

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 10. NO. 6.

BARRINGTON, ILL., SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1895.

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NOW IN FULL SWING.

REPUBLICAN LEAGUE CONVEN- TION OPENS ITS MEETINGS.

Large Attendance of Delegates Present—
President Tracy Delivers His Address—
Fight on Silver Question to Be a Hot
and Earnest One.

Cleveland, O., June 20.—The eighth annual convention of the League of Republican Clubs convened in Music hall yesterday with 2,000 delegates in the auditorium and the galleries filled with visitors. The hall was elaborately decorated.

After prayer by the Rev. S. L. Darsie, Secretary Humphrey read the roll and addresses of welcome were made by Mayor Robert E. McKisson and President D. D. Woodmansee of the Ohio League of Republican Clubs. President Tracy of Chicago then delivered the annual address. Among other remarks were the following:

"It is our work to elect, not select, candidates, and promote, not promulgate, platforms. Party platforms and party candidates must have the approval of the people, but to insure vic-



H. CLAY EVANS, TENNESSEE. In the next campaign we must prepare to meet organization with organization." He criticized the democratic leaders for their lack of statesmanship, claiming that the currency question had been brought forward to blind the eyes of the people to the serious blunders committed. Of the policy of protection to our industries he said that under it the country had developed as no other country in the history of nations, and that the abandoned free trade had brought ruin to thousands of American homes. On the currency question itself, he said: "There can be no disagreement as to the enlarged use of silver. There are few or none who are not in favor of this. The question is, How can it best be brought about? The people of this country want more money, but only on one condition, and that is that it be sound and current the world over."

"The record of the republican party proves that it has always been in favor of increasing the currency in keeping with the demands of the country, but only on the basis that the purchasing and debt-paying power of a dollar, whether of silver or gold, shall at all times be kept equal. This entire question as to the future use of silver will probably be settled by the great commercial nations of the world within a year. Germany and France are seeking bimetallicism and England is fast turning in that direction. What the people should do is to bring pressure to bear upon their representatives for the appointment of delegates to an international conference with power to act, and insist upon an agreement an obligation on the nations participating to maintain the ratio as there adopted. "Finally, the great work of the republican party is the promotion and enlargement of our industries through protection and the extension of our foreign trade through reciprocity; the establishment of a bimetallic standard of money through international agreement, in which silver shall be more fully recognized; the revival of our merchant marine and the creation of a system of irrigation for the reclamation of arid lands."

The secretary announced that there were represented at the convention forty-six states and territories, a larger number than has been represented at any previous convention of the league. Among the delegates were a number of ladies, four from Colorado, one from New York, two from Washington, and three from Illinois, the latter representing the Woman's league clubs in that state. The ladies from Colorado lost no opportunity to do missionary work in favor of the free coinage of silver. The American College league has ten delegates present.



JOHN M. THURSTON. When Secretary Humphrey called the roll of states to ascertain the number of delegates and alternates it was ascertained that the states could report only those present and not the number to which they are entitled. This was against the silver men, whose delegations were not as full as those of other states.

It is conceded on all sides that the plank of 1892 will go through by a large majority and several of the more radical silver men say that they will plainly tell the convention that failure to recognize the white metal will lose the party the western states next year.

The selection of Milwaukee as the place for holding the convention next year has been received with great satisfaction by the delegates. Chauncey M. Depew is down for a speech at the big league banquet to-night, but it is doubtful whether he will attend.

The feature of the day was the silver fight before the committee on resolutions. The organization was against the silver men, but the latter were not discouraged and opened up the fight from the start. The resolution of the silver men was offered, also other silver resolutions. The opponents of free silver, through Mr. Hunter of Missouri, offered the financial plank of 1892, also the recent Ohio plank adopted at Zanesville last month. The compromise resolution attracting much attention was presented by Senator-elect J. M. Thurston of Nebraska as follows:

"We approve the declaration of the last republican national convention that the American people from tradition and interest favor bimetallicism and the republican party demands the use of both gold and silver as a standard money with such restrictions and under such provisions to be determined as will secure the maintenance of the parity of values of the two metals, so that the purchasing and debt paying power of the dollar, whether of silver, gold or paper, shall be at all times equal, and refer the question for a more specific declaration to the next republican national convention, which alone has the power to bind the party or make platforms and declare principles."

There was no discussion of the tariff or any other issues in the committee and no differences of opinion existed except on the silver question. The silver men still have confidence in their strength among the delegates, although a majority of the committee is against them.

H. Clay Evans of Tennessee moved to refer all resolutions to the committee on resolutions without debate, which motion prevailed. A meeting of the presidents of state leagues was announced for 9 a. m. to-day. At 1 p. m. the convention adjourned in 10 o'clock to-day to give the committees time to work.

ALL READY AT KIEL.

CANAL PREPARED FOR THE PASSAGE OF SHIPS.

The Big Fetes Which Are to Celebrate
Event Begin Formally Yesterday
Entire City Decorated—Emperor
Makes a Careful Speech.

Kiel, June 20.—After the labors of eleven years and an expenditure of about 150,000,000 marks (\$38,500,000) the great canal which joins the Baltic Sea to the German ocean is ready for use. It intersects the peninsula of Schleswig-Holstein from Brunsbuttel, near the mouth of the Elbe river, to Holtenu, on the Kieler Bay and opposite that city, a distance of about fifty-nine miles. The canal is lighted by electricity, said to be the longest distance in the world illuminated continuously that way. The light furnished is powerful enough to enable navigators to plainly discern the route by night. The time required for the passage of the whole canal, including delay at the two locks, will average thirteen hours. Provision is made for vessels to get out of the way of large ships of war which may be passing through the canal. The piers of the two permanent bridges which cross the canal have casemated buttresses attached, each capable of holding 400 soldiers, and portholes for guns wrought into the masonry in times of war would be used to prevent the enemy's passage.

There was a heavy downfall of rain in the morning, and for a time it seemed to jeopardize the success of the fetes. Happily the clouds cleared away and brilliant sunshine, accompanied by a pleasant breeze, followed. The whole city presents a strikingly effective appearance. The flags of all nations were hoisted along the Alster at noon and the sentries at the door of the principal hotels denoted the presence there of the imperial guests. Naturally the chief center of attraction was the seaport, where the display of warships attracted many thousands of spectators. Those of the United States, Great Britain, Italy and Austria were especially admired. At 8 o'clock the war vessels of the fourteen nations represented here hoisted their flags to the strains of the anthems of their respective countries. The Mars hoisted the flag of Admiral Knorr and the latter subsequently, accompanied by the commanders of the foreign squadrons and many officers of various nations, started for Hamburg to greet the emperor.

The banquet commenced in the banquet hall, which is still unfurnished, of the newly built Rathaus. At the banquet, after the toast, the burgomaster, Dr. Lehmann, attired in a black gown with white ruffles, arose and addressed the emperor and the other sovereigns. The emperor returned thanks in an uncommonly guarded manner. His reply was mild and careful and of comparative shortness. The empress arrived here at 8 o'clock last evening and was met by Prince Henry of Prussia, her brother-in-law. Salutes in her honor were fired in the harbor. As her majesty drove to the Schloss, where she will temporarily reside, she was enthusiastically cheered by the crowds in the streets. She hopes to be well enough to share in the fetes here.

IOWA PROHIBITIONISTS.

Frank Bacon, of Wilton Junction, Nominated for Governor.

Des Moines, Iowa, June 20.—Prohibitionists of the state held a state convention here yesterday and nominated a state ticket. As adopted the resolutions declare for woman suffrage, for the free coinage of silver and gold at the ratio of 16 to 1 independently of the action of any other nation; for the government ownership of the railroads; the revision of the immigration laws to keep out the vicious and indolent of the old world; for Sunday observance; declares for the public schools and opposition to a diversion of the fund for the maintenance of sectarian schools; for liberal pensions for soldiers; favors the income tax, and on state issues denounces the mulct law and the republican party as the author of the law. The resolutions also demand the enactment of laws having for their object the arbitration of disputes between employer and employe. Frank Bacon of Wilton Junction was nominated for governor.

Claims the Colima Was Seaworthy.

San Francisco, Cal., June 20.—R. P. Schwerin, manager of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, gave testimony in the Colima investigation yesterday. He denied the report that he had a conversation with Captain Taylor, in which the latter objected to taking the ship out on the ground that she was top heavy.

British May Be Attacked.

London, June 20.—A dispatch to the Times from Hong Kong, says that the black flag general has demanded the withdrawal of the 200 British marines landed at Anping, in the island of Formosa. The British officer commanding the marines has refused to withdraw, and is preparing to fight.

Vote Against Separate Schools.

Winnipeg, Man., June 20.—A vote on the school debate was reached at 10:30 last evening. All the amendments were voted down, and Manitoba's answer refusing to re-establish separate schools was adopted.

Stay for Harry Hayward.

Minneapolis, Minn., June 20.—The supreme court has granted a stay of thirty days in the execution of Harry Hayward for the murder of Catharine King.

Inspector McLaughlin Sentenced.

New York, June 20.—Police Inspector McLaughlin has been sentenced to two years and six months' imprisonment in Sing Sing. One week's time is allowed him in which to settle up his affairs. The police commissioners last night reinstated McLaughlin in his rank in the police force from which the board dismissed him upon the finding of the jury that he was guilty of extortion in office.

Strikers' Demands Granted.

Altoona, Pa., June 20.—The 300 employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company who struck Tuesday for higher wages went to work yesterday. The company officials promised them a greater increase in wages than they demanded, and the men went to work willingly.

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We have a nice line of Ladies' Fine Shoes at \$1.25, 1.35, 1.45, 1.50 to 1.75 a pair.
Ladies' Dress Shoes \$1.75, 2.00, 2.25, 2.50 to 3.00 a pair.

Children's Shoes.

We carry a full line of Children's Shoes, 20, 25, 30 35 to 50 cents a pair
Misses' Shoes, 75 cents a pair upwards.

Ladies' Slippers.

Ladies' Slippers in Tans and Black at 69, 95 cents \$1.00, 1.25 to 1.60 a pair.

Men's Shoes.

Our line of Men's Shoes is complete. Men's Shoes \$1.50, 1.65, 1.75, 1.85, 2.00 to 3.00 a pair.
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BARRINGTON REVIEW.

CORNER OF ODDITIES.

CURRENT RECORD OF A VARIETY OF EVENTS.

Paucity at a Dancing Party—Burglar and Policeman—A Street Car Conductor as a Hypnotist—Snakes Inside of a Cow.

W HERE WAS IT I kissed her? Or was it her sister? Myhap 'twas neither— Not like me either— Or could I have missed her? 'Twas a rare osculation, A kiss of persuasion, Though I have forgot— I know I ought not— Who caused the elation? And now I remember, My mind 'tis impairing, Since if it were she At once I could be New kisses declaring, And now I remember, It was in December, Somewhere in the south— And full in the mouth, 'Twas there that I kissed her, Both she and her sister.

Both Climbed a Ladder. A ladder leading to an open window in the second story of the residence of J. G. Harlowe, Chicago, attracted the attention of Officer Newman, of the Desplains street station, about 10 o'clock the other morning. The officer climbed up the ladder and stealthily entered the window just as a burglar drew a revolver and pointing it at Mrs. Harlowe commanded her to lie still and make no outcry. The burglar turned upon the officer's approach, but the latter was too quick for him, and covering him with his revolver placed him under arrest. While engaged in doing this another man, evidently a confederate, got out of the window and made his escape down the ladder. The prisoner was taken to the Desplains street station, where he said his name was Walter Mitchell. He refused to say who his confederate was. The opportune arrival of the officer prevented the men from getting anything from the house. Mitchell and his companion evidently noticed the open window, and going in to the yard in the rear of the house they procured a ladder. When they entered the room they found themselves in the sleeping apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Harlowe. The noise they made awakened Mrs. Harlowe and she screamed. While Mitchell was threatening her with a revolver, the officer entered.

Says He Hypnotized Them. Is hypnotism to succeed the sandbag and chloroform bottle in the kit of the up-to-date burglar? The question, which opens a wide field for speculation, is called out by a case which came up in Jefferson Market court, New York, the other day. Conductor Richard Hudson was held for trial on a charge of robbing two fellow conductors. It is alleged he hypnotized them and so induced them to hand over their timepieces. Frank Graham is a conductor and boarded Hudson's car to go home. He sat near the door, and naturally Conductor Hudson talked with him. Graham says Hudson looked him straight in the face, and soon he began to feel an uncontrollable desire to sleep. Graham was an easy victim, and in a few minutes he was enjoying a deep entrancing sleep. Then it is charged that Hudson took the watch off the sleeper. The next night Conductor James Finn was put to sleep and charmed out of his watch while in Hudson's company. But Hudson became bold and told two men how he got Graham's watch and where he pawned it for \$6. He forgot to hypnotize his listeners, and so the conversation was repeated to Detective Robbing. The latter recovered the watch and arrested Hudson.

Snakes Inside a Cow. Nicholas Grudner, a well-known and prosperous farmer near Portersville, Butler county, twelve miles from here, was in the city and told the following remarkable story, which is vouched for by reliable people. Says the Snaketown Clarion. He said that seven days ago a valuable cow, belonging to the family was missing, and that yesterday the animal was found dead, lying among the cranberry bushes in the swamp. A veterinary surgeon named Porter happened along about that time and said he had a curiosity to know the cause of the animal's death. He proceeded to hold a post-mortem on the body. While he was at work a 4-foot blacksnake crawled from the mouth of the dead cow and succeeded in escaping in the underbrush. The doctor was considerably startled, but he proceeded with his work, and when he had reached the stomach he was horrified to find that it was fairly alive with little black-snakes from 6 to 8 inches in length. Thirty-two of the reptiles were slaughtered and a few escaped. It is now supposed that the mother snake in some manner crawled into the interior of the cow while she was eating, and that the little snakes, which are known to find refuge in the interior of the old one, followed.

Male Leopard Kills Its Cub. The Wallace circus gave an exhibition at Alexandria, Ind., the other day, and a large number of spectators saw a very exciting act not down on the program and it proved very expensive to the proprietors. Mr. Wallace decided to separate a 9 months' old cub leopard from its mother and place it in the cage with the male leopard, its father. As soon as the cub was shoved in the cage it greeted "papa" leopard with a snarl. This did not please the sire, who made a spring for the cub, alighting upon its back and fastening his long teeth into the youngster's neck, crushing the bones, causing nearly instant death. Keeper Forepaugh tried to interfere, but to no avail. The male beast is 2 years old and the cub was valued at \$1,200. Its valuable pelt will be preserved. The male beast was hardly scratched in the affray and he whined pitifully for an hour after killing the cub.

"Green George." Most nations hailed the spring. In heathen times there were rejoicings

VETERANS' CORNER.

SOME INTERESTING SKETCHES FOR OLD SOLDIERS.

"Thirty Years Ago," a Poem by Frank L. Stanton, the Southern Bard—She Wore the Blue—An Old War Journal.

THIRTY years ago, I sense the fightin'—though it don't seem long as that Sence I folloed "Stonewall" Jackson, with nary a shoe or hat, Through the valleys of Virginny an' ev'rywhere else he went— Thirty year sence I got back home to the burnt-out settlement. But the world, it's been a-movin', for I am a-gettin' gray. An' still, somehow, when I look around I feel it slippin' away: The roses come in the spring-time—the frost is shore in the fall, But still it seems to a old man's dreams like thar warn't no war at all.

Health Restored by Prayers. Miss Sadie Oper, a young woman, for several years has acted as missionary for the Dane Street Congregational church among the poor whites of Tennessee and Kentucky. Her work there has been dangerous and trying, and from almost perfect health she became ill with nervous prostration. Word was sent to Beverly by friends there describing her condition, stating that she was unable to be moved; that there was no chance of her recovery and that she wished her friends in Beverly to pray for her. Her case was reported at a meeting of the Christian Alliance at Salem, and special prayers were offered for her. A letter has been received from Miss Oper, stating that she had suddenly and completely recovered her health, and giving the day and hour when she was released from pain that corresponds with the time the general prayers were said in Salem.

His Pigeons in a Stew. A Belgian paper tells a funny story of a reporter of an Antwerp journal who was sent by his editor to Brussels to take down a report of the king's speech. In order that the report should come back very quick the editor gave him two carrier pigeons, trained to fly between the two cities, by which he should send back his message. When the reporter reached the capital he went into a restaurant, and, handing the pigeons to the waiter, ordered his luncheon. He was kept waiting a long time, but finally a delicious stew was served, which he much enjoyed. When he had finished he called for his bill, settled it, and then asked for his pigeons. "Pigeons," cried the waiter, in great astonishment, "why you have just eaten them."

Is a Scheme to Get Fees. Special Agent Dickson, at Pine Ridge, S. D., has reported to the Indian office that American Horse, the well-known Sioux chief, has been arrested on a charge of bigamy, and released on bail pending trial. The agent recommends that steps be taken to stop the proceeding, which he regards as the first in a series of like arrests. All the older Indian chiefs have had several wives for forty years and more, and no one has ever dreamed of interfering before. The impression prevails in the Indian office that the arrest of American Horse is a part of a general plan, of which the recent Turtle mountain disturbances were a part, to trump up cases against Indians and secure fees for the United States deputy marshals who make the arrests.

White Caps Stone Houses. The Scatterfield, Ind., whitecaps, made famous several years ago for the first time by their brutality, broke out again the other night. Three weeks ago George Ballengall and William Jones, who are prominent among the law-abiding faction, purchased some bloodhounds for the purpose of stopping barn burning and thievery, which was being done by the gang. Jones has received several notices that he had better get rid of the dogs. The gang went to the two houses that night at midnight to kill the dogs, but failing to find them stoned the houses, breaking all the windows.

Accused of Foul Cruelty. J. R. Lawler, a resident of Lawler, Ill., last Sunday became angry at his 11-year-old son for some trifling disobedience and, it is said, beat him about the head and face until the boy was almost unrecognizable, his face being pounded almost into a jelly. The boy was carried home in an unconscious condition, and it was thought for a while that he would die. Lawler was arrested. He waived examination and gave bail for his appearance. The neighbors are greatly excited over the affair and will prosecute the inhuman father.

Frightened a Boy Almost to Death. Fred Tanner, Simon Foote, Clarence England and Fred Schroate of Carey, Ohio, the oldest now yet 14 years old, were arrested, charged with assault. "Just for fun" they caught John Dard, a small boy, and attempted to put a crawfish into his mouth. They succeeded in getting several down his back, scaring the little fellow almost into fits. They were tried before Squire Bowley, and are now in jail, in default of fine, and were unable to secure bail. The Daring lad is in a serious condition.

Leaning Tower at Atlanta Fair. A concession has been let for the star attraction at the Cot'n States and International Exposition at Atlanta. It is the Meyers Leaning Tower, and is likely to be more of a marvel than the leaning tower of Pisa. This one will be constructed of steel, and will be 250 feet long, traversed by elevators, with galleries for spectators. The exterior will be decorated with electric lights, controlled by an automatic switchboard.

SOUTHERN WOMEN.

WHO NOW SHINE IN THE LITERARY WORLD.

The Remarkable "Discovery" of Grace King by Charles Dudley Warner—Brilliant Owner of a Well-Known Paper—Daughters of Virginia.

HERE WAS AN untold wealth of material for literary work in the south after the war and the adaptable southerners used it. Instead of telling their stories to each other they sold them in the open market for the world to enjoy. Miss Grace King of New Orleans illustrates the point exactly. She tells a story of the Crescent city with such subtle building up of detail, such humor, such delineation of characters peculiar to the south, that New Orleans people can never be made to believe that the northerner ever really understands them. She has told stories for years, never thinking of her gift as anything more than an amusement for her friends. One night at a dinner party her host was entertaining Charles Dudley Warner and Miss King sat near him. In the course of conversation she told a pathetic little tale of the devotion of an old negro to a white child. It astonished and delighted Mr. Warner, who asked Miss King if she had ever written anything for publication, and offered if she would



THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT OAKWOODS CEMETERY, CHICAGO.

The people's a-comin' closer, an' larnin' the Golden Rule— Lots o' the women votin' an' the niggers goin' to school.

Whenever I git to thinkin'—as I do think—o' the war, A-tryin' constant to figger out the things we was fightin' for, I kinder think it was Providence a-workin' its wisest ends— Purifyin' through fire an' makin' us better friends.

I think we're a-doin' better than we done 'fore the trouble come; Got use' to the stars an' stripes once more an' done beat sence in the drum! I've danced to "Yankee Doodle" on the mountain an' the plain, An' I've heard 'em cheerin' "Dixie" from Texas clean to Maine!

Old things is changed in a twinklin'— it's hard to unravel how, But, North an' South, under one old flag they're "marchin' through Georgia" now; An' I'm glad I lived to see it, an' spite o' my years I'm bound If I don't jest feel, from head to heel, like shakin' hands all round! —Frank L. Stanton.

She Wore the Blue. There are many women with a past, but few with such a remarkable one as that of Mrs. Robert S. Brownell. She lives in the first flat at No. 352 St. Nicholas avenue, says the New York World. The full membership of the order of the Grand Army of the Republic has been conferred upon her. It is hardly necessary to state that to have such an honor bestowed one must have been a veteran soldier. She is one, having been regularly enlisted in the war of the Union when she was but a mere girl. Her father was an officer in the British army—Col. George Southwell, who was commissioned to Caffara, a small coast town in Africa, some time previous to her birth, in 1842. She first saw light of day in the barracks, and when three years old her parents took her with them to England. Some time after their arrival there both died, and she was left alone in the world. Through the kindness of a neighbor she was adopted by a family on the eve of their emigration to this country. They made their home in Providence, R. I.

While on her way to school one day she met the man who is now her husband. He was a tall, sturdy young

man then, and only a few years her senior. They were married in the spring of 1861. Three days after their wedding he came home and informed her that he had enlisted in the army. At first she took the news quite seriously, but soon made up her mind that she would not be separated from her husband on this account. The boat which was to carry the volunteers to their destination was about to pull out of her pier when it was discovered that Cady Brownell, as she was best known, had secreted herself on board. One of the crew informed Col. Burnside of the fact, and despite her pleadings, she was put ashore. Her persistent requests to be enrolled in the army were finally acceded to by William Sprague, who was then governor of Rhode Island, and she became a member of the 2nd battalion of the 1st Rhode Island detached militia, which was then being equipped. Her uniform was not unlike that of the men, consisting of a blue flannel blouse and rather full, short skirt. She always wore her belt and sabre, and on the march wore boots.

At the expiration of her term she returned to Providence, where she received a regular discharge, but later re-enlisted in the 5th Rhode Island regiment. Her company was among those placed under the command of Burnside, and on March 13, 1862, the Union forces embarked on the banks of the Neuse river, preparatory to the memorable battle of Newbern. It was during this battle that Brownell was badly wounded. He never recovered from the wounds received sufficiently to enter active service, and in the spring of 1863 they were both discharged and went back to their home in Providence. In view of her interesting war history she was proposed as a member of the Grand Army of the Republic in 1867. She was unanimously elected a member of the Elias Howe, Jr. Post, No. 4, G. A. R., Department of Connecticut, at Bridgeport, and this is believed to be the only case on rec-

ord where a woman has received full membership in the order.

A War Journal.

S. D. Miller of this city has a copy of the Daily Citizen printed at Vicksburg, Miss., Thursday, June 2, 1863, one year before the close of the war. It was given to him by his cousin, William D. Miller, a member of the 102d Ohio volunteers, who was in the hospital at that place at that time. The paper is printed on the back of a piece of wall paper. Under the head of "On Dit" it says: "That the great Ulysses, the Yankee generalissimo, surnamed Grant, has expressed his intention of dining in Vicksburg on Sunday next and celebrating the Fourth of July by a grand dinner and so forth. When asked if he would invite Gen. Joe Johnston to join he said: 'No, for fear there would be a row at the table.' Ulysses must get into the city before he dines in it. The way to cook a rabbit is, first catch the rabbit, etc." In one corner of the paper is a note which reads as follows: "July 4, 1863.—Two days bring about great changes. The banner of the union floats over Vicksburg. Gen. Grant has caught the rabbit. He had dined in Vicksburg and he brought his dinner with him. The Citizen lives to see it. For the last time it appears on wall paper. No more will it enliven the luxury of mule meat and fricasseed kitten nor will it urge Southern warriors to such a diet again. This is the last wall paper Citizen and is, excepting this note, from the types as we found them. It will be valuable hereafter as a curiosity."—Florida Times-Union.

Soldiers and History. Indiana soldiers do not take kindly to school histories which ignore mention of the late war, or, if mentioned at all, it is to glorify rebel generals and magnify the victories of rebel troops. They think they had some hand in ending the war, if not in fighting it through, and they do not propose that their children shall be taught that the South alone was able to win victories. The soldiers are not yet prepared to permit the war to become only a memory, as seems to be the determination of the educators of the Hoosier state. The old soldiers are right in this matter, as they were right a quarter of a century ago when they shouldered their muskets and went to the front to defend Old Glory.—Commercial Gazette.

Out of every million people who die, twenty-seven thousand succumb to apoplexy.

RUTH M'ENERY STUART. write out her little story as she had told it to him to attend to its publication. It opened the doors of the magazines to her work and put her in the first rank of American story-tellers. Miss King was educated among the Creoles, although she belonged to a Georgia family. Her father was a prominent lawyer in New Orleans and it was his encouragement that developed the story-telling gift of which she has made so much.

Mrs. E. J. Nicholson, the owner of the Picayune and its editorial chief, combines in a remarkable way the qualities of a genuine poetess and of a successful business woman. She was Miss Eliza Poitevent, the daughter of an old Huguenot family, and her childhood was spent on the Pearl river, from which she has taken the rather romantic pseudonym of "Pearl Rivers." While still a young girl she joined the staff of the Picayune as literary editor, shortly afterward marrying the owner, Col. Holbrook. Finding herself at his death in possession of a political paper heavily burdened with debt she succeeded in bringing it to a firm place among the newspapers of the country. Her marriage to Mr. Nicholson, who is the business manager of the Picayune, has given her leisure for literary work and for brilliant social life.



RUTH M'ENERY STUART.

Three of the best known of the Virginia writers are cousins, after a fashion. Thomas Nelson Page, Miss M. G. McClelland, and Mrs. Amelie Rivers Chanler all belong to the oldest and most aristocratic families in America. As the story goes, after the name of Mr. Page had become well known to the public he was called to Castle Hill, the historic old home of the Rives family, built at the beginning of the last century on the original royal grant, to pass upon the work of his beautiful young relative, Amelie Rivers. She was hardly 20, but she did a number of things unusually well, from riding horseback to painting portraits. Her father, Col. Rivers, who was one of the engineers of the Panama canal, gave her to a governess when she was a child with instructions that she was to study what she chose. Mr. Page took up her manuscript indulgently, expecting to find schoolgirl crudities. "He

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Bank comptroller of Wisconsin, 1866-1870.

THE RUSK MONUMENT. Member of the 42d, 43d and 44th congresses. Governor of Wisconsin, 1882-1888. U. S. Secretary of Agriculture, 1889-1893.

This die is surmounted by a shaft 26 feet long, making the height of the entire monument 33 feet. The entire monument is on the obelisk order and is made of gray Vermont granite. On the side of the shaft above the die is a bronze shield, crossed swords and a pen with the motto "Non sibi sed patriae"—"not for himself, but for his country."

THE VANITY OF WEALTH. A symposium composed of the opinions of nine millionaires of the country, on the question whether wealth brings happiness, is published in the New York World, and gives the answer unanimously in the negative. Russell Sage, Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, George M. Pullman, J. W. Mackay, Russell Alger, Gov. Morton, Jay Cooks and Austin Corbin all agree that the rich man is more oppressed by the cares of his possessions than made happy by the pleasures he can buy. Mr. Carnegie is the one man of the nine who is able to construct a theory that accords with his practice; for, while he regards his wealth as the measure of industrial achievement, he declares that it is only by using the accumulations of his fortune for the benefit of others that the rich man can get any pleasure out of them for himself. But we must credit the millionaire contentment of riches with at least a theoretic recognition of the truth. It is undoubtedly the fact that pursuit of wealth simply for wealth's sake, is one of the most sordid and empty vanities of the life which, we are assured by the preacher, is all vanity.

A Little Too Much. First Humorist—How many jokes can you write a day? Second Humorist (with dignity)—Do you mean the sort I print or the sort you print? They do not speak now.



MOLLY ELLIOTT SEAWELL.

found "The Brother to Dragons," which made a genuine sensation when it was published. Unfortunately this still remains the best work of its author. Her next lot of stories were fairly good, and then she wrote "The Quick or the Dead." Today that brief novel might attract attention, and it might not. It was the first in the list of hysterical stories, to which "A Yellow Aster," "A Superfluous Woman," and dozens of others belong. Its author originated the type in this country, but compared with its companions her novel is mild, indeed. Miss Rivers married Mr. John Armstrong Chanler, a well-known member of the Astor family, and has since spent

TO GEN. RUSK.

The Monument Lately Unveiled at Viroqua, Wis. (Viroqua Correspondence.)

The stone which marks the last resting place of General Rusk is like the man whose career it commemorates—plain, strong and towering. It is placed in the center of the double family lot, towering high over all the others in the inclosure. On the heavy molded base is the family name, "Rusk," in raised, polished letters. Above this is a die block with polished tablets on the four sides, on the front or east one of which is engraved an epitome of General Rusk's public career, as follows: JEREMIAH McLAIN RUSK. Born June 17, 1830. Died Nov. 21, 1893.

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A CHILEAN WIDOW

WHOSE WEALTH NOW AGGREGATES \$200,000,000

May Come to America to Reside—The Magnificent Estates of Senora de Cousino—The Country House at Lota—Washington Excited.

(Washington Correspondence.)

INTENSE interest has been aroused among the Chileans and other South Americans in this country by the report that the Senora de Cousino intends to come to New York, take a house in Fifth avenue, and entertain

in lavish style. The widow Cousino, as she is popularly known in Chile, is probably the richest woman in the world, her wealth being estimated at \$200,000,000. Her estates in Chile are the show places of the country, and her entertainments are given on a scale that would take a New Yorker's breath away.

The industries controlled by the widow are varied. Besides owning all the copper mines in Peru and Chile, she owns a large fleet of ships to transport the ore to the smelting works at Lota. There are also the rich silver mines at Copiapo, the great stock farm and vineyards at Macul, eight miles from Santiago, and the whole town of Lota. Every house, every mill, and every bit of land is owned by the widow, and everyone in the place is dependent on her industries for a living. This town was practically begun by the Senora's father, and from a sleepy little Spanish village it became one of the chief manufacturing centers of Chile, and the various industries in 1876, when Lady



SENORA DE COUSINO.

Brassey visited the town in the yacht Sunbeam, employed over 5,000 men.

While the industries controlled by this woman are startling in their magnitude, the woman herself and her houses—palaces, rather—are even more interesting. Senora Cousino died about 1876, leaving six children, three sons and three daughters. These are all grown and married, and have establishments of their own. The widow has three principal establishments—one at Lota, one in Santiago, and the other at Macul. The one at Lota is the most magnificent. The town is on a landlocked bay, surrounded by high hills. On one side are the park and residence of Senora Cousino. The park is of enormous extent, perfectly fitted by nature for the purpose to which it is devoted. The house is on the summit of the hill, surrounded on all sides by gardens, which are under the constant care of eighty gardeners, who are under the direction of experienced Scotchmen. These gardens are bewildering in their beauty. Plants brought from all parts of the world grow there in luxuriance. There are fantastic grottoes, terraces, fountains, flights of marble stairs leading down toward the beach and up to the sylvan nooks. Every little promontory is crowned with a summer house of quaint fashion, and there are arcades, arched over with bamboos, containing trellis work from Derbyshire and Minton tiles from Staffordshire.

The house itself is a huge affair built of brick and stucco. It is but two stories high, after the fashion of Chilean houses, on account of the frequent earthquakes. Its walls are massive, and in general appearance it resembles some of the Elizabethan houses in England. The interior is as gorgeous in its way as are the gardens. Rarest and costliest woods and the most exquisite marbles and tiles are used in the finishing of it. The furniture was all imported from England, and there are pictures, statuary, and bronzes the like of which would be hard to find. A horde of servants, under military discipline, arrayed in gorgeous liveries, are required to keep the place in order, and whether or not the mistress is there, there is never any diminution of the force or change in the manner in which the household affairs are carried on.

The town house in Santiago is a great marble palace, which, with its gardens, occupies a whole square in the heart of the city. Its gardens are a small reproduction of those at Lota. This house also is but two stories high, but makes up in lateral extent what it loses in altitude. Its furnishings are as elaborate and expensive as those in the Lota house. What the cost was may be calculated from the fact that the portieres alone cost \$250,000. It also is filled with works of art of all kinds, and there is one Meissonier there for which the French government has repeatedly offered \$25,000.

To describe the park and house at Macul would be to repeat in substance the description of Lota, except that the former is on an even larger scale. Over 200 gardeners are kept at work constantly in the gardens, and everything is on a scale of magnificence unknown in this country, where rich people and fine estates are not unknown.

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Senora Cousino, the owner of all this splendor, is a woman between 30 and 40 years old. She is tall and dark, and a very handsome woman. She exercises a direct supervision over all her premises, and by a system of reports received by her every day knows what is going on.

She is most active in the social world and her entertainments are magnificent. When she travels it is always with a score of secretaries and a horde of servants of all kinds.

It will be seen from this that if Senora Cousino should decide to come to America to live, even for a short time, it would be a great event for society, for she would undoubtedly entertain in the same style she does at home. The Chilean minister here was asked if he knew anything of her coming, and said he did not, although it might be possible. "If she comes," he added, "I don't know what she'll do, for there's no house in New York as large or as fine as any of hers. Maybe she will build a new one."

SLAVE OF AN OUTLAW BAND.

A Strange Story of a Crime Told by a Negro Branded by an Outlaw.

By a stroke of good luck George McGowan, a negro, about 20 years old, has fallen into the hands of Chief of Police Massey at Wichita, Kan. This youth claims to have been a slave to the allied band of outlaws for ten years. A white ring about his neck shows where he was lassoed from a pony while trying to escape. He is branded "LLL" on his right leg. His initials are cut into his left arm, the work being done, he says, by John Long and Bill Dalton. On his back deep in the flesh is the mark of the obliterating iron, used to deface range brands, and over this is another brand, the "half-hitch."

Federal and state officers have been questioning him all day, and he has told them that cattle are stolen on the ranges and shipped by railroads to eastern markets. The secret hiding places of the band in New Mexico, Colorado, Kansas and Indian Territory are now known, as are also their signs, grips and passwords: Chet Long, one of the band, is in jail here, and Handsome Charles Parker, who stole, shipped to Kansas and sold six carloads of cattle, is under heavy guard at the city hospital. He was desperately wounded in a fight at Ashland, Kan., when his arrest was attempted. The outlaws' slave is being closely guarded, as threats have been made upon his life. He declares that the train, bank and cattle rustlers are all banded together, and he has given a long list of names to the officers, says the Pittsburg Dispatch.

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

She Will Lead the "Athletic Set" at Newport This Season. (Special Correspondence.)

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, or as she is most familiarly called, Mrs. "Jack" Astor, is the best all-round sportswoman either in or out of society's realm. She fences, rides, rows, swims, bowls, plays tennis, billiards, whists, can manage a bicycle with the most skillful as well as a yacht, and her latest accomplishment is golf. From a child she has always been particularly fond of all outdoor sports. Philadelphians remember well the pretty, rosy-faced Ava Wiling, who in a severe black habit, her sandy hair caught up under her riding cap with a black ribbon, galloped through Fairmount Park every pleasant winter afternoon. Last summer her feats in the water excited the envy of many a timid belle at Newport. She is a most accomplished and fearless swimmer, and when in the water wears black silk tights under her skirt, because they give her unrestricted liberty of limb.

Another accomplishment which few women possess is her cleverness with the cue. She learned as a child, being familiar with billiards almost from her infancy. To-day Mrs. Astor plays as well if not better than any woman in this country. Perhaps there is nothing this clever little lady does so well as shoot. A story told of Mrs. Astor in the Adirondacks by Ross Hayes, one of the guides, is interesting, and shows that with all her sporting zest she is still a woman, and a very womanly woman at that. She and her husband with a party were hunting several years ago below Saranac. They had followed the trail of a wounded deer, which had escaped. Finally, after tracing it for an hour, it was cornered. A shot in the throat ended the stag's misery. As it fell its eyes seemed to fall beseechingly on Mrs. Astor. As the most popular dogs flew at its throat she burst into tears and begged that the dogs be called off. Up to that time she had been as much of a sportsman as any of them, but the sight of misery aroused all her womanly feeling.

In hunting costume of brown velvet, with buckskin leggings, alpine hat, game bag, and a gun over her shoulder, Mrs. Astor could not look better in the most exquisite importation from Paris.

The Literary Revulsion.

Miss Reider—I am tired and sick of Ibsen and Tolstol, and all the other writers of stories with morals. Have you anything new? Bookkeeper—Here, madame, is one of the most popular novels of the day—just started in its twentieth edition. "Is there any moral in it?" "I'll guarantee, madame, that you won't find the least suggestion of morals from beginning to end."

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SINGING FOR PHONOGRAPHS.

A Milwaukee Vocalist Whose Trade is to Sing Into the Machines.

Away out in the extreme northwest-ern part of the city, near the Milwaukee railroad tracks, Silas Leachman puts in four or five hours every day singing at the top of his lungs, though not a soul is in hearing but his wife, says the Chicago Tribune. When he gets tired of singing he varies the proceedings by preaching a negro sermon, or gives an imitation of an Irish wake, and altogether conducts himself in a way that would lead the neighbors to consider him a fit subject for an insane asylum—if there were any neighbors, but there are not. This is the very reason Mr. Leachman chose the lonely spot for his residence. No one ever goes out there to hear him sing, and yet he is getting rich at it. He earns something over \$50 a day, though he never sees one of his auditors. Mr. Leachman sings for phonographs, and as he has a monopoly of the business in the west he contrives to keep busy, and has even been heard to express a wish that he were twins. He has better protection in his monopoly than a copyright or an injunction, or unlimited legal talent could afford. Nature gave him the peculiar qualities that enable him to reproduce his voice perfectly on the wax cylinders. Hundreds of persons have attempted to break in on his profitable monopoly, but the result of their efforts put an effectual stop to their attempts. And so Mr. Leachman goes on enjoying the monopoly and reaping the profits thereof. There are four other men in the east that also do work for the phonographs, but while they have to have a man to play the piano while they sing, another to make the announcement, another to change the cylinders and a fourth to keep the machines in order, Mr. Leachman is the entire show in himself. Furthermore, he can give an unlimited number of impersonations, while the other four men are limited to a few specialties each. Mr. Leachman is a natural mimic, and therein lies the secret of his success. He sings ballads, negro melodies, and Irish, Chinese and Dutch dialect songs. He plays his own accompaniment on the piano and takes care of the machines. He prepares three "records," as the wax cylinders are called, at one time. To do this three phonographs are placed near the piano with the horns at one side, pointing away from the keyboard, at an angle of 45 degrees. The horns have to be placed very carefully, for a fifth of an inch makes a great difference in the tone the cylinders will reproduce. When the horns have been adjusted exactly right, Mr. Leachman seats himself at the piano, and, turning his head away over his right shoulder begins to sing as loud as he can, and that is pretty loud, for he is a man of powerful physique and has been practicing loud singing for four years. He has been doing this work until his throat has become calloused so that he no longer becomes exhausted after singing a short time. As soon as he has finished one song he slips off the wax cylinders, puts on three fresh ones without leaving his seat and goes right on singing until a passing train compels him to stop for a short time. In the four years he has been in the business he has made nearly 250,000 records. So great is the demand for them that he cannot fill his orders. It is such exceedingly hard work that he cannot sing more than four hours a day. He gets 35 cents for every cylinder he prepares. He has a repertoire of 420 pieces, and his work is put on the market under a score of names. He has a remarkable memory, and after once hearing a song can not only repeat the words and music correctly, but can imitate excellently the voice and expression of the singer.

GRATEFUL TO HIS CAPTORS.

Criminal Wanted to Give His Watch to the Officer Who Arrested Him.

The influence of Sherlock Holmes seems to have spread among the criminal classes. As a rule convicted swindlers do not have any special feeling of gratitude toward the detectives who run them to earth, but there is one English sinner, who goes under the name of Dean, who seems to have a just regard for the efficiency of the police force. At the conclusion of his trial in Manchester the other day, just after he had been convicted and the justice, in severe words of condemnation had pronounced an extended sentence upon him, Dean addressed the court and asked permission to bestow his gold watch and chain, together worth, as he said, more than \$80, upon the detective who had arrested him. Dean's little speech was concluded after this fashion: "This brave fellow deserves such a present, seeing that he has succeeded where more than half his brother officers have failed within the past year and a half." Naturally the court refused to allow the present to be made, and as the prisoner was led away he shook his head sadly and exclaimed: "It is shameful for the English that the detectives who serve them so well, should be rewarded so poorly."

A Pastor in Trouble.

His strange translation of church discipline and utterances from the pulpit have brought Rev. F. E. Beebe, a Baptist minister of Delaware, O., into trouble, and his ordination papers have been asked for. He has retired thirty or forty of his wealthy parishioners because they belong to Knights of Pythias lodges and Masonic organizations. Although the Mt. Vernon Baptist association has voted his "silent," Mr. Beebe refuses to deliver up his papers. He is a wealthy man, being considered worth \$60,000, and owner of considerable land in Dakota, Indiana and Illinois.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

CURRENT READING FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

The Sea of Coming Years—Grandma's Story, or the History of a Kelle-Story About a Ship—Readiness of Wil.

HE small life, coiled within the seed— A promise hid away— But dimly heralds what shall be When comes the perfect day; But sun and rain and frost and heat Enrich the fertile fields; And the small life of earlier years A waving harvest yields.

The bright-eyed boys who crowd our schools, The knights of book and pen, Weary of childish games and moods, Will soon be stalwart men; The leaders in the race of life, The men to win applause; The great minds born to rule the state, The wise to make the laws.

Teach them to guard with jealous care The land that gave them birth, As patriot sons of patriot sires, The dearest spot on earth. Teach them the sacred trust to keep Like true men, pure and brave; And o'er them, through the ages, bid Freedom's fair banner wave.

Grandma's Story.

"Grandma, where did you get that vase on the mantelpiece?" "That, my child, has been passed down a great many generations. It is not often that a relic like that has seen so many joyous meetings (and sad ones, too, that) as this one has."

"Oh, grandma, please tell me about it."

"My child, I can't tell all about it, for it was in the family long before I was born. However, I will tell you what I know. "The first incident of any importance I remember was when I was about 12 years old. I was the youngest of the family and had two sisters, one 18 and the other 24. The eldest was to be married, and we were very busy making ready for the wedding, and I was allowed to help a little. We had been filling all the jars and vases in the house with flowers, and my eldest sister was filling the one I am telling about. She had, as she supposed, taken off her engagement ring for fear it would get in with the flowers and be thrown out when the flowers were. As it happened, when she came to look for it, she could not find it. She, of course, was almost frantic, not knowing what her future husband would think or say.

"That afternoon, when Mr. Roberts came to see her, he noticed the absence of the ring, and inquired where it was. She said she had lost it. He then asked her how she had lost it. She said she thought she had taken it off and laid it on the library table, and when she went to look for it she could not find it. He said at once that one of the servants must have taken it. My sister said that the only servant who had been in the library was a young girl who had been hired as extra help, but she did not think that she would take it. But Mr. Roberts thought it was hardly safe to keep her around where so many presents were arriving, so she was discharged; and she seemed most unhappy about it.

"Well, my sister was married, and lived happily for over two years, when one day, as she was looking in the vase at the dried flowers, which she had kept ever since the wedding, to call back dreams of that memorable day, she noticed something bright and glittering among the flowers. She quickly picked it up, and to her surprise she found it to be the lost ring. She, of course, felt very glad that she had found it, but yet she was not quite happy, and for days thought of the girl they had wrongfully accused, until finally she concluded she must see her and make it right, which she did.

"But through the loss of that ring my sister learned a lesson which she never forgot, and that was never to judge or accuse a person unless you possess some proof that makes you sure that you are correct in your judgment."

"Is that all, grandma?"

"Yes, dear. Now kiss grandma good-night, as it is after eight and your bedtime."

OGARITA MERRILL.

A Good Story.

I looked around and saw a man carrying under his arms a number of small whips. He was surrounded by a group of boys who, not having money to purchase were looking on with wistful eyes. Curious to ascertain whether the man could earn a livelihood in this occupation, I watched him for nearly an hour, at the end of which time he had already sold six. The first was purchased by a woman of pleasing appearance for a little boy about 2 years old, whose first employment it was in striking his mother. Another child, walking with his nurse, also bought one and immediately began to beat a little stray dog that was looking for its master. Another, rather older than the others, after making a similar purchase laid it on the back of some sheep which a butcher's boy was driving to a slaughter house. A fourth quickly forced a poor cat to take refuge in the shop from which she had just ventured.

The fifth, a bad-looking fellow, bag-gained for one, and then refused to buy it because it would not give sufficient pain. I was disgusted with this cruelty, and was just turning away when I saw a kind-looking man, who was holding a little boy by the hand, stop to purchase one; but a sign from me made him change his purpose. He passed on and I followed him.

"Sir," said I, excuse the liberty I have taken. I think you have done well not to place a whip in your little boy's hand lest it should have produced in him a love of giving pain, to which, judging from his countenance, he is as yet a stranger.

"Look," I continued, as we approached the end of a street, which made a rapid descent, "at these two wretched horses which can hardly keep their footing on

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"Oh, grandma, please tell me about it."

"My child, I can't tell all about it, for it was in the family long before I was born. However, I will tell you what I know. "The first incident of any importance I remember was when I was about 12 years old. I was the youngest of the family and had two sisters, one 18 and the other 24. The eldest was to be married, and we were very busy making ready for the wedding, and I was allowed to help a little. We had been filling all the jars and vases in the house with flowers, and my eldest sister was filling the one I am telling about. She had, as she supposed, taken off her engagement ring for fear it would get in with the flowers and be thrown out when the flowers were. As it happened, when she came to look for it, she could not find it. She, of course, was almost frantic, not knowing what her future husband would think or say.

"That afternoon, when Mr. Roberts came to see her, he noticed the absence of the ring, and inquired where it was. She said she had lost it. He then asked her how she had lost it. She said she thought she had taken it off and laid it on the library table, and when she went to look for it she could not find it. He said at once that one of the servants must have taken it. My sister said that the only servant who had been in the library was a young girl who had been hired as extra help, but she did not think that she would take it. But Mr. Roberts thought it was hardly safe to keep her around where so many presents were arriving, so she was discharged; and she seemed most unhappy about it.

"Well, my sister was married, and lived happily for over two years, when one day, as she was looking in the vase at the dried flowers, which she had kept ever since the wedding, to call back dreams of that memorable day, she noticed something bright and glittering among the flowers. She quickly picked it up, and to her surprise she found it to be the lost ring. She, of course, felt very glad that she had found it, but yet she was not quite happy, and for days thought of the girl they had wrongfully accused, until finally she concluded she must see her and make it right, which she did.

"But through the loss of that ring my sister learned a lesson which she never forgot, and that was never to judge or accuse a person unless you possess some proof that makes you sure that you are correct in your judgment."

"Is that all, grandma?"

"Yes, dear. Now kiss grandma good-night, as it is after eight and your bedtime."

OGARITA MERRILL.

A Good Story.

I looked around and saw a man carrying under his arms a number of small whips. He was surrounded by a group of boys who, not having money to purchase were looking on with wistful eyes. Curious to ascertain whether the man could earn a livelihood in this occupation, I watched him for nearly an hour, at the end of which time he had already sold six. The first was purchased by a woman of pleasing appearance for a little boy about 2 years old, whose first employment it was in striking his mother. Another child, walking with his nurse, also bought one and immediately began to beat a little stray dog that was looking for its master. Another, rather older than the others, after making a similar purchase laid it on the back of some sheep which a butcher's boy was driving to a slaughter house. A fourth quickly forced a poor cat to take refuge in the shop from which she had just ventured.

The fifth, a bad-looking fellow, bag-gained for one, and then refused to buy it because it would not give sufficient pain. I was disgusted with this cruelty, and was just turning away when I saw a kind-looking man, who was holding a little boy by the hand, stop to purchase one; but a sign from me made him change his purpose. He passed on and I followed him.

"Sir," said I, excuse the liberty I have taken. I think you have done well not to place a whip in your little boy's hand lest it should have produced in him a love of giving pain, to which, judging from his countenance, he is as yet a stranger.

"Look," I continued, as we approached the end of a street, which made a rapid descent, "at these two wretched horses which can hardly keep their footing on

the slippery pavement—see how cruelly the coachman is flogging them—see with what effort they move and how they are covered with sweat. You may be sure their driver had a whip for his first try."

"You are right," he said. "Yes," said I, "a man, naturally harsh and cruel, becomes still more so by his education. He begins as a boy by flogging his wooden horse, and afterward flogs the real horse and all the animals put under his power." "I am resolved," said he, "never again to spend a penny in placing a whip in the hands of a child."

A Dainty for Elephants.

A number of years ago, in a book which was called "Leaves from the Life of a Special Correspondent," Mr. O'Shea, the author of the book, gave the following description of an adventure he had with a herd of elephants. Said he: "A young friend asked me once to show him some elephants, and I took him along with me, having first borrowed an apron and filled it with oranges. This he was to carry whilst accompanying me in the stable, but the moment we reached the door the herd set up such a trumpeting—they had scented the fruit—that he dropped the apron and its contents, and scuttled off like a scared rabbit. There were eight elephants, and when I picked up the oranges I found I had twenty-five. I walked deliberately along the line, giving one to each. When I got to the extremity of the narrow stable I turned, and was about to begin the distribution again, when I suddenly reflected that if elephant No. 7 in the row saw me give two oranges in succession to No. 8 he might imagine he was being cheated, and give me a smack with his trunk—that is where the elephant falls short of the human being—so I went to the door and began at the beginning as before. Thrice I went along the line, and then I was in a fix. I had one orange left, and I had to get back to the door. Every elephant in the herd had his greedy gaze focused on that orange. It was as much as my life was worth to give it to any one of them. What was I to do? I held it up conspicuously, coolly peeled it, and ate it myself. It was most amusing to notice the way those elephants nudged each other and shook their ponderous sides. They thoroughly entered into the humor of the thing."

The Flying Squirrel Does Not Fly.

Of course the flying squirrel has no wings, and he does not really rise and fly; but good Mother Nature has kindly given him a wide fringe of skin running nearly all the way around his body, which forms a very perfect parachute. When he leaps from his tree-top into the air, and spreads himself, his parachute, and his broad, flat tail enable him to float down easily and gracefully, in a slanting direction, until he alights low down on the trunk of a tree perhaps fifty or even one hundred feet distant. Then he clammers nimbly up to its top, chooses his direction, and launches forth again, quite possibly to the same tree from which he started. His flight is simply a sailing downward at an angle of about forty-five degrees, with a graceful sweep upward at the last, to enable him to alight easily.

French and English.

Those of us who have grown weary and perplexed over the peculiarities of the French language, and who have wished that our parents and school-teachers did not consider that language necessary to our education, will rejoice at this item from an English newspaper, which shows that the Frenchman has as hard a time mastering our tongue as we have in mastering his. According to the story three French boys were studying a volume of Shakespeare in their own tongue, their task being to render portions of it into English. When they came to Hamlet's famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," their respective translations were as follows:

1. "To was or not to am."
2. "To were or is to not."
3. "To should or not to will."

It Didn't Work.

It isn't always safe for a small boy to take his father's jokes and games too seriously. This was shown very plainly at one time by the experience of an Englishman and his son upon a railway journey which they took together. While the little fellow was gazing out of the open window his father slipped the hat off the boy's head in such a way as to make his son believe that it had fallen out of the window. The boy was very much upset by his supposed loss, when his father consoled him by saying that he would "whistle it back." A little later he whistled, and the hat reappeared. Not long after the little lad seized upon his father's hat, and flinging it out of the window, shouted, "Now, papa, whistle your hat back again!"

A Soap Bubble Party.

A popular entertainment for children is a "soap-bubble party." The fluid that is recommended to produce the best results is made from an ounce of white castile soap cut into small pieces and boiled three or four minutes in three-fourths of a pint of water. When the liquid is cool add three-fourths of an ounce of glycerine. Make this preparation the day before your party, and put it in a tightly corked can or bottle. The bubbles made in this way are very brilliant in color. Often tin horns about eight inches long and an inch and an eighth in diameter at the big end are used in stead of pipes. They can be made at the tinsmith's at slight expense. A long table covered with an old blanket is a very good place for showing off the bubbles.

Panic at a Dancing Party.

While the members of Prof. Frank Demont's dancing school and their friends were dancing at Yondorf's hall, in Chicago last week, the ceiling caught fire from one of the chandeliers. The damage occasioned by the flame was nominal, as the blaze was quickly extinguished by the firemen, but some excitement resulted among the people who were dancing. There was a rush for the stairway leading to the street. Several persons were knocked down and trampled upon, but no one was injured seriously, and all finally reached the street. After the fire had been put out all returned to the hall and the dancing was resumed.

HOW VINCENNES WAS WON.

Clark and His Backwoodsmen Surprised the Garrison.

In the June St. Nicholas Hon. Theodore Roosevelt writes of "George Rogers Clark and the Conquest of the Northwest." He gives the following account of the capture of Vincennes: "Accordingly he gathered together the pick of his men, together with a few Creoles, 170 all told, and started out for Vincennes. At first the journey was easy enough, for they passed across the snowy Illinois prairies, broken by the great reaches of lofty woods. They killed elk, buffalo, and deer for food, and there being no difficulty in getting all they wanted to eat; and at night they built huge fires by which to sleep, and feasted the Indian war dancers, as Clark said in his report. But when, in the middle of February, they reached the drowned lands of the Wabash, they found the ice had just broken up and everything was flooded. The difficulties seemed almost insuperable, and so their march became painful and laborious to a degree. All day long the troops waded in the icy water, and at night they could with difficulty find some little hillock on which to sleep. Only Clark's indomitable courage and cheerfulness kept the party in heart and enabled them to persevere. However, persevere they did, and at last, on Feb. 23, they came in sight of the town of Vincennes. They captured a Creole who was out shooting ducks, and from him learned that their approach was utterly unsuspected, and that there were many Indians in town. Clark was now in some doubt as to how to make his fight. The British regulars dwelt in a small fort at one end of the town, where they had two light guns; but Clark feared that if he made a sudden night attack, the townspeople and Indians would from sheer fright turn against him. He accordingly arranged, just before he himself marched in, to send in the captured duck hunter, conveying a warning to the Indians and Creoles that he was about to attack the town, but that his only quarrel was with the British, and that if the other inhabitants would stay in their own homes they would not be molested. Sending the duck-hunter ahead, Clark took up his march and entered the town just after nightfall. The news conveyed by the released duck-hunter astounded the townspeople, and they talked it over eagerly, and were in doubt what to do. The Indians, not knowing how great might be the force that would assail the town, at once took refuge in the neighboring woods, while the Creoles retired to their own houses. The British knew nothing of what had happened until the Americans had actually entered the streets of the little village. Rushing forward, Clark's men soon penned the regulars within their fort, where they kept them surrounded all night. The next day a party of Indian warriors, who in the British interest had been ravaging the settlements of Kentucky, arrived and entered the town, ignorant that the Americans had captured it. Marching boldly forward to the fort, they suddenly found it beleaguered, and before they could flee were seized by the backwoodsmen. At their belts they carried the scalps of the slain settlers. The savages were taken red-handed and the American frontiersmen were in no mood to show mercy. All the Indians were quickly tomahawked in sight of the fort.

For some time the British defended themselves well; but at length their guns were disabled, all of the gunners being picked off by the backwoods marksmen, and finally the garrison dared not as much as appear at a port-hole, so deadly was the fire from the long rifles. Under such circumstances Hamilton was forced to surrender.

Schrage's \$1,000,000 Rheumatic Cure

never fails because it is not a "cure all." Made to cure Rheumatism, Gout and Neuralgia. Nothing else. Costs more to make one bottle of this than a barrel of ordinary medicine. A remedy for sensible people, who don't expect gold dollars for 1c. "SCHRAGE'S" cures every time. Most powerful blood purifier known. Acts on the stomach, liver and kidneys.

W. H. Winscott, bank cashier of Sturgeon, Mo., tells every one in that town that he personally will guarantee a cure if they take "SCHRAGE'S" according to directions. How is that? He has no interest in this company and we never saw him. Good medicine! Your druggist will sell you what pays him best. Don't let him.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO.,

167 Dearborn St., Chicago.

How They Carry Money.

One of the queerest sights is to see how different immigrants carry their money. Some one has collected the following interesting facts in regard to several nationalities: Most English immigrants carry their coin in a small case, attached to a chain, which they keep in a pocket as they would a watch. Irishmen always have a little canvas bag in which notes and coin are crammed together. Irish girls, on the other hand, generally have their money sewed on the inside of their dresses. Germans carry their money in a belt round their waists, and the belt is usually an elaborate and costly affair, no matter how poor the immigrant may be. The French mostly carry a small brass case in which they can place forty or fifty twenty-franc pieces, and remove them very readily, one at a time. There are very few Italians who do not carry a large tin tube in which they keep their paper money or silver coins, and this tube is hung round their neck by a small chain or cord.

BARRINGTON REVIEW

ESTABLISHED IN 1885.
Published Every Saturday at
BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS
M. T. LAMEY, Editor and Publisher.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$1.00
per Year in Advance.

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

RAILROADS.

E. J. & E. RY. TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH. STATIONS GOING SOUTH.	
4:30 p. m. ar. Waukegan dep. 7:00 a. m.	4:00 p. m. ar. Roundout dep. 6:30 a. m.
5:00 p. m. ar. Leithor dep. 6:50 a. m.	5:25 p. m. ar. Diamond Lake dep. 6:57 a. m.
5:45 p. m. ar. Gilmer dep. 7:12 a. m.	6:00 p. m. ar. Lake Zurich dep. 7:05 a. m.
6:15 p. m. ar. Barrington dep. 7:30 a. m.	6:30 p. m. ar. Clarks dep. 7:55 a. m.
6:45 p. m. ar. Spaulding dep. 8:12 a. m.	6:55 p. m. ar. Wayne dep. 8:25 a. m.
7:15 p. m. ar. Ingaltou dep. 8:45 a. m.	7:00 p. m. ar. Turner dep. 9:25 a. m.
7:45 p. m. ar. Warrenhurst dep. 9:00 a. m.	7:15 p. m. ar. Frontenac dep. 9:55 a. m.
8:15 p. m. ar. Mornantown dep. 10:20 a. m.	7:30 p. m. ar. Walker dep. 10:30 a. m.
8:45 p. m. ar. Plainfield dep. 10:35 a. m.	7:45 p. m. ar. Coyne dep. 11:05 a. m.
9:15 p. m. ar. Bridge Junction dep. 11:35 a. m.	8:00 a. m. dep. East Joliet ar. 4:15 p. m.

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.	7:00 a. m., except Sunday.
7:00 a. m., daily.	7:50 a. m., daily.
8:00 a. m., except Sunday.	8:50 a. m., daily.
9:00 a. m., except Sunday.	9:50 a. m., daily.
10:00 a. m., daily.	10:50 a. m., daily.
11:00 a. m., daily.	11:50 a. m., daily.
12:00 p. m., daily.	12:50 p. m., daily.
1:00 p. m., daily.	1:50 p. m., daily.
2:00 p. m., daily.	2:50 p. m., daily.
3:00 p. m., daily.	3:50 p. m., daily.
4:00 a. m., except Sunday.	4:50 a. m., except Sunday.
5:00 a. m., except Sunday.	5:50 a. m., except Sunday.
6:00 a. m., except Sunday.	6:50 a. m., except Sunday.
7:00 a. m., except Sunday.	7:50 a. m., except Sunday.
8:00 a. m., except Sunday.	8:50 a. m., except Sunday.
9:00 a. m., except Sunday.	9:50 a. m., except Sunday.
10:00 a. m., except Sunday.	10:50 a. m., except Sunday.
11:00 a. m., except Sunday.	11:50 a. m., except Sunday.
12:00 p. m., except Sunday.	12:50 p. m., except Sunday.
1:00 p. m., except Sunday.	1:50 p. m., except Sunday.
2:00 p. m., except Sunday.	2:50 p. m., except Sunday.
3:00 p. m., except Sunday.	3:50 p. m., except Sunday.
4:00 p. m., except Sunday.	4:50 p. m., except Sunday.
5:00 p. m., except Sunday.	5:50 p. m., except Sunday.
6:00 p. m., except Sunday.	6:50 p. m., except Sunday.
7:00 p. m., except Sunday.	7:50 p. m., except Sunday.
8:00 p. m., except Sunday.	8:50 p. m., except Sunday.
9:00 p. m., except Sunday.	9:50 p. m., except Sunday.
10:00 p. m., except Sunday.	10:50 p. m., except Sunday.
11:00 p. m., except Sunday.	11:50 p. m., except Sunday.
12:00 a. m., except Sunday.	12:50 a. m., except Sunday.

CHURCH NOTICES.

St. Ann's Catholic—Rev. J. F. Chaney, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday at 8 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 10 a. m.

Methodist Episcopal—Rev. J. B. Elfrink, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9 a. m.

First Evangelical Lutheran—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. Rasm, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 10 a. 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.

Louise 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. Ditsch, Sec.; C. R. Ots, Treas.; J. M. Thrasler, S. D.; J. P. Brown, J. D.; A. G. Tyson, Tyler; J. W. Day, S. S.; Wm. Yates, J. S.; Robert Bailey, Chaplain; E. W. Shipman, Marshal.

Barrington Camp No. 58, Modern Woodmen of America, meets at their hall the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month. F. E. Smith, V. C.; J. M. Thrasler, E. B.; John Robertson, B.; M. T. Lamey, Clerk; E. H. Sott, Escort; Wm. Anthon, Watchman; H. P. Askew, Sentry; L. A. Powers, John Hatje and Fred Beinhoff, Managers; C. H. Keating, Physician.

Barrington Text No. 73, K. O. T. M.—Meets in their hall the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. T. H. Cret, P. C.; E. H. Sott, C.; S. S. Robertson, L. K.; F. E. Smith, S.; J. M. Thrasler, R. C.; Rev. Robert Bailey, Chap.; C. P. Hawley, F. R.; Arthur Jayne, M. A.; M. A. Bennett, Ist. M.; G. Fred Koelling, 2d M. G.; H. Roloff, S.; John Sbrochi, 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. C.; Wm. Humphrey, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, M.; G. Bogart, Chaplain; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; L. Krahn, O. G.; H. Reuter, Sergt.

W. R. C. No. 55, 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 Sizer, J. V. C.; Miss Robie Brockway, Treas.; Mrs. Kate Runyan, Chaplain; Mrs. Emma Wool, Conductor; Mrs. Julia Robertson, Guard.

VILLAGE OFFICERS.

F. E. Hawley, President
John Robertson, John Colten, John Hatje, F. O. Willmarth, Wm. Grunav and Wm. Peters, Trustees
Miles T. Lamey, Village Clerk
A. L. Robertson, Village Treasurer
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BOARD OF EDUCATION.
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Tender Steaks. Tender Roasts.

R. BURTON, MEAT MARKET.

Is the place to get all kinds of choice fresh meats at lowest prices, quality considered.

Best Sausage, Salt and Smoked Meats.

FISH AND OYSTERS IN SEASON.

BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Work on Mr. Henning's new brick building is being pushed along rapidly this week and will soon be completed. Mr. M. J. Rauh, formerly with the Barrington News, was a pleasant caller this week.

Mr. Wm. Mundhenke and family moved to Des Plaines Wednesday. Try a sack of A. W. Meyer & Co.'s dollar flour. Guaranteed.

The following is a clipping from a paper published at Palouse, Wash., which speaks well of our friend, Mr. Selleck, who was formerly a resident of this place: "W. H. Selleck, representing the McCormick Harvesting company, is spending a few days with W. F. Chalehor. He is a clever gentleman and is giving the farmers some valuable information about the mechanism of the machines, which he thoroughly understands, having been brought up in the factory."

Miss Evalene Davlin of Wauconda was a visitor at the home of Mr. Wm. Donlea during the past week.

Mrs. J. O. Selleck and Mrs. H. E. Fox, of Janesville, Wis., attended the graduating exercises Friday evening.

Mr. M. C. McIntosh transacted business at Wauconda Tuesday.

A horse thief was captured at Wauconda Tuesday and was taken back to Chicago Wednesday.

Use no other. A. W. Meyer & Co.'s Regent Baking Powder is equal to any 50-cent grade and only costs you 25 cents for a pound can.

On the closing day of the Barrington high school the pupils of the primary department had doll's day exercises, which were very interesting.

The Rev. Mr. Morse was a visitor here last week.

Buy only the best and use A. W. Meyer & Co.'s fancy patent flour.

Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Lines visited with relatives here Saturday and Sunday.

The graduating class of the Wauconda high school, Prof. Kent, and several others from Wauconda attended the commencement exercises here Friday evening.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Haruden, a boy.

Don't pay those high prices when you can buy the best shuttle sewing-machine made for \$25 cash at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

Mrs. Parker of Belvidere and Mrs. F. C. Dunning of Dundee were Barrington visitors last week.

Mrs. Deerville is visiting at the home of Mr. C. B. Ots.

Mrs. Louisa Golden of Englewood is visiting with her daughters, Mrs. E. Rieke and Mrs. F. Hollister.

Campmeeting commenced Thursday. Beautiful picture frames for only 20 cents apiece for your Inter Ocean art pictures at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

W. R. C. hold their regular meeting Wednesday. A good attendance is desired. The question of taking a vacation for the summer months will be discussed.

A number of old settlers from here attended the reunion at Elgin Saturday.

Mrs. Nimsgearn of Fairfield visited here last week.

If you want bargains in dress goods go to A. W. Meyer & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kirmse visited with relatives in Chicago Sunday.

Ralph Vermilya rides a new wheel.

Mrs. T. E. Ream has been visiting with her parents at South Elgin.

Mrs. Effelyn Runyan's school will close Thursday for the summer vacation.

Mr. Wayland McIntosh was a visitor at the home of his parents last week.

The Rev. Mr. Goddell of Cary preached at the Methodist Episcopal church Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sizer attended the funeral of Mrs. Deacon Clark Thursday.

Children's day exercises were celebrated at the Baptist and Salem churches Sunday.

The M. E. Sunday school is to have a picnic in the near future. Prepare for it.

Mrs. Thomas Dolan and family spent Wednesday at Lincoln park.

A team owned by Henry Schumacher, Jr., ran away Monday, but fortunately did no particular damage.

Mr. F. H. Frye received a number of self binders this week.

Miss Rogers of Chicago is the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. W. Shipman.

Miss Ila Gieske is taking her vacation.

Prof. Smith visited the schools at Elgin this week.

Messrs. John W. Day of Chicago and F. B. Bennett of Woodstock were visitors here last week.

Miss Kate Sweeney of Chicago was the guest of Miss Martha Hennings the first of the week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Wood, Tuesday, June 18, a boy.

Pure Vermont maple sugar, direct from Vermont, at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

Miss Margaret Lamey visited with friends in Chicago Saturday and Sunday.

Earnest Riecke, who has been confined to the house for the past few weeks with rheumatism, is now able to be out with the aid of crutches.

Mr. G. H. Lageschulte is having a foundation put in this week for a residence on Hawley street.

WANTED—A good girl for general housework at the Wayside Inn, Barrington. Wages \$4 per week.

George M. Foreman and family spent Thursday out in the country fishing, etc.

Lake Zurich is to have a celebration the Fourth and it appears to be the only town in this section making a move in that direction.

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

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

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 pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. L. Waller.

BARRINGTON HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The commencement exercises of the Barrington High school were held at the Salem church Friday evening, June 14. The church was filled to its greatest capacity, which shows the interest and people of Barrington take in our schools. Each member of the class did excellent and Prof. Smith will feel proud of the class of '95. We give the program below: March, prelude by Geo. Chadwick, Rev. E. Rahn; prayer, Rev. Robert Bailey; music, piano and violin duet, Prof. and Mrs. J. I. Sears; honorary salutation, with salutary, "Inventions and their Value in the World," Max R. Lines; essay, "National Pride and Patriotism," Nellie A. Lines; essay, "Starting in Life," Myrtle A. Robertson; music, quartet, Misses Mary and Laura Frye, Carrie Kingsley and Lydia Suhr; oration, "America and Americans," Roy C. Myers; essay, "Flowers of Memory," Edith A. Cannon; poem, "Sailing, Not Drifting," Theo Suhr, Jr.; music, piano and violin duet, Prof. and Mrs. J. I. Sears; oration, "Formation and Value of Character," Albert G. Gieske; essay, "Will Power," Nellie Dawson; music, quartet, Misses Mary and Laura Frye, Carrie Kingsley and Lydia Suhr; oration, "Education," Geo. M. Ots; essay, "The Kingdom of Woman," Clara D. Sott; essay, "Glimpses of Nature," Myrtle V. Dixon; music, piano and violin duet, Prof. and Mrs. J. I. Sears; class prophecy, (1916), Theo Suhr, Jr.; valedictory and essay, "Value of Books," Clara Genereux; presentation of eighth grade diplomas, presentation of tenth grade diplomas, A. J. Redmond; class song, "Sailing, Not Drifting."

AN ORDINANCE OF THE VILLAGE OF BARRINGTON.

An Ordinance for the Levy, Assessment and Collection of Taxes for the Fiscal Year A. D. 1895.

Section 1. Be it ordained by the President and Board of Trustees of the Village of Barrington: That there shall be levied, assessed and collected, upon the personal and real property within the corporate limits of the Village of Barrington, as the same is, or may be, returned by the Assessor or Assessors of said village for the year A. D. 1895, the sum of three thousand dollars (\$3,000), for the following purposes, to-wit:

Salary fund.....	\$1,100 00
Street fund.....	1,700 00
Lamp fund.....	200 00
	\$3,000 00

Sec. 2. That the Village Clerk shall file a certified copy of this ordinance with the County Clerk of Cook County, in the State of Illinois, together with a certificate of the amount of taxable property within said Village of Barrington, for the year A. D. 1895, so that the tax herein set forth may be by him respectively extended in the collector's books for said year agreeable to the statute in such case made and provided.

Passed June 5, 1895.
Approved June 5, 1895.
Published June 22, 1895.

F. E. HAWLEY,
President of Village Board.

Attest:
MILES T. LAMEY,
Village Clerk.

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.

Flat for Rent.

For Rent—A flat consisting of five rooms over A. W. Meyer & Co.'s store. For particulars, call on A. W. Meyer & Co.

Knights of the Maccabees.

The state commander writes us from Lincoln, Neb., as follows: "After trying other medicines for what seemed to be a very obstinate cough in our two children, we tried Dr. King's New Discovery, and at the end of two days the cough entirely left them. We will not be without it hereafter, as our experience proves that it cures where all other remedies fail."—Signed F. W. Stevens, State Com.—Why not give this great medicine a trial, as it is guaranteed and trial bottles are free at A. L. Waller's drug store. Regular size, 50 cents and \$1.00.

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. He tried many so-called kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began use of Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to cure of all kidney and liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50 cents for large bottle. At A. L. Waller's drug store.

JOVIAL THOUGHTS.

Bell—Was George very much cast down after he spoke to your father? Nell—Yes; three flights of stairs.

Wearly Higgins—I've a awful pain in my stomach. Dusty Spriggins (sadly)—That's more than I has in mine cully.

Castleton—Is it true that Miss Wiberly referred to me as an agnostic? Clumberly—She said you didn't know anything.—Life.

Editor—I've got a scheme Assistant—What is it? Editor—A series of articles on "Unknown Husbands of Famous Women."

Burglar (just acquitted, to his counsel)—I will call shortly and see you at your office, sir. "Very good; but in the daytime, please."

Miss Keedick—I hear that you are engaged to Mr. Hunker. Miss Gasket—That is hardly correct. I have an option on him, though.—Judge.

Mrs. McSwat—If your head aches, dear, you'd better soak your feet. Mr. McSwat—What good do you suppose that will do, Lobelia? When there's anything the matter with my feet I don't go and soak my head, do I?

Mr. Jones-Brown—I understand that the late Mr. Merchant-Prince bequeathed his entire collection of paintings and statuary to the trustees of the art museum. Mrs. Jones-Brown—Mercy! Are they obliged to accept them?—Puck.

A HOUSE FOR \$4,000.

A COMMODIOUS DWELLING PLACE AT MODERATE COST.

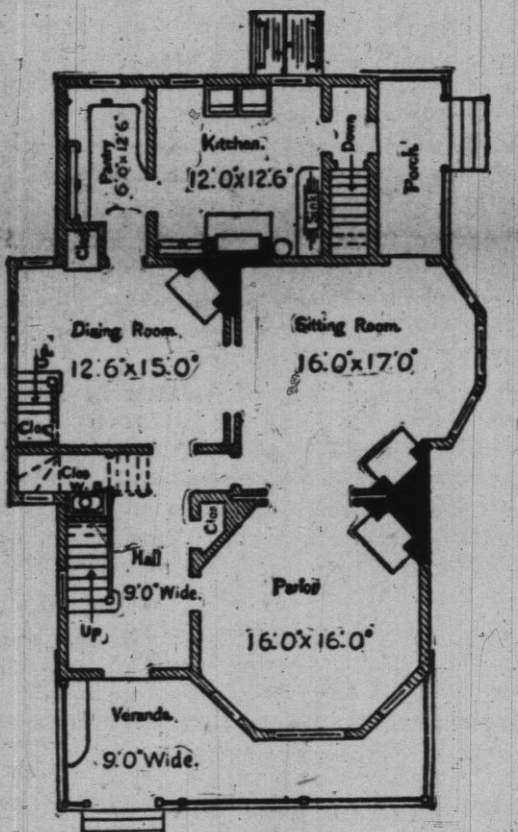
The Owner of a House of Good Design Offers a Very Substantial Benefit Upon the Community in Which He Resides.

IT MAY BE TRULY said that the owner who builds a house of good design confers a substantial benefit upon the community in which he lives as well as upon himself. Such a house shines like a star, lighting up the whole neighborhood, inspiring confidence, stimulating industry, and often showing the way to prosperity. Particularly does the light shining from a new house disclose eligible building sites that were never dreamed of before. The practical suggestion is that the owner should be the holder of property in the immediate neighborhood other than that on which he builds. The vacant lots on both sides of and across the way from the one which he builds may be doubled or



EXTERIOR VIEW.

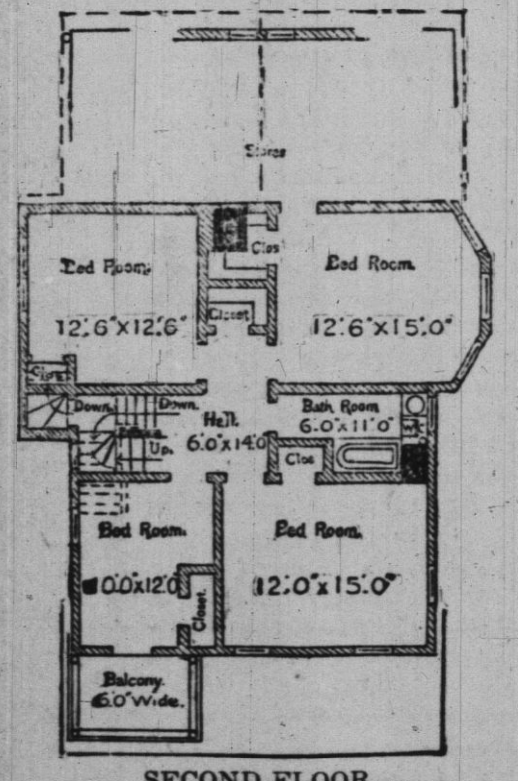
trebled in value by his enterprise. The increased value of lots adjoining an improvement often more than equals the cost of improvement. By all fair means try to keep the increased values out of the hands of unenterprising people who never make improvements. They are the least deserving of any members of a community. As land and lot holders, if their numbers are considerable, they retard the growth of a town or city more than all other adverse influences put together. Following will be found a brief description of the residence design illustrating this article: Size of structure: Front (width), 34 feet; depth 51 feet 6 inches. Height of story: Cellar, 7 feet; first



FIRST FLOOR.

story, 9 feet 6 inches; second story, 8 feet 10 inches; attic, 7 feet 6 inches. Material for exterior walls: Foundations, stone and brick first story; clapboards; second story, shingles; gable, shingles and panels; roof, shingles. Interior finish: Hard, white plaster throughout; plaster cornices and centers in hall, parlor, sitting and dining room; oak trim in hall and dining room; Georgia pine trim in second story, white pine in remainder of house; main stairs oak; mantels to cost \$80; stained glass in staircase window; house piped for gas.

Exterior colors: All clapboards, light brown; trim, water table, corner boards, casings, cornices, bands, veranda posts and rails, dark seal brown; front door finished with hard oil; all other outer



SECOND FLOOR.

doors and outside blinds painted a dark seal brown; rain water conductors dark seal brown; gables dark buff with dark seal brown panels; sashes dark buff; veranda floors dark brown; veranda ceiling varnished natural color; panel work in first and second stories, dark seal brown for stiles and rails and light brown for panels; side wall shin-

gles buff; roof shingles, dark brown. All shingles should be dipped in stain before laying and have a good brush coat applied after laying. Accommodations: The principal rooms and their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by the floor plans printed herewith; besides these there are two rooms and a hall finished in the attic, and there is a cellar under the whole house. The combination of front and back stairs economizes space. There is a coat and hat closet in the hall and a closet containing a wash basin under the main stairs. Stationary tubs and sink in the kitchen and a large pantry adjoining. The lobby entrance to the kitchen from the back porch has a recess for an ice box. By enclosing the balcony with netting an open air resort is provided that will be proof against mosquitoes and other insects. Special features: An attractive roomy house, large enough for a modest rich man and small enough for an ambitious poor man who intends to become rich. Cost: Built as described, for all localities where prices for materials and labor are about the same as those of New York, \$3,300. Built with brick walls in place of frame, \$4,000. Those who are interested in these architectural designs should compare the estimates that are given with those given for many other published designs; invariably it will be found that for designs of equal dimensions our estimates are considerably higher. The explanation is that much of this kind of work is done by tyros, who depend on imitation for their designs and on mere guess work for their estimates.

A MONSTER LOBSTER.

Alive When Captured, This Creature Is Regarded as a Gold Mine.

The largest lobster in the world, stuffed, varnished and inserted in an elegant glass case, now belongs to W. J. Kilduff, steward of the St. Nicholas hotel in Boston, who expects to realize a large fortune by placing the creature on exhibition. Mr. Kilduff is thinking of capitalizing this lobster in the form of a stock company. He has made a rough calculation that there are 70,000,000 people in the United States eager to witness his lobster and pay one cent each for the privilege, and this, Mr. Kilduff figures, would bring in \$700,000 to the company, while the expense of transporting the lobster in its glass case would be small. But with proper advertising Mr. Kilduff thinks these people would be willing to pay 10 cents each to see the lobster, thus bringing the profits up to \$7,000,000. He says he has been "approached" with many flattering offers from dime museum men. The lobster which has thus had greatness thrust upon it, "belongs," says Mr. Kilduff, "to the male gender." He was caught at Provincetown, Mass., in August of last year and turned over to a taxidermist for permanent preservation.

When captured the lobster weighed from thirty-five to forty pounds. He measured 40 inches in length when straightened out, and is now from 23 to 25 inches wide when measured from tip to tip like a bird. The right claw is 15 inches long and 18 inches in circumference at the large end. Mounted in a stained white ash case, the lobster is, says its proud owner, most beautiful to look upon, "clean and wholesome, pleasing to the eye and well worth 50 cents or a dollar of any man's money to see." The lobster, he says, was alive when captured.

Setting Type by Wire.

Donald Murray, a newspaper man of Sydney, New South Wales, has invented and patented a device by means of which an operator in New York, with a key-board before him like that of an ordinary typewriter, can not only produce typewritten copy in New Orleans, but it is claimed can operate a typesetting machine here and deliver his matter thus in lead ready for the forms. Not only that, but the same operator, by using a number of telegraph lines, can set up the same copy simultaneously in a dozen different places. In this operation only ordinary currents are used, such as are capable of being relayed, and are subject to all conditions of ordinary telegraphy. The work can be done with the same speed as an ordinary typewriter is operated, and dispenses with all clock-work mechanism, synchronously moving type wheels and other cumbersome devices. It is said to be capable of manipulating some eighty different characters.—Press and Printer.

Grease for the North Pole.

Bill Nye is a man of very sober demeanor, and rarely cracks jokes outside of newspaper columns. He has been known, however, to play a practical joke on a friend. When Lieut. Greely started on his expedition to the north pole, Nye gave him a sealed book that was not to be opened until he reached his farthest point north. It contained axle-grease for the pole.

SEVEN WOMEN OF NOTE.

The coal-bank Hottentot widow of the late earl of Stamford is still living. The present earl has married an English girl.

Miss Susane Adams is the name of an American girl who has just made a successful debut at the Grand opera-house, Paris.

Mme. Muhling, who has translated many French dramas into German, celebrated the 100th anniversary of her birth in Berlin on April 15. She is still hale and hearty.

Miss Lillian Russell keeps, it is said, a dish of boiled carrots on her dressing table, which she eats instead of candy. She does this for the benefit of her complexion.

Fru Marie Harder, a Danish lady, has published a volume called "Yule Star." In this there is nothing wonderful, but the publication becomes somewhat interesting when one hears that it is her debut, and that Fru Harder is 70 years old.

NEURALGIA AND BEARDS.

Two Wards Of the Other and the Bearded Man is Happy.

The beard is generally regarded as merely an ornamental object, except by a few, says a writer in Pearson's Weekly, who look upon it as a time-saving convenience. Now, however, it appears that the beard is not only ornamental, but decidedly useful, as those who do not shave are much less subjected to facial troubles than those who submit to the razor. The reason for this new theory is a very simple one. In the first place, the beard is a great safeguard to all those who suffer from sore or weak throats, it is a protection against neuralgia, and, lastly, it is now claimed to be of great assistance in warding off toothache. Dr. Chabbert, a celebrated French physician, has come to the conclusion that the reason why there are so many more cases of facial paralysis among women than with men is because the former have no natural protection for their fair faces. It is true that men are much more exposed to cold, frosts and biting winds, which bring about the affection, than are women, but in the few cases which have come under Dr. Chabbert's notice where men have suffered the patients have almost invariably been clean shaven. To some men it must be a relief to find that they still have some ancient privileges as yet unclaimed by the "new woman," although there is a case on record where one of these eccentric ladies even went so far as to grow a bushy beard four and a half feet in length. She was presented as a prisoner to the czar in 1724, having been captured from the army of Charles XII.

MISS WHITE AND MISS PINK.

Teachers Who Wear Different Colors for the Purpose of Identification.

Two public school teachers in this city are twins and their resemblance is marked, says the New York World. They are the Misses Fanny and Amelia Purple. They teach in grammar school No. 45, in East Twenty-fourth street, as substitutes. Miss Fanny, after teaching for some weeks, was taken ill, and her sister took her place. The pupils didn't know the difference. Neither did the principal, Mrs. Tate. "Why, Fanny, I thought you were so sick that you could not leave your bed," said Mrs. Tate to Fanny's sister. She was assured that Fanny was sick.

After this episode the two sisters, who had dressed alike, wore different colors. Amelia chose white and Fanny pink, and thereafter they were known as Miss White and Miss Pink. This did not help matters much, so far as the true identity of the young ladies was concerned, for it was necessary to remember the color Miss Fanny wore and that adopted by her sister. Mrs. Tate told a World reporter yesterday that the resemblance between the two young ladies was as great mentally as it was physically. They not only had the same likes and dislikes, but their intellectual capacity was the same. When they were graduated from the Normal college they got the same percentage. They are inseparable. Their parents are dead. They live with their uncle, Dr. Purple, a well-known physician.

REIGN OF THE CANDLE.

Fifty Years Ago It Held Almost Undisputed Sway.

In domestic lighting, for nearly the first half of the present century candles held almost undisputed sway. Old stagers may yet recall the dimly lighted parlor, the fire burning softly in the twilight, where the elders kept blind man's holiday. The bell is rung and Mary brings in candles, a pair of molds in tall brass candlesticks, brightly polished, with snuffers of steel, with jaws that opened and shut with a snap, and something sinister in their appearance. There were plated candlesticks and snuffers, too, for occasions of state, with silver branches that suggested the spoils of Jerusalem. But there was also a lamp—a stately edifice of bronze that towered over the family circle at times, and shed a generous and genial light when so inclined. But what a demon it was to smoke and to smell! And it would burn, when it condescended to burn at all, nothing but the finest sperm oil at a fabulous price per gallon.

Luck.

Abraham Lincoln, after being a member of congress, desired to secure a clerkship in Washington, but he was defeated by Justin Butterfield. He was disappointed, but had he not been defeated he would have spent his life in obscurity instead of becoming president of the United States.

Oliver Cromwell was once on board a ship bound for America, but he was taken back by a constable, and the result was he became one of the greatest men England ever knew.

Ulysses Grant would not have been a military man had it not been that his rival for a West Point cadetship had been found to have six toes on each foot instead of five.

The great silver mine, the "Silver King," was discovered by the lucky accident of a proprietor throwing a piece of rock at a lazy mule.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

No Actors for the Grant Family.

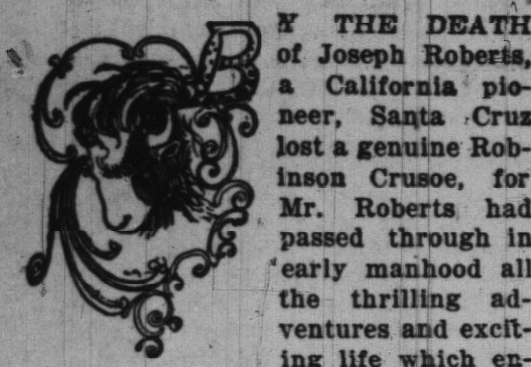
The oldest daughter of Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris has a decided talent for the stage, but it is one of those talents which, for family reasons, she will have to hide under a bushel.

Alfonso XIII, the child king of Spain, had a battalion of little boys like himself as a bodyguard while staying at San Sebastian. Since his departure they have been disbanded, each small soldier receiving a copy of his discharge in due form and a commemorative medal from the municipality.

REIGNED AS A KING.

WHITE MAN IN THE FAR SOUTH-ERN SEAS.

Left on an Island the Dusky Natives Worshipped Him as a Great Ruler—Lived on the Best for Eight Months.



THE DEATH of Joseph Roberts, a California pioneer, Santa Cruz lost a genuine Robinson Crusoe, for Mr. Roberts had passed through in early manhood all the thrilling adventures and exciting life which endear Defoe's hero to the reading boy and girl. Sixty-seven years ago, on St. Valentine's Day, Joseph Roberts was born in Falkirk. His family for years had been seafaring people, so that as he grew up he took to the sea naturally, and while only 14 years of age, while his playmates were still cabin boys, he was made second mate of a sailing vessel. Before he was 15 he made his first long voyage from home, and followed the sea until he reached manhood. He visited many foreign countries and the islands which dot the ocean, but never landed in the United States until he sailed through the Golden Gate in 1851.

There was one of the many stories of adventure which Roberts told which never grew stale to young or old. It was the story of the months he spent on a cannibal island in the Pacific. Mr. Roberts was on a cruise among the South Sea Islands on an English merchantman, and when land was sighted he went ashore, knowing that although the island was inhabited by cannibals, they were peaceable. But in his absence the captain ordered the anchor up and all sails set, and for eight months he was left alone among a lot of South Sea Islanders.

The natives worshipped him as a deity, and the king shared his own palm hut with him. The natives on that island believe in feeding their god, so Mr. Roberts lived on the fat of the island. The daintiest fish, the rarest game, and the earliest and sweetest fruits were laid as offerings at his door. Five dusky girls waited on him, served him with food and wore garlands of flowers with which they crowned him. Whenever he went to the seashore he was followed by an admiring host of natives. He was the first man on the island, the divinity of the natives, the king of their king. Mr. Roberts used to say that he liked the adoration of the South Sea Islanders, but as the months passed he grew homesick and longed for the sight of white faces. Civilization seemed a very desirable thing, but he accepted the situation.

At the end of eight months' stay on the island, upon awakening one morning, he saw a ship lying at anchor in the bay. Pretending to the natives that he wished to board the vessel to trade with the sailors, they took him out to her in a canoe and he climbed up the side of an American ship. The captain and sailors were more than astonished to see a white man, and Roberts begged to be accepted as a sailor, a passenger, or anything, so he could once more reach civilization. On this ship he entered the United States for the first time, for the sailing vessel was bound for San Francisco. When the natives learned that their white god was going to leave them they put out to sea in all their boats, following the sailing vessel for miles, screaming, crying and beseeching him to jump overboard and return to them.

The Kingdom of Siam.

Siam is the only remaining independent native state in the Indo-Chinese peninsula. Area, 280,303 square miles. Population, 5,750,000. Government—Absolute monarchy. Legislative, the king assisted by a council of ministers and the council of state. For administrative purposes the country is divided into forty-one provinces with a governor at the head of each. East of Siam the remainder of the Indo-Chinese peninsula is occupied by the French colonies and protectorates of Anam, Tonking, Cochinchina, and Cambodia. Area—Anam, 106,290 square miles; Tonking, 35,000 square miles; Cochinchina, 23,090 square miles; Cambodia, 32,380 square miles. Population—Cochinchina (1883), 1,639,777; Cambodia, 1,500,000. Government—By a decree of October, 1887, the French possessions are placed under a governor-general, under whom are two residents-general for Tonking and Cambodia, a resident for Anam, and a lieutenant-governor for Cochinchina.

Proposed Tax on Bachelors.

The crime of being a bachelor is to be punished condignly in several states, among them Illinois, where there is a probability of the passage of a bill to tax these unmarried scorners of social law. The enactment of such a law would be injury enough without adding to it the insult of a ranking clause that with the tax fund an "old maids' home" shall be established. This is a savage blow—a blow below the belt, so to speak—a single blessedness, and could hardly have been inspired by any father of twins. In view of the proposed diversion of the tax to the benefit of elderly unmarried females it would be only just to inquire as to how many of these taxable bachelors have been flitted, and the doors of the "old maids' home" should be shut with a resounding slam in the face of all those unwedded spinsters who have at any time in their career blasted the hopes of some fond admirer with a chilling "no."

A supplementary tax might indeed be levied upon such old maids as should be discovered to have promised once upon a time "to be a sister" to any young man.

TOOTH-SOME SHAD.

A Few Particulars as to Their Appearance on the Coast.

The shad begin to appear in the rivers about the 15th of March, and they continue to arrive until the middle of June. It is a remarkable fact that each colony is invariably divided into three grand divisions, which arrive at different times, thus making three successive shoals, or, as the fishermen call them, "runs." The first run is both small in numbers and especially poor in quality, and it is interesting to observe that this is true of the herring as well as of the shad. This advance guard is largely composed of what are known as "hickory" shad, and they differ from the others in such marked degree as to form a distinct variety. The fishermen in the Chesapeake bay have an un-Mosaic legend that at the creation there were a great many small bones left over, and that to dispose of them the "hickory" shad was made. A few days after these skirmishers have passed up the river the second or great run begins, and continues three or four weeks. After the fish appear nothing will disturb their constant upward progress except cold weather, which, inopportunely arriving, will cause them to seek the protection of the mud at the bottom of the river, where they remain until the chill has left the water. It is impossible to estimate the number of fish entering a river in one of these runs. The estimate of two millions which has been made for the Delaware is very moderate, in view of the fact that more than ten thousand shad have been taken in one haul of the seine in the waters of that river. The third run is small like the first, and though the fish are fine in quality, it receives little attention. It is probably composed of stragglers from the main body, who are somewhat tardy in their arrival.

ABOUT CANADA'S FORESTS.

Her Great Resources in Timber Are Rapidly Being Depleted.

Canada is killing the goose that lays the golden egg so far as her pine forests are concerned, writes a Quebec correspondent. Rapidly as this depletion of her once apparently almost inexhaustible forest wealth has proceeded for the last century, some millions of dollars' worth of it still remain. But the lessons taught by the experience of older lands are being thrown away, and at the present rate of consumption Canadian pine will in a quarter of a century be a thing of the past, so far at least as its availability for commercial purposes is concerned. An official statement has just been prepared upon the subject, which shows that in Ontario the standing area of pine is about 19,404,000,000 feet and in Quebec 15,734,000 feet. The Ontario forests will be exhausted in twenty-six years at the present rate of consumption, and the Quebec forests in a little less. As an instance of the national impoverishment that must follow this condition of affairs, it may be mentioned that Canada's raw forest productions now amount to \$80,071,415 per annum, and adding to this the \$120,392,000 which represents the value of the output of wood industries, there is shown a total of some \$200,000,000 as the value of the material taken from the forests and converted one way or another into articles of home consumption or export. The lumbering and cognate industries employ nearly \$100,000,000 as capital, and distribute wages to the amount of over \$30,500,000 yearly. Sawmills alone employ 51,575 persons.

She Let Him Off.

Wife—My dear, I need a little more of this stuff, and some trimming to match. I wish you would drop into Big, Sale & Co.'s and get it.
Husband (a smart fellow)—Let me see. Oh, I know. That's the stuff where they have so many pretty girls, isn't it?
"Yes."
"Yes, I remember. That blonde girl at the trimming counter knows your tastes and will doubtless select just the sort of trimming you want. I mean the girl with the golden hair, alabaster skin, blue eyes, and sweet little—"
"There are a number of things I want down town. Never mind, dear. I'll go and get them myself."—New York Weekly.

A Magnifying Show Window.

One of the most extraordinary devices for attracting custom on record was that of a fruiterer in a Midland town in England. Instead of the ordinary plate glass a large number of rough magnifying glasses formed the window. Seen through one of these panes an orange looked as large as a pumpkin and cherries as large as apples. A great disadvantage attached to this novelty was the fact that at a distance of a few yards from the window it was quite impossible to see into the shop. Everybody knows that you must hold a magnifying glass very close to the eye to see anything through it. Nevertheless, for some time, at all events, the enterprising proprietor did a roaring trade.

Going One Better.

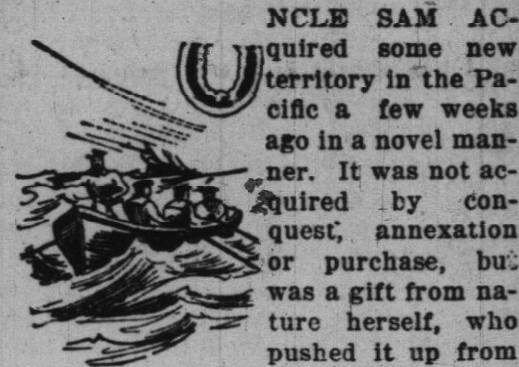
Mrs. Sharpe—I'm goin' to stop tradin' here, and deal with Lightweight & Co., the new grocery firm across the street. He lets his customers guess at the number of beans in a bag, an' gives a reward for the correct guess.

Mr. Quicksale—My dear madame, if you'll continue to give us your custom, we'll let you guess at the number of beans in two bags.

ROSE OUT OF PACIFIC.

NEW TERRITORY ADDED TO OUR DOMAIN.

Gifts Pushed Up Out of the Sea in a Night at One of the Santa Barbara Islands—Building Twisted About in Odd Fashion.



UNCLE SAM acquired some new territory in the Pacific a few weeks ago in a novel manner. It was not acquired by conquest, annexation or purchase, but was a gift from nature herself, who pushed it up from the depths of the Pacific ocean and gave it unasked. Geologists say that nature is constantly giving and taking land after this fashion; that some portions of the earth are steadily subsiding and others rising; some coast lines are advancing and others receding. New Jersey is gradually losing territory along the coast, while in other regions new land is being added to the area of the United States. But the usual progress is slow. Once in a while a new island is lifted suddenly out of the sea by volcanic action, and this, practically, is what occurred off the coast of California several weeks ago, when about 35,000 square yards of rock was added to one of the Santa Barbara islands with a suddenness that surprised the people living on the island. Not only was new land added to the island, but that already existing was moved around in an embarrassing manner. Buildings erected in the shelter of the cliffs with a seaward exposure, were lifted up forty or fifty feet to the level of the plateau and twisted around so as to face directly inland.

The Santa Barbara group of islands lies about sixty miles off the coast of California, in about the latitude of Los Angeles. The island of San Miguel, to which the new land has been added, is one of the smaller islands, and is owned by Capt. W. G. Waters, who has a big sheep ranch on it. The only living people on the island are Capt. Waters and his sheep herders and laborers. Some of the islands of the groups are noted for their scenic beauties, but San Miguel is bleak and comparatively uninteresting. It is plainly of volcanic origin, and it is said that at various times within the last half century stretches of the cliffs along the southern shore of the island have fallen away and been swallowed up in the sea. But no one knows of any land having been given back by the ocean before the event of the second week in March. Capt. Waters was on the island when the earthquake eruption, or whatever it was, occurred. He took the information to the mainland, and the San Francisco Examiner sent a correspondent to San Miguel to get all the facts and some pictures of the new territory of the United States. The picture and information here given are from the Examiner articles.

Capt. Waters lives in his ranch house on the southwest side of the island, a considerable distance from the point where the new land was added. On the night when the disturbance occurred he was sitting in his house reading. He felt the earth shiver, but as earthquakes are not uncommon thereabout he took little notice of the occurrence. The next morning he started out around the beach toward his boathouse to look for his sloop, which was due from the mainland. When he neared the harbor and the place where his boathouse had been he had to rub his eyes because of the remarkable appearance of the surroundings. The beach had disappeared, and where a bay of placid water had been rose a huge mass of broken cliffs. He climbed up on the high ground overlooking the bay, and there on the plateau, forty feet or more above the water line and three hundred feet inland, were the boathouse and sheep corral which the previous evening had been right on the water's edge. On reaching the boathouse he found another surprise. The building stood as firm as ever, but whereas it had recently faced seaward it was now turned almost completely around and faced almost directly away from the bay. The tracks of the sheep were still plainly visible on the ground, but instead of being on the left side of the boathouse, where the path had always been, they were now on the right.

He walked out on the top of the newly formed cliffs toward the water, and found the great mass of rock still trembling and swaying. There was a sound of grinding and churning, and every now and then a chunk of rock would settle a little. The mass was evidently still adjusting itself in its new position. The buoy to which his sloop was moored when in harbor was formerly 400 feet from the sandy beach. Now it was about 100 feet from the abrupt face of the new cliffs. He set up some posts to serve as marks by which to observe any further changes and withdrew to more solid ground. The next morning he found that in its readjustment the land had moved seaward twelve or fifteen feet, and the mass of new land seemed quiet and permanently settled. Then Capt. Waters went to the mainland and told of the happenings on San Miguel, and a day or two later some scientific men with surveyors' instruments and camera, went over and verified his story.

Bully for the Bull.

On a recent Sunday at Durango, in Mexico, a bull completely spoiled a fight that all the city had turned out to see. This particular bull was entirely out of harmony with the environment, and either utterly indifferent or grossly ignorant of the rules of the game. It is

supposed the purpose of a bull fight is that the animal shall be goaded into fury until he, worn down and exhausted, is dispatched by one deft thrust from the matador's sword. This Durango bull completely upset the entire symmetry of the game by killing the matador instantly and rushing picadors and other attendants out of the arena. Then the bull had the ring all to himself. The crowd cheered him as they would have cheered the matador had the latter triumphed, so soon are the great forgotten, for the dead swordsman was no other than the gallant Rodriguez himself. But, after all, the crowd was probably right, and properly cheered the bull for killing the man. A professional bull fighter is a cruel brute who pits himself against an animal mad with torture. He deserves to be killed and the bull deserves the cheers when he is the victor.

PEACH TREE DISEASES.

A Simple Expedient Which Is Claimed to Be Effective.

Some years ago a gentleman residing near Cincinnati created a sensation by what he regarded a new method of keeping peach trees healthy. All that he did was to pile up earth about the trees, the mound reaching up to the branches. It took several cart loads of earth to make these mounds and the little orchard had the appearance of bushes growing out of the top of the cone of earth. Every one used to look on and laugh at the thought of burying up the trunk of a tree to keep it healthy; but there were the trees, and undoubtedly models of health. Those who saw simply stated their belief that it was only a coincidence, and that the trees would probably have been as healthy without the mound of earth as with it. Since it has come to be well recognized that many of the diseases of plants, not merely of the peach trees, but of other trees, are caused by the mycelium of a minute fungus attacking the roots, it is not at all unlikely that the mound of earth acted beneficially, by preventing the growth of the fungus which preys on the roots of trees. It is now well understood that all plants of a lower order of vegetation, which we know as fungi, will only grow under a peculiar combination of circumstances. Among other things they must be very near the surface of the earth, and if buried to the depth they would be under a mound it is unlikely the fungi would find a satisfactory home.

Some will say right here that they thought burying up the trunks of trees and covering the surface roots with earth was destructive to health; but the burying by itself is not the reason trees die when earth is piled over them to a considerable depth, but from the fact that the young growing roots do not get air. These young growing roots are almost all at the extremities, and the mound of earth around the roots would not in the slightest degree injure these outer roots. Whenever a valued tree is somewhat buried it is customary to leave a space around the trunk, perhaps building a dry wall, in order to keep the earth from getting near the trunk; but this is not that the earth is injurious, but to give a chance for water to flow freely down into the soil and the flow of water always leads to a flow of air following the water. These remarks are suggested by an article in an agricultural paper, stating that the apple borer and the peach borer have been kept out of the trunks of trees by making a mound of earth around the trunks.

TO MARRY A GIRL QUEEN.

Heir to Saxe-Coburg Likely to Wed Holland's Young Monarch.

The young Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is likely to be betrothed to Prince Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, eldest son and heir of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (more generally known as the Duke of Edinburgh), according to the world. The little monarch of the Dutch is not yet 15 years old, and a very bright, intelligent girl, merry-hearted and full of mischief. She is the last scion of the famous house of Orange, founded by the great William III, and her mother, Queen Emma, is regent during her daughter's minority. Prince Alfred, the reported bridegroom-elect, is 20 years old and a handsome, intelligent youth. He is Queen Victoria's grandson, his father, the Duke of Edinburgh, being the second son of the English monarch. In May and June the young queen of Holland is to be given an outing in England in order to introduce her to her "aunt" queen, as Victoria is called by the younger crowned heads of Europe, instead of the more familiar "sister." Queen Wilhelmina will also see all the budding royalties at her own age and have a good time, such as a 14-year-old girl ought to have, but rarely does, when she is born to the purple and not allowed to mutter or peep except by rule. She is a delicate, neurotic child, and those who know say she will not make old bones. The more reason, then, why the little queen should have her fling early and often.—Exchange.

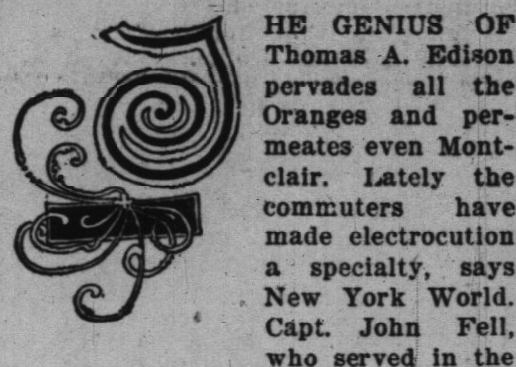
A Venerable Georgia Male.

Old Gin, a mule with a history, died on the farm of Thomas Rodgers, near Lily Pond, Ga., the other day. The mule was raised by Mr. Rogers' father and on the 12th day of this month would have been 42 years old. This mule went into service in the army early in the war and was in front of Sherman's forces from Chattanooga to Atlanta and afterward was returned by devious routes to the Rogers' home in Gordon county. During her long life of active service she was never sick, never balked, was never wounded in battle and never surrendered.

SHOCKED ON A FENCE.

INGENIOUS NEW JERSEY FARMER USES ELECTRICITY.

By Attaching It to the Wires on His Fence, He Finds That Tourists Are Not Likely to Intrude on His Premises.



THE GENIUS OF Thomas A. Edison pervades all the Oranges and permeates even Montclair. Lately the commuters have made electrocution a specialty, says New York World. Capt. John Fell, who served in the war and later in the Third Battalion of the Orange militia, and who lives at Harrison and Eagle Rock avenues, West Orange, has in front of his farm an old-fashioned fence, just the thing to sit on. Within half a block of the house is the terminus of the Orange trolley road. Fifteen thousand persons go out there on fine Sundays to ruralize and to scale the heights of Eagle Rock. But before doing this everyone of the 15,000 sits for a few minutes on Capt. Fell's fence. Whenever the captain comes out and swears they only laugh at him. The captain recently put a line of barbed wire on the top of the fence, but the next Sunday there was the same string of excursionists, so thick-skinned apparently that they didn't notice the barbs. Capt. Fell went out into his barn for three hours and read the Bible. When he returned the fence was still occupied by about fifty men whittling sticks, chewing tobacco and throwing old papers on the lawn. By accident the captain discovered one day last week that a heavy wire that holds a trolley-pole up just outside his farm had become charged with electricity. The wire passed by a tree within a yard of his ineffectual barbed fence, and the juxtaposition of the wires gave him an inspiration.

"They sit on the barbs," said the captain, "being peculiarly built; but they won't be able to sit on an electric current."

So he fastened a conductor to the trolley pole and rigged up a switch by means of which he could turn the current into the barbed wire. This switch he arranged to work by a string leading to his parlor.

He waited till Sunday. A man who looked like a minister came out of a car, took a seat on the fence, pulled out a book and began to read it. He was followed by a big man with a dog, who took a seat that he had regularly occupied for six weeks, and began to smoke. Then Sunday excursionists sauntered up, and there was only just room on the fence for seven more ladies and gentlemen when the Royal Blue Chapter of the United Inner Circle of New Jerseymen, who were going on a picnic, were unloaded from the cars. The first seven Jerseymen filled the fence, the others sitting on the grass. Seeing that his electrocution apparatus was well loaded with malefactors, Capt. Fell turned on the switch. Thirteen of the occupants of the fence who had had their hands on the wire and their feet on the ground uttered loud yells and went sprawling on the grass. The rest grabbed the wire to hold on. Those of them whose feet touched the ground also began to yell. One man who afterward said that he had an eye to damages refused to be revived until he had got all the witnesses he needed to his sufferings, and then he opened his eyes feebly and said he was hurt to the extent of \$20,000. A loud cry of indignation went up from the excursionists, who threatened to mob the house. Capt. Fell went out to assert his rights, and the most heated debate ever billed in that part of New Jersey occurred. A gripman came up and excitedly took the part of the excursionists. He even accused Capt. Fell of embezzling electricity.

"Some have raised the point that I have no legal right to electrocute trespassers," said the captain yesterday. "Maybe I haven't, but I always thought I had. 'Anyhow, I'm not going to take any chances, as the laws of Jersey are mighty fitfully.'"

Patrick McCabe of Meade street, Orange, was badly shocked, and he says he was unconscious for some time. He says he has sat on Capt. Fell's fence every Sunday for twenty years and that his right to do so cannot be disputed at this late date. He says he will sue for damages.

Married by Proxy.

Eugenio Valdes Vega, a tobacco merchant at Tampa, Fla., was married by proxy recently to Miss Adela Velasco in St. Francis de Sale's church in Brooklyn. The couple had been engaged for some time, and the bridegroom, finding it impossible to come to Brooklyn, had his brother, Jose Valdes Vega, clothed with the power of attorney to act as his proxy in the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Father Percil. Mrs. Vega started yesterday for Florida to join her husband.—Exchange.

Fishes That Cannot Swim.

More than one species of fish is met with that cannot swim, the most singular of which, perhaps, is the maltha, a Brazilian fish, whose organs of locomotion only enable it to crawl, or walk, or hop, after the manner of a toad, to which animal this fish to some extent bears a resemblance, and it is provided with a long, upturned snout. The anterior (pectoral) fins of the maltha, which are quite small, are not capable of acting in the water, but can only move backward and forward, having truly the form of thin paws. Both these

and the ventral and anal fins are very different from the similar fins in other fishes, and could not serve for swimming at all. Other examples of non-swimming fishes include the seahorse, another most peculiarly shaped inhabitant of the sea, which resembles the knight in a set of chessmen; and the starfish, of which there are many specimens, which mostly walk and crawl on the shores or rocks, both being unable to swim.

INFLUENCE OF SCIENCE.

The Main Characteristic of the Servants Is Their Unfailing Optimism.

The best that we gain from the pursuit of research is, Prof. C. F. Minot writes in the Popular Science Monthly, our characteristic optimism. We are engaged in achieving results, and results of the most permanent and enduring quality. A business man may achieve a fortune, but time will dissipate it. A statesman may be the savior of a nation, but how long do nations live? Knowledge has no country, belongs to know class, but it is the might of mankind, and it is mightier for what each of us has done. We have brought our stones, and they are built into the edifice and into its grandeur. My stone is a small one. It will certainly be forgotten that it is mine, nevertheless it will remain in place. How different is the pessimism toward which literary men are seen to tend! Harvard University lost James Russell Lowell in 1891, and Asa Gray in 1888. The letters of both of these eminent men have been published. Lowell's letters grow sad and discouraged, and he gives way, more and more, to the pessimistic spirit. Gray is optimistic steadily and to the end. The difference was partly due to natural temperament, but chiefly, I think, to the influence of their respective professions. The subject material of the literary man is familiar human nature and familiar human surroundings, and his task is to express the thoughts and dreams which these suggest. He must compete with the whole past, with all the genius that has been. There is nothing new under the sun, he exclaims. But to us it is a proverb contradicted by our daily experience.

ROYALTY HAS TO WORK.

Social and Other Functions Devolving Upon Queen Victoria's Family.

The present London season promises to be the most brilliant of any for many years, says a recent cablegram. Some idea of how the royalties are compelled to work during the season may be gathered from the fact that in pursuance of their functions for the present week the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg opened the Sailors' Bazaar, attended with the Duke and Duchess of York a concert in aid of the Victoria Hospital, and gave a garden party and two receptions at Clarence House, their London residence. The list of the Duke and Duchess of York for the week included a charity fete at the Crystal Palace, the Victoria Hospital concert, the opening of the amateur art exhibition, the reception at the Royal institute, and the opening of the horse show, together with an appearance at one or more private assemblies every night. The Duchess of Albany, Princess Christian, and the Duchess of Teck have had no day unfilled, and the Princess of Wales, besides the drawing-room, attended the art school for needlework, the amateur art exhibition, the horse show, and other functions. The queen will go to Balmoral on Tuesday and will remain until the end of June. The assumption of the drawing-room functions by the Princess of Wales has been erroneously construed, it being generally believed that it was because of her majesty's failing health. Those who saw the queen in the course of her journey from London to Windsor were surprised at her walking without assistance from her saloon carriage to her landau, leaning upon her stick and stepping vigorously.

PECULIARITIES.

Baron Albert Rothschild is one of the best chess players in Vienna.
Lady Habberton, who invented the divided skirt, now suggests that female servants shall wear knickerbockers.
Lewis Long of Logan county, Ky., is 85 years old, has had five wives, and is the father of twenty-eight children.
The old town of Gayoso, Pemiscot county, Mo., has fallen into the Mississippi and a new Gayoso has been built further back.
D. J. Eissell, one of Leroy's best known citizens, has invented an ink to be used in canceling postage stamps which promises to be a fine thing.
A Baltimore undertaker has held a body for five months because his fees were not forthcoming. The health authorities have just discovered him.
The other night as a procession of tramps was marching into the Danbury (Conn.) station house it was noticed that the leader wore on his coat lapel a nickel badge of the "Band of Hope."
Mrs. Nansen, the explorer's wife, has not seen her husband for two years. Her little daughter is now three years of age. Mrs. Nansen is one of the most popular ballad singers in Norway.
Beauford, Castle, in Inverness-shire, which one of the Vanderbilts recently took at a rent of \$10,000 a year, is the seat of Lord Lovat, one of the few genuine Highland chieftains who are left.
Gladstone looks forward to the future without fear of death. In declining to do some literary work recently on account of press of other business he agreed to begin the task in the latter part of 1896.
The Venetians of the twelfth century tried to keep their women at home by inventing a species of wooden clog that raised the sole about four inches from the ground and was difficult to use in walking.
Rev. E. V. Evans, rector of Trinity Episcopal church, St. Augustine, Fla., has, by the death of his uncle, Lord Carbery, become heir to the title and estates of the family, and has gone to England to take possession of them.

MISAPPREHENSIONS.



HE WAS A teacher in a remote Illinois country district. No one knew her as she drove slowly along the muddy turnpike. Seeing a man loading hay from a stack near the road, she reined her horse.

"Ho, hullo! can you tell me where Mr. Todd, the school director, lives?" she shouted against the strong March wind blowing in her face.

The man got off the stack and came to the fence. He could not come to the buggy, because turning the road had made a ditch, which was filled with water by the spring thaw. So he stood by the fence, with one foot on the lower board, as she repeated her question.

"I'm him," was the laconic reply.

"I wished to see you about the school, I'm a teacher."

He regarded her with a contemplative stare for a minute.

"Humph!" he said, breaking a long splinter off the top board and chewing it meditatively.

"Well, you drive round to the house behind them poplars. There's nobody home, but I'll be up presently."

She saw in the direction indicated by his hand a farmhouse, beyond a double windbreak of Lombardy poplars.

"Keep well to the left as you turn the corner. The bottom is all out, where the sun gets to the frost," he called after her.

"And you hired her, father?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Todd from the depths of his weekly paper.

Mrs. Todd and her son, Morton, had been to the village six miles away, with butter and eggs. They brought the mail for the neighborhood.

"But the other directors?" pursued Mrs. Todd.

"Too muddy for a woman to be rid-

spelling school and the mile road was so lonely.

Some steps led over the fence to a path across the pasture.

"Let us go this way," she suggested.

The fire-flies were flashing over the damp meadow and she sat at the top step a moment to look at them. He took his hat off and stood beside the steps.

"I wish I could tell you something," he began, hesitatingly.

"I will gladly listen," said the sympathetic voice, encouragingly.

A tale of wrongdoing, dishonesty and deception followed, in an eager burst of confidence.

"I don't know why I tell you. I hate it. I must live better!"

"A man needs woman's sympathy to rise," she said, as he grasped her hand. Then she came down the steps.

"This soft moonlight makes me think of Tillie May," she went on, gently.

"I do not know what her father would do with all those boys without her. She is always so loving and bright."

Then the conversation drifted to other topics.

Tillie May makes an excellent wife. The upright young farmer remembers a night in June when he first thought of her in that light, and is glad that he did not continue his confidences with his unsuspecting companion.

July is ended, and the school term with it. Mr. Barnes, the other director, has just signed the last money order and handed it to the teacher.

"And you won't come back for the winter under no conditions?"

"No, I have another engagement for this winter."

"The bestrict needs you here," pleaded the middle-aged widower.

"Your little Hattie will soon be large enough to teach the school. She is very bright and so like her mother, they tell me. You must be sure she has every advantage."

His eyes grew moist as the little girl came in.

He drew her to his knee. She was like her mother; he never noticed it much before.



"WALKING SLOWLY ALONG."

ing around this raw day. Told her I'd take the contract and have 'em sign it," came from behind the paper.

Mrs. Todd sniffed. She was thinking of her own long, cold ride, which had been urged upon her that morning.

"Where will she board?" was the next venture after a protracted silence.

Mr. Todd put down his paper.

"I told her she might board here if she could put up with our ways and not expect any fixings."

"Hiram Todd! Didn't I say after we got clear of that Anastasia Lee girl I'd never board another woman teacher? and then—Morton?"

"What of Morton?"

"Why, he's most seventeen. Who is she, anyway?" continued Mrs. Todd, discontentedly.

"I dunno. She lives in the county seat and has a first-class certificate. She has a boss recommend from the superintendent, too. Morton could go further and fare worse, but she won't look at him."

Mrs. Todd sniffed again. She did not continue the subject, for Morton came in just then, having distributed the mail among the neighbors.

May was drawing to a close. School had been in session a month. The new teacher sat on the low piazza in a low chair. Morton sat on the floor at her feet.

The cows were milked and the kindling split. It was too dark inside to read and not dark enough for a lamp; besides, it was so pleasant outside. They discussed the gossip of the neighborhood until the night settled.

"I don't know how we got along before you came," said the boy in a sentimental tone, leaning back so as his head almost rested against her and looking up into her face.

"I am glad if I have brought you any happiness," she replied, cordially.

"Now, if you will bring the book that lies on the table in my room I will light the sitting-room lamp. The mosquitoes are getting troublesome out here."

As she read "Wake Robin" aloud in softly modulated tones a new world opened to the boy.

Years after Morton Todd looked back from the chair of natural history in the state university to that evening as the impetus of his intellectual life, and feels glad his companion did not suspect what was then in his foolish young head.

The full June moon shone upon two walking slowly along the country road. A young man in gray jeans, trousers tucked in his boots, and the school teacher. She was going home from the

As the intelligent child developed with the opportunities given her the father's pride was unbounded.

"I'd never done it but for that teacher," he declared, and his heart warmed with gratitude for what she had done without knowing what more he wished her to do.

The housekeeper, who is still only a housekeeper, tosses her head when that summer's teacher is mentioned.

"She wanted to marry bad. Tried for every male critter in the district, from Mort Todd to Barnes, but they all see through her."

And the teacher? Oh, she told her husband last night she was afraid she could never fulfill her engagement with him this winter.

"Every single man in the district had to be nipped in the bud."

BALL-PLAYING WITH CORPSES.

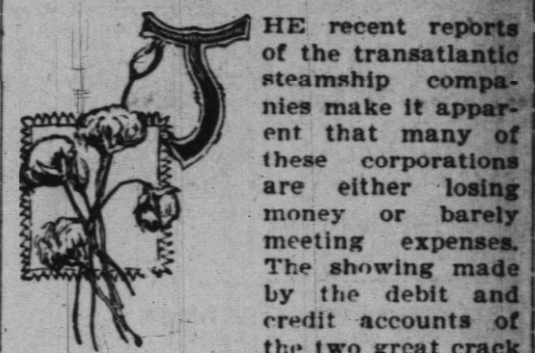
Medical Students at University of Michigan Amuse Themselves.

A special from Ann Arbor says: Since the faculty of the University of Michigan established a press censorship over the character of news student reporters should send out the local papers have had a press correspondent in the university town and have learned that not half of the medical student outrages have ever been told. To-day it was developed that less than two months ago the medicals had a game of ball which for gruesomeness has not a published parallel. The tutor was a little late and the students proposed a game of ball, in which three of the cadavers should serve as basemen, a sponge wet with human blood be the ball and the dismembered arm of a cadaver the bat. The pitcher used both hands in throwing the ball and so wildly hilarious did the sport run that whenever the umpire gave an unpopular decision he was made the target of the blood-soaked sponge. The description of that game is too horrifying even to be told, although it lasted nearly a half hour and it ended by the umpire being driven from the room, clubbed out by the human arm bat and the sponge ball. Of course the medical faculty try to throw discredit upon the story, but more than a half dozen participants have acknowledged that they took part in the game. The press censorship has thus far been a gloomy failure and the horrible brutality of the medical students is being more and more commented upon by the town people every day.

SECOR A WIZZARD, TOO

INVENTOR EDISON HAS A NEW RIVAL.

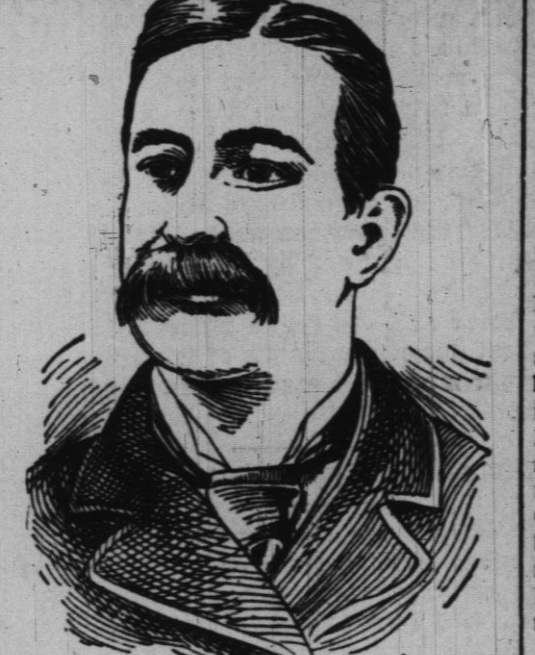
John A. Secor Promises to Revolutionize Transatlantic Navigation with His New System of Propulsion—Neither Steam nor Electricity.



HE recent reports of the transatlantic steamship companies make it appear that many of these corporations are either losing money or barely meeting expenses. The showing made by the debit and credit accounts of the two great crack "flyers" is decidedly discouraging in this so-called age of steam. It is painfully evident that these ships carry too much coal back and forward between New York and Queenstown. More than half of the available space in the interior of the Campania and the Lucania, for example, is occupied by the machinery and boilers, in addition to which 3,000 to 3,500 tons of dead weight in the shape of coal has to be carried out of the port of departure. So little space is left for merchandise and passengers that the ships cannot be made self-supporting. Such is the explanation made by the engineers. The mind of a Jules Verne can very readily imagine a time at which (if the dumping of coal ashes into the Atlantic continues) a caseway will be formed between Sandy Hook and Rouse's Point!

The dream of scientists and engineers—of Edison and Tesla, especially—is the direct conversion of fuel into electricity, which they expect to reconver into a propulsive mechanical force. Such a dream is now realized by John A. Secor, who has attained the direct conversion of fuel into a propelling force sufficient to move vessels without intermediate transformation. The writer recently saw the latest Secor boat propelled by the direct combustion of fuel. This craft had no screw, paddle, boiler or steam engine, and it is within the bounds of truth to say that the control over the machinery far surpassed that of any steam engine in existence. A party of engineers were seated in the boat, and it was propelled up Newton Creek by its own engine. Stated in its simplest form, the Secor system consists in the use of several inclosed cylinders, into which are introduced a mixture of air and atomized fuel, which, being automatically ignited, is discharged directly against the external water at the stern of the vessel. The instantaneous explosion of the gases drives the vessel forward in the water just as a rocket is elevated in the air. The explosions, under perfect control, are produced with a regularity and average 300 per minute.

The commercial revolution likely to be effected by the success of this direct system of propulsion will be as great as that following the original introduction of steam. The economy of the system is so great and the bulk of the fuel to



JOHN A. SECOR.

be carried so small in proportion to that of coal that a tremendous reduction in the carrying rates must follow. Sailing vessels will be fitted with auxiliary engines that can be started at a minute's notice. The adoption of the Secor system will be of vast pecuniary value to the people of New York State, for the reason that no necessity will exist for deepening or widening the canals, as recommended by the recent constitutional convention, because the absence of any propeller or paddle will obviate the wash and consequent destruction to the banks. The Standard Oil Company and the bulls of Wall Street have been making use of the completion of the Secor system and a consequently largely increased use of petroleum to rapidly advance the price of oil.

Washington and Talleyrand.

There were many men to whom it was permitted to look upon the two greatest men of recent history, Washington and Napoleon. M. le Marquis de Talleyrand-Perigord was not one of this number, though he visited America. In 1794 Talleyrand, having been already exiled from France, was warned to quit England within twenty-four hours. He fled to America. Apparently in Falmouth he met an American general, of whom he begged letters of introduction before starting. With a melancholy smile the general said: "I am, perhaps, the only American who cannot give you letters for his own country. All the relations I had there are broken and I must never return to the states."

It was Benedict Arnold.

Talleyrand did, however, get a letter from Lord Lansdowne, who was acting in opposition to the Pitt government.

Arriving in Philadelphia, Talleyrand sent his letter to Washington, who replied in a note marked by extreme courtesy of phrase that he was unable to see Talleyrand for reasons of a political nature, which he would readily understand. He had no intention of paying to a political refugee honors which might be distasteful to both England and France. In his memoirs Talleyrand makes no mention of this incident, but he has his revenge by telling about the landlord in Machias, Me., who had, he said, never seen Washington.

"If you should go to Philadelphia," I went on, says Talleyrand, "you will be pleased to see this great man."

"No doubt I shall; but," he added,

with beaming eyes, "I should very much like to see Mr. Bingham, the man who, they say, is so rich!"

Napoleon himself, who was never in America, has left on record far kinder, as well as more numerous, references to Washington than his knavish minister.

ON RAFTING LOGS.

A Third Experiment is to Be Attempted at Stella, Wash.

Despite previous failures Pacific coast lumbermen are still trying to raft logs in the Pacific ocean. It is stated that a raft is now nearing completion at Stella, Wash., which will be started down the Columbia river en route to the sea about the middle of June, when the favorable weather permit to that period is expected to permit the enterprise to terminate successfully. The raft will contain 400,000 lineal feet, or 6,000,000 feet board measure. It will be 525 feet in length, 52 feet wide, 30 feet in depth and will draw between 20 and 21 feet of water. The two previous experiments with log rafts, costing \$40,000, were failures, the rafts going to pieces before they had fairly cleared the mouth of the Columbia river, and their floating debris proved a menace to shipping, and if the present experiment does not succeed steps will probably be taken to prevent repetition. Could logs be rafted to mills down the coast it would be a great thing, but the chances are so great against the plan that it will probably never be a common method of log transportation on the Pacific coast.

EUROPE'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Christina Has a Daughter on Each of the Principal Thrones.

Christina, queen of Denmark, who is known as the mother-in-law of all Europe, because of her ability to make matrimonial matches, is also responsi-



CHRISTINA, OF DENMARK.

ble for the betrothal of Prince Albert of Sax Coburg Gotha to Wilhelmina, queen of the Netherlands. Christina is mother of the czarina of Russia, Emma of Holland, the princess of Wales and empress of Germany. Through her industry as a husband-hunter for her daughters, she has in this way been able to hold the peace of Europe in her own palm, as it were. Wilhelmina of Netherlands is her grand-daughter.

Gladstone and the Languages.

In addition to a scholarly and critical knowledge of Greek and Latin, Mr. Gladstone is almost as well versed in French and Italian as he is in English. His familiarity with the latter language won a tribute from the Italian ambassador to England, who, after a three hours' conversation with the ex-premier in the Tuscan tongue, admitted that Mr. Gladstone had not hesitated a moment for a word, or used any but the right word in the right place. Mr. Gladstone is still busy with general literature. He expects soon to have ready for the publisher an edition of Bishop Butler's works, with full annotations.

Eugenie as Empress.

A great many portraits of ex-Empress Eugenie of France have been published in this country within the past twenty years, but none of them convey an idea of what the original really looks like. This is especially so since it is given out that she has never sat before a camera since a few months before, with Napoleon III, she abdicated the throne of France to the Republicans. The portrait printed herewith



EX-EMPERESS EUGENIE.

was painted prior to the fall of Paris and is still among the treasures of Tullieries.

To Rescue Neufeldt.

James J. Coyle, of Pomona, Cal., is planning an expedition up the Nile to the Soudan country to rescue Dr. John Neufeldt, the Austrian prisoner of the Khalifa, with whom he served in the Soudan under Gordon. Coyle is a native of England, and when 17 years of age became attached to a corps of Royal Civil Engineers in the military service of Egypt. He lived in Alexandria several years, and spent seven years in the Nile region and one season in Khartoum. He has traveled several times across the Sahara Desert. Coyle is now a hotel-keeper at Pomona. Every dollar of his profits has been saved for the expenses of his proposed expedition.

A NEW VERSION OF TRILBY.

Mickey Gives the Boys His Opinion of the Plot of the Story.

"Say, Mickey, wot's trilby?"

"Hully gee! Trilby ain't a nawthin'. Trilby's a dame. Why don't yer read, Jimmy?"

"Well, den, who's Trilby?"

"Oh, youse fellows make me tired. Youse don't know nawthin'. I read de book up at de doctor's. Trilby was a dame wot wuz bro't up in de fourt' ward in Paris. Her old man wuz a preacher, but got ter hittin' de bottle too lively an' her old lady slung gin in a joint. Dey got stuck on each other and hitched up, but de booze got de best of dem and dey croaked in Paris and left two kids. De girl was Trilby, but de boy kid don't cut no ice in de story. De girl was a dandy, and some painter bloke got stuck on her shape and made a model of her to drawer from. Den dey all got a-paintin' her and makin' chalk images of her left foot er something, and so she met three English guys who wuz in Paris learnin' paintin'. There wuz a big bloke—bigger'n Corbett, and a Scotch mug and a little dude. Of course, Trilby's old man bein' English, she fell right in wid dis push, and soon she wuz mendin' deff socks and right to home wid dem.

"Bimeby de big bloke got spoony, but youse kids can't understand that part of it. Anyway, the little dude wuz the winner. Dat's just like de wimmin; dey don't know when dey got a good thing. If she'd made a play fer the big guy I think he'd a flew the coop wid her and den de story wouldn't ha' been rittin'. But the kid was the winner, as I sed, but she gev him de marble heart, because she know'd she'd been sittin' round wid the painters and his folks mightn't like it. So den a dago wot wuz a great musician got in wid de gang, and of course he got stuck on Trilby, too. He wasn't no good except for playin' the pianer and wuz always pullin' some one's leg and wouldn't give anyone the glad hand when she was fool enough to cough up—well, anyway, when the kid told her he'd skip if she didn't marry him she weakened and said all right.

"Den de kid's ma cum over from London and put de blinkers on the whole racket and made Trilby fire him, see? Den de dude took sick and de dame went on de bum for awhile, when she met de dago and he mesmerized her, same as de bloke did does guys up at de museum last week, and hully gee! how she could sing when she was asleep—no, I mean when she was under his influence. Well, in a few years she made a big hit all over Europe and come to London, and wot d'yer think? De night she was to make her daboo—dat means her first appearance, see?—didn't de dago drop ded in de box, scared t' death of the big fellow I wuz tellin' yer about wot wuz struck on Trilby in Paris, who wuz in the theater dat night. Gee, den dere wuz fun! She couldn't sing a little bit, because de dago wuzn't dere to mesmerize her, and she got sick and de little dude got sick; but anyway dey both croaked. But youse couldn't tumble to dat part of the story. If youse could read and understand dere's lots I couldn't tell about dat would make yer leak even if you wuz tuff. The big feller wuz a corker, and de kid wuz a game one, too, but yer can't phase wimmin. My Maag is jest de same way. Hully gee!

Division of Time.

The Chinese divide the day into twelve parts of two hours each. The Italians reckon twenty-four hours round, instead of two divisions of twelve hours each, as we do.

Take Parker's Ginger Tonic home with you. You will find it to exceed your expectations in treating colds, and many ills, aches and weaknesses.

Pride is never so effectually put to the blush as when it finds itself contrasted with an easy but dignified humility.

Pain is not conducive to pleasure, especially when occasioned by corns. Blisters-corns will please you, for it removes them perfectly.

When people see your name constantly in the paper they begin to believe they know you; and it is but a short step from acquaintance to patronage.

HEREDITARY NEEDLES.

A Possibility That It May at Some Time Affect Life Insurance.

Needles have never been supposed to be hereditary, but a recent case reported by a physician of eminence offers undoubted evidence to the contrary. A lady accidentally ran a needle into her foot thirty years ago, and it lay apparently dormant in her system for so many years that its existence was almost forgotten. In 1878 she was married, and a year after the birth of her infant daughter, the needle made its appearance in the infant's shoulder. There could be no doubt it was the original needle by which the mother had been attacked in 1850, for it was of a peculiar and now obsolete pattern, and the mother distinctly remembered that needles of that pattern were in use at the time of her attack. There can be no doubt that the infant inherited the needle from her mother and that henceforth physicians will expect to find a natural tendency to needles in the tissues. As it is asserted that people have died from needles, although there are very few such cases on record, the insurance companies will doubtless add to the questions which they put to candidates for insurance: "Did your father or mother ever swallow needles, and, if so, how many, and of what kind—sewing, darning, or carpet?"

Another Idiotic Wager.

The man Durang, who recently won a wager that he would pose in full military uniform as a statue for twenty-eight days, with only one hour's rest per day, has now made another singular bet. He has now entered into an agreement to repose for the same length of time in a coffin, with but one hour's relaxation a day.

Pisciculture.

Pisciculture is by no means a new art. It has been practiced for ages by the Chinese and the Egyptians knew something of it.

Three Rules for Good Reading.

First: Finish every word. I use the phrase in the sense of a watchmaker or jeweler. The difference between two articles, which at a little distance look much the same, all lies in the finish. Every wheel in a watch must be thoroughly finished; and so every word in a sentence must be completely and carefully pronounced. This will make reading both pleasant and audible. Careful pronunciation is more important than noise. Some time ago I heard a person make a speech in a large hall; he spoke distinctly and I heard every word; unfortunately, he became warm in his subject, and spoke loudly and energetically, and immediately his speech became an inarticulate noise. Secondly: Do not drop the voice at the end of the sentence. Simple as this rule may seem, it is one most necessary to enforce, if the whole of a sentence be audible except the conclusion, a series of intelligible portions interspersed with blanks. Confusion, of necessity, attaches to the whole. Thirdly: Always read from a full chest. Singers know well the importance, indeed, the necessity, of taking breath at proper places. The same thing is important for reading.

A Fine Harvest.

Awaits investors in wheat, who buy now, as wheat is at the present price a splendid purchase. The drought of 1881 sent wheat up to \$1.44. Wheat will soon be \$1. You can speculate through the reliable commission house of Thomas & Co., Rialto Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Only small margin required. Write to that firm for manual on successful speculation and Daily Market Report. Free.

How is Your Blood?

If it is poor and thin and lacking in the number and quality of those red corpuscles, you are in danger of sickness from disease germs and the enervating effect of warm weather. Purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. The great blood-purifier which has proved its merit by a record of cures unequalled in medical history. With pure, rich blood you will be well and strong. Do not neglect this important matter, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla now.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE. At Druggists, 50c & \$1. Advice & Pamphlet free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

HIGHEST AWARD
WORLD'S FAIR.

IMPERIAL GRANUM
IS
THE BEST
PREPARED
FOOD
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

WANTED.

RELIABLE MEN to sell complete line of choice Nursery Stock. Big line of specialties. Salary or commission. Experience not necessary. Special inducements to beginners now. Write at once for terms, stating age.

THE R. C. CHASE COMPANY,
GENEVA, N. Y.

Second-Hand Lumber

From World's Fair Building. Complete Barn. Complete Hardware. Complete Carpentry. Complete Milling. Complete Sawing. Complete Shingling. Complete Roofing. Complete Siding. Complete Ornamental Figures. All kinds of lumber. Write us for estimate.

Columbian Exposition Salvage Company. Exclusive Purchasers. World's Fair Building. Office, Service Bldg., Jackson Park, Chicago.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Prevents itching and dandruff. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Restores color to faded hair. Cures scalp disease and hair falling. 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

LITTLE GIANT LAMP HOLDER

No more Giant Lamps. Fits any lamp with a standard. Sent free by mail with circulars for 35 Cents. Agents: Wm. C. Sullivan & Co., Specialists, 275, 28, Skaneateles, N. Y.

PATENTS, TRADE MARKS

Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent." PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D. C.

WANTED—LADY AGENTS

In every town to sell our Lady Medicines; used ten years in physicians' private practice. Address, stating experience, Box 184, A. SPINDEL & CO., Topeka, Kansas.

BLOOD POISON

A SPECIALTY

Primary Secondary BLAHOOD POISON permanently cured in 15 to 30 days. Can be treated at home for same price under same guarantee. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fares and board on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out. It is this Secondary BLOOD POISON we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always defied the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address: CODE REMEDY CO., 307 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.

Cut out and send this advertisement.

HALF FARE

To Chattanooga and Return for the Epworth League Convention in June.

On June 25th, 26th and 27th, 1895, the Monon Route will sell tickets at rate of one fare for the round trip from all points on its line to Chattanooga and return on account of the Second International Conference of the Epworth League.

The day trains of the Monon route both via Louisville and Cincinnati carry parlor cars and dining cars, serving meals same as at a first-class cafe.

The evening trains carry luxurious palace sleeping cars from Chicago to Cincinnati or Louisville. The sleeping car rate from Chicago to the Ohio river, or from the Ohio river to Chattanooga, is \$2 per berth, whether occupied by one or two persons.

Parties wishing to view the mountain scenery of the South should leave Chicago on the evening trains, so as to make the trip from Cincinnati or Louisville to Chattanooga by daylight, arriving at Chattanooga for supper.

Those wishing to visit Mammoth cave should leave Chicago at 5:32 p. m., arriving at Louisville for breakfast, and at the cave for dinner, remaining at the cave until next morning, leaving at 9 o'clock, and arriving at Chattanooga for supper.

The side trip from Glasgow Junction to Mammoth cave will cost but \$1.25; hotel bill and cave fees will be very reasonable. The guides go into the cave between 2 and 3 o'clock p. m., and at 8 o'clock in the evening, thus giving those who wish a chance to make two trips in the cave same day.

Further information, with time tables, maps and pamphlets, will be furnished on application to any agent of the Monon route, or by addressing Frank J. Reed, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Coin's Financial School.

Do you want to understand the science of money? It is plainly told in Coin's Financial Series. Every one has surely heard of W. H. Harvey, the author of "Coin's Financial School," "A Tale of Two Nations," etc.

"Coin's Financial School," by W. H. Harvey, 150 pages and 66 illustrations. Cloth, \$1; paper, 25 cts.

"Up to Date—Coin's Financial School Continued," by W. H. Harvey; 200 pages and 50 illustrations. Cloth, \$1; paper, 25 cts.

"Chapters on Silver," by Judge Henry G. Miller, of Chicago. Paper only, 25 cts.

"A Tale of Two Nations," by W. H. Harvey; 302 pages. Cloth, \$1; paper, 25 cts.

"Coin's Hand Book," by W. H. Harvey; 46 pages; 10 cents. "Bi-Metallism and Monometallism," by Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, Ireland; 25 cents.

Our special offer: For \$1 we will furnish the entire series of six books as above enumerated.

In ordering the series as per above offer, say "Set No. 2 of 6 Books." Address George Currier, Gen. Agt., 194 So. Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.

Denver, 1895.

On account of the National Educational Association meeting at Denver, Col., July 5th to 12th, the Chicago Great Western Railway will sell excursion tickets at one first-class fare, plus \$2.00 for the round trip. Tickets on sale July 4th, 5th and 6th, and on the 7th for trains arriving in St. Joseph or Kansas City on that date. Tickets good returning until Sept. 1, 1895.

This popular line has arranged to run through cars complete with every modern convenience, to accommodate its patrons.

Call upon ticket agents of this company for information, berth reservations, etc.

F. H. LORD, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

Something Worth Knowing.

The Chicago Great Western railway Maple Leaf route has secured a number of new, compartment sleeping cars which will be put in service May 29th. These are the finest cars turned out by the Pullman company and will make the equipment of this road the best in the west.

Tourist tickets on sale by this route to all points. Chicago city office, 115 Adams street. F. H. Lord, general passenger and ticket agent, rooms 290 and 210 Quincy Building, corner Clark and Jackson streets, Chicago, Ill.

Epworth League, Chattanooga.

The route to Chattanooga over the Louisville & Nashville Railroad is via Mammoth Cave, America's Greatest Natural Wonder. Specially low rates made for hotel and cave fees to holders of Epworth League tickets. Through Nashville, the location of Vanderbilt University, the pride of the Methodist Church, and along the line between Nashville and Chattanooga where many of the most famous battles of the war were fought. Send for maps of the route from Cincinnati, Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis, and particulars as to rates, etc., to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or J. K. Ridgely, N. W. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

The Honorable Samuel W. Allerton, of Chicago, is enthusiastic on the subject of Hot Springs, South Dakota. He writes as follows:

Fred T. Evans, Esq., Proprietor The Evans, Hot Springs, South Dakota. My Dear Sir—I believe that when the American people know of the great curative power of your springs for rheumatism, that you will have to build more hotels, the climate is so much better than Hot Springs, Ark. Yours truly, SAMUEL W. ALLERTON.

The C., B. & Q. R. R. have just published a pamphlet descriptive of the hot springs, and copies can be had free by addressing P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

To Keep Tack Off Tires.

The newest puncture-proof band for use on cycles is made of strips of whalebone inserted between the air tube and the outer cover.

For Whooping Cough, PISO's Cure is a successful remedy. No. 15, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, LITTLE ROCK, N. Y., Nov. 14, 94.

THE SCOTCH PATRIOT.

EARLIER STRUGGLES OF MME. NELLIE MELBA.

She Made Her First Appearance as a Singer in Australia and Subsequently Went to Paris—Then Followed Six Years of Unequaled Success.



MME. MELBA (Mrs. Armstrong), wife of Captain Francis Armstrong, of England, has won, within the last six years, the highest distinction in Paris, Brussels, London, Milan and the chief American cities. She is of Scotch descent and was born in Australia. At a very early age she began the study of the piano-forte with her mother, who was an amateur of ability. Later she continued her studies under professional teachers, taking a course on the organ and also in harmony and composition, thus securing the groundwork of a thorough musical education, which must have proved of inestimable value after she began her career as a singer. When about twelve years old it was discovered that nature had endowed her with a voice of unusual beauty, and after having taken a few vocal lessons in Australia she accepted the advice of friends and went to Paris, where she placed herself under the tuition of the famous Mme. Marchesi. Notwithstanding the objections interposed by her father, Mr. Mitchell (who was one of the commissioners of the Melbourne exposition), a lyric career became inevitable, and upon the completion of her studies with Mme. Marchesi she made her debut on



MME. MELBA.

Oct. 15, 1887, under the name of Melba, as Gilda in "Rigoletto" at the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels. So immediate and brilliant was her success that the intendant, who had arranged for a single performance only, engaged her for a term, and she appeared as Lakme, Violetta, Ophelia and Lucia. Subsequently Sir Augustus Harris engaged her for Covent Garden, and in the season of 1888 she made her debut in England in "Lucia," with a success well remembered by all opera-going Londoners. Then followed another long engagement in Brussels, after which she returned to Paris, and having studied under the composer the part of the heroine in Ambrose Thomas' "Hamlet," she made her appearance at the Grand Opera in the character of Ophelia, which was successfully repeated eight times and enthusiastically praised by the French critics. Mme. Melba next studied in the role of Juliette, with the assistance of Gounod, and appeared in that character in London in June, 1889, with Jean de Reszke in his favorite part of Romeo. In the winter of that year she was the favorite prima donna of the Grand Opera at Paris, where she sang the roles of Marguerite, Juliette, Ophelia, Lucia and Gilda. The latest assumptions of Mme. Melba in Goring Thomas' opera of that name, Elsie in Wagner's "Lohengrin" and the title role in "Elaine," composed by M. Benberg expressly for her, to whom, by the way, and to Jean de Reszke, the work is dedicated. Mention should also be made of Mme. Melba's beautiful interpretation of the part of Michaela in "Carmen," Mme. Melba's phenomenal success at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and in Boston and Chicago during the last two seasons is too well known to require more than a word of mention. Her triumphs on the concert stage have fully equaled those in the opera. Her voice is of a remarkably pure, beautiful and sympathetic quality, with a very extensive range, the tone being crystalline in its clearness. It is perfectly even throughout the register and her vocalization, in the purest Italian style, is almost unrivaled in fluency and may safely said to be faultless.

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There are two ropes, three hundred and twenty yards long, leading to the mountain. An engine works the ropes, which are able to sustain a weight of seventy tons. The transit from the town to the station occupies scarcely five minutes, where formerly it took a whole day. On the general principle of the carriage line that delivers parcels and change in stores, an effective and rapid means of transit between various points may be secured. The rope-tramway idea is yet in its infancy, but before another ten years have passed this invention will be utilized to connect buildings of all sorts. It would be of untold value could a simple rope and basket be so arranged that one might pass from house to out-buildings regardless of snow, storm or rain, stepping from one sheltered entry at the house to another at the barn without coming in contact with the ground. The time and need are here, and only await the inventive genius who shall put these into practical operation.

THOMAS C. PLATT.

The Man Who is Said to Make and Unmake Governors and Presidents.

Thomas Collier Platt, New York's famous republican politician, was born in Owego, that state, in 1833. He matriculated at Yale college, but on account of failing health left there before graduation to enter upon a commercial career. He became conspicuous as a successful operator in banking and lumber enterprises. In 1872 and 1874 he was elected to congress from Owego. In 1881 he was chosen to succeed Francis Kernan in the United States senate. His service in the senate was, however, of short duration. He at once fell into the friendship of Roscoe Conkling. When President Garfield saw fit to rebuke Senator Conkling by giving the New York patronage to the anti-Conkling republicans, both New York senators resigned their seats, but not

Several Herds of Buffalo. And thousands of elk, deer, etc., are to be found in the Yellowstone Park. It is the only place where the buffalo can be found to-day, so mercifully have they been slaughtered. They are gone from the plains and prairies, and the remnant now left can thank the United States Government for the privilege of living. The Yellowstone Park is their home and there they are safe. The Park is patrolled by soldiers both Summer and Winter to capture poachers and offenders and severe punishment is meted out to intruders. In summer the buffalo range in the highlands, near Yellowstone Lake. In winter they work over into Hayden Valley and surrounding country, where the hot springs and waters keep the snow melted away. Deer and elk range over the entire Yellowstone Park. Thus besides the great marvels of nature met with in this wonderful land, there are also the finest specimens of our large game. Tame and docile, they fear not man. Sketches of Wonderland, an illustrated book published by the Northern Pacific Railroad, describes this Wonderland. It will be sent by Chas. S. Fee, the Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn., upon receipt of six cents in stamps.

Change of Time on the "Big Four Route." New Train to Cincinnati and Washington, D. C.—Commencing Sunday, May 26, the Big Four Route will in addition to their regular service put on a new train leaving Chicago daily at 12 o'clock noon, arriving at Indianapolis 6:10 p. m., Cincinnati 9:05 p. m., connecting direct with the Washington express on the Chesapeake & Ohio Ry., arriving at Washington, D. C., next day at 3:45 p. m., Baltimore 4:54 p. m. This will be an elegant electric-lighted vestibuled train with parlor, sleeping and dining car service. Take this train for Washington and the cool summer resorts of the Alleghany and Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia and the sea shore. Send for tourist rates and time cards. Depots Twelfth and Park Row, Twenty-second street, Thirty-ninth street and Fifty-third street (Hyde Park). City ticket office, 234 Clark street.

Nature has her immutable laws. If a man does not exercise his blood becomes sluggish. Neglect to advertise has the same effect on trade.

J. S. PARKER, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Shall not call on you for the \$100 reward, for I believe Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Twenty-three hundred and seventy-two employes are engaged in handling the annual output of Chicago's post-office.

Without hope of being re-elected by the legislature then in session. They were disappointed, however, for the legislature chose their successors shortly afterward. Conkling, broken-hearted, retired to private life and four years later died. Not so with Platt. He became president of the United States Express Co., and has managed to cut a wide swath in state politics. He managed the gubernatorial campaign for Levi P. Morton last year and now has charge



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A NEW JAPANESE MAGAZINE.

It is Devoted to Serious Subjects and Contains Some English Pages.

The publication has just begun in Japan of a new monthly magazine, entitled the Sun. It describes itself as a monthly review of politics, economics, science, literature and art, says the New York World. The Sun is evidently designed to attract the attention of English-speaking people. Although the principal part of the reading matter is Japanese, there are several pages of English notes and the first page, containing the title and the table of contents of the entire magazine is in English. The notes in that language principally relate to incidents in the late war. Nearly all the Japanese articles are based on or refer to the war. It is natural that the minds of writers should be filled with that event. The leading articles in the third issue are: "Or the Conquest of China," by Ki Merkai; "A New Field in the Literary World," by Iwai Onishi; "Education: After the Invasion," by Nangaku Fujisawa; "On War," by Kijoomi Chikami; "International Law and the Safety of the Army," by Sankura Husakabe. Some other subjects dealt with are: "The Relation of Buddhism and the Fine Arts," "A Line of Demarcation Between Belles-Lettres and History" and "The No Dance."

Poetry, the drama, law, religion, medicine and fiction are discussed. The Sun evidently aspires to be as serious a magazine as any which this country or Europe possesses. Its class would be that of the North American Review and Nineteenth Century. Judging by the list of contents, it contains an enormous quantity of matter. The publisher appears to be Hakubunwaa of Honcho Sanchoe, Tokio.

Several Herds of Buffalo.

And thousands of elk, deer, etc., are to be found in the Yellowstone Park. It is the only place where the buffalo can be found to-day, so mercifully have they been slaughtered.

They are gone from the plains and prairies, and the remnant now left can thank the United States Government for the privilege of living. The Yellowstone Park is their home and there they are safe.

The Park is patrolled by soldiers both Summer and Winter to capture poachers and offenders and severe punishment is meted out to intruders.

In summer the buffalo range in the highlands, near Yellowstone Lake. In winter they work over into Hayden Valley and surrounding country, where the hot springs and waters keep the snow melted away. Deer and elk range over the entire Yellowstone Park. Thus besides the great marvels of nature met with in this wonderful land, there are also the finest specimens of our large game. Tame and docile, they fear not man. Sketches of Wonderland, an illustrated book published by the Northern Pacific Railroad, describes this Wonderland. It will be sent by Chas. S. Fee, the Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn., upon receipt of six cents in stamps.

Change of Time on the "Big Four Route."

New Train to Cincinnati and Washington, D. C.—Commencing Sunday, May 26, the Big Four Route will in addition to their regular service put on a new train leaving Chicago daily at 12 o'clock noon, arriving at Indianapolis 6:10 p. m., Cincinnati 9:05 p. m., connecting direct with the Washington express on the Chesapeake & Ohio Ry., arriving at Washington, D. C., next day at 3:45 p. m., Baltimore 4:54 p. m. This will be an elegant electric-lighted vestibuled train with parlor, sleeping and dining car service. Take this train for Washington and the cool summer resorts of the Alleghany and Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia and the sea shore. Send for tourist rates and time cards. Depots Twelfth and Park Row, Twenty-second street, Thirty-ninth street and Fifty-third street (Hyde Park). City ticket office, 234 Clark street.

Nature has her immutable laws. If a man does not exercise his blood becomes sluggish. Neglect to advertise has the same effect on trade.

J. S. PARKER, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Shall not call on you for the \$100 reward, for I believe Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Twenty-three hundred and seventy-two employes are engaged in handling the annual output of Chicago's post-office.

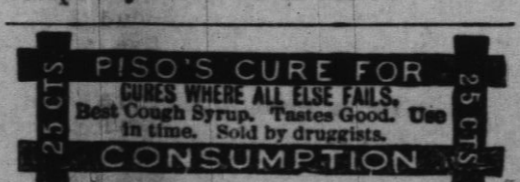


KNOWLEDGE

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

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

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



Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

"Golf" It Is. A Scotch golfer of twenty years' standing writes: "I am greatly pained to hear the name of the royal and ancient game habitually mispronounced by novices in England, who persist in sounding the letter T in the word, although on every green, 'from John o' Groats to Airlie,' it remains silent in the mouth of player and caddy alike. It would be as correct to accutate the 'I' in 'call' or 'half' as in 'golf,' which, by the way, is actually spelled 'goff,' and sometimes 'gowf,' in the old burgh records. Can you do anything to set the playing public right in this matter?"

Private O'Gready was brought up for disobedience. The evidence of the witnesses was taken, and Private O'Gready sentenced to be confined to barracks for eight days, which meant he would lose a good-conduct badge.

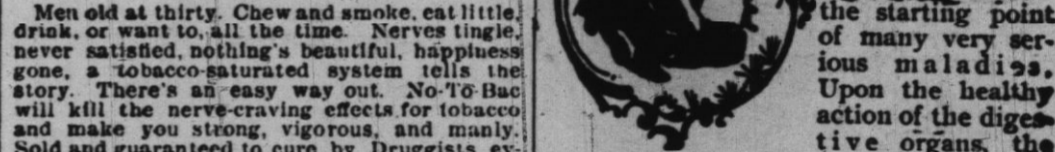
Seeing the colonel entering his punishment in the guard report, he noticed that the pen would not write, on which he exclaimed: "Jist try if it will make a seven!"

Needless to say the colonel substituted the seven for eight, thereby saving O'Gready's badge.

Nicotized Nerves. Men old at thirty. Chew and smoke, eat little, drink, or want to, all the time. Nerves tingling, never satisfied, nothing's beautiful, happiness gone, a tobacco-saturated system tells the story. There's an easy way out. No-To-Bac will kill the nerve-craving effects for tobacco and make you strong, vigorous, and manly. Sold and guaranteed to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

Regards of Expense. A number of years ago, during a revival of religion in a rural district, an old-fashioned Methodist exhorter led the meetings, and for originality and excitability hardly had his match. On one occasion he astonished the large gathering of worshippers by saying in his long and loud exhortation: "O Lord, back up what I am asking for and come right down through the roof. I am a carpenter and will nail on the shingles again."

blood depends for its richness and purity. If digestion stops, poisonous matter accumulates and is forced into the blood—there is no place else for it to go. The bad breath is a danger signal. Look out for it! If you have it, or any other symptom of indigestion, take a bottle or two of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It will straighten out the trouble, make your blood pure and healthy and full of nutriment for the tissues.



W. N. U. CHICAGO, VOL. X, NO. 25

When Answering Advertisements, Kindly Mention this Paper.

Very Latest Styles May Manton. 25 Cent Patterns for 10 Cents. When the Coupon Below is Sent. Also One Cent Additional for Postage.

Coupon. THIS COUPON sent with an order for one or any of the above 25 cent patterns is credited as 25 cents on each pattern ordered, making each pattern cost only 10 cents. One cent extra for postage for each pattern. Give number of inches waist measure for skirts and number of inches bust measure for waists. Address, COUPON PATTERN COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. Lock Box 747.

Columbia Bicycles. \$100. COLUMBIAS are the product of the oldest and best equipped bicycle factory in America, and are the result of eighteen years of successful striving to make the best bicycles in the world. 1895 Columbias are lighter, stronger, handsomer, more graceful than ever—ideal machines for the use of those who desire the best that's made. HARTFORD BICYCLES cost less—\$80, \$60. They are the equal of many other higher-priced makes, though. POPE MFG. CO. General Offices and Factories, HARTFORD. BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO, PROVIDENCE, BUFFALO.

Lake Shore and Southern Michigan's Southern Railway Service. 8:00 AM DAILY. 10:00 AM DAILY. 3:00 PM DAILY. To the Eastern Mountain, Lake and Seaside Resorts. Write for FULL INFORMATION. A. J. Smith (P.T.A.) Cleveland, Ohio. C. K. Wilber (W.P.A.) Chicago. A FORTUNE FOR ONE DOLLAR. Active Agents: THE ADISON LAND CO. 1212 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

CHICAGO'S THEATERS.

AMUSEMENT ATTRACTIONS FOR COMING WEEK.

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

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.—"Aladdin, Jr." with its brilliant record of 150 performances in every leading American city, closes its career this week at the Chicago Opera House, and is to be succeeded by a magnificent revival of "All Baba," which scored so tremendous a success in the season of 1892-93. Local theater-goers will be gratified at the prospect of seeing this splendid extravaganza once more, for it is, perhaps, the most entertaining of all the Hendersonian series. It is especially sumptuous in its scenic equipment, rich to the point of prodigality in costumes, bright and jolly in plot and incident, humorous in dialogue and situation, and musically very strong. Mr. Henderson was never known to do anything by halves, and he has no intention of abandoning the supremacy which he has gained by nine years of enterprise and good management. He easily outclasses all American managers in the spectacular and extravaganza field, and not even in London or Paris is he surpassed in the elaborate perfection of stage productions. Taken altogether the revival of "All Baba" is going to be a stunning affair—a veritable sensation of the first magnitude. The first performance will occur Monday night, June 24.

McVICKER'S THEATER.—"The Cotton King" is now in its sixth week at McVicker's Theater and prospering. The three hundredth performance in America and the sixtieth performance in Chicago will take place Tuesday evening June 25, on which occasion every lady attending will be presented with a handsome souvenir. "The Cotton King" will remain only two weeks longer at McVicker's Theater, closing an eight weeks engagement July 6. All those desirous of seeing this big melodramatic production will have to avail themselves before that time.

THE TROADERO.—The New Troadero, Battery D, Michigan Avenue and Madison street, will on Sunday evening June 30th, open with a high class vaudeville and concert entertainment. Refreshments will be served, bicycles checked and everything will be done to give Chicagoans a first class music hall. The manager will be Mr. Harry G. Sommers, treasurer of McVicker's Theater. This will in no way interfere with his present position. Due announcement will be made of the list of attractions secured for the opening week.

Other attractions for the week commencing June 24:
Schiller.....Little Robinson Crusoe
Hopkins.....Continuous performance
Frank Hall's Casino
.....Continuous performance
Masonic Temple Roof Garden
.....Vaudeville
'49 Mining Camp

FIGHT WITH AN ELEPHANT.

John F. Robinson Comes Very Near Being Killed.

John F. Robinson, the circus man, came near losing his life at Terrace park, Cincinnati, the other afternoon. As it was he had a desperate fight with that widely-known and wicked elephant, Cincy, and was badly injured. While his wounds are not liable to prove fatal, they will trouble him for some weeks to come. His escape from death was miraculous. During the past few weeks the animals of the Robinson circus have been sent to different parks of the country and Tuesday afternoon John Robinson prepared to ship Cincy to Starin, Glen Island, N. Y., for the summer. His car was waiting on the tracks of the Little Miami railroad. Cincy had killed six men in his day, but of late years he has been managed with little if any trouble. He allowed himself to be led to the car and appeared to be as docile as a lamb. Mr. Robinson had but one assistant, "Fatty" Eagles, who has charge of the animals. When the car was reached a severe storm broke, and for a moment Cincy trumpeted wildly and refused to move. Mr. Robinson used his hook, and as soon as he did the animal seized him about the waist with his trunk and hurled him some distance away. The huge elephant then started on a run for the operate man, intending to repeat the operation. Eagles followed and tried to stop the big animal, but without success. Just as Cincy reached Mr. Robinson, a sharp flash of lightning prevented the animal from seizing his victim. Mr. Robinson lost no time in getting as far away as possible, and had he not been an extraordinarily spry man he probably would not have lived to tell about it. Cincy went away on a dead run, and it was three hours before the brute was caught, chained and placed in a car. It took about twenty men to accomplish the feat, and Terrace park had more genuine excitement than has been seen there in many a year. Mr. Robinson was cut badly in several places and he suffered many painful bruises.

Trust Sculptors are Women.

Clio Hinton Huneker, who has been awarded the \$10,000 prize for her statue of Fremont, says of St. Gaudens, whose pupil she is: "He believes in the future of women, especially as sculptors. I have frequently heard him say that the truest artists in his class are women and that his principal object in taking the class is to afford women an opportunity to prove their genius."

Divorce in France.

Divorce has been legal in France now for eight years. The first year the number granted was 1,700, the second, 4,000; in 1894, it was 8,000; the total for eight years is 40,000. The working classes supply the largest proportion, 47 per cent; the peasants the smallest, 7 per cent.

Goldsmith's Fame.

Goldsmith's fame was grafted upon a boyhood of wholly unrecogized capabilities. "Never was so dull a boy," was the report of the relative who first undertook to teach him his letters.

What a Soldier Can Carry.

In accordance with the instructions of the German minister of war, Prof. Zuntz and Staff Surgeon Schumberg have made a series of experiments with regard to the weight that can be carried by soldiers on the march. Five students of a public institute volunteered as subjects for the two doctors, and always undertook their marches in full marching order. The marches were all of the same length, viz.: 24.75 kilometers (15 miles and 82 yards); the weight carried was varied, viz.: 22, 27 and 31 kilograms (48.2-5 pounds, 59.2-5 pounds and 63.1-5 pounds). The tests resulted as follows: (1) It was found that with 48 pounds and a moderate temperature a man could march the required distance, and even further, without any distress or ill effects whatever. In very hot and close weather slight inconvenience, such as very profuse perspiration, high pulse and hurried breathing were experienced; but these soon disappeared when the march was over. No bad effects remained the next day, so that such marches could advantageously be undertaken several days in succession. (2) With the next weight (59.2-5 pounds) during favorable weather no ill effects ensued; but in hot weather fatigue was produced, which was felt until the next day, so that the second day's march was begun under worse conditions than that of the first day. (3) With the third weight (63.1-5 pounds) the ill effects produced were decided. The tests gave distinct and definite results. It was found that several days' practice with the lightest burden (48.2-5 pounds) caused the carrying of it and the marching with it to become continually more easy and convenient, whereas practice with the heaviest burden reduced the inconvenience in hardly any degree. Many facts were established which will undoubtedly lead to modifications in certain details of heavy marching drill. In order to confirm the results obtained the experiments were repeated with several Landwehr and Reserve men, some of whom were out of military training, while others were in active service. The report given agreed with that on the institute students in every particular.

A Distributing Cart.

A most useful cart has been designed for distributing broken stone for building or repairing roads. The cart is mounted on four wheels, and is constructed as to run in a short space. The bottom of the cart slopes downward to the back, and the tailboard is hinged at its upper edge. The movement of the lower edge and the dependent width of opening is controlled by two adjusting chains and steel wings, which are attached to the sides of the cart at the tailboard, spreading the stone the full width between the wheels. The cart can be tilted at any desired angle by means of a rack and pinion, and held there, and this is found to be a great convenience in loading. As the stone falls from the rear of the cart, it is evoked by a scraper attached to the bottom of the tailboard, which can be especially adjusted according to the conditions of the road. This adjustment permits of the stone being spread thicker on one side than on the other, or of an extra thickness of stone being laid at the middle, as is usually required. The discharge can be regulated so as to cover a strip only half as wide as the cart, if need be. The cart is made in two sizes, to be hauled by two or three horses, respectively, the horses being harnessed abreast. The smaller size is five feet wide, has a capacity for one and one-half cubic yards of stone, and weighs 2,250 pounds when empty. The larger size is seven feet six inches wide, has a capacity of two and one-half cubic yards of stone, and weighs 2,750 pounds when empty. The rear wheels are five feet in diameter and six inches wide, and are mounted on a three-inch axle.

Splitting the Seconds.

What is termed a photochronograph has been devised by M. Lissandier for measuring minute intervals of time, especially for experimental work in physics in the laboratory. The instrument in question comprises a metal disk turning freely on an axis passing through its center, while the free end of the spring carries a needle point which bears against the disk, this spring being timed to give 500 vibrations per second. Such a rate is determined by so timing the spring that it vibrates between known vibrations of 400 and 522 periods per second. Any want of extreme accuracy in the determination of the intermediate point is not of great importance, as it can be shown that the difference only affects the fifth place of decimals of a single second. Of course, any variation in speed of the disk does not influence the number of vibrations of the spring. By means of a magnesium light, traces of the path of the spring are left upon a sensitive plate mounted on the disk.—New York Sun.

New Gun.

The French minister of war has just completed experiments with a gun which is guaranteed for 1,000 rounds. After 3,000 rounds with smokeless powder its rifling was found, it is said, in fair condition. A muzzle velocity of 3,000 feet per second is reported. Not only is the whole gun of hard-tempered steel, but it has a choke bore of such construction that as the projectile moves forward in the barrel the lands of the rifling become larger and closer, so that the copper forming the driving band is constantly set out. The escape of gas between the projectile and the walls of the gun and the consequent erosion of the gun are thus prevented.

Writing and Mental Condition.

The "Grafologia" of Dr. Lombroso, the eminent anthropologist, of Turin, which has been published in Milan, contains some very curious facts and observations on handwriting as an indication of the mental condition both in the sane and insane. One of the most important sections of the book is that devoted to the distinctive features of the running hand assumed by epileptics, lunatics and hypnotics.

It is said that the Chicago Telephone company will soon begin to replace the signal bells with flash lights from an electric lamp.

THE TARANTULA KILLER.

Giant Wasp That Stings the Spider to Death.

The tarantula is a large burrowing spider, which dwells in a shaft-like hole it sinks in the earth. Its appearance is most repulsive, and inspires anyone who examines it with a feeling of profound disgust. As it stands, it frequently covers an area as large as the palm of a man's hand, and over its body and legs there bristles a thick covering of red-brown hair. It may be said that its home is in many lands, but its greatest size is attained in tropical and semi-tropical countries. In the south of Europe, along the Mediterranean coast, it has been known for centuries as the "mad spider," because the symptoms following its bite are similar to those of hydrophobia. There are the peasantry, especially those of Sicily, regard it with mingled feelings of hate and superstitious dread. They will tell you that the only chance of recovery from its bite is for the patient to commence dancing without delay, and to continue until he falls senseless from exhaustion—a remedy which, ridiculous as it seems, has something to be said in its favor, when we know that the one danger to overcome is the tendency to sleep. As long as this can be successfully avoided the patient is in no danger; but if he gives way, and allows himself to fall into a stupor, then he is likely to succumb, even from the comparatively mild poison of the European variety. It is in the tropical countries of South America, however, where all forms of insect and vegetable life attain their highest development, that the great spider is most deadly. And farther north, in the province of Mexico, where it is quite as numerous, its poison is only a slight degree less dangerous. There we have met it everywhere and studied its habits. In the orange orchards, in the vineyards, and the open prairies, we have watched it attack enemies many times its own size and marvelled at the ease with which it overcame them. Even its own kind are not exempt from its fierce onslaught, and we remember once seeing a pair of them meet on the upturned root of a fig tree and fight a duel to death—the death of both. Of man it seems to have no fear whatever, and will attack without hesitation, either his hand or his foot, if they come within striking distance. In doing so it stands upon its four hind legs. It opens wide its enormous fangs until the mandibles protrude in a straight line from its face; then, with all the muscular force it is capable of launches itself forward, sinking them with a vicious thrust deep into the flesh of the enemy.

YOUTHFUL PRODIGES.

Wren Was One Whom Age Did Not Make Less Wonderful.

Sir Christopher Wren was a prodigy in youth, as in maturity, says Current Literature. Oughtred, the first mathematician of his day, declares in the preface to his great book that an ingenious boy, "Gentleman Commoner at Wadham," had enlarged the sciences of astronomy, statistics and mechanics by most brilliant discoveries, "praclaris in ventis." This was Wren at the age of 15. A year after that he had taken out a patent for an instrument to write with two pens at the same time; in the same year he was appointed demonstrating assistant on anatomy at Surgeon's hall. Wren lived to justify his early promise, but Dugald Stewart tells of a boy who, as he hoped, "would rival the fame of Sir Isaac Newton." This was the son of Count Puzostall. "I cannot help considering him," wrote the Scotch professor, "as the most extraordinary prodigy of intellectual endowment that has ever fallen under my knowledge." This is a great saying, indeed, from Dugald Stewart, who was not given to enthusiasm or to careless expression. Unfortunately we have no detailed information about the youth's requirements in later years; he died at 19 of general decay, apparently.

But Mr. Lemaître met him in his travels and published an account in 1896—the boy being then 5 years old. "He sits on a carpet surrounded by blocks, and when the gravest and most acute remarks fall from the lips of this little person a spirit seems to speak rather than a child and the fine expression which sparkles on his countenance tends to strengthen the idea." Among other tests Mr. Lemaître asked him to make a map of the Venetian empire, which he did with accuracy. Those competent to judge the fact will readily believe that the child of 5 years who performed it was an animated miracle. The French armies barred near every road in Europe to an English traveler at that date. Mr. Lemaître asked how he could get home without touching Hanoverian, French or Dutch territory; the child "instantly traced on the globe the single road remaining open." I is well for this gentleman's credit that Dugald Stewart's evidence long afterward makes the story possible.

Ashes of the Dead in Safety Vaults.

"What are done with the ashes of the dead after cremation?" asked one merchant of a banker on 'change yesterday. "I can't tell what is done in every case," was the reply, "but I know how about a score of bodies have been temporarily disposed of. Down in our safety deposit vaults are that many urns. Relatives have trouble in settling the question finally, and may hire strong boxes at \$5 a year and let the ashes rest there for a year or two till they can make a final disposition of them. I suppose we have had a hundred urns since the establishment of the crematory, but seldom more than twenty at one time."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Learning from Nature.

The air-tight compartment theory of building ships was copied from a provision of nature shown in the case of the nautilus. The shell of this animal has forty or fifty compartments, into which air or water may be admitted to allow the occupant to sink or float, as he pleases.

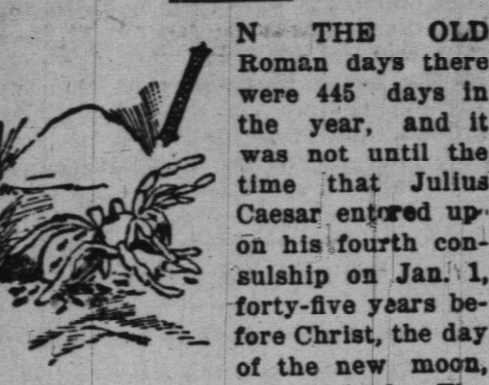
Opium in Prison.

Twenty per cent of the inmates of the state prison at Charlestown, Mass., are habitual opium-eaters, and Warden Bridges says it is next to impossible to prevent the smuggling of this drug into the prison.

COUNTING THE DAYS.

A PROBLEM THAT HAS PERPLEXED CHRISTENDOM.]

Even To-day We Hardly Know Where We Are At—The Cæsarian and Julian Calendars and How They Have Mixed Things Up.



THE OLD Roman days there were 445 days in the year, and it was not until the time that Julius Cæsar entered upon his fourth consulship on Jan. 1, forty-five years before Christ, the day of the new moon, that the months were revised. The Roman year was left to the management of the pontifices, who neglected to make the proper intercalations, and sometimes wholly admitted them, and also intercalated more or fewer days to keep some longer in the judicial offices, and to dismiss others from them. This had in time made such confusion in the Roman calendar that Julius Cæsar resolved to lay aside intercalary months and to reduce the months to the course of the sun only, and to add an intercalary day every fourth year. In order to reform this confusion Julius Cæsar, at that time being pontifex maximus, urged the assistance of Sosigenes, an Alexandrian astronomer, and other learned mathematicians; and by adding two months containing sixty-seven days, which are called the first and second intercalary months, as appears from Cicero, and inserted between November and December, and adding also the second Merkedonius or old intercalary month of twenty-three days, as Censorinus relates to the lunar months of 355 days, he thereby formed a year of fifteen months, as Suetonius observes, which contained 445 days, and ended the last day of December completed, or the first day of January, beginning when Cæsar entered into his fourth consulship, as Censorinus informs us, which was in the year before Christ, 45. This was called the year of confusion.

The last Roman year of confusion, consisting of fifteen months or 445 days, in the year before Christ, 46, began on the first day of January and ended the last day of December, as follows:

Months.	Days.
1. January	29*
2. February	23
3. Intercalary Merkedonius	23
Five last days of February added	5
4. March	31
5. April	29
6. May	31
7. June	29
8. July	31
9. August	29
10. September	29
11. October	31
12. November	29
13. First intercalary month	34
14. Second intercalary month	33
15. Third intercalary month	29
Total	445

*Commenced Oct. 13.

Now 445 days reckoned backward from the first of January by Solar Julian months, end on the thirteenth day of October in the second preceding year; so the first day of January was, in the year preceding the reformed Julian year, got into the place of the thirteenth of October, when Julius Cæsar entered into his third consulship, and this year by the addition of ninety days, was set forward and the months brought to their proper signs and reasons.

The reformed Julian year, when Julius Cæsar entered upon his fourth consulship, stood as follows:

Months	Days.
1. January	31
2. February	28
3. March	31
4. April	30
5. May	31
6. June	30
7. July	31
8. August	31
9. September	30
10. October	31
11. November	30
12. December	31

White Lead 365
Zinc 1
Oils
Colors
Varnishes
Brushes
Etc.

Kipling at the Capitol.
Rudyard Kipling has explored the recesses of the national capitol with a thoroughness equaled by few Americans, meanwhile dodging newspaper men with a dexterity born of practice. He passed considerable time in the model room under the dome, and visited the vault under the crypt designed for Washington's sarcophagus. He also showed his enterprise by crawling over the roof of the supreme court-room, which is a thing not often done.

Nothing to Live For.

Friend—I hear that Mr. Boaster, the oldest inhabitant, is sick. Doctor—He is, and I fear that I can do nothing for him. He cannot remember a winter to match this one, and he seems to have lost all interest in life.

Wonders Never Cease.

De Writer—The strangest thing happened to me to-day. Scribbler—Eh? What was it? De Writer—I found my blotting-pad before the ink got dry.

Excursion Rates.

Mrs. Glimpps—Was not the trip to Dakota rather expensive? Mrs. Seall—Oh, no; I went on one of the regular divorce excursions.—St.

HEART DISEASE, like

many other ailments, when they have taken hold of the system, never gets better of its own accord, but constantly grows worse. There are thousands who know they have a defective heart, but will not admit the fact. They don't want their friends to worry, and don't know what to take for it, as they have been told time and again that heart disease was incurable. Such was the case of Mr. Silas Farley of Dyesville, Ohio who writes June 19, 1894, as follows:

"I had heart disease for 23 years, my heart hurting me almost continually. The first 15 years I doctored all the time, trying several physicians and remedies, until my last doctor told me it was only a question of time as I could not be cured. I gradually grew worse, very weak, and completely discouraged, until I lived, propped half up in bed, because I couldn't lie down, nor sit up. Thinking my time had come I told my family what I wanted done when I was gone. But on the first day of March on the recommendation of Mrs. Fannie Jones, of Anderson, Ind., I commenced taking Dr. Miles' New Cure for the Heart and wonderful to tell, in ten days I was working at light work and on March 19 commenced framing a barn, which is heavy work, and I haven't lost a day since. I am 55 years old, 6 ft. 4 1/2 inches and weigh 250 lbs. I believe I am fully cured, and I am now only anxious that everyone should know of your wonderful remedies."

Dyesville, Ohio. SILAS FARLEY.
Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at \$1.00 per bottle for \$5.00 or it will be sent, prepaid on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure Restores Health



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