

# BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 10. NO. 7.

BARRINGTON, ILL., SATURDAY, JUNE 29 1895.

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MILK DELIVERED MORNING  
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REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

I also carry a large stock of Rubbers, Felt and  
Rubber Boots.

Call and see my stock and get prices before  
buying elsewhere.

THEODORE H. SCHUTT,

Barrington, Ill.

## BIG CUBAN SUCCESS.

### SPANISH GARRISONS SURRENDER TO REBELS.

Two Important Victories Won by  
Maximo Gomez — Spain Will Soon  
Begin to Realize the Hard Job She  
Has on Hand.

Havana, June 27.—The most serious news of Spanish disasters received here since the outbreak of the rebellion reached here last evening. The garrisons of two towns have surrendered, and the places themselves have been burned by Maximo Gomez. Firing is heard constantly around Puerto Principe and extraordinary precautions are being taken to protect that city.

Owing to the restrictions placed by the government upon transmission of telegraphic news concerning the insurrection, only the most meager details of the disaster to the Spanish arms are obtainable. It appears certain, however, that the garrison at El Mulato, in the province of Puerto Principe, near the city of Puerto Principe, has surrendered to Maximo Gomez. The garrison consisted of about twenty-five Spanish soldiers under Lieut. Romero, and they were quartered in a guano house, fortified with palisades, with loopholes for rifles. The place was also provisioned, and contained a considerable stock of ammunition.

During the unexplained absence of Lieut. Romero, the fort was surrounded by about 1,000 insurgents, under the command of Maximo Gomez. The lieutenant surrendered the garrison against the decree of his soldiers, who were humiliated at being compelled to capitulate without a shot.

When the garrison was in the hands of the insurgents Maximo Gomez ordered the village of El Mulato to be burned, and, after depriving Lieut. Romero of his arms, set him at liberty. The lieutenant was afterwards arrested by the authorities of Puerto Principe and it is thought probable that he will be promptly tried by court martial and shot, like Lieut. Galleje.

The town of San Gerónimo met the same fate. It was attacked by the insurgents under Maximo Gomez, and was burned to the ground after its garrison of about fifty men had surrendered. It is rumored here that Antonio Bacco has succeeded in making his way from the province of Santiago de Cuba into the province of Puerto Principe at the head of a large body of insurgents, and it may be his intention to join his forces with those of Gomez, and make a combined attack upon Puerto Principe.

It is also rumored here that the rear guard of the insurgent force commanded by Gomez has been attacked by the Spanish troops, who killed twelve of them, and captured nineteen prisoners.

### DIRECTED TO SUE VILLARD.

Judge Jenkins Issues an Order to Northern Pacific Receivers.

Milwaukee, Wis., June 27.—The first active effort to compel Henry Villard to return to the Northern Pacific Railroad receivers the amounts which they claim he appropriated from the company while an officer of it, was an order which was issued last evening by Judge Jenkins, in the United States Court, directing the receivers, Thomas F. Oakes, Henry C. Payne, and Henry C. Rouse, to begin suit against Villard for the recovery of nearly \$550,000, which, according to the receivers' report, fled nearly a month ago. Mr. Villard obtained in an unlawful manner, as a commission for negotiating the sale of the Northern Pacific and Manitoba road to the Northern Pacific while a director of the latter and agent of the former.

### The Wisconsin Storm.

Milwaukee, Wis., June 27.—Reports of the damage done by Tuesday's storm are pouring in from all parts of the state and the outskirts of the city. None of the children who were in West Side Park were seriously injured, but there are twenty-five or thirty suffering from slight injuries. All the cellars in the city were flooded, destroying property worth thousands of dollars. It is impossible to estimate the amount of damage which was done by flooding, but it is safe to say that it will be in the neighborhood of \$25,000 in this city alone. Six hundred feet of the track of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road was washed out at Merrill Park. Reports received from the State show that cattle barns, granaries, and shade trees were blown down, and carried away, and the storm did great damage to the crops.

### Ruined by Mining Deals.

Idaho Springs, Col., June 27.—George B. McClelland has resigned as cashier and director of the First national bank and has surrendered to his bondsmen all his property. His brother has also deposited collateral sufficient to protect the bank. Mr. McClelland had borrowed money largely to carry on mining deals in which he had paid options to the amount of \$100,000.

### France Looking for Conquest.

Paris, June 27.—The Eclair, referring to the conflict between French citizens and citizens of Brazil on the frontier of French Guinea, says that advantage must be taken of the occurrence by France to formally claim the whole disputed territory and especially to annex the entire country as far as the River Amazon.

### Fenced in Public Lands.

Greeley, Colo., June 27.—Deputy United States Marshal Lovell arrested John P. Klug, of Box Elder, charged with having fenced in a portion of the public domain embracing about ten thousand acres. Klug waived examination and was released on a \$500 bond. He claims that he either owns or leases all the land which he has fenced.

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### BASEBALL REPORT.

Games Played Yesterday in the Various Leagues

The following games were played yesterday in the National league:

At Chicago—  
Chicago . . . . . 0 0 0 0 1 0 2 3 \*—6  
Pittsburg . . . . . 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0—2

At Brooklyn—  
Brooklyn . . . . . 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1  
Washington . . . . . 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

At Boston—  
Boston . . . . . 0 0 2 0 0 5 1 7 \*—15  
Ph't'd'lp'ha . . . . . 0 1 1 2 0 0 0 0—1—5

At Cincinnati—  
Cincinnati . . . . . 0 2 1 3 1 1 3 1 \*—12  
St. Louis . . . . . 2 0 0 0 0 0 3 0—5

At Baltimore—  
Baltimore . . . . . 1 0 3 0 0 0 0 1 \*—5  
New York . . . . . 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0—2

These games are scheduled for to-day: Chicago at Cleveland, St. Louis at Pittsburg, Louisville at Cincinnati, Washington at Brooklyn, Philadelphia at Boston, New York at Baltimore.

### Western League.

At Detroit, Michigan, Detroit 10, Indianapolis 3.  
At Grand Rapids, Michigan, Grand Rapids 8, Toledo 9.

At Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Milwaukee 3, St. Paul 7.

At Kansas City, Missouri, Kansas City 6, Minneapolis 5.

### Western Association.

At Lincoln, Nebraska, Lincoln 16, Jacksonvilles 6.

At Omaha, Nebraska, Omahas 10, Peorias 6.

At St. Joseph, Missouri, St. Josephs 3, Rockfords 12.

At Des Moines, Iowa, Des Moines 3, Quincy 9.

### Michigan State League.

At Lansing, Michigan, Lansing 14, Port Huron 4.

At Adrian, Michigan, Adrian 6, Battle Creek 5.

### WILL BE A BIG CASE.

Western Union Telegraph Company and the State of Indiana Clash.

Washington, June 27.—The case of the Western Union Telegraph company vs. the various county auditors and county treasurers of the state of Indiana has been filed in the United States supreme court for docketing. It comes from the supreme court of Indiana on a motion for a writ of error. The case involves the constitutionality of the state law of 1893, providing for an extra tax on telegraph, telephone, sleeping-car and express companies. The Western Union company alleges that the law did not pass the state senate until after the expiration of the constitutional limit of the time of its session, and that the valuation of its property as a basis for state taxes as fixed by the state board was exorbitant, amounting to \$357 per mile, or a total of \$2,297,652 for the entire state, exclusive of real estate, machinery, etc., subject to local taxation.

### BRAVE OFFICER KILLED.

Desperadoes Ambush and Shoot a Noted Police Officer.

Spokane, Wash., June 27.—Lew A. Conlee, a deputy sheriff of Lincoln county, was found dead near the railroad tracks near Ritzville yesterday. Blood flowed from seven bullet wounds inflicted upon his head and body. Conlee was secretary of the Stock Growers' Protective association of that county, and for years has been a terror to cattle rustlers. He started out alone Monday with a warrant for the arrest of A. Simes, a desperate character, known as "Jesse James," and it is presumed that as he was taking his prisoner to the county jail he was ambushed and murdered by some of Simes' friends. Conlee was noted throughout the Pacific coast for his bravery as an officer, and fully 500 citizens of Lillian and adjoining counties are scouring the country for his murderers.

### Cyclone in Texas.

Fort Worth, Texas, June 27.—A cyclone swept over Callahan county last night. It visited the town of Baird, the county seat, with a population of nearly 1,000 people, at 10 o'clock, and a number of houses were demolished. A church was blown down upon an adjoining parsonage, killing a young man named Mays. All sorts of rumors are in circulation in regard to loss of life and damage to property, but the telegraph wires were down and nothing could be learned of the extent of the cyclone.

### Wage Scale Arranged.

Pittsburg, June 27.—Wage scales for the flint glass chimney factories throughout the United States were arranged yesterday between the manufacturers and workers at a meeting here. The scale is practically the same as last year, the only changes being those made in the arrangements of lists. The scale is settled finally, having been signed, and will therefore not be referred to the works' convention.

### For Annual Movement of Troops.

Washington, June 27.—The appropriation for the annual movement of troops will be available on the 1st of July, but it is stated that nothing will be done in that direction until the return of Secretary Lamont and perhaps not until Gen. Schofield's return.

### To Test Indiana Apportionment Act.

Terre Haute, Ind., June 27.—Senator Turpie is here in consultation with Senator Voorhees for the purpose of arranging to bring suit at an early date to test the constitutionality of the recent apportionment act.

## THEY FAVOR GOLD.

### KENTUCKY DEMOCRATS GO ON RECORD.

Hardy Nominated for the Governorship, and the Policy of Cleveland and Carlisle Indorsed—Silver Men Badly Defeated.

Louisville, Ky., June 27.—The Kentucky Democratic State Convention last night nominated General P. Watt Hardin, a free-silver man, for Governor on the first ballot. This convention indorsed the administration, with special tributes to President Cleveland and his distinguished coadjutor and secretary, John G. Carlisle. The free coinage men do not deny that they expected to control the convention and all its committees, platform, and nominations. They fought gamely to a finish, and acknowledged their defeat.

The resolutions indorse the repeal of the McKinley tariff law, denounce the American Protective association, and express "undiminished confidence in the Democracy and patriotism of President Grover Cleveland and his distinguished co-adjutors and Secretary John G. Carlisle of Kentucky."

Following is the minority report made by the silver men on the financial question: "Resolved, By the democrats of Kentucky in convention assembled, That the present democratic administration is entitled to the thanks of the whole country for its statesmanlike management of public affairs, and we further declare that both President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle are entitled to the unqualified indorsement of the American people for maintaining the gold standard and thus maintaining the credit of the government, and their issuance of \$100,000,000 of interest-bearing bonds is hereby expressly indorsed.

"The undersigned members of the committee on resolutions, believing that the democratic party of Kentucky should plainly declare in favor of true bimetalism or the gold standard, offer the following as a separate resolution and ask its adoption: "Resolved, That we believe in the coinage of both gold and silver as the primary money of the country into legal tender dollars receivable in payment of all its debts, public and private, upon terms of exact equality."

The vote on the adoption of the majority report was 647 39-70 yeas and 228 30-69 nays. Then the convention took a recess until 7:30 o'clock.

On reassembling, at 7:30 p. m., dilatory measures occupied almost an hour, when the name of Gen. Cassius M. Clay was presented by George C. Lockhart for nomination for governor, and was seconded by Isaac M. Gugley. J. R. Breckinridge, brother of W. C. P. Breckinridge, presented the name of P. Watt Hardin, which was seconded by James Tarvin and I. A. Spalding. There were 878 yeas; necessary to nominate, 440. Before the result of the ballot was announced, the Clay men moved that the nomination of Gen. Hardin be made unanimous, and it carried with a great hurrah. The result of the ballot was announced as follows: Hardin, 468 1/2; Clay, 330 1/2; Stone, 76; Watterson, 3. General Hardin accepted the nomination in a very eloquent appeal for harmony, without referring to any issues of the contest. He spoke very briefly. For lieutenant governor, the names of R. T. Tyler, M. B. Brown and Oscar Turner, Jr., were presented. Tyler was nominated without counting the vote, when the convention at midnight, adjourned till 9:30 a. m. to-day.

### Wild Ride on a Handcar.

Duluth, Minn., June 27.—Erick Olsen and Hans Swanstrom, section men on the St. Paul and Duluth Road, had a narrow escape from a horrible death yesterday. They were coming down the steel sidetrack grade at Ironton on a hand car, when the brake gave way. Soon the car was gliding along at the rate of almost two miles a minute. An incoming passenger train was due just as the hand car struck the main track, and the hand car slid in ahead of it and out of danger with just the fractional part of a second to spare. When the car stopped the men were so weak from fright that they had to be lifted off.

### Serious Damage in Minnesota.

Mankato, Minn., June 27.—As disastrous effects of the recent hailstorm become more fully known the loss is mounting up. The storm began about two miles from the east line of Bernadotte and extended in a northeasterly direction toward Norwegian Grove. Its greatest width was about two miles, and fields over which the storm extended look like a wilderness, and the loss is estimated at over \$100,000. Fields of grain look as though every straw had been broken and literally pounded into the ground. No grain will be cut where the main path of the storm took its course.

### Dr. Buchanan Gives Up Hope.

New York, June 27.—Warden Sage, of Sing Sing prison, will to-day send out for the fourth time invitations to witnesses who are to be present at the execution of Dr. Buchanan, the wife murderer, on Monday next. Buchanan has given up all hope of being saved from the death chair. Mrs. Buchanan has telegraphed to Governor Morton, asking for a personal interview, so that she may plead for a commutation of her husband's sentence.

### Wisconsin Lutheran Synod Meets.

Sheboygan, Wis., June 27.—The Wisconsin district of the Missouri Synod convened yesterday at the Lutheran Church. About 275 ministers and delegates will attend. The convention will last until July 2. The treasurer's report shows an excellent financial condition.

# A. W. MEYER & CO.

## Shoe Department...

You will find in this department the most complete stock in town. We are careful in the selection of our shoes. The stock and workmanship of the shoes is of the highest character.

### Ladies' Shoes.

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.

Our Boys' Shoes can not be beat for their wearing qualities. We want your patronage if honest goods will secure it.

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Companies represented by MILES T. LAMEY  
at Barrington, Ill.:

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- Fire Association of Philadelphia.
- Norwich Union of England.
- Phoenix of Hartford.
- German American of New York.

All losses promptly and satisfactorily adjusted. Insurance placed on dwellings, farm property, commercial buildings, household furniture and stocks at reasonable rates.

MILES T. LAMEY, Resident Agent,  
BARRINGTON, ILL.

## MISS DENA BAUMAN.

# MILLINERY

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New Goods Constantly Arriving.  
Come and Examine My Stock

## MISS DENA BAUMAN.

BARRINGTON, ILL.

## ADVERTISING

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BARRINGTON REVIEW.

## CORNER OF ODDITIES.

### SOME INTERESTING ETCHINGS OF OUR TIMES.

**The True Hearts That We Love—A Curious Fact—Odd, Queer and Truthful Tales Which Illustrate the Eccentricities of Life.**

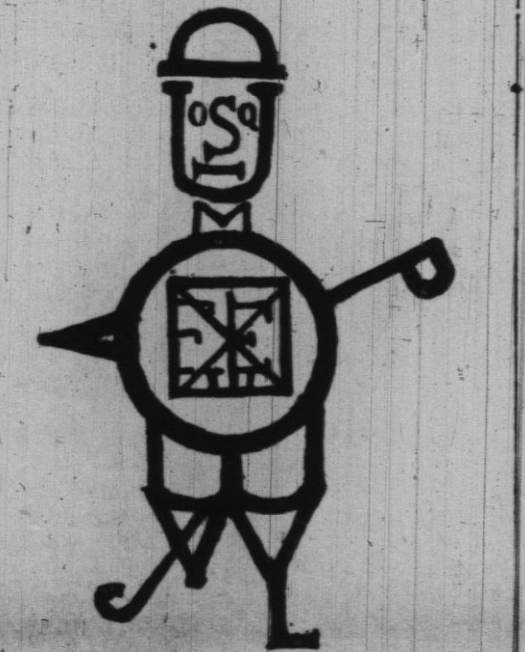
**L**ET, let the world deceive us, The many quit our side, If changing years but leave us Peace, and a friend beside. The eagle's flight is higher, Yet gently soars the dove— Oh, fold we closer, nigher, The true hearts that we love!

What though the proud and shining Disdain our low estate, 'Tis folly all repining— The good alone are great; Though honors fly before us, And Fortune fickle prove, We'll join in merry chorus The true hearts that we love!

Toll, toll on, friend and neighbor, In humble, honest ways, The dignity of labor Is not an empty phrase; From troubles that are near us We might in vain remove, But through them all will cheer us The true hearts that we love!

In fair or stormy weather, In sunshine or in rain, We'll sail our barks together Across life's changeable main; From May to dark December, Pleading our cause above, And at Heaven's throne remember The true hearts that we love!

**A Man of Letters.**  
This is the portrait of a very literary personage, and if you look at him closely you will discover that he is made up of all the letters in the English alphabet. This is what one writer



has said about the remarkable man of letters. A quinalphabetical monogrammarian. In this illustration you see, A sort of letter-press type of barbarian, Whose parts are from A to Z.

**A Curious Fact.**  
Almost every reader will, at first, be inclined to deny the truthfulness of the statement contained in the first paragraph. A little reflection, however, will make it clear: Two persons were born at the same place, at the same moment of time. After an age of fifty years they both died, also at the same place and at the same instant—yet one had lived one hundred days more than the other. How was this possible? Not to keep our friends in suspense, the solution turns on a curious—but, with a little reflection, a very obvious—point in circumnavigation. A person going around the world toward the west loses a day, and toward the east he gains one. Supposing, then, two persons are born together at the Cape of Good Hope, whence a voyage around the world may be performed in a year; if one performs this constantly toward the west, in fifty years he will be fifty days behind the stationary inhabitants; and if the other sails equally toward the east, he will be fifty days in advance of them. One, therefore, will have seen one hundred days more than the other, though they were born and died in the same place and at the same moment, and even lived continually in the same latitude, and reckoned time by the same calendar.

**A Historic Poplar.**  
In Lewiston, Idaho, there is a historical tree. A merchant who rode a lazy mule to this city in 1864, the scene of future business enterprise of great magnitude, used on the journey from Walla Walla a poplar switch. That switch, which was by hard service on the journey reduced to a stout club, bruised and peeled, was set in the ground nourished, and grew to be a tall, straight tree, the first on the then barren sandbar. That tree still flourishes by the edge of the sidewalk on Main street. It is seventy-five feet high and eight and a half feet in circumference. And this tree is the parent of all the trees in this valley of the poplar kind. Twigs were severed from this parent poplar as the years went by, till now every street in the city is shaded by a line of them on each side; the lanes in the country are lined with them; farmers have ornamental trees, groves and windbreaks—all in a direct line of ancestry from the club Robert Grostein used to encourage his mule when he came to this city, in the history of which he has been so extensively associated.—Lewiston Teller.

**Unique War upon Drunkards.**  
The war of St. Peter's Temperance society at Danbury, Conn., whose young women members have agreed they will not marry drunkards or men likely to become drunkards, went on gayly today, says a special telegram. Father Lynch, rector of St. Peter's church, spoke on the subject of "Marriage and Alcohol" at early mass. At 4 p. m. what he calls "the old ladies of the Rosary society," to the number of 240, agreed to stand by the younger women. Most of these old ladies already

have husbands, but Father Lynch told them they were in danger of becoming widows at any moment, and that they would then be able to make their power felt. "If the widows support the movement, it will be a grand thing," said the priest, "as they can talk from experience." The business men of the town are almost a unit in opposing Father Lynch's movement, because it will not stop until it makes Danbury a prohibition town.

**The Microbe of Death.**  
Dr. Wheeler of Chicago has discovered the "microbe of death." The doctor has pursued his investigations regardless of ridicule. He has hunted the microbe of death until he has caught it, and he finds that it resembles the microbe of consumption. If it can be destroyed, and no doubt it can, there is an end of death from what are called natural causes. Let us hope that this limitation of the discovery may be only temporary, and that a little further research will bring to light the "microbe of violent death," the extripation of which will enable the human body to absorb revolver bullets like so many dewdrops, and make a trusty puncture of a bowie knife like the puncture of a hypodermic syringe. Dr. Wheeler has experimented upon a dog and an animal has become immortal. Of course, there is a serious side to the question. The elimination of death from the contingencies of the human lot must be fraught with many inconveniences. It will ruin undertakers, cemetery companies and all doctors, with the exception of Dr. Wheeler, and it will create a population question of increasing gravity.

**To Pay Rent with a Rose.**  
That unique event, the "Feast of Roses" will occur next Sunday, when the congregation of Manheim Zion Lutheran church will pay the ground rent upon which the edifice stands by laying upon the altar one red rose, says a Philadelphia special. Baron William Henry Stiegel founded Manheim more than a century ago. He presented a plot of ground to the Zion Lutheran church and stipulated that all it should cover would be one red rose every June. Hence the unique ceremony. The rose is plucked by a certain member of the congregation, and it is laid with great solemnity upon the altar. There are special religious services held on that day. The life and virtues of the generous baron are retold, hymns are sung, and prayers said. If next Sunday shall be a fine day a great crowd of people will assemble at Zion church to see the sacred rose. Usually, however, bushels of roses are sent to the altar, although one is enough legally to cancel the rental.

**"He Won't Let Me."**  
This old story illustrates the one peculiarity of the stuff we call money. It is just as true as a hundred other forms of worldliness:  
A soldier in battle cried to his sergeant: "I've got a prisoner."  
"Bring him on, then," said the sergeant.  
"But he won't come," cried the soldier.  
"Come on yourself, then."  
But again came the cry: "He won't let me."  
A man thinks he has got so much money, but rather is it that so much money has got him, and mastered him, and prisoned him body, soul and spirit.

**"And After the Uproar Ceased."**  
In a prominent New York church the other Sunday, the choir sang an unusually brilliant Te Deum which had a grand fortissimo ending. At its close the rector stepped quietly to the lectern and solemnly commenced the second lesson, which on that particular Sunday, was 20th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, beginning: "And after the uproar was ceased." When the announcement was made there was a slight titter throughout the congregation, but the choir-master was so absorbed in his grand performance just ended that he failed to appreciate the situation.

**Poverty Pines Alone.**  
I am told that a very rich lady living somewhere on Fifth avenue, New York, was accosted by a poor beggarwoman in rags who, with tears in her eyes, said to the lady in an imploring tone:  
"Madam, I am in great distress. I've lost my husband and my only child."  
The lady replied: "I don't believe a word of it. If that is so, why ain't you in mourning? Where are your jet ornaments? I believe you are an adventuress."  
Of course, I cannot answer for the truth of this story, although it has probability stamped on the face of it.

**Burned Himself to Death.**  
Mrs. William Irvin, of Freeport, Ill., who for several months has been living at the home of her father, Mr. Levitt, committed suicide in a shocking manner, says an Ellsworth, Kan., telegram. She was insane and had been carefully watched, but during the evening she eluded the vigilance of her watchers and stole into the cellar. There she saturated her clothing with gasoline and applied a match. When found she was enveloped in flames and died a few minutes later in intense agony. Mrs. Irvin was a sister of County Treasurer Irvin.

**The Undertaker.**  
A strange story is told in connection with some lectures on theosophy at Bangor. The lecturer was in the midst of a learned discourse, and asked in stentorian tones: "What comes after death?" No one answered, and after a short pause, he vehemently repeated his question: "What comes after death?" At this moment the door opened and in walked one of the leading undertakers of Bangor. And it is recorded that, in spite of the solemnity of the occasion, the audience smiled audibly.

**Women Have More Endurance.**  
While men have more strength women have more endurance and a greater capacity for protracted and monotonous labor? In those countries where women work in the fields side by side with their husbands and brothers the later may accomplish more work, but the former can labor a greater number of hours.

A drinking man very seldom gets out of a drinking.

## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

### INTERESTING READING FOR YOUNG AMERICANS.

**Ray's New Suit of Clothes—How He Won His Way—A Newsboy's Gratitude—Never Tell a Lie—Memories of Boyhood.**

"AMMA has bought me a new suit; My sister thinks it's queer, That when I tried it on just now I sighed, and said O dear!

"But she's a girl, and girls would like A new dress every day.

We boys would rather wear old clothes That won't get spoiled in play. I begged to wear my old gray suit A few days more but no— Mamma says it is a disgrace To see me looking so.

"I s'pose it's 'cause my trouser knees Are patched, but I don't care, And if my coat sleeves are too short Boys must grow out somewhere.

"And now I'll hear this all the while 'You'll spoil your new suit, Ray; Keep off your knees, don't climb about, Be careful when you play.'"

"My jolly fun will all be spoiled— O, dear, nobody knows, How much we boys do like to stick And hang to our old clothes."

**He Won His Way.**  
Two engineers were in a depot. One of them was a merry fellow, smoking and laughing with the crowd. He was a good hand as engineers go and ran a freight engine. The other engineer was busily working on his engine with some cotton stuff. He was well educated



PRIZE WINNERS AT THE BABY SHOW, NEW YORK.

and smart, but thin and somewhat frail looking. He had applied for the position of brakeman and had been told that he would not like the business; that it was rough, dirty and dangerous. Besides he was not strong enough. At the first signal "down brakes" he would be hurled from the platform. But the young man persevered in his request and at length secured the position. He soon learned to make up the train. He then ran engines on short routes, doing everything skillfully and well. He was always at work and when engineer his engine was always kept in the best of order. The superintendent one day asked him if he expected to spend his days as an engineer. He replied: "No, sir. I propose to be a superintendent and know everything from the driving of a spike to the opening of a throttle." It is needless to state that he attained his desire.

**Memories of Boyhood.**  
Mr. Whittier could not remember incidents that happened before he was 6 years old. His first recollection was of the auction sale of a farm in the neighborhood, and he was surprised to find, the next morning, that the farm had not been taken away by the purchaser, and a large hole left in its place! When he was 9 years of age, President Monroe visited New England, and happened to be at Haverhill on the same day that a menagerie, with a circus attachment, was exhibited in that village. The Quaker Boy was not allowed the privilege of seeing either the collection of wild beasts or the chief magistrate of the nation. He did not care much for the former, but he was anxious to see a president of the United States. The next day he trudged all the way to Haverhill, determined to see at least some footsteps in the street that the great man had left behind him. He found at last an impression of an elephant's foot in the road, and, supposing this to be Monroe's track, he followed it as far as he could distinguish it. Then he went home, satisfied he had seen the footsteps of the greatest man in the country. When he was an old man a little girl in Pennsylvania wrote to him inquiring about his childhood on the farm. These passages are from his reply:

"I think, at the age of which thy note inquires, I found about equal satisfaction in an old rural home, with the shifting panorama of the seasons, in reading the few books within my reach, and dreaming of something wonderful and grand somewhere in the future. Neither change nor loss had then made me realize the uncertainty of all earthly things. I felt secure of my mother's love, and dreamed of losing nothing and gaining much. \* \* I had at that time a great thirst for knowledge and little

means to gratify it. The beauty of outward nature early impressed me, and the moral and spiritual beauty of the holy lives I read of in the Bible and other good books also affected me with a sense of my falling short and longing for a better state."—From Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier.

**Never Tell a Lie.**

How simple and beautifully with Abdel Kader of Ghilou impressed us with the love of truth in a story of his childhood. After stating the vision which made him entreat his mother to go to Bagdad, and devote himself to God, he thus proceeds: I informed her of what I had seen, and she wept; then, taking out eighty dinars, she told me, as I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance; and she made me swear, when she gave it to me, never to tell a lie, and afterward bade me farewell, exclaiming: "Go, my son, I consign you to God; we shall not meet until the day of judgment."

I went on till I came near Hamandal, when our kaflah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me what I had got.

"Forty dinars," said I, "are sewed under my garments."

The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was joking with him.

"What have you got?" said another. "I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief stood.

"What property have you got, my little fellow?" said he.

"I have told two of your people already," said I. "I have forty dinars sewed in my garments."

He ordered them to be ripped open, and found my money.

"And how came you," said he, in surprise, "to declare so openly what had been so carefully concealed?"

"Because," I replied, "I will not be false to my mother, to whom I promised I never will tell a lie."

"Child," said the robber, "hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother, at thy years, and I am insensible at my age of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy," he continued, "that I may swear repentance

upon it." He did so. His followers were alike struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to their chief; "be the same in the path to virtue."

And they instantly, at his order, made restitution of the spoil, and vowed repentance on his hand.

**"She Was a Stranger."**

The following story brings with it a lesson for all, old and young: A Sunday school missionary while addressing a Sunday school noticed a little girl shabbily dressed and barefooted, shrinking in a corner, her little sun-burned face buried in her hands, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Soon, however, another little girl about eleven years of age, got up and went to her. Taking her by the hand she led her out to a brook, where she seated the little one on a log. Then kneeling beside her she good Samaritan took off the ragged sun-bonnet and dipping her hand in the water bathed the other's hot eyes and tear-stained face, and smoothed the tangled hair, talking cheerily all the while. The little one brightened up, the tears vanished, and smiles came creeping around the rosy mouth. The missionary who had followed the two, stepped forward and asked, "Is this your sister, my dear?"

"No, sir," answered the child with tender, earnest eyes. "I have no sister."

"Oh, one of the neighbor's children," replied the missionary—"a little schoolmate perhaps?"

"No, sir, she is a stranger. I do not know where she came from. I never saw her before."

"Then how came you to take her out and have such a care for her if you do not know her?"

"Because she was a stranger, sir, and seemed all alone, and needed somebody to be kind to her."

**"Home, Sweet Home."**

A great singer had just finished singing "Home, Sweet Home," and many of the audience were in tears.

"It is a beautiful song," said a girl to an older woman, who sat next to her.

"Yes," was the reply, "and the sentiment to which it moves all these people is beautiful. How much happier the world would be if everyone had as much principle as sentiment on the subject, and followed out a plain, everyday rule of making home sweet."

The girl turned thoughtfully away. She hardly heard the next song. She was acknowledging to herself that, in spite of her love for her home, she made it unhappy every day of her life by her willfulness and quick temper. How many of us really do our best to make home happy?

## THE TWO TAYLORS.

### TENNESSEE'S FAMOUS BROTHERS IN NEW ROLE.

**The War of the Roses to Be Repeated Throughout the Country—Their Race for the Governorship of Tennessee.**

**T**HE ANNOUNCEMENT that the two Taylors of Tennessee, the ex-governor and the representative, are to take the platform together will be received with thorough satisfaction. The contest of these two eloquent and energetic

brothers for the governorship of Tennessee, which was carried on with an unprecedented mixture of fun, oratory, brotherly affection and determined, earnest, straight-out politics, gave the two men a national reputation which was unique in the true meaning of that overworked word. There never was such a canvass before, and there never will be again, in all probability. So great was the excitement and interest in Tennessee that the keen-eyed manager, of course, saw a chance of interesting and entertaining a wider public. So, politics now permitting, the two brothers are to repeat their joint debats throughout the country. They will reach Philadelphia next fall, and will appear at the Academy of Music. The facts of their remarkable and now historic campaign are well told in an ar-

**ASA S. BUSHNELL.**  
The Man Who Is Running for Governor of Ohio.

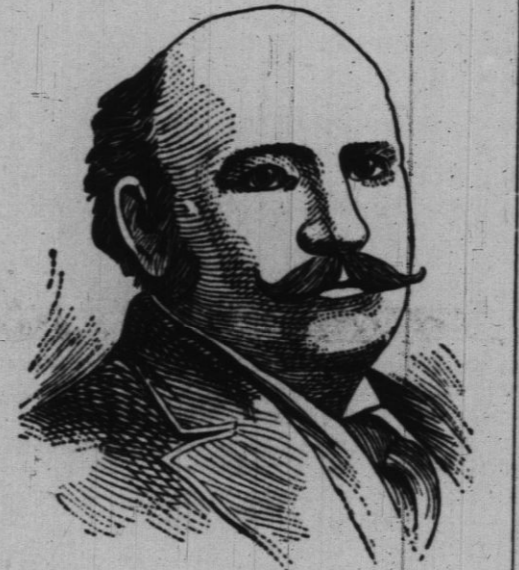


"ALF" TAYLOR.

tle in a southern newspaper as follows:  
The joint appearance of Hon. Alfred A. Taylor and ex-Governor Robert L. Taylor during the session of 1895-6, in "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie," in the principal cities of the United States will be a revival of the famous "War of Roses," Alfred opening the entertainment with "Yankee Doodle" and "Our Bob" closing with "Dixie."

The tour will be under the management of C. L. Ridley of Nashville, who, since that remarkable contest for the governorship of Tennessee, has been trying to bring them together again. The appearance of the brothers upon the hustings in that contest excited unusual attention throughout the country, and whenever they appeared they were greeted with immense throngs, the partisans of Alfred wearing a red rose and those of Bob a white rose. When the campaign was over it occurred to Mr. Ridley that it had ended too soon, and he began laying plans for its revival, but Gov. Taylor was in the executive chair four years and after that Alfred Taylor was serving his district in congress, and so the idea has not been feasible until now. Alfred's term in Congress ended March 4 and at last the brothers have consented to appear upon the platform.

In East Tennessee, where the Roane and Unaka lift their heads heavenward in peaceful Happy Valley, near the banks of the beautiful Watauga, Alfred and Bob Taylor were born and lived through the trundle-bed—the sunrise period of life. Too young to participate in the war between the states they were children in a section divided against itself, and grew to man's estate in an atmosphere of intense excitement. The paternal side of the family favored the cause of the Union, the maternal side was strongly attached to the confederacy, and so their every surrounding brought its conflicting emotions, until after a while they came upon the stage of action, when the young blood of the south had set about recuperating devastated fields and reconstructing shattered fortunes.



"BOB" TAYLOR.

Nathaniel G. Taylor, the father of Alfred and Bob Taylor, was a Methodist minister and a Whig of prominence, representing his district in congress in ante-bellum days, was commissioner of Indian affairs during the administration of President Andrew Johnson, and served as elector on the Bell-Everett ticket. Their mother was the sister of the famous democratic orator and politician, the Hon. Langdon C. Haynes, who was a member of the confederate senate. These brothers inherited in a marked degree the exceptional qualities that made their ancestors prominent, endowed with the gift of "seeing a sunbeam in every melody, and a melody in every sunbeam," a poem in every flower, and a flower in every thought, they captivate and charm; versatile and magnetic, peerless as raconteurs, they hold their audiences in perfect happiness.

Alfred is a staunch republican, Bob above all things a democrat. They have won their spurs on the hustings, and each enjoys the fullest love and confidence of his people. Alfred was elect-

ed to the legislature before he was of age, and had barely attained his majority when he took his first oath of office. He represented his party on the Hayes-Wheeler and Garfield-Arthur electoral tickets, and has just finished his third term in the congress of the United States. He ranks high as an orator. His arguments are logical and brilliant, his thoughts run smooth and deep, and his perorations are the grandeur of his native mountains.

Bob served one term in Congress, was twice elected governor of Tennessee and twice represented democracy, for the state at large, on the Cleveland and Hendricks, and the Cleveland and Stevenson tickets in the Presidential Electoral college. This was his political record before he was 38 years old. Since then his success as a lecturer has been as flattering as his political record. He is a capital story-teller, a true sympathizer with all that is serious in life and a delightful cartoonist of that which is ludicrous. No man can rise to loftier heights of oratory than he.

The revived "War of the Roses" will be something new. It is not often that two such talented men as Alfred and Bob Taylor come of the same family; it is not often that brothers become leaders of different political parties, and furthermore, no two brothers ever ran against each other for governor before. This joint appearance will be as novel as it is original. Dissimilar in personal appearance, in contour of features, in manner and in method of thought, yet their talents are equal, and when they meet in the "War of the Roses," with its touches of comedy, pathos, music and eloquence, it will determine which is Demosthenes and which Aeschines.

**ASA S. BUSHNELL.**  
The Man Who Is Running for Governor of Ohio.

Asa S. Bushnell, who was nominated for governor by the Ohio republican convention, is the eldest son of Daniel and Harriet Bushnell. He was born in Oneida county, New York, Sept. 16, 1834, moving from there to Cincinnati with his parents when a child. In 1851 he came to Springfield, in which place he continued to reside. The first three years in the city of Springfield, then but a very small town, was spent as a clerk in a dry goods store, after which he became a bookkeeper. In 1857 he formed a partnership with Dr. John Ludlow in

the drug business, which he continued until 1866, when he became interested in the concern of which he is now the head, under the name of the Warner, Bushnell & Glessner company. During the war he was captain of Company E, One Hundred and Fifty-second regiment O. V. L., which company he recruited and served as its captain in the Shenandoah valley, under the command of General Hunter in 1864. In 1866 he was appointed quartermaster general by Gov. Foraker, in which position he served four years. He was one of the delegates-at-large to the national convention in 1892, all of which positions were given him without solicitation on his part. His generosity is proverbial. At one time he presented the city of Springfield with a patrol wagon and a team of horses, and at another time a bronze drinking fountain, and again donated \$10,000 to secure the location near Springfield of the Ohio Masonic home.

**Individual Communion Cups.**  
Among the important sanitary reforms of the present day, the individual communion cup is coming into general notice. It has been said, in discountenance of this, that there is no provable case of disease resulting from the common cup; but this as an argument is absolutely useless. No sane person will contend that, because we can not see disease germs floating through the air, that they may not be present. Certainly, whoever looks over the personnel of any church, especially in some of the less cultivated localities, can scarcely refrain from a shudder at the thought of the possible inoculation from some of the individuals who regularly present themselves at the communion rail. A quarter of a century ago there lived in a western community a man who had cancer on his lower lip. Several members of the church to which he belonged declined to take communion with him, strictly on sanitary grounds. There was a great deal of discussion on the subject, a good deal of hard feeling, some uncharitableness, and a firm belief in the minds of many that the objections were entirely unchristian and unworthy of the faith which they professed. Nevertheless they declined, and in the light of present-day investigations, were certainly justified in so doing.

**Clara Louise Kellogg.**  
An erroneous and seemingly malicious report in a daily newspaper that Clara Louise Kellogg had lost money, friends and good looks, and was greatly to be pitied, has evoked several emphatic contradictions. Mrs. Strakosch lives in style and luxury near Union square, in an apartment that is said to be one of the most artistically furnished in New York, and her receptions are attended by many people of note. She is still plump and pretty, and her fame is fresh enough to bring her hundreds of requests to train promising voices. These she refuses, but occasionally she appears at some free school for the poor, and, decked in diamonds, a splendid figure, sings to delight the children.

**The Right Man.**  
She—The man I marry must be "only a little lower than the angels." He (suddenly flopping)—Here I am on my knees a little lower than one of them. He got her.

VETERANS' CORNER.

SHORT STORIES RECALL OLD TIME MEMORIES.

"Two Heroes," a Poem—Tender and True—Historical Relic—Capt. Clem a Major—Anecdotes and Incidents of the Late War.

HERO lived in days of old, and he was true and brave and bold. In times of peace he nobly wrought, in times of war he nobly fought.

But one there lived who met a foe more dire than any armed foe; he could not wrestle with his God, he could not fight, he only fell.

Tender and True.

For a long time a tall, spare man, past life's meridian, kept a little tailoring shop on Third street in Walla Walla where he eked out at best but a precarious existence.

Two army discharges showed him to have served under the fiery cross of St. George, in India, at Malta and at Gibraltar, and as his life's history developed, it was found that he had been a soldier under the starry flag as well.

Capt. Clem a Major.

Captain John Clem, the drummer boy of Chickamauga, has been promoted to the rank of major in the United States army. Captain Clem's life story is interesting.

Historical Relic.

No visitor to West Point fails to notice the few links of the iron chain that lie around the monument up near the hotel. They are the remains of the great chain which was stretched across the Hudson river during the Revolution.

duced the iron taken from the mine, four miles west, and the links hammered out by hand. When it became apparent that a chain was necessary to prevent vessels going above the neutral ground, Secretary Pickens consulted Mr. Townsend, one of the iron kings of the day and an owner of the mine, and shortly after General Putnam gave an order for the chain.

New Clothes for the Army.

The new blouse is very simple in design, in out and general shape much the same as that now in use, but braided only on the front edges, the bottom, collar, and on each side where there is a "vertical opening on each hip."

Gen. Grant Ruled Blanks.

Upon him the adjutant-general put the critical eye, when Grant applied to him, and seemed, like all the others, to be disposed to measure the unassuming man by his clothes rather than by his record and his intelligence.

The Great American.

It will not be regarded as rank treason on this natal day, in this generation, to publish of him in a Southern community that he was a great and good man. He measured up to the work he was called on to do, and when he turned to obey the final summons he had written his name among the immortals.

The love of the beautiful and true like the dewdrop in the heart of the crystal, remains forever clear and liquid in the inmost shrine of the soul.

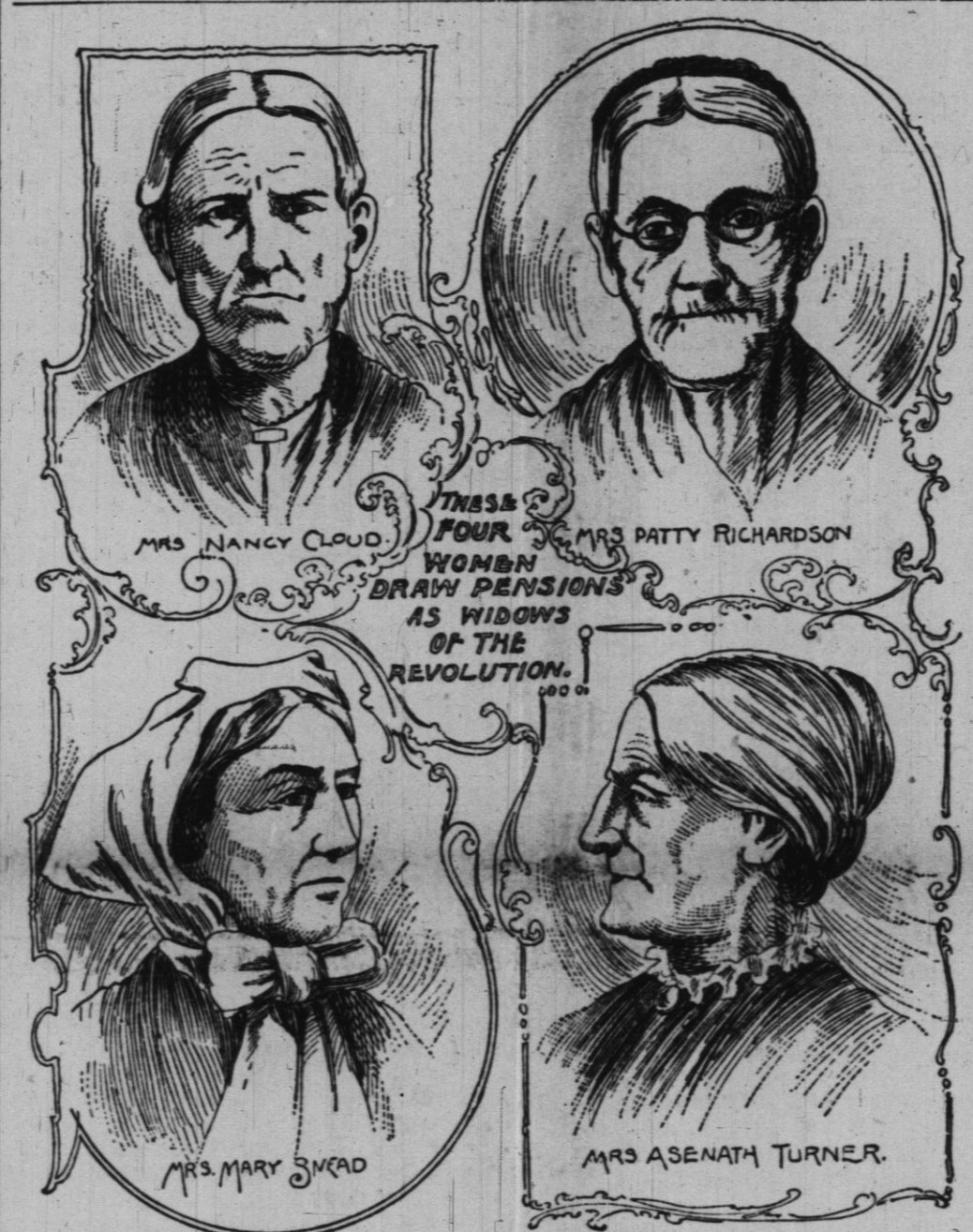
THEY DRAW PENSIONS

AS THE WIDOWS OF REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

Eight Interesting Old Women Drawing Money from Uncle Sam—Husbands Were Patriots in 1776—The Eldest Ninety-four and Youngest Seventy-nine.

MOST PERSONS think of the war of the revolution as such an ancient affair, as we look back upon it now, that it seems incredible that there should still be living among us any one who is able to give personal recollections of those historic days.

These dear old ladies will tell you the story of the war of the revolution as such an ancient affair, as we look back upon it now, that it seems incredible that there should still be living among us any one who is able to give personal recollections of those historic days.



seriously that she was considered a great beauty in her day, and that she had plenty of admirers, young and old. Mrs. Patty Richardson is the eldest of these interesting widows.

"My husband, William Cloud, was a revolutionary soldier. I have often heard him tell of the hardships he went through in the war and how he walked and marched for miles on ice and snow; how he waded through rivers, and how his feet would bleed. I have heard him tell how they would come so near starving that they would go into a cornfield where the British fed their horses, and there they would pick up the scattered grains to keep themselves from starving.

wanted us to know that the child's name was Washington. "I was married to Mr. Cloud in 1836. My oldest child was a girl, born in 1839. Mr. Cloud left me a good home and a right smart bit of property.

"I had a hard time through the late war. All the money left me was exhausted before that, for I had to educate my two children. The hardest trial was when I had to give up my son to go to the war, and then my great troubles commenced. He was wounded and taken prisoner, but he said they were mighty kind to him on the other side. I had to sell some of my property, and now for seven years I have not been able to do anything.

"Widow of William Cloud." Mrs. Cloud is now living in the village of St. Paul, Carroll county, Va. Her son Washington, who was born just when his father died at the age of 92, served in the late war in the Confederate army. The family has been quite wealthy, but was impoverished by the war.

Mrs. Asenath Turner is another of the Revolutionary widows who likes to talk of the great war times. She has written a very interesting little story of her life, in answer to a request. She married again after the death of her soldier husband, whose name was Samuel Durham. He belonged to the Connecticut troops who did great work in the battles of Long Island and along the banks of the Hudson river.

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"I know I ought to be able to tell a great deal about the old war, for hardly a day passed but what my husband told me some incident of the war, but I could not write it to have it read anyhow. I presume the children could tell more than I can. The daughter lives in West Creek, N. J. (Mrs. Leigh). The son lives in this town—Almanah Durham.

"I have had no pictures taken since I was seventy years old. I am now in my ninety-first year, and very feeble. I do not leave the house. "My husband served two terms in the war. Once he was drafted and once he enlisted, but I have forgotten how long he served each time. Yours respectfully. "ASENATH TURNER." Mrs. Mary Brown is now in her ninety-first year. Her husband, Joseph Brown, fought with the Pennsylvania troops all through the war. The old lady is now living in the city of Knoxville, Tenn., and can tell many stories about the hardships her Revolutionary husband encountered.

AS CLEVER AS MEN,

SOME WOMEN ARTISTS WHO ARE FAMOUS.

They Have Achieved Results Which Are Rare Among Exhibited Works—Nothing Womanish About Their Pictures—Excellent Illustrations.

THE modern woman, freed in great measure from the old restraints put upon her by society, has come rapidly to the front in art as in everything else.

One of the foremost of American women artists is Alice Barber Stephens, a delineator of nature in all the varied forms of artistic medium. The career of this young woman has been one of persistent advance.



MRS. RHODA HOLMES NICHOLLS, resided. Later she entered the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and before she was sixteen became a prize pupil in the woman's life class.

As an illustrator Alice Barber Stephens stands, in point of eminence, at the head of the list of women artists in that line. Her successes in black and white have been many, but she has not confined herself to this mode of delineation.

Another clever illustrator and brushwoman is Mrs. J. Francis Murphy, who holds her own in the world of art with her talented husband.



MRS. ALICE BARBER STEPHENS, from the Greek or Latin poets done in exquisite, and if one will look carefully over the work he will find at the far right-hand corner the name of Maud Stumm.

an honor seldom accorded a woman. "A Sunny Afternoon in Venice," a small canvas, which she exhibited at the Society of American Artists ten years ago, attracted wide attention, and at once raised her to a place in the art world to which her extraordinary talents entitled her.

Matilda Browne is an artist who gives promise of a brilliant career. She is a happy portrayer of animal life, not the wild, unrefined examples of the brute creation, but the quietly grazing herd or dozing sheep in cool meadows of star-eyed daisies.

London Answers: The proprietor of a large building in London, which contains several flats on the upper floors, says that he never succeeded in renting these apartments readily until he employed a very eloquent Irish woman as his agent.

COIN'S TEACHER. The Man Who Has Stirred Up the Great Financial Discussion. (Chicago Correspondence.) William Hope Harvey, author of "The Elementary Principles of Money," "Coin's Financial School," and "A Tale of Two Nations," eminently successful contributions to current financial literature, is comparatively a young man.



W. H. HARVEY, young man. He was born Aug. 16, 1851, in Buffalo, Putnam county, West Virginia. His early education was acquired in the common or district schools of his neighborhood, and at the age of 16 he was a school teacher himself.

BARRINGTON REVIEW

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RAILROADS.

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

Table with columns: GOING NORTH, STATIONS, GOING SOUTH. Lists train schedules and times for various stations like Waukegan, Leighton, Diamond Lake, etc.

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

Table with columns: GOING SOUTH, GOING NORTH. Lists train schedules and times for various stations like Waukegan, Leighton, Diamond Lake, etc.

CHURCH NOTICES.

St. Ann's Catholic - Rev. J. F. Clancy, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m. GRAMM EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL - Rev. E. Rahn, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

LOUNSBURY LODGE No. 761. A. F. and A. M. - Meets at their hall the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. L. A. Powers, W. M.; C. E. Kendall, S. W.; L. A. Robertson, J. W.; A. T. Ulrich, Sec.; C. B. Otis, Treas.; J. M. Thrasher, S. D.; J. P. Brown, J. D.; A. Gleason, Tyler; E. W. Dacy, S. S.; Wm. Youns, J. S.; Robert Bailey, Chaplain; E. W. Shipman, Marshal.

VILLAGE OFFICERS.

John Robertson, John Collen, John Hatje, F. O. Willmarth, Wm. Grunav and Wm. Peters - Trustees Miles T. Lamey - Village Clerk A. L. Robertson - Village Treasurer A. J. Redmond - Village Attorney H. A. Sandman - Marshal and Street Commissioner

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

John Robertson - President A. W. Meyer - Clerk Members of Board: F. E. Hawley, A. J. Redmond, F. L. Waterman, J. C. Plagg and L. A. Powers.

Tender Steaks. Tender Roasts.

R. BURTON, MEAT MARKET.

In 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.

Several new wheels have come to town lately and a number of the young ladies of Barrington are providing themselves with that necessary article nowadays. Why not form a club? Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Hutchinson and Miss Caskett, of Chicago, were visitors at the home of Mr. Chester Hutchinson, Sunday.

Miss Bauman is offering special bargains in summer trimmed hats, as she is desirous of closing them out. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brasel, of Des Plaines, were visitors here Sunday.

Mr. Boxberger, of Carpentersville, was here Sunday. Messrs. Otto Sadt and Guy Fischer are now in the employ of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway as passenger brakemen.

The best oil in town for machinery can be found at I. D. Lamey & Co.'s. Camp meeting closed Tuesday evening.

Mr. M. Regan, of Chicago, visited his mother this week. Mr. George Schaefer is once more in business. He has bought out the meat market owned by Messrs. Lageschulte Bros. and will be pleased to meet his old customers, as well as new ones.

Mr. James Jones, of Chicago, was a pleasant visitor here this week. I will close out my entire stock of summer trimmed hats at cost. -Miss Denn Bauman.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the large ad. of Wolthausen & Landwer, which appears in this issue of the Review. Messrs. Wolthausen & Landwer purchased the stock of general merchandise of G. H. Landwer last week. The members of this new firm are Frank A. Wolthausen and Samuel L. Landwer. They are popular young men, and are up-to-date in their way of doing business. We believe they merit a share of your patronage.

Rev. Robert Bailey and family spent a day at the home of Mr. William Young last week. The first good rain we have had for several weeks fell last Tuesday afternoon and evening, and it was a welcome visitor. It will greatly help the pastures and farm products, as everything was badly set back by the drought. Hay is very light, and there will scarcely be half a crop.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl F. Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Flint, and John Sizer took in the parks in the city on their wheels Sunday.

Harry and Ray Catlow, of Evanston, visited at Mr. William Young's during the last week. Don't pay \$40 when you can buy the best shuttle sewing machine made for \$25, cash, at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

Mrs. C. A. Wheeler entertained the members of the Thursday Reading Circle, at her home near Honey Lake. A most enjoyable time was had by those attending.

Mrs. William Dawson and daughter, Miss Nellie, attended a wedding at Maywood this week. Rev. E. Rohn returned home from Freeport Tuesday.

Hammocks, all prices, at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s. There will be a covenant meeting in the Baptist Church Saturday, June 29, at 2:30 p. m. The members of the church are earnestly requested to be present.

A large and appreciative audience attended the exercises at the Baptist Church last Sunday evening. An interesting programme was rendered. The "Sacred Number Seven" will be the subject at the Baptist Church, Sunday evening. All are welcome. Subscribe for the Review.

We had a heavy rain Tuesday, which will prove a great benefit to the farmers. Forty-five cents buys the boy a pair of overalls at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s.

The M. E. Sunday-school will give a picnic at Randall's Lake in Hawley's Grove, on the Fourth of July. All are invited to spend the day with the school in the grove, and thus enjoy a royal good time.

Take advantage of the low prices on flour. A. W. Meyer & Co. are selling their Fancy Patent Flour for \$1 per sack.

The M. E. Sunday-school are to have the best picnic ever had yet. Everybody is invited to attend. It will be at Randall's Lake July 4th.

Mr. Fred Sandman was at Palatine on business Wednesday. Mrs. P. Heise returned home from Viola last week.

You save money by buying ladies' misses' or children's tan shoes or slippers at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Flint returned to their home at Neenah, Wis., Monday after a two-weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. James Sizer.

"Life's Foundation Stones" is the topic of Rev. F. E. Ream's sermon for next Sunday evening. All are invited. For men's and boy's hats, go to A. W. Meyer & Co. Their prices are the lowest.

Mr. J. W. Gilbert, of Wauconda, is a caller here Monday. We are always glad to receive news items for this paper, and we will thank you to drop your items in Review box at R. Burton's meat market, on or before Wednesday of each week.

A handsome line of gent's neckwear to select from at A. W. Meyer & Co.'s. Miss Myrtle Dixon visited at her home in Wauconda last week.

I have moved in one of William Sharmans' cottages, opposite E. Lamey's residence, where I will have my office. Office hours, from 8 to 10 o'clock a. m. daily. Dr. M. F. Clausius.

Miss C. E. Kingsley received her Sunday-school class, and several other friends in her pleasant home Wednesday night of last week. The entertainment was a novel one. Usually, in social meetings, there are not young men enough to go around. In this case, there were seven young ladies and ten young gentlemen. This, however, was not the novelty referred to, but consisted in the entertainment itself. It was a shooting match. After practice in sharpshooting, with an air-gun, the young people were treated to the finest refreshments. Ice cream, chocolate, fruits and cakes from the city, to say nothing of the best specimens of home production. Having spent a merry evening, the guests retired, with increased good will toward their already well-appreciated Sunday-school teacher. Miss Kingsley fills several unpaid positions in which her value cannot be overestimated. E. J. L.

CRAZY GIRL NOT FOUND

MARY LINNETT, WHO SHOT HER FRIEND, MISS SHERMAN, IS STILL MISSING.

FEAR SHE HAS KILLED HERSELF.

Friends of the Assault Here No Other Theory of Her Continued Absence.

Two girls and a 32-caliber Hopkins & Allen revolver were the actors yesterday morning in what may yet prove to be a tragedy.

Mary Linnett, daughter of James Linnett, a contractor, residing at 43 North Campbell avenue, attended early communion celebration at St. Sylvester's church. After the service the girl returned to her home. Remaining but a few minutes she left the house by a rear door, returning before the family had fairly discovered her absence, with a smoking pistol in her hand.

Next door lived the Sherman family, whose relations with the Linnetts had for years been marked by the closest intimacy. This was especially true of the young people in the two houses, and Mary Linnett and Frances E. Sherman had long been inseparable companions. Lately, Miss Linnett has not been well, and probably owing to this fact has been subject to fits of melancholy. Within the last few days this feeling of morbid desperation has seemed to spend itself particularly upon the girl's dearest friend, Miss Sherman. She could not endure to be absent from her friend for a single moment, and when Miss Sherman's social or domestic duties rendered such brief separations necessary Miss Linnett would be almost wild with excitement.

It was only a day or two ago that Miss Linnett threatened to kill Miss Sherman if the latter did not devote herself wholly to her friend. Miss Sherman could not talk with any one else without being scolded by Miss Linnett, who in the next breath would implore her friend to give her all her affection and not cause her to die of a broken heart. At the time little was thought of the supposedly idle but murderous threat.

It was about 7:45 o'clock yesterday morning that Miss Linnett attempted to make good her word by shooting Miss Sherman in her own home. The injured young woman was quickly removed to a hospital, where she now is. The three-inch wound in the back of her head is not likely to be a fatal one unless unforeseen complications set in. This is the report of Dr. Ingalls, the surgeon in attendance. Miss Linnett has disappeared and her friends fear that she has carried out another threat to make away with herself also. The girl was last seen in the vicinity of Lake street and California avenue, and detectives are looking for her, but so far their efforts have not been rewarded with success. Miss Linnett is but 17 years old, a bright and handsome young girl, while her wounded friend, Miss Sherman, is a good-looking, mature woman of 40. -Inter Ocean.

Miss Linnett came out to Barrington Wednesday evening, but was taken back to the city Thursday morning by Chicago parties. Miss Sherman formerly lived in Barrington, and her father now resides here.

Don't forget to fill a basket and join the Sunday-school picnic, to be held at Randall's Lake July 4th. This picnic is for everybody, and a cordial invitation is extended to all.

Miss Grace Peck entertained Miss Gertrude Loomis, one of her schoolmates, this week.

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.

For Rent - A flat consisting of five rooms over A. W. Meyer & Co.'s store. For particulars call on A. W. Meyer. 3t.

Two Lives Saved. Mrs. Phoebe Thomas of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had Consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thomas Eggers, 139 Florida street, San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else then bought a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottle at A. L. Waller's Drug Store. Regular size 50c and \$1.

Cure for Headache. As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only 50c at A. L. Waller's Drug Store.

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

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.

HELD FOR A RANSOM.

WEALTHY BUFFALO CITIZEN KIDNAPED.

Octavius C. Cottle, a Retired Business Man, Rescued from a Perilous Position by the Police - Criminal News from All Over the Country.

Buffalo, N. Y., June 27.-Octavius C. Cottle, 50 years old, head of one of the oldest and best known families in this city, was found yesterday morning loaded with chains in the cellar of a vacant house at 36 Byrnes street. He had been kidnaped and held for ransom right in the heart of the city and in broad daylight.

A well-dressed stranger appeared at Mr. Cottle's residence early Monday morning, saying he wanted to make a deal with Mr. Cottle about a piece of property which he owned on Chenango street. He asked Mr. Cottle to drive there with him at once and Mr. Cottle got into the buggy. At 36 Baynes street, in the center of the block between West Ferry and Breckinridge, there is an unoccupied cottage. Arriving there Mr. Cottle was invited to go in and show the place to the stranger. As he stepped inside the door the stranger and a confederate seized and gagged him. After an hour or two they released him so that his right hand was free, and producing pen and paper ordered him to write a note to his wife saying that he had been arrested in Fort Erie under an assumed name for a serious crime, and the note closed with the earnest admonition to his wife to give the bearer \$2,500, as it was absolutely necessary that he have that sum at once. One of the men then departed, leaving the other in charge of the prisoner. He went to the Cottle house and saw Mrs. Cottle, who was about to give him the money when her eldest son chanced to come in. He advised her not to give up the money, so she told the man to call later in the day, and in the meantime the matter was reported to the police. They were unable to make any headway with it, however. The man did not return to the Cottle house. The other man remained with Mr. Cottle until Tuesday night and provided him with water and crackers. Alarmed at the failure of his partner to appear he disappeared from the house.

A policeman passing the house heard groans, and breaking in the door of the house, made an investigation. No arrests have been made, but the police have a good description of the men.

Mr. Cottle is a man of commanding and distinguished appearance, and is not lacking in physical courage. He said the first he knew of the man who acted as a decoy was a letter which he received last Saturday, in which the writer informed him that he would call on him some time Monday in regard to the real estate transaction. The letter was couched in a business-like way, and Mr. Cottle had no suspicions. Indeed, until the men jumped upon him after he had entered the Baynes street house he did not suspect anything. Mr. Cottle has furnished to the police a fair description of the men, but they were both of the conventional type and the police have gained no ground at all.

DEPUTIES BATTLE WITH BANDITS. One of the Yeager Band Shot in a Running Fight.

Wichita, Kan., June 27.-Deputy Sheriffs from Woodward, Ok., who have been scouring the territory for Zip Wyatt, alias Dick Yeager, and his outlaw band for a number of days, came suddenly upon four of the outlaws fifty miles west of Kingfisher Tuesday night. The deputies fired a volley among the bandits and then beat a retreat. There was a rapid exchange of shots and in the fight one of the outlaws, Charley Black, a brother of Tulsa Jack, who was killed in the Cimarron fight last week, was badly wounded in the hip. His comrades quickly tied him to his horse and fled. Darkness soon closed in and the deputies were compelled to give up the pursuit. Early this morning the bandits crossed the Rock Island south of Hennessy. The wounded man was still with them. A large posse of officers is now in hot pursuit.

Wife Hires a Murderer. Jeffersonville, Ga., June 27.-Mrs. William Nobles, her daughter and two negroes have been arrested on the charge of killing the husband of Mrs. Nobles. The woman and her husband had quarreled a good deal, and she, it is charged, paid a negro named Gus Johnson \$10 for killing the old man by striking him on the head with a hatchet. The negro Gus claims that Mrs. Nobles struck one of the blows.

Two Killed at South Enid. South Enid, Ok., June 27.-While attempting to stop a fight between R. W. Patterson, registrar of the United States land office, and J. L. Isenberg, editor of the Enid Daily Wave, City Marshal Williams was shot through the right lung by Patterson and killed. As he fell he shot and killed Patterson. Isenberg published an article in his paper severely criticizing Patterson, and a personal encounter resulted.

SUICIDE OF ADMIRAL DAGAMA. Finding Himself Overpowered the Famous Brazilian Kills Himself.

Buenos Ayres, June 27.-The insurgents, under the command of Admiral DaGama, in the province of Rio Grande de Sul, Brazil, have been defeated by the government troops at Campos. Admiral Osorio was wounded and captured. He subsequently succumbed to his injuries. Admiral DaGama, finding himself overpowered, committed suicide. General Taveres assumed command of the rebels.

Wants a National Convention. Pittsburg, Pa., June 27.-A representative mass-meeting assembled in common council chamber yesterday and invited the National Republican convention to meet next year at the birthplace of the party. Mayor McKenna, a Democrat, presided. A committee of 100 was appointed to take entire charge of the work, and given power to increase their number and to name the sub-committees that would be needed. On behalf of the street railways C. L. Magee pledged \$10,000 to the project.

A PROCLAMATION

To the People of

Barrington and Vicinity

MARK THESE WORDS:

Having purchased the entire stock of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Etc., owned by G. H. Landwer, and desiring to make your acquaintance, we shall for the next 30 days make such low prices you cannot help coming to see us, for we have bought these goods at a bargain and we propose to give you the benefit of the deal.

'Tis money in your pocket to give us a trial.

Yours Respectfully, F.A. WOLTHAUSEN. S. L. LANDWER.

WOLTHAUSEN & LANDWER Watch This Space for Prices.

MISSOURI DEMOCRATS.

State Committee Refuses to Call a Silver Convention. St. Louis, June 27.-Chairman C. C. Maffitt of the democratic state central committee has mailed to each county chairman in Missouri an address, of which the following is part: "Your state democratic committee having noted through the public press that some of the enthusiasts in behalf of the free, unlimited and unconditional coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 were clamorous for a convention of the democratic party in this state for the purpose of giving expression of sentiment upon that to the exclusion of all other important articles of democratic creed, convened on June 1 with the view of canvassing the policy, propriety and wisdom of committing the party by its action to such an unusual and unprecedented project. Upon the assembling of a full committee the general phase of the subject was considered and thoroughly canvassed. The arguments for and against having been patiently heard and carefully and dispassionately weighed. The judgment of the committee was registered against the calling of a convention by the decisive vote of 10 to 5."

The chairman gave as reasons that to call a convention for the purpose of formulating a declaration of beliefs solely upon a single one of the national issues might be justly construed as an abandonment of all others; that it would create schisms, ostracisms, and anarchy; that neither tradition nor usage afforded a precedent for a convention to predecide upon any subject which must be dealt with by a regular convention that puts forth a declaration of principles for its party candidates; that the committee did not feel clothed with the power to call such a convention.

MANIA FOR DESTRUCTION. Henry Schultz Scatters Poison Broadcast and Jumps Into a Well. Cincinnati, O., June 27.-Henry Schultz, a former well-known contractor, was locked up yesterday on the charge of lunacy, on complaint of his son. Last year the elder Schultz took contracts for a number of buildings, and, after erecting them, found that he had lost money on each job. He lost much of his fortune in this manner and brooded over the matter so much that his mind weakened. Early Tuesday evening he made an attempt to take his own life by drowning himself in a well on his premises. He was discovered by his son, who pulled him out of the well.

His mania is a desire to destruction in all directions, and in the past few weeks he has been visiting all the small streams and dropping a few drops of poison in the waters for the purpose of poisoning everything and everybody who drank of it. Before jumping in the well he put poison in all the food in his house in the hope that his family would take it and die. Schultz was worth \$50,000 three years ago.

Severe Storm in England. London, June 27.-A severe thunderstorm raged in many parts of Great Britain and Ireland yesterday, and much damage has resulted. Lightning struck a tree in the grounds of the Agricultural show at Darlington just after the Duke and Duchess of York had left, killing two persons and injuring three others. Two miners returning from work were killed by lightning near Normanne.

World's Fair Medals Ready at Last. Washington, June 27.-The diplomas for the Foreign Commissioners at the Chicago World's Fair have been prepared at last, and the distribution will begin in a few days from the State Department through Assistant Secretary Rockhill. There are fifty-eight of these diplomas, designed like the exhibitors' diplomas, but containing in the place of the name the language of the act of Congress providing for their award to the commissioners.

Republican Senators Caucus. Springfield, Ill., June 27.-The Republican senators held their caucus yesterday and adopted the report of Senator Dunlap, chairman of the committee appointed at Tuesday's caucus to make a report of the condition of the state treasury and the adequacy of the tax levy. The members of the committee were Senators Fitzpatrick, Herb, Harding, Hunter, Munroe, Aspinwall, and Berry.

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

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.

### DESTINY.

By Mrs. Douglas Adam.

The width of many countries lay between  
A woman and a man when they were born.  
Her world was full of flowers and tropic green,  
While his was bare and fruitless as the thorn.

Her life was full of light. Upon her mouth  
Smiles found their fated resting place.  
She seemed a daughter of the fragrant South,  
While clouds of Northern sadness touched his face.

And yet, these two so far apart and strange,  
And seeing life within such different spheres,  
Were led by Fate, with every smallest change,  
To come together at the end of years.

### THE WIT OF MAN.

I met her at a garden party, not a joyous gathering of tennis players and girls laughing to the sun, but the gloomy affair of the morbidly select. In bright red she blossomed with all the sweets of a woman majestically feminine. Her crisp, black hair seemed ready to fly out against conventionalities, against hats particularly, and her brown eyes were golden with the joy of life; wit had chiseled her features, so excellently irregular in the roundness of her curves, to pointed nose and chin. I could not but enjoy, as a relief from all the elaborate angles of her stiff surroundings, the rapid undulations of her lithe figure, her expressive arms, dancing little feet, as she sat there, a wild gypsy, fashionable and polished, but still untamed by society. Pouting like some playful child over lessons, her mouth rigidly set against the flickering dimples of irresistible laughter, she listened to the pompous old Duc de Retz, or answered his wise sentences at random, with a wave of her hand.

"Who is she?" I inquired of M. Plimodan de St. Ouen, a walking edition of "Le Tout Paris," tightly bound in a frock coat.

"Why, that is la belle Comtesse de Croqui de Canaples; a widow, mon cher, young, rich. If you admire her, here's your chance. The duke is dying to talk politics with the Dowager de Baudricourt. Forward, to the rescue!"

And M. Plimodan emitted that short, dry cough which serves him as laugh or cough, while I stepped up to M. de Retz, who gratefully introduced me.

"Dear cousin! Mr. Castleigh-Comtesse de Canaples."

And he retired as Mme. de Canaples smiled up at me with her humorous eyes. Her voice was fluently musical as she gaily said, "We are not quite strangers, for I have met your charming sister at the Plot-Chandieu's." Before I could frame a compliment, she suddenly added, "Do you love her?"

"Who?"

"Your sister, of course. I like every man to love his sister."

"Well, I hope I do."

"You only hope! Are you an Englishman?"

"More or less."

"Less, decidedly less. An Englishman with blue eyes like yours should not only be honest and brave, but sure, sure of everything. Don't you see? Don't you understand what strength, what manliness there is in being absolutely sure, even if you are quite wrong? It is healthy; everything strong and absolute is healthy. What are you, then?"

"Well, a cosmopolitan."

"Ah! bah!" she exclaimed, with a toss of her diminutive head, as she surveyed me good-humoredly. "And that means that you are not interested in anything but the surface of things; that your aspirations go no higher than a life will carry you; that your feelings, philosophy, love, lounge in a mental Hotel Metropole, and never work at home. Have you no preference for any country?"

"I think I prefer France."

"For shame! you a Castleigh; you whose very name seems rooted in Saxon soil! Ah," she smiled, with another of her kindly smiles, "I see it all; you think to flatter. But why should you not speak the truth? I adore the truth! You cannot possibly love anything better than your birthplace, your family, your home?"

I laughed, saying: "You see, my mother was French."

She seized my hand and shook it frankly, as she exclaimed: "Then you really did love your mother? You love her country? 'Tis well! All human greatness of man is in his devotion to his mother. France then seems to enfold you in her arms; the very air caresses, soothes and nurses you! But nevertheless, you are an Englishman. This mixture of races and names breaks traditions of hereditary faith. Man must be steadfast. Only a woman may capriciously adopt and passionately her love across the seas; may be irreligious, except to God, herself and her husband. Man must be the rock to which we cling. He is our country, our name, our heart. Remember that song of your people: 'In spite of all temptations, To belong to other nations, He remains an Englishman.'"

"How nice of him! You know there are temptations, for England means duty—but I am preaching; excuse me. You have such a real, honest British face, that I cannot help feeling disappointed at finding you a mere cosmopolitan. Go back to England; there is the place for the clever and the brave."

"You flatter!"

"Never!"

"But I feel flattered."

"You should feel ashamed, then, as flattery commences where truth ceases. Are you not clever; are you not brave? Well, at any rate you have enough false modesty to please most people of the world."

I blushed.

"Have I hurt your feelings," she said, with her hand on my arm, in soft, gentle tones. "I am so sorry! I only wished to spur you out of this

nonchalant attitude. I am sure 'tis only a pose, that you really have ideals. Come, now, don't let me do you an injustice; I hate misunderstandings. Admit it, you are a worker, not simply a walking gentleman; you have something beneath the crown of your hat. What do you do, tell me?" And she leaned forward, her eyes intent on mine.

"Well, I write a little poetry," I stammered.

Her eyes sparkled, her lips smiled, she clapped her hands in delight, exclaiming in a musical duologue: You your mother and you are a poet! I know your English eyes expressed ideals, strength and health. Poets may be cosmopolitans; indeed, their home is in all nations' hearts. Have you published? Not yet? Oh, then do bring your manuscripts to the house: could you come tomorrow, Tuesday? Yes? How good of you, when every moment may be precious gold. Thank you, and adieu."

And as I held that small hand in mine, I felt that I had made a friend.

When I called next day, Mme. de Canaples was in her boudoir. She listened to my reading, silently, reverently, almost, it seemed, after dinner, and when I left the house, after dinner, I felt very great. The next morning, I met in the Bois and rode together; at the same time we danced a tango at Mme. de Plot-Chandieu's. Fate seemed determined to make us meet, and, perhaps, we helped her.

If a man and woman see much of each other they invariably talk of themselves, wax sentimental by waltz music and imagine themselves in love after supper. But I am tired of flirtations, sick of telling a woman whom I only admire that I love her. So one evening as we discussed sentiments over pate-de-fois-gras, I told her how much I regretted that two great minds should lavishly follow the example of the stupid. She agreed "If we remain on our present footing, one of us may fall in love. She opened her innocent eyes, smiling, "Yes," I continued, "in love; what else can happen? Whereas, if we go off somewhere together and live naturally, unconstrained by the world, we shall know ourselves truly and enjoy a few days of rest."

"Oh, the wit of man!" she cried, gaily clapping her hands, her whole face beaming with delight.

The next morning we started by rail for Fontainebleau. Soon we were both fast asleep, only to wake at our destination. She took a room at one hotel, I at another. The next day we drove in the forest, silently watching the foyes in trees, till our eyes grew tired and we fell asleep. We stayed there a fortnight, driving, sleeping, barely saying a word, and yet quite happy.

When we were back in Paris she asked, "And why did we go to Fontainebleau for that?"

"Because," I replied, "at Fontainebleau we kept regular hours, allowed ourselves no cerebral excitement, drank no champagne, heard no one whisper, 'Little Castleigh is awfully in love with Mme. de Canaples,' or 'The Comtesse is decidedly sweet on her carter.' I have simply proved, dear lady, that society was forcing us with its champagne and talk, to think of each other, whereas nature left us to follow our own individual and separate thoughts. Oh, that fortnight in Fontainebleau! We scarcely spoke twice a day. Silence is repose, and repose is bliss. To think that we might have been vulgar lovers! A few more days of Paris, and my fate, at least, was sealed. But I understood the dangers of our situation. Could anything be more paradoxical and modern than our elopement to Fontainebleau? Carry off a woman mysteriously at night, two hours by rail, to a strange town, remain there a fortnight, cate-tete! And all that not to become lovers, but, on the contrary, to escape the necessary, the historical development of a situation without issue. Don't you think that our late adventure gives us incontestable superiority over the greatest wits of our age?"

She seized both of my hands and fixed my eyes. It was a rapid, searching, wondrous look; only her irregular and mobile face could have such expression; and for half a second she seemed to tear open my soul, take a peep, see it all and shut it up. Then she sat down on the sofa and gazed meditatively at me. Humor and disappointment were blended in her dimpled smile. She crossed her arms, nodded her head, examined her little feet slowly one after the other, and sighed, "The wit of man!" She shrugged her shoulders most charmingly as she reiterated, each time with quite a new and singular intonation, "The wit of man, the wit of man!"

Most people would have been put out by the obvious double meaning of this remark, but I am a psychologist; in fact, I pride myself not a little on my penetration. I understood that she smiled at my wit, compared me to others, and sighed regretfully reflected how few men are really capable of such subtle conduct with women. They are few, indeed.

Then she buried her face in her hands to think. And, with equal unexpectedness, came softly to me and kissed my cheek. "Thank you," she said, in a strangely, far-off voice; "though a youth, you are a great philosopher. Henceforth you are friends; we will never allow society to make us pose one to the other, but meet sometimes and rest together."

She tripped away out of the room. But the door suddenly reopened, and she leaned forward, offering her exquisite figure to my view like a bouquet, as she smiled with her sweet, red lips, "The wit of man, ha! ha!" she laughed, as she ran downstairs.—San Francisco Bulletin.

**Sniffing the Earthquake from Afar.**  
It is a well known fact that horses can hear sounds that are not perceptible to human ears. For days previous to the great earthquake in the Riviera the horses of that locality showed every symptom of fear, which continued without change of character, unless it was in the direction of greater frenzy, till the fury of the great convulsion broke forth. Not until a few seconds, however, before the earth began to tremble did human beings hear the subterranean rumblings. One writer from the scene says that in his opinion the horses knew that the great quake was on the way from seventy-two to 100 hours before their masters heard of it the first jar.—St. Louis Republic.

### CRIME OF MURDER.

#### IS AN ACCIDENT, SAYS UNITED STATES COURT.

An Interesting Point in Accident Insurance Recently Decided—Murdered Man's Widow Got \$5,000—The Company Had Refused Payment.



UT this question to the first friend you meet: "Would you regard a murder as an accident to the victim?" and his reply will be most probably: "Why, certainly not." Yet upon reflection, he will be obliged to change that answer, for of all the ways and means of death murder is the most uncommon.

A trial involving \$5,000, and hinging upon the question whether or not murder is an accident, was decided in the affirmative by a jury in the United States Circuit Court a few days ago. The murder was committed in Dallas, Texas, says the New York World.

One of the leading business firms in that bustling town was known as Langdon, Gill & Parrish, lumber merchants. Young Mr. Langdon was the senior member, and one of the most popular men in the town. It was his social success, so it was said, that led to the first quarrel between him and Parrish, the third member of the firm.

In December, 1892, Langdon took out a policy on his life for \$5,000 in the United States Mutual Accident Insurance Company, of No. 320 Broadway, this city. About two months later serious difficulties arose between him and his partner, Parrish. The latter, on one occasion, when Gill, the other member of the firm, was out of the office, locked the door, and, drawing a pistol, attempted to shoot Langdon. The latter grappled with him, and managed to hold the pistol off his person, while he begged so hard for his life on account of his wife and children that Parrish relented. The men shook hands, and to all outward appearances became good friends again.

However, on the evening of October 23, 1893, while Langdon was returning home from church, and was just about opening the gate leading to his home, some one stole up behind and struck him a fearful blow upon the head with a long piece of gas-pipe having a heavy knot in the end of it. It was found beside Langdon's body when he was discovered by friends a few minutes later. He was carried into his house, but died next morning.

A negro who was arrested for the crime confessed, and implicated Parrish. Parrish was also arrested, and when in jail succeeded in taking his life.

Stella F. Langdon, the widow of the murdered man, and the beneficiary named in his insurance policy, put in her claim for \$5,000. The company promptly refused to pay the insurance, contending that Langdon's death was not the result of an accident, as intended within the meaning of the policy. Mrs. Langdon at once instituted a suit in the United States Circuit Court for this district, and the case came up for trial before Judge Wallace. The case was so unusual that the court room was crowded on the trial day, principally by lawyers eager to hear the evidence in so novel a suit. The case for the plaintiff was presented by Leopold Wallach, of No. 33 Wall street, and that for the defendant by David Murray, of No. 320 Broadway. Argument on both sides was brief, and the case was settled in an hour and twenty minutes.

Mr. Murray contended that nothing could be an accident the result of which was intended by the person committing the act. In support of the theory he quoted extensively from works giving definitions of the word accident as something occurring "unforeseen and not intended." He held that in Langdon's case death was intended, and therefore not an accident. He also supposed a case.

"Here," he said, "is a man who has been killed. You tell a friend, and he asks: 'How did he die; was it an accident?' and the reply would come naturally, 'No, he was murdered.'"

He also quoted from a book on medical-legal jurisprudence, which defined killing as homicidal, suicidal and accidental, and declared that the obvious inference was that homicidal and accidental were antagonistic terms.

Mr. Wallach's argument was even more brief. He held that anything and everything not in the natural order of events to be expected or anticipated was accidental. He cited a decision recently rendered in the United States Supreme Court to the effect that even the suicide of an insane person was an accident within the definition of the term in law, and also quoted another case wherein the death of a man hanged by a mob was adjudged to be an accident by the courts. Judge Wallace evidently took the same view of the matter in the case of Langdon, for he directed the jury to bring in a verdict for \$5,000, the full amount of the policy and interest, for Mrs. Langdon.

This probably settles one of the most curious suits ever tried in the Federal court, and establishes a new principle in insurance law.

The insurance company has not yet announced whether it will appeal the case. It has thirty days in which to file the appeal, but it is understood that the lawyers for the company recognize that the decision of the court would not be overruled. Judge Wallace's decisions rarely are.

**The Giving Away of Franchises.**  
Taken together, these figures show that the gross earnings of corporations supplying gas and electricity and hav-

ing street car privileges in New York city exceed \$35,000,000 per annum, says a writer in the Century. Their net earnings are in excess of \$14,000,000. The amounts paid by them into the treasury of the city are only nominal. The earnings increase from year to year because of the growth of the city. Competition among them is impossible, because street railways cannot be paralleled; and it would be unwise and impracticable to attempt to charter new gas companies continually. The streets would constantly be torn open, and the health of the citizens endangered; and then no sooner would they be closed up than the two competing companies would enter into an alliance, either for maintenance of rates or for consolidation. This has been the experience of New York, and, in fact, of all great cities. Private competition being impossible, some kind of public control seems desirable that would either keep the charges down, so that the returns would be reasonable, or that would secure to the treasury of the city the profits beyond fair interest on the capital. The figures given above show the overwhelming importance of control by the city of its valuable franchises.

### CURES BY OXYGEN GAS.

A London Physician Reports a Cure for Baldness and Some Experiments.

Some remarkably good results have been obtained in the treatment of local diseases by oxygen gas. At a meeting of the Clinical Society of London, Mr. G. Stoker showed three cases to illustrate local treatment by oxygen gas. The first case was that of a woman, aged 56 years who had for several years been suffering from an intractable ulcer of the leg, involving almost its entire circumference. She had been under treatment as an in-and-out patient for years without any benefit. The limb was immersed in an atmosphere consisting of equal parts of air and oxygen gas. The treatment at once entirely relieved the pain from which she had been suffering; the gas caused a prickling sensation when first turned on, but this disappeared in the course of half an hour. She was entirely healed. The second case was that of a man, who suffered from extensive and intractable ulcerations of the hand, following a poisoned wound on the finger. The rapidity of a healing under a similar atmosphere was remarkable; the nails grew so quickly that they had to be cut every day, and there was an exuberant growth of hair on the back of the hand. By the seventh day the wound was completely aseptic. The third case was that of a girl, who had lost nearly all her hair from alopecia areata. The head had been shaved previously, and no hair grew after that till the treatment was commenced. It filled her with a rubber cap, and into this pure oxygen was pumped. At the end of six weeks she was getting quite a good head of hair.

### Last Days of a Poetess.

Jane Ingelow is now a venerable woman of 74. She spends the most of the year at her quiet home in Kensington, alternating her time with a sojourn each season at Nice. In both places she is surrounded by her household pets, and in this life of quiet domesticity she passes her time, saying little of her work unless urged to do so. She is described as "a sweet-faced gray-haired woman in a cap," with nothing romantic or suggestive of her profession in her appearance.

### PECULIARITIES.

Fadrewski is sharing his honors in Paris with M. Zeldenrust, a Dutch pianist, who is soon coming to America, and whom the Paris critics compare to Rubinstein.

President Felix Faure of France is said to be an expert poker player. He has little time in these days to engage in the pastime that he learned from an American diplomat.

Mount Cook, the highest peak in New Zealand, 12,362 feet high, has just been climbed for the first time by Mr. Fitzgerald, of the Alpine club, and the Swiss guide, Zurbriggen.

The cross of the Legion of Honor has been awarded to Engineer Martin, of La Gascogne, to whose skill and perseverance the repairs on the steamship's broken machinery are mainly due.

The American Theosophists, late in first annual session in Boston, have elected William Q. Judge life president, with power to name his successor. It was the largest assemblage of the cult ever held in this country.

Gen. Booth is planning to send such an industrial colony to Canada as will astonish the world. His scheme comprehends the transportation of 10,000 persons, and he is sanguine that these people will stay and prosper there.

The poet Swinburne is 58 years old and in the prime of physical condition. He is an unimpressive figure. He is scarcely 5 feet in height, his face is ghastly pale and his head, which is large in proportion to his body, is covered with a thick shock of uncombed hair.

A coal-black negro is bandmaster of one of the Prussian grenadier regiments. He has graduated at the Royal Conservatory, after a complete course in music. He is the son of the negro valet of the late Prince Charles and whisks his baton and wears his gold lace as effectively as any white bandmaster.

Dr. Rudolph Doehn, editor of the Dresdener Presse and author of several works on American history and of translations in Dresden at the age of 70. He was one of the many Germans driven to America after 1848 for political reasons, but returned to his country after Prussia's victories in 1866.

John C. S. Hancock, of Hancock, Md., who has only his left arm to shoot with, the right having been lost in a carriage accident, has killed this season with his shotgun 209 squirrels, 125 rabbits, 217 partridges, sixty-two pheasants, twenty-eight wild turkeys and thirty-five woodcock. Of wild ducks he has shot twenty-three mallards and several redheads.

### SOME FARM TOPICS.

#### INTERESTING SUBJECTS FOR TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Economical Beef Making—Growing Peanuts in the North—Sulphur in Poultry Houses—Caustic Potash in Deteriorating.

One of the essentials to better and cheaper beef making in the cattle regions is the improvement of the grass ranges. In many parts of the South and Southwest, where droves of our beef cattle are raised, the chief fodder of the animal is a coarse unnutritious grass, supplemented with a little grain, and general herbage of an inferior character. These natural products of the soil produced the poor scrub cattle that have for years been coming from the Southwestern regions.

A complete revolution can be made in that vast cattle country, and there are some signs of such changes being inaugurated. Bermuda grass, alfalfa, lucern and many other grasses are rooting out the old tough herbage and covering the country with a rich, succulent grass. This is one of the great economies of beef raising. This grass, once started, will not only produce larger crops than the present inferior stuff, but it will give richer and heavier beef.

It will make the animals grow to a larger and heavier weight, and in every respect show economy. Why so many cattle owners still cling to the old natural herbage instead of adopting the better policy can only be explained by a shortsightedness stings, or a belief that there is no improving scrub cattle, and that the best must be made of them while they last.

The latter error is too common in this country. So many farmers have been taught to believe that the best thing they can do with their native stock is to kill them off and buy new and selected stock. They cannot afford to do this, and consequently they cling to their old animals and starve them along as ever.

The native stock has many fine points and qualities, and if they cannot be supplanted, by others they should be improved by better care and feeding. Good food will do great things for animals. It may require a generation or two, but the signs of improvement will inevitably appear. The tough, muscular system will relax a little, forming a fine basis upon which to put flesh. In fact, in crosses between the scrub stock and superior breeds the former contributes nothing so valuable as a tough muscular system. Our fine-bred cattle usually lack this, and it is a good thing to infuse a little into the new blood of the future generations.

This question of cheaper food production can be applied to farmers in other parts of the country. There is no state where too much grass is raised. When we reach that stage it may be time to call a halt, but as grass is the foundation of all good farming, we are a long distance from having a surplus. Grass will always be useful in improving the soil and feeding more stock. If this was in abundance the cost of raising stock would be but small for pure grass-raised stock are not by any means poor animals. With plenty of this a small quantity of grain will not be noticeable.—Chicago Journal.

#### Growing Peanuts in the North.

Most of people think that peanuts cannot be grown in the North, but this is a mistake, as they will mature a crop as far north as Southern Wisconsin. If the soil is suitable and the planting is done early. The early varieties mature in about five months from planting. I prefer for garden purposes the small Spanish sort, as they mature early, are of finer flavor than the large Virginia nuts and may be planted closer. I am not describing how to grow them as a field crop now, though there are large parts of Southern Illinois and of the section in that latitude where they would make a profitable crop. To grow four or five rods of them is not hard and the nuts will be found to be very nice to have through the winter.

The ground should be plowed five inches deep at least, and made very fine. The soil should be of such texture that it does not bake, for the peanut has the peculiar property of blooming above the surface and then the flower spike turns into the ground and the nut grows beneath the surface. If the surface is hard the spike cannot penetrate it and dies in a few hours. Soil that has a considerable proportion of sand is best, and lime is necessary to a good crop. For five rods of ground a bushel of air-slacked lime is about the proper quantity, and if this is sown after plowing it will become thoroughly mixed with the soil by the work of fining it and will be ready for the use of the plant. Wood ashes are good fertilizers and phosphates show good results when used on peanuts.

For a garden plot the rows need not be more than thirty inches apart, and the seeds may be planted eighteen inches apart in rows, one kernel in a place, for the larger sorts, and two if Spanish nuts are planted.

The seeds must be taken from the shells before planting, but the kernels must not be broken. Plant about the same time that corn is planted and about the same depth. Keep the surface stirred and free from weeds, and when the plants begin to bloom see to it that the soil about the plant is loose.

When the plants mature and before frost, pull them up and allow them to dry in the air, and they will be ready to roast and use. The freshly dug nuts are very good eaten raw, but after they are dried they have a flavor that is unpleasant to a good many and should be roasted. With good care half a bushel may be grown to each square rod.—Farm News.

#### Milk Making.

While the milk is being elaborated by a cow the ends of the cells, which line the inside of the milk ducts and vesicles in her udder, seem to enlarge.

Each one forms a small globule, and when that is perfected it drops off into the serum of the milk. Each bud or globule so formed is a globule of fat; from them is made all the butter from cow's milk. These tiny buds of fat seem to grow on the surface of the cells, partly by the destruction of the cells and partly by the conversion of some of the substance of the cow's blood into fat. They trickle down in and with the milk, and are held in suspension in it, not in solution, as are the other solids in it. They mostly come during the latter part of the milking, probably because they do not move so quickly or easily as the liquid part of the cow's milk. The fore milk is thinner than the strippings, because the globules of fat do not free themselves from the internal linings of the milk ducts so quickly as the liquid of the milk.

The condition of the cow's blood and her nervous system very largely affect the quality of the milk she gives. Bad feeling, foul water or the absence of salt will induce in the cow a condition in which she will not yield good milk; a similar condition with its consequent effects may be caused by neglect, exposure, abuse or excitement. A cow has a peculiarly delicate organization, and must be handled with kindness, and any man who abuses a cow beats out the profit, for she will pay him back by giving less milk and that of a poorer quality. The globules of fat are so numerous that in a thimbleful of milk there will be found millions of them. It is estimated that there are one thousand millions of them in every cubic inch of milk. From these specks of fat the butter is made. To get them out of the milk is the task of the butter maker. They are too small to be strained out with the finest sieve. Fifteen hundred of the largest of them placed side by side like a row of marbles would not measure more than one inch. If milk be left at rest they rise to the top because they are lighter than the liquid in which they float. The heavier parts of the milk are drawn down by the force of gravitation, and as the serum of the milk, composed of water, casein, sugar, albumen, etc., moves downward it displaces the cream globules and forces them toward the top.—Farm and Home.

#### Sulphur in Poultry Houses.

In a recent issue of Poultry Keeper, Dr. D. H. Dalton of Pennsylvania suggested a point on the use of sulphur fumes for the destruction of lice in the poultry house, and as a disinfectant, which is not generally known or is not acted upon. He recites the fact that when sulphur is burned in a dry atmosphere the vapor combines with the oxygen of the air and forms sulphurous oxide, a substance which will destroy, by contact, bacteria and all animal life that breathes, but has no effect upon microbes or animal life that does not depend for life upon the breathing of air. Thus it is seen that dry sulphur vapor will kill lice and bacteria, but will not destroy the eggs of lice or the microbes of germs of disease; but, he says, supply moisture to the sulphur vapor and sulphurous acid is formed, which is destructive to all forms of animal and vegetable life with which it comes in contact. For the practical application of sulphur fumes the doctor suggests to steam the poultry house, thereby supplying moisture, and then burn the sulphur, and he assures us that all lice, their eggs and all disease germs will be destroyed.

This is a valuable suggestion and poultry raisers should give it a trial. If the remedy is as effective as is claimed it will be a very simple, easy and cheap way of getting rid of poultry house nuisances.

In view of the danger of breathing sulphurous oxide and sulphurous acid, care must be exercised to see that no fowls or little children get into the house and breathe the fumes. If any of our readers use this remedy please report results.—Journal of Agriculture.

#### Habits of Bees.

It is said that under favorable circumstances a colony of 30,000 bees may store about two pounds of honey a day. Of 30,000 bees in a hive, which is a moderate sized colony, half of them stay at home keeping house, tending the babies, feeding the queen and guarding the stores. In fine, clear weather a worker may gather three or four grains of honey a day. As large colonies contain as many as 50,000 bees, it may be seen that possibly 25,000 individuals are out seeking honey. The amount each one brings in is infinitely small, but there is strength in numbers the little workers pouring into a hive that even the few grains at a time will fill up the cells quite rapidly. But a single bee would make slow work of it, and would if continuously occupied, require some years to gather one pound of honey.—New York Ledger.

#### Stock Notes.

With proper management medium weight hogs are the most profitable to grow for general market.

When fattening an animal push from the start—gradually at first of course—and save time and feed.

Over-feeding is a waste—for indigestion is the result and food that is undigested unassimilated, is wasted.

If the young stock are not thrifty when they go in to winter, we doubt if they will come out thrifty in the spring.

The capacity for work of the horse depends in no small degree, upon the condition of his shoulders; hence by preventing galls and sores he is able to do the field work faster.

The wise farmer looks into the future. He does not do this because he is unduly anxious, or because his faith in farming is weak, but because it is a precaution which his business demands.

Next to old horses, old sheep are among the most disappointing animals which are kept for profit. And in the life of a sheep, the passing from full maturity to old age is very brief. Unless special care is taken to cull the flocks regularly there will be some animals in them that have passed their prime.



AT SLEEPY HOLLOW.

IT MAY BE ABRUPTLY but truthfully stated that there is little love lost between the negro and the Indian.

The negro looks upon the Indian as a savage incapable of civilization. The Indian regards the negro as a savage despising him for having allowed himself to be enslaved.

Fortunately for the peace of races, our Indian and our negro have come into contact but little; and the Indian the negro has touched has been almost exclusively the more peaceably inclined Southern variety; and even this was chiefly, too, while the negro was in a state of bondage, unendowed with freedom and fire-arms.

It was as long ago as the summer of 1880. Harney's had been settled the fall before, on the completion of the railroad. It was settled in a manner similar to that adopted by a boy who goes out in the middle of the carpet and builds a card-board town, and peoples it with paper citizens.

came first across the level plain (costing nothing to build), and then it brought the settlers and dumped them down here and there, occasionally a trainful at a place, which was a town, with other trainfuls peeped about on the prairie judiciously between the towns, which were the farmers.

settlements received by the car-load, and warranted to be prime eastern lots, immediately established the same grade of civilization they had enjoyed in the East; and the result was that the line between civilization and barbarism was as sharply marked as the edge of one of the white June clouds against the deep blue of the sky.

throw light into the dark corners of this ingenious plot as a matter of course; and then you rode out across the ridge a little way and admired a Sioux Ghost Dance.

The Fourth of July was approaching. It was decided by the patriotic citizens of Harney's that there must be a celebration. In casting about for attractions the chairman of the duly appointed committee hit upon the bright idea of a sham battle in the Sleepy Hills, just outside of town.

Why not, he said, get some of the troops from Fort De Smet, also near at hand, and then you rode out across the ridge a little way and admired a Sioux Ghost Dance.

to take the other side "We'll do it!" exclaimed Chairman Hutchens, recognizing that the evolution of the idea could go no further. "It'll make Rome howl, and lay over any other celebration in the territory!" Chairman Hutchens was an enterprising young man of the Harvard class of seventy-something, and knew a good idea when he saw it.

It happened that the 114th Cavalry, which was stationed at Fort De Smet, was a negro regiment. It seemed as if they were the darkest-colored Africans ever got together. They were big, strong active fellows, and presumably good soldiers, but their complexions were undeniably dark.

Chairman Hutchens was extremely friendly with Colonel Poinsette, commandant at Fort De Smet, and no sooner had he recovered from the first flash of the brilliancy of the mock battle idea than he hurried away to consult this officer. Colonel Poinsette hesitated about allowing his men to take part, but when the fact that they would no doubt look upon it in the light of a lark of the first magnitude, and that they richly deserved a little play spell, he relented, and said that if the men desired to engage in it he would give his consent.

blank cartridges! Heap noise! Shoot all day! Make believe you kill soldiers! Make soldiers heap run! Whoop!"

"No, sah, I reckon us soldiers wouldn't keer about having no sham battle with them things." The private put a marked emphasis on the word sham, and by things he of course meant the proud-spirited red man.

"But," went on the chairman, in an insinuating tone, "it will be a regular picnic for you fellows. The Colonel, I think, will leave the command in the hands of the non-commissioned officers, and you can have more fun than a bale of monkeys. We'll furnish each one of you with one hundred blank cartridges and you can bang away all the afternoon."

The private again gazed away at the Sleepy Hills. "I dun'no, sah," he said. "Us soldiers don't keer much 'bout sociating with Injuns in sham battles." There was still a considerable emphasis on the sham. Then, as he still looked off at the blue hills, a thoughtful expression came into his conspicuous white eyes, and he added: "But I s'pose, sah, that a sham battle might be better'n no battle at all. I will talk with the men about it, sah."

The elated chairman rushed back to Harney's and reported his success. At a public meeting that evening to consider further the celebration project a special vote of thanks was given him for his good work.

Fourth, Harney's was astir: It was to be the greatest day of the young town's existence. Crowds of people were expected from the surrounding country and the neighboring towns. It had been decided to hold the races and other minor amusements for the populace in the forenoon, with the great sham battle at 2 p. m. The morning program passed off acceptably. The most important "event" was the three-minute trotting race, free for all, best three in five, which was won by the county treasurer's bay mare, Mrs. Langtry, in 3.07, although the judges pronounced the track fully two seconds low.

It had been arranged that the troops should mass themselves in the square in front of the Massachusetts hotel, there to await the attack of the Indians. They were to dash up from across the prairie, and shout madly and fire their guns as they circled around the town. At the second turn the soldiers were to dash out, and in a quick, sharp, engagement put the Indians to flight, who would retreat to the near-by Sleepy Hills, followed by the others, where all would dismount, and a general ambushade and bushwhacking fight would follow as long as the blank cartridges lasted, the citizens in the meantime to have gathered in the grand stand of the race track to witness the mimic slaughter.

At 2 o'clock everything was ready. The troops, three hundred strong, were in the square, looking firm (and dark) and determined. The non-commissioned officers were bursting with martial pride. Each man carried his carbine, and the belts stuffed with blank cartridges looked formidable enough. Suddenly the first far-off whoop of the coming savages smote the ear of the spectator and soldier. At this precise second Colonel Poinsette, who had been observing his men from the balcony, was seen striding across the square as nearly on a run as was consistent with commanding officer dignity.

"Dismount!" he thundered, pointing a rattan cane at the first man in the line.

It happened to be Private Yancy. With a movement like some sort of an ingenious factory machine the private obeyed, and stood gazing into space with a rigidity which gave the sympathetic beholder a crick in his back.

"Take off that boot!" and the rattan cane, after a vicious swing, pointed at the private's left leg. Yancy gave a sudden start, drew a quick breath, but obeyed, balancing himself on his other foot and drawing the boot off slowly and with much care, keeping his leg upright.

"Turn it over!" roared the colonel. The poor private did so. Out on the dusty ground, with a dull rattle, rolled fifty regulation ball cartridges, long, heavy, villainous cylinders, with seventy grains of deadly powder packed back of nobody knows how much murderous lead. A glance showed the startled spectator that the leg of every cavalry boot in the line was of abnormal girthness.

"Stop those Indians!" shouted Colonel Poinsette, turning to Chairman Hutchens. The chairman rushed away, followed by half the crowd.

He reached the edge of the town just as the Indians were beginning to circle about it, whooping and shooting promiscuously into the air. "Halt!" he yelled to Chief Mad Wolf, in a tone which made even that hardened savage think that it was best to obey.



"GET OFF," SAID HUTCHENS. yelled to Chief Mad Wolf, in a tone which made even that hardened savage think that it was best to obey. Around a loose blouse he wore the belt of blank cartridges, with the wooden scalping knife stuck in it.

"Get off!" said Hutchens. The chief slid to the ground, too astonished to remonstrate. The chairman strode forward and pulled open the blouse. Under it was another belt, bursting with ball cartridges, big, thick, bottle-necked Winchester; and at the side was an old Hudson Bay company scalping knife, with deer horn handle, the long blade newly ground and polished. Every Indian was similarly provided. The great sham battle of the Sleepy Hills was declared off.

The most that either the Indians or the negroes would ever admit was that they took along the ball cartridges so as to have them "in case anything should happen." But nobody doubted that if they had got out in the hills something would have happened.—Hayden Carruthers in Harper's Weekly.

A Hint to Small Boys.

It would be a great gain to the rising and the unfixed generations if we could lead the small boy to believe that there are better ways than day-long detonations in which to celebrate the Fourth of July, and that beautiful and attractive things are as eligible for purposes of celebration as things that annoy and disgust the neighbors and that frighten adults to flight. It is true that the refinement of the American small boy is a tedious and thankless process; but at the same time it would be good for him, and an inestimable blessing to his seniors, if it were gently but firmly explained to him that his methods of celebration are obsolete and barbarous.

Firecrackers.

It is rather odd that the Fourth of July should have become such a day of terror, as it undoubtedly is, to the adult inhabitants of American cities. Indeed, the medieval description of the "day of wrath" is very fairly applicable. It is the day when the world seems to be dissolved in pitchy smoke. The coming of the national holiday is the signal for those that are upon the housetops for protection or refuge from the early heat, to flee into the mountains.—Harper's Weekly.

NOTHING BUT BLOOMERS GO. Woman Physician of New York Says Skirts Must Give Way.

"As regards the matter of costume," said a woman doctor of New York to a Tribune reporter, "I think the long skirt is 'bound to go. It looks out of place on a bicycle and is certainly much in the way. The truth of the matter is that no costume which can be devised is going to make women appear at their best on a bicycle. The very position that they assume and the constant movement of the limbs up and down prohibits a graceful appearance. The delight of the exercise, however, more than compensates for any drawback of this kind, and most wheelwomen are willing enough to look even awkward in order to enjoy the sport. The impression seems to prevail that for a woman bicyclist to deny skirts is to proclaim herself unfeminine, somewhat more immodest than her conventional sisters. I say that such is not the case. In my opinion, for a woman to ride in bloomers, with a skirt over them, which is constantly blowing up and showing the bloomers beneath, is far more indecate than for the bloomers to be in evidence from the start. The wearing of the skirt suggests that there is something to conceal, and where the bloomers are worn it is a frank intimation that the rider recognizes the nature of her undertaking and has dressed herself appropriately. As regards the display of a woman's ankle, I do not see why it is more vulgar than to show her arms and part of her spinal column in evening dress. There would be nothing vulgar in a woman's sitting with her foot up if she had on a divided skirt gathered at the knee, or even bloomers, but when she has an ordinary flowing skirt and elevates her foot ever so little the aspect is entirely different.

"One can see an illustration of this subtle difference at any time in viewing sculpture. There is a calm nobility, a dignity, about the simple pose of the undraped Venus that the figure which stands in a conscious, shrinking attitude lacks altogether. It is the admission that there is anything to conceal which suggests vulgarity when the drapery is by accident disarranged. At the costume show in Madison Square garden there were lay figures dressed in cycling costumes in order to show the various styles. Passers-by invariably turned up the short skirt of one of these images in order to examine the unique leather binding on the bottom. That short skirt was only a lay figure, but there was vulgar suggestion in its being lifted, which did not pertain at all to the bloomer suits, or even to those with knickerbockers. I think if this public difference could be made clear to the people there would be less hue and cry made about bicycle costumes. I do not think that woman will ever resign her flowing skirts for the drawing-room or the ordinary vocations of life, but when she goes out to take part in active sports she should dress appropriately. I fail to see where the long skirt worn when riding a bicycle conveys the idea of modesty. In the first place, the motion of the limbs, which it is intended to conceal, it shows much more plainly than the bloomers or full trousers. As a woman sits on a bicycle the plain front breadths of the skirt fit smoothly over the knees; no other skirt is usually worn beneath it, and the padding up and down of the limbs looks anything but graceful. There are few accidents from long skirts; one seldom hears of any, but it is because the wearers are extremely careful. A woman wearing a long street skirt on a bicycle looks to me as much out of place as a yachting suit would appear at a ball or a cycling costume at a reception."

Pianist Versus Muffin Man.

There was a curious little incident at Saturday's Pop. It was a struggle between a pianist and a muffin man. The pianist was on the platform; the muffin man was in the street. The name of the former was Sauer; the muffin man's name has not appeared. Herr Sauer went in first and led off with the opening bars of a Chopin fantasia. Then the muffin man began and continued. His note was monotonous but penetrating, and in the presence of a very large audience the German frankly admitted defeat by taking his hand from the keyboard. A few more peals from the bell just emphasized victory; the sound grew feebler and more distant and then the fantasia was resumed. Some people like music and others like muffins. Certainly it should be arranged between this and next Saturday which is to have the dominion at St. James' hall.

The Big Cities.

New York has officially announced that her population is just 1,849,866. That settles a long-voxed question. Chicago is the largest city in the United States, the largest in the western hemisphere, and the third largest city in the world. This is how the cities stand with their present population:

London.....	4,500,000
Paris.....	2,650,000
Chicago.....	2,019,000
New York.....	1,849,866
Canton.....	1,600,000
Berlin.....	1,579,244
Vienna.....	1,364,458
Tokio.....	1,309,681
Philadelphia.....	1,200,000

Jewels on Trees.

Among the curiosities of tropical plant life are the pearls found occasionally in the cocconut palm of the Philippine islands—pearls which, like those of the ocean, are composed of carbonate of lime. The bamboo, too, yields another precious product in the shape of tree opals, which are found in its joints. The natives of the Celebes use these vegetable opals as amulets and charms against disease.

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The "LINE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and, being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.  
A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address: IRREVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY, 77 Franklin St. New York, 27 Kilby St. Boston.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**  
Glosses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Falls or Restores Gray Hair to Its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 25c. and 50c. Druggists

### A SUMMER OUTING.

The Pleasures and Benefits to Be Derived in the Mountains of Colorado.

The days are here, when one begins to make plans for his summer outing, and studies railway maps and questions friends to learn of the best spots, and where the most varied amusements may be had for the least outlay. To Kansas people the Rocky Mountains are the most convenient and afford opportunity for the enjoyment of tastes of all shades. Twenty-four hours places the most eastern dweller of the state right in the heart of the great divide and he has enjoyed such scenes enroute as wealthy tourists go across the ocean to find. The Denver & Rio Grande Road, the Great Scenic Route of the world, takes you at Pueblo or Denver, and whisks you through canons where there must have been an enchantment and where giant arms have dashed the boulders into their present resting places. The ride through the Royal Gorge displays the great ingenuity of its engineers, and the obstinate determination of its builders. The rails are placed in almost inaccessible places, along the edge of the stream or tormented out of the rocks at an angle for the rock road bed and the iron rails. At certain points the torrent maintains its supremacy, but the difficulty is met and surmounted, a set of hangers being made into the cliffs overhead, to support the bridge work and track. The stream is still in full flow, and its power over man, and laughs, booms and dashes by as the train passes, not caring for the queer shadows that fall into it, if it can only be supreme at this critical point. The canon is one of the grandest in the world, barely wide enough in certain places to admit of the stream and the tracks, the granite walls of giant mountains towering above and over all, giving a still more impressive object lesson of the great force of Nature which has caused it all. The climb is a long one, and after leaving Salida you think it over and that as you enter upon a slight down grade, or a smiling valley, that you are now going to slide down into the great San Luis Valley. Never were you more mistaken, and if you look you will see two puny little giants pulling the train for several hours yet. At length, however, when you have begun to wish for breakfast, the summit is reached, and there is a rapid stride down the western slope, and into the beautiful valley. There is some fifty miles the track is as straight as an arrow, and the train speeds along bringing you into Almosa for breakfast, right under the shadow of Blanco, the highest mountain in this country. All around are smiling fields as far as the eye can reach, until vision is interrupted by the mountains which encircle the valley. Some one has said the West range on the east are a ring and that Blanco is the setting. These mountains afford every variety of amusement and entertainment. There is trout fishing; in season there are plenty of ducks and curlew. These are in the valley. If big game is desired you must go back into the mountains, where elk, bear, mountain sheep and lions, grouse, etc. are still to be found. Outfit one of the pleasant little hamlets and spend a month in these mountains and in this valley, if you want an outing. If you wish to meet the gay social parties, that make themount aims their home in the summer, go to Colorado Springs, Manitou, or some other of the delightful resorts on the line of the Denver & Rio Grande road.

We know of no greater advantage to health than may be gained by a sojourn away from the cares of business and daily duties of the routine of living. Here there is no routine but a continued change of pleasure, resulting more profitably to a tired body or over-taxed mind than any other opportunity within reach. The Denver & Rio Grande Company looks after the comfort of its patrons with scrupulous care, and provides the best facilities for observation and enjoyment of the ride. If you have never yet visited these precincts, decide now to do so this year, and get the rest and health you have been looking for. F. P. BAKER.

**Wealthy Miss Coleman's Suicide.**  
Miss Elsie Coleman, the 20-year-old daughter of the late William Coleman, a wealthy banker of Dundirk, N. Y., committed suicide last week by blowing her brains out with a revolver, after spending a pleasant evening with her friends. The family was wealthy and she was prominent in society. No cause is assigned for the deed. She is said to have been the fiancée of ex-Forestry Commissioner MacLennan of Pennsylvania.

**The Great SWAMP KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.**  
At Druggists, 50c and \$1.  
Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

**VASELINE PREPARATIONS.**  
To order to familiarize the public, all over the United States with the principal uses of the very many useful and elegant articles made by this Company, we make the following offer:

**FOR ONE DOLLAR** sent us by mail, we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States either by express, the following 15 articles, carefully packed in a neat box:  
One Cake Vaseline Family Soap.  
One Cake Vaseline Toilet Soap.  
One ounce Tube Capricorn Vaseline.  
One ounce Tube Pomade Vaseline.  
One ounce Tube Perfuming Vaseline.  
One ounce Tube Carbolated Vaseline.  
One ounce Tube Toilet Vaseline.  
Two ounce Tube Vaseline Camphor Ice.  
Two ounce Tube Pure Vaseline.  
One Tube Perfuming Vaseline.  
One Jar Vaseline Cold Cream.

**ALL THESE GOODS ARE OF THE REGULAR MARKET SIZE AND STYLE SOLD BY US.**  
The buyer will find every one of them especially useful and worth very much more than the price indicated.

**LEWIS' 98 & LYE**  
PATENTED AND REGISTERED  
(PATENTED)  
The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other lyes, it being a fine white powder and in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use, and will make the best soap. Hard Soap in 30 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleaning washing bottles, pans, tin, etc.

**PENNA. SALT MFG CO.**  
Gen. Agents, Phila. Pa.

**DRUGS**  
**TREATED FREE.**  
Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies  
Have cured thousands of cases. Cure cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds all symptoms removed. Send for free book testimony of cured patients. The doctor's name is on the bottle. Free by mail. If you order trial send 10c in stamps to pay postage. Dr. H. H. GIBBS & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

**DENISON JOHN W. DENISON,**  
Specially Prosecutes Claims.  
Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau.  
1245 First Street, St. Louis, Mo.

**WANTED 1,000 Country Cannovers**  
to collect orders for the "Globe."  
The Good News is the best of its kind. Advantage unequalled. Stark Bros. Nurseries & Orchards, Co., Louisiana, Mo., and Rockport, Ill.

**PISO'S CURE FOR**  
GIVES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

**CONSUMPTION**

### The Gunmaker of Iilon.

JEFFERSON M. CLOUGH REFUSES A TEMPTING OFFER FROM THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT.

His Health Was Too Poor to Admit Attention to Business.

(From the Springfield, Mass., Union.)  
There isn't a gun manufacturer in the United States, who does not know Jefferson M. Clough. He has been intimately associated all his life with the development of the Remington and Winchester rifles. For years he was superintendent of the E. Remington & Sons' great factory at Iilon, N. Y. After leaving there he refused a tempting offer of the Chinese government to come to China to superintend their government factories, and accepted instead the superintendency of the Winchester Arms Co., at New Haven, at a salary of \$7,500 a year.

It was after this long term of active labor as a business man that he found himself incapacitated for further service by the embargo which rheumatism laid upon him and resigned his position more than two years ago, and returned to Belchertown, Mass., where he now lives and owns the Phelps farm.

Being a man of means he did not spare the cost and was treated by leading physicians and by baths of celestine water, but without receiving any benefit worth notice. During the summer of 1893 and the winter of 1894 Mr. Clough was confined to his house in Belchertown, being unable to rise from his bed without assistance, and suffering continually with acute pains and with no appetite for food, nor was he able to obtain sufficient sleep.

Early in the year 1894 Mr. Clough heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He began taking these pills about the first of March, 1894, and continued to do so until the first of September following. The first effect noticed was a better appetite and he began to note more ability to help himself off the bed and to better generally. Last August (1894) he was able to go alone to his summer residence and farm of 163 acres on Grenadier island, among the Thousand Islands, in the Rte. St. Lawrence, where from the highest land of his farm he commands a view for thirteen miles down the river, and sixty of the Thousand Islands can be seen.

Instead of being confined to his bed Mr. Clough is now and has been for some time able to be about the farm to direct the men employed there and he is thankful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for him.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 and are never sold in bulk. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

**A Curious Freak.**  
One of the most curious human freaks in existence lives in Madison county, in this state. The freak is a negro boy now over 21 years of age. The boy's head is of immense size, being fully fifty inches in circumference. He is about three feet in height and has never walked, although his limbs seem perfectly formed. But, although he does not walk he gets about briskly by rolling over and over. It is a novel sight to see him make himself into a ball and go tumbling about the house. The boy is very intelligent and delights in talking to strangers. His mother has Indian blood in her veins and has resisted bitterly all attempts of museum men to secure her son for exhibition purposes.—Florida Times-Union.

**A Perilous Adventure.**  
It might have been for that party sent out by the Northern Pacific Railroad in the summer of 1894 to climb Mount Rainier. A climb up Mount Washington only 6,000 feet above the sea, or up Pike's Peak on a railroad, is not much of an undertaking compared with climbing on foot with provisions and bedding on one of the peaks, over ice and snow for nearly three miles, vertically, roped together so that if one man falls the other may hold him, one slip at places might bring death to all of them.

But judging from the published account of this successful achievement the party were well repaid when they finally stood upon the icy dome of this grand mountain, with the clouds more than a mile below them. It was a tremendous struggle to reach that point, but the view of "Nature's wild magnificence" from a height of between 14,000 and 15,000 feet above the sea, seems to have well repaid the five men who "got there." One night was passed on the rocks and in an ice cave, at an elevation of more than 11,000 feet above the sea level.

The account of this adventure is published in a beautiful pamphlet and Mr. Chas. S. Fee, the General Pass. Agent of the Northern Pacific at St. Paul, Minn., will send it to any address upon receipt of six cents in stamps.

**Low Rates to Colorado.**  
On account of the meeting of the National Educational Association at Denver, Col., July 5th to 12th, 1895, the North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets to Denver, Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Manitou at a rate not to exceed one fare for the round trip (with \$2.00 added for membership fee). The time limit of these tickets will be extremely liberal, and an excellent opportunity will be afforded for a summer sojourn in the "Rockies," or enjoyable side trips to the Black Hills, Yellowstone National Park or the Pacific Coast. For full information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Chicago & North-Western Ry., 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.

**Summer Tourist Rates.**  
The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Ry.) is now selling excursion tickets at reduced rates to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Ashland, Bayfield, Marquette, Deadwood, Dakota, Hot Springs, Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Salt Lake City, and the lake and mountain resorts of the west and northwest. For rates and full information apply to agents of connecting lines. Illustrated pamphlets, giving full particulars, will be mailed free upon application to W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago & North-Western Ry., Chicago, Ill.

### WRITE FOR THE PRESS

NOTED WOMEN JOURNALISTS OF ST. LOUIS.

They Have Taken the Places of Men in Many Departments of Newspaper Work—Clever in Their Respective Fields.

(St. Louis Correspondence.)  
T. LOUIS HAS AS able a corps of woman writers as can be found in the country, not even excepting those of Chicago. All of them, with possibly one exception, have been, or are, editors, and that grave and responsible position has, in each case, been filled with a grace and ability which reflect the highest credit on the city which is their home.

Mrs. Walker was Miss Rosa Kershaw, daughter of a wealthy and aristocratic Mississippi planter. She was a beautiful girl, well educated, part of her instruction having been received in Europe. Mrs. Walker's early married life was spent in the south and later in this city, where she was very popular in society as a young matron. Left a widow, with three little ones, Mrs. Walker turned to journalism, and by her work on the papers for the last sixteen years supported her children until they became self-supporting. Mrs. Walker first began her literary labors on the Post-Dispatch, with which paper she remained over a year, then connecting herself with the Globe-Democrat, where she has since remained. About seven years ago Mrs. Walker plunged into the editorial vortex, publishing a magazine called "Fashion and Fancy," a potpourri of matters of interest to women. This journal, while decidedly attractive in appearance and subject matter, was not of long life. Mrs. Walker is known as one of the pioneer

come a favorite comic and society weekly. Mrs. Moore is noted for her social qualities, being a favorite member of a select circle of people of literary and artistic tastes. As a writer she has a clever and direct style, which has won her a place in journalism second to no other woman in St. Louis, and as an editor she has shown taste and discrimination besides skill in the business management of her paper.

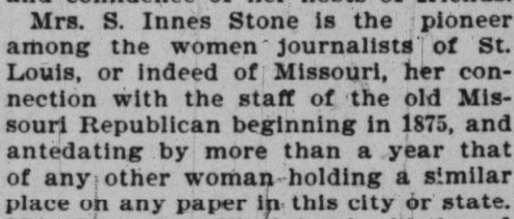
Mrs. Maria I. Johnston was born in Fredericksburg, Va., but raised in Mississippi. Her first effort in literature was a book, "The Siege of Vicksburg," giving, in connection with a little Croix story, her experiences during the memorable forty-five days. The book had orable local popularity, seventy-five copies selling in one day. During the New Orleans exposition Mrs. Johnston was correspondent for a dozen or more papers in the Mississippi Valley. She relates an amusing experience while acting as reporter for a Presbyterian assembly, at which her work was telegraphed to thirty different papers. Among her numerous reportorial successes, Mrs. Johnston is fond of relating an account of what she claims and what probably is the "banner society work" done up to date. She took charge of the reporting of the Masonic convocation and V. P. ball, and after paying liberally five lady assistants, found she had cleared \$216. The subject of this sketch was editor of the Spectator for three years, during which time she feels herself to have gained a most valuable experience. After this came correspondence for several eastern papers, among them Boston's Woman's Journal.

At present Mrs. Johnston devotes most of her time to the St. Louis Chart club, an organization consisting of 200 ladies, divided into classes for the study of art, history, current topics, etc., her well-known literary attainments and marvelous fund of historical information rendering her invaluable in such work.

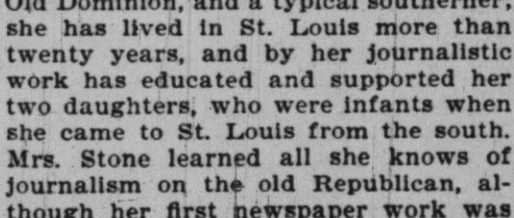
Mrs. Annie L. Y. Orff has been so often "written up" that there is simply nothing to relate concerning her that has not been told before. The details of her early life struggles have been so often described that she says she has a perfect horror of seeing them in print. A certain "little red book" for



MRS. S. I. STONE.



MRS. S. V. MOORE.



MRS. ROSA K. WALKER.

women journalists of St. Louis, and enjoys, in her work, the perfect trust and confidence of her hosts of friends.

Mrs. S. Innes Stone is the pioneer among the women journalists of St. Louis, or indeed of Missouri, her connection with the staff of the old Missouri Republican beginning in 1875, and antedating by more than a year that of any other woman holding a similar place on any paper in this city or state.

Mrs. Stone is a Virginian by birth and education; a descendant of the old colonial and revolutionary stock of the Old Dominion, and a typical southerner; she has lived in St. Louis more than twenty years, and by her journalistic work has educated and supported her two daughters, who were infants when she came to St. Louis from the south. Mrs. Stone learned all she knows of journalism on the old Republican, although her first newspaper work was not done for the Republican, but for a little weekly society paper called the Herald, which lived but a year—long enough, however, to arouse a lively interest among society people for a recurent in print of their social doings to cause wide regret at its demise. Mrs. Stone was also one of the four journalists who made the staff of the Spectator, from its inception for the first four years of its existence, which was the most readable and most widely circulated weekly that St. Louis produced.

Mrs. Sue Vandegriff Moore, editor of the St. Louis Life, the daughter of Alfred Vandegriff, was born in Bucks county, Pa. Her ancestors were among the first Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam, now New York, and soon after reaching this country bought land in Pennsylvania of William Penn, the title deeds of which are still in the family. Mrs. Moore was educated at Mrs. Chapman's seminary for young ladies at Holmsburg, a suburb of Philadelphia, and, after graduating, became a teacher, her first position being in the Moravian seminary at Litely, Pa. She afterward taught in the public schools of Philadelphia and Camden, N. J. At Camden in 1878 Miss Vandegriff was married to Henry W. Moore of London, England, and with him came to St. Louis, where Mr. Moore entered the newspaper business. At this time Mrs. Moore likewise took up journalism, being one of the regular staff of the old Spectator from its inception, contributing to the editorial department, doing miscellaneous writing and taking entire charge of the book reviews for several years. In 1888 Mr. Moore returned to Philadelphia, where she contributed to the woman's department of the New York World and to several other newspapers and magazines. In 1890 she came back to St. Louis to establish "Life," which was a success from the start, and under her management has be-

come a favorite comic and society weekly. Mrs. Moore is noted for her social qualities, being a favorite member of a select circle of people of literary and artistic tastes. As a writer she has a clever and direct style, which has won her a place in journalism second to no other woman in St. Louis, and as an editor she has shown taste and discrimination besides skill in the business management of her paper.

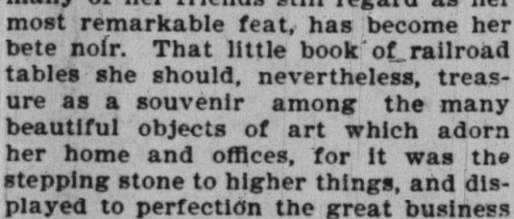
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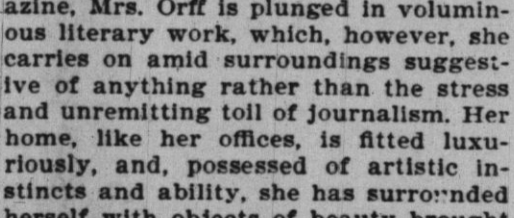
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MRS. S. I. STONE.



MRS. S. V. MOORE.



MRS. ROSA K. WALKER.

instance, though the beginning of her success and the preparing of which many of her friends still regard as her most remarkable feat, has become her bete noir. That little book of railroad tables she should, nevertheless, treasure as a souvenir among the many beautiful objects of art which adorn her home and offices, for it was the stepping stone to higher things, and displayed to perfection the great business ability and energy which are among her marked characteristics. As publisher and editor of the Chaperone Magazine, Mrs. Orff is plunged in voluminous literary work, which, however, she carries on amid surroundings suggestive of anything rather than the stress and unremitting toil of journalism. Her home, like her offices, is fitted luxuriously, and, possessed of artistic instincts and ability, she has surrounded herself with objects of beauty brought from every quarter.

Mrs. H. B. Thompson was born at a plantation home near Lake Providence, La., where her father, Judge Felix Bostworth, was a prominent lawyer and was twice judge of the parish in which the family lived, enjoying a lucrative practice, as well as being a wealthy, successful planter. Civil war swept all away; and the thorny path of journalism started from the ruins of a luxurious home. Since early childhood she has had a taste for writing, much encouraged by her uncle, Senator Joe Blackburn of Kentucky, who took great pride in her education, and directed her reading from the time she was a very little girl. Her first experience in journalism was on the old Missouri Republican, twelve or fourteen years ago. Having at that time five children, requiring much of her time and attention, she found a daily paper too absorbing, and resigned her position of special work for similar work on the American Queen of New York, a weekly publication, and on a local weekly, The Criterion, of St. Louis. She has adhered religiously to weeklies since that time, and five years ago started St. Louis Truth. Her name has headed the editorial page from the first issue, though others have owned a part interest, until the first of January, 1895, when she purchased the other half. In addition to her journalistic work, and while carrying it on she has reared and educated five lovely children. A dainty little granddaughter has been recently added to the casket.

**The Aluminum Industry.**  
The largest aluminum plant in the world has just been completed at Oak Ridge, Mo. It will have a capacity of 100 tons of clay per day, giving a daily output of about 20,000 pounds of metal.

## COOK BOOK FREE.

Every housekeeper wants to know the best things to eat, and how to prepare them.

### "The Royal Baker and Pastry Cook."

Contains One thousand useful recipes for every kind of cooking. Edited by Prof. Rudmani, New-York Cooking School. Free by mail. Address (writing plainly), mentioning this paper,  
**ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.**  
106 Wall Street, N. Y.

### THIS FISH WAS A BIRD.

Flew 50 Feet in the Air, but Mr. Pierce Landed Him.

Frank Pierce, a tinsmith living at Dolgeville, N. Y., while angling last week, was surprised to see a fish take the fly and sail up into the air with it. Mr. Pierce was so dazed by this proceeding that he allowed the fish to sail away with about fifty feet of line before he commenced hauling it down. He finally landed the fish and secured it in his basket. The fish is about five inches long and has the body and fins of a trout. The skin is also like that of a trout, but is not spotted, and the belly is white. The head is shaped like that of a bull-head, but has no horny protuberances. The eyes are set closely together in the top of the head, not more than a sixteenth of an inch apart. Just back of the gills are a pair of wide-spread wings an inch and three-quarters long. The web of the wings is like that of an ordinary fin, but much lighter and more delicate. The creature will be preserved in alcohol.

### Tobacco-Stinking Breath.

Not pleasant to always carry around, but it don't compare with the nerve-destroying power that tobacco keeps at work night and day to make you weak and impatient. Dull eyes, loss of interest in sweet words and looks tell the story. Brace up—quit. No-To-Bac is a sure, quick cure. Guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. Book titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

### Horsewhipped by Their Neighbors.

A few nights ago a man named Zerby and his wife, living a few miles east of Elkhart, Ind., maltreated the 7-year-old orphan niece of the man, evidently with the intention of killing her, so as to be relieved of her care, as she had been making her home with them. They finally threw her into a ditch, under the impression that she was dead. During the night she recovered sufficiently to crawl out and make her way to a farm house near by where she told her story. The other night fourteen farmers of the neighborhood visited Zerby's house undisturbed, and called them out, gave Zerby and his wife a severe whipping with buggy whips.

### A Fine Harvest

Awaits investors in wheat, who buy now, as wheat is at the present price a splendid purchase. The drought of 1891 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.

### Lion Has Hydrophobia.

A lion belonging to Sands & Astley's circus and menagerie, which exhibited at Blanchester, Ohio, last week, was shot and killed. It took seven bullets to end its life. It developed a case of hydrophobia and had to be killed.

### The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

A—I hear that your friend X has gone to South America. Was it upon his physician's advice? B—No; his lawyer's.—Tid-Bits.

As the rewards for successful advertising grow larger, greater knowledge, skill and experience are required to secure them.

## Very Latest Styles May Manton

35 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 35 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,**  
 Lock Box 747. NEW YORK, N. Y.

CHICAGO'S THEATERS. HOUSE ON THE HILL.

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—The amusement of the summer season is the grand revival of "All Baba" at the Chicago Opera House, which occurred last Monday night.

McVICKER'S THEATER.—The last week of "The Cotton Kings" at McVicker's Theater will begin on Sunday evening, June 30th, which will be the eighth week that it has been presented at that popular play-house.

Miss Gladys Wallis will make her first appearance as a star in Chicago at McVicker's Theater in August. Miss Wallis will be remembered by theatergoers as having been the bright, vivacious ingenue with Mr. Wm. H. Crane.

DEAD "CHINKS."

Remains of Mongolians Shipped Home to China as Fish Bone.

A curious freight which is shipped exclusively from San Francisco to China is "fish bone," which pays \$20 a ton.

Mr. Gerry said not a word, but took his hat and went into the barn, while the children, who had never seen their mother in tears, sat looking at each other in amazement.

Aurelia got up with the cup of tea and followed her mother. "Do drink your tea, mother," she said, her own eyes glistening with tears.

A Heartless Wife.

Norton Wadsworth is one of those men who are liable to give way to despondency. On such occasions he threatens to commit suicide.

"Yes, I am going to drown myself in the cistern." "Because some man who has got some sense will be slipping into your shoes, and I don't want them spoiled."

PRETTY hot day for the first of April mother," said Lemuel Gerry, who was washing his face and hands at the kitchen sink.

"Yes, if it holds this weather, you and your pa'll have to hit the cook stove out into the back room."

"Come, hurry," said Lem, "pa and I have had a hard forenoon's work and I'm hungry as a bear."

"Come, Lemuel, we won't wait, and 'Relia, you set the children up and I'll pour out the tea."

"It's too bad for you to get so hot up, mother," said Lemuel, who was sitting down to eat in his shirt sleeves.

"What's the reason your pa don't come in?" inquired Mrs. Gerry.

"O, he's out talkin' with Atkins under the maple."

"That makes me think; where have you and your pa been haulin' them stones all the forenoon?"

"Up on the hill," said Lemuel, but he bent his head a little lower as if wishing to conceal his face.

"What for?"

"There's pa comin', ask him, he'll make it plainer to you than I can."

But it was some minutes before Mrs. Gerry referred to the matter, then it was brought to her mind by Aurelia's exclamation of her father's looking unusually tired.

"Yes," he said, "havin' rocks sech a day as this is pretty tough."

"What are you doin' for?" inquired Mrs. Gerry.

"To stone a sullen," he replied.

"Why, I thought you intended settin' this house back and buildin' on this spot, but I don't know but I'd as lief go up on that hill, it's awful sightly, though there ain't no trees, and these are so nice and shady. I declare we'll have to set some up there right away. But what made you decide to go there?"

"I ain't goin' up, leastways not to live, jest yet, but I s'pose I might as well out with the whole story now as any time. I don't calculate to build for myself this spring, times is so hard, and city folks, you know, are glad to take them old farm houses round here to live in."

Now, I expect they'd ruther have a neat little cottage and pay a good price for it, and I'm goin' to build 'em one, and next spring we'll have a little more money to put inter our own house. Atkins's got it all planned out, a piazza, with crinkly gingerbread round it. He's quite a-a-architect, Atkins is. What do you think, mother?"

Mrs. Gerry had dropped her knife and fork and was staring at him as if he had lost his senses.

"Buildin' on my land, the land my father left me, and not sayin' a word to me about it, and not goin' to build for us this spring? I won't stand it," and bursting into tears, she rose from the table, went to the little bedroom and shut the door.

"I told ye so, father," said Lem. "I knew jest how she'd feel, when she had her mind made up for our own new house."

Mr. Gerry said not a word, but took his hat and went into the barn, while the children, who had never seen their mother in tears, sat looking at each other in amazement.

Aurelia got up with the cup of tea and followed her mother. "Do drink your tea, mother," she said, her own eyes glistening with tears.

"You'll feel better."

She took the cup, though her hands were trembling, and said:

"I s'pose I was foolish to give way so, but 'twas so sudden, and I'm all he't up and tired, and I s'posed we was goin' to have our new house right away, but there, Aurelia, you go and get the little boys ready to go back to school and you go right along with 'em and not touch the dishes. I shall get up by and by."

But she heard Aurelia clearing up in the kitchen. She heard Lemuel say: "I told him how it would be, but he thinks his way is the only way," and she arose and went out where they were.

"Then you knew it, Lemuel?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you let me know? He had no right to do it."

"It's no use for me, or for you, to say a word, mother. I found that out long ago, and I've made up my mind to get out of this, and as soon as Bob Ely gets me a chance I'm goin' to Lancaster in the machine shop, for 'Lecty Bowen has promised to marry me, and I'm goin' to make a home for her. She shall not come here, even if father consents to a new house."

"I'm glad for you, Lem, 'Lecty's a good girl, she's got money in her own right, as I had, and I know you'll never get it away from her as your father got mine, but I'll tell you; O, there, I've got to be patient, but it's awful hard. Why, Lem, I've worked so hard in this little house and every year he'd say—'Well, next year we'll be out of this and you shall have room enough?'"

Jest think of how you children have always had to sleep in the old garret, partitioned off with quilts. It's a shame, with all our money. There, he's callin' ye."

"I don't care, let him call awhile. I wish, as soon as you can, you would go over and see 'Lecty."

"I will, my boy. When did she come to this conclusion?"

"Last night."

"O dear, Lem, I've always thought that if I could have a decent house, with a parlor and a spare sleepin' room and a black silk dress, I shouldn't want nothin' else."

"You shall have a nice silk dress to wear at my wedding," said the young man gaily, kissing his mother. "for I shan't be married till I'm a little mite forehanded, I tell you."

"Come, Aurelia, it's time you was goin'; make much of your schoolin', for I expect every day your father'll take

you out the same as he did Lemuel," said Mrs. Gerry.

Then she went to her round of duties. The kitchen floor must be scrubbed, for she had not time in the morning, and after that she was obliged to lie down on the old lounge, which was in one corner of the kitchen, where she gave herself up to the bitter thoughts and indulged in another fit of weeping.

It was three o'clock, when the outer door unceremoniously opened and "Aunt" Roxana going, as she was called, walked in.

"Wal, wal, somethin' new to see you layin' down—don't git up for me. Abner was goin' down to the village and I rode along with him and brought my knittin', because I reckon he'll stay quite a spell. I did want to know what you changed your mind for and was diggin' a sullen up on the hill? I all'ers s'posed you c'lated to stay here, with a new addition to the front."

"Well, people change their minds sometimes, don't they?"

"Yes, but Mis' Gerry you do look real kind o' peak-ed. I don't like them red spots on your cheeks. You know all your family died with consumption, Marthy had the gallopin' kind, I remember. Now, look here, you jest git some clover tops and steep 'em and sweeten 'em with honey, that's good for night sweats," said this Job's comforter.

Mrs. Gerry rose and replied angrily: "When I am in consumption, I'll ask a doctor's advice." Then she went to the stove, kindled a great wood fire and set about preparing cup custards for supper, after which two apple pies were made and set out into the back room to cool.

The sky had become clouded and the atmosphere so cooled that her efforts were attended with less discomfort than in the morning. But her whole nature was in revolt against the unjust proceedings of her husband, and when, in one of his trips to and from the quarry, he looked in, and asked her half sheepishly, if she wouldn't like to ride down to the village after supper and buy her a new dress, she repelled his evident attempts at reconciliation by replying shortly—"No, I've got calico dresses enough."

By six o'clock the rain was falling fast, and Abner, Aunt Roxana's son, had hastened from the village to take his mother home, refusing Mrs. Gerry's invitation to stay to supper, for which the extra cooking had been done. The old lady was inclined to "resk it," as she said, and stay, for she enjoyed going out to tea, and really wanted to know more about the new house on the hill, but she told Abner, somewhat confidentially, "that if ever a woman was plannin' to have her husband marry a second time, Mis' Gerry was. For she's so worldly about doin' everything and gettin' ready for the new house, you mark my words, he's buildin' for some other woman," which was, in a measure, true, but not in the sense in which she interpreted it.

Mr. Gerry announced after supper that, rain or shine, he'd go to go and see some workmen, and that he probably couldn't get back much before ten o'clock.

Mrs. Gerry didn't sit up for him, but was glad to be alone and think for a little while without interruption. As Mr. Gerry drove home alone he indulged in soliloquy, something after this fashion:

"I'd no idee she was so sot. I think I'm right. She ought to be lookin' out about savin' for old age; but, I vum, she's been a good wife, and I s'pose seein' 'twas her property, I'd orter said somethin' to her about it. But Atkins says he knows of a party what he thinks will take it off my hands if I want to sell, and then she shall have her new house, and her dress. Bless me, I didn't think she had so much feelin' about clothes till I heard her talkin' to Lemuel; but git up, Fan, we shan't git home tonight."

The house on the hill was finished in due season, but there seemed to be great difficulty in securing a tenant.

The city people said, who came to look at it, that they didn't want a house to live in in the country, and the old farm houses afforded them shelter from the rain and at night, which was all they wanted, so it was the 5th of August before any one was settled, and then only for the month. Mr. Gerry's disappointment was very great. His wife forebore any allusion to his mistake, nor did she intimate anything regarding their new house. The heat of summer had been intense, her work was really more than she had strength to do, and she became apparently indifferent to everything but her daily routine of drudgery. Her cough and the pain in her side increased, and Lemuel, in vain, urged her to consult their old family physician. She had recourse to some cough drops, which, as they contained opiates, rendered her comfortable, and her family pleased themselves with the thought that she was getting well.

Joel Gerry had done considerable thinking during the summer and some very profitable conclusions were the result.

About the middle of September, he said: "Lemuel, when are you going to be married?"

"As soon as I can earn money enough to buy a home for my wife," promptly replied Lemuel.

"Why, you get as much as I do, your board and clothes."

"But that is not a home for my wife."

"Why, don't you calculate to live with us?"

"No, sir; I've partly engaged to go to Lancaster to the machine works this winter. I can get good pay and I shall be very prudent. 'Lecty has some money and we mean to have a home of our own."

Mr. Gerry winced, visibly. "You needn't be sassy to your elders," he replied, and walked out of the shed. Presently he returned; Lemuel was still grinding the tools which he had been using. "Look here, Lem, what'll you charge a month to work for me? if you go away I can't find anybody that'll look out for my interests as you do, and it will worry your mother to have you go. You put a price and let's settle this thing right up." It was now Lemuel's turn to look surprised. Mr. Gerry continued: "Your mother ain't very strong. I think that house on the hill come pretty near bein' the death of her, and I'm sorry. I've never said it before, but I'm goin' to say it to her as soon as I can get my pride humbled

a little more. Now, my idea is this: I've got enough laid by, though more'n half belongs to you mother, by good rights. You go and get married to Lety right off and go to keepin' house on the hill, if it suits her. I've got men settin' out trees up there now, so 'twont be so hot in summer, and I'm goin' to get out the stuff for our new house this fall and winter, so it'll go right up in the spring. I've engaged Jennie Ross to come out and work for us, so your mother won't have nothin' to do but get well. She's goin' to take things easy the rest of the time, or I'll know the reason why."

The young man had turned red and pale by turns. "Father Gerry, is this you? Do you mean it?"

"Course I mean it," answered he, trying to speak carelessly, but his eyes were full of tears. "I ain't goin' to keep old Roxana's tongue waggin' about my killin' my wife and ill-treatin' my family any longer. I s'pose she haint been fur out of the way. I don't know what I've been thinkin' about myself."

"Father," interrupted Lemuel, "I want to tackle right up and go and tell 'Lecty. She said the other day she was good mind to buy the cottage, but I wouldn't let her."

"Jo-el," shouted Mrs. Gerry, "is Lem goin' down to the village?"

"No; want anything?"

"Yes; I was goin' to send for some more cough drops."

Joel went in. She was making pies, as usual. He laid his hand on her shoulder. "Lousy, I've heered you say that Jenny Ross was the only woman you could ever stand to do your work for you. I've engaged her to come and help this winter, 'cause there's goin' to be a weddin' and a new house in the spring—there'll be new dresses to make for you and Aurelia, a new carpet for the parlor, and so forth."

"Joel Gerry, have you gone clean crazy?"

"No, Lousy, I haint, now; I've been, I'll admit, but my reason's kind o' returnin'. While the lamp holds out to burn, ye know."

She turned and went to her place of refuge, the little bedroom, where all her children had been born and where many times in the day she had gone in secret to ask strength and help from the never-failing source.

"I think Joel must be goin' to be taken away," she said. "He don't look natural, and he don't seem natural."

Spring came early and the new house was rapidly approaching completion. The family still occupied the "old part," but Mrs. Gerry spent much time with the newly married couple, who were enjoying the comforts of the house on the hill.

Jennie Ross assumed the care of the housework, and Mrs. Gerry said, that for the first time in her married life, of nearly twenty-five years, she had time to fold her hands in peace and quietness. Her cough was somewhat troublesome, but she laughed at all attempts that were made, for her to be under the care of a physician, though Aunt Roxana declared that she had the real genuine hectic flush. She persisted that it was spring fever; that yellow dock and dandelion bitters would set her up all right. Mrs. Lemuel had made all plans to go to the seashore with her as soon as they should be installed in the new part, which was nearly completed.

One morning she informed 'Lecty that she knew why she didn't take so much interest in her new house, as she expected, she said it had been kind of revealed to her that Joel was to be taken away. "First, I thought I should be the one to go, but it ain't so, I don't think. It's Joel. He's growed to be such a saint that I ain't hardly acquainted with him. Think of his buyin' me a new black silk! Tain't like him at all."

"Aunt Roxana says she never did see anything like the way Gerrys have come up lately. She thinks the talk she made about Father Gerry did some good," answered 'Lecty.

"And she's about right, though she is a meddlesome old thing," answered Mrs. Gerry.

"I've heered that folks always give a party when they move into a new house. I should like to, and I mean to invite Aunt Roxan and let her see that I'm alive, and that I can show her as handsome a parlor and as good a husband as they make nowadays. But it does seem strange what made Joel turn round all to once."

"I had a vision, I think," said Joel, who had just come in.

"Vision," answered Jennie Ross, "I should think you did. I haven't any great opinion of a man who will about kill his wife with hard work, and then, when he begins to think he's in danger of losing her, turn round, so's to keep her drudgery awhile longer."

Mr. Gerry was about to reply, when Mrs. Gerry touched her arm, saying: "Hold on, Jennie. If ever a man was truly penitent, and trying to live down the past, that man is my husband, Joel Gerry."

Mr. Gerry could hardly speak, but he finally succeeded in saying: "I dreamed just before we built the new house that we had moved in, and Lousy was about giving a party, when all to once she was laying in a handsome coffin, with flowers all round her, and her new black silk dress on; then she sat up and said: 'I've got all I asked for, a new house, a nice parlor, and a black silk dress, but I wish I had a good husband. When I waked up I felt so queer, and that dream haunted me for days, and I made up my mind that if the Lord would spare us she should have what she asked for.'"—Portland Transcript Monthly.

"The Violet is a Nun."

The violet was a nun, but for all of her veil and her vows, I've seen in—shall we say one?—Rather more than the convent allows.

I've seen—shall I say with surprise?—This novice of blossoms caressed, Kneeling under the abbess's eyes, To a Bachelor's Button close pressed.

And though with a fine show of grace, Looking now where a Sweet William stands, She makes faint to cover her face, I am sure that she peeps through her hands.

Ay, pose though she may as a nun, There are some that could speak if they would; But go back I will never on one Of the shy-eyed and sweet sisterhood. —Harper's Magazine.

"Don't the soprano have a better showing than anyone else in the choir?" asked Fitzgoober.

"I don't know," mused Philgit.

"They all have the same chants, it seems to me."—Atlanta Constitution.

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