

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 7. NO. 14.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1892.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

PARK RIDGE.

CHURCHES.
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Rev. Charles S. Looper, pastor; C. M. Davis, Superintendent Sunday-school. Sunday services at 10:45 a. m. and 5 p. m. Sabbath school at noon. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8:00 in the lecture room of the church. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

Methodist Episcopal Church.—The Rev. John F. Foster, pastor; J. C. Jorgenson, Superintendent of Sunday-school. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 11:45 a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. Epworth League meeting Sunday evening at 6:30.

VILLAGE OFFICERS.
W. P. Black, President; Silas W. Robinson, Charles A. Lutz, Cord Buhmann, F. E. Glidde, C. M. Davis and George H. Miller, Trustees; George T. Stebbings, Clerk; H. Hoboken, Treasurer; C. E. Phillips, Vice President; G. E. Robinson, Sup't Water Works; G. E. Moore, Police; Fred Hanson, Street Commissioner; G. H. Froke, Health Officer.

SCHOOL TRUSTEES.
Owen Sturz, President; A. R. Mora, Secretary; Thomas Jones, Frank W. McNally, Charles Kober.

FROM SANTA CRUZ, CAL.—SURF.—Col. and Mrs. Thomas P. Robb entertained W. H. Hilliard, the artist, at their beautiful home "Sea View Villa," on Mount Roberto, last Friday.

Paisa corn, best in the market, at Hendrickson and Co.'s, Dakin block. Capt. O'Shea and wife of Chicago spent Saturday and Sunday with A. V. Crissler.

NEW DEAL.—You can get your money orders now at the Park Ridge post-office.

Dr. Annette Bennett homeopathic physician, office and residence, Park Ridge, opposite school house. Office hours until 9 a. m. and from 2 to 4 p. m. Calls will be answered promptly in city and country night and day.

Mrs. Alice Raighan is visiting friends at Wauconda.

The Congregational Sunday school of Park Ridge picnicked at Jefferson's grove on Saturday, and the German Reformed church people of Norwood Park at Elhardt's grove. The attendance at both was large.

Mrs. Nathan Wood and family have returned to Chicago.

See continuation of Miss Sage's report of convention at New York in this issue.

Mrs. Elsie Millard was in Park Ridge for a few hours on Monday. She is spending her vacation at Oregon, Ill.

The Rev. Mr. Looper, and wife, and Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Davis, pastor for Den-

spent in the mountains fishing and hunting.

Oh, no, the Northwestern railroad don't care about their suburban traffic when their ticket sales at the Park Ridge office amounted to about \$12,000 during the month of July, 1892. Why not tell the truth and shame the devil?

Boston baked beans 15¢ per can at Hendrickson & Co.'s, Dakin bl'k.

Ice cream will be served by the ladies of the Congregational church at the church every Tuesday evening until further notice. Come and bring your best girl and her little brother.

By the way, is there a hole in that ice-pitcher of A. R. Mora's, and does it leak when his friends call and he is away from home? We understand that F. A. McNally sent him a fine mess of fish, the smallest weighing three pounds.

Mrs. Lawson and daughter of Eglewood, and Miss Nettie Flavel of Chicago, have been visiting at Mr. Royal Meacham's.

Mrs. Fannie E. Sage is spending the balance of her vacation with her mother at Channaham, Ill.

By the way, we expected to hear interesting news of Miss Longley from Desplaines, see this.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. Sam'l Davis, and Mrs. Hunt visited the "Holbrook" camping party at Lake Zurich on Saturday.

Mrs. Ross Wallace of Chicago, and Mrs. A. Wallace of Madden, Mass., have been visiting Mrs. A. R. Mora.

German mustard 10 cents a glass at Hendrickson & Co.'s, Dakin block.

By a religious census just completed the total number of church members in the United States figures up 20,000,000, and Chicago stands fourth in the Union in the matter of Catholic population.

Celery salt, mixed pickles, jelly etc. 10 cents, at Hendrickson & Co.'s, Dakin block.

Surrounded by relatives and friends, pale and hearty, in his 77th year, Dr. H. C. Fricke celebrated his birthday on Sunday last. May he live to enjoy many more.

The Methodist Sunday school will have their picnic on Saturday, Aug. 20. The grounds have not yet been chosen.

Recent Park Ridge odors somehow take one back to the summer following the flood or the days when Pharao and his hosts began to swell up and float ashore.

J. B. Goodfellow and family have moved into Mrs. Harrison's new house on Center street.

Mrs. J. E. Berry and daughter have returned from a two weeks' visit at Tomah, Wis., stopping on their return trip via the St. Paul road at Baraboo to visit Mrs. Berry's brother.

Postponement.—The court being a quorum present on Tuesday evening the regular Board meeting was postponed till Saturday Aug. 11.

Bazaar at Irving Park Saturday, July 30.

PARK RIDGE.

PLAYERS. R. IB. PO. A. E.

Gillies, 1b. 0 1 8 1 0

Spicer, 1b. 0 0 0 2 0

Wright, 1b. 0 1 1 2 0

Taylor, 2b. 0 0 1 2 0

H. Meacham, 3b. 1 1 2 0 0

H. Meacham, cf. 0 0 0 0 0

Copeland, rf. 0 1 1 0 0

Wickie, c. 2 2 10 0 0

Jefferson, p. 1 1 1 0 0

Clarkas, ss. 0 0 0 2 0

Totals 4 7 21 5 3

IRVINGS.

PLAYERS. R. IB. PO. A. E.

Thompson, 3b p. 0 1 2 1 3

Hermes, ss. 0 1 0 2 0

Rehwoldt, 2b. 0 1 4 0 1

Wolf, c. 2 1 10 0 0

H. Hobart, p. 3 b. 2 1 0 0 0

Downs, c. t. 1 1 2 1 0

H. Hobert, p. 0 0 0 0 0

DeVore, rf. 0 0 0 1 0

Bevanbro, ff. 1 0 0 0 0

Totals 6 6 27 8 4

Park Ridge 0 0 2 1 0 1 0 0 0 0

Irving's 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Earned runs Park Ridge, 2 Two-base hits, 2 Wicks. First base on balls, 1 of Jefferson 4 on Hobert, 2 Struck out by Jefferson, 11 by Hobert, 2 by Thompson, 6 Double plays, 2 Daws and Rehwoldt. Time of game 1:15. Umpires J. Heron and Wolf. Attendance 700.

A "Practical" Christian.

"Well have to recall our missionary from across the water," said the preacher. "Why?" asked the deacon, "isn't he doing his duty?" "No, he's civilized the heathen, staked off their land in town lots, and those who aren't in the real estate business are playing poker and running for the legislature."

Notice.

Now is the time to buy cheap lots on long time of W. E. Blaikie, resident agent for "Bolton's" new subdivision. Choice lots fronting Grand boulevard. This property lies north of Elm street, and the location is unsurpassed.

Accidents.

Mrs. Earnest Mans fell from a load of hay and broke her arm. A little daughter of Nat Wood fell from a toy wagon and broke her arm.

Judges of Presidential Election.

G. A. Blaikie, Godfrey Trupe, S. E. Cummings.

Notice—For artistic work in sign painting go to R. Z. Cade, Park Ridge

Miss Sage's Report of Convention.

(Continued.)

Methodist Episcopal Church.—The Rev. James Malley, pastor; B. F. Kinder, Superintendent Sunday-school. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at noon. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. Young People's meeting Sunday evening at 8:00.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Rev. Edward Hueston, pastor; Mrs. H. B. Tidwell, Superintendent Sunday-school. Preaching every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m. and in the evening at 8 o'clock. Sunday-school at noon. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

LUTHERAN CHURCH.—The Rev. W. Lowrance, pastor. Sunday services at 10 a. m. followed by Sunday-school at 11:30 a. m.

ST. MARY CHURCH.—The Rev. J. F. Walsh, pastor. Services at 10 a. m. Sunday morning. Sunday-school at 12 m.

Work has commenced on the Congregational church parsonage.

Mrs. C. E. Bennett is visiting friends in Bremer county, Iowa.

According to the usual custom the Methodist church will be closed during camp-meeting, and no Sunday services will be held until Aug. 21. The pastor of the Congregational church is taking a vacation of two weeks and there will be no services in the church.

Methodist Episcopal Church.—The Rev. W. E. Blaikie, pastor; Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 8:30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—The Rev. Whymon, pastor; services every Sunday at 8 p. m. at the Masonic hall.

Keep the ball a rolling, papa.

The marriage license is out.

Bathing in the Park lake is the latest.

Only one more month's vacation.

Did you hear about it? Seats in the Park.

NOTICE—Fine Jewel gasoline stoves are now on sale at a reduced price.

The E. C. Johnsons had a walkaway Sunday with the Gross Points by the score of 16 to 6 in their favor.

"Trip to the Circus" at McVicker's.

Clarence sold seven and a half tickets to the Lake Geneva excursion that took place Saturday.

There was a little melee on Sunday evening in the east part of the town, but was soon quieted by the officer, Clegg.

William Hammer has just completed extensive improvements on his dwelling on Desplaines avenue.

Fortified Falls has broken ground for his new building on Elmwood street. The lower story will be used by Mr. Imig for a hardware store.

The singing was led by Mr. George C. Stebbings, assisted by a choir of 600 trained voices. The choir occupied a temporary stage behind the speakers, 300 pastors occupied the front of this platform. In the evening the building blazed with 4,000 electric lights. Suspended in front was a large C. E. made from arc lights. The singing was not confined to the choir, but entered into with great enthusiasm by all. The songs sung were taken from the Christian Endeavor edition of the Gospel hymns and for the convenience of delegates a number of the most popular songs were arranged on the souvenir program which were presented with the N. Y. badge to each delegate as he registered at his headquarters. There were 35,000 of these programs published and before Friday noon every one had been taken and there were so many unable to get them that a new edition had been ordered.

The opening session of the convention occurred at 2:30 p. m. in Tuesday, July 7. Mr. McEwen, chairman of the convention of '92, presided, and after a prayer and praise service Mr. Lee addressed the convention, taking for his theme the preparation each member should make in order to receive the full benefit of the convention. He said Three words, I think, will indicate the attitude we ought to be to receive the largest measure of spiritual blessing in the convention. They are Desire, Surrender and Expectation. The Spirit is sensitive and will not go where he is not desired. On the other hand we can have just as much of the Spirit's presence and power as we unitedly want to have. It is only the hungry who are fed, and the thirsty who receive water from the fountain of life. Surrender is the second condition of the Spirit's presence—individual surrender of self and sin. We must let go of sin if we wish to get help of the Spirit. If we then really desire the presence of the Holy Spirit with us and have surrendered ourselves to his guidance we need have no doubt of the result. Our attitude then should be one of expectation.

A pleasing feature of the first session was the presentation of a gavel made of the wood from pulpit and stone from the corner of the Mother church—the church of which Dr. Clark was pastor when the first Christian Endeavor society was organized the Williston church of Portland, Me. This gavel was used at all of the meetings of the convention.

Dr. Deems gave the welcoming address on behalf of the pastors of New York city. His greeting was full of expressions of kindly feeling and hearty welcome. The bidding element in the I. P. S. of C. E. he said, is the pledge taken by each member. Hereafter he should expect the members to be on time and if there was no quorum present at the tap of the bell there might be a meet-

ghost it is one of the most remarkable of the uninspired productions of the human race intellect. It combines faith and works as the Holy Scriptures do. Dr. Deems closed his remarks by saying that the Christian Endeavor society had done more to promote interdenominational intercourse than all others combined because its work had been spontaneous, without plan or purpose, unworldly, spiritual and Christly.

Dr. Dixon of Brooklyn gave words of hearty greeting from the city of churches. He alluded in a happy way to the cities of New York and Brooklyn, separated by a fluctuating river, yet connected by a bridge of iron, and drew a comparison with all the Evangelical churches of Christendom. Above the fluctuating issues that separate us, and the noisy questions that distract us, is the iron link for "Christ," and the church which binds us together in peaceful union. "He who is the secret of success," Jesus said, "go ye and disciple the nations and lo, I am with you always." He does not delegate power to man, but promises to go with him and be his power.

The promised power which came on Pentecost was none other than God himself and he came to abide with his people.

President Merrill Gates of Amherst responded to the welcome given by Drs. Deems and Dixon. He chose for his topic "Successful Christian Endeavor."

TO BE CONTINUED.

DEPLAINES.

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ST. MARY CHURCH.—The Rev. J. F. Walsh, pastor. Services at 10 a. m. Sunday morning. Sunday-school at 12 m.

Methodist Episcopal Church.—The Rev. James Malley officiated and the wedding was solemnized at the Longley home.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Davis, pastor and wife, were present.

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WHERE TO CALL.

This is the joyous time of year
When loud proclaims rare Miss Venus—
Dear friends, I'll bid you all adieu,
For now I sail the waters blue.

"Abroad again once more I go—
This is the thirteenth time, you know—
But 'tis so stupid here at home,
I leave the continent to roam.

"And there's my friend, the Duke of Fife;
And there's his more than charming wife;
And then the matter not to mind,
I really like the jolly Prince.

"Of course, we'll have to fool awhile
In Scotland with our friend Argyll;
And then to do the continent
And tour it to our heart's content."

But entre nous, the truth to tell,
If you should wish this dismal swell
To find 'twixt now and early Fall,
At Beachmont you would have to call.

—Boston Courier.

THE EDITOR'S WOOING.


HE editor had lighted his cigar just as the level light was glimmering through his window, by no means immaculate "sanctum" windows, indicating that the glorious orb of day,

somewhat obscured in fog and metropolitan smoke, was about to disappear behind, not exactly the western hills, but what came to the same thing in a city, the western roofs and chimney tops.

Karl Rubens, the editor of the *Weekly Shiner*, was a tall, bright looking man of thirty years, one of those individuals whose very face and features indicate that they are born to conquer destiny. He had been very successful through life, but it was because he had demanded success with a courageous persistency that would not be denied. Brown-haired, with careless, wavy locks, drooping low upon his forehead, and dark-brown eyes, verging upon black, he was not handsome, yet the eye rested with pleasure upon his face, and in his light editorial coat somewhat worn at the elbows and shiny at the seams, and the velvet cap, tasseled and braided with gold, he looked every inch the chivalrous and frank-hearted American. Or, we might phrase it "gentleman," did we not secretly believe that the former title fit the nobler and more comprehensive of the two.

Just now before Mr. Rubens was drawing the first fragrant inhalation of his imported Havana, Karl was particular in the choice of his cigars, when the door opened softly, and a beautiful young lady rustled in; a young lady whom he had met a score of times in the gas-lighted drawing-rooms of "society," whose beauty he had worshiped afar off, and whom he unconsciously associated in his mind with diamonds, pearly silks and tulle draperies, looped up with hot-house flowers.

He started up, coloring and thrusting his weed behind a pile of "ency-

columns of the *Shiner*?" she asked, with a very evident effort. "I believe I could write as good stories as some of those that you publish and pay for."

Mr. Rubens was sorely puzzled what to say. How could he tell this pretty creature sitting there before him, in the half of her youth and beauty and high social position, that she could no more hope to succeed as a sketch writer than a man could expect to build a house or construct a steam-engine without an hour of practice or experience? Had she been a shabby, spectacled old lady, or a middle aged female, with cotton gloves, and high cheek bones, it would have been easy enough. As it was, her blue eyes, shining wistfully into his, seemed to paralyze the very nerves of his tongue.

"I have got a little story here," wept *Blanche*, producing a neatly folded packet, "which I have worked very hard upon, and—if you would kindly look at it, and give me your unprejudiced opinion—"

"Certainly," said Karl, recovering his self-possession, and bowing as he took the packet.

"There are some verses, too," said *Blanche*, reddening, "and a little essay or two, written as spicily as possible. Shall I come tomorrow and get your opinion?"

"By no means," said Mr. Rubens, politely. "I will not trouble you to come down to this unfashionable locality. If you will allow me to call and see you—"

"I shall be so much obliged!" said Miss Ainslie eagerly, and Karl knew that she meant it.

Blanche Ainslie went away, leaving an intangible little scent of attar of roses behind her—and the sun dipped down behind the chimney tops, and the sanctum became dark and gloomy all at once.

"How pretty she is!" Karl Rubens thought; "but pshaw! the idea of her writing for the papers! Poor child, how little idea she has of the life that lies before her. However, I will take the papers to *Di*, and see what she says about 'em."

Miss Diana Rubens was a strong-minded young lady, of a certain age, who read Carlyle, translated Hebrew, kept house for her brother, and did nearly as much of the "heavy work" of the *Weekly Shiner* as did the editor himself.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Miss Diana, as her brother, over his evening cup of tea, tossed the manuscripts toward her, and related his story. "Little *Blanche Ainslie* could no more write for the paper than my canary bird. But every woman thinks she's a born authoress, and nothing but personal experience will grind the idea out of them!"

Then Miss Diana read the neatly written pages one by one.

"Scented with rose," she said, scornfully. "Stuff and nonsense!"

"Well?" said Karl, at last, looking up from his own writing, as Miss Diana laid the packet down with a loud "Hem!" which signified the completion of her task.

"Fiddlesticks!" was the brief yet significant reply.

Karl rubbed his nose with the end of his pen-stick, evidently a little disappointed.

"You think they won't do?" said he.

"Of course they won't!" said Miss *Di*. "Dishwater and adjectives—trash and sentiment—what are the girls thinking of nowadays? If she had sent me a few good table recipes now, or a way of cleaning marble, or taking out mildew; but an impossible love story, with the hero on stilts and the heroine mere milk and water Pshaw!"

"Poor child!" said Karl compassionately—but he never once thought

SNATCHED FROM DEATH.

Journey of an Injured Miner Over Mountain, Desert and River.

There is now lying in the Sisters' hospital, Los Angeles, a miner named John Conley, who was brought to that city by two of his friends, Charles Eddy and M. Dolan, from Lincoln county, Nevada, where they had been working in the El Dorado Canyon mines.

Conley is a mass of bruises and broken bones, and though his injuries did not receive any attention for almost a week, he is resting easily and his chances for recovery are good, says the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

The hardships he has undergone show him to be a man of wonderful endurance and nerve. He and a number of miners were working in the El Dorado mine, twenty-five miles from the Colorado river. Just after setting off a big blast Conley entered the mine ahead of his companions. A few seconds later the shaft fell in, burying him under tons of rock and dirt. The men knew there was small chance of finding Conley alive, but went to work with a will to dig out their friend. In a few hours the mass of earth and rocks was removed, and Conley's body was raised to the mouth of the shaft. He was still alive.

Two immense boulders had knocked him down, but fortunately they fell against each other in such a way that a small opening was left for his head, and thus he escaped being crushed to death instantly. His body down to the hips was also protected to a certain extent, but his backbone and legs were terribly mangled, and in falling he received some ugly bruises on the head and face. There was no hospital nearer than Los Angeles, where Conley received the attention that his condition demanded. As the nearest point to the railroad is at Needles, a distance of 117 miles, a majority of the men would have given up and allowed their companion to die in the wilderness, but Conley's partners were not of that kind. They lost no time in fixing up a rough stretcher, and in it a few minutes after Conley was on his way to Los Angeles.

The distance to the Colorado river from the mines is twenty-five miles over a country that would put Death valley to shame. The first ten miles is over rough mountains and lava beds, and at one point the two brave men had to strap their disabled companion to his stretcher so that they could let him over a bluff by a long rope they carried. They had to make a swinging bridge across ravines and at places it took them hours to make a few yards. The heat was something terrible in these rough mountains, and most of the time the thermometer stood at 120 degrees.

The route is over a desert, and several times the men thought they would have to give up but they did not, and reached the river just a few minutes after the steamer had gone down to Needles, a distance of more than two miles.

There would not be another steamer for a week, and poor Conley was sinking so rapidly that they expected him to die at any moment. They knew that it would never do to wait for the next steamer, and they were about to build a raft when some Indians in a shaky boat put in an appearance.

The boat was chartered and Conley made as comfortable as possible, when the little party started on one of the wildest trips ever made. The river is very rapid and is so dangerous that but few people attempt to navigate it in small boats. They had to travel down the river, and

SNAKES IN IRELAND.

Results of an Attempt to Ophidians into the Gr

In 1891 James Cleland, a gentleman, being curious whether the climate or soil was naturally destructive to the pell-mell tribe, purchased a number of the common harmless snakes (*natrix torquata*) in a garden market in London, and when he turned them to Ireland he turned them to Ireland at Rathgar, in the county of Down, and in a few days one of them was known to have crossed about three miles.

The persons into whose hands the strange monster fell had the slightest suspicion that it was a *Boa*, and asserted the *Book of Days* was a curious kind of evidence. It was sent to Dr. J. L. Drummond, an Irish naturalist who pronounced the animal to be a *Boa* and not a *Python*. The idea of a "living sarpent" having been found within a short distance of the burial place of St. Patrick caused an extraordinary sensation among the country people, and most absurd rumors were circulated. One far-sighted man preached a sermon, in which he said the unfortunate snake as the immediate commencement of the millennium, while another said it was a type of the approach of the *Antichrist*.

Old prophecies were recalled by all parties and sects for the sake of in believing that the end of the world was shadowed the beginning of the millennium, though they very widely differed as to what that end would be. More practical-minded persons ever subscribed a considerable sum of money, which they offered for the destruction of any snake that might be found in the garden, and three more of the snakes were not long afterward killed. The snake was found in the garden where it had been liberated. The remains were never clearly accounted for. The writer, who resided in the country at the time, heard of the wild rumors concerning the snake, and the more illiterate class on the part of those snakes, and the more angry indignation excited persons against the snake. Fortunately then unknown who had dared to bring the snake into the country.

CLASSIC, IND.

A Town Where They Paint in the Dead Languages.

Boston has the reputation of being a city of unusual culture, but this reputation is deserved. The Bostonians do not, as the habit of graphs so frequently in verse in the street in order to conduct their business affairs. This was not the impression, however, which a visitor to Athens recently received.

He was from one of the districts of the South and had come to Boston for the first time. He was about the city taking in the sights, getting lost in the winding streets, and thoroughly enjoying himself.

He was walking, shortly after his arrival, along the lower part of Washington street, when he saw a house resting so demurely on its neighbors, attracted by the beauty of the building. He did not know that he was in the historic buildings in Boston.

Situated as it is in the heart of a business street he was surprised to find a store of some kind, from those about it only less pretentious. In fact,



what a circus we were going to have—getting that steer in."

Wise Precautions.

Among the frequent visitors of the shop of Mr. Vickery, a well-known taxidermist, was an old colored man who was quite a character in his way, and with whom Mr. Vickery used to enjoy talking. One day he happened in just as Mr. Vickery had finished skinning a bald eagle. "Would you like a goose to take home with you?" asked the taxidermist, pointing to the body of the bird, which lay wrapped in a paper on a shelf.

"Yes, sah," replied the unsuspecting negro. "I'd be mighty 'bliged to you, sah."

The package was handed over to him and he departed rejoicing. Not long afterward the taxidermist met him on the street, and inquired how he had enjoyed his goose dinner.

"Dat goose war de toughest dat ever I see," replied the darky, looking his questioner full in the eye without the shadow of a smile. "I biled him, an' par-biled him, an' 'biled him again, but he was suttin'ly de chewin'est bird dat ever me or my ole woman seed."

With that the old man walked calmly away.

A few days later the darky called on the taxidermist again. As he was leaving the shop, Mr. Vickery said, pointing to paper in which a snowy owl was carefully wrapped up. "Don't you want another goose to-day?"

"If you'll 'xcuse my plain speakin', sah," said the old man with dignity. "I'd like to see de feet on dat goose b'fore I carries him home to de ole woman."

Apparent Failure.

In an office adjoining a large canning factory may be found every morning a tall, bright-faced young woman busy with her pile of mail. She is interrupted from time to time by the approach of the overseer to whom she gives orders, or of whom she asks advice.

"Do you remember," she inquired of an old school friend who called one day to congratulate her on her success in business, "how I wished to be a professor of biology, and how I mourned over the failure of my plans? I have come to believe in failure, or rather to think that what we call failure is often only a step to success."

Her story is an interesting one. Her father died suddenly, overcome by financial difficulties, and the girl of seventeen was compelled to leave college and do something to support her family. She attempted writing for magazines, but her articles were invariably returned.

The yard behind her mother's house was filled with fruit-trees bearing abundantly. Her last hope seemed to hang there. She began canning and preserving, and found ready sale for her careful work. The next year she invented and began to manufacture an improved can, and by the time she was 25 years of age she competed successfully with the great canning companies of the country.

Thrice Polite.

A writer in Kate Field's Washington professes to have discovered the politest man in that city, where men are, or ought to be, famous for their politeness. This particular gentleman, jolly and portly, was in a street car when three young women entered, dressed in fashionable "narrow sheath skirts." The seats were already filled.

The portly old gentleman rose at once, and offered his place to one of the young ladies, who, by the way, are said to have been pretty. She accepted the favor with a gracious acknowledgement, but seemed rather lost in the generous space which the gentleman had occupied, and presently moved along far enough to let one of her companions sit beside her.

At this point the other passengers may have crowded together imperceptibly, at any rate it was found that the two slender young women did not quite fill the space, and with a little blush the third one squeezed into what was left of it.

Everybody smiled, and the old gentleman's face fairly beamed with satisfaction. It isn't every man who can perform such an act of wholesale gallantry, he remarked in a low voice to a friend in the corner of the car.

Cargo of Elephants.

"An elephant's shoulder is never still," is a Hindoo saying indicative of the restlessness of the animal. Mr. J. L. Kipling in his "Man and Beast in India," tells how the animal's passion for moving about once came near wrecking a ship.

A batch of elephants were taken on board at Calcutta, and the steamer went down the Hooghly, and at night anchored off Sanger Point. The sea was as still as oil, but the ship rolled so much that she was in danger of rolling over. The elephants had found that by swaying to and fro together they could produce a pleasant rocking motion.

As the ship had no other cargo and rode light the captain was much frightened. The mahouts were hurried down into the hold, and each one seated on his own beast, made him "break step," but they had to stay there for a long time.

Disarmed.

A true Celt does not need to kiss the "blarney stone" in order to gain a flattering tongue. It is his as part of his birthright.

A little eight-year-old Irish boy in one of our public schools was reproved by his teacher for some mischievous exchange. He was about to deny his fault, when she said

"I saw you, Jerry."

"Yes," he replied, as quick as a flash. "I tell them there ain't much yous don't see wid them purty black eyes of youn'."

That was the soft answer that turned away wrath.

CURIOS COINS.

How One Became Rare on Account of an Emperor's Love-Lock.

Numismatists or coin collectors have interesting objects of search in two coins which belong to the transition period between the French Empire and the Second Empire. One of these is an extremely rare coin which was struck off just at the moment of the assumption of the reign of Empire by Napoleon III. Only the die for the obverse or head of a new Imperial coin had been completed, and by some accident or possibly by mischievous design a coin was struck off which bore the head of "Napoleon III. Emperor" on one side and "French Republic" on the other.

The contradictory coin is of interest to others than numismatists, for it symbolizes in a striking way the many sudden changes which have taken place in French politics in the past century.

With the other coin a singular story is connected. While Louis Napoleon was "prince-president" and just before he made himself emperor, a decree was issued ordering a five-franc silver piece to be coined bearing his image.

The dies were made relates the Youth's Companion, and one coin was struck off as a sample and sent to the prince-president for approval. But sometime passed before he examined it. When at last he gave it his attention he was annoyed to find that he had been represented on the coin with a "love-lock" or hooked loop of hair on the temple, which he did actually wear at that period, but which he thought unsuitable to so dignified and permanent a representation of himself as an effigy upon a coin.

The prince-president sent for the director of the mint and ordered him to remove the "love-lock." Then he found that his silence with regard to the piece had been taken for approval, and that the stamping of the coins had commenced.

The work was stopped and the image deprived of its undignified lock, but the twenty-three coins that had already been struck off were not destroyed and are now regarded as of great value.

NOSE AND EARS.

How the Artificial Articles are Manufactured and Fixed.

It is quite the fashion to attribute to aluminum adaptability for every conceivable purpose. In the majority of cases there is some warrant for doing so, as the new metal lends itself to all kinds of conditions and uses, and among these are the manufacture of artificial noses and ears. Wonderfully good imitations of those were formerly made in wax, celluloid, wood, porcelain or vulcanite. Vulcanite was the substance most in favor, from its lightness, strength and small liability to injure.

After being vulcanized the piece was painted by an artist in oil colors as near the color of the skin as possible. For attaching it to the face springs were at first tried, but there was a strong prejudice against them on account of their supposed tendency to interfere with the circulation and cause irritation and possibly inflammation or absorption of the tissue. Finally it became customary to keep the nose in the required position by fixing it to the eye-glasses, and in this way the wearer could almost defy detection. For this purpose aluminum is now in vogue. It is strong and light and is easily covered with muslin, which is afterwards painted.

It has thus become a matter of even greater ease to adjust a portion of the nose or ear with perfect nicety, and have it painted to so nearly resemble the skin that covers other portions of the face that the fact would remain unknown if you met the wearer a dozen times a week. Scores of people are daily met on the streets who are wearing some such appliance, and many of them have been doing so so long that they have almost forgotten the fact themselves. Five times out of seven the loss of the nose is caused by abscess centers which break just inside the nostrils. The disease then attacks the bone which deays very rapidly. Sometimes a portion of it is saved, but this is an exception and not the rule.

It Was Only McNutt.

In "Recollections of Mississippi" the author says that among the famous men of Vicksburg before the war one of the most prominent was a Mr. McNutt. Two qualities marked him out as an individual type. The first was his personal cowardice. Still no individual has his power of setting aside in his own favor those prejudices of the public mind which would have crushed any other man.

He was at one time a candidate for United States senator. The opposing candidate was General Quitman. In a speech McNutt said: "Fellow citizens, I understand that General Quitman is now in the eastern counties reviewing his militia and that he says when he meets me he intends to whip me. Now I tell him at this far off distance that 'he whips me, it will be because he can outrun me, for I have a great horror of the barbers, practice & personal violence'."

Such a speech from any other man would have won him the contempt of his listeners, but it was McNutt, and people laughed and applauded.—Argus.

Proportion of the Human Body.

It is stated that the height of the human body is generally ten times the length of the face. The face is as long as the hand, the arm is four times the length of the face, the sole is one-sixth the length of the body and six times the thickness of the hand equals the thickness of the body.

The highest priced newspaper in the world is the *Mashonaland Herald* and *Zambesian Times*. It is a daily about the size of a sheet of foolscap and its price is one shilling a copy.

OUR ST. LOUIS LETTER.

More Postal Experiments—A Municipal Menagerie—A Double Water Works System.

St. Louis, Aug. 1.—Postmaster Harlow's scheme for railway postal service in the city, by means of the street cars, has been abandoned for the present, because satisfactory financial arrangements cannot be made with the roads which would have to carry the mail. The pneumatic tube postal service will be put into operation in the fall, and it is likely that visitors to the city will then be able to see a remarkable postal convenience between the central and southern part of the city in full swing. The postal demands of St. Louis are not content with this, however, and the department has ordered ten new sub stations to be established in the outlying districts.

The Zoological garden in Forest Park, which was established a few years ago by the gift of a few buffalo to the city, has been added to so constantly, from year to year, that it is now considered by collectors to be worth nearly fifty thousand dollars. The city legislators have just discovered that there are a lot of animals world looking after out there, and have appropriated a large sum of money to build comfortable quarters for them, and to buy others. The Park commissioners, as they succeeded one another, have carried out a general plan of buying only tame animals, and there is not one ferocious one in the whole enclosure now devoted to them.

St. Louis will soon be the only city in the United States with two systems of water works in constant operation.

In these days, when the most ordinary water works plant costs between one and two million dollars, most cities are glad to have one system in good condition. By a peculiarity of this city's laws, the revenue from the sale of the water can be used only for the extension of the water works, and consequently there is always plenty of money to carry out the plans of the engineers. The Water commissioner is now making arrangements to build one water works station to supply the suburbs exclusively, and he will have it finished a short time after the new city water works are completed. The minor station will pump water to places within six miles of the city. Some of these suburban towns are so high that they cannot be reached by the ordinary city pressure, and without the proposed system they would have to build works of their own or depend on cisterns and wells.

This summer in St. Louis is going to show many fewer sunstrokes than there were last summer. Sunstrokes are things that can't be helped in a large city, where people will work hard during the hot months and eat and drink carelessly. As a matter of course, there are more sunstrokes in tenement houses, where people are huddled together, than there are where there is more room. Since last year the tenement house district of the city has lost fully one-third of its population, partly because of the railroads entering the town, which tore down numbers of the rickety dwellings, and partly because great efforts have been made by real estate men to fill up the suburbs with the sale of houses and lots on long plains. The fast-roads, which were extended into every part of the city, made it possible for the masses to live on the edge of the city, in pure air and near the parks, and at the same time to get to their work in season. Last year many people died in their beds at home, overheated. This year there has not been one case of the kind reported, and the sun stroke physicians have had little to do.

Designs for the statue of Gen. Sherman, which is to be put in front of the city hall at St. Louis are being made not only by the artists here, but by several sculptors in Paris, who want to get a foothold in America. As soon as the hall is ready for the statue a prize is to be offered for the best design, the only condition being that the figure must be equestrian. It is believed by the artists that there will be at least ten designs in the competition.

Heroine of the Sun.

A story has leaked out in Texas Valley, Ga., of the pretty daughter of a moonshiner, who mounted a horse and rode five miles through the country at midnight to warn her father that the revenue men were on his trail. People who saw the foaming horse and white-robed rider dashing through the night, thought of ghosts, and fled to their cabins. It was a false alarm, but the girl was not to blame for it.

She made the trip in safety and put the old man on his guard. He denies, however, that he runs an illicit business, and tells a different story of his daughter's famous ride.

A Bit Of Diplomacy.

Bridget (applying for situation)—O, yes, Mum! Oi lived in me last place tree weeks.

Mrs. Van Nobbs.—And why did you leave?

Bridget.—Oi could n't get along wid her, she was awl an' cranky.

Mrs. Van Nobbs.—But I may be old and cranky, too.

Bridget.—Cranky ye may be, Mum, fer faces is sometimes deavin', but awl'd—Niver!

(And Bridget got the place.)

The Proper Thing.

Customer.—Haven't you a hairbrush with an iron back?

Clere.—What do you want one with an iron back for?

Customer.—I am going to move soon, and I'll need it to drive nails with.

The Great Spread.

Briggs.—I did not know that you were living in Chicago proper. I thought the house you built was in the suburbs.

Griggs.—It was when I began building it.

A Natural Error.

"Papa, did I hear you say that money talks?"

"Yes, Willie."

"Is that why they have parrots on the backs of the silver dollars?"

A Barcastine Reply.

Trotter.—Going abroad this year?

Barlow.—No, I don't expect to—not this year, nor the year after, unless I make more money, and then I won't want to go.

THINGS TO THINK OF.

Forty-nine per cent of the days in London are wet.

A woman prisoner escaped from the Niagara county jail by digging under the fence.

A lion in a country circus showing at Norristown, Pa., bit off the tail of his neighbor, the tiger.

The public libraries of all Europe put together contain about 21,000,000 volumes, those of America, 4,000,000.

Every one of the New England states had less acreage devoted to cereal production in 1880 than in 1870, according to the census returns.

A new arrangement for the detection of fire damp consists in pumping the air into a testing room and testing it with a burner. If the air contains a dangerous quantity of fire damp it ignites, and moving a valve, sounds a gong of warning.

London Truth tells a story of a clergyman who provoked beyond restraint by the coughing, in his church, stopped abruptly in his discourse and blurted out: "This is either the most diseased or the most impudent congregation I ever preached to."

The best cow owned by William Stillwagon at Schoenerville, Pa., ate forty cakes of soap that Mrs. Stillwagon had made and had set out to dry. Half an hour later the cow was found with a stream of froth pouring from her mouth and she was suffocated.

A few nights ago the musical director of one of the playhouses in Pittsburg received a very queer looking box adorned with skulls and crossbones. He was greatly frightened and removed the suspicious looking box to police headquarters, where it proved to be a ball of yarn.

During a term of the superior court at Carbon, Me., a number of aliens were naturalized, among them an Irishman. When the clerk put the question, "Do you renounce all allegiance to the queen of Great Britain and Ireland?" He replied: "I'll go back on the queen; but, young man, I'll never go back on old Ireland—never!" The lawyers smiled, the spectators tittered and the candidate's petition was accepted and he got his papers.

A singular boycott was recently enforced against a local pedagogue at Brokow, in Germany, by the parents of his pupils. They objected to the schoolmaster's extreme notions of discipline and agreed among themselves to keep their children at home. So the bell rang for two days without the appearance of a scholar at the school room, until at last the magistrate summoned the parents before him for conspiracy and the schoolmaster won the day.

QUEER PEOPLE.

A Georgia man is said by the local papers to be "living pleasantly with his eighth wife."

Some of the New York hotels provide chaperones for female guests unacquainted with the city. A shopping tour, under the guidance of one of them soon familiarizes the stranger with the city.

A French dealer in fuel, not having been able to clear out his stock during the winter, the following summer posted on his door the following notice: "Good fire-wood for the summer season, giving out very little heat."

Artificial teeth....from \$7.00 up. Gold fillings....from 2.00 up. Silver, Amalgam, or any plastic filling..... \$1.00.

Enamel filling..... 2.00. Gold Caps and Crowns..... 5.00. Porcelain Crowns..... 2.50 to 5.00. Cleaning teeth..... 1.00.

Tumors of the mouth, abscessed teeth, cleft palates and irregularity of the teeth successfully treated.

MAKERS OF HISTORY.

Edison has patented over 600 inventions.

Meissonier left a manuscript re-

lance.

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT

BARRINGTON, COOK CO., ILL.

Office in Lamey Block.

M. T. LAMEY, Local Editor.

CITY OFFICE

ROOM 513, - 84-86 LA SALLE STREET.

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, payable in advance, \$1.50; \$1.75 is the price if not paid until the year ends.

ADVERTISING RATES will be furnished on application at the office.

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

NORWOOD PARK.

Continued From First Page.

Ice cream famine and thermometer at 90.

F. L. Cleaveland and family returned this week from a two weeks' sojourn on the banks of the Desplaines, where they have been "tenting on the old camp-ground" and where the mosquitoes sit on the trees and bark. All are healthy and sunburned.

How does this weather compare with Honduras climate? Guess it was "hotter" down there for some people.

Real estate still moves, at least the title does. Since the sale of the Stenzel farm, about five acres, to Mr. E. R. McFadden, May 30, for \$4,500 cash, there has been a lull. This month the following sales have been made. July 14, to Mary Stenzel of Chicago, lot 36, in block 7, for \$500 cash. July 19, to Charles Wheeler of Mayfair, lot 5, block 11, for \$330; part time. July 26, Mr. Wingren of Chicago, lots 16 and 17, block 24 for \$1,000; also part time. This last is splendid property and has only been on sale for about two weeks. All expect to build soon.

On Sunday evening last, through the carelessness of some unknown person, the faucet in the gentlemen's dressing room of the Hall building was left turned on when the water was shut off from the mains, and when the water was turned on again the basin overflowed and caused considerable damage in the office of Justice Cleaveland, which is directly underneath. The walls and ceilings were soaked, and a large amount of stationery, law books and valuable papers were ruined. This is the third time and the judge says it was "worse and more of it."

The picnic of the American Reformed Sunday school on Saturday last was well attended and everyone had a jolly time. About a dozen friends from the camp grounds came in the afternoon and helped to make things lively. A long program of games had been prepared and everything with few exceptions went off nicely. For some reason the teams were very late in getting to the grounds for the return journey and consequently the first one was so overloaded that it was the last to reach home and everyone was pretty tired. We are sorry that we have not received a list of the prize winners in the games to insert here.

Our little barber, "Doc" Wilson, has left us for parts unknown, and nothing remains but the effects of his Fourteenth century jolts. He has gone to the city of Brown Bread and Baked Beans. We are very sorry for Boston but comfort ourselves with the thought that his presence there will induce a sudden emigration of young men to the West and of course they will stop in Chicago and see the world's fair and other shows, and that will create a boom for Norwood.

We are informed that Mike Presley, the "original" Town hall barber, will be back to his old stand this week and the gentlemen of the village are requested to swear off on shaving until he arrives. Surely Norwood is improving.

Mr. W. E. Daukert is the proud possessor of another voter for the Progressive party. He arrived the latter part of July and announced his intention of staying. Mr. Daukert has our congratulations.

The baseball game on Saturday

Mrs. Will Kroy is visiting relatives and friends at her old home, Davenport, Iowa.

Our pioneer, Henry Vanatti, is about to remove from our midst to Butte City, Col., to where his son-in-law resides.

John Langdon, who for some time past has been very sick, is rapidly recovering.

AVONDALE.

AVONDALE MEETING HOUSE—Sunday at 10:30 a.m. Breaking of Bread Sunday school at 3 p.m. Gospel preaching at 7 p.m. Wednesday preaching at 7:45 p.m. Friday at 7:45 p.m. Prayer meeting.

AVONDALE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—The Rev. John Nase, pastor. Sunday school 10 a.m. Preaching service 11 a.m. Class meeting 5:30 p.m. Preaching 6:30 p.m. Epworth League, Wednesday, 8 p.m.

LADIES' AID SOCIETY—Meets alternate Fridays at the church class-room.

Mrs. T. A. FORSYTHE, President.

Mrs. F. E. THORNTON, Secretary.

Mrs. J. H. STERMAN, Treasurer.

AVONDALE GERMAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—The Rev. William Boettcher, pastor. Sunday school 9 a.m. Preaching 10 a.m. Services held at 204 Belmont avenue.

GERMAN M. E. CHURCH—Kedzie near Elston avenue. The Rev. John J. Hock, pastor. Sunday school 9 a.m. Preaching 10:30 a.m. Young People's meeting 7 p.m. Preaching 7:45 p.m. Preaching every Friday evening at 7:45 by the Rev. H. Schuckal.

ST. XAVIER CHURCH—Father Goldschmidt, pastor. Sunday services at 8:30 and 10:15 a.m.

AVONDALE HALL ASSOCIATION—Meeting of Board of Directors last Saturday in each month at residence of Secretary.

J. J. LACHT, President.

R. J. BICKERDIKE, Secretary.

H. L. LUETKE, Treasurer.

AVONDALE IMPROVEMENT CLUB—Fifth precinct, Twenty-seventh ward. Regular meetings alternate Wednesdays at Nohr's hall, northwest corner Belmont avenue and Wallace street.

AUGUST ARCK, President.

R. J. BICKERDIKE, Secretary.

AVONDALE IMPROVEMENT CLUB—Fifteenth ward. Regular meetings alternate Fridays at Hanson's hall, northwest corner Railroad and Hammond avenues.

MR. BERTRAM, President.

MR. RYDER, Secretary.

SOCIETY OF GERMAN AMERICAN CITIZENS OF AVONDALE—Regular meeting held at Stuckhoff's hall, second and third Wednesdays of each month.

CHRISTIAN MATTMUELLER, President.

ALBERT ARCK Vice President.

HUGO RASPER Secretary.

AVONDALE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—The Rev. Stone, pastor. Sunday school 9 a.m. Preaching 7:30 p.m. Young People's meeting Wednesday, 8 p.m.

Why don't some one start an ice cream parlor? There's money in it.

Charles McGreggor met with a bad and what came near being a fatal accident. Monday morning while working on a building at Grayland. He fell from the staging about twenty feet, injuring the back of his head and neck. His many friends sincerely hope for his early recovery.

A boy was severely burned about the arms and face through a gasoline explosion Saturday while assisting the street lamp lighter.

R. J. Bickerdike is having his driveways and walks macadamized.

Miss L. Bindhammer, dressmaker, will make engagements with ladies for fall and winter work. Best styles. Perfect fit guaranteed. Address Avondale, box 87.

There is quite an exodus of Avondaleans Denverwards this week.

Mr. C. P. Guinn had a valuable horse stray off last week.

The Presbyterians had a watermelon sociable Friday evening.

The Rev. Boettcher left for New York Tuesday where he expects to meet his parents, sister and bride.

Mr. Bowden's sister-in-law is dangerously ill.

FOR SALE—Two lots on Kedzie avenue one-half block south of depot East front 125x50, \$1,400. Address R. J. Bickerdike, Avondale, Ill.

DIED—At Fernwood, Monday Letitia M. Husband, formerly of Avondale, aged 14 years.

Miss Lena Bindhammer is having a vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ehlerst and Miss Eliza Rhodes of Chicago were the guests of Mrs. R. J. Bickerdike Sunday.

August Arck spent Wednesday evening with A. C. Hesing, who is laid up with an injured limb.

The Irving's defeated the Park Ridge by the following score:

Irving's 0 3 1 0 0 0 2.0 0.6

Park Ridge 0 0 2 1 0 1 0 0 0.1

Earned runs, Park Ridge, 2. Two-base hit.

Wicket First base on balls. Off Jefferson, 1; off Hobert, 2. Struck out by Jefferson, 11; by Hobert, 6. Double play, Downs and Rehwoldt. Time, 1:45. Umpire, Jefferson and Wolf. Attendance 700.

NOTICE.—A lot of fine Jewel gasoline stoves are now on sale at reduced price at Dietcher & Fisher's, Jefferson Park.

Lawyer Naylor will make a good candidate for State Legislature.

Mrs. Wiram Grey and her niece, Lizzie, are visiting in Wisconsin.

Mrs. W. J. Kendrick is visiting her sister at Fairmont, Neb., for a few days.

F. S. Holmes has retired from ice cream business.

James Gillard is erecting a house for L. S. Dickson on St. James avenue.

Fine extension window fly screens are now on sale at cost at Dietcher & Fisher's, Jefferson Park.

The ladies of St. Mary's ward of the Episcopal church solicit plain sewing, mending and darning, to be done every Tuesday afternoon. The work will be done well for a very reasonable price. Comforters made to order. A postal card sent to Mrs. A. G. Goodridge, Irving Park, in regard to work will receive prompt attention.

A medium crowd was at the Irving hall last Thursday evening to witness the "Midsummer Program" rendered by Mr. Sterling Hughes and a select company of our home talent. Everybody carried out their part in the finest way, and we are glad to note everyone was pleased with the entertainment. Following is the program:

Banjo duet Misses Swiney and Damon

Soprano solo Damon Alpine Valley

Mrs. Edward S. Clarke

Violin and flute obligato, Messrs. Schoessling

and Van Harlingen

Feats of contortion Mr. Frank Thompson

By permission of Mr. Harry Nichols.

Irish comedian Mr. Phil Manning

Violin solo Selected

Miss Eddie Damon

Mr. Bert Lerie a comedian that's all.

Concluding with the comedy "Only Dreaming" with the following cast:

Chevalier de Rocheferrier Mr. Sterling Hughes

Anatole, his son Mr. Frank E. Larson

Mr. Mercier a retired dry goods merchant

Mr. J. Finlay Hollis

Rosa his only daughter Miss Helen Swiney

Scene—Mr. Mercier's parlor

Mr. Hans Schoessling, musical director

Mr. E. J. Morton and family took possession of their new residence on Saturday last.

Mr. L. Silverman is enjoying his annual outing among the cool lakes and shady bowers several hundred miles north.

Rumor has it that Dan Cameron will open a meat market here in a few days.

Mrs. H. E. Burlow will remain for some time with Missouri relatives.

Mr. B. A. Lang on Wednesday received the sad news of his mother's fatal illness in Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Clark are visiting the family of F. R. Brazie.

Misses Florence and Minnie Brazie are enjoying themselves among country relatives.

Mrs. Hiles has been favored by visits from numerous city relatives the past two weeks.

Mr. W. D. Brewster is himself again. That means his wife and family are home again from Michigan.

Who is there to dispute the fact that the handsomest part of the city is right here? Another fact is that the cheapest property in Chicago, whether for home or investment, is also here.

Visitors during the week at Silverman's villa: Mrs. L. Moss and children, Miss Anna Johnson, Master Harry Schillinger, Mrs. Mary Leopold and daughter, Mr. Max Goldsmith, Mr. Fred Wild, Mr. Max Wilder.

For a fine lot of gasoline stoves, you can see the Jewel for sale at a reduced price, at Dietcher & Fisher's, Jefferson Park.

"Jane," at the Grand opera-house.

The Twenty-seventh Ward Improvement Association

At the office of J. R. Wickersham, 54 La Salle street, on Wednesday of this week, a permanent organization of the Twenty-seventh Ward Improvement association was effected with officers as follows:

President, George G. Parker. Vice-Presidents, W. C. Hazleton, L. Silverman, A. Dunning, J. R. Wickersham, J. R. Bickerdike. Treasurer, William Johnson. Secretary, A. B. Lewis; Directors, A. H. Hill, George H. Parker, A. B. Lewis, Andrew Dunning, J. R. Wicks-

MAYFAIR PARK.

MAYFAIR DIRECTORY

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR—Meets the first and third Thursday evening in each month. Miss Jessie Cross, president. E. M. Chapin, secretary.

MAYFAIR PUBLIC SCHOOL—F. W. Kingsley, principal. Miss Belle Dogmire and Miss Marie Laurence, assistants.

BUSINESS MEN'S ASSOCIATION—Meets the first and third Saturday evening in each month. George C. Thomas, president. A. B. Lewis, secretary.

MAYFAIR TENNIS CLUB—Grounds on Franklin street, near Cassini avenue. President, Chas. Farnsworth vice-president, Hugh Hazelton, secretary and treasurer. Miss Florence Braze, custodian, Carroll S. Jones, membership committee. Miss Jessie Grinnell, E. L. Farnsworth, E. M. Chapin and the president and secretary.

JEFFERSON HIGH SCHOOL—Principal Prof. Charles A. Cook. Assistants, Martin D. Atkinson, chemistry and physics. F. W. Plapp, biology. Miss S. Alice Judd, English. Mrs. Sidonia Wallace, German and French. Miss Josephine Fielding, mathematics. Miss Eugenie Winston, Latin and Greek. Miss Marie Harrison, drawing. Miss Emma Ziesing, singing. Herman Helm, physical culture.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Services every Sunday morning at 10:45 and evening at 7:30; prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at the church. The Rev. S. C. Leavell, pastor. Sunday school at 1 p.m. C. C. Chapin, super. Christian Endeavor meets every Sunday evening at 6:30. Ladies Aid society meets every Wednesday at 7 p.m.

Mr. E. E. Chapin, Ernie Chapin and Bert Cross and several more of our people are visiting the cool Colorado mountains.

Mr. A. H. Floaten is expected home this week from Colorado.

Mr. B. H. Andrus and family are in their new house on Center avenue.

At the residence of Mr. W. E. Hunt on Wednesday last, Mr. Harry W. Boos, of Maplewood, and Miss Gladys E. Swauk were united in marriage by the Rev. S. C. Leavell. The bride is a charming lady, highly esteemed by her many friends here. Mr. Boos stands high among his Maplewood acquaintances. They will make their home here.

Miss Georgia Thomas was a Milwaukee visitor a few days since.

Mr. Swineford and family will summer here at the home of Mr. J. E. Gottra.

Mr. E. J. Morton and family took possession of their new residence on Saturday last.

Mr. L. Silverman is enjoying his annual outing among the cool lakes and shady bowers several hundred miles north.

CHICAGO AMUSEMENTS

A List of Chicago's Most Popular Theaters.

CHICAGO OPERA-HOUSE.

Diverting alterations and changes are constantly being made in the American Extravaganza Company's sixth and most successful summer spectacle, "Ali Baba; or, Morgiana and the Forty Thieves." The piece is now in the third month of its run at the Chicago opera-house, and neither storm, rain nor heat seem to interfere with its patronage, which has been extraordinarily large during the entire engagement. On Sunday night, July 24, the third edition of the extravaganza was put on, and comprised many novelties in the way of songs, dances and specialties. All the principal ballet dancers now have new solos, and the Jewel ballet divertissement is made much more attractive thereby. A unique negro dance has also been introduced, under the title of the "Virginia Skedaddle." The new musical numbers all bid fair to become popular, especially a duet sung by Ida Mille and Bebbie Cleve-land, entitled, "My Heart Is Thine," a comic trio called "Three Scamps," a quartette which guys the prevailing Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay craze under the name of "The Ta-ra-ra Lament," and a song and chorus entitled "Voices of the Night," which is sung by Henry Norman and a strong male chorus, and which is as peculiarly weird and tuneful as the Bogie Man, made famous by the same vocalist in Sinbad. Eddie Foy also has a comic song entitled "The Maiden and the Lamb," and Otis Harlan contributes a comic ditty with the refrain, "Papa's Pants Will Soon Fit Willie." "Ali Baba," from a spectacular point of view, remains unchanged. It would be impossible to improve such brilliant scenes as the Heights of Bagdad, the Enchanted Forest of Falling Water, the Glistening Cave of Columbus, or the idyllic transformation scene, "The Birth of the Butterfly."

McVICKER'S.

"A Trip to the Circus" till Aug. 20, every night. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

The new play, "A Trip to the Circus," was produced for the first time on any stage at McVicker's theater last Sunday evening. It is said to be modeled somewhat upon the lines of "A Country Circus," which enjoyed a long run at the same theater last fall. Considerable more preparation has been made for it, however, than was the case in the first "Circus" venture, and the specialties in the last act are much more elaborate than the ones attempted before. The cast of the production includes some well known names, such as John Woodward, Charles C. Maubury, C. F. Montaine, C. E. Eldridge, Cliff Dean, William Robinson, W. E. Unger, George Carron, Miss Estella Dale, Miss Dorothy Thornton, Miss Mary Davis, Miss Lillian Keene and Miss Josie Montana. These, however, are the names of the players proper. For the circus specialties there is another complete cast, including Master Colin Melville, the child rider; Frank Melville, the bareback rider; Big. Voltiase, the four-horse rider; the Herbert brothers, acrobats, and Miss Lowres Bochell, the slack-wire dancer. The closing scenes of the new piece is a chariot race, which takes place on the stage.

MADISON STREET OPERA-HOUSE.

The Lilly City Burlesque company will open its season at the Madison Street opera-house with a matinee performance to-day. The company is one of the best known burlesque organizations on the road, and is a particular favorite in Chicago, but it is as well to know now that the season is about to commence that the show for this time is the old Clay company in name only. The entire personnel of the com-

HAVERLY'S CASINO-EDEN MUSEUM.

Col. Haverly, taking advantage of the necessity of closing this favorite family resort for the placing of a new engine and electric plant, determined on a thorough renovation, and so the only performances of the present week were those of Sunday last. Performances will begin again the coming week, commencing with the matinee Sunday afternoon the 7th inst., and Haverly's home minstrels will again delight their many friends and patrons by their performances. The past week has witnessed a pleasing change both in the exterior and interior appearance of the house. The painting is all white and gold, both inside and out. This is a favorite decoration of Col. Haverly's, inaugurated by him as far back as 1873, when he first began to build theaters and enlarge his connections and chain of houses from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Haverly's Casino-Eden Musee—is to-day one of the handsomest and best equipped theaters in the United States. In the short space of six working days it has been beautified and embellished in exquisite taste and under the able direction of this caterer of public amusement, Col. Haverly, in propria persona. The theater hall is bright and cheerful—new curtains and draperies abound in the musee halls—new carpets and costumes have been provided for the wax figures, and electric lights transform the place into a veritable fairyland. It is indeed a fit family resort, second to none in the land. While all this work of refurnishing has been going on due attention has been paid to the coming minstrel entertainments. Col. Haverly does nothing by halves. In addition to the fine list of performers just noticed he has another comedian, Mr. John H. Blackford, who will make his first appearance next Sunday afternoon, matinee, and with Preas Eldridge, Tom Lewis, Jimmie Wall, Bendedetto, Banks Winter, W. H. Windom and other performers of note, Col. Haverly has an organization of which any manager might well be proud. New ballads and songs will be given, and a treat in store in the first production of Frank Dumont's tragedy, "Steal the Alarm," which will constitute the afterpiece. For this play new scenery and effects have been prepared by Sosman & Landis and A. F. Snell. A real fire engine and "milk white" steeds figure conspicuously in the play, which will include the entire company in the cast, the principal characters being sustained by Preas Eldridge, Tom Lewis, Jimmie Wall and W. H. Windom. It is expected that the play will create a sensation and the "world and his wife" will attend the inaugural performances. Performances will be given every afternoon and evening as before and in addition to the minstrel show the wonders of the famous Musee should not be forgotten.

THE CHICAGO FIRE.

The burning of Chicago will ever furnish food for thought. It marked a new era in the history of the city. Within twenty years Chicago has sprung from ashes, ruin and desolation into the grandest city, architecturally, in the world, and reigns to-day, more truly than ever, "The Queen of the North and West." The figures, in the opinion of the writer, that best express the magnitude of this greatest of all disasters are these: Number of acres burned per hour, 125! Number of buildings destroyed per hour, 1,000! Number of people rendered homeless per hour, 6,000! Property destroyed at the rate of a million dollars every five minutes, all night and all day!

EPSTEIN'S.

In spite of the hot weather the attendance is good at Epstein's new dime museum on Randolph near Clark street. A fairly attractive bill is offered this week. It includes, in the curio department, Merillo, the fire king; a remarkable freak known as the wild man, an albino beauty, a troupe of great fortunetellers and

DREAD OCEAN TERRORS.

MONSTERS WITH WHICH THE SEA WAS PEOPLED.

The Time When Old Ocean Was Impracticable for Ships and the Straits of Gibraltar Was the Limit of Navigation.

Few relics of antiquity are so curiously interesting as the charts employed by ancient mariners, says the Washington Star, which have portrayed upon them ever so many extraordinary monsters, horrible dragons and terrific giants scattered here and there.

The land-locked Mediterranean, which was the only sea known to the Romans and Greeks of twenty odd centuries ago, was filled with mysterious terrors while the more distant lands bordering on it were the abodes of wonders and strange peoples. Gods of monstrous shape ruled the waters, enchanting sirens dwelt on the islets and rocks and on the dry land beyond were to be found weird enchantresses, fire-breathing beasts, fierce pygmies and dreaded cannibals.

Adventurous voyagers who got so far as the pillars of Hercules, now called the Straits of Gibraltar brought back intelligence that the great ocean beyond was not navigable. It was part of the mighty river which flowed around the flat earth in an unending stream.

Tradition says that there was in those times at Gibraltar a stone pillar 100 cubits high with a brass statue on it and an inscription stating this to be the limit of navigation. Beyond was a "sea of darkness," infested with terrors beyond the power of the imagination to conceive. Occasionally a bold navigator did, nevertheless, venture outside into the Atlantic, but was compelled to turn back very quickly. A whirlwind would arise and threaten to swamp the vessel, or more alarming still a gigantic hand, supposed to be that of Satan, would emerge from the ocean of eternal gloom and warn back the mariners. Not merely on these accounts was the ocean impracticable for ships. It was reported to be so dense with saltiness and so crowded with seaweeds and huge beasts that headway could not be made through it. Even up to the time of Columbus such beliefs prevailed, and his crews were terrified on entering the Saragossa Sea by the weeds and calms.

Sailors' yarns have always been celebrated for their imaginative character. Those of to-day, however, have no opportunity for favorable comparison with the stories told by mariners of antiquity. The latter were able to count upon an inexhaustible public credulity, nothing which they could possibly invent being too monstrous or unusual for belief. Their tales presumably did much to augment the fears of the sea which were commonly entertained in those days, giving birth to many of the myths of ocean. They told of the strange land inhabited by lotus eaters, who fed upon the fruits of forgetfulness and lost all memory of country and friends.

Beyond was the land of the one-eyed giants, called Cyclops, they said, while elsewhere were to be found the strange islands where the enchantresses Circe and Calypso lived. These islands were in the narrow Western Mediterranean, and beyond was the Cimmerian land, where the people lived in darkness always, inhabiting gloomy caves.

There were the Sirens also whose

Melbourne for shorter the coast. Out of this passed the test of 120 and fewer still the test. John Tharston, who was a stenographer for the *Advertiser*, offering \$1,000 a year complained that most of were unable either to write or to read their notes after

CRIMINAL CLASSES.

Increasing More Rapidly than the Nation of the United States.

Probably one of the causes to organized society is the criminal classes, the production and consumption of criminals, with the

should be among the fully studied branches of science. The number of penitentiaries in 1880 while in 1890 it was increased ten years of 100 per cent, and during the total population increased rate of 24.86 per cent, the total number of prisoners in jails in 1880 was 12,19,588, an increase in 6,847, or at the rate of

Coming to the inmates of the reformatories we find that reported in 1880 was 1,14,846, an increase of 4 per cent. It is thus shown that the various criminal population increases more rapidly than the large. The same re

shown by previous statistics. It must also be remembered that a large number of actual criminals are not under confinement, not included in the figures of their increase. It has

come a vitally important decision by society as to whether to pursue toward the

Popular Science Monthly be a fact proved by statistics a large percentage of criminals are ineffective either physically or mentally and have had an unfavorable environment. Und

system in this country is made to rehabilitate convicts. Criminals made to a certain extent hereditary and unsound conditions, and then confined in prison. Weak environment bring out the

ments and society by hastens to provide for

LET THE GIRLS

Mothers Mistaken in Causing their Girls to Play Quietly

Most mothers have romps, so they lecture on the proprieties and be little girls. They are very quiet and gentle as possible. The lot of such mothers is rather terrible for they of the young frolic-women, entitled "Children—most of the exercise to health. Give them will be the girls. The more sensible, climbing, running, climbing—these are the according to the Journal strengthen the muscles of the chest and build up the mild doses of exercise to accompany with calisthenics will not invigorate like a good romp in Mother, therefore, when little girls to play very a mistake. Better the checked, romping girl lily-faced girl who is ca

FOR A BIRTHDAY.

How many years have subtly wrought,
With patient art and loving care,
To rear this pleasure house of thought,
This fabric of a woman fair!

"T'were vain to guess; years leave no trace
On that soft cheek's translucent swell;
Time, lingering to behold that face,
Is cheated of his purpose, still.

Why ask how many, when I find
Her charm with every morrow new?
How be so stupid? Was I blind?
Next birthday I shall ask how few.

—James Russell Lowell in *Cosmopolitan*.

A CRISIS.

It had all come about some years before at West Point. Lake had been a cadet at the Military Academy while Colonel Brown was the commander of cadets, and the elder man had, to use a little West Point slang, "gut the equation" of the younger man "down fine." In other words, he had "sized him up" and concluded, rather rashly, it must be admitted, that Lake was utterly worthless, except for the purpose of raising the deuce whenever he so desired. This it must be admitted, he can do to perfection. It was not Lake's fault, however, that they could not get along together. Oh, no! Lake could get along with anyone, and he could not see for the life of him why the colonel did not enjoy his pranks just as much as he and apparently everyone else did. But the colonel did not and the result was that Lake was undergoing punishment most of the time he was a cadet at the academy.

It was said that Lake was really in love with the colonel's daughter. It was not improbable. Most of the cadets were. Indeed, few who had ever met Miss Hyacinth Brown were not in love with her. But she was a queer girl, after all. (Poor girl! she had been a half orphan from her early girlhood—and perhaps she inherited some of the obstinacy of her father.) Strange as it may seem, she loved the same scapegrace, Lake. It is more than probable that the discovery of this fact coupled with what he knew of the youngster's character (or thought he knew) was but added fuel to the fire.

It was just Lake's luck to be assigned to a company that was stationed at a post commanded by the father of his sweetheart. Good luck, he thought it because it kept him nearer her, bad luck, all his friends thought it, because it kept him in the power of his unreasoning enemy. Forbidden her father's house—constantly under her father's eyes—what could he see of her, anyway? Did he ever see her, anyway? Well—he was Lake, you know.

And he was put in arrest for what? For a very grave offense. Hyacinth's father was a man who would not have gone out of his way to do Lake an injury. On the contrary, if Lake had not always offered the occasion the colonel would have left him alone. Even the colonel recognized the youngster's good qualities.

He was put in arrest because with his usual impudence, he had entered the presence of the colonel one morning as he marched off duty as officer-of-the-day and reported that he had not inspected the guard the preceding night between midnight and broad daylight. Be it known that every officer of the day is required to perform this duty during these hours and if he does not he is, as they say in the army, "on honor" to report himself for his failure to do so. So he did nothing more than was required of him. But he offered absolutely no explanation of his conduct, even after he was questioned by the

"I came because I thought you loved him" said the hot-blooded young Irishman, unable to appreciate the girl's attempted unconcern.

She did not answer, and he was about to move away, angry in earnest, when she said, almost under her breath:

"What is it sergeant?"

"He's in arrest, miss."

"In arrest?" she repeated. "What for? And who put him in arrest?"

"The colonel, miss, put him in arrest this morning. He didn't inspect the guard last night and it was all my fault, miss, and I want to help him out, and the only way I could do it was to come and give you this and ask you to read it and get the colonel to read it. I know it was all my fault, miss, and I supposed you would do everything you could for Lieutenant Lake. Most of us would."

He handed her a paper on which were written a few words in pencil. She recognized the sergeant's handwriting, and she read it immediately. There was a little tear in her eye when she looked up to thank the sergeant, but he had gone. No one has a finer appreciation of delicacy than an Irish sergeant.

The colonel knew that the Lake affair had reached his daughter's ears the moment he entered the house that afternoon. He knew her temperament very well, and he did not expect that she would say anything about it. She was a very brave little girl, and she had never protested or complained against anything he had ever done. However, he knew that she had been crying—and her very silence on the subject accustomed as he was to her nature and ways made him all the more uneasy. He had already come to the conclusion that Hyacinth had given Lake up forever. He knew now that he was wrong.

Dinner passed in silence. The colonel grew more uncomfortable every moment. He had done nothing but his duty in it all. He had done nothing but his duty when he told Lake to cease calling at his house. Lake was a young scapegrace, and would sooner or later get into serious trouble. He was no man to make his daughter happy as her husband. And yet he was forced to admit that there was something about Lake that he himself was compelled to admire. And he knew that while Lake sometimes failed in his duty as a soldier, he had never been known to fail in his duty as a man.

After supper the Colonel tried to read his latest Kansas City paper. He found that it was utterly uninteresting. He tried to enjoy his evening cigar. The brand had suddenly become a worthless one. He wished that some of the officers would call on him. It seemed strange that none of them did. He wondered if they were all around at Lieutenant Lake's quarters trying to cheer up that young man. If, indeed, he needed it. His daughter was in the room. He turned to her almost petulantly and asked her why she was so silent. She rose from her seat and went to him. There is but one thing a daughter does to her father when she wants to get him to do something for her. She puts her arms around his neck and kisses him. This was what she did.

"I was just going to say something, papa. I want you to read this." She held before him a paper—the same that had been given her by Sergeant Conner. The Colonel wiped his eyeglasses and read the following:

"It is all my fault that Lieutenant Lake didn't inspect the guard last night. I am sure it was. He has helped me out before, and I am sure it was to shield me again that he

FAMOUS WOODEN MEN.

AUTOMATA THAT DID EVERYTHING BUT BREATHE.

Descartes' "Francina" That Was Destroyed for a Witch—Conjuror Comus and His Wonderful Coach Horses.

Dr. John Dee was one of the most conspicuous figures of the sixteenth century, an eminent mathematician, and learned besides in living and dead languages and natural science.

He studied nineteen hours out of every twenty-four while at the University of Cambridge, and when asked to manage the mechanical effects in the production by his fellow students of a comedy of Aristophanes, contrived an automaton which left his charge of residence, so wild were the surmises which attended the exhibition.

This automaton of Dr. Dee was an artificial beetle the exact reproduction of the scarabaeus as far as the eye of the spectator could see, but so filled with springs and wheels that it flew without external aid from the floor to the ceiling of the theatre, carrying a man and a basket of provisions on its back. There was so much unpleasant gossip in consequence that Dr. Dee went out of the country, though he afterward became one of the most distinguished men of the court of Queen Elizabeth, says Harper's Young People.

One of the great men of modern times, René Descartes, a French philosopher, born in 1596, filled Europe with the fame of his bold mind and store of learning. Scientists to-day acknowledge their obligations to him in mechanics. He is said to have made an automaton which he designed to be a daughter to his old age.

He called it Francina, and in look and gesture, beauty and grace, Francina was all that a doting father could have desired in flesh and blood. So goes the tale, a strange one. For Descartes, the philosopher with whom Aristotle and Plato were compared, grew to love this mechanical maiden as the apple of his eye.

She was said to walk with him at evening in his garden, to ride and greet him with a kiss when he returned home, and to pass her hand now and then, as he sat at work, caressingly over his forehead. She was indeed cared for as tenderly, it seemed, as a real Francina might have been.

Once Descartes took Francina on a sea voyage with him, for he traveled much about Europe. The captain of the vessel supposed, of course, that he had two passengers, and set two places at the table of honor. But while the young woman walked on deck and sat by her father's side at other times, she did not come to the table to eat. And it was observed that she alone of all the passengers was unaffected by seasickness.

And so the crew, and the captain accused Francina of being a witch, and seizing her, suddenly threw her overboard. Her great weight, her failure to resist or cry out, and her master's despairing cry, "Touching them, too late, their mistake."

One of the best known of the more modern automata was made at Boulogne in the seventeenth century, and was called the Necromancer of Boulogne. It was a manikin, dressed in Oriental costume, about three inches high, and was endowed not only with the power of locomotion, but could juggle as well. The figure

selling samples of the rare Alpine flower can which has been pulled on the mountains to see that there is danger of coming extinct. The plain that tourists are out that and other Alpine persons bent on money helped on the destroying the plants for travel.

RISKED HIS
This Man Can Be Placed
True Hero

A hero in humble nized in New York late of a gold medal. He it, a fact which appears of his deeds published tian at Work

A sergeant of fire city, John R. Vaughn, the fire in the Hotel window in one of the was gathered a group faces—a father, mother, waiting, perhaps to die.

At the next window joining building upon a sergeant of fire patrol was too great to re hesitation he threw resting one arm upon and entwining his leg phone wire, fortunately near; with his other arm he conducted this giant over his prostrate body to the window of safety.

His work was Ascending to the roof, a man standing on the dows in another portion, doubting whether to jump, or wait to be the fire.

Shouting to him to save him Mr. Vaughan street and, calling upon to follow, ascended to the other adjoining building, throwing off his coat, holding him by his hair, himself head downward, nice, and with their arms the man of over 200 pounds to the roof. The result completed—these lives were

Mr. Vaughan was presented with a gold medal commemorating his heroism. And he richly deserved it, for he was a true hero and no one that he performed his duty.

MOUNTAINS OF
No Man Knows the Depth
of the Famous Deposits

In Lincoln county, N. Mex., there is a pure rock salt, which is of a length of two miles by 14 width. No living man has ever seen the depth of the deposit or the bottom of it, which brought it about, however, that the wells in the canyons of immense depth have furrowed it to a depth of 100 feet, making for the salt of crystal salt as pure as the clearest ice or glass. The water of these rivers is almost composed of pure crystals of salt. Ever since this mammot has been worked, no one has found it as hard as rock drills and blasters being the chief tools used. Quarry-men often remove the deposit that are three feet so transparent that one can be read through it. At the salt works in Churchill county, N. Mex., the conditions are very similar to those of salt everywhere. It is



ABOUT BOTTLED GASES.

A GREAT AND CURIOUS TRADE LATELY SPRUNG UP.

Oxygen and Hydrogen, Laughing Gas and Carbonic Acid Sold in Vast Quantities—An Invisible Merchandise.

"Leave orders for oxygen under the door" is the odd legend that greets the eye in the second floor hall of an upper Broadway building, according to the New York Sun. The door in question leads to the living apartments to use a complimentary plural of the dealer in oxygen. His office is the front hall room on the same floor, sufficiently cramped quarters for one whose stock in trade is of expensive a nature. He is one of great many persons whose business is to purvey wind, sweetened and otherwise, to the inhabitants of this town.

The sale of invisible and almost intangible and impudent merchandise is one of the most curious of the many strange business developments of this great community. You may buy bottled gases as you buy bottled beer, and have them delivered at your house as newspapers or soda or fresh vegetables are delivered. Oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbonic acid, are sold daily as boots and shoes are sold. They are handled with indifference, just as other freight is handled, sent by express, carried on the backs of nonchalant messengers boys, and in fact treated as if they were not tremendously expansive agencies packed away under a pressure of 1,800 pounds to the square inch.

One factory sells 30,000 feet of oxygen per month, and keeps on hand nearly that quantity in storage tanks. That volume of the gas weighs more than a ton and a quarter.

Several other concerns sell nearly as much more and a large quantity of hydrogen is sold to go with it for use in producing the lime light at theaters, lectures and clinics. Besides this oxygen and hydrogen are sold in mixtures of various proportions and a great volume of nitrous oxide or laughing gas is sold to dentists, surgeons and hospitals. The makers of aerated waters buy carbonic acid in large quantities and it is used elsewhere in the arts. Its use for aging wines, long practiced in France, is scarcely known here. Carbonic acid is usually sold in liquid form. Nitrogen is sold in small quantities for experimental purposes. It can be produced in almost unlimited quantities at low rates, since it is given off as a waste product in one process of making oxygen.

Not only are gases sold in large quantities to local consumers, but they are sent by express all over the country. Laughing gas, in particular, has an enormous sale in various parts of the United States, and is also shipped to the most remote parts of civilized South America. The express companies handle this peculiar freight without special charge, and the makers say that accidents never occur.

The United States government is likely soon to become an important consumer of oxygen, as it is shortly to be applied to use in the torpedo service. An expert in gases not resident in this city, gave Goubet, the French designer of torpedo boats an important hint on this subject. Goubet had a tiny submarine craft, and he was accustomed to load it before starting on a submarine cruise with great cylinders containing compressed air. As the air loose in the little craft became contaminated, it was freshened by pure air out of the cylinders.

The expert suggested the use of pure oxygen instead of air, and at Goubet's suggestion made a careful investigation of the subject. He came to the conclusion that he could store in one-thirtieth of the space occupied by Goubet's compressed air cylinder enough oxygen to do the work of the air thus carried. He also suggested a simple device for detecting the presence of too much oxygen or too much carbonic acid in the atmosphere of the boat. His device was to light a tiny night lamp, such as is used in a sick room. He knew that the flame would almost die in the presence of a dangerous percentage of carbonic acid, and that it would dilate when the proportion of oxygen was too great.

On the day set for the experiment the little boat was stocked with oxygen in cylinders under a pressure of 1,800 pounds to the square inch. The cylinders were provided with valves that would permit of only a very slow escape of the gas. The night lamp worked to perfection, and Goubet and his companion remained four hours under water with no greater supply of air than was free in the tiny craft when they descended. The oxygen kept the atmosphere in such condition that they were able to breathe in comfort, and they spent the time in conversation, at luncheon and at cards. Goubet has continued the experiments on his own hook, and has kept his boat submerged for six hours.

Gas-pounds as a Fertilizer.

Few persons know how very useful gas-pounds prove when employed as a manure. Applied to the roots of vines, fruit trees, roses, etc., they impart a vigor and rapidity of growth which is perfectly surprising. No one who is so lucky as to have a garden should waste this valuable form of manure. It is an excellent plan to have a large tub and put the gas-pounds and dirty water into it till required upon the garden.

The Locality Considered.

Mr. Chestnut is married. Why that was quite sudden, wasn't it?

Well suddenly for a Philadelphia man. He was engaged five months—Puck.

MYSTERY EXPLANATION.

Possible to Photograph the Bible Eight Times on a Square Inch.

A maker of these "test plates" named Webb many years ago made for the Army Medical museum at Washington a specimen of microscopic writing on glass. This writing consists of the words of the Lord's prayer, and occupies a rectangular space measuring 1-244 by 1-411 of an in.² or an area of 1-129.654 of a square inch.

The lines of this writing are about as broad as those on the test plates, which are 1-50.000 of an inch apart. They are therefore about as wide as average light waves. Now, then, to get some idea of the magnitude or minuteness of this writing.

There are in the Lord's prayer 227 letters and 11, as here, this number occupies the 1-129.654 of an inch, there would be room in an entire square inch for 29,431.468 such letters similarly placed.

Now the entire Bible, Old and New Testaments, contains but 3,666,480 letters, and there would therefore be room enough to write the entire Bible eight times over on one square inch of glass, in the same manner as the words of the Lord's prayer have been written on this specimen.

Such a statement, without doubt, staggers the imagination, admits the lens, but the figures are easily verified and are certainly correct, and the whole statement at least serves to bring home to us the limited nature of our mental capacities as compared with the facts of the universe.

It also furnishes an interesting suggestion in a very different subject.

It has been stated that a physical basis of memory may be in permanent structural modification of the brain matter constituting the surface of the furrows. In a highly developed brain this surface amounts to 340 square inches and it would therefore appear that the entire memories of a lifetime might be written out in the English language on such a surface in characters capable of mechanical execution, such as those of the Webb plate at Washington.

He Couldn't Be Cruel.

"We will take a special collection next Sabbath," said the teacher, "for the purpose of making a fund to defray the expense of sending poor boys to school."

"They don't get none of my money," averred Tommy Figg on the way home. "Them poor folks' kids has a tough enough time anyway 'thought jammin' 'em into school besides."

Etiquette of the Mat.

It is customary in the town of Quilon when a visitor takes off his hat upon entering a room to beg him to put it on again, and in the absence of permission leave is generally requested. This, it is said, arises from apprehension that cold will be taken by remaining uncovered. The same persons upon going out of doors take their hats off to flashes of lightning, no matter if rain is falling.

Something We Could Not Forgive.

"No," said a citizen, when asked if he would contribute anything to the relief of the flood sufferers, "I don't think I will."

"Can't afford it eh?"

"It isn't that, but the last time I gave something for charity one of the papers spelled my name wrong."

Proof Positive.

Mabel "Is Miss Saintly really as pious as people think she is?" Mabel: "Oh yes, I'm certain she is!" Mabel: "What makes you so sure?" Mabel: "Why her clothes fit her so horribly."

Poston Courier

FACTS AND EVENTS.

Sweden is doing quite a business in exporting wooden cottages.

It is found that oil can be produced from grape seeds, promising a permanent industry.

A human skull turned up among the mail matter in the New York post office the other day.

At Charleston, N. C., a woman testified recently in court that she was the mother of twenty children.

The man who invests in shad may have his money's worth in the meat, but he's stuck with the bones.

The public park in San Francisco has recently received a coconut tree weighing six tons, from Honolulu.

A Philadelphian who had to answer for contempt of court in failing to answer a grand jury subp^ena, made the excuse that he had a lot of wood to saw.

The house of Jacques Flandreau, built in New Rochelle in the year 1700, is standing and is supposed to be one of the oldest Huguenot houses in this country.

The latest novelty in yacht building will be an aluminum vessel of thirty-two feet in length, which Mr. Wells, of Leith, has received orders to build. The boat will not be painted, but polished when necessary.

The latest rarity exhibited at the Zoological gardens is an egg as nearly as possible a foot long. Its age rivals that of the shop or cooking egg, which is one of the most ancient in existence. So old, however, is this one that the peacock, the bird who laid it, is only imperfectly known to us by his fossil fragments.

In twenty-four days Handel wrote "The Messiah." Dr. Johnson wrote "Rasselas" in the nights of a single week. Schubert sometimes wrote four or five immortal songs in a single day. He was born in 1787 and died in 1829, yet he set to music 634 poems by 100 different authors, in addition to writing other musical works.

Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma should use Perry Davis' Pain-Killer for Consumption. It has cured many cases. It is the best medicine. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. \$2.50.

FOR SUMMER COMPLAINTS PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER BEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.

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