

Refused

BARTINGTON REVIEW.

VOL. 7. NO. 31.

SATURDAY, DEC. 3, 1892.

\$1.50 A YEAR.

TWENTY-SEVENTH WARD IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION.

The Twenty-seventh Ward Improvement Association met Nov. 30, pursuant to the call of the President. In the absence of President Parker, Vice-President Dunning presided.

Present—Messrs. Smyers, Davies, A. Dunning, Esdohr, D. L. Wickersham, Dada, Saylor, E. Dickinson, Pett, Eldred, Lewis, Lewis, Jones, Johnson, Brock, Hill, Pregler, Thomas, Wulff, Conway, Haussen, Miller, Parker, Wallis, Blair and Sherman. Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

Attorney Saylor on the Montrose boulevard sewer assessment case reported the confirmation of the assessment rolls except as to the objections.

Regarding the crossing of the C. & N. W. railway tracks at Montrose boulevard by the water mains and sewer and conduits for gas pipes and electric light wires, a committee of six, Messrs. Esdohr, Davies, Wulff, Thomas, Parker and Saylor, was appointed to confer with the Northwestern officials.

It was moved that a committee of three be appointed to push the Montrose boulevard assessment case objections, and to see that the collection of the assessment be stayed until after trial of objections. Committee appointed was, Messrs. Esdohr, Thomas and Lewis.

It was moved that a committee of three—J. S. Smith, D. Smith and M. Reynolds—be appointed to secure, if possible, the opening of Hunting avenue through to Lawrence avenue, and Madison street through to Elston avenue, and also the putting in of a bridge on Ashland avenue at Lawrence avenue. This on application of the Mayfair branch.

Mr. Pregler of the committee to secure lights on Crawford avenue reported that through the aid of Aldermen Conway and Haussen, the lamps were in place and would be lighted.

President Parker, on the Committee of Police, reported that Chief McClaughry has practically agreed to transfer ten men from other precincts to the Thirty-sixth precinct. Committee discharged.

Mr. Thomas reported a misapprehension regarding Irving Park boulevard grade, and asked for the appointment of a committee of three on Milwaukee avenue grade. Committee—Messrs. Thomas, Esdohr and Sherman.

Moved that Superintendent of Police be asked to make all city employees special policemen. Tabled till next meeting.

Committee of Messrs. Thomas, Nowlen and J. R. Wickersham were instructed to confer with the Aldermen of the ward in reference to the Irving Park boulevard grade.

The amendment to section 1, article 3, constitution as follows was carried: "and adjacent territory."

Moved that committee of five be appointed to confer with the Board of Education relative to an appropriation for a new school-house in the Hunting avenue district. The committee consisted of Messrs. Hill, Lewis, Wallis, R. Wulff and Thomas.

On motion adjourned to Wednesday, Dec. 14, at 12 o'clock m., 155 Washington street.

A FAMOUS LOCOMOTIVE.

Wreck of the Engine that Gave the Alarm at Johnstown.

A famous locomotive was wrecked lately at BO office, just above Altoona. It was No. 1,149, the engine that on the memorable day of the Johnstown flood went rushing down the Pennsylvania railroad tracks from Conemaugh to Johnstown with its shrieking whistle giving the alarm of the oncoming deluge of water.

After the flood No. 1,149 was found, bottom upward, buried under a great bank of sand, near where the engineer had abandoned it to flee for his life from the flood.

Relic hunters cleared away the sand and proceeded to dismantle it of every thing they could secure. The bell and all the brass fixtures were carried away, and even the big wooden bumper was hacked into splinters, which now stand first among the treasures of many an enthusiastic collector.

After things had quieted down about the flooded city the railroad company began looking around to see what it could rescue from the debris. Among a score or more locomotives they found the dismantled No. 1,149. It was set on its feet and brought to Altoona. After a week in the shop it came out again, showing no signs of the ordeal it had passed through. Since then it has been run as a shifter.

About noon one day No. 1,149 was standing on the track near the B. and O. telegraph station. Just below it was a heavy coal train, stationary, with all brakes set. Engineer W. D. Thomas happened to look back over the track and another coal train, without an engine, came tearing down the steep grade. The switch had not been turned to allow it to draw on the next track, as was intended. Thomas jumped before the crash and escaped, but No. 1,149 was turned bottom up and terribly demolished between the two heavy coal trains.

Genuine.

It is well for a dealer to know something of the nature and origin of the articles in which he deals.

If a grocer in a Western city had known more of the science of botany he would hardly have put the following placard upon a quantity of maple sugar which he exposed for sale:

Genuine Maple Sugar
FROM THE
PUREST JUICE OF THE CANE

DESPLAINES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The Rev. J. N. Dingle, pastor. B. F. Kinder, Superintendent Sunday-school. Sunday services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 12 m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening. Young People's meeting Sunday evening at 6:45.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Rev. Edward Huelster, pastor. Mrs. H. H. Talbot, Superintendent Sunday-school. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday-school at noon. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

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

ST. MARY CHURCH.—The Rev. J. F. Walsh pastor. Services at 10:30 Sunday morning. Sunday-school at 12 m.

Last week the printers were so anxious to get at the Thanksgiving turkey that they forgot to read the proof. The mistakes were simply appalling.

John Senne died Wednesday night of last week and was buried the Friday following. The announcement was made in the last issue, but the name was so misspelled that nobody knew what it meant. Drs. Fonda and Dorbusch think it was a case of grip.

Dr. Earle and William Koehler have made a deal in real estate. The latter has traded his residence on Desplaines avenue for the doctor's drug store building. It is said that Dr. Earle intends to build an elegant mansion on his land mill property.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Methodist church will hold their annual fair in the new town hall on Friday evening, Dec. 9. The ladies extend an earnest invitation to all to attend and assist in making the fair a financial success. There will be a great variety of articles for sale, that might as well be purchased at home instead of going to the city.

The Railroad company has put in an arrangement at the Lee street crossing for supplying their engines with water. It is connected with the water tank by pipes laid under ground.

After a Presidential campaign comes the distribution of postoffices. E. C. Schaefer, the postmaster under the Cleveland administration, has a petition in circulation and seems to have the inside track, as he has been one of the hard workers in the campaign and is known to be a Democrat from way back. There are others that have a long squint toward Uncle Sam's mail-pouches, but their chances are exceedingly slim. It was reported that H. C. Senne was a candidate, but as Mr. Senne has signed Schaefer's petition that settles it. Besides, the administration would hardly be in favor of bestowing leaves and fishes on converts of recent date. Mr. Senne has joined only on probation and has not yet been admitted to the inner circle of the faithful.

Thanksgiving turkeys roosted high this year—fifteen cents a pound. When shall we get rid of that oppressive McKinley bill? Everything we touch, handle or taste seems to reach a high altitude. A neighbor built a revolving clothes horse for his wife and got it two feet too high, so that his wife had to use a stepladder in hanging out clothes. Let us have a special session of Congress by all means.

Didrick Mong has sent his pair of long-eared animals back to the former owner. He shed no tears of regret, but the donkeys were sad at the idea of leaving the succulent pastures of Desplaines. When hitched behind a junk wagon driven by one of the sons of Italy, they were seized with a strong inclination for backward locomotion.

Orville T. Bright, County Superintendent of Schools, visited the Desplaines public school last Tuesday.

Sidney Minnick, the policeman, arrested his teamster for wrecking a bank and gave him a night's lodging in the government building. Minnick's child had a bank where dimes and nickels were deposited for future use. The teamster drew out the funds without permission and spent the money for liquid refreshments.

Mr. Winchel, the liveryman, has had another unpleasant experience in hiring out a rig. A stragler hired a horse and buggy on Saturday last, and got as far as Jefferson, where he left the rig at a hotel and made a rush for the railroad track. He boarded a freight car and has not since been seen. Mr. Winchel recovered his property last Tuesday.

NORWOOD PARK.

John B. Foot, President; N. Sampson, G. H. Evans, G. Vandenberg, W. E. Dankert, C. F. Dunlap and A. C. Fricke, Trustees; Frank L. Cleveland, Clerk; James A. Low, Treasurer; D. M. Ball, Attorney; O. W. Flanders, Collector; John R. Stockwell, Engineer and Park Commissioner; D. W. Washington, Street Commissioner; C. D. Mason, Sidewalk Inspector; Henry H. Beaber, Lamp Lighter; John R. Stockwell, Chief of Police.

Insure in the National of Hartford, William Zeutell, Edison Park.

Mr. William Kennedy is somewhat indisposed.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Fox entertained the principal and teachers of the Jefferson High school a few days ago.

A pleasant evening was enjoyed on Thursday night at the dance.

Subscribe for the Norwood Park Sentinel.

The Christian Endeavor meeting will be led by Prof. E. L. Kietzing. Subject, "Every Day Mercies."

A missionary meeting will be held in the American Reformed church on Sunday evening, Dec. 4, under the direction of the Missionary committee of the Norwood Park Y. P. S. C. E. The subject, "Alaska" is an interesting one and the program consists of papers by members of the society interspersed with a special musical

program. It will be held immediately after the Young People's meeting and you are cordially invited to attend both, and bring your friends with you.

The Y. P. S. C. E. prayer meeting last Sunday evening was led by E. A. Drake. The attendance was unusually large and the meeting very interesting. A special service followed which was conducted by the Rev. Glenn Wood. Subject: "Reminiscences of forty years service as a pastor in the West."

Dr. A. E. Chamberlain received a serious injury on Saturday evening last by which he came very near losing his right leg. He was on his way home from Edison Park on horseback and crossing the railroad track at Western avenue soon after 6 p. m., when his horse slipped on the rail and fell on his leg. The horse was going at a good speed and when he fell the momentum caused him to slide over the frozen ground for several feet, grinding the doctor's leg under him. The doctor was unable to get up, but managed to crawl off of the track before the 6:20 train, which was at the depot when he fell, came along. He lay there for about twenty minutes, calling for help at intervals, before anyone heard him. Some of the Rotemunds, happening to step out of the house at about 6:40, heard him, and also D. W. Washington, who was visiting Mr. Hunt. They hitched up a horse and wagon and took him home. He is able to walk with crutches and to attend to any such cases which do not require him to go out. It will be probably two weeks before he can get out doors much.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sharp, Mr. John Sharp and Miss Flo Sharp of Chicago spent Sunday afternoon and evening with Mrs. E. Draker on Vine street.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Cleveland was quite sick the first part of this week, but it is much improved at present writing.

Twenty-one lbs. granulated sugar for \$1 at Low's.

Washburn's superlative flour \$4.75 a bbl. at Low's.

Pillsbury's best \$5 a bbl. at Low's.

Kerosene oil 6¢ at Low's.

There will be a fair given by the Ladies' Aid society in the American Reformed church of Norwood Park on Thursday evening, Dec. 8. A good display of fancy articles will be for sale; also fine French candies. An entertainment will also be given. Let every one come and do their Christmas shopping, and enjoy a pleasant evening.

Don't fail to attend the meeting of the taxpayers of our village to be held in the Town hall on Monday evening, Dec. 5, which will be held in accordance with a call issued by the Village Board of Trustees, to discuss the advisability of a system of general sewerage. All taxpayers should be interested.

Supt. Stockwell has been kept busy for the past few days repairing the numerous breaking of water pipes.

Trustee A. G. Low is visiting friends in Adrian, Mich.

Beacon Light Lodge A. F. and A. M. meet at Masonic hall on first and third Friday of each month.

Mrs. L. C. Collins, Sr., is quite ill.

Mrs. Alex. Christopherson, who has been quite ill for several days, is somewhat improved.

JEFFERSON PARK.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Rev. A. M. Thorne, pastor. Charles Farnsworth, Superintendent of Sunday school. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 11:45 a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 in the church parlors. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor Sunday evening at 6:30 o'clock, and Junior society at 6:30.

GERMAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Rev. Block, pastor. Sunday services at 9:45 a. m. Sunday school at 11:15 a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. The Rev. Whycom, pastor; services every Sunday at 3 p. m., at the Masonic hall.

The freight train that collided near the section house last Friday morning did no damage, except one car came out minus of a pair of wheels.

The Congregational church had a very good attendance on Thanksgiving day. The Rev. A. M. Thorne delivered an elegant sermon.

Dr. Huges of Norwood and Dr. Moore of this place are very busy at present in their professional work among patients of the "grip" in this vicinity.

The fruit stand is going to leave us. Fred says lamp-lighting is better than fruit selling.

We are very sorry to hear that Mrs. William Townsend is very sick from an attack of pneumonia and also Mrs. William Meyers is very sick from a cancer.

The boys and girls were treated last week with some very fine skating. Everybody possessing a pair of skates could be seen on Silverman's artificial lake in Mayfair on Thanksgiving day and evening.

Dietcher & Fisher have a line of some fine skates.

The German Congregational church membership is increasing very large and no doubt we will be hearing of a new church in erection soon. The Rev. Block has been with the church since its organization and has won warm friendship with all the Germans of this community.

Beware of the noted highwayman of Lake View, for he was in our midst Tuesday of the present week.

A fine opportunity to learn how to dance at F. D. Wulff's dancing academy in Thompson hall. Class meets every Wednesday evening. Visitors are welcome to see the progress of the students.

The Northwestern Division of Christian Endeavor held a union meeting at the Mayfair M. E. church at Mayfair, Ill., on Friday night of this week. The next issue will contain a brief

account of the meeting and also will tell who retains the silk banner of the largest society in the union.

Sergeant Lund, well-known here, met with a painful accident last week in Irving Park, but now is improving very fast.

Take Notice.

There is constantly news occurring in this place which we would most willingly publish if sent in, but we cannot be in two places at a time. Please leave the items in the SUBURBAN TIMES box at the postoffice not later than Wednesday afternoon, or otherwise send by mail to the editor at 81-86 LaSalle street not later than 7 o'clock Thursday morning as it leaves at that hour for Chicago, hereafter.

AVONDALE.

AVONDALE MEETING HOUSE.—Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Preaching of Bread. Sunday-school at 11:30 a. m. Gospel preaching at 7 p. m. Wednesday evening at 7:45 p. m. Friday at 7:45 p. m. Prayer meeting.

AVONDALE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The Rev. John Tate, pastor. Sunday-school 10 a. m. Preaching service 11 a. m. Class meeting 7 p. m. Preaching 8:30 p. m. Epworth League, Wednesday, 8 p. m. Ladies' Aid Society.—Meets alternate Fridays at the church class-room.

Mrs. T. J. FORTY, President. Mrs. F. E. THORNTON, Secretary. Mrs. J. H. STERNMAN, Treasurer.

AVONDALE GERMAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Rev. William Boetker, pastor. Sunday-school 9 a. m. Preaching 10 a. m. Services held at 206 Belmont avenue.

GERMAN E. CHURCH.—Kedzie near Elston avenue. The Rev. John J. Huck, pastor. Sunday-school 9 a. m. Preaching 10:30 a. m. Epworth League, Wednesday, 8 p. m. Preaching 7 p. m. Preaching every Friday evening at 7:30 p. m. The Rev. H. Schuchack.

ST. JAMES 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. LACROIX, President. E. J. BICKERDIKE, Secretary. E. J. LUTHER, Treasurer.

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

AUGUST ARCK, President. R. J. BICKERDIKE, Secretary.

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

M. B. BERTMAN, President. MR. RYDER, Secretary.

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

CHRISTIAN MATTHEWELLER, President. AUGUST ARCK, Vice-President. HUGO RASPER, Secretary.

AVONDALE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—The Rev. George H. Smith, pastor. Sunday-school 9:30 a. m. Preaching 10:30 a. m. Young People's meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 p. m.

There are now at a discount, they do not hang as high as they did a week or so ago.

This week we have to report the advent of two more citizens, this time a boy and a girl in the Thohn and Purnell families respectively.

Mrs. James MacLagure gave a sociable for the young people of the Presbyterian congregation last Thursday evening at her home. A good time was had.

Mr. Joseph Bickerdike, Sr., is suffering from a severe cold.

The Belmont avenue bridge still hangs fire, but Engineer Clark is determined to push the work as soon as the Summacker injunction is dissolved.

The enforcement of the ordinance prohibiting the keeping of more than three cows, and the passing of the new milk ordinance have created consternation in the camps of the small milkmen some of whom talk of pulling up sticks and resorting to woodsplitting as a business.

PARK RIDGE.

CHURCHES.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Rev. Charles S. Leeper, pastor; C. M. Davis, Superintendent Sunday-school. Sunday services, at 10:45 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday-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. R. H. Dolliver, pastor; F. C. Jorgensen, Superintendent Sunday-school. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school 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 J. Lutz, Cord Huisman, F. E. Gidles, C. A. E. Morris, M. Davis and George H. Miller, Trustees. George T. Stebbings, Clerk and Commissioner of Public Works. S. H. Holtbrook, Treasurer. Joseph A. Phelps, Village Attorney. C. B. Robinson, Supt. Water Works. C. H. Moore, Police Officer. G. H. Fricke, Health Officer.

SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

Owen Stuart, President. Frank W. McNally, Secretary. A. E. Morris, Thomas Jones, Charles Kobow, F. C. Jorgensen, J. E. Berry.

Look out for the Bennett Illustrated Lecture at the Congregational church, Monday evening, Dec. 12. Subject, "Japan."

A course of entertainments will be given this winter under the auspices of the Congregational church. These will be furnished by first class talent and will both entertain and instruct. First date, Dec. 12. Future information of the course in next week's issue.

William Zeutell, real estate, insurance and loans, Edison Park, Ill.

STOELTING-SMALLBACK.—At Niles, on Sunday, Nov. 27, '92, by the Rev. Brower, Mr. Fred Stoelting and Miss Lizzie Smallback. Bride and groom are both residents of the Town of Maine.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—Number (9) six-hole steel range. Apply to Mrs. A. P. Ayott, Park Ridge.

An amusing spectacle was furnished on Monday last by two village officers gracefully steering a snow scraper drawn by a horse over almost bare sidewalks. If there had been a foot or more of snow on the walks their enthusiasm might have been appreciated.

Dr. Annette Bennet, homeopathic physician, office and residence Park Ridge, opposite school-house.

MAYFAIR, Ill., Nov. 23, 1892.

Editor Herald:

Dear Sir:—All the suburbs from Park Ridge to Clybourn are represented in an effort to establish a center for university extension. The purpose is to invite those who read in study under university professors; though those who have not time for study may receive great benefit from the lectures. We hope that you will give the enterprise your approval. Yours truly,

S. ALICE JUDD.

On Monday evening, Nov. 21, Frederick W. Starr, professor of anthropology and former curator of the New York museum, gave a lecture at Irving hall on "Food Getting and Fire Making by Prehistoric Man." After the lecture those waiting for the north-bound train enjoyed a sociable in the parlors of the club-house, where Dr. Starr showed himself as ready in jest and repartee as he had been scholarly in instruction. The second lecture in the course of six will be held on Dec. 5, 8 p. m.; subject, "Pottery and Basketry."

The religious sentiment is about dead in our community. The mere preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ should draw every man, woman and child to the house of God at least once in each week. Are the people tired of hearing the word preached? Are they indifferent to the call? Or is the church itself becoming cold, formal and indifferent? Is it no longer a moral and religious force in our village? We trust that such is not the case, but that Christianity, as exhibited in the lives of its members, is still a living power in our midst.

The School Board held their regular monthly meeting at the school rooms Friday evening, Nov. 25. Present—President Stuart, Trustees McNally, Berry, Jorgensen, Kobow. Minutes of last meeting, Oct. 28, showing bills for \$377.83, read and approved. The Principal's regular monthly report was read, accepted and ordered given to this paper in condensed form for publication in future. Bills to the amount of \$236.14 were presented. Meeting adjourned.

The Ladies' Aid society of Congregational church will have a sociable and sale at Mrs. A. Cochran's the evening of Dec. 15.

Fred Stage was frightened out of two years' growth recently by the igniting of some gasoline while he was filling a can in Mr. Stockdale's barn.

J. M. Stott, undertaker and embalmer of Desplaines, can always be relied upon in times of emergency, and his charges are moderate.

The "Junior Partner" at the Haymarket, commencing Dec. 4. Mr. Robert Downing in grand scenic and dramatic productions of legitimate drama.

Harvey Winchel, the liveryman of Desplaines, passed through Park Ridge on Tuesday last with a horse and buggy which had been stolen from him on Saturday. It appears that on that day in the forenoon a man giving the name of B. M. Curtis of Maplewood, hired the rig, saying he wanted to go to Park Ridge. On Monday, the man not having returned, Mr. Winchel notified the Central police station and the horse was located in a livery barn at Jefferson Park.

If you want to scare the daylight out of Hamer, the shoemaker, just ask the time of day. That's what a couple of sandbaggers asked him in the city recently and he hasn't had the nerve to take out his watch to find it up since.

DIED.—On the Higgins road, Town of Norwood, Wednesday, Nov. 23, 1892, Charles Cosmine, aged 35 years. In connection with the above death notice we wish to call attention to the fact that we have understood from several sources that deceased was refused burial by three different ministers of the German Lutheran church on account of not being a regular communicant at church, and also from the fact of his having been a drinking man. We believe some of these same conscientious preachers instructed their parishioners, from the pulpit, to vote the straight Democratic ticket. Those who complied with probably have no trouble in getting their funeral sermon preached and a guarantee of a straight road to heaven. What humbug.

Mr. B. V. Dolliver of Iowa has been visiting his brother, the Rev. R. H. Dolliver.

"To Live or Not to Live" is the sermon theme at the Congregational church Sunday morning, 10:45. Sunday evening there will be a "Home, Sweet Home" service. The Male Quartet will sing.

We understand that the principal of our school has somewhat of a grievance against some party or parties for mentioning the fact of her having said in her last monthly report that certain teachers arrived at school in the mornings later than others. It would be natural to suppose that the teachers would themselves take an interest in these reports and want to know something about them. Also that the parents of the scholars would want to know its import also. Now, then, that these same reports have not been given more publicity in the past for the interest of our readers seems somewhat strange in view of the above facts, and the action of the Board at the last meeting tending

toward this end appears highly commendable. Further, the teacher mentioned in the principal's report, we understand, had infringed upon no rules, and we have from a member of the Board itself the statement that the reference to the above teacher was uncalled for in the report.

Hold up your hands. "Oh, dear, I'm a poor, lone policeman with only 15 cents and a revolver, take 'em." Thus did a sworn guardian of the peace give his all to a bold highwayman in Chicago recently. This matter of highway robbery is getting to be a serious matter to contemplate. Already the desperadoes have reached Mayfair on this division and Park Ridge may expect a visit from them in due season. But what should we fear with about ten men in our midst authorized to wear a star who are supposed to insure protection to us all?

There will be a series of lectures given under the auspices of the M. E. church, on Sunday evenings, during the winter months, commencing in December. The best of talent will be procured, but it has not been decided as yet whether the "University Extension Course" will be adopted. Further particulars will be given from time to time in this paper.

Is your subscription due?

The Sunshine Weavers will give a "Columbian" entertainment at the M. E. church Friday evening, Dec. 3. They will be assisted by some of our well-known home talent.

Julia McNally, Secretary.

MARRIED.

PARDOON-ORTHEL.—At the residence of Mr. George Neihansen, on Saturday, Nov. 26, '92, Mr. Fred Pardoon and Miss. Annie Ortel.

Park Ridge School Report of November.

The number of pupils enrolled up to the present time is 265, the largest enrollment of the school.

The names of the highest three in each grade are as follows:

Eighth grade—Raleigh Trimm, Tina Druell, Bert French.

Seventh grade—Bennie Richardson, Roy Lowman, Grace Hibbard.

Sixth grade—Annie Berry, Gertie Davis, Adelle Filkins.

Fifth grade—Walter Schmetekoff, Edith Watson, Agnes Willie.

Fourth grade—Bertha Grupe, Chas. Stang, Walter Trimm, Arthur Hamer.

Third grade, "A"—Arthur Kemp, Jennie Harvey, Dagmar Tunsberg.

Third grade, "B"—Jose Davis, Harris Harrison, Edna Dickinson.

Second grade—Bertie Earle, Jessie Alabee, Martha Erdmann.

First grade, "A"—Tillie Ehrhardt, John Sunderman, Pauline Wagner.

First grade, "B"—George Ward, Edgar Benedict, Kitty Kohl.

Chart class—Christina Hamann, Mary Weidner, Kate Fisher.

HATTIE BEAUMONT, Principal.

Recent Visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. Knight and family of Ravenswood at

A THANKSGIVING LESSON.

One rainy, dark Thanksgiving day,
Not many years ago,
I sat with folded hands and watched
The parlor fire burn low.
My thoughts were on the mould'ring past;
The nearly vanished year
Had mostly been composed of days
Unhappy, sad, and drear.
My heart was full of bitter pain;
I brushed some tears away;
"I've few things to be thankful for
This dark Thanksgiving day!"
But scarcely had I breathed the words,
When passing by my door
I saw a little crippled boy
With garments patched and poor.
A tattered cap adorned his head;
Some old, worn shoes his feet;
And yet, to my surprise, his voice
Was ringing clear and sweet:
"What shall I render to my God,
For all His gifts to me?
I turned away; the tears of shame
Fell so I could not see.
"Dear, little child," I thought "you've
taught
A lesson by my song;
Its influence within my heart,
Shall live and flourish long.
"If you, afflicted and forlorn,
Can yet so grateful feel,
Reflecting not upon life's woes,
Remembering all its weal;
"What earnest thanks my heart should
fill
For all that I enjoy!
My faith in Him the darkest clouds,
Shall not henceforth destroy."
I knelt and asked forgiveness for
Each hasty, thankless word
That I had uttered, and I'm sure
The loving Father heard.
That song returns, when not content
I'm tempted o'er to be.
"What shall I render to my God,
For all His gifts to me?"
—By Clara M. Saunders.

had at last grown dependent upon it,
and the ragged child standing guard
over the rusty horse became a familiar
sight to those who passed through
Monroe street at midday.

But at last there came a period
when Rackless felt that something was
amiss. To be sure, Nan came to him
as usual, responded affectionately to
his joyful whinny of greeting, and
patted his wrinkled nose kindly.

The scattered oats that fell
upon the sidewalk, however,
were no longer fed to him as
a sort of dessert after his more sub-
stantial meal. They were gathered
up as scrupulously as ever, but alas!

consigned to a paper bag, the mouth
of which Nan held tightly closed in
spite of wistful glances and silent
hints.

"Don't yer see, ole feller!" the little
girl explained to him in her street
patois, "I'm a savin' dis yere for yer
Thanksgivin' dinner. If yer eat it al-
up now yer won't have nothin' extra
then. So yer needn't look at me that
way cos yer won't git a bit till nex'
Thursday."

"Don't yer know wot Thanksgivin'
is?" she went on, snuggling up to
the horse's warm neck. "It's a day w'en
everybody has good dinners, turkey,
and pie, an' white grapes—that is,
mos' everybody—people wot live in big
houses, an' kids wot have mothers an'
fathers, an' [this with bitterness,
"newsboys as has dinners giv' to 'em
by missionaries."

"It's a mean thing to be nothink
but a girl like me, or a poor ole skinny
hoss like you, ain't it, Rackles? But
don't yer mind, ole feller, youse an'
me'll have Thanksgivin' dinner jes'
the same, won't us?" And Rackles
rubbed his nose confidently against
her arm, not fully understanding, but
yet in some way resigned to his present
deprivation.

Thanksgiving dawned cold and gray.
All the previous day Nan's eager feed
had flown up and down the street on
business bent. Since early morning
she had been abroad with her papers,
but for some reason money was
"tight." Perhaps people were too
much interested in their own holiday

certain age and color, from out [the
folds of which, beneath a tangled mass
of tawny hair, peered her great eyes,
sometimes starting in their keenness,
sometimes melting in their pathos, ac-
cording to the method of touching
hearts and purses demanded by the
moment, or rather by the individual
who happened to glance their way.
She was not an attractive figure, in
spite of the expressive eyes and the
splendid white teeth that flashed
occasionally in response to the
generosity of a "regular" customer
in the matter of five-cent
pieces. On her face was the dust
and soil of long weeks' standing; on
her hands and her gown the scars and
rents of many a street battle; about
her entire person the unlovely air of
premature knowledge of the world and
its evil that the street gives its child-
ren.

Early in the morning business-men
hurrying to their offices heard her
shrill little voice piping the morning
news. Well into the night belated
fathers on their way to their firesides
were attracted by her exaggerated
sobs and for the sake of their own
children filled up her greedy hands
with pennies, or a blue-coated, gruff-
voiced policeman told her to "move
on," or sometimes a gayly-dressed
woman of the town, out of a sense of
fellow misery, gave from her own pit-
iful store enough for supper and a
lodging. Where she slept, in what
dark alley she exchanged these hard
won pennies for thick sandwiches and
mugs of muddy coffee—these things
no one save Nan knew, and, indeed,
no one save Nan cared.

It was later than usual when the
familiar cab rattled around the cor-
ner and Rackless drew up to the usual
stand. Nan, who had begun to feel,
like many another hostess whose
guests are tardy, that a "Thanks-
giving dinner eaten entirely alone
when she had anticipated company
would be an extremely unpleasant
function, welcomed him rapturously,
unmindful of the oath that his driver
hurled at her, and as soon as the
latter disappeared behind the swing-
ing doors of "Jake's saloon" busied
herself about her preparations, with
two anxious housewife-like little puckers
in her smooth young forehead.

On the curbstone, beside her friend,
she spread two of her unsold morning
papers, feeling that to important an
occasion demanded something out of
the common. "Them's table-cloths,"
she told Rackless, who viewed these
unusual proceedings with mild ques-
tioning eyes.

"Youse can have a whole one fur
youse dinner an' I'll have one fer mine.
That's more'n they gives yer in res-
taurants, cos I've watched 'em troo de-
winders."

In the middle of one paper she
poured the long-boarded oats, check-
ing Rackless' too eager advances to-
ward them until she, too, should be
ready to eat. On the other she placed
her own "sanwich" and pies. The
apple she kept concealed beneath her
shawl, partly that Rackless might not
be tempted into any breach of table
etiquette, partly as a "prize" to
crown the banquet.

So crouched on the pavement, her
legs drawn up beneath her thin called
skirt for warmth, her breath steam-
ing in the frosty air, the horse con-
tentedly munching beside her within
petting distance, Nan began her poor
little dinner, which, like that mem-
orable fast of the Massachusetts Bay
colonists many years ago, when
Thanksgiving day had its birth, was
destined to end in a veritable feast.

Not everybody in all the city was
blind, not everybody was unrespon-
sive to the pathos of such a child's
brave cheeriness.

The error of the "sanwich" had
been brought to a satisfactory end
and serious inroads had been made upon
the pie, when Somebody, a tall,
broad-shouldered Somebody in a big
ulster, came slowly down the street
and stopped before the little girl.

"Look out, can't yer?" said Nan,
never looking up. "Youse'll spill dem
oats."

Somebody's eyes, looking down on
the child and the horse and the side-
walk feast, felt queer.

"But I want to ask you something,"
he said gently. "Then with appealing
directness, 'Won't you go to dinner
with me?'"

Nan glanced at him quickly, then
bit viciously at her pie.

"Yer jokin'," she said.

"Indeed, I'm not," he replied ear-
nestly. "Youse see, I'm away from home.
I haven't any one to spend Thanks-
giving with me, and," making the
strongest plea he knew, "I'm lones-
ome."

Nan fixed her keen eyes on him
searchingly. "D'yer mean it, honest
injun?"

"Honest injun, I mean it. Try me
and see."

"Well," she said, slowly, "mebbe I
will, but yer'll have ter wait fer Rack-
less ter finish. I promised
him ter eat [Thanksgivin'
dinner with him, an' I'm goin'
ter do it." "Youse won't mind it I
go, will yer, ole feller?" she asked,
turning to the horse caressingly.

"Youse can have de apple, yer know."

"Yep," said Nan, rehearsing her ex-
perience to a properly envious crowd
of fellows next day: "yer bet it was
bully. Defines restrent yer ever saw,
chany wid flowers inoit, table cloths
smoother'n Rackless' nose, an' a
whole waiter ter order round. An'
dere was turkey, an' inyins, an' cur-
rink jell (none er yer ole, common
crumbly sance) an' pie, an' puddink,
an' ice cream, an' lot more things wot
I don't remember the names on."

"I on'y wish," she added, pensively,
"I on'y wish I hadn't eat so much
afore I was inwited."

Why Stammerers Are Able to Sing.

Stammering depends on a want of
harmony between the action of the
muscles (chiefly abdominal) which ex-
pel air through the larynx and that of
the muscles which guard the orifice by
which it escapes with that of those
which modulate the sound to the form
of speech. Over either of the groups
of muscles by itself a stammerer may
have as much power as other people,
but he cannot harmoniously arrange
their conjoint action. Nervousness is
a frequent cause of stammering. It is
possible that the defect in some in-
stances may result from malforma-
tion of the parts about the back of
the mouth. The fact that stammer-
ing people are able to sing their words
better than to speak them has been
usually explained on the supposition
that in singing the glottis is kept open
so that there is less liability to spas-
modic action.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Hawks Are Afraid of Humming
Birds.

Notwithstanding their diminutive
size, pugnacity is one of the most con-
spicuous traits of humming birds. Even
kingbirds and the boldest hawks are
afraid of them, being compelled to
retreat before the impetuous assaults
of the tiny warrior, whose boldness is
only equalled by the lightning-like
rapidity of his movements, thus baff-
ling any attempt at resistance on the
part of the more powerful adversary.
The lance-like thrusts of the needle-
like beak are usually directed at the
eyes of the enemy. When two or
more individuals of either sex happen
near the same spot spirited and often
violent conflicts are almost certain to
ensue.—Boston Transcript.

A Mystery of the Mail.

Shabby Ungentel "gent" (reading
a letter just received)—My dear old
boy come and join us Thanksgiving
Day at an informal dinner. Russ
Sage, Rufe Hatch, Bill Vanderbilt,
Willy Wally and a few others of our
set will be there. You don't need to
wear full dress—that same old suit
will do. Yours fraternally, JAY
GOULD.

Do not leave the turnips out too
long.

In Ireland there are 40,000 mud
cabins consisting of but a single room.

WITHOUT ANY SECURITY

FIVE MILLIONS LOANED ON A MAN'S SIMPLE WORD.

An Unknown Benefactor Brought It to
Minister Adams During the Civil
War—One Living Man
Holds the Secret.

Perhaps it will always remain a
mystery who it was that placed at the
disposal of the government a great
fortune in gold without asking any
security, so that thereby the cruisers
which were being built in England
for the confederate government were
never permitted to sail out of English
harbors.

In the early years of the war cer-
tain ship-builders in Great Britain re-
ceived commissions from the confed-
erate government to build some very
swift steamships which were to be
armed with long-range guns and
which, sailing under letters of marque,
were expected to inflict great damage
upon the vessels sailing under the
union flag.

Charles Francis Adams was minis-
ter from the United States to the
British court, and he was very an-
xious about these ships, because he
knew that if they were ever permitted
to sail away from English ports the
damage they could do to vessels sail-
ing under the American flag would be
enormous.

He protested to the British govern-
ment but was told that the govern-
ment had no information that these
vessels were designed to prey upon
the commerce of the United States.
Unless Mr. Adams could furnish that
information the British government
could take no steps to restrain them.

The vessels were being built and
they were almost ready to put to sea.
When Mr. Adams appeared before the
British authorities with proof, which
he had obtained in a manner which
he alone knew, and which he kept a
secret to the day of his death, that
these vessels were paid for with con-
federate money and he also furnished
a complete list of officers and crews
who were to sail upon them. He fur-
nished other evidence which was con-
vincing.

At that time it was said that the
ministry was not friendly to the union
cause, and would be glad to see the
confederate government maintain
itself.

The law of nations is very strict,
however, so that England could be
accused of doing an unfriendly act if
she permitted these vessels to depart
after such evidence.

Mr. Adams believed that the minis-
try would find some technical way to
evade responsibility, and he had reason
for such belief.

A day or two after he had made his
protest with proof, he received word
from the British authorities that if he
would deposit \$5,000,000 in gold im-
mediately to protect the English gov-
ernment against suit for damages the
vessels would not be allowed to de-
part.

Mr. Adams was in despair. He be-
lieved this to be a trick. Of course
he had not \$5,000,000 at his instant
command, and as there was no ocean
cable in those days he could not get
it from his government in much less
than three week's time.

Before he could hear from Wash-
ington these cruisers would be out
upon the high seas.

As he sat in his office grieving
greatly over this peril, a gentleman
walked in who asked that absolute
privacy be secured for a few moments.

When these two men were alone,
secure from any possible eaves-drop-
ping, this visitor said to Mr. Adams:

"I have just learned of the demand
made upon you for \$5,000,000 in gold
as a guarantee to protect them in case
they prevent the sailing of these
cruisers. I know that you cannot
command any such sum of money as
that until you hear from Washington.

"I believe that this has been done
to enable the vessels to sail away.
Therefore, I have come to offer you,
Mr. Adams, that \$5,000,000 in gold,
and I have only one condition to im-
pose, and that is that my name be
never known in this transaction."

Mr. Adams was amazed. It seemed
to him as though this was a direct
interposition of Providence. After
thanking most earnestly his benefac-
tor, Mr. Adams said to him:

"I have no security to offer to you
except my pledge that I will send to
Washington immediately and ask
that the government forward to you
its bonds as security for this loan,
but for three weeks at least you will
be without other security than my
promise."

With this agreement the benefactor
departed, and before nightfall Mr.
Adams had deposited the \$5,000,000
in gold, to the intense surprise of the
British officials.

They were obliged to keep their
word, and the cruisers were re-
strained, and thus this great peril
was removed.

As soon as it was possible to hear
from Washington, Mr. Adams re-
ceived some \$10,000,000 in govern-
ment bonds, which were turned over
to the benefactor as security.

Of course he received his gold back
afterward and the bonds were re-
turned.

Only one living man knows who
this benefactor was. President
Lincoln knew. Secretary Chase and
Mr. Adams also, and they died with-
out revealing the secret.

Mr. Chittenden, who was register
of the treasury, and who took the
bonds to England, knows, and he has
inclosed the name in an envelope de-
posited it with the secretary of the
treasury, and after his death it may
be given to the world.

Yet financiers are satisfied that this
benefactor of the United States who
risked \$5,000,000 to save it from peril
was either George Peabody, the bank-
er and philanthropist, who had long

WHAT SURPRISES WILL DO.

A Couple of Experiences With Indians in
the Far West.

"Speaking of surprises," continued
the pioneer, growing reminiscent,
"reminds me of something that hap-
pened back in '56, and which illus-
trates my point that a surprise is de-
moralizing to the best of men. An
emigrant train composed of men from
the eastern states had traveled across
the plains with their wives and chil-
dren. There were fifty-four abed-
bodied men in the party, and their
bravery had been thoroughly tested
on the way across the continent.
They had repulsed numerous bands of
hostile Indians for whom they were
constantly on the watch. They came
along the old emigrant trail and one
night camped near the Humboldt river
in Nevada. They had safely encoun-
tered perils and privations which they
had expected to meet and were almost
in sight of the promised land. A few
days more would bring them into Cal-
ifornia, the land of gold. The fact
that they were so near their journey's
end made them careless, and all
thought of danger from Indians was
forgotten. No guards were posted,
and the men stacked their guns
against one of the wagons. Men,
women and children were gathered
about the camp-fire, resting after a
hard day's journey. Suddenly they
were attacked on all sides by what
seemed to be a large band of Indians.
The horses were stampeded and men
were shot down as a band of Indians
dashed through the camp. These
brave emigrants, who had fought their
way safely so far against greatly su-
perior numbers, fell over each other
in their efforts to get away. Not a
man of them thought of resistance,
but fled, terror-stricken, without even
a thought for wife or little ones. The
train was scattered and it was several
days before the fugitives came togeth-
er again.

"Twelve Piute Indians for it was
afterward ascertained that the band
contained that many, routed fifty-four
white men, each of whom under
ordinary circumstances considered
himself a match for at least four red-
skins.

"That shows what a surprise will
do, and now I want to tell you how
a little coolness and nerve accom-
plished directly opposite results. I
had been engaged to bring a band of
six thousand sheep from New Mexico
into California, and with my two
partners and six Mexican herders
had brought them safely to the very
spot where a few nights before the
emigrant train had been routed. We
camped for the night near the river,
and after dark that same band of
Piutes tackled us. They were twelve
to our three, for we did not trust the
Mexicans with guns, but we were on
the watch for them, and they did not
get so much as a mutton bone from
us. I tell you it makes a heap of
difference whether or not you know
what is going to happen."

DRESS OF ENGLISH WOMEN.

Shopgirls and Barmains the Best-Dressed
Classes of Their Sex.

Class distinctions are more decided-
ly drawn in England than elsewhere
in Europe, says John Gilmer Speed in
the Godey's, but the women
all dress so near alike that there is
no way to tell to what class a woman
belongs except by the uncertain stan-
dard of smartness or shabbiness of
attire. When her grace the duchess
has finished with a gown it is said to
a dealer, and reappears soon after up-
on the back of some one lower in the
social scale. There is, of course,
nothing wrong in selling cast-off
clothes, but it seems to me that in
doing so her grace in some way be-
smirches her high nobility.

There is one exception to the rule
that all women in England dress
alike. There are two classes which
an observant person soon learns to
distinguish without chance of failure.
These are the West-end shop girl and
the barmains in the hotels, restau-
rants and railway stations. I don't
know that it is true, but I suspect that
personal appearance has a good deal
to do with securing such positions,
for it is very rare to see one of these
young women who is not well to look
upon. And they are the best dressed
women in London. They do not have
the most expensive clothes, but they
seem to hold together better and the
tout ensemble is more harmonious.
And what is more, their boots and
gloves are trim and in order; but,
alas! the inevitable hat! Even the
shopgirls and barmains have not es-
caped that. The shoulders of English
women are, I think, naturally broad
—certainly broader on the average
than the shoulders of American
women. Their habit of tight lacing
accentuates this and makes them
seem still broader. This peculiarity
is more exaggerated in the shopgirls
and barmains than in the other
classes, for those comely young wom-
en lace till their waists are literally
wasp like.

Meandering Jewelry.

Boy—Say, mister! want to buy a
collar button? I found one.

Gentleman—I dropped one yester-
day at Broadway and Fulton street.
Where did you find that?

"Liberty street ferry."

"Then it must be mine."—Good
News.

Value of Music.

Mrs. Maternal—I am sorry you are
going back to Germany. Hat I not
better get another music tea her for
my daughter?

Professor Von Note—Id ees, nod
necessary. She knows enough
museek to get married on.—N. Y.
Weekly.

Breakfast Parties.

The poet Rogers' whose hospitality
was proverbial has the credit of
establishing the breakfast party as a
link in London society. The "morn-
ings" at his house are famous among
the literati of England.

THE GARDEN TOAD.

Folk Lore Stories About the Ugly Little
Creature.

Many remarkable legends and folk
lore stories cluster around the natural
history of the common garden toad.
All early writers on the characteris-
tic habits of this harmless little creature
make it a point to never allude to it
without interjecting a few cautionary
notes on its "extremely venomous
bite," or the awful effects of "inhaling
the dreadful creature's breath."

The facts in the case are that it can-
not bite at all, and if it should it has
no "venom" with which to inject the
wound. When irritated the toad may
exhale an offensive secretion by
means of follicles on the neck and
other parts of the body, but to sup-
pose that this secretion is poisonous
is the height of folly.

Another toad belief, one that was
rife three years ago, was that the
ugly little batrachian's head was set
with a priceless jewel. Shakespeare
alludes to this curious belief where he
says:

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
which, like the toad, ugly and ven-
omous, wears yet a precious jewel in
its head.

The belief in the "toadstone" was
not only current in England and the
other countries of Great Britain, but
known to learned men as one of the
popular fallacies of all Europe. In
Hungary it was believed that the toad
ate dust and drank dew as his only
food and drink. The action of the
dew on the dust and the dust on the
dew was supposed to cause a secretion
to form in the animal's stomach which
was vomited up each spring during
moulting time. The Jacques de Ma-
hen collection of oddities at Rouen
has a tray containing a dozen or fif-
teen of these so-called "toadstones."

But as hinted above, the British be-
lief was that the "toadstone" was to
be found only in the head of the warty
animal. Fenton, who lived
and wrote in the sixteenth century,
says: "There is to be found in the
heads of old and great toads a stone
they call borax or steton, which be-
ing used as rings gives a forewarn-
ing of venom." Lupton, writing about
the year 1633, says: "The crepandia
or toadstone is very valuable. Touch-
ing any part envenomed by the bite
of a rat, wasp, spider or other poison-
ous beast ceases the pain and swell-
ing thereof." During that uncertain
period of time classed as the "Middle
Ages" people in general believed that
the toad had the power of charming
its prey, as well as men and larger
creatures. In classical times it was
thought that no man could live who
had had the misfortune to be looked
squarely in the eyes by a toad!

"LET'S BURN THE CABIN."

How a Woman Kept a Boat From Go-
ing Over Niagara Falls.

The following story of an incident
which befell a Sunday-school excu-
sion above Niagara Falls is told in
the New York World by a Chicago
physician who frequently visits in
New York:

"At the close of the season the
Sunday-school I attended always held
a grand excursion on the river. The
steam was generated by keeping the
ovens filled with wood.

"On this occasion the little vessel
was crowded from stem to stern with
children and their mothers and teach-
ers. We sailed up the river, had a
splendid lunch, and in the evening
headed down stream toward home.

"The water grew swifter and
swifter as we went, and before the
pilot knew it we were carried past
the danger line into the upper rap-
ids.

"The little craft tossed and heaved
in the tumbling waters. We were
soon far below our landing place.

"The pilot kept his head, and by
steering into an eddy succeeded in
turning the boat around. Once she
pointed up stream we were all filled
with new hope. We felt that the en-
gine would drive us ashore. For a
few minutes we held our own and
even made slight progress. Then the
cry came up from below that the fuel
had given out.

"It was the most critical time in
my life, and no doubt in the life of all
who live to remember the affair. The
boat began to recede. We saw our
friends gathered on the shore shout-
ing and gesticulating to us, but we
could not understand a word they
said.

"Then a woman cried, 'Let's burn
the cabin.' In half a minute every
woman on board was tearing away at
the woodwork of the boat. It was
fed into the furnace. The craft re-
covered itself, and after a hard battle
which lasted an hour we made our
landing. But the cabin and all the
woodwork of the boat had gone up in
smoke.

Harmony in Colors.

"Waiter, bring me a dish of ice-
cream."

"Yas'm."

"And, waiter."

"Yas'm."

"Let it be pink ice cream to match
my gown."

An Offer.

Boy—Want a boy, sir?

Hobson—What for?

"Why, fer pay three dollars a week
to Saturday night."

"For doing what?"

"Why, fur waiting all the week
for it."—Jury.

HER LAST WORD.

Remember or forget me as you will!
Keep me in mind as one on the June's edge
Keeps the sole bloom that starred the sad
March sedge.
Because it was the first, and hours were
call'd.
Or, else, let me be naught or good or ill:
The snow that one time whirled within
the hedge;
Some fair, forgotten thing, too slight for
pledge,
Vanished too long to make your pulses
thrill.
When you do weep, my tears are salt as
yours;
You laugh, and all my loads are light to
bear;
Back of my sweetest though a sweeter
yet,
You bide with me, and will, while life
endures.
Let me remember—but, if aught of care
Pricks you through m3—then do you, love,
forget!
—Lizette Woodworth Reese, in Scribner's
Magazine.

A RIDE TO DEATH.

Early in the summer of 1865, at the
close of the rebellion, three or four
companies of the military belonging to
the 15th Kansas were sent to Fort
Larned to quell an outbreak that had
occurred among the savages in the
southwestern part of the state. Among
those sent to the little frontier fort
was a brother of the writer, who was
an officer in company A. From him I
learned the particulars of the tragic
episode of which I shall give a brief
account.

The Kiowas and Comanches had
been causing considerable trouble
along the border counties, but on the
arrival of the troops at the fort they
suspended hostilities, and for a period
of a month no further depredations
were committed. At the end of that
time, however, they again broke
forth, spreading terror and death
among the emigrants and freighters
along the Arkansas valley. The out-
break among the savages was discov-
ered by a detachment of troops sent
out from Fort Larned, and as soon as
the intelligence was brought to the
fort immediate preparations were
made to begin a campaign against
the predatory tribes.

Fort Larned, now abandoned as a
military post, was situated, in the
southwestern part of Kansas, six
miles north of the Arkansas river and
some five miles west of where the city
of Larned now stands. About forty
miles to the northwest was situated
Fort Zarah, at which point were gar-
risoned two companies of the military.
As soon as it was discovered that the
outbreak had occurred among the In-
dians, the post commander at Larned,
recognizing the necessity of imme-
diately communicating the intelli-
gence to the neighboring fort, called
for three men to carry this important
dispatch to the commander at Fort
Zarah.

As the forty miles of country lying
between the two forts was swarming
with hostiles, all recognized the peril
that would attend those who were to
carry the dispatches, and the com-
mander called for volunteers. Among
those who responded to the call was a
young private by the name of Frank
Davis, a handsome youth of not over
17, whose deeds of bravery and dar-
ing had made him the favorite of his
company. He was of spare build,
weight about 120 pounds, yet he was
possessed of wonderful strength and
capable of enduring the greatest fat-
igue.

That there was not a man in the
whole garrison who was more fitted
to undertake the perilous journey
than he all were fully agreed, for in
addition to his qualities as a brave
and daring soldier, he was an expert
horseman, an excellent shot, and the
owner of the best horse in the reg-
iment. His horse was a deep chest-
nut sorrel, a thoroughbred, and a
present to young Davis from an uncle
who owned a fine stock-farm near
Atchison.

Frank's love for the beautiful
and noble horse was marked by all.
Often when on the march—when feed
and rations were short—Frank had
shared his "hardtack," and even his
blanket with Jack—that was his
horse's name—and between the two
there was as close a friendship per-
haps as ever existed between man
and beast.

Among the many who volunteered
to make the dangerous journey to
Fort Zarah, Frank was the first to be
chosen for the work. The two who
were selected to accompany him were
men of middle age—Merrill and Haw-
ley by name—and among the most
fearless and trusted at the fort. But
owing to the superior horse which
Frank rode, the dispatches were given
into his hands.

It was about 3 o'clock in the even-
ing when they left the fort and gal-
loped away in the direction of Fort
Zarah. The three were each armed
with a Sharp's rifle and a brace of
heavy army pistols.

As soon as they had left the town
behind they kept a sharp lookout for
any of the enemy that might be lurk-
ing in their path. Frank Davis car-
ried neither whip nor spur, for never
had he had occasion to use either
when mounted upon Jack, and he
would have scorned to inflict the
slightest punishment upon the noble
animal.

Although they kept the sharpest
lookout in every direction across the
plain, no trace of Indians could be
seen. The road from Larned to Zarah
ran down the Arkansas valley parallel
with the river and about three miles
north of it, and covered the route now
occupied by the Santa Fe railroad.

Nine miles from Fort Larned the road
crosses Ash creek, a small tributary
to the Arkansas river, which is
sparsely timbered with a scant growth
of sycamore, elm, and ash, and here
and there a dense thicket of plum
bushes.

The three men had reached the Ash
Creek Ford and had just reined in
their horses for the purpose of letting
them drink, when they were startled
by the crack of firearms on the op-
posite side of the creek, followed by the
spiteful whiz of bullets about them.

The three surprised horsemen had
barely time to grasp their slackened
bridle-reins when a score of Coman-
ches, mounted upon their war ponies,
emerged from a clump of plum bushes
across the stream and dashed toward
them, yelling and firing as they came.

So sudden and unexpected was the
attack that the soldiers were taken
completely by surprise. There was
no time to defend themselves, and
with one accord they wheeled their
horses and dashed back toward the
fort, lying flat upon their horses'
backs to escape the shower of arrows
and bullets which the foe was sending
after them. But scarcely had they
begun their flight when Hawley
dropped from his saddle, pierced to
the heart by a Comanche arrow.

Frank and Merrill now turned in
their saddles and fired as rapidly as
possible at the pursuing savages, but
they soon realized the fact that their
only hope of escape lay in instant
flight, and giving the horses the rein,
they dashed on. Merrill was well
mounted, and though his animal was
not as swift as Frank's, the two
were soon out of range of the Indians'
bullets.

They now considered themselves
out of danger, and fully believed that
the savages, on seeing that they could
not overtake the fugitives, would give
up the pursuit, but in this they were
greatly mistaken. Although the In-
dians were losing ground at the start,
they were confident of victory in the
end. Well they knew that in a race
of nine miles their war ponies were
more than a match for ninety-nine
out of 100 of the best horses owned
by the whites, and with yells of tri-
umph they dashed on, confident of
overtaking the two soldiers before
they could reach the fort.

Four miles were quickly covered,
and now as the fugitives glanced
backward they could see that the In-
dians were slowly gaining upon them.
It was plain to see that Merrill's
horse was fast failing and could not
keep up that rapid gallop much
longer.

Frank was compelled to hold his
own horse to keep pace with Merrill's,
who was now panting and covered
with foam. Two more miles were
passed, and then with a feeling of
despair Frank saw his companion's
horse drop to a slow canter, and
could no longer be urged into a gal-
lop. A half mile further the poor
animal sank to earth with a piteous
moan.

The Comanches saw the horse go
down, and with exultant yells thun-
dered down the dusty plain, confident
of speedy victory.

"Leave me and save yourself,"
cried Merrill, springing from the fal-
len steed.

"Never! Mount behind me; Jack
will carry us both away from those red
devils," and he half dragged his com-
panion to the back of his horse.
Then they sped on.

But the momentary halt had given
the savages a slight advantage and
they were now again within shooting
range of the two soldiers. The crack
of guns came from behind; there was
a spiteful whiz of bullets in the sum-
mer air, then Merrill uttered a quick
sharp gasp and swayed heavily from
side to side.

Turning quickly, Frank caught
him and held him in his place, and
as he did so he saw a stream of blood
issuing from his comrade's side.

"My God! you are shot!" cried
Frank.

"Yes," Merrill answered faintly.
"—I am killed!"

He would have fallen from the
horse had not Frank held him.

"On, Jack, on," cried Frank, shak-
ing the reins, and the horse sped on.

The fort was only three miles away
now, but with a double load upon his
horse Frank realized how slim was
their chance of ever reaching it alive.
Another mile was passed, and the
Indians were slowly gaining. The
tops of the barracks at the fort could
now be seen, with the stars and
stripes floating proudly over them.

"Let me go and save yourself,"
again entreated Merrill. "—I cannot
last long anyway, and you will
only lose your own life in trying to
prolong mine a few hours."

"Not while we both have breath
will I give up," answered Frank.
"—We shall both escape or fall to-
gether!" As he finished speaking
Merrill swayed heavily and would
have fallen, but still holding him by
both arms, Frank leaned forward and
urged his noble horse onward.

Only a mile now lay between them
and the fort, yet the savages pressed
on—silently now—with fiendish exul-
tation stamped upon their hideous
faces.

A little troop of soldiers standing in
front of the barracks suddenly had
their attention attracted by a little
cloud of dust rising out on the plain
to the north-east.

"A herd of buffaloes," said one.

An officer brought out his field-
glass, and leveled it at the object,
causing the dust.

"Indians!" he cried in a start ed
tone, "and they are pursuing the boys
sent to Zarah! Quick, men! Mount
and follow me to the rescue!"

The whole garrison were instantly
thrown into a state of the wildest ex-
citement. Men ran by dozens and by
scores for the stables, where they
mounted their horses and dashed
across the plain.

They could now see the two men
upon one horse, closely pressed by the
pursuing Comanches, and with cries
of vengeance on the savages they
urged their horses down the dusty
plain.

But as they drew near the advanc-
ing horsemen they saw a cloud of
smoke rise from the savages' ranks,
followed by a faint sound of fire-
arms. Then the horse in advance of them
went down with its two riders, and
the Comanches quickly closed about
them.

A moment later the Indians had
discovered the approaching troops,

and fled as rapidly across the plain
as their jaded horses could carry
them.

When the soldiers reached the spot
where the two horsemen had gone
down, they found them both lying
across the dead body of the noble
horse, Jack, their bodies pierced by
Indian bullets and arrows.

The sad sight drove the troops into
a frenzy, and with cries for vengeance
they dashed on after the flying Com-
anches to avenge their fallen com-
rades.

Those who remained to care for the
two lifted the fallen men from the
body of the horse and bore them ten-
derly to the fort. Frank was dead,
but Merrill was still breathing. He
revived sufficiently to recognize and
talk to his comrades, but three hours
after being taken to the fort he
breathed his last.

An hour after nightfall the troops
returned bringing the dead body of
Hawley; not one of the murderous
band of Comanches having escaped
their vengeance.—Will Lisenbee in
the National Tribune.

SPECIMENS OF PIPES.

Old Ways in Which All Classes of
People Make Them.

A long and slender stemmed pipe
was brought from Central Africa
some years ago from the neighbor-
hood of Albert Nyanza, by the Stanley
expedition, and was obtained from
the dwarf tribes inhabiting the Ar-
weni and Ituri forests, near the
equator. To make the pipe the little
people take the midrib of the banana
leaf, which is cellular, and, by push-
ing a long, hard river reed through
the rib, they are enabled to get the
bore required for the pipe stem.
They plug the lower end with clay,
and, rolling up a section of banana
leaf into a tiny cornucopia, cut a hole
in the stem and insert it for a bowl,
the sap in the green leaf preventing
its combustion as the tobacco burns.
This pipe recalls the bowl made from
a potato and the stem made out of
a piece of twig from which the pith had
been driven, which was employed by
many American soldiers during the
great war.

Another curious pipe is made from
a shell which comes from New Guinea.
While the pipes used in the interior
are more generally made of bamboo,
those smoked in the neighborhood of
the coast, and especially in Savo and
the Solomon Islands, are made of
shells which are picked up on the
seashore. At present the principal
pipe used in the southern portion of
New Guinea and the adjacent islands
is the English clay, and a pipe of
this description is generally accepta-
ble as a part of the payment for a
day's labor in that district.

Quite recently some curious pipes
were found in the vast guano deposits
of Peru, the date of which is fixed, by
scientists to whom they have been
submitted as co-equal with the famous
Peruvian pottery, the eleventh or
Twelfth century.

THE ALLIGATOR MAN.

A Negro Whose Skin Was Like That of
the Repulsive Saurian.

While visiting at Topeka, Kan., in
the spring of 1883, I had the unique
pleasure, if pleasure it could be
called, of seeing a thorough clinical
examination of Moses Eskridge,
locally known as the "Alligator Boy,"
says the writer in the St. Louis
Republic. Moses was a colored "boy"
(in truth he was a young man of
perhaps 20 years of age, and if living
to-day is probably near his third of a
century mile-post) of average in-
telligence and fair looking, as far as
facial features were concerned. But
his skin! Even after nearly 10 years
it makes my flesh creep to think of
it. From his shoulders down he was
as perfect an alligator, as far as looks
and appearances went, as ever basked
in the slimy ooze of a Mississippi
bayou. His shoulders, back and
sides were as scaly as the correspond-
ing parts of the saurian for which his
nickname was bestowed. The
shoulders and sides were heavily
plated with true alligator scales,
which, he said, were "shed" during
the summer months. The skin of the
spine and under the arms, as well
as between the hips and ribs while
it bore the marked corrugation of the
alligator's hide, seemed soft and
pliable and was without scales. He
was born near Grenada, Miss., and
had gone to Kansas at the time of the
famous "negro exodus."

His Country.

When the countries were changing
the minority of the Opposition into a
majority, a Gladstonian candidate
called out for "Three cheers for Ire-
land." Some one in the audience
was so carried away by his antagonis-
tic sentiments as to retort by propos-
ing "three cheers" for a locality
never mentioned to ears polite.
"Quite right," said the candidate, "let
every man cheer for his own country."
—Argonaut.

Valuable Assistance.

Kissam, to his father-in-law after
the elopement and forgiveness—I must
thank you, Mr. Scadds, for facilitat-
ing my suit with your daughter.
Scadds:—Facilitating it? Why, sir,
I opposed it with all my might.
Kissam:—Yes, that's what mad
Blanche determine to marry me.

A Coward.

Tommy—I do despise a coward.
Mr. Figg—Who is a coward now?
Tommy—Johnny Briggs. I told him
he was afraid to jump into the canal
with his clothes on, and he was afraid,
too, or he wouldn't 'a' licked me 'er
saying so.—Indianapolis Journal.

Glass Bricks and Chimney.

A glass factory at Liverpool now
has glass journal boxes for all its ma-
chinery, a glass floor, glass shingles
on the roof, and a smoke stack 150
feet high built wholly of glass bricks
each a foot square.

MUSIC OF EARLY MAN.

UNIQUE COLLECTION OF MU-
SICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Ransacked Europe and America to Se-
cure the Finest and Most Com-
plete Collection Ever
Gathered Together.

One of the most interesting features
of the world's fair will be the collec-
tion of musical instruments which
will illustrate the growth of art di-
vine from the time of the Chaldeans
down to the present day. Secretary
Wilson of the Bureau of Music while
in Europe recently arranged with
the owners of many antiquities
for the loan of their treasures, ac-
cording to the Chicago Inter Ocean.

It is unanimously agreed upon by
antiquarians that the first known in-
struments were made of percussion,
the untutored ear being readier to
perceive rhythmical accentuation than
variations of pitch. From this theory
the deduction may be safely ventured
that the first music made by the
aborigines was by the clapping of
hand and the stamping of feet, which
theory if granted, by evolution gives
rise to the cymbal.

Cymbals are mentioned in various
portions of the Old Testament by
Solomon and Daniel, and are described
in the epics of Homer—particular
mention being made in the hymn to
Apollo of cymbals played on by a
chorus of Delians. The scabilla be-
long to the same class, and are de-
scribed as inserted in the shoes of the
performer, used by Grecian flute-
players, probably to beat time. The
cymbals to be exhibited at the fair
will comprise specimens in the origi-
nal, and the reproductions of those
used in the Bacchic orgies at Rome,
and in the worship of Cybele and Juno
in Greece. One pair of the instru-
ments was brought from Etruria by
the Trojans, and was found in the ex-
cavating of Herculaneum.

Under this head the systrum also
belongs, it being a mystical instru-
ment used by the Egyptians in the
worship of Isis, and also supposed to
have been used to call together
troops, as is the modern kettle-drum.
The systrum is obsolete. Probably
the one formerly belonging to the
library at St. Genevieve in Paris is the
only instrument of this character now
in existence. It will be brought from
Paris with the conservatory collec-
tion.

One of the most interesting exhib-
its will be the collection of harps,
lyres and the organ in various stages
of development. This collection rep-
resents much study and time, and is
very exhaustive. It includes instru-
ments from all the nations of ancient
history, and was gathered from the
various museums of France, Germany
and England for the Wien exposition.

As date and order of the invention
of these instruments is purely a mat-
ter of conjecture reproductions of
many have been rendered necessary
for the purposes of completing an ex-
hibit, and will be made from the most
authentic sources obtainable.

This collection goes back to the
first mention of musical instruments,
as found in the fourth chapter of
Genesis: "Jubal, he was the father
of all such as handle the harp or
organ" (Genesis iv., 21).

The phraseology of this sentence
does not indicate the order of time in
which the harp or organ was invented.
The harp mentioned is probably
synonymous with the lyra, or lyra,
which is acknowledged to be of Asi-
atic invention.

Tubal's "organ" must be closely
allied to the sprinx, the invention of
which and the theory of wind instru-
ments are described by Ovid.

Many specimens of Hebrew, Assyri-
an and Egyptian handiwork will be
shown at the fair. This portion of
the collection will be particularly
large and certainly of great interest.

The British collection, which is to
be brought to the fair, contains a col-
lection of violins and other instru-
ments of that family from the reboe
to the most noted productions of the
Cremona artisans who flourished in
the seventeenth century. The reboe
was undoubtedly the parent of the
violin, and also of the once fash-
ionable but now obsolete viol-de-
gamba. The latter day violoncello is the
offspring of the gamba.

The reboe is the originator of all
this class of instruments, and it is
said to be of Arabic origin. In general
form it resembles the mandolin. It
had three strings and emitted a sound
both loud and harsh. It was chiefly
used, however, in orchestral accom-
paniments to dancing.

A Pretty Old Woman.

At an entertainment in London for
the benefit of a certain fund there
was given a representation of "the
old woman who lived in a shoe."
The mammoth shoe, which was at
least nine feet high, with the width
and length in proportion, was filled
with many children from 3 to 10 years
old. The old woman herself was a
clever young girl of 16, who taught
her children to dance, sent them out
to walk, gave them singing lessons,
endeavored to put them to bed in the
shoe and did many other things that
delighted the audience.

Grapes in the Island of Cyprus.

From July to December the bazar
of the towns in Cyprus are crammed
with grapes which are sold for less
than a penny a pound. They are of
various kinds—black, red, green,
pale, Muscat and stoneless, the same
that make the sultana raisins.

The Tears of a Saint.

"Tears of St. Loren o" is the poetic
name given by the Italians to falling
stars. The reason of the name is
that shooting stars are most nume-
rous during the period when the Catho-
lic church celebrates the martyrdom
of St. Lawrence.

TRIED SUICIDE FOR LOVE

And For Love of One of Her Own Sex
at That.

Gentlemen have before now at-
tempted to put an end to a miserable
existence because ladies whom they
desired to wed had the wretchedly bad
taste to marry somebody else, and
ladies have been known to return the
compliment in the case of gentle-
men.

But for one lady to contemplate
suicide because another female is
engaged to be married, and to a
total stranger, is something of a new
departure. The strange case of
Leocadie Rhona, a young Belgian
woman, and Miss Parkinson, which
came before Sir John Bridge at
Bow-street police court, says the
London Telegraph, seems to show
that there is still some romance left
in the world. Here are two maidens
who vowed solemnly to each other
that if either were to become en-
gaged the other would at once kill
herself. The arrangement appears a
trifle one-sided, and, moreover, is
faulty, because the punishment falls
on the innocent party.

The remarkable point about it is
that the Belgian damsel—who at the
age of 20 ought to have got rid of
much of the sentimentality of youth—
really took the vow seriously, and on
hearing of Miss Parkinson's engage-
ment journeyed in hot haste from
Brussels with a loaded revolver, in
order to carry out the fell design on
her own life. Why she troubled to
come over to England at all is not
apparent. A few words of kindly ad-
vice from the magistrate induced the
too excitable Belgian to return to her
native shores, and also to promise not
to do herself any harm. Evidently
her whole grievance was that in ac-
cordance with her vow, she had neg-
lected several good offers of marriage.
She had now better imitate her Eng-
lish friend, and neglect them no
longer. She will find that there is a
great deal of romance to be got out of
even so commonplace an expedient as
matrimony.

A Bobtail Fable.

A rich man's sick flyer one day
accosted a poor man's humble plug.
"My hungry friend," said the rich
man's flyer, "why do you carry about
with you that abominable tail?" With
your other burdens I should think it
would pull down your fleshless bones
and make a ghost of you before your
time. Behold my beautifully bar-
bered Robert! Take my advice and
go and have your cumbersome ap-
pendage remodeled." "Sir," retorted
the poor man's plug, "it is true that
my tail is not in the fashion, but it is
as the Creator made it. Though my
master is poor and my meals are ir-
regular, there are no flies on me, and
neither my name nor that of my
driver has ever appeared in the po-
lice reports."—St. Louis Post Dis-
patch.

Her Mother Foiled.

Little Minnie is sick in bed, but re-
fuses persistently to take the pre-
scribed pill. Her mother, however,
resorts to strategy, concealing the pill
in some preserved pear, and giving
it to the child to eat.

"Has my dear eaten her pear?"
"All except the seed, mamma,
dear."—Texas Sittings.

An Expensive Office.

The lord lieutenant of Ireland is
to use a phrase in vogue among law-
yers, *damnum hereditas*. The salary
attached to the office is \$100,000 per
annum, and is charged on the consol-
idated fund. The necessary expenses
of the post are, however, far in excess
of the salary.

Every Attention Given.

"Mr. Schoolmaster, I hope you will
treat this little boy of mine exactly
as if he were your own son."
"Oh, yes; certainly I will give him
a whipping every day, since you
desire it."—Tid-Bits.

MECHANICAL ACHIEVEMENTS.

Professor Pickering expects to re-
veal forty-five times more stars than have
yet been made known to astronomers
by the aid of the new photographing
telescope that has just been set up at
Harvard observatory, the gift of Miss
Caroline W. Bruce, of New York.

A Frenchman has recently made im-
portant advances in the work of pho-
tographing colors. One of his plates
gives a view of a stained glass window
containing red, green, blue and yel-
low; others show a group of flags, a
parti-colored parrot, and a plate of
oranges with a poppy lying on the
top. The shades of the objects as well
as their colors, are faithfully repro-
duced.

Hairpins are made by automatic and
very complicated machines. The
coiled wire is put upon drums and be-
comes straightened as it feeds itself to
the machines. It passes along until it
reaches two cutters, which point the
ends at the same time that they cut it
to the length required. This piece of
wire then slips along an iron plate un-
til it reaches a slot, through which it
is pressed into regular shape. The
hairpins are then put into a pan and
japanned, after which they are heated
in an oven with a temperature of from
300 to 400 degrees.

Electroplating has been applied in
an ingenious and effective manner for
the preservation of lace forms in metal.
An inexpensive lace of good pattern is
hardened by saturation with a sub-
stance that sets quickly, and is fash-
ioned into the form of some article, as
a lamp shade. The pattern is then
subjected to the electroplating process
with the result that the filmy beauty
of the lace is preserved to the last de-
tail in silver or gold. As the process
is of trifling cost, compared to the
labor required to reproduce lace forms
in metal by hand work, and as the
quantity of metal used is only a film,
the price of such work is much smaller
than might be expected from appear-
ances.

AT MARBLEHEAD.

It Was "The Goll Derndest C'trage
That Ever Was."

A man with skin the color of ma-
hogany and bare arms and neck in
which the muscles stood out like
twisted hickory, was rowing, me in a
dory across the narrow harbor of
Marblehead. He had little gold rings
in his ears and a tuft of coarse, gray
hair stuck out horizontally on his
chin. It was just at sunset and the
wave-worn rock enclosing the harbor,
the old man, the dory and the old
town silhouetted in black against the
crimson sky, looked extremely pic-
turesque. The harbor was crowded
with yachts for the New York Yacht
Club fleet was there on a visit, and
napha launches, pulling boats and
sailing boats were shooting all about
the harbor in the half light fading
from the sea and the stern land.

"Golly!" said the boatman as a
launch shot by nearly running into
the dory. "I've been a good many
years about this harbor and don't
want an accident at any time of life."
"How old are you, captain?" I
asked. I knew it was safe to call
him captain.

"Well!" was the reply in the pecu-
lar dialect of down East. "I am 72
years old. Never had a day's sick-
ness till last year. Then I was hauled
out two weeks with the grip. My
father was 105 when he died and my
mother lived to be 94." All the time
there was running in my head the re-
frain of Longfellow's poem of Floyd
Ireson:

"Here's Flud Oirson, for his horrid horrid,
"Tore'd an' futherr'd an' cor'd'd in a cor'd,
"By the women of Marblehead!"

Here at last I found an old-time
New Englander whose maternal an-
cestors might have been one of those
same women of Marblehead who gave
Skipper Ireson his unwelcome ride.
"Are there any Iresons living here-
abouts?" I asked.

"Well, there be some Iresons in
town, but they ain't descendants.
Same family, they claim, but 'tain't
no descendants."

Then the old man got excited and
rested on his oars while his right
hand vigorously thumped the gun-
whale of the dory.

"That was the goll derndest out-
rage that ever was," he blurted out.
"Ireson weren't no more guilty than
you be this minute. He wanted to go
and save them people, but that pesky
crew wouldn't let him. When they
came back here they told that story
on him. It's a goll derndest shame."
Then he rowed vigorously to the
shore. "Some relation of the un-
fortunate skipper Ireson,"

BARRINGTON REVIEW.

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E. T. GOVEN, Managing Editor.
M. T. LAMEY, Local Editor.

CITY OFFICE:

ROOM 513, - 84-85 LA SALLE STREET.

SUBSCRIPTION—One year payable in advance, \$1.50; \$1.00 is the price if not paid in advance.
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Entered at the postoffice at Barrington, Ill., as second-class mail matter.

It is a question of doubt whether Norwood Park will be annexed to the city. At present it is best to stay out.

The delegation from Georgia is now added to the army of visitors who have viewed the world's fair buildings and simply said "gosh."

A CHARMING Ohio belle celebrated her Thanksgiving day in a sensible and appropriate manner—She was married to a Chicago man.

THE sewerage on Milwaukee avenue and Irving Park boulevard will be finished in a few weeks, and will again give the pedestrians some show in getting on other streets without jumping a large channel.

AT THE Haymarket the Bisson and Cane's laughable farce, "The Junior Partner," formally seen at the Columbia, was presented here last Sunday night before large audiences, and on next Sunday will be the appearance of Robert Downing.

CHARLES FROHMAN's comedians began their second and last week on last Monday evening presenting "Settled Out of Court" at Schiller's. This is one of the best, if not the best, comedy organizations in this country. Next week, Brentanos & Keller's "Vergnuegte Flitterwochen."

THE Lillian Russell Opera Comique company began a second and last week at the Columbia last Monday night, presenting Andrau's tuneful opera, "La Cigale." Miss Russell's company is an improvement on her support of last season. The scenery and the costumes are beautiful and the performances are being enjoyed by very large audiences. Next week Mr. Charles Frohman's stock company will appear in this theater.

BOWMANVILLE.

(Continued From First Page.)

It is rumored that several more wedding bells are to be rung soon. Who will be the first?

We will thank our friends and subscribers for any item of news that they may send us, and will publish the same. Address Box 10, S. T., Bowmanville, Ill.

The following officers were elected at the meeting of the Bowmanville Pleasure club: Andrew Berg, President; Robert Anderson, Vice-President; E. H. Jackson, Secretary; Fred. Strube, Treasurer; N. K. Hansen, Sergeant-at-Arms.

What's the matter with that Improvement club?

What's the matter with some of that sidewalk on the north side of Lincoln avenue? Get a move on, Improvement club.

Mrs. W. Vollmer is on the sick-list this week with rheumatism.

Mr. and Mrs. Frescener spent Thanksgiving with N. K. Hansen.

Subscribe for this paper.

Fred Boyer's new house on Western avenue will soon be completed. He expects to occupy it Dec. 1.

Who will get the postoffice?

Snow, snow, beautiful snow.

Beware, ye farmers, don't go sleeping through Bowmanville.

We understand that a number of depredations have been made in the vicinity by thieves. Tie the dog loose.

Mrs. P. Krus of Ravenswood is very ill.

Advised letters remaining in the Bowmanville postoffice for the following persons: Mr. Frank Anderson, John Larson, Peter Hoag, Olof Olson, Nels Wilson, Carl Knabe (4), Henry Casper, Miss Lizzie Kolinka, Mattilda Portman, Matti Hagrath, Agnes Mead, May Elquist, Mrs. Stros Custer.

H. L. Krus, express, Ravenswood. Telephone 177 L. V., or Henry Vollmer, Bowmanville, Ill.

Home laundry, Henry L. Krus, agent, will take orders for goods Monday and deliver Saturday at H. L. Vollmer's. H. L. Krus, express.

IRVING PARK.

The ball given by Irving Park Lodge No. 190, I. O. O. F., on Thanksgiving eve was well attended and everyone more than satisfied with program, music and supper. Those of the Park who tip the "light fantastic" and failed to be present missed a treat, so say those who were there.

Many burglaries are being committed about the suburbs and on Tuesday the residences of A. B. Lewis, M. H. Kalgallu, Ang Johnson and the Mayfair-store were entered and loads of plunder carried off by the miscreants who must have been supplied with a wagon judging from the amount of property taken.

A committee from the Twenty-seventh Ward Improvement club met the chief of police on Wednesday for the purpose of seeking better police protection. The chief promised to look the matter up and do what was in his power for the Twenty-seventh ward.

Sergeant Lund, who lost part of his

foot at the boulevard crossing a few days ago, is improving slowly, and hopes to soon be at his post again.

The members of Irving club gave a leap year party on Thursday evening last. The ladies of the committee are entitled to great credit for their management and success.

The entertainment to be given by the club, "The Deestrick Skule," was postponed to Dec. 8.

BARRINGTON.

CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.

S. of V.—Meet in Parker's hall, second and fourth Saturday of each month. W. H. Seleck, Com.; Frank Krahn, S. V. C.; J. L. Runyan, J. V. C.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Mr. Bailey, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Evening services at 7 p. m. Sabbath School 12 m.

ST. ANN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH—Rev. J. F. Clancy, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—E. W. Ward, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 m. Children's services 3 p. m. Class-meeting 6:15 p. m. Bible study Tuesday 7:30 p. m. Prayer-meeting Friday, 7 p. m.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL CHURCH—Rev. Wm. A. Schuster, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9 a. m.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL ST. PAUL'S CHURCH—Rev. E. Rahn, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

LOUISBURY LODGE, No. 751.—Meets at their hall the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. C. H. Austin, W. M.; L. A. Powers, S. W.; F. W. Shipman, J. W.; H. T. Abbott, Treas.; P. O. Willmarth, Sec.; W. J. Hanover, S. D.; Wm. McCredie, J. D.; A. Gleason, T.

BARRINGTON POST, No. 275, G. A. R. Department of Ill.—Meet every second Friday in the month at Parker's Hall. E. R. Clark, Commandant; S. F. Elviga, S. V. C.; R. Purcell, J. V. C.; A. Gleason, Q. M.; A. S. Henderson, O. D.; C. G. Senn, O. G.; Henry Reuter, Sergt.; F. A. Lageschulte, Chap.

W. R. C. No. 85.—Meets the second and fourth Wednesday of each month. Mrs. Ada Seleck, Pres. Miss Bertha Seebert, Sec.

M. W. A. Camp 809.—Meets first Saturday of each month at Lamey's hall. E. R. Clark, V. C.; John Robertson, W. A.; Fred Kirschner, B.; M. T. Lamey, clerk; William Ansholt, H.; W. P. A. Hawley, E.; H. S. Meier, S.

There were services in the Baptist church Thanksgiving night. The Rev. C. T. Everett delivered the sermon.

Messrs. M. C. and F. W. McIntosh and wives were the guests of their parents Thanksgiving day, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. McIntosh.

Mr. G. W. Waterman and wife spent Thursday with their son, Mr. Jay Waterman.

Mr. Lou H. Bennett was at home Sunday.

BOBY.—To Mr. and Mrs. Manford Bennett, Wednesday of last week, a boy.

Mr. Wilmer has purchased Mr. Earhart's new house. Consideration, \$2,300.

Miss Effie Runyan spent Thanksgiving day at home.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Buritt spent Thursday of last week with their daughter, Mrs. Charles Lines.

Irving Miller of Iowa was here on a visit last week.

Clark Edwards formerly of Barrington was drowned in the Fox river Thursday, Nov. 24, while out skating. He was buried at Carpentersville Monday.

There was a family gathering at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Kingsley Thursday of last week.

Walter Harrower expects to move from his farm near Barrington to Waukegan.

Mr. Abbs and daughter, Miss Nettie, of Arlington Heights was here at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Colten last week.

Mr. S. Peck has opened a general store in the Lamey building.

Dr. and Mrs. Filkins and Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Castle spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. B. Castle at Chicago.

There was a wreck near Cary Sunday night.

There is to be a concert at the M. E. church Sunday evening by the Sunday-school.

There was a magic lantern exhibition at the Baptist church Tuesday evening.

Miss Addie Stone died in Chicago Sunday of diphtheria. Her remains were brought to Barrington for burial.

A. W. Meyer & Co. will occupy their new building the first of the week.

M. Domenowske has sold his farming implements and will move to Chicago.

There will be a Sunday-school concert at the Methodist church next Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Everybody invited.

PALATINE.

CHURCH AND SOCIETY NOTICES.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev. M. H. Plumb, Pastor; C. W. Farr, Superintendent of Sunday Schools. Services every Sunday at 10 o'clock a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 o'clock a. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening, Epworth League meeting Sunday evening at 8:00. Every body welcome.

SAINT PAUL EVANGELICAL CHURCH—Rev. Oscar Carge, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Sunday School at 9 a. m.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN IMMANUEL'S CHURCH—Rev. Adolf Fichtenhauer, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.

PALATINE LODGE, No. 314, A. F. & A. M.—Meets on the first and third Saturday of each month. Visiting always welcome. O. B. CUTTING, W. M.; F. J. FILBERT, Sec'y.

PALATINE LODGE, No. 708, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Wednesday. Visiting brothers cordially invited. E. F. BAKER, N. G.; H. L. MERRILL, Sec'y.

JOHN A. LOGAN LODGE, No. 122, I. O. M. A.—Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall on second and fourth Saturday of each month. Members of the Order always welcome. M. A. STAPLES, Pres.; C. E. JULIAN, Sec'y.

FERNBERG LODGE, No. 41, I. O. G. T.—Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, on the first and third Tuesday of each month.

Mrs. LENA ANDERMAN, O. T. Miss V. A. LAMBERT, Sec'y. E. F. BAKER, Lodge Deputy

Mr. Eugene Converse is very sick with typhoid fever.

S. M. Joanson returned home from Mississippi, quite sick, and is confined to his bed.

Rev. W. H. Smith visited the public school on Tuesday.

WANTED.—A loan of \$700 for a client, at 6 per cent. Real estate security in the village, worth \$1,500. Apply to F. J. Filbert, real estate and loans.

Mrs. Charlotte Holt of Chicago visited with her sister, Mrs. Dr. Hulett, the first of the week.

The annual communication of Palatine lodge, No. 314, A. F. & A. M., on Saturday evening, Dec. 3.

Ladies' Aid society of the German St. Paul's church held a fair at Batterman's hall on Friday night, proceeds for benefit of the church.

The members of the M. E. church choir gave a surprise party to the pastor, the Rev. Smith, on Wednesday evening. A very pleasant time was had by all present.

"The Peoples' bank," A. S. Spaulding, cashier, respectfully solicits deposits, and any business in the banking line; securities bought and sold; New York and Chicago drafts issued and commercial paper discounted, etc.

A teachers' meeting by the teachers of Palatine and Barrington public schools was held to-day (Friday) at the school-house, District No. 3, Palatine, under the supervision of Prof. C. W. Farr, Assistant County Superintendent.

Mr. Williamson and wife of Vermont have been visiting at Mrs. R. S. Williamson's during the past week.

Christmas will soon be here, four weeks from to-morrow (Sunday). It looks now as though Santa Claus might come with his sleigh and reindeers this year. Of course every child will be glad to see him.

Christmas exercises will be held at the M. E. church on Christmas eve.

VIVID AND VARIOUS.

A colony of about 7,000 Japanese is to be established in Sinaloa, Mexico. There is a veil dotted with moles to match those on the wearer's face and neck.

China has vast undeveloped coal mines—twenty times more than all of Europe.

Cripples are rarely seen in China. Any child born deformed is at once put to death.

All Greek girls are dressed in white, colored goods being regarded as immodest for a maiden.

The son and heir of the grand duke of Saxe-Weimar has what is declared to be the most peculiar face in Europe—one side of it being continually expressive of joy, while the other side wears a look of deep sorrow.

The college of Pharmacy of the city of New York has bought the most complete herbarium in the United States. It is the collection of Mr. Cauby of Baltimore and embraces over 60,000 specimens. It was got at less than its value, which is \$20,000.

A receptacle for cinerary urns has been erected in Kensal Green cemetery, London. It is a handsome structure of Caen stone, decorated with Sinna and rouge royal marbles. It is about eight feet high and affords place for the reception of forty-two urns.

A new life-saving apparatus is being constructed at Toulon. It consists of a small vessel fitted with a rudder and a clock work movement, and is intended to carry from the shore to a ship in distress a line, by which may be drawn on board a cable or other instrument for saving life.

The thrifty Scotchmen who manage the affairs of the town of Paisley recently discovered a new means of turning an honest pawbee to the town's benefit. They have leased the public street lamp posts to an advertising firm to be fitted up with frames for the display of advertising posters. The lease carried with it the provision that any work required in connection with fitting up the lamp posts should be done by a Paisley tradesman.

A PORTUGUESE KIPLING.

His Graphic and Poetical Portrayal of the Englishmen.

A Portuguese boy in a Malacca public school was told to write a composition telling all he knew about the English. This was what he wrote, the spelling being amended except in the one marvellous word "docut," which means dogcart.

"English is very proud and very white. They are mostly governors, schoolmasters, policemen, magistrates, and a few are lawyers and doctors and banks and many other things. They never work. They wear hats and boots and ride in docuts. Some English goes to church, but only once. They are clever tennis and ball games and drinks much brandy and other things. One of their great delights smoking cigars and shooting and raining coming home in it. English is clever at all things. My father says Portuguese is black and ugly and catch fish, but English is white and pretty and eats fish what is caught. Father is black and ugly, but making nets. English is very fierce. If anybody does something they swear dam. English women is few. They ride and play the music and sing and make faces. It is easy no work nor little houses. I don't know any more English. That is all I know."

The small community of Englishmen in Malacca look upon the circulation of this composition as a very bad joke, but the residents elsewhere say that it is so true that if this Portuguese boy could only be taught spelling he would prove a second Rudyard Kipling.

A New Intoxication. A curious case of intoxication at sea by inhaling petroleum fumes is reported. When the vessel were in two days of land four of the crew was ordered below to wash out the tanks, preparatory to loading a return cargo of oil. Nothing was thought about it until a most animated discussion was heard by the commanding officer over the respective merits of the parents of the different men, and in his attempt to enforce discipline all hands joined in a jig that made the tank sound as it had never sounded before. It required the united persuasion of the ship's officers to bring the men up on deck again when the fresh air soon brought them to their senses. They had no recollection of what had happened but a few minutes before.

BIRD-EATING SPIDERS.

They Are Big, Fierce and Have a Constant Appetite.

Among the new attractions at the zoological gardens, Regent's park, London, are a couple of bird-eating spiders presented to the zoological society by Mr. T. Terry of the Grange, Borough Green, Kent, who brought several of these interesting arachnids from port of Spain, Trinidad. Spiders at large are, perhaps, not very attractive creatures regarded that is from the popular standpoint; but a closer acquaintance with their habits will serve to interest even the most casual of observers. Of course spiders are not "insects" at all. Though they belong to the same great division of the animal world, they form quite a different branch of the genealogical tree which includes the lobsters and crabs, spiders, insects and centipedes among its belongings.

An insect has only six legs, a spider has eight—the two front "legs" of a spider are really appendages of its mouth, so that its ten-legged appearance is thus explained. Then, also, an insect has its head, chest and tail distinctly marked, the head and chest being joined in the spiders. Three are no feelers or antennae (as such) in the spiders and they breathe by lung sacs, and not by air tubes as do the insects, while finally, wings are never developed in the spider class. The bird-eating spiders can not legitimately be called "tarantulas"; more probably they are related to the Mygale group, of which the trapdoor spiders of Southern Europe are examples. There is a spider common in the southern states of America, which makes its net so strong that it captures small birds. The tarantulas are not as a rule, of big size, and the story about their bite causing "dancing madness" is of course, pure fiction.

The bird-eating spiders at the "Zoo" are male and female, and, as usual in the spiders long ago satisfactorily solved the woman's rights question, and not only domineer over their husbands, but often end domestic differences by eating them. The poison apparatus exists in the mouth, the mandibles or big jaws, being provided each with a poison fang, which draws its store of venom from a poison gland. Mr. Terry says there is no doubt his spiders kill small birds. Mice they will sometimes capture as well. He feeds his spiders on cockroaches, beetles and moths, and has tried them with very young sparrows. With regard to the effects of the bite on man, Mr. Terry says they often cause death; but one may be pardoned for being somewhat skeptical on this latter point, though there is no reason to doubt that, as with the bite of the scorpion or of a big centipede, severe inflammation may follow the wound made by a big spider.

AN ULTERIOR MOTIVE.

The Lady Was Confused But the Occulist Wasn't Surprised.

The woman was far from composed when she entered the oculist's office. During the ten minutes she had to wait she grew very ill at ease. Eventually her turn came, says the Detroit Tribune.

"Oh, doctor," she exclaimed, with an effort to be calm, "my eyes are making me miserable."

The man of science bowed.

"How do those lines look to you?" he asked.

He pointed to a chart on the wall. "Er—ah—m—well—"

The woman was obviously scared.

"—they seem all right—er—that is"

The oculist was surprised.

"Don't they look a little blurred?" he inquired.

The woman seemed to experience relief at once.

"Yes, yes," she hurriedly declared, "they're awfully blurred, come to notice closely."

The doctor wrote a few words on a piece of paper.

"Which are more blurred—the vertical or horizontal lines?" he quietly asked.

"The—ah—er—well—they are about alike."

She was getting pretty red in the face, manifestly by reason of inward perturbation.

"Don't!"

The oculist knit his brows in perplexity.

"The vertical lines appear more distinct."

"Why, to be sure! Of course they do. Yes, much more distinct."

Her voice was trembling noticeably.

"What is the character of this indistinctness?"

It was the final straw. Overwrought nature succumbed.

"Oh, doctor, doctor, don't ask!"

She rose from her seat in confusion.

"—me, I'll confess. I must confess. There's nothing the matter with my eyes. Nothing at all. But—"

The sudden solemnity in her face betokened a deep and poignant regret.

"—I would so love to have one of those beautiful shell-handled lorgnettes."

The oculist was not one of the stern sort of men and ventured no reproof.

A Fair Offer.

Old Gentleman—Do you think sir, that you are able to give my daughter all the luxuries to which she has been accustomed?

Suitor, a practical man—Well, you have been paying for concerts, theatres, operas and so on. No: I'll pay for the board and clothes, and if you foot the amusement bills I don't think she'll miss anything.

Too Common.

"I think you are one in a thousand."

"May I hope, then?"

"No. For you are not one in a hundred."

OTTO LARSON,

UNDERTAKER,

AND DEALER IN

Metallic, Rosewood and Mahogany

CASKETS AND COFFINS.

HEARSES AND CARRIAGES FURNISHED.

Jefferson Park, Ill.



WANTED--A Man

Every hour to leave his measure for one of these fine \$20.00 Suits we are now making, as they are the best value ever offered. Fit and workmanship guaranteed. Call soon to avoid the rush, at

Jos. Husak,
1509 Milwaukee Ave.

EXCITEMENT.

Great Consternation

Caused by the Wonderful Low Prices the

Martin Emerich Outfitting Co.,

LEADING HOUSEFURNISHING OUTFITTERS,

261 AND 263 STATE STREET,

Are selling Furniture, Stoves, and Household Goods for and the extraordinary fair offers of credit given by them to their customers on their most liberal easy payment plan, making the furnishing of a house so easy that everybody can live in their own nicely furnished home without paying any interest or giving any security.

REFLECT ON THIS:

4-Room Flat Completely Furnished..... \$64.75
6-Room Flat Completely Furnished..... \$98.25
8-Room Flat Completely Furnished..... \$144.50

Estimates given for Hotels or Rooming-Houses.

\$20	Worth of Goods for	\$2	Per Month.
\$30	Worth of Goods for	\$3	Per Month.
\$50	Worth of Goods for	\$4	Per Month.
\$100	Worth of Goods for	\$6	Per Month.

We present to every customer purchasing over \$50 an elegant solid oak

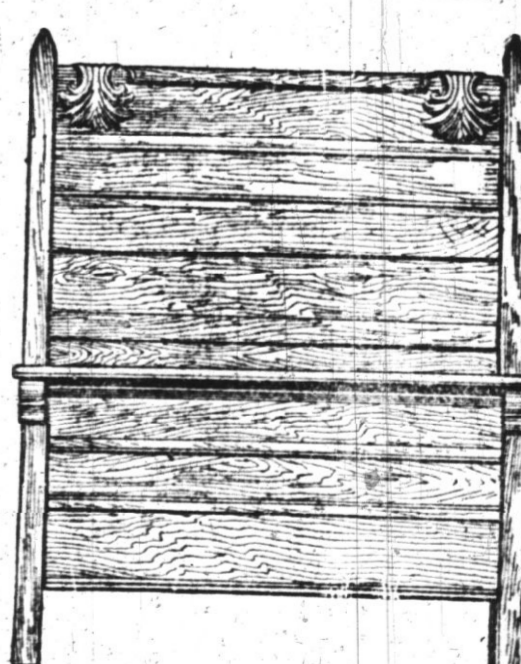
OUR TERMS

For bills of over \$100 to \$10,000 on proportionately

SMALL PAYMENTS.

Parlor Table,

Finely finished and with lower shelf.



3-piece Bedroom Set, all hardwood, full size bed, mirrors, dresser and washstand, well finished, complete for \$8.35

Elegant Parlor Suit, Solid Oak	
Frame, nicely finished, upholstered in extra good grade of Crushed Plush and Silk, only.....	\$14.50
MANTEL FOLDING BEDS.....	\$ 7.10
UPRIGHT FOLDING BEDS.....	\$11.50
6-leg Pillar Extension Table, beautifully finished and extra well made, a foot.....	60c
GOOD MATTRESSES FOR.....	\$ 1.65
SPRINGS.....	99c
BEDSTEADS, any finish.....	\$ 1.10
KITCHEN TABLES.....	90c

MOQUETTE CARPETS, per yard.....	\$ 1.00
BRUSSELS CARPETS, per yard.....	44c
INGRAIN CARPETS, per yard.....	16c
OIL CLOTH.....	20c
FINE LACE CURTAINS.....	\$ 1.08
GOOD DRAPERY PORTIERS.....	\$ 2.50
SMYRNA RUGS.....	\$ 1.31
HANGING LAMPS.....	\$ 1.85
STAND LAMPS.....	25c

Martin Emerich Outfitting Co.,

261 AND 263 STATE ST.

Between Jackson and Van Buren.

Open Evenings Until 9 O'Clock.

FAIL FOR A MILLION.

BIG COMMERCIAL CRASH AT JOLIET, ILL.

Fish Brothers' Bank and the Enterprise Wire-Mill Go Under—The Liabilities of Both Concerns, It Is Thought, Will Reach at Least \$1,000,000.

JOLIET, Ill., Dec. 1.—Joliet has such a sensation as never before has been known within her borders. All day long business has been at a standstill. Men have stood around in groups anxiously discussing the only theme of the day—the great double failure of the Joliet Enterprise wire-mill and the Joliet City bank, both conducted by the same men, although legally two separate institutions.

The bank opened as usual at 9 o'clock, but no sooner had its doors opened than a crowd of depositors poured in and a run on the bank began. The bank sent out and borrowed \$15,000, but this was not enough to satisfy the demand, and before 10 o'clock they were compelled to close their doors. The run was a total surprise. The bank is owned and conducted by Henry Fish and his sons, C. M., H. M. and G. M. Fish, and up to this time it was thought by everybody that the concern was entirely solvent.

Rumors were circulated that trouble was imminent, but they were quickly discounted among business men. They had the effect of arousing the laboring men, many of whom deposited their small savings in the bank and received 4 or 5 per cent interest. They started the run on the bank that resulted so disastrously.

George M. Fish told the situation briefly. He said: "We had no idea that such a thing would happen. We heard ugly rumors last night and sent to Chicago to realize some money on warehouse bonds we were holding. The money was to come yesterday but failed. If it had come we would have been all right. As near as can be got so quickly the bank stands this way: We paid out \$50,000 in less than an hour. There is now due to depositors \$170,000. That makes the total bank liabilities \$220,000. With other items this will be swelled to about a quarter of a million. Our assets at present are unobtainable. We have made an assignment in favor of J. L. O'Donnell, Mayor Haley's partner, and will open again as soon as possible. I think the bank will be able to open its doors soon, although we will close until the wire-mill plant is sold."

In the wire-mill affairs are in even worse condition. Liabilities have been added up in the court to \$34,182. As to assets, the plant is valued at \$300,000, stock on hand amounts to \$250,000. This makes the total assets \$550,000, and by to-night judgments will be entered amounting to probably \$750,000. H. J. Connell, who was connected with the mill as a partner, applied for a receiver, and George H. Munroe was appointed to have charge of the mill affairs. The bank holds a judgment note, the first to be filed on the company for \$176,425, and this is to be followed by a long string of other judgments.

In both the bank and mill liabilities will amount up close to \$1,000,000, and it is feared may prove disastrous to business in this city for many months to come. What will be done cannot be definitely stated now, as the members of the firm refuse to say much except that they cannot give exact statements of assets at present.

SHOT THE BURGLAR.

The Criminal Proves to Be the Son of a Respected Resident.

ELGIN, Ill., Dec. 1.—For some time there have been burglaries committed in Elgin and they have baffled the detective ability of the police. Many costly residences have been visited. Twice the combined grocery store and tin shop of Albert N. Curtis and Arthur F. Curtis has been entered, and finally it was decided to lay in wait for the burglar. At 11:45 last night he saw a man pry open the window and crawl in. Without warning Curtis shot him with a revolver, the ball lodging in the breast. The intruder did not utter a word, but withdrew and started across the street. Ere going more than a few rods he fell dead. The burglar was a boy of 18 years, named Bert, or "Stubby," Jones.

War Against Obscene Literature.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 1.—The United States grand jury has begun an investigation of the reported circulation of obscene literature through the mails and it is not improbable that some indictments will be returned at this session. It has come to the knowledge of United States District Attorney Chambers that the mails are burdened with books that are not fit to be read by any one, and he has made up his mind to see if he cannot check the evil. It is said that there are several firms in Chicago that are doing a large business in the publication of vicious books. During the last few months these publications have been extensively circulated in Indiana.

Declined French Assistance.

LONDON, Dec. 1.—The Russian government, says the Vienna correspondent of the Times, has declined the offer of a French syndicate to finish the construction of the Siberian railway. No foreign capital or engineers will be employed in furthering the enterprise. The work, owing to lack of capital, is badly managed and is making very slow progress.

Appointed Consul at Antigua.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—The President to-day appointed John P. Elrich of Ohio to be United States consul at Antigua, West Indies.

MRS. DEACON DENIES CHARGES

Says Her Husband's Conduct Is Infamous—The Proposed Divorce of the Asolated Press to-day had an interview with Mrs. Deacon in regard to the threat made by her husband that if his wife's appeal at Aix was delayed he would sue for a divorce in New York.

It will be recalled that Mr. Deacon, when he made this statement, made no reference to this wife's relations with Abeille as affording grounds for the granting of a divorce in New York, but declared that he would name as co-respondents Prince Lepoix, M. Cotte Rochefoucauld and M. Leon Renault. Mrs. Deacon declared that this was the first time that she had heard these names connected with hers. She added:

"My acquaintance with the gentlemen mentioned is most formal. I know their wives slightly, but the husbands have never been in my house. This is, alas! only another instance of Mr. Deacon's infamy. In regard to the refusal of the court authorities to again receive my daughter Gladys, Mr. Deacon's conduct was so scandalous that the mother superior, who is a good friend of mine, very properly refused to keep the child. She told Mr. Deacon, when he called, the course she would be obliged to pursue if he persisted in his confidences to the press."

CHIEF ARTHUR IN CHICAGO.

He is to Look into "L" Road Troubles in that City.

CHICAGO, Dec. 1.—Chief P. M. Arthur of Cleveland, the head of the great organization of engineers, arrived here this morning.

"I came in response to a telegram from a committee of the brotherhood of locomotive engineers," said Chief Arthur, "to do what I can to bring about peace in the elevated road trouble. I did not know that we had any men on the Chicago elevated road, but it appears that we have, and wherever our men are in trouble I am there to do what I can for them. I have no definite knowledge of the trouble in which our men are involved but I hope we will be able to settle it amicably. My mission is always one of pleasantness and peace."

Mr. Arthur was met here by a committee of the strikers and went at once to the scene of the trouble to take in the situation and to confer with the management.

PREPARING HIS MESSAGE.

It Is Believed That President Harrison Will Disregard Personal Afflictions.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—The President has virtually decided that the exigencies of public business require that he shall temporarily disregard his personal afflictions, and he therefore devoted himself to-day to the consideration of his message to Congress, with a view of having it ready for transmission to that body Tuesday next. It is understood to have been the President's purpose to elaborate several important topics, only briefly touched on in the original draft, but he has now abandoned that idea, and will confine himself to the strict necessities of the case. The report that there might be a few days' delay in the submission of the message was based on the President's original purpose of total abstention from official duties until after his return from the funeral of Dr. Scott Friday next. In view of his modified plans, it is now settled there will be only one day's delay in the transmission of the President's message and the reports of the heads of the executive departments which usually accompany it.

Could Buy a Political Office.

New York, Dec. 1.—Advertisements have been scattered all over the country since election day calling attention to the fact that the change of administration means thousands of new appointments to positions paying from \$500 to \$2,500 yearly and advising persons eager for public office to write to the International exchange, 834 Broadway, New York, for particulars. Persons who answered these advertisements received in reply a type-written letter signed "L. E. Baldy, Manager," describing the beauties of Washington city as a living place and setting forth the strong influence the exchange has in procuring appointments. A visit to the office of the exchange disclosed the fact that L. E. Baldy was a woman, who said she was from Baltimore but had lived in Washington. She told her visitor that she could place him in any of the departments in Washington provided his politics were all right and he paid her a certain sum for her trouble. Ten dollars was the sum Mrs. Baldy mentioned.

Believe It Dropped from the Count.

DENVER, Col., Dec. 1.—A News-Special from Newcastle, Col., says: About 9 o'clock yesterday morning a stone weighing probably ten tons fell from the sky, striking the earth a mile northeast of this town. There were no witnesses, as far as known, to the meteor's fall, but the fact that it sunk deep into the earth and was in a heated condition when discovered leaves no doubt in the minds of the inhabitants as to where it came from and great excitement exists. The stone is of a color entirely foreign to the locality, being of a slate hue, and the people are convinced that it dropped from the much talked-of comet.

Fifth Michigan Contest.

LANSING, Mich., Dec. 1.—The Supreme court has taken a hand in the Richardson-Belknap contest in the Fifth Congressional district, and to-day directed the Iowa canvasses to show cause Saturday why they should not be ordered to credit Belknap (Republican) with certain votes that were rejected by the board. A recount is in progress in both Iowa and Kent counties and the contest is very close.

CANAL MEN MEET.

THE NICARAGUAN CANAL CONVENTION RESULTS.

Representatives from All Parts of the United States Present—Its Completion Will Enable This Country to Compete with Europe for Trade.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 1.—The convention which opened here yesterday in the interest of the Nicaraguan canal is the outgrowth of a healthy public sentiment prevailing all over the country in favor of the hastening to completion of an inter-oceanic waterway, which not only promises to yield immense profits, but which it seems to be almost uniformly conceded ought to be under the control of the United States government, as a political necessity and from a strategic standpoint. The convention promises to be abundantly fruitful in results and being of a non-political character and entirely disassociated from the private corporation at present engaged in carrying forward the project which it is intended to further, it ought to be, from its personnel and its representative nature, a body of great public weight and wide influence. The present convention is the sequel of a formal similar gathering at St. Louis, held in June last, and which had its origin with the merchants of the Pacific. At their instigation a convention was held in California in March, as a result of which Governor Markham requested the governors of the various States to appoint delegates to assemble in the Mound City in convention, to memorialize Congress to contract with the canal company to secure government control in the construction and management of the canal, so as to reduce the cost of construction to a minimum and to limit the capitalization to the actual cost of construction. The convention at St. Louis was well attended and was presided over by the Hon. George L. Converse. It had the effect of adding force to the growing public sentiment, in favor of federal supervision and assistance in the building of the canal, and it adjourned to reconvene at a time and place to be determined upon by the chairmen and the executive committee.

It was in pursuance of the authority conferred at St. Louis that Chairman Converse and the executive committee selected New Orleans, and to-day, as the place and date of the convention. Invitations were extended by Gov. Foster of Louisiana and the executive committee of the St. Louis convention to the Governors of various States and to all the leading commercial organizations and municipalities of the country to appoint delegates to represent their respective States or bodies here. The responses received have exceeded the anticipations of the promoters of the convention, and the indications point to a large and distinguished convention. The cost of the canal has been carefully computed by the consulting engineer of the company, and a board of consulting engineers has revised his estimates. Including payment of interest during the progress of the work, it is calculated that \$100,000,000 will cover the entire cost of the project and that a reasonable estimate of the time for the completion is five years.

The work done by the company to the present time includes the completion of final surveys for location and construction. The subterranean excavations of the sub-strata will require removal by means of boring with the diamond drill; the restoration of the harbor of San Juan del Norte (Greytown), which had been closed for twenty years, to the extent of securing an easy entrance for vessels; the construction of extensive wharves and landing facilities; the erection of permanent buildings for officers, quarters for the men, store-houses; the building of a number of large camps along the line for the accommodation of employees; the completion of all necessary telegraph lines; the clearing of the timber from one line of the canal; the completion and equipment of twelve miles of railway along the line of the canal; the purchase of the most valuable and powerful dredging plant in America; the fitting up and operation of the plant; and the opening of nearly two miles of the canal.

The company has expended to date about \$6,000,000, and the work done shows the sufficiency of the estimates for the harbor and canal dredging and railroad work. It is held that the building of the canal will wonderfully develop the fruit industry of California, increase the price of timber of the Northwest, quicken mining and fisheries industries, open a short route for Southern cotton to Japan, increase population, enable the United States to compete with Europe in the coal and other trade of South America, and that the tolls may be so modified as to yield a handsome profit on the investment and yet fall lightly upon the shippers. At a rate of \$2 per ton, the same as charged by the Suez canal, it is estimated that the annual income would be \$12,000,000, and that the cost of maintenance would not exceed \$1,000,000 per annum.

Swindled Out of \$2,000.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 1.—Farmer James W. Beets of Independence was beaten out of \$2,000 by the old lottery game. Two men called upon him and said that inasmuch as he was a prominent personage they would let him win to advertise their business. He won, and they placed \$1,500 in a box, requiring him to place \$2,000 in the same box. They then gave him the box and told him that they would call and pay the balance. When he got home his son broke the box open and found nothing but old paper.

FRENCH BRIBE-TAKERS SAFE.

The Cabinet Crisis Postpones Their Exposure Likely Indefinitely.

PARIS, Dec. 1.—The utter absurdity of the political situation is ridiculous. The hopelessness of the muddle is the aspect that chiefly strikes the spectator. The Panama canal committee has expanded into a kind of irresponsible committee on public safety, the president of which is forced into the position of the head of the Legislature and executive power. The committee therefore possesses discretionary powers and claims universal obedience, although the judicial power, jealous of its authority, is fighting the committee tooth and nail. Nothing could better illustrate the French temper than the tremulous comment of certain journals in seeking with bated breath to draw a historical parallel between Brissot and the incipient Robespierre. While the press condemns M. Loubet's weakness, it esteems his courage and honor.

A general feeling of relief prevails among the recipients of Panama canal cash, the cabinet crisis postponing the evil day of their exposure, perhaps permanently. All kinds of difficulties are hampering the Panama investigating committee, and the difficulties are likely to increase in number. The members of the committee are frightened at the hatred they will engender on all sides, and wholesale resignations are talked of. Still, M. Brissot is determined to make a full inquiry. The Reinach family has decided not to oppose an autopsy in the case of Baron Reinach.

THEY MUST BE SECRET.

The Monetary Conference Wants the Blinds Down.

BRUSSELS, Dec. 1.—Senator Jones, one of the American delegates, has prepared a special statement of the consumption and production of silver. The committee has consented to request the Danish delegate, C. F. Teitgen, to submit his plan as an addendum to the de Rothchild plan. Mr. Teitgen is a monometallist. He proposes the coinage of silver 5 franc, 4 shilling of dollar pieces, rated to gold according to the price of silver in the year previous to the adoption of an international agreement, with a seigniorage of 10 per cent. He also proposes the appointment of a permanent international commission, to fix the initial price. Should the price of silver fall to 5 per cent below the coinage ratio, the commission will have authority to fix a new ratio and order the recoinage of the pieces. These coins will be legal tender internationally, banks to keep them as a reserve against notes, and to have the right to demand gold in exchange for them at any time from the government issuing the particular coin held. The members of the committee declare that their proceedings must be kept completely private until definite decisions are attained. They will not communicate to the delegates not belonging to the committee the progress they are making in the discussion.

RAILROAD TRAINS STALLED.

Heavy Storm on Long Island Impedes Travel on All Roads.

LONG ISLAND CITY, L. I., Dec. 1.—The snow storm on Long Island is the heaviest since the blizzard of 1888, the fall being from eighteen inches to two feet. Heavy drifts have formed in many places, impeding travel on the roads. All trains on the Long Island railroad are behind time. The trains from Long Harbor and Greenport are missing. Nothing can be learned of them because the wires are down all over the island. The drifts are packed hard and it is likely that several hours will elapse before any of the stalled trains will be able to get through. Many of the passengers on the Ronkonkoma and Central Park trains walked from where the train was stalled to Hicksville station. Snow plows have been sent out to assist the stalled trains.

Springer Favors an Extra Session.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1.—In an interview Representative Springer, chairman of the Ways and Means committee of the House, said he thought the people of the country were entitled to a thorough revision of the tariff and the work ought to be done as early as possible. An extra session, therefore, seemed to him to be absolutely necessary. Mr. Springer also thinks that an extra session is necessary to provide means for meeting the threatened deficit in the Treasury.

New Line of Steamships.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Dec. 1.—James Knott of Newcastle-on-Tyne, one of the most enterprising of English ship-owners, has determined to put on a regular line of steamships between Charleston and Mediterranean ports. The first ship, the Swedish Prince, will sail from Charleston Dec. 10 and will be followed during the month by another steamship and as many more as the trade will warrant. Street Bros. will be the Charleston agents of the line.

Refuse to Pay Higher Wages.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—The Jersey Central railway officials sent their answer to the committee of telegraph operators. It was in substance that the company did not feel able to grant the increase in wages asked nor eight hours a day's work for train dispatchers and block operators and twelve for all others nor pay for extra hours as asked.

War on the Social Evil at Pittsburgh. PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 1.—Chief Brown of the department of public safety issued an order closing all houses of ill-repute in this city. All women found in the houses after 10 o'clock tonight will be arrested. The order was issued by direction of Manager Gourley and is the result of a movement against the social evil recently started by the ministers of Pittsburgh.

Curtis & Meyer

DES PLAINES, ILL.
—DEALERS IN—
General Merchandise,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots
and Shoes. 1-17

"White Lily" Flour, per bb. \$5.50
Little Crow 5.66
Capital 4.25
2nd-Grade Minn. 3.75
Best Rye 4.00

CATARRH!
HAVE YOU GOT IT?
If so, try my medicine. For Catarrh of the Head, Eyes, Ears, Throat, Lungs, Bladder, etc., it is a permanent cure. Price \$1.00. Sent for circular. Ad. J. E. HOLLIS, Room 63, 125 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Luther E. Ellison,
Attorney & Counselor-at-Law,
Will devote himself to the general practice of law.
Money to Loan.

Office, 218 LaSalle Street, Chicago. Residence, Barrington, where he can be consulted morning or evening. Inquire at the Vermilye House.

THE LATEST TRIUMPH OF MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE AND SKILL.

THE MOST PERFECT AND ELEGANT PREPARATION AND SCIENTIFIC COMBINATION EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

In the largest hospitals in the world, presided over by the most skillful of living physicians, the ingredients are prescribed more than twice as often as all others put together.

RIPANS TABLETS
A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR
**DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS,
CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE,**
And every other Symptom or Disease that results from any Disorder of the

Stomach, Liver or Bowels.
Ripans Tablets banish pain and prolong life. Ripans Tablets contain nothing that can be injurious to the most delicate. Ripans Tablets are pleasant to take, safe and always effective. One dose gives relief. The best general family medicine ever offered to the public. Circulars sent on application. Experienced and thoroughly qualified physicians are connected with the Ripans Chemical Company, and patients are invited to write for special instructions in peculiar cases. Their letters will receive such attention as they require, free of charge. Always keep Ripans Tablets in the house and when you travel take some with you. They are put up in small vials, which may be conveniently carried in the vest pocket or portmanteau. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail in the following quantities upon receipt of price: 1 Bottle, - 15 cents. 12 Bottles, - \$1.25 6 Bottles, - 75 cents. 24 Bottles, - 2.00

THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO.,
10 SPRUCE ST., NEW YORK.

Always keep Ripans Tablets in the house and when you travel take some with you. They are put up in small vials, which may be conveniently carried in the vest pocket or portmanteau. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail in the following quantities upon receipt of price: 1 Bottle, - 15 cents. 12 Bottles, - \$1.25 6 Bottles, - 75 cents. 24 Bottles, - 2.00

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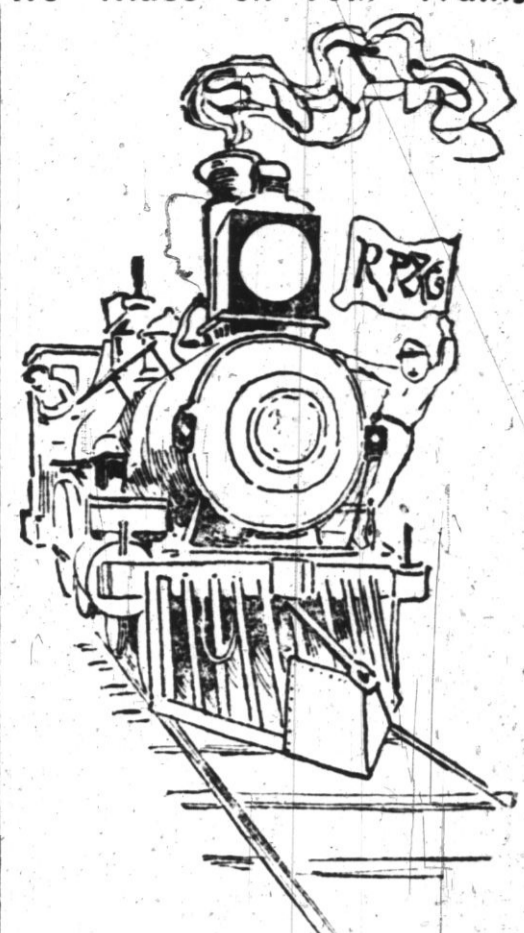
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He Rides on Your Train.



"King of the clothing business" is in your midst, lives at Maplewood and hopes for your patronage, not for the foregoing reasons, but because this same Wm. J. King feels that he can be of valuable service to you and your friends when you want good "honorable bright" satisfying overcoats, ulsters or suits. Probably you know already about

ROGERS, PEET & CO.'S
Rightly-tailored, look-well and wear-well clothes. They're not the lowest-priced, but they ARE the most economical, because there's more days per dollar of pleasure in them than in ordinary ready-made. Let Mr. King tell you the rest. He's both able and willing—in fact, just now, to make you happy and guide you safely in your buying of Hats, Clothing and Furnishings, is his mission.

R. P. & Co.'s Winter Overcoats retail \$20 to \$45
Our other Winter Overcoats retail 12 to 20
R. P. & Co.'s Heavy Ulsters retail 30 to 40
Our other Heavy Ulsters retail 15 to 20
R. P. & Co.'s Business Suits retail 20 to 35
Our other Business Suits retail 12 to 20

F. M. ATWOOD,
N. W. Cor. Madison and Clark Sts., Chicago.

Be sure and ask for WM. J. KING when you call at the store. He will make it specially pleasant for you.

MOXIE

THE BEST SPRING REMEDY
BLOOD AND LIVER PURIFIER
TAKES THE PLACE OF MEDICINES

F. A. Cheney writes: Four years ago was an invalid from enlargement of the liver. Tried medicine to no purpose. Commenced to drink Moxie and it cured me. So I am able to do hard work with ease. Respectfully, F. A. CHENEY, 24 W. Madison St., Chicago.

MOXIE CURES PILES
Another man writes us this: For two years have been afflicted with piles. Tried the best doctors without being cured. As a last resort tried Moxie and am now completely cured. Respectfully, LOUIS GLUNS, S. E. Cor. Wells & Division Sts., Chicago.

BETTER THAN MEDICINE
D. S. Baldwin, Esq., 221 Euclid Ave., Oak Park, Chicago, says: "An aged friend, completely exhausted, mentally and physically, suffering from indigestion, loss of assimilation, appetite and sleep, with a strong tendency to paralysis, with no expectation of living, having exhausted medical skill; Moxie cured and saved her life."

The following is from one of our best Chicago institutions, St. Mary's Seminary for Girls: "We have found your 'Moxie' an excellent restorative to the weak and debilitated, and for the benefit of those who read this we wish to express this fact. Respectfully, SERVITE SISTERS. Many keep only bogus with some other name. The genuine always has the name 'Moxie' and directions for taking on the bottle and label."

MOXIE
33 NORTH 5TH ST.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

For bud and for bloom and for balm-laden breeze,
For the singing of birds from the hills to the seas
For the beauty of dawn and the brightness of noon,
For the light in the night of the stars and the moon,
We praise Thee, gracious God.

For the sun-ripened fruit and the billowy grain,
For the orange and apple, the corn and the cane,
For the beautiful harvest now gathered and stored,
That by Thee in the land of the nations were poured,
We praise Thee, gracious God.

For the blessings of friends, for the old and the new,
For the hearts that are trusted and trusting and true,
For the tones that we love, for the light of the eye,
That warm with a welcome and glooms with good-bye,
We praise Thee, gracious God.

That the desolate poor may find shelter and bread,
That the sick may be comforted, nourished and fed,
That the sorrow and cease of the sighing and sad,
That the spirit bowed down may be lifted and glad,
We pray Thee, pitying Lord.

For the blessings of earth and of air and of sky,
That fall on us all from the Father on high,
For the crown of all blessings since blessing begun,
For the gift, "the unspeakable gift," of Thy Son,
We praise Thee, generous God.
—S. E. Adams, in the Century.

BLAKE'S THANKSGIVING.

BY CHAS. MOREAU HARGER.

He deserves stringing up 'n' he'll never take it, too," exclaimed the tallest of the group of cowboys gathered near Fleegle's store on the raw November morning.

"Yes, that's got to be some order in this country 'er th' bul lot of us is goin' ter smash," emphasized the one next him, as he swung his lariat nervously around his head and bringing it down with a "swish" on his pony's flanks caused that animal to leap surprisedly forward, only to be viciously jerked back to its place.

"I don't know, boys, about this hangin' business," spoke up a swarthy figure near the porch. He was a southerner and his voice had a cool incisiveness that commanded attention. "There's such a thing as going too far, an' I am in favor of investigatin' a little before we take any rash measures."

"We don't need ter wait," said Markham, the first speaker. "The case is clear. Sixteen head of cattle air gone from the Occidental Cattle Compny's herd an' Jim Blake sold just sixteen head at Wakenny on Sat'd'y. That we know, an' he's got ter swing. We're goin' ter see that he does ter-night, too, ain't we boys?"

The dozen wide-hatted cowboys nodded approval and one or two snake whips were snapped with reports like pistols, as if the sound were exclamation points to emphasize the decision.

They huddled closer together and were so busy discussing their plans for the proposed vengeance that they did not see the white face that peeped around the corner of the store building.

It was Merl, the 18-year-old adopted daughter of the store-keeper. Born in an emigrant wagon, she was made an orphan by one of the old-time Indian raids, and Fleegle had "brought her up." She was comely and graceful, but neglected, and she had little companionship among the young people of the settlement. Blake had smiled on her and petted her on his frequent visits to the store, but the week before she had seen him walking with the new school-mistress of the neighboring settlement and her heart was filled with bitterness towards him. Now, however, she was frightened and had a vague wonder what she ought to do.

"He hain't no use fer me an' never did have," she exclaimed half defiantly as she slipped away from the group in the fast-falling prairie twilight. "But he didn't take 'em," she continued as she brushed aimlessly through the brown grasses. "I don't know where he got what he sold but I know he couldn't 'er' dope that."

The crime of cattle stealing seemed to her to exceed in heinousness any other in the catalogue. The battle raged in her heart all the while she was setting the scanty supper table, and it was not decided until she heard the group of horsemen canter away from the front of the building and she realized that they had started for the rendezvous.

"Go in an' tend store, Merl, while I eat," said Fleegle angrily, coming into the room. He had wanted to join the party but could not leave. His wife was ill and the children were small.

The girl was off on her errand in an instant and before Fleegle had taken his seat at the supper table was behind the counter awaiting a customer. If such an unlikely thing as one's coming should occur.

The frame building shook in the wind and the floor was whitening about the door where a fine sleet came through the cracks.

Seizing some heavy boots she drew them on, and throwing an overcoat from Fleegle's stock around her, she glided noiselessly through a side door and stood alone in the night.

The nearest house was two miles away. She could see its light

twinkling over the level prairie which stretched far to the dark horizon around. The snow clouds were light and drifted southward on a rainy wind.

It was ten miles to Blake's cabin, the little frame house of the handsome bachelor settler to whom she realized that her heart had gone out.

She must get there before the cowboys. Taking from the stable her foster parents' fleetest broncho she leapt upon its back fearlessly and with a rude rope bridle to guide dashed forward into the night.

With a steady swish the hardy horse bounded on, shaking his rough mane with apparent pleasure as he breasted the cold blast.

She knew the course the party of cowboys would probably take. She knew, too, the most direct line to the claim of him of whom she had thought as her lover. Up the little incline she swept, down through the reedy ravines, her skirt torn by the dead sunflower stalks and her face at times brushed by the tall rag weeds. The way seemed so long. Would she be in time? She struck the broncho a blow with the rope's end and he increased his space until it seemed that he could cover the distance no faster.

"Thanksgiving eve and I'll stay at home," mused Blake as he drew his one chair close to the stove of his single-roomed cabin. "Two years ago I was really at home enjoying the fire with the old folks; now I am alone. But it will not be long," and he looked around with a conscious pride upon some new furniture—a table, a cupboard and a roll of carpet—that shone in its gaudy cheapness in a corner of the room. "It will not be long. I hope, for I think she loves me well enough to marry me. I've treated the poor child shabbily for a while, I know; but the finding of Mary's school and the getting her here has about kept me busy. An' I don't suppose the little lass knows of her at all."

He put a few more pieces of wood into the fire and continued: "Mother was married on that day—I wish I could be married, but no, it is too late now. I must go ter town agin to-morrow an' git another load of furniture an' then I'll speak ter her. I wish Mary could be here with us but she can't until summer an' then, 'seem' as how as th' old folks is gone, mabe she will; but I know she'll like my little gal, my pretty prairie wild-rose, my sweet-heart."

He started to his feet. A horse's hoofs were heard outside coming on a run up the beaten path that led from the regular trail to the settlement. In a moment he was at the door peering into the darkness.

A little figure slid down from a panting pony and Merl's face looked up at him.

"You, her?" he exclaimed, startled as at an apparition.

"Yes, me. But thar ain't no time ter waste, Jim; they're comin'."

"Comin' who?"

"Th' lynchers. I heard 'em a ways back. They's a lot of 'em an' we must act quick."

"We must? What do they want o' us?"

"They think you've done somethin'. Never mind now what, an' air comin' ter punish yeh."

Blake would have stormed and fretted himself into uselessness if the girl had not brought him to his senses.

"Do as I say. Give me yer hat an' when they git in sight blow out yer light, hide under th' bed an' I'll skip. They'll foller me thinkin' it's you, an' I'll lead 'em a chase, I tell yer. While we're gone you make yerself scarce. Understand?"

There was no time for parley. Already the muffled patter of ponies' hoofs on the sod could be distinguished.

"No, no, I am no coward. I'll take the chase and I'll escape, too," the man was determined and attempted to take from the girl the hat she had snatched from the table just inside the door.

There was a little struggle but the pursuers did not see it.

What they did see just as they came within a few rods of the house was a quick extinguishing of the light in the cabin and a dark figure with Blake's hat dimly outlined against the sky.

Away it dashed across the prairie, followed by at least twenty men on horseback, all masked and crying: "There he goes; he's guilty sure; after him!"

The ponies of the lynchers were no better than that of the rider they were following and that personage easily led them just enough to keep them encouraged.

While they were passing, the men's bodies rising and falling in monotonous regularity as the level leagues were passed.

"Who warned him?" asked the leader angrily, shouting out the question to his band.

His conscience, answered one with a coarse laugh, and no more was said.

The prairies proper were being left behind. The course of the cavalcade as it followed the dark figure on horseback that like a will-o'-the-wisp kept so provokingly just ahead of them was plainly down hill. It was a long incline leading to the bottom lands of the Smoky Hill River, and the grass grew thicker and taller as they went farther on.

A steeper slope told them that they would soon be on level ground along the river, when suddenly a shout of glee went up from the band of pursuers.

The horse ahead had done just what they had expected some of their own would do while racing through a weedy ravine—its feet had become tangled in the long sough-grass and it had fallen.

In a moment they were surrounding the form of the rider which lay still and helpless partially under the broncho with face hidden by the darkness and the mass of weeds and grass which overhung.

They lifted up the head covered with the wide felt hat—a white round

face could be traced in the starlight now struggling through the clouds.

Markham leaned closer down to get a better view. Then with a startled glance he turned to his comrades. "Boys," he exclaimed, "it's a gal!"

Had a meteor fallen in their midst no greater surprise could have been manifested by the party.

"I 'lowed," said one sheepishly, "that we was followin' Blake."

"Of course you did an' so did the rest of us," spoke up the southerner in his cool, sarcastic way. "But we made a pretty spectacle of ourselves, didn't we, a chassin' this little gal over the prairies a cold night like this. But now let's get her back to th' cabin."

Merl was insensible and one arm hung limp and motionless by her side. Markham lifted her to his saddle and the remainder of the party were just mounting their horses when a crackling sound in the bushes and dry weeds attracted their attention.

A dozen revolver hammers clicked! All waited and watched eagerly until at once they saw a number of points of fire in a semi-circle before them; and then dark forms came cautiously forward.

"Cattle, as I'm a sinner," ejaculated Markham. "Boys, it's a bunch of the Occidental's herd wandered off an' here we was goin' ter—"

The cattle came nearer and one of the herders recognized them and swore with a string of oaths nearly as long as his lariat that Markham was right and the tall grass in the bottom lands, sprinkled with brush had proved an effective hiding place for the stray animals even had the season been later.

It was far past midnight when the party drew up at the nearest house, Blake's cabin. "We oughtn't bring her here but it's too far in any other direction," said Markham. "An' we kin send fer some of the women."

Blake met them a mile or more from the house, as he had saddled his own horse and followed to see what was the fate of his rescuer.

"Blake," said Markham, when they had laid down their burden on the rude bed and lighted a fire, "we hev bin a pack of tamed fools an' but fer that brave lassie, thar, you'd be hangin' from some neighborin' cottonwood. Ye would, fer a fact."

Blake's face whitened as he thought of it for he knew that he had little to offer against the party's circumstantial evidence.

By daylight Mrs. Markham and the only man pretending to medicinal lore, the paymaster of the Occidental Company, were at the cabin.

"She's brised pretty bad," said McCarrick, as he felt of the girl's head. "Her arm is broken and she has had other injuries. She must not be moved for a week. Then she'll be all right."

They stepped outside the cabin to have further consultation and did not notice that Blake returned to the house.

He knelt by the side of the white-faced sufferer. She was conscious now and blushed as she saw his bearded face so near her own. The doctor's words were repeated and then he added some other words, the import of which was that she need not ever be moved from the cabin if she would but say yes.

"But—but—the school marm?" she stammered, with a half-jealous pang. "The school marm?" repeated Blake. "Do you mean my sister, Mary?"

There was no more hesitancy and when with Markham and the rest standing around, McCarrick, who was also a justice of the peace, made the settler and his rescuer husband and wife, no one was sad but Mrs. Fleegle who thought what a good servant she had lost and how angry her husband would be.

"And it's Thanksgiving, too," exclaimed Blake when he had received the congratulations of his late enemies.

"Ya-as, you hev' two things ter be thankful fer," said Markham dryly, "yer life an' yer wife."

There was no Thanksgiving dinner, for there was no time or room for such a thing; but there was just as much happiness in Blake's heart and Merl, as her face glowed with gladness, felt that even with her perilous ride and the resulting accident she had purchased her entry into a new life cheaply. The rest of the furniture was brought later on and Blake said it reached the one it was intended for.

The Fat 'Un.



Now whiskers, ere I go to lay my head on yon block and bid good-bye to this fair world let me crave your pardon for having called you a swivel-toed, pigeon-breasted dyspeptic. Would to chancicleer I were like you now.

Fully Deserving of a Title.

Sir Blundell Maple, upon whom the dignity of knighthood has recently been conferred, is the head of the biggest furniture and upholstery establishment in the Tottenham court road, London, a locality, by the way, that is by no means swell or fashionable. Upon some one asking a cabinet minister what the tradesman had done to be distinguished, he replied: "Oh; he has made an enormous fortune, has helped the prince of Wales on two or three occasions, and paid £15,000 for the great horse Common, the winner of the Derby in 1891. If he doesn't deserve knighthood, who in the world does?"

BRIGHT FLASHES OF WIT

LATE PRODUCTIONS OF THE HUMORISTS.

A Dead Failure.—From the Backwoods.—Why He Wanted the Money.—That Unusual Noise.—He Wanted Renewing.—A Misunderstanding.

A Dead Failure.

The fellow with a big lump in his wind pipe and a birthmark on his left ear lost no time in announcing that he wanted some life insurance.

"Can't seem to make anything out of existing in this world," he explained with an effort to be careful, "and I'd like to see if dying won't be more profitable."

The clerk smiled obligingly and opened a book.

"What's the state of your health?" The fellow with the lump in his wind-pipe seemed deeply affected.

"Bad," he replied in a lachrymose voice.

The clerk closed his book.

"We can't insure anyone in bad health," he quietly observed.

"Hey!"

"Can't insure you. Good-day."

Gradually the situation dawned upon the man with the birthmark on his left ear.

"Can't insure me at all, eh?"

"No."

"All right. Now I want to make you a proposition. I'll bet you even I don't die inside of a year."

The clerk looked startled and shook his head.

"Well, I'll bet even I do die inside a year."

"No; I don't want to bet."

"I'll give you any odds other way."

"No. Good-day."

Hope fled from the visage of the fellow with the big lump in his windpipe. Dejected and miserable he left the office.

"A failure in life, a failure in death," he muttered.

No one remembered ever seeing him afterward.—Detroit Tribune.

Why He Wanted the Money.

"Why, no," said Mr. Peck, the grocer, in a surprised tone, in reply to Benny Bloombumper's request, "I haven't any work I can give you just now. How is it you are asking something to do? A well-dressed boy like you doesn't often ask for an odd job."

"Oh, sir," replied Benny, "if you but knew how anxious I am to earn a quarter you would surely give me a few errands to perform."

"You can't be hungry, can you?"

"Oh, no, sir. I have had my usual number of meals so far to-day."

"Do you want to give it to a poor widow, or to a blind man?"

"No, sir. I do not now recall any such unfortunates."

"Do you want to put it in the missionary box?"

"No, sir, my parents provide me with money for that purpose."

"You want to go to the minstrel show, perhaps?"

"You have not yet guessed my need of the money, sir."

"Then what in the world do you want it for?"

"Oh, sir," replied the distressed boy, "my mother said she would cut my hair after supper to-night, and I am extremely anxious to let the barber perform the work before that time."

"My poor boy," replied the grocer, deeply moved, "come right in. I'll give you a quarter's worth of errands to run."

Which he did.—William Henry Siver, in Harper's.

He Wanted Renewing.

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Jelly, to ask me to be your wife, but it can never be."

It was a fair young woman who spoke.

The man whose doom she had thus sealed had the appearance of a wreck.

She was the two-dozen woman who had crushed his hopes, and it began to have effect on him.

He rose from his knees trembling.

She was sorry for him—as women are under such circumstances—but she had done the best she could.

In a few brief moments he recovered his speech.

His lips quavered, but he was bound to say something.

"What shall I do?" he moaned.

The girl shook her head.

"I've asked two dozen women to marry me," he went on, "in the last ten years and every one has sat down on me. Even you have," he sighed, "and now what shall I do? I am completely worn out."

Her face was all ablaze and her eyes snapped.

Then she became cold and cruel.

"You would better have yourself upholstered," she replied in a steady voice, and swept out of the room.

That Unusual Noise.

A.—What is the matter with you this morning?

B.—I didn't sleep well last night. There was an unusual noise in my room.

"Did it wake you up?"

"Yes; any unusual noise wakes me up."

"Well, you see, my wife never scolds during the day but stores up all her resentment, like stored electricity."

"But you were speaking of an unusual noise during the night."

"Just so. I'm coming to that. You see I'm so used to her scolding that it acts on me like an opiate. As long as she jaws I sleep like a top."

"Well, she began jawing and I fell asleep as usual, and I would have slept all right if it had not been for the unusual noise!"

"What unusual noise?"

"She-quit talking."

And She Did.

The peculiar pertinacity of womanhood is well indicated in a dialogue something like this:—

"Well, I don't care. I think you are very mean. All I want—"

"Yes," he broke in, "all you want now is the last word, same as you always have, ain't it?"

"Yes, and I'll have it, too," spitefully.

"You won't."

"See if I don't."

"All right."

"All right it is."

"Have to mock every word I say, don't you?"

"Heavens, no! You never say anything worth repeating."

"Why do you echo me, then?"

"I don't."

"You do."

"I don't."

"Shut up."

"I won't."

"Gh!"

Then we heard, rather softly, as if talking to herself: "I said I'd have the last word, and I did. 'Gh' don't count, 'cause I don't believe it is a word."

The Stork to the Turk.



Ah! how I used to envy you your lot; every one so solicitous for your welfare and appetite; three meals a day and all that sort of thing. Ah, me! considering all things, and especially that to-morrow is Thanksgiving Day, I would rather be a stork.

Aiding His Old Horse.



His Honor—I will have to fine you \$10. The officer says you were driving furiously.

Farmer Suburb—Judge, just give me a receipt for that \$10. I want to show it to the old horse; it will help to cheer his declining years.—Judge.

Not Gold Fish.



Marshley—Cheer up, old chap, there's plenty of good fish in the sea. Hardup (who has just been rejected by Miss Croesus, the heiress, disconsolately)—Yes, but not gold fish.

The Boy Knew His Business.

Somebody had given the funny man's boy a dog, and when the father came home in the evening he was considerably interested in the new acquisition.

"Where did you get him?" he asked.

"A man down at the depot gave him to me."

"What do you call him?"

"Hen."

"That's a queer name. Haven't you got things mixed a little? Why don't you call him 'Rooster'?"

"'Cause he's a setter."

"Oh," and the father went inside to commune with himself.—Detroit Free Press.

Not Easily Satisfied.

A married gentleman is perusing a letter from a friend of his when he is interrupted by his wife:—

"Does he say nothing about me?"

"No."

"The boor!"

"Stay, yes; in concluding, he sends you his kind regards."

"The hypocrite! I know he cannot bear me!"—Le Dmeocrate.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

Doctor: "What your dyspepsia no better yet? Did you follow my advice and drink hot water one hour before breakfast?"

Patient: "I tried, doctor, but I couldn't keep it up for more than ten minutes at a stretch!"

NOTEWORTHY NAMES.

Secretary Foster is the thirty-first secretary of state, and six of his thirty predecessors became president—Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren and Buchanan.

The reports of Edwin Booth's condition are all exaggerated. He is regaining his health at Lakewood, and not only appears regularly at his meals in the grand dining room, but drives out daily.

In response to an endorse in

A Hamilton, Ill., colored man recently located his mother, from whom he was sold in slave days. She lives in Augusta, Ga.

Cured cough left after lung fever, with two bottles. Mrs. Lizzie Burns, Barclay, Sangamon Co., Ill., writes as follows: "I think Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is truly an excellent remedy for coughs left from lung fever, as two bottles entirely cured my daughter."

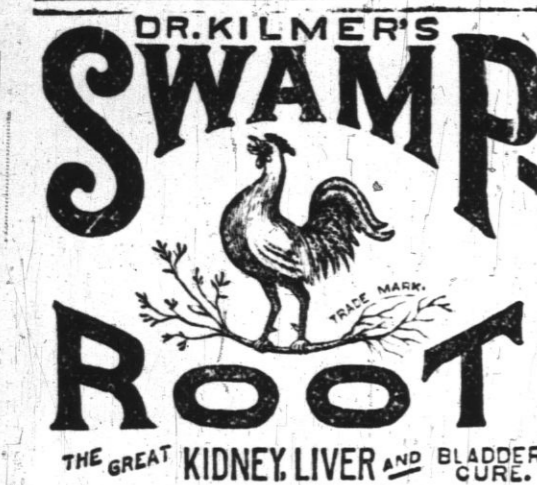
No man can be a successful hypocrite and amount to much at anything else.

Mr. Wm. H. Moore, 307 S. Clark St., Baltimore, Md., a Commission Merchant, recommends Salvation Oil for rheumatism and chilblains. He writes: "My wife and son have used Salvation Oil for rheumatism and chilblains with marked efficacy."

George A. Warren of Indianapolis, Ind., has a spoon which he claims was made in England 230 years ago.

"August Flower"

"For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said my stomach was worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food. On the recommendation of a friend I procured a bottle of August Flower. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained strength and flesh rapidly. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has cured me." Jas. B. Dederick, Saugerties, N.Y.



DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT

THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

Diabetes,
Excessive quantity and high colored urine.

La Grippe,
Cures the bad after effects of this trying epidemic and restores lost vigor and vitality.

Impure Blood,
Eczema, scrofula, malaria, pimples, blotches

General Weakness,
Constitutional run down, loss of ambition and a disinclination to all sorts of work.

Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund the price paid.

At Druggists, 50c. Size, \$1.00 Size. Invalids' Guide to Health free—Consultation free.

DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

That All-Gone or Faint Feeling

This is an every day occurrence; women are taken with that "all-gone" or faint feeling, while working, walking, calling, or shopping. The cause of this feeling is some derangement of weakness, or irregularity incident to her sex. It matters little from what cause it may arise, instant relief may always be found by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is the only Positive Cure and Legitimate Remedy for those peculiar weaknesses and ailments of women. It acts in perfect harmony with the laws that govern the female system under all circumstances.

All Druggists sell it, or send by mail, in form of Pills or Laxative, on receipt of 10c. Liver Pills, 25c. Correspondence promptly answered. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYDIA E. PINKHAM, MASS.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies

Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER

The Best Waterproof Coat in the World!

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMERIE SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire body. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is not on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lambe Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—45 cents.

CATARRH

The Best Remedy for Catarrh is the Best Remedy to Use, and Cheapest.

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, etc. E. T. Haseltine, Warren, Pa.

THEIR DARING DEEDS.

THE FAMOUS RAID OF THE YOUNGER BAND.

The Bloody Battle at Northfield—A Fight That Broke Up the Bandit Gang—The Eastern Man Who Broke the Record.

While it falls far short in tragic interest of the Coffeyville battle, the nearest approach to that conflict was the famous raid of the James and Younger brothers on the Northfield bank in Minnesota. That 7th of September, 1876, made the little Minnesota village famous wherever newspapers are read, and gave its people a reputation for courage now only eclipsed by the brave people of Coffeyville. The James and Younger gang were then at the height of their prosperity, when their exploits were heralded from ocean to ocean, and their names had but to be whispered in the districts which they infested to cause fear and trembling. Defeat was a foreign element to them, and they had apparently but to act to be successful, no matter how gigantic their undertaking. But when they struck the peaceful little city of Northfield they made the error of their lives. It was an error that brought their career to an ignominious end.

In that raid eight robbers were engaged. They rode into town and straight to the bank. Three dismounted while the others galloped up and down the street, shooting and yelling to frighten the people. The men who entered the bank secured some booty, but killed Cashier Heywood in doing it. In the meantime the citizens had armed themselves and opened fire on the bandits in the street. For fifteen minutes a battle raged, and when the bandits beat a retreat they left two of their number dead in the street—Cliff Miller and Bob Stiles—and carried one of the Youngers sadly wounded with them. As they rode up the street a Swede, who had been but a short time in the country and who could not speak English, came out of a shop and was ordered to go back. Not understanding what they said he failed to comply and was shot through the head, dying the next morning.

Parties were at once organized at various points, and the story of the fight with the wounded men, with the attendant escapes and hair-breadth perils afforded a most exciting chapter of the raid. The country between Northfield and Missouri, headquarters of the gang, was up in arms, and the result was that three were captured and one killed, making six left behind of the eight who started on this costly errand of plunder.

Jesse and Frank James escaped. Charley Pitts, alias George Wells, was killed at Madelia, where Colo. Robert and James Younger were captured and subsequently lodged in jail at Faribault.

On the 10th day of November, 1876, the bandits were indicted at Faribault, and pleading guilty, were sentenced on the 20th to the state prison during the term of their natural lives, and on the 22d they were taken to Stillwater.

Shortly after, as every one knows, Jesse James was shot and instantly killed in his home in Missouri, and Frank still lives now a law-abiding citizen. On September 27, 1889, Bob Younger passed away, breathing his last in the arms of his sister at the state prison. Cole Younger is still serving his sentence, and disclaims any knowledge or relationship to the Dattons.

Oliver Curtis Perry broke the record in train robbing when alone and unaided he attempted to hold up an express messenger on the Central Hudson road near Syracuse, N.Y., on the 20th of February, 1892, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Perry got no booty, and is now doing penance in the state's prison. Perry boarded the train when it pulled out of Syracuse and climbed on top of the express car. He was provided with a hooked cane. Fastening the hook to the slight cornice of the roof on one side of the car he let himself down on the other, and resting on his toes on the ledge that runs around the car, he looked in the glass of the side door and saw the express messenger in front of one of the safes, which was open, making up his bills. He smashed the glass with his revolver, covered the messenger and shouted to him to hold up his hands.

Instead of doing this Messenger McInerney reached for the signal cord with one hand and for his revolver with the other. A bullet smashed the hand on the cord, but not before it had given the signal that aroused the conductor. Then he fired at the robber and put a bullet through his coat. Then the robber shot the messenger twice, once in the right leg and once in the temple. He climbed into the car, and a desperate struggle took place, which did not end until the train was stopped for the first time near Weedsport. The robber then climbed out on top of the cars and remained there through the stop at Port Byron, until the train reached Lyons, where he took to the fields, but was captured the next day.

Calico.
The word "calico" has a queer origin. Many centuries ago the first monarch of the province of Malabar gave to one of his chiefs, as a reward for distinguished services, his sword and all the land within the limit of which a cock crowing at a certain temple could be heard. From this circumstance the little town which grew up in the center of this territory was called Calico, or the "cock crowing." Afterwards it was called Calicut, and from this place the first cotton goods were imported into England, bearing the name calico.

A NEAT TRICK.

The American Colonel Beats the Roman Beggar at His Own Game.

Col. H. of Baltimore settled in Rome seven years since, says the Editor's drawer of Harper's Magazine, and for a time received his mail at a bank to which he always walked morning and afternoon, passing en route through the Piazza di Spagna, where a venerable beggar sat and to whom he gave alms each time he passed. But after a few months' knowledge of Roman beggarism he suddenly ceased to drop the accustomed copper into the extended hat. Whereupon the beggar brought suit for 600 lire, which he claimed to have loaned Col. H., producing at the same time two witnesses to the fact. The victim of the trick lost no time in consulting a native lawyer, who remarked that while he had no doubt of the utter fraudulency of the claim, still the testimony of the beggar and two eye witnesses must stand in the absence of any rebutting evidence, but that if the colonel would spend half the sum involved he would undertake to defeat the stratagem. Outraged as he was, the colonel concluded to accede to the attorney's terms, and when the case came up, and the beggar's two witnesses had testified to having seen the beggar lend the money to the defendant on a certain day, the latter's attorney promptly called two witnesses who made oath that they had seen Colonel H. pay the money back to the beggar on a day that proved to be just a week after date of the alleged negotiation—this to the amazement of the colonel and the consternation and defeat of the beggar.

PROPER MASTICATION.

What the Term Implies and What It Accomplishes.

Proper mastication implies that the food be thoroughly chewed and mixed with the fluids of the mouth before being swallowed, and that these functions be performed without haste.

Most people eat as though they were ignorant of the fact that the stomach has no teeth or means of ensalivating the food with which they fill it. The stomach is a most faithful servitor, and makes a long and earnest struggle to preserve its owner from the inevitable consequences of imposing upon its functions which nature intended should be performed by the teeth and the salivary glands; but like the indulgence of a faithful mother or any other self-sacrificing friend, its services are only recognized when it is unable to respond to demands for them.

Most people as they approach middle life lose many of their back teeth, which are the principal implements of mastication, but they fail to bear in mind that they should take more time at their meals in order to prepare their food for swallowing. They should remember that nature makes no allowance for their infirmities in this respect, but will hold them to strict account for any neglect to observe the rules of health.

Dr. Johnson on Sunday.

"Sunday," said Dr. Johnson, "was a heavy day to me when I was a boy. My mother confined me on that day and made me read 'The Whole Duty of Man,' from a great part of which I could derive no instruction. When, for instance, I had read the chapter on the theft, which from my infancy I had been taught was wrong, I was no more convinced that theft was wrong than before; so there was no accession of knowledge. A boy should be introduced to such books by having his attention directed to the arrangement, to the style and other excellences of composition, so that the mind, being thus engaged by an amusing variety of objects may not grow weary."

Was it this that suggested to Mr. William Black the incident in "A Daughter of Hoth," where the boys at the Manse were always given "Josephus" as a book for Sunday reading, and evinced a remarkable liking for one particular volume. On examination it was discovered that they had glued the edges of the volume together, cut out the center part, and converted the tome into a capital box in which they kept their white mice.—Hampshire Journal.

PITH AND POINT.

Fair Soprano, having finished her trial—Do you think my voice will fill the hall? Glean Manager—I fear it would have just the opposite effect.

Irate Passenger, as train is moving off—Why didn't you put my luggage in as I told you? Porter—Eh, mon; yer luggage is no sich a yase as yer self. Ye're t' wrong train.

"How is it with you?" asked the editor of the subscriber who was dying in arrears. "All I see is bright before me," gasped the subscriber. "I thought so," said the editor. "In about ten minutes you'll see it blaze."

Dick Hicks—Are prayers answered in their exact order? Mrs. Hicks—Why do you ask? Dick Hicks—Nothin', only I prayed for a bicycle an' a baby brother over a year ago an' the bicycle hasn't got here yet.

Little Boy—Mamma, may I have that big family Bible a little while? Fond Mamma—Of course you can my pet. Your thoughts are on higher things. I see. Little Boy—Yes'm. Bridget, to herself two hours afterward—Humph! More of that jam gone. I don't see how that boy reaches it.

Clara—When George and I are married, I'm to have my own way in everything. Dora—Guess you won't. Clara—Indeed I will. That's the bargain. Don't you remember, I told you he proposed to me in a row-boat, and asked me if I'd float through life with him just that way? "Yes." "Well, he was rowing, but I was steering."

OUR ST. LOUIS LETTER.

A Mammoth Street Railway Proposition—Activity in the Local Apple and Pecan Trades.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 24.—If a bill now pending before the municipal assembly is passed St. Louis will have the cheapest system of railroad fares in the country. The bill is pushed by the projectors of a new road which is intended to connect all the other lines in the city, giving the passenger transfer tickets from the one to the other. If the franchise is obtained the road will be built in time to carry the people who flock into the city for the fall festivities next year. A passenger then who starts from Carondelet, the extreme southern end of the city, will be able to ride to Baden, the northern boundary, and there transfer to other lines that will take him to the western limits, getting a trip of over twenty-five miles for 5 cents. The scheme is simple enough, but if it is carried out it will provide the city with a gigantic plan of passenger transportation, that is unapproached in any other of our large cities.

It has been found by several years' experience that the attempt to educate the Chinese here through instruction in Sunday schools is unsatisfactory. Neither the churches nor the pupils are content with the results. Another plan for the benefit of the Chinese is to be put into operation this winter by benevolent people of means who take an interest in making good citizens of this class of immigrants. Several night schools are to be established, at least three, in the part of the city in which most of them live, somewhere in the down town blocks of Market and Walnut streets. The instruction will not be entirely free; it has been decided that it will be wiser to make the Chinese student understand that he must pay for his books, anyway. The salaries of the teachers, all of whom are to be men and women and who have formerly taught the Chinese in Sunday schools, will be paid from a fund to which a number of missionary societies will contribute.

Money is more plentiful, and commands lower rates of interest in St. Louis and Philadelphia than in any other cities of the United States. Much of the idle capital here has been put into trust companies lately, but from the organization of two rather original enterprises the other day it seems that there are enough moneyed men to make experiments with their capital if their appears to be a legitimate prospect of a fair profit in the schemes proposed. One of these new companies has bought an island in the Mississippi river, about forty miles from St. Louis, and has planted it with 800 pecan trees. The men at the head of the company are confident that they will make a lot of money as soon as the trees begin to bear. They claim that they have on their island about the same climate that there is in those parts of Texas where the best pecan nuts grow.

The other company was organized to buy apple orchards in Illinois and Missouri and plant more trees than their present owners are able to manage. The owners of the orchards have in most cases gone into the companies, and when they were unwilling to do this the companies have bought their farms outright. This scheme was suggested to the St. Louis investors by the condition of the apple crop of the United States for the past three years, during which time the east has had to look to Illinois and Missouri for the bulk of its apples. The operations of this company will make St. Louis the largest apple market in the country in a few years. It is very near that now, New York being the only city which handles more of the fruit.

A postal card was sold in Paris for \$50 a short time ago.

Cold Wave Coming.

The weather reports from all extreme stations announce the early advent of severe cold waves which will, for a protracted period, give our region a taste of the frigid zone.

This is not unusual in this latitude and at this time of the year. In anticipation of this fact, thousands of people are completing arrangements to spend the winter in the South. For all such persons, the question of choosing a route is of great moment.

Of all south-bound roads, the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad offers the best advantages to the traveler. It is the shortest line from Chicago to Florida and Gulf Coast resorts. Its trains reach destination six hours in advance of any other line. It has a perfect passenger service. Its equipment is unsurpassed.

Its popular fast train, the "Chicago and Nashville Limited" connects with all through trains from the West and Northwest, is vestibuled from end to end, is heated by steam and lighted by gas, is composed of Pullman sleepers, Pullman dining cars, Pullman coaches, and a superb dining car, dispensing a cuisine the better of which is not found in America.

The "Chicago and Nashville Limited" leaves Dearborn Station, Chicago, at 4:00 p. m. every day in the year, running through without change to Nashville, Tenn., where it makes sure connections with the fast trains of the L. & N. R. for Jacksonville, Fla., St. Augustine, Pensacola, New Orleans, and all points in Florida or on the Gulf Coast.

For full information, time tables, maps, illustrated guide book, etc., apply to, or address any agent of connecting lines, Charles W. Humphrey, Northern Passenger Agent, 150 East Third St., St. Paul, Minn., City Ticket Office, 204 Clark St., Chicago, or Charles L. Stone, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Room 415 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago.

A man who can, in cold blood, hunt and torture a poor, innocent animal, cannot feel much compassion for the distress of his own species.

NEBRASKA FARMS.

Five thousand acres selected lands in bodies of 160 to 1,500 acres. Magnificent crops. Richest soil in the State. Near Union Pacific and B. & M. Railroads. \$5.00 to \$10.00 per acre. Value of Nebraska farm products in 1891, \$100,000,000.00. 1892 crops still larger. Address W. G. ALBRIGHT, 521, 522, 523, N. Y. Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Speaking ill of other people is only a roundabout way of bragging on ourselves.

Nathaniel Brown, colored, of Baltimore drank three pints of whisky on a bet and died.

Baker's Emulsion.
The great remedy for throat and lungs, debility, etc., palatable as honey. Sold by druggists.

An inmate of Sing Sing prison has composed a number of songs, which he shows to visitors.

For sick headache, dizziness, or swimming in the head, pain in the back, body, or rheumatism, take Beecham's Pills.

IN OLDEN TIMES

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

To-morrow is the fool's seed time.

"Your Work in Life."

A series of 13 articles by successful men in a many pursuits is one of the many strong groups of articles which are announced in THE YOUTH'S COMPANION for 1891. "The Bravest Deed I Ever Saw," is the title of another series by United States Generals. The prospectus for the coming year for THE COMPANION is more varied and generous than ever. Those who subscribe at once will receive the paper free to Jan. 1, 1891, and for a full year from that date. Only 10 cents a year. Address THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

Potatoes claimed to weigh three pounds are among the products of Austin county, Wash.

Both Fakes.

Race Meet Manager—You racing men are as false as—

McSpot—As the valuable prizes you put up, eh!

Horsch, Chicago's Scientific Optician, Spectacles and Eye Glasses a specialty. Consult us about your eyes, improve your sight. 183 Adams St., 924 P. O.

Next year a triple football league will probably be formed between Boston university, Amherst Agricultural college and Worcester Polytechnic institute.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Knife,"
Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. 10c. 25c. 50c.

J. L. Douglas of Humboldt county, Cal., is the possessor of a beard reputed to be 47 inches long.

Don't give up and say there is nothing for catarrh, Hay Fever and Cold in head, since thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirely cured them.

I have been bothered with catarrh for about twenty years; I had lost sense of smell entirely, and I had almost lost my hearing. My eyes were getting so dim I had to get some one to thread my needle. Now I have my hearing as well as I ever had, and I can see to thread as fine a needle as ever I did, my sense of smell seems to be improving all the time. I think there is nothing like Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh.—Mrs. E. E. Grimes, Rendell, Perry Co., O.

Apply Balm into each nostril. It is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

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"That unrivaled complexion," said a prominent New Yorker, alluding to a acquaintance, "was the result of using Gardfield Tea."

Send for free sample to 319 West 45th St., New York city.

Shark River, N. J., lays claim to a dog which catches crabs.

Florida and the Sunny South Via the Big Four Route.

To all persons contemplating a Southern trip the Big Four route offers special attractions and advantages possessed by no other line. Solid vestibuled trains, heated with steam and equipped with palace sleeping cars, reclining chair cars and elegant parlor cafe dining cars run daily, making connection in Central Union station, Cincinnati, with through express trains of the Queen & Crescent route, Louisville & Nashville, Kentucky Central and Chesapeake & Ohio railways, avoiding the tedious transfer necessary via other lines, and affording practically through train service to Old Point Comfort, Asheville, Chattanooga, New Orleans, Savannah, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Tampa, Indian River and all winter resorts of the South. Tourist tickets by the Popular Big Four Route at special low rates on sale at all coupon ticket offices throughout the country. Ask the agent for tickets via the Big Four Route. D. B. Martin, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Cincinnati, Ohio.

How soon the millennium would come if the good things people intend to do to-morrow were only done to-day!

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

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FITS—All fits stopped free by DR. KILMER'S GREAT NERVE RESTORE. No fit after first bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kilmer, 301 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

It is hard to kill a sin that appears to pay well.



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Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Smallest, easiest, cheapest, best. They're tiny, sugar-coated, and bilious granules, a compound of refined and concentrated vegetable extracts. Without disturbance or trouble. Constipation, Sick and Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured. Permanently cured, too. By their mild and natural action, these little Pellets lead the system into natural ways again. Their influence lasts.

Everything catarrhal in its nature, catarrh itself, and all the troubles that come from catarrh, are perfectly and permanently cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. No matter how bad your case or of how long standing, you can be cured.

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at the expense of the Body. While we drive the brain we must build up the body. Exercise, pure air—foods that make healthy flesh—refreshing sleep—such are methods. When loss of flesh, strength and nerve become apparent your physician will doubtless tell you that the quickest builder of all three is

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of Cod Liver Oil, which not only creates flesh and in itself, but stimulates the appetite for other foods.

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Think of it. There are 200,000 women in the United States to-day earning a living in professional and mercantile pursuits. What an army! If they were banished from business to-morrow the wheels of commerce would almost stop. Many of these women suffer from dyspepsia or indigestion. If they will get a box of the Laxative Gum Drops they will be charmed to know what a perfect thing these gum drops are. How they regulate the stomach and liver without any pain or annoyance. How easily they can be taken without any spoon or liquid or trouble of any sort. Take one or two after each meal, without any taste of medicine and no bitterness. They are as innocent tasting as candy. Any druggist will get them for you, if he hasn't them in stock. And as they only cost 10 cents a box for the small size and 25 for the large, any one can get them. SYLVAN REMEDY CO., Peoria, Ill.

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A GRANITE LOOPHOLE.

THE LION SHOT DOWN BETWEEN THE BOWLDERS.

The Young Hunter Was Very Reckless But Not So Reckless That He Did Not Run When a Mountain Lion Approached.

On the Upper Limpin Creek, which comes through the most beautifully picturesque of all Texas canyons, I remembered an incident in which I figured some forty years ago. I was one of a large party which camped for several days on the Limpin, some sixty miles above Fort Davis and ninety miles from the Rio Grande.

After we had been in camp a couple of days, resting and grazing our mules and killing all the game we needed almost within gunshot of the camp, some of the most fearless and venturesome of the party concluded to try their luck in the search for larger game.

On the third morning, very early, ten of the most reckless of our gang started for a day's sport in the adjacent foothills, some ten or twelve miles distant. At that day there was a considerable sprinkling of black-tailed deer and some mountain goat in that section, and many stories of the fine sport to be had with such game aroused us to the highest pitch of excitement and anticipation.

After scouring the foothills for the best part of the day we concentrated our forces for a parley and to dress the two black-tailed deer we had killed, and one of the party perceived a mountain goat perched upon the top of a rock on the side of a hill some fifty feet above its base. Now there is no timber in this section except a straggling growth of scrub cottonwood along the margins of the Limpin creek. Where we were at that time there was nothing growing but grass and the cactus plant, so there was no escape from the attack of a dangerous foe except by a bold front and desperate self-defense.

Myself and a companion were left to guard the venison, says a Philadelphia Times writer, while the others, eight in number, sallied forth to capture the goat, a feat very seldom accomplished, as that animal is one of the most wary of all wild beasts of the wilderness. We were very near the base of the mountain, where we had been in search of water, which we found in limited supply in the cups or openings of the rock on the mountain side. I had noticed seams and fissures in the rocks large enough to admit a small-sized body, and wondered if they did not form hiding places for huge snakes or small animals of some kind.

The party in pursuit of the goat barely commenced the siege when we perceived a large mountain lion approaching us from the opposite direction, not more than fifty yards distant, and coming in that cat-like, cautious, crouching way that told us plainly that he meant no good. He had scented the fresh venison, and being driven to desperation by hunger, the bait was too tempting to resist, and he was fully determined to possess it at all hazards.

Our first impression was that it was a huge panther and felt as insecure as if it had been an African lion, for in case of a failure on our part to repulse the enemy on the first charge we were lost. With all my boasted courage and fearless abandon, I confess I had a slight faintness of heart just at that moment, and it flashed across my mind like electricity that I had best seek safety in the openings in the rocks near by, and with the speed of electricity I put my thoughts into execution and was safely squeezed in between the huge rocks far enough to be out of danger—snakes or no snakes—and near enough to the narrow aperture to see what was going on.

I was not long in fortifying myself, and by considerable effort getting my rifle in position. On first view of the surroundings I was anything but reassured. The lion was eagerly tearing to pieces and devouring something and, as my companion was not to be seen, I managed to work myself near enough to the aperture to rest my heavy rifle on the ragged edge of the rock, and taking deliberate aim at a distance of at least 175 yards, I fired, the ball taking effect just behind the base of the skull, and coming out in front just between the eyes.

I soon extricated myself from my prison and hastened to finish my job with my Colt's navy, and when within twenty steps of the dead lion picked up my companion's loaded rifle where he had dropped it in his stampede. I stood where I picked up the rifle and put the contents of that gun also into the lion's head to make assurance doubly sure.

My companion was not to be seen in any direction, and I had almost come to the conclusion that the lion had swallowed him feathers, and all. After looking around for some minutes without success I heard a faint cry some half mile away, and looking in that direction I discovered him perched upon a ledge of rock at least 100 yards up the almost perpendicular side of the mountain. This was the first animal of the kind I had ever seen, and when I found he measured nine feet ten inches from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, I felt as though a greater man than Caesar still lived and had his being. The boys brought in their goat skin with the huge head of horns and we secured our lion skin and the saddle of venison of two deer—or what was left by the lion—and after a weary tramp of twelve miles arrived in camp. I was fully satisfied with that day's sport, so much so indeed that I did not hanker after any more just like it.

A mustache is not regarded as a marketable commodity, says London

Million, but a man disposed of his upper lip ornament the other day to a beardless youth who envied him its possession. The two men were sitting in a cafe when the youth in a moment of guileless desire, said, "I will give you 50 shillings for your moustache." "Done," replied the other, with dramatic promptitude, and calling for a pair of scissors, he laid the moustache on the table. The young fellow protested that he was only joking, but his companion issued a county court summons, for the amount agreed upon, and recovered it without much trouble.

ANOTHER STORY OF LINCOLN.

How He Thrashed a Bully in True Queensberry Style.

"I had the distinguished honor to be the companion of Abraham Lincoln in one of his flatboat expeditions," said David G. Stephens, one of the pioneers of Illinois. "Furthermore, the great martyr-president became my champion and thrashed a man on my account, and thrashed him good. I was a boy of 15, rather delicate, and my father, who loved Lincoln as a son, sent me on a trip with him, hoping that roughing it would improve my health. We had tied up one night at a small landing where there was a tavern.

"A fellow who called himself the 'bull of the woods,' and had several snifters of corn juice under his belt, came aboard looking for trouble. Lincoln was lying down asleep on the soft side of a pine plank with one brawny arm for a pillow. I was washing out a hickory shirt, and the intruder attempted to souse my head into the bucket of soapy water.

"Lincoln awoke and told him to let me alone. He paid no attention to the awkward, long-legged sleeper, but picked up the pall and jammed it down over my head, almost drowning me. When I got the scapsuds out of my eyes sufficiently to see, Lincoln had him by the collar, was holding him so that his toes just touched the deck, and was planting terrific kicks under his coat-tails with his No. 11 cowhide boot. I visited Lincoln at the white house shortly after the outbreak of the war. He presented me with a captain's commission, remarking: 'The bull of the woods has broke loose again.'"

An Idyl of the Present. "Then you positively refuse my love, Alicia, and we are henceforth and forever to be strangers to each other?" he asked sadly.

"Yes, Mr. Oldboy, I cannot marry you, and it is therefore better that we should part."

"Then, Alicia, if this is to be our final parting I must ask you if you will—will—"

"Be a sister to you? Oh, yes, Mr. Oldboy, with pleasure."

"No, no," he answered wildly, "you misunderstand. Will you please return my—"

"Can you ask for the few paltry presents you have given me?"

"Suspenders!" gasped the unhappy man, "my new blue suspenders you borrowed to wear with your yachting suit."

But she hung her head in despair. How could she tell him they were "busted."—Detroit Free Press.

A Case Where It Wouldn't Work. "Ever in jail?" asked Dare-Devil Dick.

"Once," answered Bloody Bill.

"Hoss stealin'?"

"Git sent up?"

"Yes, two year."

"Whar was y'r pals? Couldn't they prove an alibi?"

"Yes, they could have proved one fur me, but they couldn't hev proved no alibi fur the hoss. I wuz ridin' him when I was ketchtd, 'n' gosh."

Quite Australian.

Heard outside a cake shop: First Girl, the intelligent-looking one with the aspect of high poetic thought in her violet eyes.—Will you crunch a bun and scald yourself with some tea?

Second Girl, the one with the hungry, bony expression, whose gaze had been fixed for several seconds on the victuals.—Yes, I'd like to throw some food into my head.—The Boomerang.

JUST FOR FUN.

Mr. Toothandnail—I can't imagine what we ever got married for; we're totally different at every single point. Mrs. Toothandnail—Oh you flatterer!

First Sportsman, as the partridge flies off—Just my luck, miss fire every time. Second Ditto—Don't despair. You may have better luck in another world.

Wife—I want to talk to you about some things we need for the house. Husband—What are they? Wife—Well, to begin with, dear, don't you think we need a new bonnet?

"I see that O'Grogan has got him a coat of arms since he was appointed deputy sheriff." "The thirty aristocrat! Wance he was glad enough to go out in his shirt sleeves wid the rest of us."

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I hope I make myself plain, sir? Mr. Crimsonbeak—Nature saved you that trouble, ma'am.

Patson—This set of teeth you made for me is too big. Dentist—Yes, sir. Sit down in the chair and I will enlarge your mouth.

"Captain, there's a lady standing on the dock who wishes to speak to you before the boat pulls out." The captain of the lake steamer hurriedly ran up on deck and looked in the direction indicated. "Lady be hanged!" he exclaimed. "That's my wife!"

"Wair, oh wair is my Vir-r-gin-l-a!" shrieked Roscius Wallack Duffy, the nonpareil barnstorming tragedian, as he stood behind the scenes waiting for his cue. "Out 'ere on the stage, you bat-eyed ham," said a vulgar fellow in the gallery, as he seized a fisted rutabaga in one hand. "An' you know she is, only you darsent come out and show yuhself!"

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500 Double Springs, best steel wire, hardwood frames..... **1 16**

500 Double Mattresses, good ticking, strong and soft..... **1 62**

500 elegant Pillows, made of the best ticking, per pair..... **1 25**

250 large Sheet-Iron Stoves, very best of mounting, elegant heaters..... **3 80**

100 elegant Looking Cook Stoves..... **6 75**

200 elegant different high-back Dining Room Chairs, nicest and latest designs, can seat, very best of finish..... **70**

1000 elegant different Olographs..... **43**

300 pair of beautiful Lace Curtains, 3 yards long, tape edges all around, very fine designs..... **60**

60 best arranged Bookcases, very fine, solid oak..... **6 50**

35 elegant large Hall Trees, solid oak, large plate glass..... **6 50**

42 rolls of elegant all-wool Ingrain Carpet, good patterns, extra heavy, per yard..... **55**

200 rolls of good substantial Ingrain Carpet, good patterns, per yard..... **21**

300 rolls of extra heavy Tapestry Brussels Carpet, artistic patterns, extra heavy, per yard..... **46**

100 dozen Double Comforters, red on one side, good designs of calico on the other..... **73**

200 sets of fine Dinner Crockery, made in England, rich decorations..... **6 50**

12 dozen rich decorated Hanging Lamps, with prisms and solid brass frames..... **2 75**

OUR EASY TERMS.

\$ 30 worth of goods, \$2.50 per month. \$ 50 worth of goods, \$ 4.00 per month.
100 worth of goods, 6.00 per month. 200 worth of goods, 10.00 per month.

PEOPLE'S OUTFITTING CO.

1712 1713, W. MADISON ST.
OPEN EVENINGS. NEAR HALSTED.