

THE MOWER'S SONG.

The mower's song, 'am I of clay?
The birds sing sweeter than in May!
I hear the mower's sickle clear,
It is his joy-time of the year:
I hear him sing amid the hay.

If life hath gone cross-wise to-day,
It paineth less—the bitter way,
If through that sorrow I may hear
The mower's song.

He riseth early for the fray,
Strong-armed 'd he sweeps the clover'd spray,
Singing his simple songs of cheer
There comes no shadow I may fear
With morning and that merry lay—
The mower's song.
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

HELEN'S GOOD DEED.

"Yes," said the doctor, solemnly, "she shows every indication of going into decline. Rest, relaxation, change of air and scene—that's what she ought to have."

Mrs. Dardanel looked perturbed. "Dear dear," she said, "what a pity! And she's quite a pet of mine, too dear little thing. She is very quick with her needle and really ingenious—and the way she puts trimmings on a dress positively reminds one of Mme. Antoine herself."

"The seaside cottage would be the place for her," suggested Dr. Midland. "You are one of the lady patronesses I believe, and—"

"Yes, but the seaside cottage is full," said Mrs. Dardanel. "Not an inch of room unoccupied. I had a note from the matron yesterday."

"Ah, indeed," said the doctor, fumbling with his watch seals. "Unfortunately—very."

"But," said Mrs. Dardanel, an idea suddenly occurring to her, much befuddled and befuddled he d. "There is Mrs. Daggett's farm a few miles farther down the shore. She takes boarders for \$5.00 a week and I believe it is a very nice place. If you think it advisable I will take a month's board for the girl there. I really feel as if the dear little thing belongs to me."

"An excellent plan," said the doctor, oracularly. "I have no doubt but that a month of sea air would make a different person of her."

Helen could hardly believe her own ears when Mrs. Dardanel beamingly announced her intentions.

"The seaside?" she cried, her pale face flushing all over. "The real sea? Oh, Mrs. Dardanel, I have dreamed of it all my life! And for a long bright summer month. Oh, how shall I ever thank you?"

Helen Hyde's heart beat high with delight when first she saw the Daggett farmhouse, a long, low, red building, with an immense stack of chimneys, a cluster of umbragious maple trees guarding it about with shade and a doorway full of sweet, old-fashioned flowers, while in sight of the windows the Atlantic swung its curling crests of foam all along the shining shore. Mrs. Daggett welcomed her warmly; she had been Mrs. Dardanel's housekeeper once and knew the value of that lady's patronage.

Mrs. Daggett was a driving, energetic woman. Farmer Daggett was an honest, vacant-faced man who invariably fell asleep on an evening with his chair tipped back against the wall, and every available inch of the house was filled with summer boarders mostly ladies. There were but three masculine appendages to the house besides its master—an old clergyman whose parishioners clubbed together every summer to treat him to six weeks' vacation, a literary man of large aspirations and a small income who had come hither for rest and opportunity to study up the "skeleton" for his next novel, and old Mr. Milfin.

It was some time before Helen Hyde fairly comprehended who old Mr. Milfin was. A bent and bowed little man, with silver hair curling over the collar of his coat, a ruffled shirt like the pictures of our revolutionary forefathers and blue eyes that glistened from behind a pair of silver-bowed spectacles, he shuffled in and out to his meals after an apologetic fashion and sat all the bright afternoons under the maples staring at the sea.

"Who is that old gentleman?" she at last ventured to ask Mrs. Daggett. That lady frowned.

"It's old Daddy Milfin," said she, "and I wish it was anybody else."

"Is he a boarder?"

"Well, he is and he isn't," obscurely answered Mrs. Daggett, who was picking currants for a pudding while Helen stood by and watched her.

"But he won't be here long. You see, my dear, he hasn't any friends. When me and Daggett came from Vermont and bought this place we got it cheap because of old Milfin. We were to give him the northeast chamber and they were to allow us so much a month for his keep. It ain't every one that would be willing to have an old man like that about. But he's harmless and quiet and the two dollars a week helped us. But now Breezy Point has grown to be a fashionable resort and things are changed. And what's worse his folks have left off sending the money."

"I wonder why?" said Helen, her large, dreamy eyes fixed sadly on the old man, who sat under the maples wistfully watching the sea.

"They're dead, p'raps," said Mrs. Daggett. "Or p'raps they've got tired of him. Anyhow, it's three months since we've heard a word, and me and Daggett have made up our minds that we can't stand it any longer, so we're going to put him on the town. Lawyer Boxall says it's legal and right and they can't expect anything else of us. Squire Soda is to send his covered carryall next Saturday and old Daddy Milfin'll suppose he's going for a ride. And so things'll go off all smooth and pleasant."

"Smooth and pleasant!" Helen Hyde looked across the grassy lawn to the little old man with his mild, abstracted face, his ruffled shirt front

the silver hair that glistened in the sunshine and the white, claw-like fingers that slowly turned themselves backward and forward as he sat there.

"He owned the place once," said Mrs. Daggett, "but his sons turned out bad and he indorsed for Squire Soda's cousin and lost everything. And he's in his old age without a penny! What is it Becky? The oven ready for the pies? I'm coming."

She bustled away, leaving Helen alone. A sort of inspiration entered the girl's heart as she sat there with the briny smell of the ocean filling her senses and the rustle of the maple leaves murmuring softly overhead. She took Mrs. Dardanel's ten dollar bill from her pocket and looked long and earnestly at it. She thought of the little one-horse carryall which she and the girls from Ixwood institute were to have hired together to drive over the hills and gleens all those sweet, misty summer afternoons of the excursions to Twin Rock by steamer, upon which she had counted; of the new black bunting dress which she had decided to buy. She must abandon all these little darling extravagances if she indulged in this other fancy.

"As if there could be any choice," she said to herself.

Then she got up and went softly across the grass and clover blossoms to where Daddy Milfin sat.

"Do you like this place?" she asked softly.

"It's home, my dear," he answered, seeming to rouse himself out of a reverie. "It's home. I have lived here for eighty odd years. I could not live anywhere else."

"But there are other places pleasant."

"It may be, my dear, it may be," he said, looking at her with troubled eyes through the convex lenses of his glasses. "But they wouldn't be the same to me."

Helen went to Mrs. Daggett who was baking pies and rolls and strawberry shortcake all at once.

"Mrs. Daggett," she said, "here are ten dollars which Mrs. Dardanel gave me to do as I pleased with, and I please to give it to you to keep old Mr. Milfin here five weeks longer."

"Mercy sakes alive!" said Mrs. Daggett. "He ain't no kin to you, is he?"

"No," said Helen, "but he is old and feeble and friendless and—and please, Mrs. Daggett, take the money. Perhaps by the time that it is gone I shall be able to send a little more. My employers are going to pay me generously in the city, and I feel myself growing better able to work every day."

So Helen Hyde adopted the cause of one, and for a year she paid two dollars a week steadily, for one even poorer and more friendless than herself, and Mr. Milfin never knew what a danger had menaced him.

At the end of that time the old gentleman's grandson came from some wide, wild region across the sea, a tall, dark-eyed young man with a mien of a prince in disguise.

"My father has been dead a year," he said, "and his papers have only been thoroughly investigated, so that I have just learned, for the first time, that there is an arrearage due on my grandfather's allowance. I hope he has not been allowed to suffer."

"Oh, he's all right!" said Mrs. Daggett. "We have taken excellent care of him."

"You are a noble-hearted woman," said the young man, fervently clasping her hand, and I will see that you are no loser by your generosity."

"It ain't me," said Mrs. Daggett, turning red and white for Helen Hyde, now spending her second summer at the farmhouse, sat by quietly sewing in the window recess. "I'm free to allow that me and Daggett got out of patience and was going to put him on the town, but Miss Hyde, here, one of our boarders, she's paid for him ever since."

"I beg your pardon if I have interfered," said Helen, blushing scarlet as the large black eyes fell scrutinizingly on her face, "but he seemed so old and helpless that—"

"God bless you for your noble deed!" said Ambrose Milfin, earnestly.

But there was something in Helen's manner which prevented him from offering any pecuniary recompense to her.

"My grandfather will require your care no longer," said he. "We have been fortunate in our Australian investments and I am prepared to buy the old farm back again and settle here permanently."

And when Mrs. Dardanel began to think about getting her winter dresses made up she received a note from Miss Hyde, which ran as follows:

"DEAR MRS. DARDANEL—I am sorry to disappoint you, but I can not undertake any more orders, for I am to be married next month to Mr. Ambrose Milfin and we are to live at the Daggett farm. And oh, how proud I would be if you would come here and visit me next summer, when the roses are in bloom and the strawberries ripe. Ambrose is all that is nice and I have the dearest old grandfather-in-law in the world. Affectionately, Helen Hyde."

And all this life's romance had grown out of Helen's month at the seaside.

And Carried to the Sea.

It is estimated that the Mississippi river annually discharges into the Gulf of Mexico 13,500,000,000,000 cubic feet of water. Of this prodigious quantity the 1-2,960 part will be sediment. Thus the Mississippi annually deposits alone into the Gulf of Mexico sufficient mud to cover a square mile of surface to a height of 240 feet.

No Danger.

Smithson—If you call on Miss Parker, I'll bet that her father will kick you down stairs.

Dickson—I'll take the bet. They live in an apartment on the ground floor.

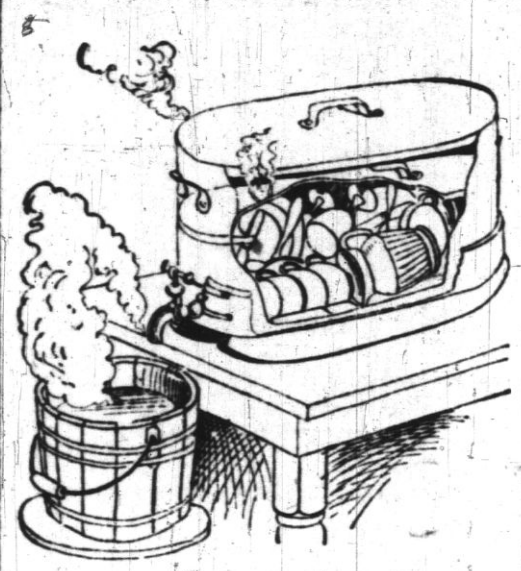
INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES AS MARKED BY INVENTIONS.

A Coin-Taking and Ticket Delivering Box—An Improved Dishwasher—A Ticket-Destroying Machine—Science and Progress of the World.

An Improved Dish Washer.

A simple and inexpensive device for speedily cleaning dishes or other soiled tableware, in a very convenient manner and with small chance of breakage, is shown in the accompanying illustration, the improvement being the invention of Eliza A. H. Wood (deceased) and Mrs. Minnie Wood Gordon. The dish holder has a closely-fitting removable cover, and a faucet near the bottom at one end, for freely draining off the water, while within the holder freely slides a comparatively heavy



loose lid, designed to rest on the dishes and hold them in place after the hot soapy water has been poured upon them. The holder rests in a cradle, on the lower side of which are rockers, the cradle having a low border wall and flat bottom, and a slot in each end of the border wall of the cradle accommodating the faucet. When the unwashed dishes have been packed in the holder, the hot soapy water poured over them, and the heavy inner lid placed on them, the outside cover is put on and the entire device rocked, to cause a thorough and rapid circulation of the soapy water through the dishes, after which the first water is drawn off and rinsing water used, as desired, in the same way.

Lengthy Aerial Voyages.

Two very interesting balloon ascensions took place at the end of the month of October. Mr. Mallet started at 6 o'clock in the evening of Sunday, Oct. 23, from the La Villette gas works in a balloon of 28,000 cubic feet capacity. The aeronaut took an easterly direction and passed over Chalons, Metz, Coblenz and Frankfurt. The descent was effected at Wallen, in Hesse (Germany), on the other side of the Rhine. The balloon touched earth in the midst of a snow-storm at half 10 o'clock in the morning of Tue. ex Oct. 25. The trip lasted 36 hours and 15 minutes. No balloon has, up to the present, remained so long in the air.

On Wednesday, Oct. 19, Mr. George Buns started for a voyage of long duration, in a 120,330 cubic foot balloon, in company with Messrs. William Sossa, George Besancon and Louis Baisies. The inflation, as in the former case, was effected at the La Villette gas works. On account of a rain, the start could not be made until seven minutes past ten in the evening. Three batteries of accumulators furnished a brilliant illumination of twenty-five incandescent lamps around the car. The latter carried also an electric lamp, registering barometers, etc. The balloon directed itself toward Pithiviers, Orleans, Chateauroux and Confolens, and landed under excellent conditions at Marsac, near Angoulême, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, Oct. 20. The trip of about 570 miles was effected in 19 hours and 13 minutes.—La Nature.

Twin-Screw Steamers for Canals.

An English company, rejoicing in the name of the "Tubular Twin-Screw Amidsip Trolpulsion Company—Limited," has recently brought out a novel steamer for use on the small rivers and canals between Hull and York, which is attracting considerable attention among persons interested in inland navigation. The object of the new vessel, which has been christened the Tubular, is to demonstrate that steamers can be propelled at a fair rate without causing the backwash, which is destructive to banks. The length of this new steamer is 94 feet, its width 18½ feet and its depth of hold 8 feet. It is fitted with compound surface condensing engines, with cylinders 9 and 18 inches in diameter, and 13 inches stroke, with which it is claimed that a speed of over ten miles an hour can be made. The novelty lies in two tubes 4½ feet in diameter running longitudinally with and placed on each side of the middle of the hull. Inside these tubes, near their center, are the screw propellers, which are connected with the engines in the usual manner. A naval architect of this country recently stated concerning this boat that, while the use of these tubes may diminish backwash somewhat, they will greatly decrease the efficiency of the propelling machinery, and will be of little use anyway, since the waves caused by the motion of the hull in its passage through the water are the principal source of injury to river and canal banks.

A Ticket-Destroying Machine.

An old machine, made several years ago for destroying railway tickets, has been introduced on a large scale to meet the requirements of the West African rubber merchants in the cutting up of raw rubber into sheets. By this process the moisture is exuded, and the rubber can be packed into less space

for shipment. The machine consists of two sets of disks with very sharp edges, carried on a wooden frame. These disks are placed at suitable distances and slightly intersect each other. Above them is a wide-mouthed hopper. Each set of disks, which are driven by hand with ordinary gear, revolves towards the center of the machine, and as the raw rubber is fed into the machine it is immediately grasped and cut into shreds, which are combed out underneath and discharged.

Repairing a Suspension Bridge.

The cables of a suspension bridge are subjected to great strains and are therefore firmly anchored at each shore and to heavy masses of masonry, generally by means of long bars of iron or steel having holes at each end by which they are bolted or pinned together. In examining the anchorage of one end of the smaller suspension bridge at Niagara Falls recently one of the bars was found to be broken, and the problem of replacing it was quite difficult, since the wires attached to it had to have the same tension when it was in place as they had when the old bar was intact. The new bar was formed of a piece of steel twenty feet long, six inches wide and three-quarter-inch thick, with a hole in one end and provided at the other with a band bolted to it. This band was designed to pass around an iron bar in the abutment and resist the pull of the wires. When the band had been placed about this pin in the masonry and bolted to its bar, the latter was carefully heated by a wooden fire in a trough below until it had expanded sufficiently to allow the end of the wire cable to be connected with it. As it cooled down it contracted more and more until at the normal temperature the wires attached to it were strained to the same amount as the others, and in this way a difficult problem was easily and cheaply solved.

Oil of the Eucalyptus Tree.

The most valuable product of the eucalyptus trees which are planted in California are the essential oil and certain medical preparations from the leaves. The distilled extract from eucalyptus, which resembles in its method of production the well-known distilled extract of witch-hazel, has come into prominence within a few years. It is a concentrated extract from freshly gathered leaves of trees that are at least seven years old, and the older the better. It is used for most of the ailments where the oil has been used, and has the advantage of being cheaper. It has been recommended for headaches, nervous affections, and as an antiseptic it has given good results when applied to fresh wounds, and for inflammation of mucous membranes and insomnia; for cold in the head and sore throat it is of service, while as a disinfectant it is useful from the fact that, like the oil, it substitutes a pleasant odor for noxious ones. The oil has an established place in the materia medica, and there is evidently a field of usefulness for the distilled antiseptic.

For Coin-Taking and Ticket Delivering.

By means of the improvement shown in the accompanying illustration, when a coin is pushed into the box, a bell rings and a numbered ticket is delivered, an indicator at the same time recording the number of tickets issued.

AUTOMATIC CHECK BOX.

Within the casing are spring-controlled locking devices, extending into the slide-way of the coin-receiving opening, so that the coin when placed in the mouth of the device cannot be removed, but causes a drum to be revolved to deliver the ticket. Only one ticket at a time can be removed or automatically delivered from the box.

An Eye-Opener on Coinage.

Supt. Allen of the Butte & Boston Mining Company of Montana has sent a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury offering to make any amount of much better silver dollars for 90 cents apiece than are at present in use. Mr. Allen takes the position that counting silver at 85 cents per ounce, the intrinsic value of a silver dollar is only 65-71 cents. He would put in each dollar 400 grains of pure silver, whereas the present dollar only contains 371½ grains, and he would number and letter each coin, so that the Government would not be compelled to redeem duplicates, a safeguard now neglected. Mr. Allen says he would reap a profit in coining while the price of silver was anywhere under 125.25.—Scientific American.

Handwriting on Iron.

It was a fortunate accident that led to the discovery of the method of transferring hand-writing to iron. An iron founder while experimenting with molten iron under different conditions accidentally dropped a ticket into a mold. He presently found that the type of the ticket was transferred to the iron in distinct characters. Following up the idea which this fact suggested, he prepared a heat-proof ink, with which he wrote in various ordinary white paper. This paper was introduced into the mold before the molten iron was poured in. When the mold cooled the paper had been consumed by the heat, but the ink, which remained intact, had left a clear impression on the iron.

Small Loss.

Mother (reprovingly)—You have never taken a prize at school yet.

Little Dick—No, but I guess they're nly plated, anyhow.

TALES ABOUT GHOSTS.

CLEANED FROM SEVERAL AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

An Apparition That Foretold Death—Experience a New England Clergyman—Incidents That Seem Supernatural.

Rev. Minot Savage, in the Arena, gives well authenticated cases illustrating the mysterious powers of psychometrists, clairvoyants, mediums and other gifted persons. Most of his anecdotes are taken from his seances with Mrs. Piper, a lady who, to put it roughly, knocked the bottom out of the skepticism of the Psychical Research Society. When Mr. Savage first saw her she immediately detected the spirit of his father, and said that his father told her that they called Mr. Savage "Judson," which was a habit his father had during his son's youth, which he however discontinued fifteen years before his death.

She also said that he had a peculiar bare spot on his head on the right-hand side. The bald spot was the result of a burn which had occurred before Minot Savage was born. He gives several other cases like that. Mr. Savage then tells a somewhat extraordinary story of a little girl of 12, the spirit of whose grandfather watched over her, saving her from all fear of being in the dark. On another occasion she saw and minutely described to her father a young lady with whom he had been in love before he fell in love with her mother and gave information which was certainly not known to her.

Mr. Savage brings his paper to a close by telling an interesting story of the way in which a clergyman in one of the New England states suddenly experienced a very strange and powerful nervous shock, as if an electrical current had been applied to the base of his brain and passed down his whole body to his feet. Immediately he saw the face and form of a gentleman who was a stranger to him, but who bore some sort of a resemblance to his friend who sat near. He also saw his name and then he heard although not by his ears, the following message:

"Tell my brother that a piece of property which I once owned and which by death fell to heirs and is now owned by my brother, is in danger of being lost to him. He must look after it at once or it will pass out of his hands."

Mr. R. at once replied, however: "It is not possible that this can be true. I have all my tax-bills on the various properties which I own in Nebraska. It is a mistake."

A few days later Mr. L., the psychic, sailed for a vacation trip to Europe. He was absent several months.

On his return he met Mr. R. one day, and he said: "Oh, about that matter in Nebraska. I looked over my papers soon after you went away and found that one of my tax bills on a certain piece of property was missing. I felt sure that I had received it. But I found that I had been mistaken. I at once wrote to my agent in Nebraska, and requested him to send the tax bill to me. The agent wrote that, through his own oversight, the lessee had been allowed to pay the tax on the property and had taken as security what is called a tax lien. The payment of these taxes and the taking of such liens for a certain length of time will in the end entitle the lessee to a warranted deed of the property."

Mr. Savage concludes by saying: "The story is authenticated in such a way as would make it good evidence in the hands of any judge or before any jury in Christendom."

The Victorian Quarterly, published in Jamaica, contains an article by E. N. McLaughlin on "Second Sight," which tells the story of an apparition at the moment of death. The writer, when 8 or 9 years of age, about 1:15 in the afternoon, was playing with his brother when—

"Suddenly lifting my head I saw approaching from the west along the private path, an old man whose countenance, naturally florid, was now evidently paler than was its wont. He wore light whiskers and beard, the latter shorn away from the chin, but leaving a deep fringe under the throat, and his face was otherwise clean shaven."

"He was dressed in white duck trousers and a shirt made from calico, printed with alternate plain and figured stripes once of violet hue, but now pale from washing; both articles of dress evidently just put on. The absence of other garments was not an uncommon circumstance in a sea-side village such as ours was, but I cannot now distinctly remember whether he wore boots or hat, or both. He was a perfect stranger to me, and walked leisurely by, with nothing unnatural about him, except that his gaze was fixed intently before, and that he took no notice whatever of me or my companions, though he was only a few yards away."

"His playmate saw nothing and when he told his father he said: 'I am sure that Mr. W. must be dead,' mentioning the name of an elderly gentleman some ten miles away. Some time afterward a horse galloped up and the rider said that old Mr. W. had died that afternoon. Two weeks afterward the son of the deceased called upon his father, and the boy was called in to tell what he had seen."

"It is most singular," said the visitor, when my story was ended, "but every detail is a perfect. On that morning my father appeared so much better that some of the family believed the change to be permanent. I thought differently, and when he asked to be shaved and dressed in order to get up I put him off till after 1

o'clock, but as he persisted I at last yielded."

"After I had shaved him exactly as the child describes, he had his whole wardrobe produced before he could be satisfied, and at last he selected and desired us to dress him in white duck trousers and a colored shirt, printed with alternate plain and figured stripes, violet-colored, but some what faded in washing. When these had been put on he sat for a while and then said: 'I am very tired; let me lie down.' We adjusted the pillow and laid him down, and within five minutes after he breathed his last."

"And the hour," asked my father, "what was the exact time of death?"

"Seventeen minutes to 2 o'clock," was the reply.

"A difference of two minutes" my father remarked.

ALWAYS DYING.

Changes in Human Economy Begin With Life and Continue Till Death.

Life, indeed, consists in a series of changes of tissue, and the human economy is simply as far as its material part is concerned, a machine, and primarily depends on food as the most important factor in keeping it in working order. When it is said that we commence to die as soon as we are born, it, of course, means that certain parts of the body immediately begin to perish; their existence is ephemeral, they come and go, are relinquished and decay. They are the dying parts of that system of life which may last a little while, but must eventually yield to the inexorable law of nature. The nails, the hair, etc., are observable as an instance of this decay. The same rule applies to every other organ and tissue of the body, though it is not palpable to the naked eye. The skin is always peeling. The food that is taken in the one hour nourishes the system and effects that which was taken the hour before.

Perfect health and condition, at whatever time of life we may apply the term, from infancy to old age, depends upon the proper assimilation of the food taken, and its natural elimination when it is done with, by the different organs that have to deal with it. Of course, heredity and a few other circumstances must be taken into consideration in estimating the chances of life, admits the Gentleman's Magazine. If the exact amount of food necessary to nourish each tissue of the body were taken daily, having regard to work and other circumstances, and if the economy were kept properly employed, it would mean that the individual would be in the most perfect health and condition, and ought to live to the age of a hundred years or more. But how seldom does this occur. From some cause or other more is taken than necessary to supply constitutional requirements, and the result is that the surplus remains stored, and in some way or other acts prejudicially. If it does not cause absolute illness, it impedes vigor and elasticity and leads to a feeling of malaise and disinclination to work, making one's ordinary occupation a burden.

We are tempted to eat when we are not hungry and drink when we are not thirsty, and if we do we must pay the penalty. More than this in this life at all events, the sins of the fathers are visited on the children, and the old port drank by the grandfather yields a crop of gout in the grandson. Stimulants taken to excess in the father transmits the curse to the progeny, and they start in the struggle of life handicapped from the first hour, and like a race horse with no stamina, fall early in the race.

ABSENT MINDEDNESS.

Paid Dearly for Leaving a Team at the Wrong Livery.

A good story is related by the Lewiston, Me., Journal on an Auburn, attorney who went to a livery stable and hired a team for two or three hours, and at the end of that time, in a state of absent-mindedness, left it at another livery stable, where it remained eight days. At stable No. 1 there was no worry about the team. They knew the attorney was perfectly good for the pay. They knew if he kept the team a month that the bill would be paid promptly on presentation. They presumed that he knew what he was about and concluded it was his business and not theirs. At stable No. 2 there was an equal freedom from anxiety. The attorney came there, left the team and went away, saying nothing. They put the horse into a stall and "choked it down" on the office slate, knowing him to be a business man who paid cash. The attorneys and the proprietors of both stables met each other frequently, but nothing was said about the team. All of them were ignorant of the condition of things and all were perfectly at ease. As for the attorney, he never thought of the team again. Discovery came at last, and the attorney was presented with a bill from stable-keeper No. 1 for hire of a team for eight days, and later stable-keeper No. 2 came round with another bill for boarding the team the same length of time. He said that the attorney was astonished and it is mildly. The basis of settlement is not officially learned, but it was less than the faces of the bills, which had been made out at the going prices.

King Charles' Pie.

A pie served to Charles II. was made of sparrows, potatoes, eringoes, lettuce, chestnuts, oysters, citron, artichokes, eggs, lemons, barbaries, pepper, nutmeg, cloves, mace, currants, sugar and wine.

One Good Deed.

It does not seem to be generally known that the turkey was domesticated by the Indians long before the discovery of this continent by white men, but such is the case.

SUNDAY AT THE FAIR.

ARGUMENTS AGAINST OPENING THE GATES.

The Rev. Joseph Cook and Others Talk in Favor of Closing the World's Fair on Sunday—Say Many People Would Refuse to Patronize It.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—The Durbin committee men were again the recipients of very distinguished consideration yesterday. Mayor Washburne and the Chicago Aldermen had been heard the day before, but yesterday was set aside for hearing the other side of the case. It brought together Col. Shepard of New York, the Rev. Joseph Cook, the prominent lecturer and divine of Boston, the Rev. Herrick Johnson of Chicago, Dr. Thomas of the People's Church of Chicago, and well known ministers from many sections of the country.

Col. Shepard opened the proceedings with a vigorous speech on the line of argument presented a year ago, when the Sunday-closing feature was adopted largely through his efforts. The address of the day was that of the Rev. Joseph Cook. It was delivered with an emphasis and a smoothness of diction which secured the speaker marked attention. He said:

"Every advance toward the secularization of Sunday is an advance toward enslavement of workmen. If Congress has a right to say that a certain number of hours shall constitute a day's work it has a right also to say that a certain number of days shall also constitute a week's work. Congress has no more authority to appoint a day of work than it has to appoint a day of rest. Seven States are to cover their exhibits on Sundays; the United States government will cover its exhibits; England will undoubtedly cover hers. The political upshot of Sunday opening will and must, therefore, be full pay for half show."

"Midweek excursions to Chicago at half-price on railways are favored by the friends of Sunday closing, as are also Saturday half-holidays. At these times the whole fair is open, while even if the law for Sunday closing were repealed—only a fragment of the fair would be open on Sundays. Cheap Sunday excursions from a radius of three or four hundred miles around Chicago will bring to that city only the more thoughtless part of the population with a swarm of bums, deal-beats, gamblers, pickpockets, highwaymen, burglars, rum-sellers and harlots, who will create a local pandemonium, which will give the city a foul name and on certain streets make life and property so unsafe as to repel strangers from the fair."

Dr. Ramsdell of Washington said that 40,000 ministers and 450,000 church people would stay away from the fair if it were opened on Sunday. He said it would result in great financial loss, not only to the Exposition, but to the railroads. Dr. Mott of Newark, N. J., thought the Sunday-opening movement was due wholly to the avarice of Chicago people.

MAY HAVE NO NAVAL REVIEW.

Secretary Tracy Thinks the Promised Celebration Will be a Failure.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—The naval review at New York next spring, following the rendezvous at Hampton Roads, Va., will not take place unless Congress makes additional provision for the proper celebration. This was what Secretary Tracy yesterday told the committee of citizens from Tidewater, Va., who came to Washington to urge an appropriation of \$300,000 for carrying out the objects of the rendezvous and review.

Mr. Tracy will not be Secretary of the Navy when the review takes place, but he has looked into the matter and he claims that the celebration will be a failure if it is attempted on the small sum of money already appropriated for the purpose. So far only six nations have accepted the invitation of the United States to participate in the review, but unless the desired appropriation is made Secretary Tracy thinks it would be better to withdraw all such invitations and declare the review off.

BLAINE HOLDING HIS OWN.

Dr. Johnston Says His Patient Passed Yesterday Very Comfortably.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—Mr. Blaine appears to be holding his own, while other public men thought to be more vigorous than he are dropping off about him. Much care was taken yesterday to keep from him the news that Gen. Benjamin F. Butler and Senator Kenna are dead, as he is particularly susceptible to discouragements and gloomy forebodings. His cheerfulness was sustained as well as possible, and a peculiar fondness for the music of street organs was humored to its fullest extent.

Dr. Johnston and Hiatt have seen very little of Mr. Blaine yesterday, as their arrangements do not contemplate constant calls unless they are summoned by a serious turn. It looks as though the patient had again got back to the condition which preceded the attacks of heart failure on Sunday.

NEBRASKA DEADLOCK BROKEN.

Democrats and Independents Form a Combine and Organize the Senate.

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 12.—The Senate deadlock, which has blocked the business of the State department for over a week, was broken this morning by a combination between the Democrats and Independent Senators. The organization of the Senate was completed by the combine. The deadlock has postponed the inauguration of Gov.-elect Cronsey, Republican, for a week beyond the usual time and prevented the outgoing officers from giving way to their successors.

TO UPSET THE STATE.

Big Meeting of Socialists Called for Saturday.

PARIS, Jan. 12.—The Socialist Union has issued to the people a manifesto, which says:

"Opportunism has become ingrained in the quagmire of bloodshed at Fourmies and the mud from the Panama scandals. As it sinks it threatens to drag the country and the republic to ruin. In this emergency safety can come only from the ranks of the nation's workers. The system of delivering up Parliament and presidency to a handful of criminals must be abolished if the republic is to be a republic of honesty and to maintain the place it holds with so much glory in the vanguard of the nations. The political constitution of the country must be revised by a constituent assembly with imperative mandates. We must organize a government by the people through the medium of universal suffrage."

The manifesto calls for a great meeting in Paris on Saturday, in order that the people may be able to ratify these demands. The manifesto is signed by fifteen Socialist members of the Chamber.

It is reported that M. de Freycinet, ex-Minister of War, and M. Floquet, ex-President of the Chamber of Deputies, were examined by M. Franqueville, Judge of Instruction, in connection with the Panama charges. The two statesmen were not under arrest or accusation, at least in name, but were present as witnesses, although, of course, liable to accusation should their acknowledgement justify such action.

BIG COAL FIELDS BOUGHT.

The Reading in a Deal for the Control of Nova Scotia.

HALIFAX, N. S., Jan. 12.—[It is stated on good authority that the coal magnates of Pennsylvania, acting with the Canadian Pacific Railway, have about concluded a deal by which almost the entire coal fields of Nova Scotia are to pass under their control. The combine, it is said, has over \$17,000,000 to invest in the project. The Nova Scotia Legislature has been called to meet next week to ratify the bargain.]

A well-known financier says of the scheme: "This consolidation of Nova Scotia mining companies is the outcome of the combination of the anthracite coal carriers in February, 1892, and the anthracite men are believed to be backing this deal to protect themselves against the competition of Nova Scotia coal in the event of the abolition of coal duties."

President McLeod of the Reading system is said to have been very active in the matter. The new York & New England is also in the deal, and Mr. McLeod has pooled his interests with Frank Jones of the Boston & Maine road. It is believed that through Mr. Jones the Canadian Pacific comes into the project.

Swore After Ending Grace.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 12.—Gertrude L. Burnes yesterday filed an answer to the cross bill filed by her husband in the divorce case of Burnes vs. Burnes. In the cross bill Mr. Burnes said his wife had called him a brute and had told him he was devoid of principle and honor. Mrs. Burnes in her answer says she never said any such thing then, but will say so now. In his cross bill Mr. Burnes said that his wife objected to his saying grace before meals. Mrs. Burnes admits this, but says she objected because her husband would swear after saying grace. She thought he was inconsistent. Mr. Burnes is 30 and worth a million. He lives at Platt City, Mo. Mrs. Burnes is now living with her sister, Mrs. J. H. Bremmerman, 630 Norton Avenue, this city. She is 26.

Congress Adjourns.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—The death of Senator Kenna of West Virginia was immediately after the reading of the journal, announced by Mr. Blackburn. Feeling remarks were made by him in praise of the dead Senator, and the usual resolutions were presented and adopted, including invitations to the House of Representatives, the President and members of the Cabinet and the Supreme Court to attend the funeral ceremonies in the Senate Chamber at 1 o'clock to-morrow. A committee of seven Senators—Messrs. Faulkner, Blackburn, Ransom, Daniel, Walthall, Manderson, and Squire—was appointed to take order as to the funeral and to accompany the body to West Virginia; and then as a further mark of respect, the Senate adjourned.

The House also adjourned out of respect for the dead Senator.

Twenty Inches of Snow.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Jan. 12.—The heaviest snowstorm of the season has raged in Northern Indiana since yesterday afternoon. The snow lies twenty inches deep on the level and the flakes are still falling. No such snowstorm has been known for ten years. The Electric Street Car Company abandoned the running of cars at noon and the cars were run into the barns. Trains on all the roads are many hours late.

Eight-Hour Law at Ashland.

ASHLAND, Wis., Jan. 12.—The judiciary committee of the City Council returned a resolution providing that all employees of the city shall work but eight hours a day. An ordinance will be passed imposing a fine for non-compliance with the eight-hour system by contractors engaged in city improvements.

Will Surrender Swindler Wells.

HAVRE, Jan. 12.—The French authorities have decided to surrender C. Hill Wells, the patent swindler, to the English government. Wells is the man recently referred to by the London Times as the biggest swindler living. He was arrested here several weeks ago on his yacht.

AT SPRINGFIELD.

THE JOLIET PRISON NEEDS REFORM.

Many Suggestions Made in This Connection—Bills Introduced in the Senate and House—Sunday Opening of the World's Fair to Be Discussed.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Jan. 12.—George Schilling and Victor B. Williams, the committee appointed by the Chicago Trades and Labor Assembly as a Committee on Convict Labor, are here, having just completed a thorough investigation of the Joliet prison. They describe what they saw there as "shocking to every sense of humanity." They found boys, mere children in age, serving long sentences in company with hardened criminals. One of these is a boy sent from some outlying district to the prison at the age of 16 under a life sentence. The report of the committee, which will be sent to the Trades and Labor Assembly at its meeting next Sunday, will be radical in tone and will recommend that the assembly use its best efforts to bring about by legislative action a complete reformation of the system now in vogue in Joliet Prison. Later the demands of the assembly will be embodied in a bill which will be introduced in the Legislature.

The reforms said to be most urgently demanded by the iniquitous conditions obtaining at the penitentiary are:

1. That boys of tender years and first offenders be sent to a reform school instead of to the penitentiary.
2. That the law be so amended that merciless juries in country towns cannot impose unusually long terms of imprisonment on first offenders and young persons.
3. That some effort be made to establish a system that will send the convict out of the prison a better instead of a worse man than he entered.
4. The application of the eight-hour law to prison work.
5. The adoption of a method in the prison by which the convict will be enabled to do more than is assigned him as a daily task and that he be allowed wages for all such overtime work, the whole sum to be paid to him on his release, so that he will not be turned into the world penniless and forced to either beg or recur to crime. Such a plan would also educate the criminal in habits of voluntary labor and would start anew in him the instinct of earning an honest livelihood, the money which he would be given on leaving the prison being the product of honest work, and would be an incentive to him to continue honest.
6. That the industries in the prison be so diversified that, while all convicts might be kept permanently employed, the competition with free labor should be reduced to the minimum.
7. That the contractors be excluded from the prison at Joliet. The reforms which the report will suggest are in line with the policy indicated in Governor Altgeld's message.

SUNDAY FAIR OPENING.

Friends of the Measure Will Push it to a Vote in the Senate.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Jan. 12.—The resolution introduced in the Senate last Friday by Senator C. Porter Johnson of Chicago urging Illinois Congressmen to secure a modification of the bill closing the World's Fair on Sunday will be made the special order of business in the Upper House to-morrow. The measure will be brought up as soon as the Senate convenes, and to-day there is much speculation as to its outcome. While every one admits that enough legislators in both Houses are in favor of the resolution to secure its passage, there is a well-defined spirit on the part of certain members to delay legislation which is making the Chicago Senators somewhat nervous. They hold that the resolution should be passed immediately to allow the Representatives in Congress time to accomplish their work before the exposition opens.

Commend Altgeld's Message.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Jan. 12.—Gov. Altgeld's message meets with general commendation, although it is suggested by some that the plane of reform and political purity on which the Governor stands is entirely too high for the average Legislature to reach. The suggestion for a constitutional convention meets with especial favor.

New Measures in the Senate.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Jan. 12.—In the Senate yesterday Senator Hunter offered a resolution requesting the Senators from Illinois in Congress to vote for the anti-option bill now before the United States Senate. It went over under the rules.

Senators Farmer and Higbee introduced the various bills prepared by John Mayo Palmer of Chicago to prevent fraudulent failures.

The Senate adjourned until 10 o'clock to-morrow.

The House adjourned immediately after the reading of the journal.

Honor Asked for Maryland.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—Chairman Dickson of the inauguration committee on civic organizations has received a communication from Representative Rusk of Maryland, president of the Calumet Club, asking that the Maryland division be given the right of line. He claims that Maryland is entitled to the position, on account of seniority of all organizations from other States which will be represented. It is estimated that the Maryland division will number 3,500 men. The other applicants for right of line are the Tammany organization and Iroquois Club, Chicago.

MOB THIRSTING FOR BLOOD.

Maryland People Threaten to Lynch Four Murderers.

CHESTERTOWN, Md., Jan. 12.—Intense excitement reigns in Kent County. Four of the eight murderers who assassinated Dr. J. H. Hill have been removed from this place. Their sentences have been commuted by Gov. Brown. Those whose lives are spared are Henry Hurst, John Bainard, Charles Emery and Lewis Benson.

Those who are left and will surely hang Friday, if they are not lynched before, are Charles Brooks, Moses Brown, Fletcher Williams and Frisby Comgys.

Sheriff Plummer was awaked at 3:30 o'clock yesterday and informed that Capt. Cadwallader of Baltimore was at the door with thirty policemen and an order from Gov. Brown for four of the condemned prisoners, whose sentences had been commuted to life imprisonment.

The criminals were carefully awakened and in a few minutes were on their way to the ice-bog at Latrobe, the vessel on which Capt. Cadwallader had arrived. A few persons came to the wharf as the Latrobe steamed away from Baltimore, but they did not know what had happened until hours later.

Excitement and indignation amounting almost to madness followed the discovery. Remarks were made that it would be dangerous for the Governor to be seen about the city, now that the murderers had been spared. Crowds gathered in the neighborhood of the jail and all places of public resort and discussed the matter. There seemed to be but one opinion—that the eight men should have been hanged.

BELIEVE IN SHORT SKIRTS.

Woman Suffrage Agitators Discuss the Proposed Reform.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 12.—Missouri and Kansas Woman Suffrage agitators came together here again yesterday afternoon to advocate the short skirt reform. Many of the members came with dresses three or four inches above the ground, to see how they really looked, and those who had objected to the reform came into line when they saw that every inch taken from the bottom of the skirt took ten years from the woman's age. Mrs. J. C. Merine, author of the short-skirt idea, and wife of the well-known portrait painter, made a little speech in which she deplored the fact that her shorter dresses were not completed in time for the meeting. Another woman stepped to the front and showed how nicely her dress hung when shortened and how only a few additional inches of feet were exhibited to the public.

One exhibitor of the mode was accused of being a traitor because the back of her dress hung too low, but on discovering the fact she naively remarked that a hook was out of place and calmly proceeded to adjust it. No one seemed to want the resolution amended to permit of lower or higher dresses. Mrs. Lease will address the next meeting.

Texas Wants the Land.

ALPINE, Texas, Jan. 12.—In the District Court of Brewster County a suit has been filed by C. A. Culbertson, Attorney-general, in which the State of Texas is plaintiff, and the Galveston, Houston & San Antonio Railway Company is defendant. The suit is brought for 1,383 sections of land, or 885,120 acres patented to the company, to which, it is alleged, it is not entitled, as the road obtained it as a bounty for siding, etc., and not for the main line. It has about the same features as the famous Val Verde County trial some time ago. This land was patented while this county was a part of old Presidio County. The District court convenes the first Monday in March, at which time, it is presumed, the case will come to trial.

Six Cents for Being Struck.

EAU CLAIRE, Wis., Jan. 12.—The jury last night came in with a verdict of 6 cents damages for Alderman Greene of Altoona City, who sued Jefferson Kenniston, the hotel keeper, for \$10,000 damages for assault and battery. Greene, who was a member of the committee on streets and sidewalks, felt impelled as such member to "stir up" Kenniston about his sidewalk. Kenniston became angry during the conversation and hit Greene on the right ear. It is claimed that the drum of Mr. Greene's ear was injured by the blow struck by Kenniston.

Burned Up a Valuable Collection.

HOLLAND, Mich., Jan. 12.—The house of Thomas Purdy, about three miles from this city, was burned yesterday. Mr. Purdy is a widower and has led a hermit life for years. His great passion is the collecting of curios. He had a museum of ores, minerals, stones, shells, Indian relics, stuffed birds and animals, for which he was offered \$3,000, but it is said, was worth three that. Only a small part of this collection was saved.

Good Effects of Sanitary Work.

LANSING, Mich., Jan. 12.—Secretary Baker of the State Board of Health says that no disease was more than usually prevalent in Michigan during the last quarter of 1892, while at least seventeen diseases were less than usually prevalent. Dr. Baker says this is largely attributable to the extraordinary amount of sanitary work done for the purpose of preventing the introduction of cholera.

Why throw your old Umbrellas away when you can have them repaired equal to new at little cost by calling at

SMITH'S

70 FIFTH AV., CHICAGO.

In Basement, 2 Blocks from N. W. Ry. Depot.

PRICE LIST—Furline 15c to 25c. Notch, 35c; Runner, 35c; Rib, 35c to 50c; Stick, 50c to 75c; N. W. Gore, 10c; Handles, 2c to 75c; Recovering in Silk, \$1.50 up.

Umbrellas and Parasols Made to Order.

Special Sale of Umbrellas the next 30 days at 33 1/3 per cent discount.

A large stock of Canes on hand.

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O. W. FLANDERS, Manager.

PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, BRUSHES, COMBS, etc.

MEAT MARKET

The undersigned having lately purchased the meat stand of WM. HAMMERL take this opportunity to inform the public that they will keep on hand a good supply of

FIRST CLASS MEATS

of all kinds, including Fish, Oysters, Poultry and Vegetables in their season. German Bolognas and Sausages a specialty.

Louis P. Kraft. Fred Hinderer.

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Only the Genuine Imported

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Remedy for

RHEUMATISM

Gout, Influenza, Backache, Pains in the Side, Chest and Joints, Neuralgia, Sprains, &c.

Before you need to buy, obtain the valuable book, "Guide to Health," with endorsements of prominent physicians.

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Prize Medals Awarded!

European Houses: Rotterdam, London, Vienna, Prague, Rotterdam, Olen, Nuremberg, Konstanz, Leipzig.

25 & 50 Cts. a bottle, For Sale by

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HEARSES AND CARRIAGES FURNISHED.

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Ask any one who has worn them about the R. P. & Co.'s Overcoats and Ulsters. See what they say about the linings—how the buttons stay on? how the colors stand service? how these garments hold their shapes? Don't take our word for it if you're skeptical, or if you happen to know our

MR. WM. J. KING,

What a straightforward, competent man he is in this business, just let him tell you the inside facts and show you through our several Depts. at your convenience. Mr. King can be of great service to you in selecting an outfit. So much depends on choosing the right fabrics, the right shapes and the right sizes. It matters not how straight the firm is, you can easily wrong yourself by unsuitable selections where you are not acquainted with the salesman and so refuse to be advised.

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"White Lily" Flour, per bb. \$3.50
Little Crow 5.00
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Black Clay Worsted Suits for \$20.00
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If you know of no one to ask about this come and see for yourself. Seeing is believing and you can suit yourself as to time. We are open evenings until 10 P. M. Sundays until 1 P. M.

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"August Flower"

"I am Post Master here and keep Store. I have kept August Flower for sale for some time. I think it is a splendid medicine." E. A. Bond, P. M., Pavilion Centre, N. Y.

The stomach is the reservoir. If it fails, everything fails. The liver, the kidneys, the lungs, the heart, the head, the blood, the nerves all go wrong. If you feel wrong, look to the stomach first. Put that right at once by using August Flower. It assures a good appetite and a good digestion.



DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT

Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.

Rheumatism, Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflammation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.

Disordered Liver, Impaired digestion, gout, biliousness, headache, jaundice, dropsy, urinary troubles, bright's disease, etc.

Impure Blood, Scrofula, malaria, gen'l weakness or debility.

Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if it does not cure, Druggists will refund to you the price paid.

At Druggists, 50c. Size, \$1.00. Size, \$2.00.

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SWIFT'S SPECIFIC

For renovating the entire system, eliminating all poisons from the blood, whether of scrofulous or malarial origin, this preparation has no equal.

"For eighteen months I had an eating sore on my tongue. I was treated by best local physicians, but obtained no relief; the sore gradually grew worse. I finally took S. S. S., and was entirely cured after using a few bottles." C. B. McKeown, Henderson, Tex.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

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to 25 lbs. for more by harmless herbs. Remedies. No starving, no inconvenience and no bad effects. Strictly confidential. Send for circular and testimonials. Address Dr. J. C. F. BENTLEY, 107 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

CROUP REMEDY!

The only medicine known that will cure Membranous Croup. In a private practice of twenty years it has never failed to cure any kind of Croup. Trial packet less than one cent a cup. Dr. Belden Proprietary Co., Jamaica, N. Y.

CATARRH

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

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IF SO TRY ERIE CATARRH REMEDY.

IMMEDIATE RELIEF—POSITIVE CURE or money refunded. Always specify "ERIE"—Take no other. PLEASANT, HARMLESS, CONVENIENT. 50c by mail or at Druggists. Sample for 5c in Stamps.

E. P. HALL, ERIE, PA.

OUR ST. LOUIS LETTER.

The Growth of a Year—The New Water Works Conduit Completed—A Musical Success.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 5, 1893.—Between years of census-taking, one who wants accurate information about the population of a city can get it much better from the reports of the water-tax collectors than from the voting lists. People cannot dodge the payment of a water tax as they can the taxes on real and personal property. If the water tax is not paid the water is shut off promptly. Water is used in every house, and the receipts increase in a steady ratio with the population. The water collections of St. Louis went over those of the year preceding in 1892 by more than a quarter of a million dollars, and this is interpreted by the statisticians to mean that the city has gained in the last year about a hundred thousand people, who live in dwellings and pay their taxes. These figures, too, are borne out by the reports for last year from other departments whose work increases with the population. The building of new houses last year put twenty-three million dollars in the pockets of mechanics, and demanded the lighting of many more miles of streets by electricity. On the last day of the year the city paid bills for the lighting of 418 miles of streets and alleys.

Water Commissioner Holman made the city a New Year's gift by completing the million dollar conduit which is to conduct the water from the river to the pumping engines of the new water-works. This conduit was the most difficult and important part of the whole system. It was begun two years ago, and work on it has been going on, night and day, ever since. It will easily carry the one hundred and fifty million gallons of water a day which the new engines are to pump. The building of the conduit was the engineering feat of the work, and its completion relieves the Commissioner of all anxiety. By next fall, when the sight-seers begin to arrive for the festivities here, a drive over the Broadway Boulevard to the Chain of Rocks, where the new works are, will be a part of every tourist's plan.

Nobody can tell whether or not the stories are true about the attempt of an eastern syndicate to buy all the street railways in St. Louis, but the dealers in the bonds of the roads, who know their financial condition, say that the company that gets the lines will have to pay at least fifty million dollars to acquire the control. The four systems of street railways in this city cover 600 miles of streets, and most of the lines are run by electricity; moreover, everyone of them is paying good dividends. The rapidity and cheapness of the service is not equalled by the roads of any city in the country, and the people feel no grievance that might interest them in clamoring for a change. So, the consolidating movement looked on generally with indifference. So far as anyone can see now, the patrons of the roads would be largely the gainers by the change, as there would be established, almost necessarily, a thorough system of transfer tickets all over the city, by which a passenger might ride twenty or thirty miles for a nickel.

How to Visit the World's Fair. This is the title of an illustrated "Folder" issued by the Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway for the benefit of all Western people who intend to visit Chicago from May to October, 1893. It tells the cost of getting there and how to go. It tells what to do about baggage, about places to eat and sleep; how to get to the Fair Grounds, and it gives many other items of useful information. Send your address with a two-cent stamp and ask for a "World's Fair Folder."

GEO. H. HEAFFORD, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

There are over seventy miles of tunnels cut in the solid rock of Gibraltar.

A signal passes through the Atlantic cable, 2,700 miles in 31-100 of a second.

A Ruddy Glow

on cheek and brow is evidence that the body is getting proper nourishment. When this glow of health is absent assimilation is wrong, and health is letting down.

Scott's Emulsion

taken immediately arrests waste, regardless of the cause. Consumption must yield to treatment that stops waste and builds flesh anew. Almost as palatable as milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

WANTED! MEN TO TRAVEL. We pay \$250 to \$300 a month and expenses. STONE & WELLINGTON, Madison, Wis.

A WAIL.

Alas! alas! the world is queer, I cannot make it out; Things are not what they're said to be, And all is full of doubt.

"Tis said that soda-water has Of soda not one trace; That milk of lime contains no milk, That shoe lace isn't lace.

That German silver is not coin, That nobles are but peas; That copperas is iron salt, And patriots are rebels.

If this be true, what of myself? I seem a man to be; Yet if all things aren't what they are, What, then, becomes of me?

Am I a man, or am I not? What warrant have I that I'm not a tennis-racket or A Maltese pussy cat?—John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Young People.

BY THE FIRELIGHT.

It was evening. From where the sun had set rose a red glow, melting softly into the cold, blue, gray-sky. The sky tint, but colder, bluer, harder in tone was repeated in the line of mountains stretching away to the south. Among the shifting heaps of fallen leaves shone gleams of color, but the moss had turned to brown, and in the cold, wintry evening the lately denuded trees seemed to shiver.

A woman came out of a pasture with a pail of milk in her hand. A light wisp of a creature, her cotton gown hung limply about her thin form. She covered as the wind struck her, and coughed painfully, yet she lingered. She was too much a child of nature to explain how the autumn days made her feel both forlorn and expectant, and yet she was, perhaps, the more affected by the moods of the Great Mother not attempting to translate them into human needs. The clatter of hoofs made her turn slowly. One glance and her heart gave a leap, sending the warm color to her cheek. By the time the horseman had reached her the color was gone.

"Good evening," Does Uncle Billy grimes live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you suppose he would be willing to put me up to-night?"

"I reckon. Light and I'll take your nag."

The gentleman hesitated as if his gallantry would not permit him to allow a woman to put up his horse, but, seeming to think better of it, thanked her and, taking his saddle-bags, turned toward the house.

At the door he was met by an old woman who, learning his wish, cordially made him welcome, offering him a seat by the side of the hearth on which a great fire was burning. He tilted back on the short-legged chair with the feeling of warmth and well being which follow a long, cold ride, and soon found himself gently slipping into the mood he had been trying all day to cultivate. This had once been his home, and after half a life-time spent away he had returned to the land of his childhood only to find the Carolina mountains less grand than others he had seen, and the simple life of the people, which in moments of sentiment he had remembered as idyllic, rough, uncouth and cheerless. He was too far removed from their life for sympathy, too close to feel the picturesque interest and pleasure of a real stranger. These people were more or less nearly related to him yet they seemed another race of beings.

He had left his mountain home a mere boy and had gone West, where a new life opened for him. Something in his nature always made him reject what was coarse and vulgar, and when he became suddenly rich, his native gentleness and simplicity of manner stood him instead of breeding and education, disarming criticism till, with the quick perception, imitative faculty which were his birthright, he had largely repaired the deficiencies of his early training, acquiring much of the manner and tone of people of culture. Now he had come back and was a stranger in his own land.

But the bright firelight dancing on the wall illuminated the rough interior of the farmhouse kitchen; and he began to feel less offended by the meanness of his surroundings. Memories of his childhood rose up before him as he watched the younger woman in her preparations for supper. She had mixed up the cornbread, and now knelt on the floor beside the hearth, moulding it into loaves and putting them into a large iron skillet. The firelight flashed on the tin pan, gave a ruddy glow to her thin face, and turned her dull, yellowish hair to red gold. As the stranger watched her something rose in his throat.

"Nancy."

She turned suddenly.

"I did not know you at first."

"I reckon I've changed," she said, sadly.

"Not so much. It was rather dark. It takes the firelight to make you look natural. But how came you here?"

"Uncle Billy married my aunt, and she wanted somebody to help her, and I hadn't no home."

"No." She picked up her pan and left the room.

"It cannot be she has waited all these years for me," he thought. "Of course not; such constancy is not to be found among women of her sort. How faded she is! These mountain folks, particularly the women, grow old early. Poor thing! I suppose she has had to work hard, and she never was very strong. Why, she can't be much older than Lois Ellison."

He shuddered at the contrast. Miss Ellison was his partner's sister. They were the best of friends. He had proposed to her annually for the last five years, and yet they still remained friends. She treated him kindly and without coquetry, and pleaded a prior attachment. As the other man was dead, Chris waited and hoped. Sometimes he had been

tempted to doubt her reason for refusing him, but it only gave him pain, and he had always made it a rule never to doubt a lady's word. Circumstances had now and then obliged him to be false in this principle, but he lived up to it when he could. His romantic fancy was touched by the constancy of the fair cultivated woman of the world, but in this mountain girl such a sentiment seemed painfully incongruous. He knew too well that the position of an old maid here was one neither of honor nor profit.

Uncle Billy came in and greeted Chris with warmth, and they sat down to supper.

"So you've come back ter yer old home," began Uncle Billy. "Whar's yer companion?"

"I haven't any."

"Not got none?"

"No."

"Couldn't yer suit yerself out in California?"

"The girl I wanted didn't want me."

"I see. Well, yer ought ter ha' taken a wife w' yer. Taint ter late. We've some pretty right gals here. (At this point Nancy, who had gone for a can of cherries, re-entered the room.) Yer reeklet Sally Peters? Uster spark her, didn't yer. Well, she's got two gals as purt as their maw. Reckon one on 'em ood suit yer."

Chris looked up, caught Nancy's eye, and frowned slightly. His own feeling responded to the look in her face. What to a real stranger might have been amusing, jarred upon him.

After supper they sat round the fire talking of old times. Chris learned with a strange feeling of being under a spell that all the boys he remembered of his own age were either dead or had become grandfathers yet he had not thought of growing old. Pretty soon Uncle Billy rose and said:

"I reckon mean my wife'll go ter bed. Nancy'll keep yer company," and he retired to the room beyond.

Chris sat looking into the fire. Nancy drew a chair near him. He was scarcely aware of her presence, his thoughts being far away. At last she spoke:

"I have waited long fur yer, Chris."

He started.

"Did you believe I would come?" he asked.

"Yes."

Vividly he recalled the moment when a boy he had bidden good-by to a rosy-cheeked girl. "Will you wait for me, Nancy?" he had said. "I'll come back and marry you some day." Idle words, containing more of feeling than of resolve. He had long forgotten till the firelight reflected upon her face flashed into a dark corner of his brain, and it had all come back to him. He could say nothing, and she began to tell him of the long, weary years she had waited. She had no misgivings; among her own people she was accounted a simple creature. She knew nothing of the gulf separating her and her old sweetheart. He had not married, and he had come back as he said he would; that was enough for her.

"But yer're here, now, Chris." She drew nearer him and laid her cheek against his arm with simple, child-like confidence. It seemed wrong to touch her; and yet if he put her away from him, he would have to tell her why.

"This is an evening out of the old-time, Nancy. You and I are a girl and boy again, do you understand?" he said, putting his arm about her waist.

"Yes," she said, with a little happy laugh.

Soon he disengaged himself and arose, saying that he was tired and would like to go to bed. She went with him to his room, and before leaving him lifted her lips for a kiss. Again he hesitated and stooping, kissed her forehead. He went to bed, but not to sleep. The sense of the irreparable wrong he had done this girl burned into his heart, tender with its own pain. Wild thoughts of self-immolation occurred to him, only to be checked by the conviction of its hopelessness. She would not be less lonely with him. They were utter strangers, for how little of the boy she had loved was left in the man, and how lost she would be in the world where he lived.

He rose early, and, going into the kitchen, found Mrs. Grimes dressing a chicken for breakfast. The old woman gave him a knowing look and remarked with a chuckle:

"Nancy's been a waitin' fur yer a mighty while, and here yer aire shur nuf."

"Did she tell you so?"

"No! I knowed hit thout, her tellin' me. She ain't like other folks. Nancy ain't; she's a sort o' fool body."

"I do not think so."

"Yer don't?"

"She doesn't seem strong. I'm afraid she works too hard."

"Us mountin' folks all hef to work. Nancy ain't stout. She's got the consumption, an' the doctor says she can't live the winter out."

Chris was going to speak, but the woman's cold, hard face checked him.

"Who is your doctor?" he said at last.

"Nobody, yer know; a young feller—he ain't like Dr. Crain, he aint; he's got larnen' an' knows what's the matter w' yer right off."

"What is his name?"

"Jim Banks; he lives in Waco-ville."

HINTS ABOUT LAMPS.

How to Take Care of Them and Have Them Burn Nicely.

To begin with the lamp should be cleaned and the lamp filled up every morning. Once a week the oil container should be thoroughly emptied out and the dirty oil thrown away.

Next see that the burner is clean. When ever the lamp burns badly this should be at once looked to, as it is often the cause. If the burners are boiled for a few minutes in soda and water at regular intervals there will be little difficulty in the burning. Next see that the wicks fit exactly. For this purpose when new wicks are required, the lamp burner should always be sent. Some people buy their wicks by guess, but this is a most foolish plan, for not only should the wick be of the right width, but it should also be of the right thickness, so that it will turn up and down easily and be in all respects a good fit.

Another thing to ascertain is if the wick is worn out. A lamp should have a fresh wick every month at least. Be careful before fitting a new wick to see that the latter is perfectly dry. It should be placed for ten or fifteen minutes upon a hot pan before fixing it into the lamp, so as to remove any moisture. Soaking the wicks in vinegar and then drying them thoroughly prevents all chance of smoking, but of smoke there is little fear if the lamp is regularly and properly trimmed. Be careful in trimming the wick not to let any of the charred part fall into the burner. This is a fruitful source of trouble.

Lamps with metal reservoirs are undoubtedly safer than those of glass or china, and the former, if upset, can be picked up and replaced before the oil can escape. Of course the oil used must be of good quality. There is no saving, but on the contrary, waste and some danger in poor oil. Bad oil clogs the wick and the burner besides giving off an unpleasant and very dirty vapor. Under the title of petroleum or rock oil are also included paraffine and kerosene.

One more hint. Never turn down a lamp, allowing it just to glimmer. It is meant to burn with the flame at full height, and when allowed to smoulder in this way it will either smoke or smell, possibly both, and will most certainly heat rapidly and become a distinct source of danger.

THE ORIGINAL OF LITTLE NELL.

The Beautiful Girl That Suggested the Character to Dickens.

At the beginning of my father's literary career he suffered a great sorrow in the death—a very sudden death—of my mother's sister, Mary Hogarth, writes Miss Dickens in the first instalment of her reminiscence papers on "My Father as I Recall Him," in the Ladies Home Journal. She was of a most charming and lovable disposition, as well as being personally very beautiful. Soon after my parents married, Aunt Mary was constantly with them. As her nature developed, she became my father's ideal of what a young girl should be. And his own words show how this great affection and the influence of the girl's loved memory were with him to the end of his life. The shock of her sudden death so affected and prostrated him that the publication of "Pickwick" was interrupted for two months.

"I look back," he wrote, "and with unmingled pleasure, to every link which each ensuing week has added to the chain of our attachment. It shall go hard I hope ere anything but death impairs the toughness of a bond now so firmly riveted. That beautiful passage you were so kind and considerate as to send to me, has given me the only feeling akin to pleasure, sorrowful pleasure it is, that I have yet had connected with the loss of my dear friend and companion, for whom my love and attachment will never diminish, and by whose side, if it please God to leave me in possession of sense to signify my wishes, my bones, whenever or wherever I die, will one day be laid."

She was buried in Kensal Green cemetery, and her grave bears the following inscription, written by my father:

"Young, beautiful and good, God in his mercy numbered her among his angels at the early age of 17."

There is no doubt that in "Little Nell" much of Aunt Mary's character is reproduced.

Where He Was Different.

She, doubtfully—You say you are peculiar. What, pray, is your peculiarity?

He—Mabel I am the only man in the world who ever loved you as much as I do.—Life.

Room to Expand.

Merlin—Rev. Longwind will be glad to enter eternity, I fancy.

Godwin—Why?

Merlin—He will then have time to preach as long a sermon as he likes.

His Humble Friends.

The relation of celebrated men to those who they meet in the humble walks of life is often as interesting as the estimation in which they are held by the great world. It is said that Tennyson was always kind and almost deferential to the old nurse who took care of him when he was a child.

To the country people who knew him he had always a most unpretending manner, and few of them appreciated him as a genius. They seemed to consider whatever he did to be quite the right thing because he did it, even though it might look peculiar.

They were accustomed to his solitary rambles, and though frequently surprised by the appearance of a figure in a short cloak and slouch hat in some dark bit of woodland, they were never slow in settling upon its right identity.

At one time a countryman who fancied he had seen an apparition of some sort, added, after attempting its description:

"If it wa'n't a ghost, then 'twere Mr. Tennyson."

Partiality.

The Bible seems to be full of strangely flat local allusions, and so pointed are they that even the truly reverent person cannot always avoid calling attention to them.

Near Cheltenham, England, is a small village named Chosen, and there one Sunday in the little church preached a new vicar. Possibly in innocence, or it may be to please the good village folk, he gave out as his text the words:

"And make all thy chosen people joyful."

Before he had time to begin his sermon proper, however, a yeoman from an distant parish broke out, to the consternation of the clergyman and the amusement of the Chosen people themselves.

"And what about we poor Hucklecut oik?"

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward to any one who can furnish a cure for Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & THURX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

The United States chewed eighty-five tons of tobacco last year.

Bad taste in the mouth or an unpleasant breath, when resulting from Catarrh, are overcome, and the nasal passages which have been closed for years are made free by the use of Ely's Cream Balm. I suffered from catarrh for twelve years, experienced the nauseating dripping in the throat peculiar to that disease, and nose bled almost daily. I tried various remedies without benefit until last April, when I saw Ely's Cream Balm advertised. I procured a bottle, and since the first day's use have had no more bleeding—the soreness is entirely gone.—D. G. Davidson, with the Boston Budget, formerly with Boston Journal.

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.

Two Japanese girls are among the students enrolled in the University of Michigan.

THE MOST PLEASANT WAY

Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches, and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles.

The progeny of two rabbits will amount in two years to 70,000,000.

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

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

Invalid wife—John, dear, I do hope if you should ever marry again you will find a better wife than I have been. John—There, there, my love, don't worry; there will be no trouble about that.

FITS—All fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fit after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$5.00 trial bottle free to all cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 231 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Printing in raised characters for the blind was invented in 1827.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

There are fourteen canneries on the Columbia river and twenty-three in the State of Oregon.

Baker's Norwegian Cod Liver Oil. Quickly relieves rheumatism and imparts vigor and new life. Sold by druggists.

The famous dish of Vitellus was of pheasants' brains, the tongues of nightingales and fish liver.

Rorsch, Chicago's Scientific Optician, Spectacles and Eye Glasses a specialty. Consult us about your eyes, improve your sight. 105 Adams St., opp. P. O.

British India has 10,417 shops licensed for the sale of opium. They supply a population of 223,000,000.

Is Your Stove-Lifter Hot?

The Alaska Stove-Lifter is always cold. Manufactured only under Galtley's patents. For sale at hardware and furnishing stores. See advertisement.

Jerusalem is still supplied with water from Solomon's pools through an aqueduct built by the crusaders.

Brummell's Cough Drops. The genuine have a B. R. on each drop. Sold everywhere.

Three fresh recruits in the garrison at Stratsburg committed suicide rather than serve in the German army.

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat. "Brown's Bronchial Trochocins" give immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.

In the southern provinces of Russia a drink resembling brandy is obtained by distilling the juice of watermelons.

Thirteen hens in Niles, Mich., laid 2,159 eggs last year.

GHOSTS.

Out from the wintry sea
A ghost rose cold and gray.
And cried: "Come to the deep with me,
Where sea elves sport and play."

A ghost came out from the hill,
Where roses and lilies bloom.
In the twilight soft and still,
And cried to me in the gloom—

"Come, come with me away,
To the fairy-land of rest;
Adown the peaceful day,
Come to the land of rest."

But, sweet, you were not there,
And I could not from you go.
From this earth of tear and prayer,
This earth of joy and woe.

BEFORE THE WIND.

Our fleet—that is the fleet of the Deep Bay yacht club—was on its annual cruise up Long Island Sound. I was a guest upon the sloop Dawn, and had the captain and owner not seen a great friend of mine I fear that I might have been put ashore early in the cruise and left to get home as best I could. A race straight away across the sound was arranged for the second day, and the boats all lay at anchor in Blackfish harbor off the little town of Nutmeg—same state. There were but two forty-footers in the fleet—the Dawn was one and the Foam the other—and between the two captains a strong friendship and an intense rivalry existed. Until late in the night we were discussing the race between our two boats and heavy odds were laid on each. There was a good breeze blowing early on the day of the race, and we all tumbled upon deck about 6 o'clock in the morning. I may be allowed to state right here that the crews of the boats were all amateurs and as I was superlative in that degree I did land duty whenever it was necessary; so about 7:30 I went ashore to replenish the water barrel. The skipper rowed with me over to the landing place, where he was joined soon after by the captain of the Foam, while I took a man in tow to gather the water. While working thus in very ordinary clothes a horse and buggy came flying down the road, and when the driver saw me he mistook me for a boatman (I have since pardoned the mistake—it was balm after being so long assailed as a lubber.)

"Say, he cried, pulling up his horse, 'have you a boat? I want to get over to Long Island right away,' as he spoke he glanced nervously up the road.

"Well, no," I answered. "I am aboard a yacht."

"Do you see him?" interrupted a sweet voice from beneath the hood of the buggy, and for the first time I noticed a girl within.

"No—no," the man replied, soothingly, and then he turned to me.

"Can you aid me?" he asked; "I am in a hurry."

I saw it in a moment—the pair had eloped and papa was probably close behind. A thought flashed through my mind, and I first ventured to ask—

"Do you want a minister?"

"Yes," the man answered. "But I must get into Long Island first—the old man is too near for fun."

"Oh, Henry," called the girl, and hearing her voice again decided, me.

"Come," I said, "this way," and in a moment the pair had left the buggy and were following me to the dock.

Charley, our skipper, started as I came up, but I motioned the two in the boat, and in a moment had told him of the case. It was just as I knew, and he tumbled in after me, leaving the captain of the Foam to ask "More passengers?" It was the way he said it that hurt me, and I frowned at him, as he stood smiling on the pier. As the yawl reached the Dawn again, which was the signal to get ready, sounded from the flagship, and in a minute the eloping pair were in the cabin while we were occupied with raising the anchor.

The sails were hauled up, and just as they filled I saw the captain of the Foam rowing out with a stranger. I gave the matter no thought, busied myself with the minor duties of coiling rope, etc., which had been assigned to me, until suddenly I wondered whether the old man, the father of the girl, had not been taken aboard the other yacht. All the boats were under way by that time, and looking toward our rival, I saw a gray head poking out of the cabin door. Charley was at the wheel, and I whispered my suspicions and brought up the would-be bridegroom to inspect. As he saw him he grew pale and his eyes flashed.

"I know I can not get ashore now," he said, turning to Charley. "Do you think you can beat him over to the other shore?"

"Yes, sir," answered our skipper, "we can and will, or else lose the mast," and I saw that he meant it.

Just then the two boats were alongside, and the old man and the young one exchanged expressive gestures as their eyes met.

Bang went the signal to start, and the fleet squared away, the Dawn and the Foam crossing the line together. Charley ordered up more sail until we had every stitch flying, while the Foam did likewise. It was a dead beat before the wind and the two boats led the fleet. The respective crews had learned the story by that time, and shouted loudly to each other, while a broad smile lit up the face of the captain of the Foam. He evidently thought it a good joke, but we heard the girl sobbing below, and our entire crew was willing to help on the elopement. If papa got to Long Island first we would turn about and make Nutmeg again, or—well, we figured up the possible costs in the case if we put the couple ashore and forcibly prevailed upon papa to return via the Dawn. The breeze freshened and the two boats went before it, drawing farther apart all the while. Papa was supplied with a glass, so we got one for our man, and he skipped upon deck every minute to look through it, and then tumbled

back to comfort the girl. One by one the crew went in and were introduced to the blushing little creature, and each man as he came out felt as I did when first I heard her voice—it foreboded danger to the gray-haired old passenger on board the Foam.

"If we only had to tack he'd lose his head by the boom," suggested Charley, as he saw the white spot above the door of the cabin.

"I don't want to disobey papa," sobbed the girl, when I went into our cabin, "but I'm old enough to know what is right, and papa is awfully funny sometimes. He chased us fifteen miles. We were half married once this morning, when Henry saw him up the road and we had to start off again."

I assured her that the Dawn could beat anything afloat, and that she would be safely looked after by the entire crew.

"The captain of the Foam is a mean fellow," I said, mildly, remembering his last remark. Then I came up while the skipper resigned the wheel to another, and started down to make the acquaintance of the pair.

"Aho, there," he shouted to me, after a while, "bring down some water, will you?" (I was steward, you know.)

We were astern of the Foam, but a little to windward, and I looked at papa and scowled. The painful fact came to me that I had forgotten the water and left it by the horse and buggy. I wondered if the fellow had forgotten them too.

"I say, steward," called out Charley, "where's the water?"

A quotation apt but true came into my mind about "Water, water."

There was a sudden crash ahead of us; the Foam luffed suddenly, and we saw a mass of sail hanging from the mast, which had snapped off near the top. She had tried to carry too much in the wind—but it might have been fate, for our boat held an equal amount of sail and stood like a rock. The skipper was on deck in a moment; he grabbed the wheel and brought the Dawn as near the Foam as possible. A joyous smile spread over his sunburned face—the day was ours.

The crew and skipper of the Foam were too busy with the wreck to notice us, but there was a gray head poking out of the cabin door, at which we yelled and the bridegroom-to-be yelled, and then we passed ahead—further and further—while the Foam lay to in the wind, and before long the Foam was astern of the whole fleet, while we led them all. And as we neared the buoy which marked the limits of the race, the Foam was a mere speck, but with the glass we fancied that we saw papa's white head still looking over the cabin door. We won the race and straight ahead we sailed into the wide bay, and the loving pair and the skipper and I went ashore. As we walked up from the landing toward the minister's house, Charley suddenly turned to me. "Why didn't you bring in that water I asked for?"

"I left it at Nutmeg," was my blushing answer, "when I brought them on board."

"Oh, you lubber," replied the skipper, in tones of disgust, "you would try to sail with the anchor out," but, notwithstanding, I gave the bride away a few minutes later and received my reward from hot sweet lips.

But the crowning act of revenge was when we went back to where the Foam lay, her crew having just restored order, and Charley went on board to collect his bets, and I went to deliver to gray-haired papa, who by that time was frightfully seasick, a duplicate marriage certificate—Chicago Inter Ocean.

FAWNS AND PIGS.

How Games Can Be Played With Them—The "Touch."

In animals the faculty of amusement wakes very early. Our four-footed friends seem to be aware of this, and make it a part of their parental duty to amuse their young. A ferret will play with her kittens, a cat with hers, a dog with her puppies. A mare will play with her foal, though the writer from whom we quote never saw a cow try to amuse her calf, nor any bird their young.

Waverly Magazine. If mothers do not amuse them the young ones invent games of their own. A flock of ewes and lambs was also observed in adjoining fields, separated by a fence with several gaps in it. "Follow my leader" was the game most in favor with the flock, the biggest lamb leading round the field and then jumping the gap with all the others following in single file. Any lamb that took the leap unusually well would give two or three more enthusiastic jumps out of sheer exuberant happiness when it reached the other side.

Fawns play a sort of cross touch from one side to the other, the "touch" in each case being by the nose. Little pigs are also great at combined play, which generally takes the form of races. Emulation seems to form part of their amusement, for their races seem always to have the winning of the first place for their object, and are quite different from those combined rushes for food and causeless stampedes in which little pigs are wont to indulge. Racing is an amusement natural to some animals, and being soon taught by others becomes one of their most exciting pastimes. Many horses and all racing dogs learn to be as keen at winning as school boys. Birds delight in the free and fanciful use of their wings. There is all the difference possible between the flight of birds for "business" or pleasure, and many kinds on fine days will soar to vast heights for pleasure alone.

The Latest Fad.

The newest fad in autograph books is one of cooking recipes. Each formula written in the book has the signature of the contributing friend under it.

FISHES IN THE WINTER.

THEIR HABITS DURING THE COLD WEATHER.

Where Shad and Other Species Spend Their Time—Why Stocking Ponds With Eels Has Failed—False Theories.

How do fishes spend the winter? Fishermen, who ought to know something about the matter, have all sorts of strange theories on this point. They will tell you that the finny dwellers of the waters mostly bury themselves in mud to escape the cold. Of a few species like the catfish this is true; but the experts with nets and lines entertain the same notion about the herrings of the Chesapeake, chiefly because they are often fetched up with the dredge from the deep water oyster beds.

In reality the circumstance is merely due to the fact that the herrings have sought the equable temperature of the depths in winter, and now and then they are accidentally caught by the dredges.

A like absurd belief is entertained with regard to the mackerel, concerning the alleged mud-burying habit of which there has recently been some discussion in the newspapers.

A good many old notions about the ways in which the fishes spend the winters have been exploded.

For example, it used to be supposed that all the shad which frequent the Atlantic coast sought the depths of Southern seas during the cold season every year, returning in the spring and swimming in shoals northward, some entering the Potomac to spawn, while others kept on to the Delaware, to the Connecticut and to the rivers of Maine. As a matter of fact the shad make no such migrations. It is positively known that they do not ordinarily swim faster than at about the rate of ten miles a day, so that it would take them four or five years to get from Florida to the St. Lawrence. Very often, too, shad make their appearance in the Connecticut before they arrive in the Potomac.

The truth is that the shad never go very far from the mouths of the rivers in which they were spawned. For instance, Mrs. R. O. E. Shad was born in the Potomac not far from Washington. She is properly a fish of the ocean, but in order to reproduce the species she is obliged to go up the river each spring and lay her eggs in a spot where they can be conveniently fertilized and hatched.

When she has performed this maternal function she returns to the sea, unless she is so unfortunate as to be caught and eaten. It is probable that she never enters any stream except the Potomac, and in winter she does not go further from its mouth than is necessary to reach the deeper waters off shore near and tempered by the warm current of the gulf stream, which flows from the tropics northward. It is the same way with all the shad. They cruise around during the greater part of the year not far from the rivers where they are hatched, returning to those streams annually at spawning time.

What is true of the shad in this regard is likewise true of the alewife, which is the correct name of the so-called "herrings" that frequent the Potomac. The true herrings are ocean fishes, which never come into the rivers. The winter habits of the salmon, which were long regarded as a mystery, are doubtless similar. They never go far from the mouths of the rivers where they were spawned, returning to them at each breeding season.

If this were not the case they would not always come back, as they do, to the same stream. Thus it happens that when all of the salmon that ascends a particular river are caught that stream ceases to have any salmon thereafter, though other rivers not far away may teem with them every summer. It is not very accurately known where or how the blue fish spend the winter, but they are always found in great numbers along the North Carolina coast during the cold time of the year.

Fishermen say that, owing to their alleged habit of wintering in the mud, mackerel are commonly found in the early spring to be more or less blinded by cataracts over their eyes. This, however, is probably due to the fact that they have been poorly fed while in the deep waters to which they retreated to escape the cold. It is the shallows of the ocean, that teem most plentifully with forms of life which serve as food for fishes, the waters along the shore being a sort of soup, full of organic matter, both animal and vegetable, on which innumerable creatures browse and grow fat.

Striped bass reverse the usual habit of sea fishes which spawn in the rivers. They run up the streams in the winter to breed. Eels on the other hand, leave the streams and go to the sea to spawn. For that reason their manner of reproduction has been regarded until recently as a mystery. All sorts of extraordinary theories being entertained on the subject of which not the least absurd was a notion to the effect that they were developed from horsehairs.

Eels which are confined to a lake or pond will not produce their species at all, though individuals put into such landlocked waters thrive and are healthy. On this account many attempts to stock ponds with eels have proved fruitless.

Henry IV.

On August 25, 1792, the equestrian statue of Henry IV, on the Pont Neuf, Paris was pulled down to make cannon for the revolutionists. It was replaced in 1814, under the Restoration, the bronze from a colossal statue of Napoleon I, having been used in the casting. It is said that the sculptor Lemot indignantly at this insult to the memory of the great em-

peror, inclosed a statuette of Napoleon in one of the legs of the horse. French patriotism has found expression in so many curious ways that such a story is not incredible.

STRAITS OF LE MAIRE.

A Little-Known Geographical Rival to the Straits of Magellan.

First Mate Thorndike, of the British ship Mashona, had a little talk with a San Francisco Call reporter, and, in the course of the conversation, incidentally referred to the fact that he was on the Merionethshire when the vessel made the quickest passage on record to San Francisco from the United Kingdom. The trip was made four years ago and the time was ninety-six days.

"And now," said Mate Thorndike, "I am going to ask you a question. How many school-marks in California know for a fact that there are two ways of coming to San Francisco from New York or Europe by way of South America without rounding the Horn? Ask them. I would almost wager everything that I possess on the proposition that without preparation they would tell you that the only way to avoid the Horn is by going through the straits of Magellan."

"Now, I am not teaching geography, but every sailor knows of the straits of Le Maire. But how many presumably well-informed people in San Francisco or in London, for that matter, know that there is another short cut through the South American continent?"

"The Merionethshire did not come through the straits of Le Maire when she made her ninety-six days' passage, but sailing ships have passed through those straits, and if all the conditions were favorable the trip might be thus shortened nearly seven days, so that theoretically a modern sailing ship might reach this port in eighty days, or even less. But sailing ships very rarely indeed come through these straits. Time is not so much an object as it was in the days of the fifties, and in addition the vessel that undertook it would forfeit her insurance. No insured sailing vessel ever comes through the straits of Le Maire. I have sailed through those straits once, and would not care to do it again."

"The straits of Magellan and the straits of Le Maire represent two alternatives as against rounding the Horn. Neither of them is at any time beset or blocked by ice. The icefloes travel from west to east around the Horn many degrees south of the straits of Le Maire, which lie between the southern end of Terra del Fuego and Staten Island. By going through the straits of Le Maire a ship can save 1,000 miles, but you will readily understand that, as the northern summer is the antarctic winter, no vessel would attempt the passage in June, July or August."

"The straits of Le Maire are five degrees further south than Magellan. They are about thirty miles through and as many miles across, but the trouble is that when you get to the Pacific side there is a current dead against you, and the northwest gales setting you on a rock-bound coast."

Strange But True.

Baker—But it's really impossible for me to lend you any money! Why don't you go to somebody who knows you?

Smith—That would be of no use at all, my dear sir. It's a perfect stranger I want.—Texas Sittings.

A Frank Opinion.

He—When I marry I shall choose a woman who takes me for what I am.

She—If she marries you it will be because she takes you for what you are not.

FEMININITIES.

"What would you do, Mr. Man, if your wife died?" asked Mrs. D. M. M., who is very methodical—I would bury her.

"I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late," "My dear sir," replied the lady graciously, "no pardons are needed—you can never come too late."

Maud—Now, when I am asked to sing, I never say, "Oh, I can't," but always sit right down at the piano. Mamie—I presume you let the audience find out for themselves.

A new game is to be introduced. It is called eye peeping, and the fun consists in trying to guess the unknown owner of an eye which is shown to the spectators through a hole in the curtain.

A carriage bag is a pretty gift for carriage people. It is made of cloth, lined and wadded, into which the feet are slipped and the mouth drawn up nearly to the knees, insuring comfort on a cold day.

A woman's tombstone is the only one in England upon which the epitaph is written in shorthand. If a woman wrote the epitaph it probably had to be put in shorthand to get it all on the tombstone.

Physical Director Stagg—that's what they call him—has decided that the students in the Chicago University shall kick ball three times a week for exercise—at least, the young men. The young ladies walk an hour, and take fifteen minutes' exercise in the gymnasium.

"Sonny, is your mother at home?" asked the minister, addressing the little boy who was standing at the door. "Yes, she's at home," was the reply, "but she doesn't want to see you."

heard her just tell pa that she hated fools, and that she never saw a mar yet that wasn't a fool."

So many delightful women are late in loving, so many are true to some buried love, so many are single from choice and from neglect of the stronger sex, who have the asking of the question, that to them should be given all the dignity which is supposed to accrue to the married.

MAHOMETAN SINS.

Murder Is Not a Crime, While Smoking Is Unforgivable.

The average Faluli does not regard murder as a crime. It is kill or be killed in his own country and he therefore regards the matter of the taking off of a friend most philosophically. "There is nothing to worry about: he is dead and I killed him," he will tell you if you should inquire about a companion with whom he was on the best terms the preceding winter. I have heard an Afghan, while purchasing a weapon, speak with evident gusto of the occasion when he would use the gun to murder a friend. It caused him as little concern, this contemplated crime, as if he had said, "I shall kill a chicken, if God so wills it to-morrow for my pillow."

And yet there is something childish and affectionate about these men. They never seem to forget a favor and repay it to the best of their ability. Unlike the Mohammedans they do not observe the koran with blind obstinacy, but occasionally stretch its precepts to accord with their ideas of religion. They do not drink for that is directly against the law, nor do they smoke. Palgrave, in his interesting book describing his journey to the sacred city of Mecca, gives an amusing account of his conversation with a Molah.

On asking the reverend gentleman which he considered the most deadly of all sins the holy man replied: "Smoking the Shameful."

"And next, O son of the Prophet?" "Drinking."

"Are these the two greatest sins, father?"

"Verily, my son."

"And murder?"

"Ah, that's nothing—nothing. It's forgivable."

"And stealing?"

"Ah, that's forgivable, too."

"But smoking?"

"It is the unforgivable crime," replied the Molah sternly, and looking keenly at the fictitious Mohammedan.

And this I think is the Afghan's creed. Murder and theft are forgivable crimes, but for smoking and drinking there is no redemption.

IRRIGATION IS DEATH ON FISH.

More Trout Killed in Colorado by This Agency Than All Others.

In the progress of settlement of the valleys of Colorado the streams have become more and more largely used for irrigation. Below the mouth of the canons dam after dam and ditch after ditch turn off the water. In summer the beds of even large rivers (as the Rio Grande) are left wholly dry, all the water being turned into these ditches. Much of this water is consumed by the arid land and its vegetation; the rest seeps back, turbid and yellow, into the bed of the stream, to be again intercepted as soon as enough has accumulated to be worth taking.

In some valleys, as in San Luis, in the dry season there is scarcely a drop of water in the river bed that has not from one to ten times flowed over some field, while the beds of many considerable streams (Rio la Jara, Rio Alamosa, etc.) are filled with dry clay and dust.

Great numbers of trout, in many cases thousands of them, pass into these irrigating ditches and are left to perish in the fields. The destruction of trout by this agency is far greater than that due to all others combined, and it is going on in almost every irrigating ditch in Colorado. Perhaps most of the crowd are lost by entering the ditches in the fall, when running down the stream with the cooling of the water. It has been suggested that a law could compel the closing of the ditches after harvest, allowing the stream to flow freely until March or April. In the fall the water is worth most to the fishes and least to the farmers. The American Angler is unable to say whether this plan will prove practicable or effective. This is certain, that if the present conditions go on, the trout in the lower courses of all the streams will be exterminated, and there will be trout only in the mountain lakes and in the mountain meadows to which agriculture cannot extend.

THE DECAY OF NEVADA.

Half a Dozen People Now Found Where Once Dwelt Thousands.

The most remarkable thing noticed by the observant traveler in the far West is the retrogression of the state of Nevada and the decadence of its towns in recent years. Paralysis has struck many of the mining camps and nearly obliterated once flourishing towns. Not infrequently one finds but half a dozen people in a town that once had thousands, and very often, in a place that once had hundreds, one finds but a single individual—a lonely link between the present and the past, and generally a gray old hermit, who lingers like a belated ghost whom sunshine should have sent back into limbo. Yet according to the Salt Lake Tribune, the place is invariably mapped and chartered as a town; has a government mail service and its duly accredited postmaster, and to the outside world exists as palpably as ever. Of course, the hermit is the postmaster, and very frequently he is some sort of an elective officer besides. In the sense that he is monarch of all he surveys," and that his "right there is none to dispute," he is a sort of Alexander Selkirk IL, for his nearest neighbors are the scattered ranchmen who live from fifteen to forty miles apart, and his immediate society is that of the Indians who dig in his garden, when he happens to have one. Yet he invariably appears to be more than satisfied with his lot and apparently would not exchange positions with the president. With him good health, good appetite, a full cupboard and a weather-tight cabin discount the glory of the world.

SUNDRY NOVELTIES.

The duke of Westminster's estate is worth about \$80,000,000. It yields an annual income of about \$2,750,000.

There are seven Hebrew members who have seats in the British house of commons, and they are all related to the Rothschild family.

The village druggist refusing to sell rat poison to William K. Koons of Marietta, Pa., he decided to make some himself. He took the kernels from three dozen peach stones, put them in a pint of water and boiled them for three hours. The liquid killed rats as readily as arsenic.

Mr. Van Rogers of Georgia, has a couple of peculiar fowls—a cross between a rooster and a guinea hen. Their plumage is darker than that of a partridge, while they are speckled as a guinea. Their heads are like a buzzard's, while their general figure is a blending of guinea and chicken.

As a rule seats in first class theaters in Europe cost more than in this country. A seat in the parquet of a London theater costs \$2.63 and one in the first balcony \$1.75. Then the program costs from two to six cents, and the fees of the attendants count up anywhere from a dime to fifty cents.

Probably the smallest electric light plant in the world is to be found in the little village of Bremen, near Dornbach, in Thuringia. It comprises a single arc lamp installed in the church, the lamp being operated when required by a small dynamo arranged in the village mill and driven by the mill wheel.

In Paris a novel apparatus has been fixed in front of the windows of a few shops, pioneering the way for the introduction of the invention. It consists of a small pipe laid along the exterior of a shop window, from which pipe, through numerous holes, is emitted a gentle current of warm air, slightly scented, which is very agreeable to the shop window gazers to sniff, while it keeps the window clear and bright, thus more effectively displaying the contents.

A well known milk dealer of Philadelphia has contrived quite an ingenious plan to hurry up things to enable him to start out on his morning ride to serve his customers. In order to feed his horse while he lies comfortably in bed, he has placed an alarm clock in the stable, which he sets to go off at 4 o'clock in the morning. The clock does not strike an alarm, but is fixed so that it releases a pin, and opens the door of a little box which contains sufficient feed for the horse. The feed runs into the trough in the stall and by the time the milkman is ready to start out the animal has had his breakfast and is in good shape to be hitched up and start on his route.

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David A. Wells declares that the yearly waste in the United States, through drink, is at least \$500,000,000.

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Walter Satterlee, the artist, says one of the greatest difficulties he meets is the lack of models in this country whose hair is so black that it has blue or purple lights in it. He adds that what he wants is common in Europe, but almost unattainable here.

The Christmas number of that excellent little New York publication, The Doll's Dressmaker, is full of bright stories and pictures which instruct and amuse its little women readers. A year's subscription for this entertainingly useful monthly placed in the hands of any little miss who loves dolls, will furnish more genuine pleasure than the giver can begin to realize. The low price (\$1.00) places the magazine within the reach of all. Our local newsdealers ought to have it, but you can get a specimen copy by addressing the publisher, JENNIE WREN, 35 East Seventy-seventh Street, New York City.

CHIPS AND CLIPPINGS.

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BARRINGTON REVIEW.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS.

E. T. GOVEN, Managing Editor.
J. D. LANEY, Local Editor.

CITY OFFICE:
ROOM 513, 84-85 LA SALLE STREET.

SUBSCRIPTION.—One year payable in advance, \$1.00; 6 months, \$0.60; 3 months, \$0.35. If not paid up at the expiration of the term, the subscription will be discontinued. ADVERTISING RATES will be furnished on application at the office.

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

Clyde Fitch, the author of "A Modern Match," has enjoyed the pleasure of seeing three of his own compositions at as many of the New York theaters within the same week, all playing to successful business. For a man so young in years and of so short experience Mr. Fitch is certainly to be congratulated. His first essay into the field of dramatic literature, "Beau Brummell," met with most pronounced favor and encouraged him to further effort. "A Modern Match" next made its appearance and August Pitou at once undertook its production on the road. Mr. Pitou's stock company was perhaps as strong an organization as the American stage has seen in recent years, so that Mr. Fitch's "A Modern Match" was evidently born under a lucky star.

Minnie Seligman was at the head of Mr. Pitou's company, and notwithstanding the excellence of her surroundings she proved herself the leading lady, indeed, of the cast, if one may use a stronger term. As Viola Hunt, Miss Seligman had a character to impersonate which, but for her artistic assumption, would not have been tolerated, so gross its nature.

The play, "A Modern Match," deals with an everyday occurrence, the failure of two business men who are confronted with the necessity of relinquishing all the luxuries of life, while one of them, who is supported by a devoted and loving wife, is too weak to bear the crisis and commits suicide; the other, who is ready to struggle anew, sees himself forsaken by his wife, a frivolous and wicked creature. She elopes during her husband's most trying hour with a man "who has millions." With the same fortitude that her husband, Mr. Hunt, stood his financial reverses he bears this loss. Viola Hunt, the faithless wife, after running the gamut of vice from the respectable mistress, if you will, of one man until his wealth had been frittered away, to the painted, gross, vulgar adventuress, returns after the lapse of twelve years to find her heroic husband again safely enthroned in the financial world, to be the father of a doting child, her own, and the beloved husband of a new wife.

Minnie Seligman, during the past season, while leading lady with Pitou's stock company which first gave Clyde Fitch's drama to the public in the most realistic delineations of the central female character acted the role of the adventuress, Viola Hunt, in such a manner as to stamp herself in the estimation of the most sardonic critics of the time as one of America's most powerful emotional actresses. William F. Owen, who will be remembered for his clever work as Sir Toby Belch in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," in support of Joseph Jefferson and Marie Wainwright, and who added fresh laurels to his former success during the past two weeks at the Schiller as Col. Lenox in "My Official Wife," will portray the weaker of the two partners, Synnot, who takes his own life. C. W. Hastings will be the sorely tried husband who lives to reap the reward of virtue. Robert L. Cutting, Jr., who attracts as much attention on the stage from his aristocratic antecedents as from his histrionic ability, which is of no mean order, will appear as the confidential and sympathizing friend, Jack Warren. The balance of the cast will be made up from F. W. Sanger's strong company, and "A Modern Match" will no doubt prove the most appetizing bill of fare at the Schiller Theater for the week beginning Jan. 16.

Echoes.

In a cave in the Pantheon the guide, by striking the flaps of his coat, makes a noise equal to that produced by firing a twelve-pound cannon. In the cave of Smellin, near Viborg, Finland, a stone thrown down a certain abyss makes a reverberating echo which sounds like the dying wail of some wild animal.

BARRINGTON.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Mr. Bailey, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Evening services at 7 p. m. Sabbath school at 9 a. m.

ST. ANNE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH.—Rev. J. P. Clancy, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 8 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 9 a. m. Children's services at 11 a. m. Class-meeting at 6 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. Hahn, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

LOUISIANA LODGE No. 711.—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.; E. T. Abbott, Treas.; F. O. Williams, Sec.; W. J. H. Brown, D. M.; Wm. McCredie, J. D.; A. G. Goss, T.

BARRINGTON POST No. 276 G. A. R. Department of Ill.—Meets every second Friday in the month at Parker's Hall. A. S. Henderson, Commander; L. F. Elvidge, S. V. C.; L. H. Bute, J. V. C.; C. A. Gleason, O. M.; E. R. Clark, P. M.; C. G. Sena, G. J. Henry, Reuter, Sergeant; F. A. Lageschulte, Chap.

W. R. C. No. 35.—Meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Emily Gleason, Pres.; Miss Bertha Seibert, Sec.

M. W. A. Camp 303.—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 Andrews, W.; Lyman Powers, E. P. A. Hawley, S.

A surprise party was given Johnny Sizer Thursday evening of last week. It was an enjoyable affair for the little ones.

Frank Walthausen of Elgin made a business trip here Thursday of last week.

Mr. C. Naehner has bought of G. H. Lageschulte the C. J. Dodge house, with two lots. Consideration, \$1,550.

Presiding Elder Messner assisted in the services at the German Evangelical Church last Sunday evening.

Curtis Craver of Michigan, also Wallace Craver of Spencer, Iowa, were visitors at Mr. C. Wool's last week.

William Grunau, who has been sick, has recovered so as to be on duty.

William McCredie & Co. filled their ice house last week.

Mrs. C. Heimerdinger returned to her home in Valcan, Mich., last Friday.

You will find a "B" on the Columbian half dollar. That means that the designer's name was Barber.

Mr. Henry Schafer of South Barrington had a very narrow escape while on his way home from Elgin on Tuesday of last week driving a span of fractious colts. They became frightened from the approach of an electric street car and lunged themselves across the tracks just as the cars were within a few feet of them, overthrowing the wagon and horses and throwing the driver violently to the ground several feet from the rig. Mr. Schafer picked himself up and declared he was unharmed. The wagon received very little damage and one of the horses was slightly lamed. The rig was put together and he was on his way home in a short time.

The M. W. A. installation of officers for the ensuing year occurred last Saturday evening in Parker's Hall.

Oysters always on hand at S. M. Jayne's Meat Market, first door east of barber shop.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Harrower entertained the members of the Chautauqua at their home last Friday evening.

Mrs. Wilson, who has been caring for her grand-daughter, Mrs. H. Spear, at Irving Park during her recent illness, returned home last Friday.

J. C. Kruger of Racine made a call on his friends here this week.

FOR SALE.—A grand square "Bauer" piano at a bargain. For particulars call or address this office.

Mr. Elmer Feider spent a few days with Mr. Edward Golding last week.

Mrs. George Twichell of Hastings, Minn., made a call on her brother, Mr. A. S. Henderson, last week.

The C. & N. W. trains from the North were delayed three or four hours last Saturday on account of a derailed freight car between Cary and this place.

The Rev. Mr. Huser of Chicago preached at the Baptist Church last Sunday afternoon.

Mr. F. W. Tegmeier of Des Moines visited with his parents last Sunday.

Mr. G. Meyer shipped a car load of cheese boxes from here last Tuesday to Woodstock.

Mr. Henry Thies and daughter, Miss Carrie, of Plum Grove, visited E. Hachmeister last Monday.

Herman Schwein has sold his half interest in livery stable to Edward Peters. Consideration, \$3,750.

Wm. Gelleck spent last week with his parents at Janesville, Wis.

Mrs. James Catlow and daughter of Cary, visited with Mr. Catlow a few days last week.

Mr. Schafer and little daughters of Chicago visited Mr. Geo. Schafer last week.

H. D. A. Grebe and Samuel Geiskie have dissolved partnership, Samuel Geiskie having retired. H. D. A. Grebe will continue business at the old place.

Miss Jennie Crowley is visiting this week with relatives here.

Mr. R. Purcell spent last week at home with his family.

Miss Schwitter of Palatine was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Dickman a few days this week.

Ossian Congdon of Nunda visited with friends here last Saturday.

The celebrated "son" man was around again last Monday and relieved some of our citizens of their good hard cash.

If you want a good steak, roast or anything in the line of meats, call on S. M. Jayne.

DIED.—Sunday morning, Jan. 8, only daughter of Bernard Lageschulte, of diphtheria, aged 2 years. Funeral services were held at the Lutheran Church last Tuesday, the Rev. Hahn officiating.

Mr. James Kitson spent last week in Chicago visiting friends.

Gussie Generous visited with his mother last Sunday.

The annual meeting of the Lutheran Congregation occurred last Tuesday,

day, at which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: G. Heimerdinger, President; Fred Reese, Treasurer; Henry Reike, Secretary.

Mr. R. H. Sott has taken his sons, Edward and Frank, into partnership in his store and will hereafter be known under the name of R. H. Sott & Sons.

Our tax collector for the town of Cuba received his books last Wednesday. It appears that the taxes are a little higher this year.

Milk Dealers' Debts.

In Justice Gibbons' court in Chicago, Thursday, a jury was engaged the entire afternoon trying the case of the Milk Shippers' Association against J. Locher, a milk dealer, who set up a plea that the association was a combine doing business illegally and could not collect its debts. The jury, however, returned a verdict in favor of the association and gave a judgment for the full amount, \$106. This is the first jury case under the recently enacted anti-trust law of the State of Illinois. Judge Taylor heard the Ford case recently, which was similar to this one, and rendered a decision that the association was a combine and could not collect its debts. The Ford case is now in the Supreme Court.

JEFFERSON PARK.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Rev. A. M. Thome, 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 8:00 o'clock, and Junior society at 8:30.

GERMAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Rev. Block, pastor; Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—The Rev. Whycom, pastor; services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. at the Masonic hall.

Everybody possessing a horse and cutter could have been seen on the avenue on Sunday last.

Mr. Gallinger, who had for many years been section boss on the Northwestern Railway, tendered his resignation to the company last week, and it was accepted.

One of the handsomest floral presentations to Mr. A. C. Hesing on his 70th birthday, celebrated last week, Friday evening, was that of County Clerk Wulffs.

Miss Nellie Wulff spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in the city.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. F. Schoessling are glad to hear of the engagement of their daughter Lena, to the Rev. Block of the German Congregational Church.

To solve the mystery we wonder how many young fellows are interested in the case.

A large attendance was present at F. D. Wulff's Dancing Academy on Tuesday evening.

Hurrah for fine sleighing.

Esterquist will furnish you with a gold watch at a moderate price.

Miss Margaret Larson of Hermosa was a visitor at Miss Mabel Russell's Sunday.

Mr. Evert of Chicago was a guest at Mr. George Hansen's on Friday of last week.

Jacob Schmook, who has been ailing from a severe illness for several weeks, is improving rapidly.

Miss Jessie Sanders is again in our midst. Miss Sanders has been in Centralia, Ill., the last three months near the bedside of her sick father, and as he is convalescing very fast, she was able to return to her duty as teacher in the public school here.

The Fire Department have been distributing fire alarm boxes around in this vicinity during the past week.

Citizens you can sleep in peace.—Lieut. Johnson has placed three patrolmen in our place at nights.

Misses Fannie and May Davidson and Martha Kuersten attended one of the skating carnivals held at the Parks on Wednesday evening.

General Notice.

Correspondents, please make it a point to get in your matter by Wednesday night in the future. On last week much matter was rejected on account of the late arrival.

IRVING PARK.

It was done so quickly, so quietly and mysteriously that the gossipers of the Park had almost come to the conclusion that they had a genuine elopement on their hands for two very well-known people, residents here—one a popular young attorney and the other a sweet singer, whose musical accents have often charmed Parkites—suddenly boarded an outgoing train for the wilds of Wisconsin without advising any of their nearest friends of the cause of their disappearance—in fact they stood not upon the order of going but vent. But, alas for the gossipers, it was not fated that they should have the pleasure of rolling any sweet morsels of scandal under their willing tongues, for the couple have returned and make no secret of their trip or that they are married.

The second annual banquet of the Irving Club was held last Tuesday evening at the Irving Park Hall and largely attended by members and their friends. President C. A. Day officiated as toastmaster and among those from abroad who made responses were Mr. C. J. Keeley, late Assistant States Attorney, Mr. Albert G. Lane of public school fame, and Mr. Kimball of Evanston, all of whom made pleasant and interesting remarks. Remarks also were offered by ex-President N. W. Hacker, which were well received. After the banquet, to which some 80 couple sat down, dancing was introduced and indulged in until a late hour.

Peterson—Barker. Married, at the residence of the Rev. Peterson, Sharon, Wis., James A. Peterson and Lois V. Barker, Jan. 3, 1893, both of Chicago. (Jim says he has one of the finest, if not the finest, ladies in the land, and that by his marriage he has succeeded in successfully uniting the North and the South, his bride having lately come from a Kentucky home). That good luck may attend them and flowers ever bloom along their new path in life is the wish of all their friends.

Mr. Anton Pregler has issued invitations for the private masquerade that will be held at his hall on the 21st inst. Those who fail to respond and try for

the fine prizes offered by Mr. Pregler will never replenish for it, as Mr. Pregler is the best entertainer for a masquerade that can be found in this part of the city.

AVONDALE.

AVONDALE MEETING HOUSE.—Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Rev. J. H. Reed, Sunday school at 11 a. m. Gospel preaching at 7 p. m. Wednesday preaching at 7:45 p. m. Friday at 7:45 p. m. Prayer meeting.

AVONDALE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The Rev. John N. Tate, pastor. Sunday school 10 a. m. Preaching service 11 a. m. Class meeting 8:30 p. m. Preaching 8:30 p. m. Epworth League, Wednesday, 8 p. m. LADIES' AID SOCIETY.—Meets alternate Fridays at the church. President, Mrs. J. A. FOSTER, Secretary, Mrs. J. H. STEINER, Treasurer.

AVONDALE GERMAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—The Rev. William Boettcher, pastor. Sunday school 10 a. m. Preaching 10 a. m. Services held at St. Bonaventura.

GERMAN E. C. CHURCH.—Kadoe near Elgin avenue. The Rev. John J. Hook, pastor. Sunday school 10 a. m. Preaching 10:30 a. m. Young People's meeting 7 p. m. Preaching 7:45 p. m. Preaching every Friday evening at 7:45 by the Rev. H. Schnack.

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

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

R. J. BICKERDICK, Secretary. H. J. LUTERKE, Treasurer.

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

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

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

MR. BERTRAM, President. MR. RYDER, Secretary.

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

CHRISTIAN MATTHEW, President. AUGUST ARCK, Vice-President. HUGO RASPE, Secretary.

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

The German American Citizens' Association attended the birthday banquet of Hon. A. C. Hesing at his residence in this city last week, Friday night, and presented congratulatory resolutions for his life work in the interest of Chicago Germans, and wished him many more years of happiness and success.

BOWMANVILLE.

The son of D. U. Waling has been quite ill.

Of the masquerade ball is to-night (Saturday).

Mrs. Charles Kuno of Washington Street has been very sick.

BORN.—To the wife of J. J. Budlong, a girl.

Side—It to be laid on both sides of Washington Street. Good boy, Conway.

FOR SALE.—Good driving or teaming horses, on Peter Hannal Stock Farm in Bowmanville.

Louis Spikings will start with a fine line of groceries and first-class meats of all kinds, including fish, oysters, poultry and vegetables in their season.

Mr. Joe Backer and family left for Pittsburg, Pa., last Tuesday on a two weeks' visit to his brother.

Don't forget the ball to-night at Brady's hall.

The World's Fair "must" be open on Sunday to give the workman an opportunity to visit it.

Subscribe for the SUBURBAN TIMES. Only \$1.50 a year when paid in advance.

The Lincoln Cyclone Cornet Band of this place had an installation of officers Jan. 5, 1893. The following officers were elected: E. L. Budlong, President; August Allis, Secretary; J. A. Budlong, Treasurer; A. V. Jackson, Jr., Leader; John Allis, Assistant-leader; J. A. Swanson, Librarian; N. K. Hansen, Property holder.

Frank Brady and eight more sports of this place are going to attend a cock fight on the 27th of January. There will be a main fought of eleven cocks.

Mr. and Mrs. Budlong and daughter are visiting relatives in the East.

Advertised Letters at the Bowmanville Postoffice.

J. W. Gilbert, Mrs. A. L. Bracket, Maria Bauman; W. Benson; 2. Mr. F. W. Kalkman; 2. Mr. Andrew Lourt, Mr. Jan Sintz, Mr. J. Klett, Mrs. Delia Miller, Mr. Joe Pauly, Charles Pusington, Mr. and Mrs. J. Klett, Miss Tena Hansen.

In calling for the above pay one cent on receipt of letter.

MAPLEWOOD.

One of the prettiest weddings took place on Wednesday, the 4th of this month, at the residence of Mr. Charles B. Graham of Owaco Street.

The contracting parties were Mr. Charles B. Graham and Miss Grace I. Ackerman, the beautiful sister-in-law of Charlie Alford of Maplewood Avenue, Maplewood. The ceremony took place at 8 o'clock and was performed by the Rev. Charles John Millar, rector of St. Marks, Maplewood. Among the invited guests we noticed Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Waldron, Charles Hamilton, Mrs. Ackerman. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Alford presented a very beautiful tea set; Mr. and Mrs. Graham an arm chair. A pleasant little supper followed, after which cigars and anecdotes passed away the time till the near approach of midnight warned us that it was time to bid farewell to bride and bridegroom, and to wish them many long years of life in which to enjoy their new found happiness.

DUNNING.

Mr. John Brown, the well-known barber, is quite ill. It is hoped that he will not long be seriously afflicted, but soon recover.

There has lately been a shaking up of people at the county institutions. James Jones is again supervisor at the asylum. He was always popular here,

CHICAGO AMUSEMENTS.

A List of Chicago's Most Popular Theaters.

M'VICKER'S.

Marie Wainwright and her own company will commence an engagement of two weeks' duration, Monday evening, Jan. 16, presenting the most famous of all old comedies, "The School for Scandal." The following from the Brooklyn Standard: "Of 'The School for Scandal,' one of the most charming satires on social life ever put on the stage, it might well be said that—

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety."

In this play Marie Wainwright and her excellent company need have no hesitancy in inviting comparison with some of an earlier day who have made themselves famous in it. "The School for Scandal" is one of the oldest of comedies. Miss Wainwright's Lady Teazle, is in some parts an original conception, and an admirable study, and Barton Hill as the conscientious but choleric Sir Peter Teazle was equally good. Miss Wainwright's toilettes, as well as those of the other ladies, challenged the admiration of the audience, and the costumes of the gentlemen were equally faultless. They were careful reproductions of the fashions of a century ago, greatly heightening the effectiveness of the play itself. In one of the five acts all appeared to fine advantage in a stately and graceful dance of the olden time. It is a rare treat to play-goers of all ages, for it is new to those who have not seen the play, and a revival of pleasant memories to those who have seen it before. Its humorous situations show a dramatic genius far superior to most of the plays written at a later date, and it still stands bright, sparkling and attractive while scores of other plays have had their brief day and have passed into oblivion.

During Miss Wainwright's engagement she will produce for the first time on any stage, a new play of American social life by Clyde Fitch, entitled "The Social Swim."

AUDITORIUM.

The concerts of the Chicago Orchestra will be resumed at the Auditorium under the direction of Theodore Thomas, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 20 and 21.

There has been such a dearth of high class musical attractions in the city during the past few weeks that renewed interest is sure to be taken in these genuinely artistic events. The orchestra is at present enjoying a very successful tour through the leading cities of Canada and the middle States, and will return in splendid form to continue the Auditorium season.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

Sol Smith Russell's second week of the revised and reconstructed comedy-drama, "A Poor Relation," by Edwin E. Kipper, the eminent comedian's masterpiece. Next week—positively last week of Sol Smith Russell.

SCHILLER THEATER.

Next Monday, Jan. 16, "A Modern Match." Minnie Seligman as Violet Hunt.

HOOLEY'S.

Last week but one of Mr. E. S. Willard every evening (except Sunday), special matinee Wednesday, and regular Saturday matinee. "The Professor's Love Story." By J. M. Barrie, author of "The Little Minister" and "A Window in Thrums."

HAVLIN'S.

Denman Thompson's beautiful play, "The Two Sisters," under the management of the author. Next Sunday—Vernona Jarbeau in the "New Starlight."

PEOPLE'S.

The popular German comedian, Harry Craudall, in "A Busy Day." Matinee Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Beginning Sunday matinee, Jan. 15, L. S. Willard in the charming comedy, "Uncle Isaac."

HAVERLY'S CASINO-EDEN MUSEE.

Haverly's United Minstrels. Performances daily 2:30 and 8:15 p. m. Grand extra attraction to-day, reappearance of Billy Rice. First appearance of J. W. McAndrews, new operatic burlesque, marches, etc.; new acts, ballads and specialties. Musée department open from 10 a. m. to 11 p. m.

MADISON STREET OPERA-HOUSE.

Sam T. Jack has taken a change of venue this week by opening on Sunday with a bright, new show, every face in which is new to the stage of the Madison Street. May Howard and her capable company are the drawing cards in their Gracco-Roman Folies, Tin Horn Sports, Beaux and Belles, which is an exceedingly catchy dancing act, and One Hoss Circus they immediately won the approbation of two packed audiences. The specialties of Miss Howard herself, the two Franks, Al. Beilman and the Washburn sisters are excellent, and the entire performance is bright and pleasing. The engagement is for two weeks and starts out like a four time winner.

J. A. Fraser, Jr. the well known playwright, has been re-engaged for a year by Sam T. Jack as press agent. Mr. Fraser is the highest salaryed press agent in the profession.

WINDSOR THEATER.

Next attraction. Week beginning Sunday matinee, Jan. 15, Joseph J. Sullivan, Larry Smith, Russell Brothers and a great list of comedians in a new spectacular comedy, "Bill's Boot," the latest and raging success. All full of laughs; large enough for one thousand laughs. Under the management of Harry B. Williams, Academy of Music, Pittsburg, Pa. Will fit you snugly. You are sure to like it.

FURNISHED flats with pianos built into the walls are the latest.

An Englishman has invented a clock that will run for ten years without winding.

In the reign of Louis XVI the hats of the ladies were two feet high and four feet wide.

A huge wolf was killed in Grant's Pass, Ore., the other day. It measured four feet four inches in length.

The petrified body of a man has been found, it is said, in the foothills of the Gandaloupe mountains, N. M. According to the report, it is difficult to determine whether it is the body of a white man or an Indian, or whether it is ancient or modern.

MAKING FORTUNES.

Paradise of the Brute and the Gold Mine of the Bruiser.

"The offer of an athletic club of a purse of \$80,000 for a brace of prize-fights between, popular bruisers is a sad commentary on modern civilization," said Professor Felix Howard to a reporter. "In the same paper in which I read this offer I saw a statement that the savings of Samuel J. Randall, the great commoner, during his long public life, scarce aggregated \$300. After paying his funeral expenses and setting aside \$300 there was nothing left," said the widow simply in making her report as executrix to the court.

"Men make large fortunes in a single night by catering to a depraved public taste—by descending below the level of the brute—while those who devote their lives to the public service and scorn its doubtful perquisites die in poverty."

"America boasts that she is the most enlightened and progressive nation on the globe—that she is 'heir of all the ages and foremost in the files of time'—yet nowhere is the professional slugger so well rewarded. It is the paradise of the brute."

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. 1892 crops still larger. Address
W. G. ALBRIGHT,
551, 522, 523, N. Y. Life Bldg.,
Omaha, Neb.

A young man who lost both his legs a year ago while saving a girl from being run over at a station on a French railway is about to marry the girl, daughter of a wealthy silk manufacturer.

SIX POINTS,
out of many, where Doctor Pierce's Pellets are better than other pills:
1. They're the smallest, and easiest to take—little, sugar-coated granules that every child takes readily.
2. They're perfectly easy in their action—no griping, no disturbance.
3. Their effect is fast. There's no reaction afterwards. They regulate or cleanse the system, according to size of dose.
4. They're the cheapest, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the good you get.
5. Put up in glass—are always fresh.
6. They cure Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

OLD-WORLD WAGES.

Frank G. Carpenter, the noted traveler, says that Russian peasant women work from four o'clock in the morning until seven or eight o'clock in the evening, and for this labor fifteen cents a day is considered great compensation.
Max O'Rell says that the American woman is dandied in rose cotton all of her life, and that nowhere on earth does women have such an easy time as in America.
The fashionable type of woman in this country forty years ago was a pale, delicate invalid, but the type is now changing.
Women are now ashamed to be sick or to be thought to be weak and dependent.
When the modern woman is taken ill she does just what a man does in a similar case—she takes something to adjust the evil.
When she has dyspepsia, instead of sighing and lamenting over it, she gets a box of the Laxative Gum Drops and takes them regularly.
These gum drops contain no taste of medicine. They are gentle and mild, but they act with certainty and ease.
Get them of any dealer. The small boxes cost ten cents, the large ones twenty-five cents.
SYLVAN REMEDY CO.,
PEORIA, ILL.

GEE WO CHAN'S CHINESE MEDICINE CO.,
271 Wabash Av.,
Suite 4,
CHICAGO, ILL.

ARE YOU SICK? If you are sick, suffering from chronic or other diseases, do not delay to correspond or to see Gee Wo Chan who, with Nature's Own Remedies, unknown to the American people and composed of nothing else but herbs, roots, barks and other vegetables, obtains the most wonderful results ever heard of by administering on scientific principles these harmless Remedies. Patients at a distance are treated with \$5.00 success as those calling at the office. A trial will convince the most skeptical.
Are You Well? If so, cut this out and keep it until needed, because you may become sick, and then Gee Wo Chan's knowledge will be of a great benefit to you. Send 2-cent stamp for question blank and circular.

SHILOH'S CURE.
Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lane Side, Back or Chest Shilo's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction—no cents.

National College of Music
27 Teachers, 15th Avenue, 25 Van Buren St., Chicago.
Elementary, Academic, Collegiate, Normal.
Every department of Vocal and Instrumental Music, Harmony, Painting, Delsarte, Sight Singing, etc. Pupils prepared for Choir, Concert and the Operatic Stage. Summer Session begins July 18, 1892. Illustrations and prospectus mailed.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY.
Iodine potassium, arsenic or Hot Springs, fail to guarantee a cure, and our Malarial Cyphitis is the only thing that will cure permanently. Positive proof sent sealed, free. COOK REMEDY CO., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Illustrated Publications, WITH MAPS, describing lands now open to settlers. In North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, the FREE GOVERNMENT LANDS AND LOW PRICE PACIFIC R. R. LANDS. The best Agricultural, Grazing and Timber lands now open to settlers. In North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, the FREE GOVERNMENT LANDS AND LOW PRICE PACIFIC R. R. LANDS. Send for circular. Address: CHAS. B. BARNHART, Land Agent, P. O. Box 100, St. Paul, Minn.

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Send at once to JOHN SEABASTIAN, G. T. A. C. R. I. & P. R. L., Chicago, and receive, postage paid, the richest stock of cards you ever handled. 100 cards per pack, postage stamps, for one or many.

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In 48 prizes from \$10 to \$100 for poems on "Esterbrook's Pens." Send for circular. Address: ESTERBROOK & CO., 26 John St., N. Y.

SOME FAMOUS DUNCES.

NUMEROUS MEN SO-CALLED WHILE AT SCHOOL.

They Afterwards Achieved Fame in Many Different Directions—Several of the Most Celebrated Cases Reviewed.

It is worth remembering that Isaac Barrow and Isaac Newton—the "dull boys" of their respective families—became associated at Cambridge, where the latter had Barrow for his mathematical tutor, and we may perhaps be allowed to wonder whether these two men of consummate attainments ever compared notes on their alleged want of capacity in childhood.

Not only philosophers and divines, but some of the most trenchant satirists and brilliant humorists were dull enough as boys. It has been said of Swift in his best days that he displayed either the blasted lightning of satire or the lambent and meteor-like caricatures of frolicsome humor. And yet this vigorous disputant was deemed a fit subject for a fool's cap at school. Afterward at the Dublin university, he was by scholars esteemed a blockhead, who was denied his degree on his first application, and obtained it with great difficulty on the second. Goldsmith's fame was grafted upon a boyhood of wholly unrecognized capabilities.

Never was so dull a boy as the report of the relative who first undertook to teach him his letters. At every school we hear of the inspired idiot of the future as a "shy, thick, awkward boy," the constant butt of his companions by whom he was thought to be "little better than a fool." Johnson describes Goldsmith as a plant that flowered late, and even during the four years of his college course few signs of genius were discernible.

But however late the flower, the root was there; and of Goldsmith it may be said in a special sense that the child was father of the man.

Sheridan gave almost no promise in childhood of his future brilliancy. His mother pronounced "Richard Brinsley" to be "the dullest and most hopeless of her sons," and he was sent home from Dr. Whyte's academy with the reputation of being a most impenetrable dunce, who wrote "think" for "thing." But he must have been able to think a thing or two even in those days, for at 26 he had written "The School for Scandal," of which Leigh Hunt observes, "it is a very concentration and crystallization of all that is sparkling, clear and compact in the materials of pure comedy."

It should, however, be mentioned that a more judicious of the youthful Sheridan's preceptors, Samuel Parr, one of the masters at Harrow, detected the latent spark of his pupil's genius, and aided it by a judicious cultivation. Douglass Jerrold, another and scarcely less keen wit of a more modern school wrote "Black-Eyed Susan" when he was 21, and contributed to Punch the immensely popular "Caudle Lectures" not long afterward.

But at 9 years of age young Jerrold had been scarcely able to read, and it was not until he was apprenticed to a printer after serving for some time as a midshipman at sea, that he showed either desire or capacity for intellectual improvement. Literary history is, indeed, crowded with instances of torpid and uninteresting boyhood. Gibson was pronounced "dreadfully dull," and the utmost that was predicted of Hume in his youth was that he might possibly become a steady merchant.

Adam Clarke, afterward so deeply skilled in Oriental languages and antiquities, was pronounced by his father to be a "grievous dunce," and of Boileau, who became a model for Pope, it was said that he was a youth of little understanding. Dryden was a "great numskull," who went through a course of education at Westminster, but the stimulating properties of Dr. Busby's classical ferule were thrown away upon the drone who was to be known as "glorious John."

As a boy Walter Scott gave few indications of his coming greatness and was described by one of his early preceptors as "the boy that had the thickest skull in the school." Afterward at Edinburgh University the future "Wizard" was thus epitomized by one of the leading professors: "Dunce he is and dunce he will remain."

Another noteworthy record is that of Dr. Chalmers, who was solemnly expelled from the parish school at St. Andrews, as an "incorrigible dunce." Ludwig, the famous geometer, was also sent away from school after four years' ineffectual struggle to learn the common rules of arithmetic. The "marvelous boy" Chatterton, who died at 18 was considered a dull child, incapable of improvement.

The uncouth attempts of Domenico to master the elements of drawing caused his fellow-students to nickname him "The Ox," and the artistic youth of Hogarth was almost equally unpromising. The same contrast is often found between the youth and the maturity of illustrious men of action.

SAVED BY A TURTLE.

Strange Rescue of a Boy Who Had Escaped From a Panther.

When I was 9 years old I engineered a pair of mules on the Erie canal. That was fifty years ago. Well, the terror of the whole trip was Rome swamp, as it was vulgarly called. Well do I remember when the jungle was filled with panthers, and how boys would hurry up or soldier to avoid passing the dreaded jungle in the night.

A WORK OF ART.

Teachers Ought to Be Artists Just as Much as Any Painter.

A thoroughly good school-lesson is a work of art. To witness one such affords as much genuine pleasure as a performance by a genius upon a musical instrument. In conducting a recitation the German school-master in my opinion stands pre-eminent. But even the best of school-masters seldom gives a lesson which is in every way satisfactory to himself. I have attended many lessons in Germany—and particularly in Jena, one of the world's centres of pedagogical thought—which were thoroughly planned, beautiful, interesting, but which were in spite of all considered failures, because they were weak in one or more of the above mentioned elements. This is instruction converted into a fine art. When our teachers combine the beautiful spirit of the Indianapolis teacher with the technique of the German school-master, America will have the best schools in the world. To exchange our spirit for the German technique would, I think, be taking a backward step. We must not be content until we have both—The Forum.

Met His Match.

Little as Tennyson cared for society, he was sometimes to be met in houses which interested him, and one of these was the duchess of Bedford's in Eaton Square, now the dowager duchess. It was at a party there one evening that he saw a certain great lady, of whom he had heard, but whom he did not know. He desired to be introduced to her, or perhaps for his ways were sometimes royal—desired that she might be presented to him. In which ever way it was, the ceremony took place, and Tennyson's second remark was this question: "Oh, Lady Blank, do I know Lord Blank?" The person about whom he had thus inquired was a peer, who, though young had won much distinction in public life, and was widely known in private. His wife, as it happened, was devoted to him, and jealous of any word which sounded like disparagement of his position or indifference to his renown. She looked Tennyson in the face and answered, with perfect composure of manner: "I am sure, Lord Tennyson, I can't say. I never heard him mention your name in my life." For a moment the poet was staggered by this straight hit from the shoulder, but he had the good sense and good temper to take it well.—Argonaut.

A Bit of English Wit.

Once, when canvassing Hampshire Lord Palmerston held a meeting at a hotel which was but dimly lighted at each end by two small windows. During the noble lord's speech, he was frequently interrupted by cries of "No! no!" proceeding from a little fat man in one of the windows. "There were loud calls to bring him forward," said Lord Palmerston promptly said: "Pray, don't interfere with the gentleman. Let him remain in the window. Providence has denied him any intellectual light; it would be hard, indeed, to deprive him of the light of heaven."—Argonaut.

Dog Meat Comes Rich.
A lady of Washington place, New York, paid \$100 to get back a two and a half pound dog, or at the rate of \$40 a pound. She never saw a price among regular dealers.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue.
The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to the last duty done.

Gold that is the price of blood was never yet blessed to him that gave or him who received.

One of the grandest things in having rights is that, being your rights, you may give them up.

Let no man measure by a scale of perfection the meager product of reality in this poor world of ours.

How soon the millennium would come if the good thing people intend to do to-morrow were only done today.

Never purchase love or friendship by gifts: when thus obtained, they are lost as soon as you have stopped payments.

Ah, how happy would many lives be if individuals troubled themselves as little about other people's affairs as about their own.

As the sense of hunger presupposes food to satisfy it, so the sense of dependence upon God presupposes his existence and character.

Better discourage a man's climbing than help him to break his neck. Pigs will never play well on the flute, teach them as long as you like.

There are many things that are thorns to our hopes until we have attained them and envenomed arrows to our hearts when we have.

WOULD HE SUIT.

Well, When She Understood His Capabilities, She Hired Him.
A boarding house in Detroit advertised for a hall-boy. Among a host of applicants was a raw-boned, lanky youth, who rung the door-bell and was met by the landlady herself. "Want a boy?" he asked shifting from one foot to the other.
"Yes," said the landlady, taking an inventory of the applicant.
"House run by a missis?"
"Yes."
"Be you sho?"
"Yes."
"An' you want a boy to tend door, run errands, trot to the grocery, sit in a cold hall, say you're out sixty times a day and keep agents and tin peddlers and kids on th' steps?"
"Yes," said the astonished woman, "that's just what I do want."
"Much money in it?" queried the boy.
"Two dollars and fifty cents a week."
"Promises or cash down?"
"You get your money regularly if you earn it."
"I'm your huckleberry, missis. Wot kin I dew first? Start out on a collectin' tour, or make the fires in the sick boarders' rooms or watch out for the fellow that is goin' to slide his trunk out 'thout payin' his board?"
"Look here," said the landlady, "you know too much. I guess we can't make a trade."
"All right, mum. If 'sperience and know-how don't go for something, I ain't in it. But you'll be sorry, mum, when the butcher comes around with his last year's bill. I'm a pacifier of the first water, but you don't!"
She hired him.

Fire Waste.

The national board of fire underwriters estimates the fire waste in this country as follows: For 1882, \$4,000,000; 1883, \$100,000,000; 1884, \$110,000,000; 1885, \$102,000,000; 1886, \$104,000,000; 1887, \$119,000,000; 1888, \$110,000,000; 1889, \$133,000,000; 1890, \$103,000,000; 1891, \$113,000,000.

A Queer Coincidence.

In a murder trial the other day in Brien, Switzerland, one of the names drawn from the jury box was that of Ulrich Amacher. It was the name of the murdered man.

Old Friends.

Rosalie—Why are the waiters so attentive to Count De Void?
Caro—He used to be one of them; I guess.

Mrs. F. W. Giersch, who resides near Tannersville, Pa., had an experience a week or two ago that would have caused most ladies to die with fright. While going to the corn-field near the house she unexpectedly found an old bear and three cubs helping themselves, without any authority whatever, to their winter supply of corn. Not being prepared for such an emergency, and knowing that discretion is the better part of valor, Mrs. Giersch returned home for reinforcements. A dog that was with her tackled the bears but, after a tussle, found the contest unequal and also withdrew. When the "men folks" returned home a hunt was organized, but the bear family had moved.

It has been said in explanation of the colors of the United States flag that "red is supposed to represent courage, white integrity of purpose and blue steadfastness, love and faith."

"It was a case of love at first sight, was it not?" "There was no sight about it. She got on the blind side of him from the start."

A bad case of rheumatism cured with 75 cents. Mr. Aug. Schenke, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Last week I had a very bad attack of rheumatism. Used three bottles of Salvatol Oil, which stopped the pain and cured me."

A Jackson, Ohio, couple eloped on two stolen mules a few days ago. The bride is only 14 years of age, while the groom is 45 years old.

"An excellent remedy," is what Mr. W. H. Ames, 713 S. 17th St., St. Louis, Mo., says of it, in these words: "I have used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and found it to be an excellent remedy for coughs and colds."

A cat gave birth to a kitten with eight legs, at Logan, W. T., the other day. One side of the kitten is covered with black and white stripes, while the other is spotted nearly every color of the rainbow.

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NICKEL PLATED AND DURABLE.
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Cures Constipation
It is filled with pure herbs, and is sold by all Stove and Hardware Dealers. Made only by
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Morphine Habit Cured in 1 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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Mr. Beecher's Unprinted Words
The opening installment of the unpublished material by Henry Ward Beecher, collected by the great preacher's private stenographer, appears in the January number of
The Ladies' Home Journal
During the year this posthumous material will present Mr. Beecher's
Opinions on Popular Topics
Such as courtship, early marriages, church work, choir music, women and housekeeping, etc.
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The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

SINCE SEPTEMBER.
Beloved one, who entered this Autumn,
God's own rest and peace,
Ah, what have the weeks brought unto
you,
Since your glad release?
Ah, what have you seen of His glory,
Infinitely bright?
How near have you been to the Presence
Of love and of Light?
When you rose, free from fetters of earth
life,
Add saw, on the bed,
The pale, lifeless form in its stillness
And heard, "She is dead."
When that which was you lay extended,
Wholly reborn for the tomb,
With the folded hands clasping pale limbs
That shone through the gloom.
Did a feeling of wonderful sweetness,
Of ecstasy strange,
Come over your soul in that moment
Of marvelous change?
October came on its glory,
The maples burned bright,
And wooded or hillside and valley
The magical light.
The rare, perfect days you so treasured,
We felt you were near;
We listened, in half expectation,
Your footsteps to hear.
You would tell us all, my beloved,
What to us is made clear;
Your love is as true and as tender
As when you were here.
You read all our questioning longings,
Our fear and our awe;
For between the dead and the living
God fixeth His law.
Not yours is the power to overcome it,
Death is dumb to us here,
Because life is deaf to its meanings,
Its messages clear.
Yet soon, amid flowers that are fadeless,
White lilies of peace,
We shall meet in that blessed communion
That never shall cease.
—Lillian Whiting.

MARTHA PHILLIPS.

She was dead. Old woman with
silvery hair, a sad, quiet face; a
patient mouth with lines that told of
sorrow borne with gentle firmness;
and two withered, tired hands crossed.
That was all.
Fifty years she had lived under that
roof, a farmer's wife. On her coffin
you will see "Aged 70," and she was
only 20 when John Phillips brought
her home a bride.
A half century she had kept her
careful watch over her dairy and
larder, had made butter and cheese
and looked after the innumerable
duties that fall to the share of a farm-
er's wife.
But underneath her quiet exterior
there was a story that John never
dreamed of. She did not marry for
love. When she was 19, a rosy,
happy girl, a stranger came on a visit
to their village and that summer was
the brightest she ever knew. Paul
Gardner was the stranger's name; he
was an artist, and fell in love with the
simple village girl and won her heart;
and when he went away in the autumn
they were betrothed.
"I come again in the spring," he said.
"Trust me and wait for me, Mattie,
dear."
She promised to love and wait for
him till the end of time if need be, and
with a kiss on her quivering lips he
went away.
Springtime came, and true to his
word Paul returned; he staid only a
day or two this time.
"I am going away in a few weeks to
Italy to study," he said.
He put a tiny ring upon her finger,
cut a little curly tress from her brown
hair, and telling her always to be true,
he went away.
The months went by, and Mattie
was trying to make the time seem
short by studying to improve herself
so that she might be worthy of her
lover when he should come back to
make her his wife.
One day she glanced over a newspa-
per; her eyes were attracted by his
name, and with white lips and dilated
eyes she read of his marriage to an-
other.
An hour afterward as she sat in the
twilight, she heard a step on the gravel
walk and looking up saw John Phillips
coming up the steps. He had
been to see her often before but had
never yet spoken of love, and received
no encouragement to do so.
Now he seemed to have come for the
express purpose of asking her to be his
wife; he took a chair beside her and
after the usual greeting, reserving
scarcely a moment to take breath in,
began in his business-like way. There
was no confession of love, no plead-
ing, no hand-clasping, no tender
glances; he simply wanted her; would
she be his wife?
Her lips moved to tell him she did
not love him; but as she felt her
eyes from the crimson-hearted rose
that swung from the vine over the
window she caught sight of those few
lines again.
The decision was made. Her cheeks
were ashy pale as she looked up into
his eyes and answered, quietly: "Yes,
I will be your wife."
Her parents were pleased that she
was chosen by so well-to-do a young
man; so it was settled and they were
married during the summer. People
thought that she sobbed down won-
derfully; more than that, nothing was
said that would lead anyone to sup-
pose that any change had taken place.
Two years went by. A baby slept
in the cradle, and Martha—no one
called her Mattie but Paul—sat rock-
ing with her foot as she knitted a blue
woolen stocking for the baby's father.
There was a knock at the half-open
door.
"Will you be kind enough to direct
me the nearest way to the village?"
said a voice, and a stranger stepped
in.
"Paul!"
"Mattie!"
His face lighted up and he reached

out his arms. With a surprised,
pained look, she drew back.
"Mr. Gardner, this is a most unex-
pected meeting."
"Mr. Gardner," he repeated
"Mattie what do you mean?"
"Don't call me Mattie, if you
please," she replied, with dignity.
"My name is Phillips."
"Phillips!" he echoed. "Are you
married?"
"These are strange words from you,
Paul Gardner, did you think I was
waiting all this time for another wom-
an's husband—that I was keeping
my faith with one who played false so
soon?"
"Played you false! I am come as I
promised you. The two years are but
just passed and I am here to claim
you. Why do you greet me thus?
Are you indeed married, Mattie Gray?"
She was trembling like an aspen leaf.
For an answer she pointed to the
cradle. He came and stood before
her with white face and folded arms.
"Tell me why you did this! Didn't
you love me well enough to wait for
me?"
She went and unlocked a drawer
and took out a newspaper. Unfolding
it and finding the place, she pointed
to it with her finger and he read the
marriage notice.
"What of this?" he asked, as he
met her reproachful look. "Oh, Mattie,
you thought it was me. It is my
cousin. I am not married nor in love
with anyone but you."
"Are you telling the truth?" she
asked, in an eager, husky whisper.
And then, as he replied, "It is true,"
she gave a low groan and sank down
into a chair.
"Oh, Paul, forgive me! I didn't know
you had a cousin by the same name.
I ought not to have doubted you,
but 'twas there in black and white—
and this man my husband came, and
I married him!"
With bitter tears she told how it all
happened. With clinched hands he
walked to and fro, then stopped be-
side the cradle and bent over the
sleeping child.
Then he turned, and kneeling before
her said in a low voice: "I forgive
you, Mattie, be as happy as you can."
He took both her hands in his and
looked steadily, lovingly into her face.
His lips twitched convulsively. "I
have no right here—you are another
man's wife. Good-by. God bless you."
Seventy years old! Her stalwart
sons and bright-eyed daughters re-
member her as a loving, devoted
mother, her grey-haired husband as a
most faithful wife.
"Never was a woman more patient
and kind and as good a housewife as
ever was," he said, as he brushed the
back of his old brown hand across
his eyes while looking down on the
peaceful face.
And not one of them ever knew of
the weary heart and broken hope that
had died in her breast, nor even
dreamed of the sad load she had
borne through life.—New York News.

DOING ALL SHE COULD.

The Willing Maiden Satisfied to Be-
gin Life in an Humble Way.
"It," he murmured, as he gazed up
into her eyes (they were sitting on the
front steps)—"if I had only a little
more money to count on—," then he
stopped.
"What would you do?" she asked.
Deem her not bold, gentle reader, says
the Washington Star. The summer,
she felt, was over; soon the cold winds
would put a stop to these front step
sentimentals. No fellow ever would
propose in the winter time with pa
and ma in the sitting room listening
to everything, and she felt she must
jog him a little.
He turned a little pale and asked if
her pa was dealing at the same grocery
as last year.
"Yes, he is; what would you do?"
"I—I would have a home of my own;
I would, there! This seemed like busi-
ness."
"How much have you got?" she said,
and her voice sounded firm.
"Fifteen dollars a week." He hung
his head.
"How much do you give a week now
for your room?"
"Five dollars."
"Stuff, we can get a room plenty
good enough for both of us and a pan-
try to cook in for that. How much
do your meals cost?"
"Five dollars a week."
"Pooh; we can both live for that,
cooking at home. What do you do
with the other \$5?"
"Well, I—I smoke, you know."
"Well, you can quit that right of
anyhow; you don't spend \$5 a week
on smoking."
"No; oh, no. Of course there are ex-
penses; other fellows and such—"
"Well, you can stop those too. What
else?"
"I try to save a little."
"That is talking. How much have
you saved?"
"Eleven dollars and a half."
"That's plenty for the minister and
moving and something to spare for a
necktie or something for you to stand
up in. Well?"
"Well, Mary?"
"Go ahead; I can't do everything,
you know. You've got to ask me."

Worthy of Witch-Burning Days.
A Kentucky baptist minister says
that some years ago a baptist church
in that state tried a man for kissing his
wife. The formulated charge was en-
tered, "Unbecoming levity." The
gentleman accused had been from
home several weeks on business, and
on his return met his wife at the
meeting-house, and in the presence of
the congregation embraced her with a
sounding smack on the lips. Some of
the staid old deacons were so shocked
at such levity in the house of God
that the gentleman was arraigned on
the above charge, and escaped dismis-
sal from the church by agreeing to de-
his kissing at home in the future
—New York Tribune.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

IMPROVING SEED FOR THE FARM CROPS.

Better Seed Corn—Sheep on Every Farm
—Farmer's Workshop—Arti-
chokes—Stock Notes and
Household Hints.

Seed Development.
"Improvement" is the watchword of
the day. In every department of hu-
man enterprise the wheels of progress
are moving forward, except among
farmers only, in the great matter of
improving the seed for farm crops. In
this there has been a standstill in re-
gard to that most important and val-
uable farm crop—corn.
The practice has been to go to the
ordinary field and take seed from
hills with two or three stalks, says
the Journal of Agriculture. This at
least is making no effort to improve
the seed. A portion of best seed
should be taken—it can be had by
selecting from that on hand, or by pur-
chase—and planted in the best manner
by deep and thorough plowing; make
narrow furrows so as to break up the
furrow, mixing the top and bottom
soils completely. After plowing, har-
row until made perfectly fine; plant
as early as the ground is dry enough
after being thawed out; or, where the
soil does not freeze to any extent, the
planting should be done as early as is
practicable. The depth of planting
may vary to suit different soils. A
heavy soil will not, generally, permit
as deep planting as a light soil, but
three to five inches may be the limit of
soils. As soon as the sprouts start
from the ground run a cultivator close
to the row, turning the soil slightly;
harrow this down, making smooth and
fine, and as soon as the corn is through
the ground so that the rows may be
seen, cultivation should be com-
menced. The rows should be made
the usual width, but the hills should
be about three feet apart, and but one
stalk allowed to the hill. This will
give each stalk a chance to grow to
the greatest perfection possible,
making it capable of producing the
largest and best ear, with the largest,
deepest and best grain.
The best seed planted in the best
soil with single stalks in a place, with
wide spaces, will give a good chance
to make the best growth; and superior
seed may be expected, which, in turn,
will produce the best crop. Cultiva-
tion should be continued, at least once
a week—twice a week would be still
better—until the grains of the ear be-
gin to harden. If cultivation ceases
sooner than this the soil is liable to
dry out, and the moisture of plant
food arising out of the earth by capil-
lary action will break through the dry
ground and escape into the air; but if
the soil is kept mellow by cultivation,
the fertility and moisture coming up
will be held at the roots by the mellow
surface, until they are appropri-
ated by the plants, and the greatest
possible growth will be produced.
The general practice of attempting
to cultivate a greater amount of land
than can well be done, leaves little or
no time to employ methods of im-
provement, and the result is low
yields of all farm crops and a depen-
dence of soils. Shallow plowing and
poor cultivation of crops go hand in
hand with the attempt to put more
acres into cultivation than can be
properly attended to.
It has been demonstrated that the
soil is capable of producing several
times as much as the average yields;
255 bushels of corn have been grown
on one acre; 1,000 bushels of potatoes
on one acre; 135 bushels of oats, and
80 bushels of wheat on single acre
lots; while the average of these crops
from 1870 to 1890 has been as follows:
Wheat, 12 bushels per acre; oats, 26
bushels; corn, 25 bushels; potatoes, 82
bushels.
The large yields referred to were
obtained by extra care in cultivation,
stimulated by the offer of large prizes.
Would it not be better to adopt meth-
ods of cultivation that would bring
the best results possible, rather than
to try to cultivate the largest acreage?
If one-half the land in cultivation is
capable of producing as much as is
now obtained from the whole amount
now under cultivation, would it not
be wise to adopt such methods as
would bring out the full capacity of
the soil?
It is impossible to produce the best
crops from inferior seed. The first
work is to improve the seed of all farm
crops, and then follows improved
methods in all departments of farm
work. Every farmer, large or small,
can, with very little labor, make great
improvements on seed for all crops.
The true policy is to make the most
from a given amount of land, but this
cannot be carried out without an effort
to improve the seed.
A Few on Every Farm.
It must be largely due to the warn-
ings sounded by the agricultural press
that there has not been in the last two
years another unprofitable craze in
the sheep business. Such excitements
had become periodical and almost as
easily foretold as eclipses of the sun,
and prices of mutton and wool seemed
to have but little effect on them.
When the farmers of any large section
became discouraged with dairying or
beef raising they would listen to the
reports of big profits from sheep and
forthwith they would sell other stock
for what they could get and buy sheep
at the price fixed by scarcity. Then
when nearly every man was stocked
with sheep and had his building ar-
ranged for them, the few who kept
their cows would be getting good
prices for butter and real and some
who were not prospering with sheep
would want to change and offer their
stock for sale and then every man who
has sheep seems to be afraid he cannot
sell them and the fear increases the de-

sire whether there is any other reason
for selling or not and another change is
made with an unfavorable discrepancy
in prices. A rush after sheep was in
season a year ago, and it is very for-
tunate that advice or experience or
both prevailed to so shape the action
of farmers that people who have
bought sheep knew what they wanted
of them and there has been no such
wild rush as was looked for. Good
sheep well cared for will pay their
way on almost any farm that is not
near enough to a city to get the ben-
efit of a city market, and men should
not go with a rush expecting that all
can do as well as a few have at any
business.
It is well enough for men who have
special facilities to follow special
farming, but on any common farm a
few sheep can be made to profitably
occupy a place that will always be
vacant without them. Fresh mutton
for the family when the weather is
too warm to kill beef or pork, and
wool and lambs to sell are not small
considerations.—Manchester Union.

Artichoke Culture.
A writer for an exchange wonders
how many of our readers have tried
feeding artichokes, especially to hogs,
as an autumn, winter and spring food?
He has raised and fed them several
years, and says he would not return to
the old method of feeding corn alone.
Since he adopted this system he has
never had hog cholera on his farm nor
so frequently had empty corn cribs.
He says: Artichokes can be planted
either in spring or autumn. They are
very hardy and will not be injured by
any amount of freezing. Autumn is
rather the best time to plant, as they
will get the benefit of an early spring
growth, commencing to grow the
last of March when the weather is
favorable. They are planted the
same way and require about the same
culture as the potato the first year.
During the second year they need no
cultivation as there are always enough
tubers left in the ground to produce
the next crop. If there are thin
places, they can be replanted. In
autumn after the first planting I turn
my hogs in and let them help them-
selves, when the frost had killed the
stalks. Here they will fatten with
only a little corn. Here I winter my
brood sows and autumn pigs also with
a little corn. In spring I close up the
fence and let the artichokes grow
again. I keep two lots, one for autumn
and winter use, and one for spring.
They are also good for feeding cows,
being rich and succulent and increas-
ing the flow of milk. Spring calves
winter nicely on them, and colts eat
them equally as well as corn. I culti-
vate the White Jerusalem variety. In
good soil they will sometimes yield
one thousand bushels per acre. They
are very prolific and fill the ground
from row to row. I dig and pit a
large quantity for my stock during
winter, and when the ground is frozen
feed them to my hogs. I think if our
farmers would try this plan of feeding,
they would never go back to the old
way of feeding corn alone.

Stock Notes.
A thoroughbred bull is much better
than one of uncertain parentage.
In making up the rations, even for
cattle, it is better to give a good vari-
ety.
It does not pay to half starve cattle;
if they are made profitable they must
be fed well.
One advantage with improved stock
is the increased power of digestion and
assimilation.
If the cattle have their hair rubbed
off showing bare patches of skin rub
on a little sulphur and lard.
If there is any money to be made
now in beef production it must be
made through the best cattle.
With an old cow in fattening it is an
item to fatten quickly and to use a
good proportion of succulent food.
The grades of cattle take the name
of the sire; if the bull is a short-horn
with a scrub cow it is a grade short-
horn.
Vigor and hardiness are often con-
founded and hardiness is often made
an excuse for abusing stock by neg-
lect.
Household Hints.
Iron cooking vessels may be kept
smooth by rubbing them each time af-
ter using, with common salt.
Instead of toasting bread for pea-
soup, try drying it or roasting it till
it is crisp in the oven, and see how
superior it will be.
Milk should never be kept in a cel-
lar unless the cellar is thoroughly ven-
tilated; otherwise it will become in-
jured by foul odor or mould and its
purity cannot be restored.
When one is troubled with coughing
at night, a thorough warming of the
bed previous to occupying it, or the
taking of a warm drink, milk being
preferable, will often prevent an at-
tack.
If possible use nothing in the line
of bed clothing that cannot be
washed. Blankets are much better
and cheaper than the heavy padded
comforts that cannot be handled in
washing.
Before seeding raisins put them in
hot water for a few minutes and the
seeds will come out easier. Then roll
each raisin between the thumb and
finger, pressing the seeds up to and
out of the stem end.
It is said that earache may be re-
lieved by soaking a piece of cotton in
glycerine, sprinkling it with a little
black pepper and inserting it in the
ear. Put a piece of dry cotton on the
outside, keeping it in place by a ban-
dage.
As fruit jars and jelly glasses are
emptied see that they and their tops
are thoroughly washed, rinsed, sealed
and dried before they are put away.
Be sure that they are dried before
screwing on the tops. The rubber
bands might as well be thrown away
at once, as it is a better plan to buy
new ones every year.

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