

Loving a Brave Enemy.

A veteran soldier's face lighted up with a fine glow of enthusiasm as he recounted to a company of friends some of his experiences in our civil war. One of them, impressed by his earnestness, made a commonplace remark.

"How hard it is," he said, "after thirty years of peace in our united country for anyone to believe that there ever was a time when our soldiers under different flags hated and enjoyed killing one another."

"You are wrong!" exclaimed the colonel. "Hatred among the soldiers was not common. The trade of war was distasteful to most of them. There was little personal animosity between the blue and gray. Each as the war went on was proud of the bravery and qualities of the other. A soldier on the battlefield, exposed every moment to death first learned to respect and then to like a brave enemy."

The veteran related an incident of the Wilderness campaign. There had been fierce fighting, and a swarm of prisoners had been taken to the rear guard, where rations had been served to a regiment which was about to be ordered into action.

"When did you Johnnies have your last meal?" shouted one of the officers.

"Last night," was the answer.

"That is too bad!" cried several voices. "Let's give them our rations. We have had our breakfast, and can go without dinner."

It was done with one accord. The prisoners got the rations and the generous regiment marched onto the battle, wishing them better luck another time.

The colonel gave several illustrations of the good-humored banter exchanged between the camps, and told of strong friendships formed on picket duty, and of rollicking games of cards played between the soldiers of the opposing armies. He commented upon the unwillingness of the men to take any unfair advantage of an enemy, when the armies were not engaged in battle, but only watching and playing with each other.

He told a story of a Southern officer who entered a Union camp in a Northern uniform, and induced the officers to believe that he had been sent from headquarters on an inspection tour.

His real character was exposed after a dinner with the officers, when his name and rank were accidentally noticed on the hilt of his sword. He was a spy, and the rules of war had to be enforced, especially as a complete diagram of the camp and its defences were found on his person. But every officer in the court marshal that condemned him tried to make excuses for him and regarded him with pitying eyes.

"The soldiers were good friends," said the colonel. "They were proud of their country's military prestige and fighting stock. Take an old soldier's word for it, there is nothing easier than to love a brave enemy."—American Tribune.

Why He Should Not Be Drafted.

Petroleum V. Nasby, in order to place himself in his proper position before the public, felt called upon to give his reasons—weighty and cogent ones, too—why he should not be drafted. He says:

I see in the papers last night, that the government has instituted a draft, that in a few weeks hundreds of thousands of peaceable citizens will be dragged to the tented field. I know not what others may do, but ez for me, I can't go. Upon a rigid eggaminashun uv my fizzle man, I find it wood be wuz ner madajs for me 2 undertake a campane, to wit:

1. I'm bald-headed, and hev bin obliged to wear a wig these twenty-two years.

2. I hev draund in wat scanty hair still hangs round my venerable temples.

3. I hev a kronic katarr.

4. I hev lost, since Stanton's order to draft, the use uv one eye entirely, and hev kronic inflammashun in the other.

5. My teeth is all unsound, my palit ain't eggactly rite, and I hev hed bronkectis thirty-one yerres last Joon. At present I hev a koff the paroxisms uv which is frightful 2 behold.

6. I'm holler chestid, and short-winded and hev allus hed panes in my back and side.

7. I'm afflicted with kronic direar and kostivness. The money I hev paid for Jayneses farminyntive balsam and pills wood astonish almost ennybody.

8. I am rupchured in 9 places, and am entirely enveloped with trusses.

9. I hev verrykose vanes, hev a white swellin' on wun leg and a fever sore on the uther—also wun leg is shorter than tother, though I handle it so expert that nobody ever noticed it.

10. I hev korns and bunyons on both feet, which wood prevent me from marchin'.

I don't suppose my political opinions, which are ferninst the prosekoonshun uv this unconstitutional war, wood hev enny wate with a draftin' osifer, but the abuv reasons why I can't go, will, I maik no doubt, be siffisient.

The 44th Iowa.

This regiment was a 100-days organization. Governor Stone was an earnest advocate of these 100-days regiments, as by using them to garrison forts and stations the veterans

could be spared for the campaigns of Sherman and Grant. This regiment was mustered into service in June, 1864, and was at once sent to Tennessee, where it was engaged guarding the railroads. Stephen H. Henderson was colonel of the regiment. One officer and fifteen men died in the service.

That Little Orderly.

C. A. McNeil, Richwood, Ohio, writes to the National Tribune: "So far it was George Mullihan, of Pad-dock, Neb.; John Ballentine, Saginaw, Mich.; David D. Deshong, Hyndman, Pa.; Hiram Pace, Fremont, Mich.; M. Gerwig, Third West Virginia cavalry; Gabriel Fox, Nichols, N. Y.; and Joseph C. Richardson, Baldwin, Maine, who were the only little orderlies that kept up with Sheridan. I trust that the comrades of Ohio who were in the valley with Sheridan will see that the old Buckeye state is represented in the foregoing list. Let all get in who can. More the merrier."

Corporal, company I, Third West Virginia cavalry, Hope, W. Va., writes: "There seems to be some contradiction as to who was the small man that kept up with Sheridan to the lines of the army at Cedar Creek. If any man besides myself kept up I did not see him. So I'll give a short history of the black mare I had, as she was my private property. She could run equal to a grayhound, and had the bottom to hold out. I am sure she saved my life at Opequan, near Winchester, on Sept. 19, 1864. The Johnnies had cut me off, and thought they had me sure. There was but one gap to get out by flanking them. I had some 400 yards to make the gap, while they only had a hundred to the outlet. One Johnny officer got within tea steps, but Blacley sailed out like a pigeon past the whole crew."

"This animal I sold to an officer, who took her to the Western plains to fight the Indians, where she finally got shot by the Indians. I was surely the orderly who rode close behind Sheridan."

Thomas W. Alderson, Lenoxville, Pa., writes: "There is a man here who claims to be that little orderly, and I think he is, for he told me all about it some time ago. He was in the 17th Pa. Cav., and his name is George Moore."

A Soldier's Monument.

A monument for the soldiers!
And what will ye build it of?
Can ye build it of marble or brass or broze,
Or hasten in the soldiers' love?
Can ye glorify their blood?
As grand as their blood hath writ
From the inmost shrine of this land of thine
To the outermost verge of it?

And the answer came: We would build it
Out of our hopes made sure,
And out of our purest prayers and tears,
And out of our faith secure
We would build it out of the great white truths
Their death hath sacrificed,
And the sculptured forms of the men in arms,
And their faces as they died.

And what heroic figures
Can this sculptor carve in stone?
Can the marble breast be made to bleed
And the marble lips to moan?
Can the marble brow be feared,
And the marble eyes be grieved
To look their last, as the flag floats past,
On the country they have saved.

And the answer came: The figures
Shall all be fair and brave,
And as bright as pure and white
As the stars above their grave.
The marble lips and breast and brow
Whereon the laurel lies
Bequeath us right to guard the flag;
Or the old flag in the skies.

A monument for the soldiers,
Built of a people's love
And bronzed and decked and paroled
With the hearts ye built it of
And see that ye build it surely,
In pillar and niche and arch,
And hark in peace as the souls of those
It would commemorate.

—James Whitecomb Riley.

The Oldest Army Nurse.

The oldest living army nurse is Mrs. Lucy C. Freedley, whose home is at 759 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. She was the first woman to receive a pass to the Southern battlefields, and few women have sacrificed and braved as much for their country as she. Her two young sons were soldiers, and when she heard that one was wounded at Antietam she went to Washington laden with supplies for the wounded. She was immediately put in charge of the hospital at Georgetown, where she remained two years. After Fredericksburg she went personally to Secretary Stanton, who finally gave her a pass and she went to that battlefield in search of her son Jesse, who had been in the thickest of the fight and was badly wounded. Here she had charge of the barracks hospitals and temporary charge of the marine hospital at Alexandria for over a year. She attended the reunion of the 35th regiment at Weymouth last September. Mrs. Freedley is now 80 years old, and still a brilliant conversationalist and hard student. She speaks Italian and Spanish.

Wanted an Exchange of Confidence.

In an account of the campaign in Georgia, General J. S. Fallerton tells this story: "The strain was constant day after day. There was no straggling. Every man on both sides was required to be in his place. It was while moving back from one position to another that the incident occurred of which some of you have heard. Hardee—you know what a disciplinarian he was—came upon a great, gaunt fellow in butterfat squatted down in a fence corner, puffing away at a pipe. 'Why aren't you in your command?' thundered Hardee; 'who are you?' The loose-jointed soldier straightened up slowly, and removing his pipe from his mouth, said: 'I am the chaplain of the Sixth Arkansas. Now, who the — are you?'"

The winter days in Sweden are only six hours long. In the northern part of the peninsula the sun does not rise once for two months. This is made up for, however, by the sunny summer. In the north the sun does not set for weeks and weeks, an endless day. The most glorious sight of all the northland is the midnight sun.

ABOUT THOMAS NAST.

THE GREAT CARTOONIST OF DAYS GONE BY.

Though He Pointed Out the Way for the Great Picture Makers of To-day, He Has Sank from Public Notice—Good Work He Accomplished.



IT HAS OCCURRED to many persons who are familiar with the influences which procured the overthrow of the corrupt ring of which Tweed was the chief, to compare the service rendered by the artist Thomas Nast in that work with what has been done by Dr. Parkhurst in the later revolution. Excepting the fact that both men were prominent in undertakings of a similar nature, there is, after all, little to furnish a comparison. Mr. Nast's service was important. He represented in the concrete, and by the weapon of satire, the public opinion which was then making against Tweed and the vulgar thieves by whom he was surrounded. He was able to catch the spirit of the public opposition, and so suggest it by his pencil as to show the public by cartoon what it was thinking about. His most famous cartoon represented Tweed as a money bag. With a skill which has never been equaled in this country, Nast converted, by a few strokes of his pencil, the representation of a bag of gold into a caricature of Tweed's face, and



THOMAS NAST TO-DAY.

this expressed week after week what everybody had in his mind, that Tweed had, by his political power and control of the city of New York, been able to make a great fortune for himself.

The cartoons were of immense importance in this formulating or crystallizing public opinion. It has been said that Tweed himself looked upon them as one of the most important influences in causing his downfall. Mr. Nast is of European birth, having been born in Bavaria fifty-four years ago; but he came early to this country, and is one of the most enthusiastic and loyal of Americans. His first work as a cartoonist or a sketch-maker for the illustrated weeklies was done before the civil war. He went to England, and sketched the famous prize fight between Heenan and Sayers, and he also followed Garibaldi during the most important of his engagements. It was by means of his pencil that America became familiar with these important events. Coming back to the United States, he became associated with the Harpers, and sprang into general fame when he began to tell in satire the story of Tweed's corruption. He became still further known by his illustrated lectures, delivered all over the country. Lately Mr. Nast has made one or two ventures of his own in illustrated journalism. He was the first of the great American cartoonists, and pointed the way for Keppler and Gillam.

SIG. GIOLITTI.

The Italian Ex-Prime Minister Who Is Now Under Arrest.

The issue of a warrant for the arrest of Sig. Giolitti, ex-premier of Italy, is an emphatic reminder that the Italian scandals are far from finished. It is clear, however, that they are now about to take another direction. Their latest development, says the New York Herald, has arisen out of the action of Sig. Giolitti in submitting to the chamber of deputies certain papers relating to the Banca Romana scandals.

These papers, it was understood, had come into Sig. Giolitti's possession when he was prime minister. The documents were referred to a committee



SIG. GIOLITTI.

for examination and were found to contain papers implicating Sig. Crispi in a number of disgraceful financial transactions. The object aimed at was the overthrow of Sig. Crispi, and it seems to be generally agreed that the peculiar manner in which the papers were classified and selected gave evidence of a strong desire to blacken the premier's character. The scheme was the same as that employed in 1891 against Crispi, and

later against Giolitti to create a scandal and a stormy sitting, with overwhelming accusations against the ministry, and so to get a surprise vote, under which it was hoped that the ministry would resign, and then, with a new cabinet, dependent more or less on the radical vote, the whole affair would be put out of sight and remembrance, burying Crispi at least. Sig. Giolitti the year before lost his nerve and resigned before the vote, but this time Crispi was in the mood to fight, and he did not shrink from the measures required to control the excitement.

Parliament was suddenly prorogued after Crispi had denounced the papers as a "mass of lies and slanders," and information was lodged with the public prosecutor charging Deputies Giolitti and Mazzini and Sig. Martuscelli, the official who had inspected the books of the Banca Romana, with forgery. It is to be observed that the charges against Sig. Crispi do not seem to be based upon original documents at all, but rather upon notes appended to certain transactions of the Banca Romana by Mazzini and Martuscelli. Moreover, the committee of five appointed to examine the papers came unanimously to the conclusion that they do not contain a particle of real evidence beyond what refers to one or two undisputed transactions between Sig. Crispi and the bank, which were of a perfectly legitimate character and were thoroughly investigated long ago. Party spirit, however, runs so high in Italy that the chamber was not in a condition to take a dispassionate view, and a prorogation was resorted to in order to give time for angry passions to cool down and to vitiate the charges completely. Sig. Giolitti left Italy hurriedly as soon as the storm burst.

FAMOUS IN FOLK LORE.

Miss Mary Alicia Owens, a Woman Worth Knowing.

Miss Mary Alicia Owens of St. Joseph, Mo., is one of the first folklorists of the world.

"I was, I am," she says, "a folklorist born, not made. I live in the finest possible field for folk lore, where superstitions black, red and of a piebald nature abound. At first I absorbed all of this, without considering that I was acquiring material. Charles G. Leland at length made it known to me that I was a folklorist. I had already written considerable, and one day I sent Mr. Leland some tales that seemed to be remnants of his Algonquin legends. On his finding that I had an extensive collection of the same, he urged me to publish them, and the result was my first book, 'Old Rabbit, the Voodoo.'

"I am the only white voodoo in existence," says Miss Owens, further, "and was initiated with all due solemnity some years ago. Perhaps my being descended from the seventh son of a seventh son has something to do with my so easily winning the confi-



MISS MARY ALICIA OWENS.

dence of the folk. By the way, I paid a long visit to the Pottawatomes, Kickapoo, Sacks and Iowas this past summer, during their corn dances. It was a great sight."

Miss Owens is a member of the English, Italian, Hungarian, American and Chicago folk lore societies. She also belongs to the famous Viking club. Besides her published volumes, she has read many notable papers before folk lore societies, the most memorable, perhaps, having been at the International Folk Lore congresses, held in London in 1891, and in Chicago in 1894.

Says Mr. Leland: "Miss Owens has given to folk lore many of the most valuable and original contributions that have yet been made."

Men and Women in New York.

The census reveals some curious facts about the distribution of New York's excess of women. New York city has 20,000 of them; Brooklyn, 17,000; Albany, 5,500; Troy, 5,000; Utica, 3,000; Rochester, 4,000; Syracuse, 1,100. They are all, practically, in the larger cities of the state, the one exception being Buffalo, which has 4,000 more men than women. It would be interesting to know more about these 4,000 superfluous Buffalo men, whether they are Polacks, Italians, lake sailors, canal boatmen, or merely lively young bachelors from the country in the western part of the state who have gone to Buffalo to seek their fortunes. New York city's business opportunities, which attract crowds of men, seem to attract quite as many women. Yet the excess of women in New York is comparatively small. The city has forty-five women to every forty-four men, while Brooklyn has twenty-six women to every twenty-five men, and Troy eleven women to every ten men. Why should it happen that in the suburban counties nearest New York there should be more men than women? It would seem that of the population drawn by the metropolis to this end of the state the unmarried men would nearly all live in the cities, and the dwellers in the suburbs would for the most part be people with families. Yet the suburban counties all show an excess of men—1,300 in Westchester, 1,700 in Richmond, and 2,300 in Queens.

MATRONS AND MAIDS.

WHAT MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN SHOULD WEAR.

The Hardest Period of Life to Dress Suitably—A Great Singer's Advice to Girls Who Have Voices—Lost—My Boy—Tried Recipes.

No Longer Young.

It is the easiest thing in the world to sneer at the passing woman whose youthful dress caricatures her age; it is the hardest thing in the world, as those who sneer will themselves discover later on, to dress suitably for that trying period when autumn is just shading into winter. If any woman wants to make a grandmother of herself (though I have never found that woman yet) the problem is easy enough, for there are endless suggestions for the wearer of snowy locks and spectacles, but for the woman with a slight sprinkle only of iron-gray in her hair and strong determination to dress in style, there are difficulties. "Wear dark, rich materials," the fashion plates vaguely advise, with the light-hearted disregard for probabilities and pocket-books which distinguish them, and as to what she shall do for rich materials if she herself is not rich profound silence is observed.

It is safe to say that more middle-aged women err on the side of soberness than on that of gayety in dress. "Black, black, black!" mourned a fastidious foreigner from the capital of fashion at an assembly of middle-aged American men and women. "Do you not know it takes ze young complexion?" A mistaken belief that black is the kindest of colors to faded face tints and gathering crows' feet—in reality it is the most merciless—leads the woman in her 40s and 50s to neglect the soft stone and navy blues, the dark reds and olive greens, the rich autumn-leaf browns, which are so often far more becoming than the perennial blacks and grays. Of course, harsh striking scarlets, purples, rose pinks, and bright greens are manifestly unsuited to the period of the sere and yellow leaf; the colors selected should be either deep or delicate, garnets and olives, or else lavenders and turquoise blues.

A literally startling transformation was that effected the other day by the reappearance in colors of a middle-aged woman, whose friends had for many years seen her only in mourning. The costume of a stylish, yet inconspicuous cut, was an ecru brown and a pale pink jabot at the neck, and pale pink roses in the bonnet brightened and softened the whole, with the effect, not that the wearer was trying to ape the dress of her juniors, but that she was younger in truth than any one had thought.

The inalienable right of woman to make herself as dowdy as she pleases, without let or hindrance, is more often snatched by middle-aged women than others. Sometimes it is from an indolent unwillingness to bother about styles; sometimes the dread of being ridiculed for endeavoring to "make up young," both times it is a mistake. Few fashions in the present season, at all events, are adaptable to middle age. The immensity of immensities in the way of sleeves, the juvenile jackets and directoire fronts, the sashes and belts which only accentuate the portliness of 50, are avoided, of course, by the sensible woman, but the innumerable revers and flaps, the vests, and moderately large sleeves are eminently suited to her. Fancy collars are not to be recommended.

A basque with skirts is always to be preferred to one without them, and stiff, square effects in cut, trimming, or accessories are to be eschewed. "Be trim, be trim, and everywhere be trim" is a safe motto to take, for it is too often the case that, as one of them expressed it, "middle-aged women do slump so."

Finally, the coiffure, the crowning adornment of the chief end of women. Why is it so difficult to persuade a woman, stylish enough in all else, that the mode of hairdressing which was becoming and fashionable at 25 is outlandish and unbecoming at 55? Also, nothing so ages a woman's face as an out-of-date coiffure.—Chicago Times.

This is New News.

The American woman who reads the English magazines learns some interesting facts concerning her habits. Here is one bit of information which will probably be news to most of the women of this country: "The American belle can," says an English paper, "if she will, have the advantage of a 'college of beauty' course and one of the exercises imposed upon her by her learned professors will be two hours' daily practice in pronouncing the prosaic word 'potato' in such fashion as to give the face a quite bewitching expression." The American belle does many foolish things, but she has not yet arrived at that point of imbecility where she spends two hours in saying "potato."

A Prophet of the Bustle.

The first step toward the revival of the bustle has been taken. This is shown in the new organ-pipe skirt. It is the skirt of the season, and resembles in a marked degree the bustle of the past. The skirt is very full, lined with haircloth and arranged in four or two box plaits at the back. These plaits stand out prominently and are padded ten inches from the waistline. Over the hips the skirt fits with glove-like smoothness, flaring toward the bottom.

To Fricassee Pigeons Brown.

Cut five or six pigeons into quarters, season them with a pinch of mace, pepper and salt. Fry them in two ounces of butter, a light brown, and

lay them on a sieve to drain, then put them into a sauce pan with a pint of gravy or broth, a bouquet of sweet herbs, the peel of half a lemon and three onions chopped fine. Cover them close and stew them half an hour, then stir in a piece of butter rolled in flour, season with pepper and salt, add a few pickled mushrooms, squeeze in the juice of a lemon and add a few forcemeat balls boiled. Let all stew together for ten minutes; skim the gravy, put the fricassee on a hot dish and garnish with lemon.

Operatic Careers.

Success in opera, like success in everything else, cannot be attained without hard work, writes Mme. Nordica in the Ladies' Home Journal. As in business ninety men out of 100 are said to fail, so in art may the same proportion be found. So many of those who aspire to the highest success fall by the wayside. But I am a great believer in invincible will, and to those who possess this quality, together with the requisite talent, success is certain. It would be useless to try to discourage such people even if one wanted to. But I have no such desire. On the contrary, I would advise all girls who are desirous of following operatic careers to study hard and to be observant of everything connected with the operatic stage. Nothing in connection with either the music or the stage can be too trifling to be studied—the very smallest detail must be mastered before any success can be attained. And I would counsel them not to be discouraged by the adverse criticisms of overcritical critics, nor to allow themselves to be encouraged and elated by the enthusiasms of oversanguine friends. There are plenty of chances for success in a musical career at the present time. The successful artist of to-day is beset with offers to sing here, there and everywhere in opera, in oratorio, and in concert. Have an ideal and come as close to it as you can. Never relax your efforts, for the career you have planned for yourself will require all your courage, all your strength, all your thoughts and almost all your time. I would further urge upon you the necessity of familiarizing yourself with the history of music and of making yourself conversant with the musicians and the music of the past, as well as of the present. And while giving this attention to the past consider well the art and artists of the present. Imitate what is best and adopt what is good in all the great singers of the day. And particularly should you delve deep into the methods of work, of routine, of dressing, and of living of the great prima donnas of the past.

Lost—My Boy.

Lost! I have lost him:
When did he go?
Lightly I clasped him,
How could I know
Out of my dwelling,
He would depart,
Even as I held him,
Close to my heart!

Lost! I have lost him:
Somewhere between
Schoolhouse and college,
Last he was seen:
Lips full of whistling,
Curl tangled hair,
Lost! I have lost him,
Would, I knew where.

Lost! I have lost him,
Chester, my boy!
Picture books, story book,
Marble and top,
Stored in the attic,
Useless they lie,
Why should I care so much?
Mothers, tell why.

Yes, he has gone from me,
Leaving no sign,
But there's another
Calls himself mine
Handsome and strong of limb,
Brilliant in eye,
Knows things that I know not,
Who can it be?

Face like the father's face,
Eyes black as mine,
Step full of manly grace,
Voice masculine,
Yes, but the gold of life
Has one alloy,
Why does the mother's heart
Long for her boy?

Long for the mischievous,
Queer little chap,
Ignorant questioning,
Held in my lap,
Freshman, so tall and wise,
Answer me this
Where is the little boy
I used to kiss? — Good Housekeeping

White Soup.

Take a knuckle and a piece of the neck of veal, crack the bone and soak it two hours in cold water. Then put the meat into a kettle with four quarts of water, and onions, a little celery, mace, pepper and salt and boil gently five hours. Skim carefully, strain and set away to cool. Take of every particle of fat, pour the soup into a saucepan and let it come to a boil. Mix two tablespoonsful of ground rice in a little cold water and add it to the boiling soup, stirring constantly. Add a pint of sweet cream, give it one boil and serve. If you please you can have two-well-beaten eggs in the tureen, turn the boiling soup on, stirring all the while, and serve at once.

Broiled Potatoes.

Cut the slices lengthwise and rather thick. Lay them on a gridiron over a rather slow fire. Spread some melted butter over the slices with a brush. As soon as the under side is broiled, turn each slice over and spread with butter. When done, dish, salt and serve hot. A little butter may be added when dished, according to taste.

Cranberry Pie.

Fill a pie plate with raw berries, allowing three-fourths of a pound of sugar to one of fruit and a little water, and sprinkle over them a level tablespoonful of flour. Be sure the dish is well filled, as they shrink in cooking. Cover with a nice puff paste, and bake.

A law in Turkey, with penalties in case of infringement, declares it to be a great offense for Mohammedan women to be photographed.

THE FAIR MILLIONS.

SOURCE OF WEALTH NOW BEING CONTESTED FOR.

The Late Millionaire's Career as a United States Senator—Was Glad When His Term of Office Was Up—The Fair Divorce Case.



JAMES G. FAIR, whose great fortune promises to be vigorously contested for, left wealth estimated at from \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000. He was a remarkable illustration of the opportunities afforded by this country for the development of native energy and thrift. Born in Clogher, County Tyrone, Ireland, on Dec. 3, 1831, he came at 12 years of age to the United States. A little instruction at the public schools and some training in poorly paid employment until he was 19 were all the preparation he had received for his future, when the California gold fever broke out. Fair was a big strong boy, quiet, steady, industrious and determined to succeed. In the spring of 1849 he joined a caravan about crossing the continent. The overland pilgrimage completed in August, he worked with pick and pan as a miner for some time, but without success. Turning his attention to the construction of mills, he fared better, soon demonstrated his superior ability as a mining engineer, and not long after he had attained his majority he was in charge of important mining operations as the general manager of the famous Ophir mine in Nevada. In 1857 he was superintendent of the rich Hale and Norcross mine in the Comstock lode, and his wealth was accumulating rapidly. Mr. Flood became his partner, and later the firm was increased by the association with it of Mackay and O'Brien. The "Bonanza" firm obtained control of mines which soon became known as the "Consolidated California and Virginia," and which paid more than \$100,000,000 in dividends in three years. Mr. Fair did not continue to devote himself to mining. He invested freely and variously in California, principally in real estate in San Francisco, and also in railroads, ranches, and mills, conducting his ventures with so much business sense that his enormous fortune continued to steadily increase. Hard work and business anxiety had told upon him in 1880, when, by the advice of his physician, he made a tour of the world. Upon his return he was elected a senator of the United States from the state of Nevada. The successful mining operator was not an impressive senator. During his six years of service he made but two speeches—one a testimonial of respect to the memory of Senator Miller of California and the other advocating the passage of a bill to settle the claim of A. H. Emory for a testing machine, the value of which Mr. Fair had learned by experience. The "Bonanza" senator made no display of his great wealth while in Washington. Personally he was just a plain retiring man, sensitive to opinion, conscious of his inability to adapt himself to the "whirl" of which he became but a small part, very indifferent to political ambition, and sincerely glad when his senatorial career ended. His wife, Mrs. Theresa Fair, sought a divorce from him in 1883, after they had been married twenty-one years. Mr. Fair did not oppose the divorce and amicably agreed to a settlement which gave to Mrs. Fair a large share of his estate. Mrs. Fair died in 1891. The children are Mrs. Herman Oelrichs of New York, Miss Virginia Fair and Charlie Fair. Mr. Fair's will, filed for probate the day of his death, left the bulk of his property to be divided among his children, and gave liberal

CHIEF OF THE IROQUOIS.

A New York Woman Who Is Fond of the Indians.

Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse enjoys the universal distinction of being a chief of a tribe of Indians, notably the Iroquois nation. In her handsome apartments in West Forty-ninth street, New York, there are ample evidences of the fact that she is a favored child of the tribe. Mrs. Converse is a remarkable woman, talented, and, besides all this, a genius. From her great grandfather, who was in early youth adopted by the Indians, she inherits an intense interest in the Indian race, and her power over tribes as well as individuals is that of something more than chief, the title she bears with such grace and dignity. Her grandfather became a child of the Iroquois nation in 1792; her father, Congressman Maxwell, in 1801, and herself in 1890. She, through adoption, is a descendant of Red Jacket; therefore has been accorded all the high tribal honors of the Senecas. In 1891 she was raised to the rank of chief of the Six Nations, and every year since has achieved some special distinction.

small hall was built on the campus of his school, and there public meetings took place fortnightly. The hall still stands, and serves the same purpose. Oratory, which had its embryo in this humble edifice, has made much progress, and has become a common thing in that country at present, even to the introduction of fists and blows in some mass meetings (showing that they are quite up to the standard of European and American assemblies.) Although Mr. Fukuzawa himself is not an orator of great fluency and eloquence, there is much convincing power and ease in his utterances, with the clearest of logic, and a kindly, or rather fatherly, way which draws the attention and compels the respect of his listeners. Of his pupils some have become noted speakers and there are no less than forty of them occupying seats in the imperial diet. Mr. Fukuzawa as a writer has his own individuality and peculiarities. In some degree he has caused a revolution in this sphere, says Harper's Weekly. In the domain of literature he has also proved to be a commoner. His style is original. It is popular, not classical, and to some extent colloquial, but not vulgar. To this might be attributed the great success and large circulation of his works. His easy and pleasing style is a great inducement to any reader.

Journalistic work was undertaken by the great man later, and the Jiji (Times) stands foremost in reliability of news and in soundness of views. It has the largest circulation of all the important daily papers and is independent in politics, being neither of the government nor of the opposition. At present he expresses himself through this organ, which is managed by his younger colleagues, as an adviser and counsellor to the people and government. There may have been some instances where he was too radical, but this may be considered as a small fault when we think of him as an originator of ideas and movements. He is not an administrator, and thus the details of management rest with those who undertake the execution of his suggestions, whether in social or in industrial schemes.

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ABOUT AMERICAN POTTERY.

A Field in Which Women Have Reached the Very Front Rank.

America owes her first pottery to a woman. The Rockwood, which is modeled in clay that has to be kept wet while it is being worked upon and is then flowed with a transparent glaze and fire; was founded by Miss Maria Longworth Nichols, now Mrs. Storer. The Cincinnati pottery, which is made in the same general way, was also founded by a woman—a Miss Louise McLaughlin. The Chelsea pottery, which was wrested from the buried past of the Chinese, where it has been lost for hundreds of years, the secret of the famous "Ox Blood" coloring, the beauty of whose ware lies in the hardness of the pottery and the marvelous coloring that the glaze takes on, employs a woman decorator, but she merely follows the copies made for by artists. The Low pottery is modeled in clay and then flowed with a colored glaze. The use of tiles for decorative purposes is rapidly on the increase in this country. The first building to be tiled in this country was the Filton bank of New York. When the 5,000 Limoges underglaze tiles contracted for were in the kiln in the crucial hour of firing the pottery caught fire and was burned down. It was supposed that of course every tile would be lost, but the ruins fell about the kiln and preserved it, and only a few tiles did not come out perfect.

The Test to Come.

Mr. Meadow—I hear there's a great religious revival in your town.

Deacon Cornville—Well, the meetin's air crowded, an' hundreds air prayin' fer grace, but it's a leetle too soon to judge yet. Wait till we begin passin' the contribution box.



THE LATE SENATOR FAIR.

legacies to his immediate relatives, and to many of the charitable institutions of San Francisco, without discrimination of denominations.—Harper's Weekly.

YUKICHI FUKUZAWA.

Something About the Great Commoner of Japan.

The Japanese synonyms of the words "liberty," "right," and "privilege," "duty" and "obligation," "press" and "speech," are said to be productions of his. He introduced public speech, which, as exercised in western countries, was unknown in Japan. Some twenty years ago Mr. Fukuzawa and his followers used to gather in a small room to practice elocution and oratory. The writer was told by the grand old man himself that they used to have a paper screen between the speaker and the audience of companions and friends, so that he should not feel bashful or fail in courage! Shortly after, when there were some who could brave the gaze and attention of the audience, a

THE HUNTER'S YARNS

OLD TRAPPERS' TELL ABOUT QUEER SHOTS.

A Very Little Serves to Start Them and One Has Only to Listen to Hear Tales of Remarkable Shots—Some Strange Misses.

There is nothing like an experience meeting of several old hunters and trappers to pass away an evening in the woods on the mountains. Nine out of ten of the old-time woodsmen are chock-full of interesting tales, and they generally know how to tell them.

Sitting before a blazing fire in a log cabin near Panama the other night, in company with four old-timers, the California correspondent of the Globe-Democrat, listened to stories of some remarkable shots at game. The occasion for telling a half-dozen queer incidents—happening in the woods was the remark made by Hank Raymond, the veteran hunter and trapper of the San Bernardino mountains, as he dressed a rabbit for supper, that he had never shot one of the innocent things in his life without breaking his neck and all four of his legs, no matter where he hit him.

"It's a durned queer thing," said Hank, "and I can't explain it. Here's this rabbit I shot to-day; he's bored right through the body with a rifle ball, and he wasn't touched anywhere else, but his legs are broken, every one of them. Now there's just only one way that I can explain this thing. I reckon the critters run so fast that when a rifle ball stops them kinder suddenly it snaps their legs off. Any way you shoot a rabbit on the run, and you won't find a whole leg on his body when you pick him up, nine times out of ten. The queerest shot I ever made, though, was about three years ago, up near Bear Valley lake. A party of us went out rabbit hunting, and I had strayed off in the brush by myself. Rabbits were pretty thick around there, and as I was standing on a little knoll looking around, I saw one coming straight toward me.

I pulled on him and brought him down. As soon as I fired I saw something red, like a fox's tail, flip up in the brush as much as ten rods beyond the rabbit, and I slipped in another cartridge, quick, to give the fox a shot, but he didn't show up. Well, when I went to pick up the rabbit I had shot, I went a little further to see about the fox, and what do you suppose I found? Instead of the fox's tracks I found the fox himself, deader than a smelt, with a bullet hole in his neck. He happened to be in range of the bullet that killed the rabbit, and it knocked him over. I made up my mind that the fox was chasing the rabbit when I killed him by accident. Anyway, it was an odd shot, and the queerest one I ever made in my life."

"That was a queer shot," said John Mitchell, after listening to Hank's story, "but I would think it a great deal queerer if I had not seen two or three queer shots up in these woods myself. I remember two years ago last August I was over at Hemet lake, in Strawberry valley, in the San Jacinto range, with a fellow from Frisco, and we went out one night to float for deer.

For a city cnap that man was the best shot I ever saw. The bow of the boat was about twenty feet from a fine buck when that Frisco fellow discovered the game. He let off both barrels of his gun mighty quick, and as the buck stood broadside to him no one would have thought of such a thing as his missing. Well, when he fired that buck bounded out of the water and was off in the woods in less than no time. You never saw a man more astonished in your life than that fellow from the city was just then. I reckon that deer has a charmed life and that no one can kill him.

"But speaking about killing a rabbit and a fox at the same time reminds me of a shot I made about four years ago, while watching a runaway over on Santa Anna river. A party of us was out hunting deer, and I was posted on a spruce ridge. I drew on him and pulled the trigger, but he kept right ahead and got out of sight before I could try it again. A few seconds after I fired at the deer I was looking in the direction I had shot, when I saw something fall from the top of a small spruce tree that stood in range down the side of the hill. I went to see what it was, and found that while I had missed the buck, I had accidentally brought down the biggest hedgehog I had ever laid eyes on."

"That story about the fellow shooting at the buck on Hemet lake is a good one, but it doesn't come up to the experience I had a few years ago," said Bill McDougal, who had listened to the yarns of Mitchell and Raymond. "I have got to get back a little, to the time when pigeons were thick up this way, to match it, but I can beat that or any other queer shot ever made in this part of the country. They were so thick in many places, and particularly in my buck-wheat patch, that you could knock them down with a club, and I have heard of lots of them being killed in that way. One day I fixed up a brush cover in the corner of the fence, about four rods from a big tree full of birds, so I could get a shot at the pigeons. They seemed to sit one on top of another, and some of the limbs broke under their weight.

"To look at the tree, it seemed to be one solid bunch of blue pigeons. I had a double-barreled shotgun, heavily loaded with No. 6 shot, and I could not think of killing less than fifty birds in two shots at that tree. Well, I fired both barrels, and did not bring down a single pigeon, and I do not know that I even wounded one. But

talk about feathers—the ground under the beach tree was covered about six inch deep. I never saw anything to equal it."

Then old Mike Plunkett, who had been lying back on a bunch of hemlock boughs calmly smoking his pipe, spoke up:

"I had an old flintlock once that used to belong to my grandfather, but it was a great shooter. Well, a big flock of pigeons came and lighted in a tree close by the house one day, and I got down the old musket to give 'um a shot. The old thing was loaded to kill, and I wasn't more than five rods from the tree when I pulled the trigger. Now, boys, what do you suppose I brought down with that one shot?"

"From my experience I should think you might have got a half bushel of feathers," said the skeptical McDougal.

"Well, if I did," said old Bill, "I got the pigeons with them. I picked up thirty-seven dead pigeons under that tree, and I reckon as many as half a dozen flew away and dropped down into the woods where I couldn't find them."

BURGLAR-PROOF COFFINS.

A Check to Ghosts and Means of Escape for People Buried Alive.

About three years ago there lived in New York two young actors upon whom fortune had dealt by opposites, says the Rochester Herald. One struggled for fame until he died of a broken heart; while his companion never bothered his head on that score, being the heir to a comfortable fortune. It was from this fortune that the unfortunate's funeral expenses were paid. The night following the sad event ghosts visited the cemetery and removed the body. It was never recovered, though the wealthy young man exhausted his entire fortune in the search. Then it became necessary for this firm friend to retrieve his lost estate and he cast about as how best to accomplish this. Constantly his thoughts were upon his dead friend. Perhaps it was this fact that prompted his mind to an inventive turn, for about a year ago he perfected the burglar proof coffin and induced a large manufacturing firm to take an interest in it. The young inventor unconsciously killed two birds with one stone, for fortune has again begun to smile upon him, and he has put a spoke in the wheel of the grave robber. The coffin is made of boiler iron, case hardened, which forms an enamel which cannot be penetrated by chisel or drill. It is put together with angle iron and flush rivets. Inside are locks, so constructed with hooks and staples, with a spring behind them, that when a pin is drawn out from the outside the bolts spring down and lock automatically, and the coffin is fastened so it cannot be opened from the outside.

In recommending his uncanny line of goods a drummer said: "The only person who can unlock this coffin is the person on the inside. There is no doubt that many persons are buried alive, and in this remarkable invention this fact is considered. There are two styles, one for vaults, the other for graves. The coffin to be placed in the vault is equipped with torpedoes that can be exploded from the inside. The coffin to be placed in the ground has a strong spring and arm. In case of a person suddenly acquiring the notion that he wishes to get out he pushes the button that explodes the torpedo, and the sexton speedily sets about releasing him."

He Noticed It.

Staidhome—They say in the far West there are elevations where persons have the greatest difficulty in breathing. Did you notice any? Binaway—Well, rather. Saw two lynchings the first week I was out there.—Buffalo Courier.

MISCELLANEOUS PICKINGS.

There are 9,742 locks and keys in the Grand opera house, Paris.

A steel ship has been constructed in Cardiff, with the standing rigging, as well as the hull, all of steel.

Charles McVeagh of Harpswell, Maine, lifts a barrel of flour with his teeth and holds a quintal of fish at arm's length.

A negro boy of Cherokee, Ga., who was attacked by three rattlesnakes and bitten several times, recovered within a few days.

James Foley, aged 40 years, in jail in Philadelphia, awaiting trial for kicking his mother to death, committed suicide by hanging.

An Indian in Madera, Cal., has established a bad precedent by killing a doctor who agreed to cure his wife and did not do so, but who yet collected his fee—took the man's horse—for professional services.

In the meat shops of towns in New Mexico and Arizona the visitor from the East is apt to notice that the dressed carcasses of sheep have a tuft of wool still attached to the head and the tail. This is left by the butcher to assure the customer that it is mutton and not goat flesh that he is buying.

Waverly parish, in Surrey, objects to being swallowed up by the parish of Farham, which surrounds it almost completely. It has only eleven householders and fifty-one inhabitants, but Walter Scott took the name of his first novel from it; it still has in Waverly abbey the ruins of a Cistercian monastery.

It has been decided to use petroleum as locomotive fuel on the Baltic railroad, which is significant, because this line is almost the most distant of any in Russia from the oil wells. Great reservoirs are to be built in St. Petersburg and Revel and three other stations, which will hold in the aggregate about 5,000,000 gallons.

A CATTLE STEAMER.

A LIFE OF CONTINUAL WORK AND LITTLE PAY.

How the Day's Work is Done—A Successful Voyage in Which Only Two Steers Were Lost Out of a Very Large Cargo—Many Applicants.

"Now then, boys, here come the cattle. Is everything bedded down? Look out there. Turn that steer aft. Fill up aft first. Hurry up, now, and knot those cattle quick. Whoa, you clumsy brutes, what are you falling all over the ship for? Fill tight aft, boys—no gaps now—then turn them forward. Hello, Scotty! Did that Colorado give you a dig? Look out! Let him go, quietly—easiest way the quickest. That's all out of these cars. Now then, the next lot go forward on the upper deck. Jim, you see all are knotted tight." The speaker was John McLaughlin, the foreman of a firm of Baltimore cattle shippers, and we were loading cattle on the steamship Templemore for Liverpool.

Leaving Baltimore with 880 head of Colorado, Illinois, Ohio and Virginia cattle, and with thirty-six men, we were all soon hard at work looking after the comfort and welfare of our valuable cargo. Thirty-six men may seem a large number for 880 cattle, but I can tell you it kept us all "hustling" the whole trip (twelve days).

Up at 4 o'clock every morning we began by watering the cattle. This lasted till 6; then haying, the hay having to be brought up out of the hold and each bale well shaken up before being fed. Breakfast at 8 o'clock, consisting of "scouse" (a conglomeration of meat and potatoes), tea and hard tack (biscuits), and at 9 o'clock shaking up bedding, sweeping alleyways, cleaning out troughs so as to be ready for "coorning" at 11 o'clock.

Bringing the corn out of the hold, we all start at breaking the cobs in two as they are thrown into the troughs. By the time this is finished it is dinner hour, and we all sit down to salt horse, potatoes and hard-tack. Unfortunately for us, these boats have earned the name of being very poor feeders. The shippers pay one and six a day for each cattleman, and they feed accordingly. After dinner we start in again, sweeping alleyways after coming, cleaning cobs out of troughs and getting up hay out of hold for the 4 o'clock feeding. Shaking out and feeding hay at 4 o'clock, sweeping alleyways and bedding down complete our day's work, which ends about 6 p. m., when we retire for supper, which consists of "cobs" (small loaves of bread) margarine and tea, after which the boys, except those three whose turn it is on watch, retire to their bunks or go forward on deck to smoke their pipes, sing songs, tell stories and consult as to how they are going to enjoy their few days ashore at Liverpool.

Watches are changed at night every six hours. Three men go on a watch at 6 p. m. to 12 midnight. They are then relieved at 12 by three others, who are on watch till 6 a. m., when three go on watch at that time for all day. These watches are given in regular turn to all the men except the green hands (who sometimes are working their way across to get home), who don't understand handling and getting fallen cattle on their feet. These men are left out of the "watch" duty, this being work requiring an experienced man and one who is quick to notice the smallest irregularity among the bullocks. This is especially so for the first two or three days out, as during that time the cattle are very restless.

We lost one steer the second day out. In its struggles to get out it got half way across the headboard, and before it could be cut loose and led back to its place it had hurt itself internally and died the next day, which necessitated it being consigned to a watery grave. This was blamed to the man on watch, and will hurt his reputation as cattleman for another trip. Another fine animal died from sickness and exhaustion, although everything that could possibly be done was tried to save the poor beast, but he gave up the ghost, and joined his companion. With the exception of these two we landed our cargo safely at Birkenhead, and I can say that the loss of two out of a cargo of 880 is considered a very lucky trip.

Landing the cattle at our journey's end was a comparatively easy matter. Two hours before arriving at Birkenhead each man took his share of cattle and changed the knot in their ropes into what is termed by cattlemen a Montreal knot. This is made by splitting the ropes about six inches from the end, making a loop and slipping it through the split portion, so that by a sharp pull at the end of the rope the knot immediately comes undone. Then when the gangway is ready and the order is given to turn the cattle loose the men go along the pens pulling the ropes and the cattle (only too glad to be free) follow one another off. Occasionally a contrary steer will refuse to go on the gangway and this, of course, creates a blockade; but we unloaded our 878 in about two hours without much trouble, although one vicious, stubborn beast did manage to give the writer a nasty dig in the side as a parting salute.

Do I like a cattlemen's life? asks the writer in the Philadelphia Times. No, I cannot say that I do. The pay is so small because so many want to work their passage home that cattle shippers can secure all the men they want for a mere pittance. Then, again, during the winter months and in rough weather it is very hard and disagreeable. The cattlemen also have to pay their own board and lodging during the five or six days on shore waiting for their vessel to take

them back home again, so that altogether it is not an occupation that a man would choose were he able to secure any other employment.

YELLOW FEVER.

Undoubtedly the "Plague" Spoken of by Early Writers on America.

Two hundred years ago the name "yellow fever" was for the first time given on this continent to an epidemic fever then raging in Boston, Mass. Since that time (1633) the same yellow fever has occurred in at least 100 years at one point or another or at many points on the Atlantic and gulf coasts. As this is the only pestilential disease of which a full record has been made in America since that date (barring the Asiatic cholera, which first appeared in 1832), is reasonable says the Sanitarian, to suppose that the "plagues" spoken of by early writers, and which killed so many of the aborigines in times long before the European invasion, are one and the same disease.

What other fever but malignant yellow fever could have destroyed two-thirds of the followers of Columbus in 1492, while upon the island of Hispaniola, West Indies? The fearful loss of life among Spanish adventurers and Spanish troops, which in succeeding years landed upon these islands and the continent was undoubtedly caused by some climatic disease, called "pestilential fever" by Torquemada, the Spanish writer and historian. He says that in 1415 Mexico lost 800,000 lives by that fever. To this day yellow fever is called "plague" in South American states subject to its visitations.

Between 1790 and 1822 yellow fever occurred in the United States in thirty-seven different years in one or in several cities at the North, while it was almost unknown at the South. From 1781 to 1810 the loss of life from yellow fever North was fully 20,000, while at the South it was barely 1,000 during the same period.

After this date, however, the yellow fever infection was spreading at a rapid rate, and the loss of life became fearful all along the South Atlantic and gulf coasts. Between 1845 and 1855 this fever attained its highest degree of virulence in the United States. The death rate was appalling, reaching at times 35 and 40 per cent of the cases. Southern cities lost fully 40,000 lives by it, of which more than 25,000 were lost in New Orleans alone. The Norfolk epidemic in 1855 seems to have been the turning point. From that date the type of the disease became milder and milder.

HOW A MAN GOES TO SLEEP.

Sleep Begins at the Feet and the Senses Become Dormant by Degrees.

"Order is heaven's first law," and according to the New York World, the truth is manifested even in the process of going to sleep. When a man drops off to sleep his body does not do so all at once, so to speak. Some senses become dormant before others and always in the same order. As he becomes drowsy the eyes close, and the sense of seeing is at rest. It is quickly followed by the disappearance of the sense of taste. He next loses the sense of smell, and then after a short interval the tympanum becomes insensible to sound, or rather the nerves which run to the brain from it fail to arouse any sense of hearing. The last sense to leave is that of touch, and in some hyper-sensitive people it is hardly ever dormant. Even in their case, however, there is no discriminating power or sense of what touched them. This sense is also the first to return upon awakening. Then hearing follows suit, after that taste, and then the eye becomes able to flash impressions back to the brain. The sense of smell, oddly enough, though it is by no means the first to go, is the last to come back: The same gradual loss of power is observed in the muscles and sinews as well as in the senses. Slumber begins at the feet and slowly spreads up the limbs and trunk until it reaches the brain, when unconsciousness is complete and the whole body is at rest. This is why sleep is impossible when the feet are cold.

What He Wanted.

A West side household number as one of its most important members a bright little boy of 4. The grandparents form part of the family, and little Frankie sits next his grandfather at the table. A few mornings ago the breakfast was delayed and Frankie got very hungry. Thinking to expedite matters, he quietly slipped his plate under his grandpa's nose while the latter was bent over the table asking a blessing.

When he had finished, grandpa asked sternly why Frankie had done this, and was answered:

"I wanted to be sure and tatch some of the blessing."

A Phenomenon.

"Human beings cannot see in the dark remarked the teacher.

"Sister can," replied the small pupil resolutely.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes'm. The hall was dark the other night; but sister knew that Mr Jones had shaved off his mustache before he said a word about it."

An Appropriate Name.

The Modiste—I am going so set the fashion for a new color—something between a seal brown and a chocolate, but I can't find a name for it.

Her Friend—Why not call it Chi cago snow?—Chicago Record.

Reasons for It.

"Base ball is much more moral than cricket," said the American to the Englishman.

"Aw, nonsense!" replied the Briton.

"It is a fact. Cricket is a wicked game."—Truth.

THE MAN IN THE CASE.



course, there was a woman in the case.

This woman, in this present instance, was a passably plain, but she had knowledge and magnetism.

Tom Benton first met her when he was a bachelor. She was sweeping the pavement in front of a tidy, unpretentious frame dwelling, at Atlantic City, and not seeing him had thrown much dust into his eyes. Apologies followed; her dictation and modulation of voice contrasted strangely with her gingham and her meek position, and as Benton passed on he fell to wondering. And that night, by luck, her gown caught in a nail in the board walk just as he happened along in time to extricate her. And then she threw more dust in his eyes.

Her name was Cora Lentley. Ordinarily close-mouthed, to Benton she told much. She lived with her grandmother she said. Grandma was a Russian, wealthy, peculiar, and had rented a little cottage in an out of the way street at Atlantic City. Grandma never went out and Cora did all the housework. Only three men ever called at the house—the butcher, the baker, the milkman.

For a month Benton and Miss Lentley were boon companions. Their tastes were identical, their logic ran to the same syllogism—love, life and death were all material bits that were immaterial.

One day she passed him with a tall, sinister-looking man in tow. The man said: "It must be done quickly," and the girl answered: "I'll catch the steamer to-morrow." Benton only gave the conversation a passing thought then. Later he thought it over.

That evening he heard that a Captain Skolski, a well-known Russian, who stood high in the Russian police, was making a short stay at one of the well-known hotels.

For three days he saw nothing of the Lentley woman: Then his morning paper enlightened him. The article was headed: "The Police Puzzled," and ran as follows:

"Mrs. Ivan Palitski, a Russian, was found dead in her bed this morning at 4556 Atlantic avenue. The deceased had lived in the house for the past three months, her only companion being a domestic, who, no doubt, finding her mistress dead, fled for fear of being arrested. There were no marks of violence on the body, and death was no doubt due to natural causes. Mrs. Palitski was arrested ten years ago in Moscow charged with being a Nihilist; but owing to great political influence, she was released and came to this country. No papers were found in the house when the police searched this morning, but her money and jewels were found intact, showing that if foul play was meditated, robbery was not the motive. The servant had evidently left the house last Monday for Mrs. Palitski had been dead for several days.

Tommy Benton's marriage in the fall was a brilliant one. Everybody



HER HEAD WAS PILLOWED ON HIS BREAST, who was anybody was there. Of course the bride was the prettiest bride that anyone ever saw. Likewise the presents were as handsome as anybody remembered to have seen, and half of the invited folks thought she was far superior to him.

Then six years sped around and Cupid grew tired of following Mr. and Mrs. Benton and went off to attend to other young folks. Benton was a bit more attentive than most married men, and knew no clubhouse or had no business that kept him late at night. For six years he had never spent a night away from his wife. And one morning he woke up and came to the conclusion that he was horribly bored, that he wanted to be free and that his love for his wife was a bit of Quixotic imagination.

The whole morning he thought the matter over and then partly to get away from his environment and partly for a change he took the train for New York. He walked around the city aimlessly until about 3 o'clock and then he walked to Central park. A woman passed him and half turned. There was something familiar in her face and figure and he walked after her.

"Cora," he called, and she turned to him smilingly.

She put out her hand and said: "I tried to avoid you, Tommy Benton, for both our good, but," and she gave a little sigh, "you have made that impossible now. I am not a fatalist, but this meeting isn't going to be productive of good," and she smiled again in that enigmatical way of hers.

"Let's sit down," said Benton, and they found a bench.

"Well," he said after a long pause. "I am disillusioned. I woke up this morning and found that I was not in love with my wife. Possibly that was not the underlying thought, for the real fact of the case is that I want my freedom. Nature never cut me out to be a domestic man. I haven't as much sentiment possibly as the majority of men, but I will say that since I have been a married man I have always acted as such. I want my freedom now, and you, Cora, must tell me how to get it."

She pursed her lips up and said, with some show of coquetry, "Me?"

"Yes," he said. "You. I am going to ask my wife to get a divorce. If she does not accept—well—your grandmother died suddenly, didn't she? And there weren't any marks of violence on her body?"

"There usually isn't any mark of violence on the body of one who has died a natural death," said the girl.

"Possibly not," he answered, "and I want my wife to either get a divorce or die a natural death," and he looked at the girl fixedly.

The girl was silent for a little space. Then she said: "Why should I help you, Tom, to get an inoffensive woman out of the way?"

"Because," he answered slowly, "I want another inoffensive woman to take her place."

Their eyes met.

Her fingers were working nervously and the toe of her boot was describing ungeometrical circles in the gravel as she answered: "I will help you."

He was trying to be calm, but his lips shook as he asked: "Can I meet you here Wednesday afternoon?"

"Yes," she answered, "and I will bring the drops with me." Then the woman in the case dropped the serious and began to be as other women, with the smile on her face, and after a space, hiding her thoughts, Benton took the 5:30 train for Philadelphia.

That night he and his wife were playing euchre. Benton was dealing. "Nan," he began, "I'm tired of married life. I want to be free. Will you get a divorce from me?"

There was a scared little look in her face as she glanced up at him.

"I'm perfectly sane, Nan, and terribly in earnest. I never will a thing unless I do it. You know me enough to understand that. I'll give you grounds for divorce and then you see. Clubs are trumps."

"It would kill me to sue for a divorce, Tom."

"You'd better do it, Nan, for I mean to be free. You ringed there. I played a club and you put a heart on it. Your mind's not on the game."

She played the hand on without speaking. Then, when he had handed her the cards, she said tremulously: "When do you want my decision?"

"To-night is Monday," he said. "Say Wednesday morning before I go to business."

"All right, Tom."

They played cards for a time, and then she took a book and he his paper.

She cried behind her book but he read the stock reports carefully. Then they went to bed.

"I'm sleepy, too," he said, "and a good night's sleep won't hurt me."

Just as they were about to retire she asked as a favor that the window be closed. "It's a trifle chilly for May," she explained, "and I've got a bad cold as it is."

He was just about dozing off when he heard her getting up. "What is it, Nan?"

"My throat is parched, Tom, and I want some water."

"Let me get it," he said, starting up.

"No never mind, dear, I'm now up. The water is on the bureau here, and I'll light the gas a second."

She lit the gas, drank a tumblerful of water, and then put her hand over her heart as if nerving herself for an ordeal. Then she turned the light out and crept into bed again.

She put her arms around her husband and said: "Tom, dear, may I put my head on your chest tonight, and sleep as we used to when we were first married?"

"Certainly, dear," he said, "only don't forget that you give me your answer Wednesday morning."

"I won't forget, Tom," she said.

And putting her head on his chest she fell asleep praying.

The next morning the cook smelled gas. For over an hour she smelled it, and then went up stairs to investigate. When she came near the sleeping apartment of her mistress the cook's mental observation was that either Mr. or Mrs. Benton must have inadvertently left the gas on all night.

And so the coroner's jury decided it was a very deplorable accident, said everybody, for the couple loved each other so. And the policeman who opened the door when summoned by the cook testified before the coroner that Mr. and Mrs. Benton looked like lovers, for he was smiling and her head was pillowed on his breast.

Will Use the Metric System.

The class of '07 of the Jefferson medical college, Philadelphia, has decided to use the metric system in writing their prescriptions when they are graduated. This action will no doubt be handed down from class to class, as it is the first step made in this country by a medical college. It is contended that at the present time all kinds of weights and measures are used by the druggists and pharmacists, thus leading to confusion between the doctor and the druggist. The United States Pharmacopoeia of 1890 pronounced in favor of the metric system, yet it is only by concerted action on the part of the doctors and the pharmacists that it will be brought into general use.

IN THE STEEL MILL.

WHEN THE BLAST IS ON FOR THE BESSEMER PROCESS.

A Deafening Roar and Shooting Flames From the Molten Metal Leaps Forth Under the Fearful Pressure—In Vulcan's Workshop.

No process in the entire range of iron and steel making is so interesting and wonderful to the novice as that time in the Bessemer steel process when the blast is on. The first muffled roar, as the receptacle turns slowly to an upright position, is followed by light clouds of brown smoke which puff from the mouth of the converter. The roar of the blast becomes more pronounced, little jets of molten metal spit out, and the workman says that the silicon is burning. After a few minutes, the roaring all the time increasing in intensity, a flame shoots straight from the mouth to the beams in the roof of the house; it trembles and quivers under the pressure; as it grows brighter and more vivid molten metal shoots out; the roar becomes deafening, the light dazzling and the building shakes as it is filled with the awe-inspiring, terrifying shriek of the blast.

Suddenly the blaze dies down, and the workman says that the carbon is burned out. This magnificent spectacle lasts from ten to fifteen minutes, and during that time the molten iron which has run into the converter has been cleansed of its silicon, carbon and sometimes of its sulphur, and is ready for the medicine which will make of it Bessemer steel.

Bessemer steel is made by burning out the impurities of iron by blowing air through the molten metal, and then restoring to the iron enough carbon to make steel. The "impurities" of iron are carbon, silicon, sulphur and phosphorus. This washing out of the iron is done in what is known as the "converter," a large iron pear-shaped affair which is suspended in the middle so that it can be tilted to a horizontal position or turned upright.

The converter, as well as almost all other machinery in a Bessemer plant, is moved by hydraulic power. The men who handle the levers which set in motion the force which moves the ponderous masses of metal as quietly and apparently as easily as a mother rocks a cradle, stand on a platform and respond to motions made by the men in the pit or around the converter. Usually two converters work together. The converter is made of heavy iron plates, and is lined with crushed silica rock or limestone or dolomite, according to whether the lining is "acid" or "basic."

High above the converters stand the cupola furnaces in which the pig iron is first melted, says the Chicago Record. Before the converter is ready for its work it is covered inside to a good thickness with the lining, which is laid in and then dried. To receive its charge of metal the converter is tilted to a horizontal position, and the melted iron, tapped from the cupola, runs down an iron gutter which is lined with fire clay and into the converter through its mouth. From five to fifteen tons of melted pig iron make a charge for the converter, depending on its size. At the bottom of the converter is a "wind box." Into this box the air is brought from the air compressors at a pressure of twenty to twenty-four pounds to the square inch. From the wind box the blast reaches the interior of the converter through conical-shaped fire-clay nozzles called "tuyers," fifteen to twenty in number. As the vessel is lying on its side while the molten iron from the cupola is running in, none of it can escape through the tuyers into the wind box. When the charge is all in the blast is turned on while the converter is on its side.

The foreman waves his hand and the great converter slowly rises to an upright position with the blast running through the molten metal, causing it to bubble and boil like water in a teakettle. No one has ever looked inside through the mouth of the converter while the blast is on, but it is known that as soon as the air under its pressure drives its way up through the molten bath the heat inside of the converter grows more intense.

This is because the oxygen in the air attacks the impurities in the iron, and the result is that the iron is apparently burning up. In this way the impurities act as a fuel to burn themselves out. The air driven through the iron by the blast searches every particle of metal in the converter. The molten metal seeths and churns from top to bottom and side to side, exposing all of it to the hungry oxygen which rushes around eager for food. It finds its first in the silicon, and this impurity burns first. The result of the combination of the silicon and oxygen is a slag which floats off on top of the iron when the blast is off. While the silicon is burning there is no blaze, but that comes when the silicon is all eaten up and the oxygen attacks the carbon. This blazes fiercely for a short time, and the sudden dropping of the flame tells the watchful steelmaker that the carbon is gone, and that if he is not careful his iron will go next, for with the "acid" lining and high heat phosphorus will not leave the iron.

The steelmaker motions and the young man on the platform pulls a lever. The converter slowly tilts over to a horizontal position, and the blast dies away. At this moment the iron in the converter is full of oxygen and without carbon, a very poor state of affairs, for it could not be worked by a blacksmith without flying to pieces. For the industrial arts pure iron is valueless. It is its impurities which give it strength, malleability, ductil-

ity and workable qualities. But the steelmaker is after steel, and his bubbling iron in the converter is anything but steel, so he makes it steel by adding carbon to it. But at the same time he must get rid of the oxygen which is in the iron; so while the converter is on its side he runs into it a quantity of "spiegeleisen," a mixture of carbon and manganese.

The spiegeleisen is put into the iron in a melted condition, and instantly the oxygen in the iron rushes to the manganese, and the carbon, which is just the right proportion for Bessemer steel, is taken up by the melted iron, and Bessemer steel is the result. The mere addition of this spiegeleisen converts what was a worthless metal comparatively, a metal which could not be worked under a hammer, into a tough, elastic, ductile, homogeneous metal, the Bessemer steel, which has entirely taken the place of iron in the manufacture of rails, and which adds millions of dollars to the wealth of this country yearly.

The steelmaker waves his hand again, and the converter turns down and empties its charge into a huge ladle, from which the steel is tapped into ingot molds, which stand around the circular pit beneath the converter. Soon after the other converter blows and the two alternate, making sixty to eighty blows a day, turning out tens of thousands of tons of Bessemer steel a year.

The ingots, when solid enough to be lifted out of the molds, are taken to the rail mill and run into railroad rails.

THE THACKERAYS AT ROME.

Dinner Proved to Be Delicacies They at Last Procured It.

About luncheon time my father sent us down to the pastry cook's shop, where we revealed among cream tarts and petits fours, and then we ordered our dinner, as people did then, from a trattoria near at hand. Then we went out again, still in our raptures, and when dinner time came, just about sunset, excitement had given us good appetites, notwithstanding the tarts, writes Anne Ritchie in Macmillan's Magazine.

We were ready, but dinner delayed. We waited more and more impatiently as the evening advanced, but still no dinner appeared. Then the English servant, Charles, was called, and dispatched to the cook's shop to make inquiry. He came back much agitated, saying that the dinner had been sent—that they assured him it had been sent. It had apparently vanished on its way up the old palace stairs. "Go back," said my father, "and tell them there is some mistake, and that we are very hungry, and waiting still."

The man left the room, then returned again with a doubtful look. "There was a sort of a box came an hour ago," he said. "I have not opened it, sir." With a rush my sister and I flew into the hall, and there sure enough, stood a square, solid iron box with a hinged top. It certainly looked very unlike dinner, but we raised it with some faint hopes, which were not disappointed. Inside and smoking still upon the hot plates was spread a meal like something in a fairy tale—roast birds and dressed meats, a loaf of brown bread and composes of fruit, and a salad and a bottle of wine, to which good fare we immediately sat down in cheerful excitement—our first Roman family meal together.

LET HUNTERS WEAR COLORS.

It Lessens the Chances of Somebody Taking a Shot at Him.

"You would naturally think that the hunter out for game would wear clothes of soft unobtrusive colors harmonizing with the landscape," said the veteran sportsman to a New York Sun man. "Yet, stalking moose and deer in the Maine woods, I select apparel pronounced in hue, and often wear a red necktie or hatband. This I do to lessen the danger of being shot through mistake."

"Of the great army of hunters that each fall range the woods of the pine tree state there are few that will not sometimes venture a shot into moving bushes, on the chances that the invisible object that rustles there may be a deer. The fool sportsman, who is largely in evidence in the shooting season, will do so every time. If it be a man in the bushes, any striking colors of his costume are apt to catch the eye of the one preparing to fire and prevent the shot being fired."

"The danger of alarming game by such costume! That is not enough to be taken into account. Everything striking in color is more likely than not to excite their curiosity and draw them toward the hunter if he work with proper slowness and caution. Besides that, all the antlered game trust almost wholly to their senses of hearing and smelling to warn them of the approach of danger, and if you can baffle those faculties you need have little fear of their taking alarm from the sight of you."

"But, speaking of costume, don't wear black, else every nippy, and even some experienced sportsman, seeing you among the trees, would let drive at you, believing he was going to bag a bear."

Success.
If in life you would succeed—
Advertise
If competitors you'd lead—
Advertise

This the whole in shell of nut.
Do not get into a rut.
Look about. Be watchful but—
Advertise

—Printer's Ink

Frozen Air.

Air can be frozen at a temperature of 296 degrees below zero, and the product, which can be handled and felt, burns, so to speak, with its excessive cold. Frozen air can be produced in any quantity, but its cost, \$500 a gallon, is likely to prevent a large business.

HE TRAVELED INCOG.

AN ORANG-OUTANG'S JOURNEY ACROSS COUNTRY.

Dressed in Men's Clothes the Animal Was Palm'd Off on the Railroad Officials as an Invalid—Cinders Is Valued at Five Thousand Dollars.

This shocking story of the journey of an ulster-clad and "dickiey" decorated orang-outang, Cinders by name, from San Francisco to New York, and of its disappearance into the fog of the Atlantic on one of the big liners, recently, in the guise of an invalid steamer passenger, whose devoted friend guarded him from close inspection and impertinent questions, is duly vouched for by J. B. Gaylord, who was P. T. Barnum's foreign agent for years, and who arranged for the world's fair ethnological exhibit.

Podo Singho, an East Indian, who brought Cinders to America, is the crafty man who bought a suit of San Francisco "hand-me-downs" for his friend when pneumonia was beckoning the unfortunate creature in one direction, and rushed him across the continent incog.

At the office of the Cunard lines inquiries about the matter caused a distinct sensation, says the New York Herald. Mr. Floyd, after looking over the cabin list, announced with evident relief that Singho's name was not there, but in the steamer department a clerk found the names of two East Indians on the list, and when I showed him Podo Singho's portrait he quickly recognized it as that of one of the men. He had the name spelled wrong, because he could not decipher the Indian's writing. Cinders, you see, was worth \$5,000, even without his San Francisco ulster and "dickiey," and Mr. Gaylord had to present him to Podo Singho because the poor chap couldn't live here, and the East Indian said the only hope lay in more clothes and a flight toward sunnier lands.

Podo Singho has chaperoned Cinders ever since the representative from Borneo was lured from the jungle into the world, and gradually taught him how to adjust a napkin and handle a knife and fork. He had also instructed his charge against attempting to converse with the natives of countries through which he was passing, and impressed him with the importance of a generally retiring demeanor.

He knew that the proper thing to do with Cinders was to get him into another climate, just as is done by more pretentious consuetudines, but the task was not easy.

Express agents, when approached by an East Indian, who asked them to ship Cinders in an express car and allow him to sit beside his Borneo friend all the way, simply shook their heads and said it couldn't be done. In the baggage car Podo knew, Cinders would fall a prey to pneumonia before the journey had fairly been commenced.

Podo, it was evident, must dissemble. He went back again and told the express agents that it wasn't an orang he wanted to ship, but just a queer old friend of his, who wouldn't have a word to say, but who was of a retiring disposition, and wouldn't ride in a first class car because he imagined the passengers were making faces at him and could not resist the temptation to reply in kind.

The agents wouldn't have the passenger from Borneo, no matter how Podo disguised him with oriental guile.

Then it was that Podo, struck by his own deception about shipping a man friend, determined to buy some store clothes for Cinders and rely on his perfect control of the animal to prevent discovery during the long journey.

But why consider the details of preparation? When the train pulled out of the station, two queer figures sat together, just in the middle of a car, as if to get as far as possible from doors and draughts. One was a good-looking East Indian, who devoted the most tender and absorbing care to the other. The other was only a figure, and a little figure, too, so far as other passengers could see, for its great ulster collar was turned up high above its ears, and the toes of its diminutive shoes seldom showed below that astonishing garment. Indeed, the queer passenger seemed disposed to draw up his feet, as if to avoid touching the floor. Those who watched closely saw a mere patch of retreating countenance once in a while, and the mere suggestion of a pair of careworn eyes.

The little passenger coughed most distressingly, a fact which satisfactorily accounted for the evident apprehension of his traveling companion. Podo told Mr. Gaylord that only his affection for Cinders could have induced him to attempt such a journey. He was in continual fear that when sympathetic and elderly persons stopped beside him, to offer fruit and delicacies to the invalid, the plain, if honest, countenance from Borneo would be thrust out of the ulster collar. He accepted all delicacies, ate some himself occasionally, when the merciful tunnel made it safe, he dropped some down the ulster collar and into the open countenance from Borneo.

His ulster was a "winner." But for its heights and depths the boy's suit, the "dickiey," the turn-down collar, the long trousers and the high leather boots could never have concealed Podo's secret. His anxiety increased before this city was reached, the Borneo swell began to "brace up" and take some pride in himself, and the Indian's joy at his improvement was marred by the fear that some troublesome person would insist upon congratulating the invalid upon his progress, encounter that face, which

the ulster hid, and then jump through a window.

"I was in Philadelphia when I got a telegram from Podo Singho announcing their arrival in New York," Mr. Gaylord said, "but I hurried on to see them and I soon decided that it would be useless to keep the orang in this country."

"Singho, luckily enough had a friend here, and they kept the orang in a lodging-house on the river during the thirty-six hours between their arrival and the time when they could go aboard the Etruria. I didn't see them till half an hour before the steamer sailed, but I had already wired that Singho might take Cinders with him if he thought he could save his life. And during that thirty-six hours the orang held the Indian's hand and wouldn't allow him to leave for a second. The animal grew much worse while here and was in a bad way. Rather than kill it by keeping it here, I let Singho have his way."

ROBERT BURNS.

Some of the Terrible Impediments That Beset His Pathway Through Life.

He was born and brought up in the midst of poverty and comparative ignorance. When, in 1857, Nathaniel Hawthorne visited the poet's residence at Dumfries and took notice of its filthy surroundings, he wondered that Burns could have preserved his marvelous genius in such an unsavory spot, says the Westminster Review. The author of "The Scarlet Letter" was even more horrified at the wretched aspect of Burns' farm at Mossgiel, and could but compare the habitation in which the Scottish bard passed so many of his days to a pigsty. "It is, said," wrote Hawthorne, "to think of anybody—not to say a poet, but any human being—sleeping, eating, thinking, praying and spending all his home life in this miserable hovel." He praises the "heroic merit" of Burns for being no worse man amid "the squalid hindrances" that beset the poet's moral and intellectual development.

Hawthorne was right. Low associations, bad sanitary conditions, and the companionship of the vile are all but fatal to human virtue. Burns was never utterly degraded. He was always, in spite of his failings, a true man, and his passionate love for his fellowmen outweighed all his sufferings.

His relations with Jean Armour, though they proved his frailty and hers were honorable to him, for he left nothing undone to repair the error of his youth. His intemperance was rather the effect of his convivial disposition than of any vicious tendency. If he sinned he paid the penalty, one might say, with his life. His career terminated at 37, and, having regard to his circumstances and opportunities, his record as a poet is unparalleled, for no man ever achieved so much as Burns with so little aid from the world and with such terrible impediments in his path.

Tit for Tat.

A New York girl who is only 7 years old one day last week gave tit for tat in a very neat way. She was trudging to school, carrying her luncheon in a little covered basket, when a schoolmate, a boy of 9, overtook her. He must have been in rather a bad humor, for his very first remark was: "Say, I wouldn't carry my lunch in a fish basket, anyway." The little miss turned and looked at him. He had his sandwiches and cake in a box under his arm. "Well," she said, "I wouldn't carry mine in a bait box." And the boy had nothing to say.—New York Times.

An 8-Year-Old Scholar.

James Mill began the instruction of his son, the future economist, in Greek, at 3 years, and conducted it so relentlessly that before he was 8 the young John Stuart—who had meanwhile found time to devour Hume, Robertson and Gibbon—had already read the whole of Herodotus, Xenophon's "Anabasis," "Cyropaedia," and "Memorabilia of Socrates," parts of Lucian and Isocrates and six of the "Dialogues" of Plato, that is to say, vastly more than is required for admission to any and far more than is taught in most of the colleges of this country.—Babyhood.

Getting Rich Keeping Boarders.

There is a certain young widow in New York who, within a few short years, has made a fortune at that usually the most unsuccessful of all occupations, the keeping of boarders. She has recently purchased a \$100,000 house, with elevator and all hotel conveniences, and charges her very swell patrons the prices of the Waldorf. Table napkins, with one's own initials upon them, and linen, also one's exclusive own, are among the luxuries. And she boasts that young men take their dinners at her house when they "get tired of Delmonico's."

Of Course They Do.

"I wonder," said the sentimental boarder, "if the little birds make any plans for their homes in the spring?"

"Of course they do," said the Cheerful Idiot. "Don't they have to make a nest to mate?"

The custard pie that the astonished waiter let drop to the floor at this juncture fell on its soft side, and, consequently, was deduced from her week's wages.

The Southerner's Hat.

Slouch hats are numerous in almost all communities south of Mason and Dixon's line, and conservative old southerners still demand the best felt in such hats. A really good broad-brim felt hat such as a fastidious southerner wears will cost almost as much as a respectable high silk hat, but will last longer because it never goes out of fashion.

RUSSIAN FUNERALS.

CURIOUS RITES IN THE LAND OF THE WHITE CZAR.

The Lengthy Ceremonies Performed and Their Symbolic Meaning—The Soul's Journey Through Heaven and the Infernal Regions.

The dying Russian receives extreme unction, as the ritual prescribes in the Russian church. When this sacrament is administered a vessel filled with dry grain is placed on a table in sight of the sick person. The grain is the symbol of the withered, dried-up invalid; the dry grain is capable of life, just as the sick person, possibly, may recover his health. During the service appropriate selections from the gospels and epistles are read several times and the sick person is anointed seven times, on the brow, cheeks, nostrils, mouth, breast and hands, with oil mingled with red wine, in memory of the manner in which the good Samaritan poured oil and wine on the wounds of the man who fell among thieves. At the end of the ceremony the sick person begs the forgiveness of all present for his offenses against them—as is done, also, by all devout Russians at the beginning of Lent, in preparation for Easter. Some Russians erroneously believe that if they receive extreme unction and afterward recover, they can never again eat meat or marry; therefore young people often shrink from it even when they are very ill. The church exhorts them not to be afraid, as they incur no such obligations.

When a Russian Christian dies he is dressed in the "costume of his calling." The costume of a man's profession is chosen to clothe his corpse, because every man is held to direct account for his plain duties in this present life and his calling therein. A white winding sheet or a white garment is sometimes used, especially for children, to signify that the dead person departs pure or with purified, penitent heart.

On the brow of the dead person, as he lies in his coffin, is placed a thin, narrow strip of silk or cotton stamped with representations of Christ, the Virgin Mary and John the Baptist. This "halo" or "glory" is a symbol of victory over passions and other spiritual enemies. A cross or a holy picture is laid on the breast, and a printed prayer (called by scoffers "the passport") is placed in the hands of the corpse.

For three days after death the body lies in its coffin in the house, and panikhidi are said twice a day; generally at 2 and 8 p. m. The name of these services signifies an all night religious service, and is a reminiscence of the funeral rites held over departed Christians in the catacombs during the second and third centuries, which included the holy communion. There the early believers, recounted, by the side of the coffin, the good deeds of the dead martyr or Christian, and thus did the modern funeral sermon have its origin.

Another reminiscence of the catacombs is found in the lighted candles which are held by all who are present at the panikhidi. They also symbolize the light of faith, which illuminated the Christian deeds of the dead person and the joyful confidence of the worshippers in the bright future of the departed. From the moment of death until the burial service on the third day the psalter is read constantly over the corpse. The belief is that the soul hovers about the body during those three days, in and around the house where it has dwelt, grieving over its separation from the body, and its sins. When it hears the sad and comforting psalms its pain is alleviated, and the angel in charge of it comforts it with the hope of God's mercy.

At the funeral service, on the third day, the soul follows the body to church, and remains in great fear and doubt as to what is to become of it when its body is hidden in the earth. Those present pray for themselves, as well as the dead man, and say: "Give rest with thy saints, O Christ, to the soul of thy servant." When the prayer of absolution has been read the Lord commands the angel to bring the soul to heaven to do homage to the Creator of all things. Then the angel is commanded to show the soul all the various pleasant abodes of the just and the fairness of paradise for six days. Naturally this makes a sinful soul "gnash" its teeth and reproach itself. On the ninth day the soul is brought to do homage again to God and the relatives and friends of the departed have a church service on this day to pray for his soul as it is being escorted through hell for thirty days. On the twentieth day, when the soul is half way through its preliminary wanderings, another service is often held. On the fortieth day after death the friends again assemble and pray for the soul, which is now being "presented" to God for the third and last time. On this fortieth day God assigns to the soul an abiding place until the day of judgment. Thereafter services are held on the half yearly or annual anniversaries of the death, at the request of the friends and relatives, and serve to keep green the memory of the departed.

At the funeral the body is accompanied on foot by male relatives and friends, and by "torches," which have the same significance as the candles, and the road is thickly strewn with fragrant twigs of the "evergreen fir tree," which is a symbol of hope in an eternal life for the departed. In Russian cities these "torches" resemble street lanterns plucked up by the roots—as if the dead man had deprived the town of light—borne by

hired mourners clad in black and silver.

At requiem masses the body of the departed is represented by a dish of rice and raisins placed on a reading desk upon the floor of the church in front of and some distance from the ikonostas, or rood-screen, behind which stands the altar. The candles are placed, the incense wafted, the processions performed in relation to this symbol, as in relation to the body at the funeral. The rice is a symbol of the resurrection; a grain must fall into the earth and die before it can bring forth life. The raisins are symbolical in the same way, of Christ the first fruits of them that sleep in the Lord. Any other grain and fruit would serve the same purpose equally well, but rice and raisins are generally used.

DIAMONDS IN HER TEETH.

An Actress Who Prefers Tiny Brilliant In Place of Gold.

There is in one of the New York theaters to-day a young woman who smiles with such brilliancy and sparkle that people train their opera glasses on her whenever she shows her teeth. In the hope of finding the cause of the unusual brilliancy, says the New York Sun. Her name is not printed here, as there is no particular reason for advertising her, but it may be said that she is a most notable illustration of what is said to be the highest development of the dental craze in San Francisco. She has three diamonds set in her teeth, and they are unquestionably stones of the first water. There is one in a lower tooth, and two are in upper teeth, on either side of the mouth. She said when the manager of the theater talked to her a few nights since that she knew several other women in San Francisco who had tiny but brilliant diamonds set in their teeth, and she did not see why the plan should not become a general one. As this is the first time that any one has publicly displayed diamonds in this fashion in New York, it may be well to state that English papers have for six months insisted that the setting of diamonds in teeth is a custom widely prevalent in America among both men and women. The papers have commented so much upon it that the news is apparently well grounded; that numerous people have averted to the value of their smiles in this way here, though New Yorkers would no doubt be astonished to learn that they have such a reputation abroad. In a Bond street shop window in London is another novelty which is advertised as "the latest American fashion." It is a small network of silk about two inches square, upon which the Anzani, can man or woman of fashion has the initials of his or her name formed with tiny gold links, and which is sewed neatly into a corner of the handkerchief. When the handkerchiefs are sent to the laundry the initials are ripped off and are sewed on again when the handkerchiefs are returned. All of this is very much of a novelty over here, despite the assertion in the London papers that it is an American fashion.

Unadvisable.

"Papa," said the earnest young woman, "I feel that I ought to learn some useful occupation. I'm tired of being a useless expense to you."

"Not much you won't," responded the parent. "My creditors would think I was almost broke, and be down on me all at once."

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

Tom—Did Maud tell you the truth when you asked her her age? Jack—Yes. Tom—What did she say? Jack—She said it was none of my business.

Friend—If your washerwoman charges by the piece, it must be rather expensive. Young Housekeeper—Oh, no, she loses so many things that her bills are never high.

"I notice," said the tall, pale girl with the high forehead, "that there is much progress being made now in photographing stars." "Oh, yes," answered the fluffy girl. "They use them for cigarette pictures."

"You don't mean to say that you object to Herbert's playing poker occasionally," she said in an aggrieved tone. "I do, assuredly," replied her father. "I don't see why." "Because he plays better than I do."

"Lyresby was telling me that he had a dream that an angel appeared and told him that he would go straight to heaven when he died. Now what do you think of that?" "Oh, that's just like him—he couldn't even dream the truth."

"What do the men do at the club, John?" "Well, Maria, they pass most of the time praising their wives." "Yes, and I should judge from your breath when you come home that they use very strong language in doing so."

Ethel—How did you like the play last night? Maude—Oh, above everything! Harry was with me, and you know what company he is? Well, there was nothing whatever in the play to distract my attention, and I just reveled in Harry's conversation.

Binkerton—How does Radstock come to get so many invitations for evening parties? Pilgric—Well, you know, a man who can stimulate the flow of conversation is always a welcome guest. Binkerton—But Radstock is no talker. Pilgric—He doesn't talk himself—he sings.

"It's no use," she said dejectedly. "I've simply got to suffer." "What's the matter?" "Young Mr. Sloge called last night. I endured his society patiently until in self-defense, I was forced to remark, 'Really, Mr. Sloge, I am very much afraid it is getting late.'" "And what then?" "He simply smiled and said that women are naturally timid."

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrunk at the cold world's
scorn.
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, brother, plain as I am,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin and care;
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare;
But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much!

It matters little where he my grave,
Or on the land or on the sea,
By putting brook or north stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the angel of death comes down
And marks my brow with his loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

AN ENGAGEMENT RING.



HERE could no longer be any reasonable doubt. Poor Jack Lester had been drowned in the wreck of the Otaacum.

und, and Celia Grey was the most unhappy girl in Woodbury. She was forced to keep her grief to herself because she had not been officially engaged to Jack. She thought it might have been a little easier to hear if her friends had known how unhappy she was, and with what good reason. With this great secret sorrow in her heart the ordinary routine of life grew painful. She had no spirit for tennis parties, she hated her gay summer frocks, she even wished she need not act as bridesmaid to her cousin Susie. She used to lie awake at night and think about Jack, and wonder how much he had minded being drowned.

However, Celia went to her cousin's wedding, and spent three days away from Woodbury. The news of the wreck was a fortnight old and forgotten by most people when she came back again. She arrived by a morning train, sent her trunk to Beechdene House with a porter, and walked home through Woodbury High street, where she wished to do some shopping. As she went into the stationer's she saw Fannie Potter there, a girl she knew slightly and disliked. If it had been possible she would have escaped from the shop rather than speak to Fannie, but she was recognized at once.

"Good-morning, Celia," said Miss Potter, putting down a packet of black-edged envelopes and coming forward. For a short time some years ago the two girls had been in the same class at the high school, and on the strength of this Fannie continued to address Celia by her Christian name. She did not often get the chance of doing so. The Potters were not people with whom the Greys wished to be on friendly terms. Mr. Potter was an attorney of doubtful reputation. It was well known that on Fannie's behalf he had threatened a well-to-do farmer with a breach-of-promise case, and that the young man had only got off by paying a substantial sum. Since that time Fannie had dressed more fashionably than ever, but she had not been asked for her hand and heart again.

Celia bought what she wanted, and was about to leave the shop when Fannie followed her and said that they might as well walk a little way together. She was going past Beechdene.

Celia had no excuse on the tip of her tongue, so she did as she was asked, although she rather objected to be seen in Miss Potter's society. The two young women walked through the town together, and were soon in a quiet country road. It was a very hot morning.

"You must find that gown rather heavy," said Celia, who saw that her companion wore mourning-deep enough for a young widow.

"My heart is very heavy," said Fannie, with an accentuated sigh.

Celia reflected. She had not heard of Mr. Potter's demise; and Mrs. Potter she had seen at the station dressed in bright blue.

"I did not know you were in trouble," she said, civilly.

It was rather difficult to be more than civil, because Fannie showed her grief in such an objectionable way. She had pulled out a pocket handkerchief with a broad black border, and was sobbing into it so loudly that anyone who passed stared at them.

"Didn't you know?" howled Fannie.

"No," said Celia. "What is the matter?"

"I thought everyone knew. I am staying with the Lesters. That is why I have to pass Beechdene."

Celia felt as if her heart stopped for a moment and then went on in a greater hurry than was comfortable. She laughed rather nervously and said:

"I don't know what you mean. You are not in mourning because you are staying with the Lesters, I suppose?"

"What a heartless girl you must be to make fun of us when we are in such trouble!" sobbed Fannie. She paused while a wave of extra strong emotion shook her breast; and then she added in a sepulchral tone, "Poor Jack Lester is drowned!"

"I know that," said Celia sharply; "but I don't see yet why you should be in mourning."

"Jack and I were engaged."

Celia turned ashen white. Otherwise she made no sign. She walked ahead doggedly, and kept her open sunshade between her companion and herself.

"He gave me this ring," continued Fannie, pulling off her glove. "Look at it! 'From Jack to Fannie' is engraved inside. Poor, dear Jack!"

Celia raised her sunshade a little and glanced at the ring. She thought it rather vulgar, and quite suitable for Miss Potter. It consisted of a large emerald surrounded by coarsely cut diamonds. She thought it did not look Jack's choice.

"How long—" she began, and then, to her vexation, she could not go on. Her heart beat too much.

"How long were we engaged? Oh! only just before he sailed. No one knew of it; but when I heard that he was drowned I wrote to his father and mother. I felt sure they would be glad, poor old things. I am staying with them now."

"Really!" said Celia, and then, having arrived at the gate of Beechdene, she rather abruptly bade goodby.

From her mother Celia learned that the impossible story was true. Woodbury rang with the news. The Lesters were great people, the Potters very little ones. No one could understand why Jack Lester should have made such a trumpy choice or how Fannie with her blowsy beauty had managed to captivate him. Without the ring she would hardly have persuaded any one that she told the truth. Directly the confirmation of his death arrived she had put herself into mourning and drawn down the parlor blinds, while Mr. and Mrs. Potter, with an air of great surprise, spread the story of her bereavement. They had not known of any engagement, they said, until poor, dear Fannie swooned at the news of the wreck, and afterward exhibited herring. She nearly swooned again when Colonel Lester called. She said he reminded her so strongly of her beloved Jack.

Colonel Lester and his wife were elderly people, who led a secluded life in their beautiful old home. They saw little of the world outside the Langholme Gates. When Fannie's letter reached them they had to make inquiries about her, and the answers they got were unpleasing. But in the first stress of their great sorrow they would have welcomed the Woodbury sweep at Langholme if he could have proved that their only son had given him an invitation. As it was, they prepared the west bedroom for Fannie Potter and asked her to spend a fortnight with them.

Woodbury looked on astonished. Mr. and Mrs. Potter held up their heads and talked about the dear Colonel and his wonderful affection for their eldest girl. Celia drooped. Her mother thought of sending her to the sea, she lost color and weight so fast. The poor child was grievously hurt. She had loved Jack Lester and believed in him. There had been enough of an understanding between them to warrant her hopes. Had he deceived her? And what made her heart ache most—the fact of his treachery or the thought that he was dead?

About a month after the wreck of Otaacum Mrs. Grey said that she must go and see Mrs. Lester one afternoon, and she hoped that Celia would accompany her.

"You go without me," said Celia.

"Mrs. Lester is so fond of you," observed Mrs. Grey.

"Oh! but she has the Potter girl now," said Celia, dejectedly.

Nevertheless, when the afternoon came she went to Langholme with her mother. They were shown into the drawing-room and found Mrs. Lester and her guest at tea. Miss Potter advanced to meet them, and without any loss of time began to show how much she felt at home.

"How do you do, Celia?" she cried, and her jet bangles rattled as she wobbled Celia's hand to and fro in the latest society manner. "So glad you've come. You'll cheer up the old lady. Fresh tea, Wilkins, and some hot tea cakes; these are cold. Try this chair, Mrs. Grey. The old lady's right ear is not so deaf as her left one."

But neither Mrs. Grey nor Celia took very much notice of the young woman. Mrs. Leslie welcomed her old friends with affection, led them to a distant part of the large room and gave her orders to Wilkins. For a little Miss Fannie felt out of it. She put a word in on several occasions when she had better have remained silent; she moved restlessly about the room, and when the fresh tea came she would have dispensed it if Mrs. Lester had not chosen to take possession of the tray herself. It was not until Colonel Lester appeared that Miss Fannie had a chance of reasserting herself.

Then she came forward again and made a to-do about his cup of tea. She must pour it out for him. She knew how much sugar he liked. She felt sure that draught at the back of his head could not be good for him. He must really allow her to shut the window. The old man looked worried by these attentions, but he seemed to reckon them well meant. He treated her with exquisite kindness, and Mrs. Grey felt sure that he rather than his wife was responsible for Miss Potter's prolonged stay in the house. Mrs. Lester's manner to her guest had not been very cordial.

Colonel Lester looked delighted to see Celia, but he asked her why she had grown so white and thin.

"What can a young girl have to fret about?" he said.

"Oh! Colonel!" sighed Miss Potter, reproachfully.

Every one had finished tea, and Mrs. Lester proposed an adjournment to the flower garden, when they were stopped by Wilkins coming in and asking, with a shaky voice, for his master. The old servant looked scared and upset.

"What is it, Wilkins?" said Miss Potter. "Anything I can do? The Colonel is tired."

Wilkins vouchsafed no reply. He did not even look her way. Colonel

Lester got up and went out of the room. Perhaps two minutes passed before he returned. The ladies had begun to talk of something else, when the Colonel opened the door, stood still for a moment on the threshold, looked fixedly at his wife, and then over his shoulder toward the hall. It was just as if Mrs. Lester could read something in his face that no one else understood. She got up and walked in a quick, trembling way toward her husband.

"Jack!" she cried. She went with outstretched hands beyond the door, and before any one quite understood what had happened, Jack rushed forward and took his mother into his arms.

Celia turned so white that her mother thought she would faint; but the next moment she had blushed rosy red because Jack Lester had seized her hand and seemed reluctant to let it go again. No one noticed the Potter girl steal stealthily toward the low French window that stood open to the lawn.

"What does it mean, Jack?" said his mother at last. "You look very ill."

"I've been pretty bad! I lay in a hut on the Spanish coast for three weeks. I was knocked silly, you know, against the rocks, and then hauled out by some fishermen. The poor chap they took for me must have got hold of my coat with my papers in it. It all happened in the dark and in such a hurry. I might have wired from London, but I thought I would just come on. When they put me on board at Cardiz I was not in a condition to act for myself, and the people who looked after me did not know how to get at you."

"We have been taking care of your bride, Jack," said Colonel Lester, who was a good deal surprised by his son's cool manner to her.

Jack looked puzzled, pleased, undetermined.

"My bride!" he said, with a happy light in his eyes. "Celia!"

And he held out both his hands to Miss Grey, at whose side he had remained. But she hung back blushing and embarrassed.

"Jack!" exclaimed his father sternly. "I mean Miss Potter."

"There goes Miss Potter!" said Mrs. Grey, pointing to the French window that she could see from her seat. Colonel Lester looked startled and turned round. They could all see a buxom crape-clad figure speeding down the lawn.

"She said you were engaged," gasped the Colonel. "We believed it."

"You did," said Mrs. Lester. "I disliked the girl from the first."

"You never believed it?" said Jack to Celia.

"She wore your ring," stammered Celia.

"That she most certainly did not," said Jack.

"It had 'From Jack to Fannie' inside. I saw the inscription."

"Yes," said the Colonel, "there was no doubt about the inscription."

"I did not give it to her."

"It is very curious," said Mrs. Lester. "How did she get the ring?"

"I think I know," said Mrs. Grey, who had listened with a meditative face to Jack's denials. "The man who jilted her, the man she threatened with a breach-of-promise case, was called John Smith. He is in Australia now, and the whole business happened out of Woodbury, so I suppose she thought it quite safe to use his ring."

"None of us could understand your taste, Jack," said Mrs. Lester.

"You do now, though," said Jack, taking Celia's hand.—Illustrated London News.

The Trouble a Dime Made.

Once in a great while one of the thirty odd banks clerks who are daily delegated to render into the Providence clearing house the accounts of their respective banks, makes an error in his "fingers." Usually the session is over in twenty minutes, but Tuesday it required an extra hour for the finding of a ten cent mistake, in \$1,152,100. As there is a money fine which gathers double compound comminuted interest, so to speak, as the minutes are piled up by the clock, each young gentleman of the thirty odd is on pins and needles until the fellow who is to blame is discovered.

At noon the clearing house telephone, which is that of the Roger Williams bank, began to ring, and from that time until the session was concluded, bank after bank called up to know if the emissary had gone to Canada and had left everything but a balance against the bank. Officials and clerks, who go to dinner in rotation, stood with watches in hand and saw their cars go by, and felt an increasing and aching void at the "belt." About 12.45 o'clock the \$1,152,100 had been squared up to a cent, and the ten cent fellow who had shaken the banking community to the pit of its stomach was laden with a crop of fines as thick as flies at the bung hole of a molasses barrel.—Providence Journal.

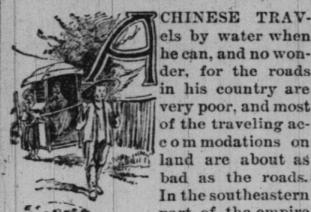
Stevenson's First Hit.

The late Robert Lewis Stevenson didn't strike the world a really telling blow until after years of gloomy experience with publishers he came upon the idea in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The idea upon which this wonderfully told and wonderfully constructed tale is framed had existed in Stevenson's mind for many years. He had tried to formulate it many times, but without results such as would satisfy him. He had about given up the idea of being able to produce a story which would suggest the idea of a dual nature in man, when one night, sitting by his fire in an old-fashioned inn, with the storm fiercely raging outside, there flashed in his mind, as by inspiration, the true method of handling the story. In a few days the story was written and ready for publication.—Detroit Free Press.

OF TRANSIT IN CHINA.

STREET CARS UNKNOWN IN LI HUNG CHANG'S LAND.

The Various Substitutes That Are Found in the Big Cities—The Chinaman Travels by Water When He Can—The Jiriksha.



CHINESE TRAVELERS by water when he can, and no wonder, for the roads in his country are very poor, and most of the traveling accommodations on land are about as bad as the roads. In the southeastern part of the empire there are scarcely any wheeled vehicles. In north China, however, they are very common, particularly in the region around Peking.

The Peking cart shown in this picture is one of the better class of these vehicles. It is better only in respect of the wheels, which are often solid and are a great deal heavier even than the clumsy wheels shown here.

The wheels are attached to a short axle tree, and above them rises a sort of oblong box which is fastened to the axle. The passengers sit in this box, which is cushioned to alleviate the jolting. Passengers get in or out usually at the front, though sometimes there is a slide door at the side for their accommodation. All these carts are drawn by one horse and the driver sits as he is shown in the picture. Hundreds of these carts may be hired for a pittance. The discomfort of riding



A PEKIN CART.

ing in them is about equal to that of the elevated roads during the crush hours.

A more comfortable way to get over the ground is in sedan chairs. There are two kinds, both of which are shown in the picture. The narrow sort is made of bamboo, and oftentimes it is too narrow for the comfort of any one with the slightest tendency to obesity. To add insult to injury, the uncomfortable fat person is not permitted to ride in the wider chair



TIENSIN WOMAN IN JIRIKSHA.

unless he belongs to the "quality." The common people are prohibited from using this chair, but those who have any sort of privileges may stow themselves away in the commodious affair and go teetering along at the rate of four miles an hour. Two men support it on their shoulders, and it is a very convenient and comfortable article of the sort.

The jiriksha is an innovation from Japan found almost exclusively at Tiensin and other of the larger treaty ports. It is a great improvement on the wheelbarrow used for carrying people and goods in some parts of the empire, and particularly in the province of Kiangsi. This wheelbarrow is propelled just as our ordinary wheelbarrows are, but it has an additional motive force in the shape of a man tugging away at a rope in front.

An enormous number of people in the cities gain their livelihood by manning these various forms of conveyances. They stand at the street corners ready to start on the slightest intimation that their services are wanted. Many of them are the employes of small capitalists, whose money is invested in the conveyances. Others own the turnouts themselves. Sedans and their bearers are hired at buildings erected for the purpose, and an American who patronizes them is doubtless reminded of our livery stables. In Canton the men who carry these chairs have a nickname signifying "tailless horses."

An Understanding.

She—You must remember that ours was a summer engagement.

He—That means, if you see any one you like better, you'll break it.

"Yes."

"And if I see any one I like better—"

"I'll sue you for breach of promise."

SOME USES FOR CHEESE.

All Sorts of Relishes of Which It Is an Important Part.

Cheese is so much in demand this winter that it is nice to know how to keep a variety in the house at small expense. Buy an Edam and a large pineapple, either of which will keep for a long time if necessary. Then buy a pot of Roquefort and a tumbler at club house cheese, keeping these in a cool, dry place until needed. A dinner menu may be completed by water crackers and Roquefort for dessert. A delicious dainty for an afternoon tea is the popular macaroon spread with thinly sliced sage cheese as a sandwich. Cheese crusts are nice for an impromptu company luncheon. They are made from half slices of stale bread, after trimming off the hard crust. Upon these oblongs of bread put a tablespoon of grated cheese and brown slightly in the oven. These may be served hot or cold. Good English cheese is used for Welsh rabbit. There are many who like a bit of cream cheese with a French biscuit for breakfast. Neufchatel and water crackers generally follow the pudding course of an elaborate home dinner menu. Cheese of some description is an important item of the Dutch supper, which is so common this winter after the theater or at card parties. Indeed, the matron who likes to be able to offer her casual afternoon or evening visitor some simple refreshment pays as much attention this season to her supply of cheese as to that of crackers or tea.—Brooklyn Eagle.

For the Sake of a Dearly Loved Daughter. To the late M. Duruy, the French Historian, are due many of the privileges France has given to women. He

In Some Doubt.

Passer—What's going on in that hall?
Policeman—Well, there's a lot of long haired men and short haired women there, but I don't know whether it's a suffrage association or an athletic club.

Ladies have, at rare intervals, been elected as members of parliament, but have never been permitted to take their seats. And yet the house of commons has never had a surfeit of good talkers.

Rheumatic Pains

Return when the colder weather comes. They are caused by lactic acid in the blood, which frequently settles in the joints. This poisonous taint must be re-

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able "functions" incident to the fashionable season in the national capital. Mrs. Sartoris' graciousness, tact, and unaffectedness have added largely to her circle of friends and admirers.

Trade Revival.

"Well, old man, how is business?"

"Booming," said the manufacturer of sporting goods. "I have just received an order for 4,000,000 pairs of sprinting shoes for the Chinese army."

—Indianapolis Journal.

RAILROADS.

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

GOING SOUTH. 6:10 a. m., except Sunday. 6:45 a. m., except Sunday. 6:55 a. m., Sunday only.

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A True Saying. It has been said that habitual constipation is the cause of fully one-half the diseases that flesh is heir to.

It May Do as Much For You. Mr. Fred Miller of Irving, Ill., writes that he had a severe kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected.

Where to Buy Glass. We have a large consignment of No. 1 window glass and are prepared to supply the trade with glass in any size.

We Want the News. Don't forget to tell us when your friends come to see you. If it is too much trouble to come to our office, drop us a line on a postal card.

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

ESTABLISHED IN 1885. Published Every Saturday at BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS. BY T. LAMEY, Editor and Publisher.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Mr. William McCredie of Elgin was in town last Wednesday. Mrs. Della Morse, one of the teachers of our school spent Saturday and Sunday at Evanston.

Miss Maud Maier will visit her parents at Benton Harbor next week. A pleasant surprise party was given Miss Luella Plagge at the home of her parents last Monday evening.

Mrs. Henry Meier is reported on the sick list this week. Mr. E. H. Sadt went to Lorain, Ill., last Tuesday to spend a few days. No trouble to get window glass at J. D. Lamey & Co's. They have glass in all sizes.

Conductor Davey and wife spent Sunday with friends at Janesville. Mrs. Emily Thorne, who resides at Toledo, Washington, says she has never been able to procure any medicine for rheumatism that relieves the pain so quickly and effectually as Chamberlain's Pain Balm.

Miss Ida Gieske spent last Wednesday with her sister at Palatine. Prices marked way down on men's gloves and mittens at A. W. Meyer & Co's.

The village board should take active steps at once toward getting the C. & N. W. to plank their main crossing in a more thorough manner, so that the traffic of vehicles across the same would be more safe from break downs, runaways, etc.

Mrs. Fitzgibbons and daughter, Lottie, spent the past week with friends at Janesville. The young people of the Barrington schools gave a sleighing party last Tuesday evening.

Dr. Zahn has purchased two lots on Center street, at the corner of Congdon avenue, and will erect a house there.—Elgin Courier. Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Brockway visited last Saturday with Mr. Brockway's brother, Louis, who has a position in the county clerk's office at Waukegan.

On the account of the severe storm of last Friday evening the M. W. A. entertainment was postponed and will be given on Friday evening of this week. O. W. O. Hardman, sheriff of Tyler county, W. Va., appreciates a good thing and does not hesitate to say so.

At the completion of the above program a lunch was served consisting of cake and chocolate to the forty guests present. Closing Out at Cost. In order to close out my stock of horse blankets I have marked the prices on them down to cost.

Pay Your Taxes. I will be at the Barrington bank Wednesday and Saturday of each week to receive taxes for the town of Barrington. H. REUTER. Farm for Sale. FOR SALE—A farm of forty acres, situated one and a half miles north of Barrington, first class buildings and everything in the best of condition.

10 Doses 10 Cents. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is pleasant to take, and cures constipation, indigestion, sick headache. Get a 10 cent sample bottle of A. L. Waller. Sleighing parties have been all the go this week. Nothing but the jingle of sleigh bells can now be heard evenings. It is the first good sleighing we have had this winter.

Dr. Clausius moved his household furniture here from the city last week. Mrs. Adams of Chicago visited her niece, Mrs. Clarence Wheeler, Thursday and Friday of last week. A masquerade ball will be given at Ficke's hall, Lake Zurich, Saturday evening Feb. 9, 1895. Music will be furnished by a Chicago orchestra.

The pupils of the grammar room were dismissed last Monday morning, as it was impossible to heat that room so as to get it at a comfortable temperature.

If there is anything you wish to sell, buy, or trade, make it known through the columns of the REVIEW. Don't forget the party given at Scott's hall next Friday evening, Feb. 8.

Mr. August Krueger was given a surprise party on last Monday evening, it being his 31th birthday anniversary. There were over twenty guests present. Refreshments were served and a very pleasant evening was spent.

Presiding Elder Haight will hold sacramental services in the M. E. church Sunday evening. Quarterly conference will take place to-day at 3 p. m. in the parlor of the same church.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Leonard and family of Gray's Lake, visited over Sunday with Mrs. Leonard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Robertson. Comstock's orchestra will play at a masquerade at Quentin's Corners, Saturday, Feb. 2.

A Des Moines woman who has been troubled with frequent colds, concluded to try an old remedy in a new way, and accordingly took a table-spoonful (four times the usual dose) of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy just before going to bed. The next morning she found that her cold had almost entirely disappeared. During the day she took a few doses of the remedy (one teaspoonful at a time) and at night again took a table-spoonful before going to bed, and on the following morning awoke free from all symptoms of the cold.

THE MORTUARY RECORD. William Hacker. William Hacker died Friday, Jan. 25, 1895, from chronic catarrh of the stomach. Mr. Hacker was born at Bultin, Germany, Nov. 15, 1855, and came to this country with his family in 1882, locating at Barrington. The funeral took place last Monday at the Lutheran church, Rev. Rahn officiating. His remains were interred in St. Paul's cemetery.

Mrs. Caroline Kurchals. Mrs. Caroline Kurchals died at the home of her son, L. Krahn, Monday, Jan. 28, 1895, aged 79 years. Mrs. Kurchals has been in ill health for some time. She was a resident of Barrington for many years and is well spoken of by every one. Mrs. Kurchals was born in Sehenburg, P. Muenen, Germany, in 1816. She married Jacob Krahn in Germany in 1838, who died. In 1853 she married Carl Kurchals and came to America in 1854 and made their home in Chicago until 1859, when they moved to Barrington, which has been the home ever since. Her last husband died here a number of years ago. For the past several years she has made her home with her son, Leopold Krahn.

The annual musical recital by Prof. Sears' music class was given at the residence of Mrs. M. C. McIntosh, Monday evening, Jan. 28. The following program was rendered: PART I. Quotations on Music. By the Class. Violin Solo. J. I. Sears. Piano Solo. Miss Olga Waller. Piano Solo. Miss Mina Robertson. Piano Solo. Willie Mundhenke. Piano Solo. Miss Lydia Robertson. Violin Solo. J. I. Sears. Essay. Mrs. M. C. McIntosh. PART II. Piano Duet. Erkel. Misses Mina and Myrtle Robertson. Violin Solo. J. I. Sears. Piano Solo. Miss Myrtle Robertson. Piano Solo. Ralph Vermilya. Piano Solo. Miss Tenna M. Arps. Trio—Violin, Four Hand Piano. J. I. Sears. J. I. Sears.

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN LECTURE STONE. An account of a strange lapidary freak comes all the way from Kimberley, South Africa. Workmen in the diamond mines at that place discovered a stone, dark brown in color and about the size of a pigeon's egg, which viewed in a dark place with a candle or other light behind it, exhibits a perfect profile picture of a man from the waist up. Turning the pebble partially around, the image of the man vanishes and the features of a woman's face, clearly-cut and partly concealed by heavy tresses, comes into view. The British museum offers £50 for the curiosity.—St. Louis Republic.

Uncle Pete, entering with something under his coat—What wud you say, A'nt Dinah, ef de good Lawd wuz teh send us some'n mighty powful good to suppah? Aunt Dinah—I shud say dat wuz a miracle. Uncle Pete, producing a pair of chickens—Dat's right, a'nt; dat's just what it wuz, a miracle. Nothin' short ob a miracle wud have made de colone' fo'igh teh lock de hennery do! —New York Herald.

There are no idols in the Shinto temples. Shintoism consists of the worship of ancestors and the powers of nature, the sun especially. The only objects in the temples are a small mirror, emblematic of light, and some strips of white paper. Pilgrimages to various places form a feature of this religion. In Greater New York. New Yorker, on board the Atlantic liner—What longitude are we in, captain? Captain—Sixty-five degrees west of Greenwich, latitude 39. New Yorker, with enthusiasm—Hurrah! we're home again!—Chicago Record.

Medical Advice. Patient—Doctor, what's good for dyspepsia? Doctor—Irregular eating and ill-cooked food. Two dollars, please. Familiar. Visitor—Will you tell your master that I called? Servant—Yes, sir, if you will please tell me your name. Visitor—That is unnecessary. He knows me quite well.—Wanderer.

F. L. WATERMAN, Dealer in Fancy Groceries, Fruits, Vegetables and Every Goods, Tobacco, Cigars, Nuts and Confectionery. ICE CREAM AND OYSTERS IN SEASON. Barrington, Ill.

IT WAS DICK.

The blinds were carefully lowered, as she lay on a couch with the smelling salts in her hand. When her dearest friend came into the room she exclaimed: "Mercy, does your head ache or hasn't your new gown come home?" "Dyspepsia, evidently, dear; you should take—"

"Oh, don't; I want sympathy but not prescriptions. It's about Dick." "Of course. But I can't really sympathize until I know what it's about." "Well, it was Dick and—and my tooth."

"Mercy, I hope you didn't bite him! There, don't be angry; I'm grave, grave as a family tomb. Don't keep me in suspense." "Well then, you know I have a tooth that I cut in the dentist's chair?" "I thought so because you always said that chewing gum was vulgar."

"Yes; and of course I'd rather have died than let Dick know it. But the other evening he was here and I was eating candy when it broke right off." "Good gracious, what on earth—" "I managed to conceal it, but I didn't dare to smile again lest he notice its absence—so I just picked a quarrel with him."

"Naturally it relieved your feelings too. But what did you quarrel about." "Just the same old thing." "The fact that he doesn't work? But then he has plenty of money without." "I know, but there's no telling when he will call and it is ruining my hair to keep it curled all the time."

"Was he very angry?" "Awfully—left in half an hour. The next day I had such a cold I couldn't go to the dentist's—besides he always stays angry at least three days. But the following morning I had a note saying that he had taken my advice, had secured a position, and would be up in the evening to tell me all about it. As soon as I answered it I started for the dentist's and—oh, Dora!"

"Did you meet him on the street?" "No! No! I told the dentist that I must have my tooth by 7 o'clock that evening. He said that he was very busy, but would send for his new assistant and see if he could repair it. I sat in the chair, with Dr. Nippers holding the tooth, when who should walk into the room but—"

"Not Dick!" "Dick and nobody else! He was the new assistant—and, Dora, he laughed, actually laughed! O, I'll never speak to him again until my dying day—but I don't think that will be very long." And she buried her head in the pillows while Dora poured words of sympathy into deaf ears.

An Act of Providence. Uncle Pete, entering with something under his coat—What wud you say, A'nt Dinah, ef de good Lawd wuz teh send us some'n mighty powful good to suppah? Aunt Dinah—I shud say dat wuz a miracle. Uncle Pete, producing a pair of chickens—Dat's right, a'nt; dat's just what it wuz, a miracle. Nothin' short ob a miracle wud have made de colone' fo'igh teh lock de hennery do! —New York Herald.

The Deepest Mine in France. The deepest coal mine in France (by some authorities said to be the deepest in the world) is at Andre du Poirier. The mine is worked with two shafts, one 2,952 feet deep and the other 3,083. The latter shaft is now being deepened, and will reach the 4,000-foot level by July, 1895. The yearly product of this mine is 400,000 tons of coal. The remarkable feature of the mine is the comparatively low temperature—seldom rising above 75 degrees Fahr.

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THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR B. H. SODT & SON.

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Webster's Dictionary... Is a Flat Failure, Is a Newspaper. Either as a work of fiction or compendium of general news. Still it answers the purpose for which it was published better than any other book we know of, and covers the entire field—as a dictionary. As a Newspaper. We are trying to do the same thing for this community—to cover the entire local news field to the entire satisfaction of our patrons. Its our business to watch over the best interests of this town and county—to nurture its industries and foster its enterprises. BUSINESS MEN WHO DESIRE TO DO BUSINESS IN A BUSINESS WAY SHOULD REMEMBER THAT HOME FOLKS ARE CONSUMERS, AND THAT THIS PAPER REACHES 'EM.